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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

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VOL. XXXVII., 1871.

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JANUARY 2, 1871.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JANUARY, 1871.

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

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ADDRESS.

It is now between thirty and forty years since, in the good providence of God, the "Gospel Standard" began its career; and the same kind providence that sanctioned its beginning has permitted its continuance to the present time; and has, we doubt not, made it a frequent means of comfort and encouragement to thousands of the Lord's tried and afflicted children. The gracious unfoldings, in providence and grace, of the ways of God with his chosen and redeemed people, as seen in the various experiences which, from time to time, have appeared in the "Standard;" the many Obituaries of persons largely or less known and respected in their life, and whose memory is blessed, as having died in the Lord; the numerous letters of godly men, and of some eminent for their knowledge and experience of the truth of God; the spiritual, weighty, and most profitable Meditations which have more recently flowed from the pen of the late beloved editor; have all tended, in various ways, through the blessing of God, to encourage and comfort, to instruct and build up, the Lord's living family on their most holy faith.

Great and momentous changes have transpired since the first number of the "Standard" issued from the press. Many a hand which at first helped to contribute to its pages has, by death, long since ceased to wield its pen. Years, swift in their flight, have so multiplied behind us that we can hardly realize the many that are gone by, since Gadsby, M'Kenzie, Fowler, and others laboured, by the help of God, to make the "Standard" a faithful exponent of what they believed to be the real truth of God in doctrine, experience, and practice; and whilst surviving friends have now and again been called to mourn over the loss of one and another of these gracious men of God, who in their life so well sustained the work and burden which, as editors or otherwise, devolved upon them, yet, through God's interposition, the "Standard" has survived the changes which have passed over it, and will, we trust, for many years to come, continue to fulfil its mission, according to the measure of ability the Lord may be pleased to bestow on any who may in future have a hand in the work.

Whatever may be its failings, and far be it from us to pretend unto perfection in anything where a trace of the human hand is seen, yet we hope that those who have known the "Standard" from its commencement will admit that it has never swerved from its first principles. The sovereign, immutable, eternal love of Jehovah,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; the particular redemption of all the chosen of God by the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish; the effectual calling and final perseverance of every saint; a vital, heartfelt experience of these divine truths by all who are saved and justified and sanctified; the ordinance of believers' baptism and the scriptural right of none but baptized believers in the Lord to the breaking of bread; on all vital, essential doctrines of the Gospel, the "Standard" has maintained its firmness from the first.

Had we aught to do with the "Standard," either as editor or sub-editor, or were we writing for it as a periodical either exclusively or in part under our own management, we should certainly refrain from making just such remarks as these, knowing that from one in such a position they would carry with them an air of self-praise, and expose us to the charge of egotism. But, beyond a simple willingness to render the mite of service which the Lord may enable us, and which others might wish for, we have really nothing whatever to do with the work of carrying on the "Standard;" and therefore give our expressions in its favour, more as one of its constant readers, wishing for its continued prosperity, than as one officially connected with it in any way.

The irreparable loss which the "Standard" sustained in the death of its deeply-esteemed editor has, we may be sure, been most keenly felt far and wide. He had for so long a period enriched its pages with so great a variety of spiritual, profitable reading, and so deservingly had he inspired our confidence in his faithfulness as a writer and in the soundness of his judgment as a referee, when his opinion was sought, as well as in the desire he ever manifested to labour with either tongue or pen for the glory of God and the spiritual well-being of the Lord's poor, tried, and afflicted children, that we seem no more able to believe that there will be a second J. C. Philpot than there has been a second William Huntington or a second William Gadsby. We wish, in all sincerity, to be thankful to the God of all grace for having spared his valuable life for so many years, and not less so for having broken in upon his mind with blessed light and heavenly power, just when death was about to unfetter his spirit and give it flight into the bosom of his God. O that we, beloved friends, may die the death of this righteous man, and that our last end may be like his! We are all hastening to the tomb. Our life in this world is but a sudden leap from the womb to the grave. Every fleeting year leaves us one milestone less in life's journey to pass, and a few more stages of our mortal existence and we shall have run our course.

The sad and unlooked-for breaches which death, as the irre-

vocable appointment of God, has of late been making in the rank and file of godly ministers, and the few that the Lord seems to be raising up, as fitted by him to fill their places, is certainly to us a most solemn, affecting, and significant providence. The remarkably sudden manner in which some have been removed has, we can truly say, made a very deep impression on our own mind. Having a body much more weak than strong, and hardly ever knowing a day without being reminded by symptoms of physical disease how frail we are, it has led us again and again to put many searching questions to our soul, as to how matters stand between us and that holy, just, and righteous God before whom we must so shortly appear. In seasons of spiritual darkness, when the hidings of God's face trouble our spirit, when our soul is cast down within us and the spirit of prayer seems withered and our moisture seems turned into the drought of summer; when sin, and filth, and evils unmentionable rise up like a threatening spring-tide in our soul, we sink as low as most and fear as much as the weakest in God's family. And in these moments especially, we feel also much of the solemnity of our position, both in profession and ministry, that the fear of being deceived makes us shrink from all public labour, and cry with earnest importunity to God not to leave us without the testimony of his pardoning love and gracious favour, and approval in our own conscience. And when the Lord is mercifully pleased in any measure to grant us our request and satisfy the desires of our soul, we can then feel a blessed submission to his divine will, to live or die, to labour or be quiet, to preach or not preach, to be anything and walk in any path, if only we can enjoy the smiles of our God, and believe that we are in profession nothing but what his grace has made us.

If not misguided in our judgment, we have seen for years how much the real power of godliness has been declining among us. Profession was never more general than now, and perhaps vital religion never much lower. Even the churches of truth with which we stand more intimately connected appear to us to be many of them in a sad, cold, low state. With the general order of Dissenters we know what carnal efforts are put forth to keep up a good outside, and what large sums of money are expended towards modernizing and beautifying their chapels; that not only are many such places recklessly involved in debt, but the very changes and alterations by which such debts are incurred stamp the places with as pernicious a ritualism as that tawdry pompous mockery which these very Dissenters would condemn in the Established Church. A pulpit set aside, and a carpeted platform with a gilded chair in its place, lounges instead of pews, and a musical choir instead of congregational singing; a ministry poisoned with error or, for the want of life, a plague to living souls; with every other fashionable trap to catch the people, are, we know, the leading characteristic features of most dissenting chapels in the present day. And if we have no reason to fear that the churches of truth will be suffered of God to sink down into a dead form, without

any power, yet we do fear that some we know have already drifted much farther from the simplicity of worship than they ever would have done had they as much of the life and soul of religion among them as in former years. The less of God's power there may be among us, and the more barren and dry our souls may often be; yet the more we need to beg of God to keep us sensible of our low condition and to keep us from settling down in the mere externals of religion.

The time is fast approaching when nothing less than the real power of God in the soul will preserve those who make a profession of the truth firm and steadfast in their adherence to the truth they profess, in the face of the full flood-tide of scepticism which will sweep over us on the one hand, and the truckling to either Popery or the delusive forms and ways of worldly religionists on the other. With so much general profession as there is now around us, with churches and chapels multiplying by hundreds, and with so few really meek, humble, contrite believers in the Lord Jesus, at least in proportion to the thousands who profess to be such, but of whom we have not charity enough to think their house will stand the coming storm that will beat upon it, we can but fear that matters are tending to a most solemn crisis; and, unless our judgment greatly deceives us, it will, ere long, be a trying ordeal for the real church of God. God will gather his wheat into his garner, but he will thoroughly purge his floor; and such as are taught of Him, and are the partakers of his grace, will stand the trial. But thousands who have only a name to live, who have only the form of religion while they deny the power, will compromise with almost every vital truth, yield to human caprice, and be anything or nothing in profession, according to the evil day and the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth.

The events of the past few years, politically and ecclesiastically, have been of profound significance. What upheavings and tossings, what ominous forebodings of a gathering storm! Terrible earthquakes have made cities and towns to totter under the feet of men; terrific gales at sea have sunk thousands into the jaws of the deep; commercial panics have plunged hundreds of families into the deepest poverty and distress; statesmen have been bewildered in their efforts to adopt such measures as might allay the irritable minds of wicked and unreasonable men; and too frequently the just and upright among the people have had enough to bear with, through the wickedness of the statesmen themselves. And, added to all this, there is waging at the present time an awful continental war, which, for magnitude and sacrifice of human life, for fastness of sword, and art of strategy, stands unprecedented in the annals of history.

Surely, events of such gigantic proportions as these can but, at least, remind us of "the removing of those things that are shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

Indeed, we are more than *reminded* of the fulfilment of scripture by what is going on around us. We consider the recent overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope as being a remarkable *partial fulfilment* of all those prophecies which determine the utter extinction of the Papacy "at the time of the end." And that the downfall of its temporal or secular power should be the very first great change in human affairs, as arising out of the fearful war between France and Prussia, only tends to confirm us the more in our belief that in this, as in all past great revolutionary movements, God leaves nations and people to outwit themselves, and makes them the unconscious instruments, like Cyrus of old, of bringing about an accomplishment of his own purposes, in the fulfilment of which shall be seen, not only the everlasting destruction of Popery, that vast hierarchy of blasphemy, which, in iniquity, injustice, and deeds of blood, has exceeded all the acts of wickedness and crime of which imperial despots have ever been guilty, but every other form of apostasy from the truth, with open infidelity, and man's proud, lofty, ambitious projects, shall the Lord confound and overturn, till his judgments shall be made manifest in the earth, and "all nations shall come and worship before him." We say nothing about the *time* when God will bring all this to pass. The mistakes which the best of men have made, both chronologically and otherwise, have made us the more cautious in accepting any prophetic theory which pretends to fix the exact dates when God shall do his predicted work. Time has proved that even such gracious men of God as Huntington and Gill were wrong in their calculations of those noted prophetic periods,—the 1260 years; or the 42 months; or the time, times, and half a time. That these are one and the same period we know; but when the forty and two months, during which time the holy city was to be trodden under foot, *began*, is the puzzling question; and for this very reason we would wish to leave the times and seasons with the Lord. As it respects the time in which we are now living, it is unquestionably most eventful. And what, in our opinion, the people of God need above everything to strengthen and fortify them against the most virulent enemies which in all probability will be permitted to assail them, and against all the tribulation which perilous days will bring upon them, and against all the trials and afflictions which sin, Satan, the flesh, and the world will expose them to, is, more of the real power of God in their own souls, and a faithful, searching, truthful ministry, as a means of instructing and comforting them in all their tribulation, and building them up on their most holy faith.

It is a remarkable feature of the present day that, side by side with the spread of the most awful errors, such as the denial of the immortality of the soul by original constitution, the annihilation of the wicked in hell or their ultimate restoration to the realms of the blessed, with many more horrible, poisonous lies with which the great enemy of men is deceiving souls; we say,

side by side with these pestilential errors is a wonderful spread of doctrinal truth. This cannot be denied; and if it be so, that the Truth is spreading, perhaps equally with the errors that oppose it, the question might be asked: "Shall not the Truth prevail,—shall not victory be on Truth's side?" We answer, "Ultimately it shall; for 'the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' But it is equally clear, from the word of God, that, preceding the triumph of Truth, there shall be a terrible sifting time, a time of severe testing of people's religion; that the real believers in Jesus Christ will, in proportion to the many that will fall away from the steadfastness of their faith in profession, be few indeed."

It is not merely knowing the truth, or professing it, or believing it in the letter, that will avail anything in the trying hour. Unless we are born of God, taught the truth by his Spirit, receive it into an honest heart in the love of it, and so know the difference between holding truth in judgment and having it applied with power to the soul, we may perish with it on our lips.

We do not make, what we know some would call, these severe remarks, as wishing to set up a fixed standard of knowledge and experience for all the Lord's people; or as entertaining the thought for a moment that all must be taught and led of God in the same precise way and manner. Indeed, it is not great revelations and manifestations, contrary to God's ordinary method of dealing with his people, that we are just now contending for. In some instances, the Lord is pleased to step aside from his more ordinary course, and for some special end to plunge some into greater depths than others in their own experience, in order to reveal the more clearly the stupendous nature of the fall in which they are involved, and their own utter ruin by nature and practice; and afterwards to reveal himself in a more remarkable and extraordinary manner in the way of mercy to their souls. But without saying much about this, we dare not shrink from contending for what is absolutely needful for a poor, lost, vile sinner to be saved, and for what *all* who *are saved* are brought to know by divine teaching, as well as to experience, in their measure, under the influence and anointing of the blessed Spirit.

Therefore, according to the plain declaration of God, we say that all his children shall be taught of Him. We must be taught that we are lost and undone, that we must perish for ever unless saved by grace, washed in the blood of Christ, and clothed in his spotless righteousness. We must be taught that salvation is wholly of the Lord, that we have neither will nor power by nature to come to Christ, to believe in him, or to pray, or repent, or give our hearts to God, or find him a ransom that he could accept, and upon the merit of which he could save our souls. And besides being taught what the truth of God is in doctrine (and a blessed thing it is to know this), the Lord, if he make us honest, will make us earnest in seeking after the inward witness

of the Spirit with our spirits that we are his children. A gracious look, a kind word, a smile, a promise spoken on the heart with power, our guilt *sensibly* removed, our souls set free, and pardon sealed on the conscience, is what the Lord's poor, tried, exercised, and tempted people are made to wait, hope, and pray for, amidst all the darkness and discouragements, the fears and suspicions, which so harass and perplex them.

It is the people of God that the dark and trying day of which we have spoken more particularly affects. In a time of general declension, when a professing nation grows bold in throwing off its allegiance to God, when vital godliness is at a low ebb, and the aspect of affairs is cheerless and gloomy, it is the real saints, the upright of the earth, that most feel the chill of the day, and have to grope in its darkness, and sigh and cry most for the abominations that are done in the land; and, above all, for the lack of heavenly power there is among themselves. And perhaps in this, as much as in anything else, God's living children distinguish themselves from those who have only a name to live, but are dead before God in their profession.

But having thus far confined our remarks chiefly to existing evils, and to those with which we are threatened, also to some of the painful providences, the changing scenes, the trials and afflictions, which God's dear people are called to experience whilst in this world of sin and sorrow, we wish not to overlook our mercies, or pass over in silence the many blessings and privileges which we are still permitted to enjoy, and which do indeed call loudly at the present time for gratitude and praise to a covenant God, from whom alone they are all received.

And first, how much as a nation have we to be thankful for. That the Lord, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice, has preserved us from being involved in the present awful war between the two Great Powers of Europe; that all the carnage and bloodshed, the investing of towns, the burning of villages, the desolating of homes, and the horrors of famine with which a beleaguered city is warned, should have fallen upon another people and not upon ourselves, upon another country and not our own, were surely enough, did we but see things in their proper light, to humble us in the dust and constrain us to confess to God our sins and our ingratitude, and acknowledge him more earnestly for his goodness and mercy. O that England were as ready to see the hand of God in her present preservation as she has been in some instances to acknowledge his interposition in her protection in the years that are past.

Again. What thankfulness we owe to God for still permitting us to enjoy liberty of conscience and freedom in worship, and that no arbitrary restraint is put upon us by the ruling "powers that be," in respect of the things we believe and preach, or as it respects our particular mode of worship. That toleration in religion may be an evil rather than a blessing to heretics and ministers of unrighteousness, to preachers of lies and to all who mock God



rather than honour him in their worship, we do not deny; but this is only the abuse of toleration, and forms no part of the "Act" itself. But to such as love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth and dearly prize the ordinances of the gospel, the ministry of the word, serving God in newness of spirit, national toleration in religion is an incalculable boon. May the Lord revive us in the midst of the years, and quicken our sluggish spirits, that a little more of the true zeal and heavenly fervour of Puritan days might fall upon us, like the garment of the ascending prophet upon Elisha. For all our mercies, then, great or small; for our liberties, civil and religious; for the precious truths of the Gospel of Christ, which, though hated and despised by most, yet believed in, known, and felt in their power by some; for such of God's dear servants as are still spared, when so many have been taken away; for every encouraging token of God's favour and every manifestation of his pardoning love we have ever received; for the temporal comforts of this life, in our homes, our families, and our callings; we can sincerely say we desire to be much more thankful than we have ever been. Thankful, in some measure, we trust we are; but we wish to be more so.

And now, in bringing our remarks to a close, we can only say, had we the ability to give the readers of the "Standard" an Address as much deserving of their notice and as conducive to their spiritual instruction and comfort as those which for many years they have been favoured with, we should, had it been the will of God, have been too glad to supply their needs. Such ability, however, we do not possess; but if, in the absence of it, our readers will not object to receive what we have written in the same way as when they cannot hear a servant of God with great gifts in the ministry they are glad to hear one with smaller, if only he be a truthful, humble, gracious man, we shall feel sufficiently repaid for our labour. In conclusion, we desire for our friends, one and all, who profess the truth of God, as well as for ourselves, that in our religion, and in the professed godliness of our life and walk, there may ever be a solemn reality.

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It is no purpose to boast of Christ if we have not an evidence of his graces in our hearts and lives. But to whom he is the hope of future glory, to them he is the life of present grace.—*Dr. Owen.*

LET us not be careful to pry into the weaknesses of others, but labour to see what they have for eternity to incline our hearts to love them rather than unto that weakness which the Spirit of God will in time consume and extinguish. Some think it strength of grace to endure nothing in the weak; whereas, the strongest are most ready to bear the infirmities of the weak. A weak hand may take hold of a rich jewel; a very few grapes will show the plant is a vine and not a thorn bush. It is one thing to be wanting in grace, but another thing to want grace altogether. God knoweth we have nothing in ourselves; therefore in the covenant of grace he requireth no more than he giveth. He giveth what he requireth, and accepteth what he giveth.—*Sibbes.*

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

## CHAPTER I.

*Verse 1. "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's."*

Solomon wrote 1005 songs (1 Ki. iv. 32); but to this he evidently gave the preference; and we seem only to have this one left, which he styles "*The Song of Songs*," because of its having in it a kind of exquisiteness and a fulness of Christ and his love, and its treating of the fullest, sweetest communion with him. So it is the essence of all excellent songs. As Christ is the Rose of Sharon, the Rose of roses, the Chiefest among ten thousand, and King of kings, so the song which more expressly is about him is the Song of songs. Any other song, perhaps, as full of Christ, might receive the same title with propriety, as otto of roses is the essence thereof, whether in one bottle or another.

This Song is written by one Solomon, and about another; written by Solomon the type, about Jesus the antitype. Solomon himself, in his name, royalty, extent of dominion, riches, grandeur, and glory, did but shadow forth the Lord Jesus as the Prince of Peace, whose dominion is a universal dominion, and who, at the right hand of God, possesses riches and honour and glory and power, world without end.

2. "*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.*"

In these words the child of God breaks forth into an expression of vehement desire after Christ and communion with him. The kisses of Christ's mouth are the words thereof, his Gospel gracious words, precious promises, and words of sweetest loves (Song vii. 12, *Hebrew*); and he kisses the child of God with these kisses, when he applies his written word or words agreeable to it by his Holy Spirit to the heart. Then there is conveyed into the heart a taste of the sweetness of his love, and the soul which has had experience thereof longs for fresh communications, fresh kisses; for Christ's love is better than wine. No earthly natural creature delights, not the sweetest strongest wine of lust or pride, or self-righteous vain glory or praise of men, can for a moment really compare with the love of Christ. It is better than all sorts of wine.

3. "*Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee.*"

"*Thy name.*" The name unquestionably is that of Jesus, the true Solomon; and this name represents what Jesus really is. It is not a name without a meaning and a truthfulness, but a name pregnant with meaning and life, even God the Saviour. This name, then, includes and implies all Jesus really and truly is to those who know him, and sets forth his person, work, offices, and relationships.

Now this name is "*as ointment poured forth*;" that is, it is as fragrant to the soul, and as much diffuses a sweetness and delight to the spiritual senses as the most precious ointment does

to the bodily, not when merely confined and shut up, but when poured forth as the anointing oil of Aaron was, which went down to the skirts of his raiment.

But why and when is this? The reason is assigned,—“*because of the savour of thy good ointments.*” Jesus is here represented as the Christ of God, anointed to be the Prophet, Priest, and King of Israel, in accordance with which offices he saves them, as in Isa. lxi. 1, 2. Now, to these offices he was anointed from the Father and by the Holy Spirit,—the oil of joy spoken of. “With my holy oil,” says the Father (Ps. lxxxix.), “have I anointed him.” Now this anointing is good; “*good ointments,*” as I understand it, pointing out the sweet, gracious, beneficial nature of the office-work of Christ; so that the Holy Spirit descended on him as a dove; showing all in Christ to be properly grace, mercy, love, and sweet peace. The blessed Spirit did not anoint Jesus to be a mere lawgiver, severe judge, and executor of the vengeance of God; but far otherwise,—to be a Saviour, Mediator, Mercy-seat. So then here are good ointments. “Thy Spirit,” says David (Ps. cxliii. 10), “is good; not only essentially so, but good and gracious to poor, lost, wretched, ruined sinners, which is the wonder. So then here is a good anointing to sweet gracious beneficial offices in which good and excellent things were to be done for lost sinners.

Now where the same Spirit, who is the anointing oil, communicates, by his gracious enlightening, quickening, diffusing power, a true knowledge or “*savour*” of these things to the soul, there Christ, being spiritually discerned and relished as God the Saviour in his fulness of grace and truth, there, through this teaching and acquaintanceship with him, his name,—*i. e.*, office, work, &c., as declared in his name,—is fragrant to the soul as ointment poured forth; and “*therefore do the virgins love*” him. Virgin souls and virgin graces in the soul,—virgin souls which are freed from their former vain legal self-righteous confidences and all their bitter fruits of worldliness and sin, and brought to look and cleave in their hopes to Christ alone; and virgin faith which will trust in nothing but Jesus, virgin hope which expects all through him, and virgin love which says, “Christ is all my desire.” Virgin souls and virgin graces,—true gospel, spiritual graces,—love Jesus.

4. *Draw me; we will run after thee. The king hath brought me into his chambers. We will be glad and rejoice in thee; we will remember thy love more than wine. The upright love thee.*

“*Draw me.*” No doubt Solomon in these words expresses his own feelings as a child of God. The song is his, not about himself as the great personage of the song and longed after in it, but as written by him, and doubtless expressing his own feelings and representing his own experiences. Solomon was a man of like passions as we are. He had a carnal nature as well as a spiritual; he had, therefore, desires, especially at times, for more communion with Christ, and a closer pursuit of him and his bless-

ings. But in this he was hindered. He would do good, but evil was present with him. His heart was prone to start aside, his thoughts to wander; forbidden objects were apt to captivate him; and besides, his wretched, carnal nature was at the best but as a clog. He felt sorely hindered in running after Jesus. Hence he cries, "Draw me!" The prayer goes up from the bottom of a desiring yet burdened heart, pressing after, yet pressed down and back by a body of sin and death.

But though Solomon speaks for himself, he likewise does so for others. He expresses the feelings of other God-taught children of God, and can answer for them as well as for himself in this matter, "If thou draw us, 'we will run after thee.' Our pursuit depends entirely upon thy drawing power. If thou withholdest thy influence, then we stand still, or go back and decline from thy ways; but if thou drawest by thy grace and Spirit's power, we will run after thee. The motion must be first from thee. A little drawing of thy cords of love will move us towards thee in beginnings of desire, but a mighty visit of that love, which is what we want, will make us move more quickly; yea, even run.

But whence arises all this longing to be drawn? It proceeds, as in the rest of this verse, from past experience of its effects: "*The king hath brought me into his chambers.*" So in Peter: "If ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious," then desire vehemently, as new-born babes, the sincere milk of the word. Past experience of communion, then, is described.

"*The King.*" Until now no express mention has been made of the Person addressed; but this is no omission of neglect, but of a fulness of heart in respect to this object. It is taken for granted that what the heart is so full of must be meant. Christ is all; and named expressly or unnamed, all is one; for Christ is in every word really, because the heart that speaks or pens the writing is full of him. How different this from the mere formality of hypocrites, who, whilst scrupulously dragging in the name of God or Christ, do but take it in vain; for he is only near in their mouths, but far from their reins. Here, though unmentioned for a while, he is, so to speak, more than mentioned; the omission of his name is full of him. Now he is positively spoken of,—"*the King,*" that is, of course, the Lord Jesus, pre-eminently *the King*. Others may be kings, but he alone is *the King*.

With this King the soul had been favoured to hold communion: "*The king hath brought me into his chambers.*" This seems to indicate, then, the past as a ground of present living lively desires. If a man has merely heard of Christ and his benefits, he may have some desires awakened after him; but if he has tasted, handled, and felt them, they will be of a different kind. "Now mine eye seeth thee." We have heard him ourselves and "know that this is indeed the Christ," and we now long after him with an enlightened thirst and desire. Draw me; we will run after thee. Communion is plainly meant by the bringing into his chambers. Sweet, secret, soul-satisfying communion with the

Lord in love. These chambers may be considered to be those places in which the Lord is to be found by his people, and where he communicates to them the sweetness of his love. But where are they? They are spiritual places, and yet very simple ones, such as his churches, his words, his ordinances. In these he is spiritually present with his people, recording his name and communing with them in love.

"Christ's in the promises, and there  
Thy soul and Christ may meet."

Paul writes of "the foolishness of preaching." So human nature esteems it, and wants a "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" and the kingdom of God to come with observation. But faith finds Christ in his garden,—his churches, in his words, in his ordinances; in these his people from time to time sweetly find him and blessedly enjoy his love. But this is when he brings them in as a King. They stand at the door and knock, waiting upon him in the use of means, owning his sovereignty and desiring to experience his power and see his glory; and from time to time he opens the palace and chamber doors, admits them into the inmost meaning of his words, and then the King sovereignly, graciously, sweetly, powerfully, has brought them into his chambers. Then they are indeed glad at heart and rejoice in Jesus. Their hearts overflow with pleasure and delight, and they praise Jesus with their lips. First the gladness of heart, then the song of praise, the rejoicing in Jesus.

Now shall all this ever be completely forgotten? Impossible! There may be a great forgetting; but never a complete one.

"But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill."

No more real and full satisfaction as before to the soul who has once held communion with Christ in love, apart from Christ. Noah's dove cannot rest but in the Ark with Noah. The world and various things may seem for a time to put Christ at some distance, because the child of God is part flesh; but it is impossible for world, sin, or Satan to take away altogether the memory of Jesus's love where once truly enjoyed.

"The mark of that celestial seal  
Can never be erased."

Therefore, says Solomon, "*We will remember thy love more than wine.*" We know how the drunkard remembers his wine-cups, how he says, "I will seek it yet again;" it is next to a miracle to get this memory out of his heart. He loves to quench by wine the uneasy-making light of reason, and sink for a time into the condition of a thoughtless happy brute. And as it is with wine literally, so with any gratification of flesh or mind to which a person has been peculiarly addicted. But how much more soul-satisfying and delighting is the love of Christ to those capable of knowing it, and who have tasted it! So, then, how utterly impossible to take the remembrance thereof quite away! "*We will remember thy love more than wine.*"

And this impossibility is further shown by what is produced in the person's heart who has thus tasted of Christ's love, and been brought into his chambers: "*The upright love thee.*" This is gospel uprightness, the uprightness of faith as distinguished from mere moral or legal uprightness. It is the grace of God in the gospel and faith in Christ which set a man as an upright man before God, and give him true uprightness of disposition, as it is in Ps. xxxii.: "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, &c., and in whose spirit is no guile." This man can stand before God as a just man through Jesus's blood, and becomes according to his faith a guileless man through Jesus's Spirit; as upright in conscience and heart at one and the same time by believing. And this upright man loves Christ. Christ loves him. He has tasted of Christ's love. Through what Christ in love has done he stands as a just man upright before God, and through Christ's Spirit his heart is purified and God's love in Christ shed abroad in it. Hence he necessarily loves Christ and as necessarily remembers him, longs for him, desires fresh communion, and cries because he longs, "Draw me; we will run after thee."

5, 6. "*I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*"

It might be asked, "Why does the child of God break forth as represented by Solomon in these words?" The church, the spouse of Christ, the child of God, has just represented the love felt for Christ, and proclaimed, "The upright love thee;" but here some one might readily reply, "What! Call yourself upright? How can this be? With such blemishes, such faults of temper, spirit, and conduct, where can there be this uprightness you boast of?" The eye of nature looks with a scornful criticism upon the child of God, pries well-pleased into his blemishes, overlooks what is of the Spirit and has a divine excellence, and rejoiceth not in the truth, but rejoiceth in iniquity; pharisaically or profanely accomplishes a diligent search after evil, and overlooks the good, acting the part of wicked Ham, who saw with an evidently scornful satisfaction good Noah's nakedness, while Shem and Japheth, like the twin graces of humility and love, went backward to cover it.

Now it is to meet this objection, which gratifies some, but which painfully grieves and even stumbles others who are sincere-hearted but not much versed in human infirmity or Satan's temptations, that the child of God proceeds in these words: "*I am black, but comely.*" Here the child of God who knows and loves the Lord Jesus is represented as if two totally different persons at the same time; not, "I was black and am comely;" or, "I was comely and am black;" but, "*I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.*" Let us seek, then, to unfold this mystery.

In the first place, we observe that both blackness and comeli-

ness extend to the entire person,—to the state, the character, the conduct. I am altogether black, altogether comely, according as you view me from one or other of two different points. First, as to my state or standing and condition as before the eye of God and his just and holy law. Now view the child of God in a legal, natural point of view, considered as apart from what he is as in Christ; and what must be the true judgment of justice, law, and honest conscience? Why, that the person is black, unjust, and unjustifiable at the bar of infinite holiness and justice. "There is none righteous, no not one;" "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;" and "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." But now see the same person as in Christ Jesus, clothed in his righteousness, washed in his blood. Now what say law, justice, and conscience? Why, "Thou art altogether comely in Christ's beauty and comeliness which are put upon thee, imputed to thee, and counted to be thine.

"Thy breaches of the law are his,  
And his obedience thine."

Now the sinner himself shines in the splendour and glories of Jesus as the sun in the firmament, clear as the sun, arrayed in Jesus the Sun of an eternal righteousness. Here, then, we see a marvellous alteration; black indeed if seen in self, comely as Jesus is comely, as beheld in Him. O righteousness divine! How sweet thou art! In life, in death, and in eternity may I be found in Jesus!

But again. View the same child of God, this justified sinner who believes so in Jesus, in respect to his natural character, or the flesh; what must we say? Why black, black as hell. So Paul says of himself. He had still an old nature in him, and he cries, "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwells no good thing;" and the absence of good implies the presence of evil; the absence of all good, the presence of all evil. Nature, say the philosophers, abhors a vacuum, or complete emptiness; so, where God and good are not, Satan and evil surely are. In the view, then, of all this evil, well may the child of God cry, "I am black."

But now look again, penetrate through this flesh, judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment. The same person has also a new nature, created anew in Christ's image according to the likeness of him who created. Here is no sin, all is of God, the new creature is without spot or blemish, created in righteousness and true holiness. So then, seen as after the Spirit, the language changes: "I am comely." And in God's sight this is the true view of the child of God, who is counted to be as one buried in respect of the old man in Christ's grave, and isen with Jesus in the Spirit and new man into eternal life. "The body is dead indeed because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness."

But once more. As the man is, so will his actions be. If a man were all spirit, nothing but a new creature, all his actions

would be full of righteousness and the sweetest purity. Those who are only flesh cannot, says Paul, in anything please God. But the child of God is, as we have seen, part flesh and part spirit. Hence in him all is mixed. The old man and the new are both constantly working, both active principles; sometimes one has more of the upper hand, sometimes the other; sometimes Jacob has the lead and rule in the soul and life; but when Esau can manage to get dominion he does usurp the throne, and break as much as possible his brother's hated yoke from off his neck. Hence, as to words and actions, all that proceeds from the man in private and public, the same words still apply: "Black, yet comely." View the child of God's best as it proceeds from him, sin is so mixed with all he does, defiling, hindering, diminishing from what the standard of rectitude requires, that he cries in a right view of things, "I am black."

"Let all I ask, or think, or speak,  
Be sprinkled with thy blood."

But now look at these very things, his prayers, praises, obediences, as in the hands of Jesus, who takes all that is of the flesh, as it were, away, and perfumes the rest with his own perfect and sweet merits, and then presents these things to the Father; and all is at once made comely. The evil is pardoned through Christ's blood, the defective obedience covered with his merits; and now, though the man's life and conversation, if viewed apart from Christ, must be pronounced as, in the sight of divine purity, black, yet thus transformed by the beautifying touch of Jesus, all becomes at once comely.

Thus in state, in heart, in life, the paradox of the text is found true in a child of God: "I am black, but comely." These words are illustrated by a figure to enforce them, and addressed to the daughters of Jerusalem: "*The tents of Kedar,*" formed from goats' hair or other coarse materials, and dwelt in by the slovenly race, and blackened by smoke and filth, no doubt would convey to an Eastern mind the idea of the utmost blackness and filthiness in combination. And so "*The curtains of Solomon,*" whether those of his splendid palace and suitable to the rest of his glories, or of the marvellous temple built by him, in which hung the beautiful veil designed to represent the human nature of Christ himself, would convey to the Jewish mind the intended idea of the greatest comeliness, purity, and glory.

We have already hinted at the meaning of the words, "*daughters of Jerusalem;*" but will a little further unfold the expression as leading us forward to the sixth verse. Scripture speaks of two Jerusalems, earthly and heavenly. The earthly was, of course, the chosen city in which Solomon dwelt; the heavenly is clearly shown to be the church of Christ, represented thereby as a place of abode, security, order, peace, and blessedness, where God dwells with his people, Christ reigns, and the glorious Trinity in Unity is worshipped. And this church, properly, is the congregation of the elect, redeemed, regenerated people of



God. But as this church is in a certain sense situated now upon earth, there may be in it, so far as external things go, good and bad, professors merely and true children of God. Seen in Christ, the church is always as in heaven. "Our citizenship" (Phil. iii. 20, Greek), says Paul, "is in heaven;" but, in respect of some of its members and their communities, it is actually upon earth; therefore the Holy City may be trodden down of the gentiles the ordained space of time. Thus, then, these daughters of Jerusalem, or its inhabitants, may be divided into two portions. Those who really know, love, and fear God like the speaker in the text, and various others who are introduced in this song, also merely nominal professors, the children that are born of the flesh,—man-made, carnal Christians, so to speak, who, as Paul tells us, are among the bitterest foes of those born after the Spirit, the real children of God. Now, then, we shall be prepared to look into and understand the next verse, and we shall also obtain a yet further thought concerning the blackness and comeliness spoken of. "*Look not upon me, because I am black.*"

Evidently, then, this scornful looking had been experienced and deeply felt. The child of God has to drink in some degree of the same cup as his Master; he is predestinated to this resemblance. Now the Lord Jesus cries, "They stand staring and looking upon me." We know how bitter taunts and mockings were added to his other agonies on the cross, and were by no means the least bitter ingredients in that cup. His mother's children, the Jews, judged according to the outward appearance, and so railed on him when on the cross as a weak, base, blaspheming impostor, unable to save himself, though he had pretended to save others. The speaker of the text had drunk deeply of the same cup, defamed, blackened perhaps by appearances of things, but more by the malice and envy of others. He had been pointed out as indeed black, a mere hypocrite in Zion, a burdener of the churches and people of God, unfit to live, and worthy to be had in perfect detestation. Even the godly of little experience and small penetration were for a time mistaken. "We thought that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel." Malice triumphed, but weak sincerity mourned. God can cover the fairest reputation with such a cloud of dark appearances that none but close and spiritual observers, and those indued with much of that charity which thinketh no evil and that spirituality which keeps the eye fixed upon the Lord and will see only in his light, can penetrate through the dark disguise and discern that beneath all the seeming blackness the poor defamed one is like Moses, all fair to God. Nabal, according to the appearances, styles David a wicked rebel and runaway servant; spiritually-minded Abigail calls him the anointed king of Israel, and fighter of the Lord's battles; and "Blessed is he," says Christ, "whosoever shall not," through outward appearances merely, "be offended in me," whether in myself or my people, who are as myself, one with me.

This, then, was the sore trial which the soul had writhed under. Hence the words of deprecation: "Look not upon me" with scorn, "because I am thus blackened by appearance and the scorn and malice of others, because this sun of adversity, temptation, and persecution has looked upon me. My mother's children, the false fleshly professors, have been angry with me. As Christ says, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up, and the reproaches of them that reproached thee have fallen upon me.'" He that will live godly in Christ Jesus and has the Holy Spirit with him shall suffer persecution. So it was, and so it still must be. In this life a child of God who will serve Christ must be prepared to receive his Master's usage. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, they will call them of the household also by as harsh a name. The child of God must in this life be prepared not to do his own will, or what would be pleasant to his flesh, but the will of a crucified Master who sends him. His reward is really hereafter, when Christ will say, "Come, ye blessed, enter into the joy of thy Lord." This is reward enough, especially as even in this life the Lord grants many sweet anticipations and blessed intimations of his love and favour, forgiving sins, healing diseases, investing with his righteousness, proclaiming all fair, and at times so delighting with the outpourings of his love that the soul wonders what heaven itself can be if the earnest and first-fruits are so wondrous.

But the work to be done is hard work and suffering work, requiring a labour of love, a patience of hope. So the child of God says, giving a further explanation, "*They made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*" God may set the child of God on hard and to the flesh unsatisfactory work; as in the cases of the old prophets, who bore for a later generation the burden and heat of a day of legality, sin, woe, and lamentations. Here is nothing to please the flesh, but shame, reproach, labour, and persecution. Or again, men may by a call to the ministry or things of that kind set on work, and then rise up and persecute because it is done not as they intended, but as the Lord and honest conscience direct; hence the anguish of the child of God's mind, and the spoiling of the vineyard of his own soul; but Christ is faithful, God is love, the foundation of God standeth sure, and he can at times sweetly say, "I am black, yet comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

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#### HE CARETH FOR YOU.

O! WHY this trial? Saviour, tell.  
 'Tis said thou doest all things well.  
 Lord, help me to believe it now;  
 Before thy wise decrees to bow.

Help me to trust thy sovereign grace;  
 If 'tis thy will, O, show thy face;  
 Help me on thee to cast my cares.  
 Lord, do thou manage my affairs.

Help me, dear Lord, on thee to rest,  
 Feel thy appointed time is best.  
 Father, on thee I would rely.  
 Jesus, my Saviour, hear my cry.

My faith is weak, O may I see  
 What thou seest best is best for me.  
 May I not murmur at thy will.  
 Lord, to my soul say, "Peace, be still!"

Thy "Peace, be still," will calm my breast,  
 Will set my troubled thoughts at rest,  
 Help me to raise my heart to thee,  
 And feel my God still cares for me.

Still cares for *me!* He knows my frame,—  
 The feeblest lamb he calls by name.  
 No one too small for him to see.  
 How sweet the thought, He cares for *me!*

If blessings tarry, I would stand,  
 And wait and watch my Father's hand,  
 Expect his smile, wait and believe,  
 Until the blessing I receive.

Lord, may I feel, whate'er betide,  
 That thou art ever by my side:  
 With me abide till time shall end,  
 And be my everlasting Friend.

G. C. H.

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### The late Mr. Philpot.

WE do not need anything to remind us that it is a twelvemonth since our late friend and editor departed this life. The fact is brought most painfully to our mind every month, and almost every day of the month; certainly for twenty days in the month. But in turning over a hill of papers, we were reminded more strongly than usual by coming upon the following letters. They may be by some thought to be out of date; but they are not out of date with us, and will, we doubt not, be read with interest by many.

Dear Sir,— . . . When I first read in the "Gospel Standard" of Mr. Philpot's death, my soul ascended in solemn prayer, requesting the Lord, if according to his blessed mind and sovereign will, that his mantle might fall on some Elisha, and an equal if not a double portion of his Spirit be poured out upon him. My heart being full, I could not finish my tea. I opened and read the notes on the dear man's death as well as I could, for one large drop was following the other in quick succession. I was almost overwhelmed. When I came to these words: "Better to die than to live!" "Mighty to save! Mighty to save!" "I die in the faith I have preached and felt!" "Well," I thought, "thou hast fought the fight and finished thy course with joy, and now gone up to receive the crown of righteousness, welcomed into the mansion prepared for thee by a precious Jesus with a 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" And when I came to the word "Beautiful!" and to the question asked by his dear wife, "What's beautiful?"

"Ah!" thought I, "like your brother Paul, when he was caught up into the third heaven, the beautiful vision and revelation were not to be opened or revealed by a human tongue; its glories were too great for earth." Our friend was not allowed to tell what he saw. We may form some idea of it, but we must leave it in the hands of the Lord. As death approached, calm as the summer sea, without a ruffling wave to wash the shore, such was his passage to the realms of day.

"He died to live, and lives to die no more."

I first became acquainted with Mr. Philpot's writings in the year 1837. His "Secession from the Church of England" was given me by a friend, and he advised me to take up the "Gospel Standard." I did so, commencing in January, 1837, and I have continued it to the present day. My soul has often had a feast from the pen of your dear father, Mr. Warburton, Mr. M'Kenzie, and Mr. Philpot. I used to look through the "Standard" and read their letters first. In July, 1850, I went up to London to see a brother-in-law living at Islington, and knowing by the "Standard" that Mr. Philpot was to supply the pulpit at Eden Street chapel, I went away early, but missed my road, being a stranger. By inquiry I was set right again, and arrived just in time for the commencement of the service. Mr. Philpot preached from Exod. xv. 25: "And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree," &c. He dwelt most particularly upon the Lord showing him a tree. I really enjoyed the subject. After service was over, I remained in the seat until the chapel was nearly empty, resolved in my mind to go and speak to Mr. P. "Well," I said to myself, "you will cut me off the same as you did the 'few poor wretched men;\*' shall I go or shall I not? Well, I will go, although you may cut me off with even greater severity." I went into the vestry and spoke to him. He received me very kindly; but he was very much fatigued in speaking, and was very poorly; so I bade him good bye and left.

I went again in the evening to hear him; but, having been unavoidably detained, I was late. I could only get standing room just inside the outside door, as the chapel was thronged. His text was Hos. ii. 14, 15. What a delightful subject! Surely he went into all the holes and corners, picking out the Lord's little ones. I thought, "Is it possible that a man of your eloquence and ability can ransack and bring forth such dark spots to light, and use such plain language as comes within the meanest capacity to comprehend?"

In July, 1865, I was again in London, and found my way to Gower Street. I heard Mr. P. from Eph. iii. 14-17. His description of the indissoluble bond of union between the family of heaven and the living family on earth I shall never forget. My soul was like the chariots of Aminadab. I sat bathed in tears. I feel confident that I shall meet him again.

\* See "Gospel Standard" for 1838 (p. 83).

I close with Mr. Philpot's language in the "Standard," 1838 (p. 46): "That the 'Gospel Standard' may be ever lifted up in the cause of truth."

Alderney.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Sir,—I feel a wish to send you a few lines about myself, and the mysterious way that I first came to know about the "Gospel Standard." And as the Lord blessed you to be the man he would choose to send such a book into the world, I have no doubt your heart has often been made glad by hearing that the Lord has blessed its truths to the souls of his poor and needy people.

I was born in one of the dark places of Norfolk, in 1809, and in or *about* the year 1830, the Lord brought me to feel and see my woful state as a sinner and breaker of his holy law; and after many months of soul-trouble he spoke pardon and peace to my troubled soul,—a day and a time never to be forgotten by me.

I soon began to feel a desire, in love to the Saviour of my soul, to walk in his commandments. I was baptized, and joined the Particular Baptist Church, the only one in the place, Aylsham. The minister was no lover of the "Gospel Standard;" but I was but a child in the things of Christ and his gospel; it was in my first love. I had often heard him speak of a book called the "Gospel Standard," and that he hoped none of his people would read it, for it was a bad book. This was about the years 1835, 6, and 7.

About 1836 I was obliged to leave that place, to get work at my trade, shoemaking. I got work at a little place about seven miles from Aylsham with a Wesleyan local preacher; but we did not agree in the things of God, so we parted. While I was in that place I used to go to Aylsham on Lord's days, and it was about that time I used to have a little talk with one of the members of the church; and one day, when in his house, he brought up the "Gospel Standard," and said he liked it; "but," said he, "our minister does not like it." He then showed me a number of it, but told me I must not say anything about it to the people, for if Mr. B. knew it he would be angry, for he always kept it out of his sight. This was the first year that the red cover was put on. Now I longed to see and read for myself; and as I was not far from B., where was a little cause of Particular Baptists, and as I began to know a few of the people, I sometimes went there, and as they began to take the "Gospel Standard," I became a subscriber, and have continued one to this day, for the space of 30 years in this wilderness; and I may say from the time I began to read the precious things I found in this book, I have had unnumbered seasons of comfort. I can say, in all truthfulness, as does Paul say in his second epistle to Tim. iii. 16, it has been profitable to my soul for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness. My soul has often wept over its

pages, and rejoiced over them. I received good from the pen of your dear father and from the pen of dear Mr. M'Kenzie, and much from the never-to-be-forgotten Mr. Philpot. I feel thankful to the Lord that I ever heard the truth from their lips and read it from their pens, and from the many gracious men who have written something of what the Lord had done for their souls. My soul had often felt the desire of the word penned by a hymn writer:

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

I have mourned with the church of Christ over the loss of them, and been thankful that they finished their course so well and so comfortably, and are gone to their sweet rest.

Dear Sir,—A few more years and you and I shall have to lay our poor heads in the dust of death. The Lord grant that we may come to a good finish of our work, and walk like unto them.

"Ye are faint; but labour on;  
Sink not, with toil oppress'd.  
When your lamps are trimm'd, your labours done,  
Sleep, then, and take your rest."

May the blessing of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost rest upon  
you. W. B.  
Framingham Earl, near Norwich, Feb. 3, 1870.

Dear Sir,—Seeing your time has been taken up so much of late, I have delayed writing to you, not wishing at all to add to your burden.

As a subscriber to, and lover of the truths contained in the "Gospel Standard," I, with many others in this isolated part of the world, felt deeply the death of dear Mr. Philpot. Yes, my dear unknown brother, I did love the late—to me unknown—editor, for his writings and sermons. They have often been blessed to me in casting a light upon my dark and singular path. I have blessed and thanked the Lord many times that he sent his works, his labours, across the pathless sea. Surely the Lord does search out his people in a wonderful way. He was endeared to me also by a private letter he sent me not long before his death, concerning some pieces I had written for the "Standard;" but he was not able to fulfil his promise to me, as the Lord had need of him in those happy regions, to receive his recompense of the reward, to bathe in that love of a Three-One God, through the merits of a dear Redeemer, of which he did here but taste. He is happy now. May I venture to say the rest? O! I should faint if I did not believe I soon his happiness shall see.

The Lord direct you and bless you and your dear partner, and dear Mrs. Philpot and family. Amen.

Upper Gawler Street, Portland,  
Victoria, Australia, June 11, 1870,

GEORGE HICKMAN.

## The late Mr. Kershaw.

Dear Sir,—I do not wonder at the strong terms of approval in which you speak of the late Mr. Kershaw's autobiography. I have read it with deepest interest. There is one feature of the work that specially commends itself to my mind; that is, its freedom from rancour and bitterness. Even where he differs, he seeks to concede as much as possible to his opponent, without compromising his own character or principles.

There is one fact in reference to this dear departed servant of God which, with your permission, I will name, believing it will be of interest to your numerous readers. In the early spring of 1841, Mr. Kershaw was supplying the pulpit of Great Alie Street. When preaching one Sunday morning, he was led into a very special line of thought and utterance, which, as he said, he could not account for but upon the belief that there was some poor soul then present in the depths of trouble and exercise. He spoke pointedly and peacefully to such case; and it seemed as though it were a voice direct from above, such was the uncertainty and the savour and the dew with which the dear man's words were attended. Although Mr. Kershaw knew it not, there was one at least present in the very depths of anguish. He had just buried two dear children, and the loved companion of his early manhood had that very Sabbath taken to the bed from which the hand of death was speedily to release her, after suffering months in consumption. That morning was a memorable one, and the preacher was ever afterwards endeared as having unconsciously preached what was considered by one of his hearers his ordination sermon. Many years afterwards it was the privilege of that hearer to shake hands with the man of God in the vestry of the self-same chapel.

It warms my too-usually cold and thankless and unbelieving heart, dear Sir, to think of the goodly company of honoured servants of the Lord that so blessedly finished their course, and have now sat down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of our Father above. There is dear Henry Fowler, whom you and I (though then strangers to each other) used at the same time and place to hear. Then there were dear Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Turner, Mr. Silver, and, though last not least, Mr. Philpot—ah! and how many more whom we used to hear and love too, gone—gone home! The conflict over! The victory won! All tears for ever dried! All temptations for ever o'er! The world vanquished! Satan silenced! And nought but uninterrupted and everlasting bliss their portion!

Well, what a mercy it is that "they without us should not be made perfect." O! May we not say now, as we often sang, years ago, in dear Gower Street chapel, notwithstanding all present trials and conflicts, and flesh-and-blood-crushing weights and anxieties,

“Eternal joys shall soon repay  
The sorrows of the good old way.”

Wishing you all the wisdom, grace, and strength you need for your arduous position,

I am, dear Sir and Brother in Christ,  
The humble Hearer just now alluded to,  
St. Luke's, Bedminster, Dec. 14, 1870. D. A. DOUDNEY.

### A FRIENDLY VISIT.

My dear Sir,—As I am unable to do much else but write, having been very unwell the last fortnight, I have you in my mind for a few lines.

I hope it is well with you, that you have soul prosperity; and if so, I know I shall not intrude. There will be weariness and conflict, temptation and trial, affliction of mind or body, or both, more or less, much to vex without, and more to plague within. In these things is the life of the spirit, and by them we live and the soul thrives; and a friendly visit is not unreasonable in such a state. When self and Satan shake hands, a saint's visit is an intrusion, and godly conversation an encroachment. When I and the world were pet companions (I would write it with shame), I desired not communion with saints. Before I went to B., I prayed I might be favoured with nearness to the Lord, and that, abstracted from business and worldly care, I might be indulged with more uninterrupted communion, and that my visit might be profitable to myself and others; and the Lord seemed to accept my prayer. I had the comfort of hope I should find it so; and I believe I did, only it was in the Lord's way. In addition to inward conflict and temptation, the Lord added affliction and pain, which at first surprised and dejected me, until he graciously appeared and showed me it was thus he made me meet for his consolations and for communion and fellowship with himself, first humbling and emptying and bringing me down, spoiling my pleasant things, and forbidding the things which seemed to delight me; then lifting me up to more holy delight in him, and thus granting me the desire of my heart. I could then kiss the rod and bless the hand that used it, and adore the wisdom and grace, and weep to the praise of the mercy I found. With Job I could say, “Behold, I am vile, and abhor myself,” while divine compassion and sovereign goodness brought me near the Lord with sweet simplicity, meekness, and love. What sweet joy and peace I felt, what earnest desires and prayers that the Lord would bless me indeed and enlarge my heart, that his hand might be with me, that he would keep me from evil that it might not grieve me, that I might walk before him and feel him near, that I might trust in him at all times, and love and serve him more.

What a wonder for heaven and earth that sinners should have God for a friend! “Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and



break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted." "I, even I, am he that comforteth you."

O that earth should have so much of my thought or care, that my affections should be so divided! O ruined, wretched man! But O mighty Jesus, who saves to the uttermost! O the mysteries of love, the wonders of grace!

"The blessings from his death that flow,  
So little we esteem,  
Only because we slightly know  
And meanly value him.

"O could we but with clearer eyes  
His excellences trace,  
Could we his Person learn to prize,  
We more should prize his grace."

How meet to receive instruction is an afflicted soul. "He delivereth the poor in his affliction, and openeth their ears in oppression." And how specially affliction is marked in the word of God for the display of his power and love: "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." "And the afflicted people thou wilt save; but thine eyes are upon the haughty, that thou mayest bring them down;" "The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble;" "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

The Lord makes us fruitful in a wilderness, gives us a door of hope in the valley of trouble, and teaches us to sing most sweetly there. There we learn his name, and find our near relationship to him. Baali gives place to Ishi. The Lord says, "My people," and we say, "Thou art my God." Joseph speaks roughly to his brethren, and they are afraid. Their sin is remembered, and they acknowledge it. They look for judgment, but cannot read the mercy in his heart, and know not he is their brother. But when his dream becomes a reality, and his word to them is accomplished, when with contrition and grief they bow down to him, and yield themselves servants to him, and willing bondsmen, he sees their affliction, and is himself affected, and can no longer refrain, but exclaims, "I am your brother. Come near."

My wife writes with me in love. Yours very sincerely,  
Dec. 12, 1867. C. MOUNTFORT.

Our Lord Jesus is very tender over his poor disciples, and having foretold them of the hard usage and bad entertainment they should meet with in the world, losses and crosses, tribulation and persecutions, he now leaves with them some antidotes against distempers of mind, some cordials against those faintings of spirit and troubles of heart, to which he knew they, being flesh and blood, were subject. And this is chief and principal: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."—*Bunyan*.

## MERCY FOR THE CONDEMNED.

My dear Friend,—Solomon, the wisest man that ever sat upon a throne, says that all things in this world are only vanity of vanities. Thirty-seven years ago I was far from being a believer in this doctrine, for the world contained that which satisfied me. I was charmed with her. She gave me everything my lust craved of her. I doated upon her, and only wished I could live for ever in her embrace. Twenty-two years of my life I spent in her service. She found me a faithful servant, for my obedience was that of the heart. Mine was of a ready mind, fully devoted unto her. We seemed so bound up together that nothing could ever part us.

But it pleased God, in the year 1837, to put the word of life into my soul. A strange reformation now took place. There was the same world, but I could take no delight in it. There were the same cards that formerly delighted me; but now my soul loathed them. There was the same theatre at which I had spent hours with pleasure; but now it had no attraction for me. There was the same alehouse that I used to frequent with so much satisfaction; but now the very recollection of it caused pain in my heart. There were my old companions in sin with whom I formerly ran to great excess in wickedness; but now I felt no inclination for their society. Those old things passed away, and, behold, all things became new. There was a new light let into my soul, by which I was enabled to discover many things of which I formerly had no knowledge; for, notwithstanding that I was brought up under the sound of truth, and thereby had some faint knowledge of the letter of truth, I rebelled against it. I even was presumptuous enough to try as much as in me lay to lay the blame of my sin upon God; and even argued the point with several whose happy spirits are now before the throne, that if I was destined to do such things it was not my fault, it was my destiny; I could not help it. Now, as with a sunbeam, I beheld my sin, and saw it my own. No one was to be blamed but myself. Divine sovereignty, that at one time appeared hateful to me, now shone forth in my heart with convincing power, that I was constrained to acknowledge the justice of God in leaving some and in taking others, even if I was left out of his mercy; and indeed there appeared no mercy for me. My sins appeared like mountains; the day of mercy had passed; there was no hope; destruction was my doom; to pray was useless. I myself had by my obstinacy in sin for ever shut the door of mercy against myself. The lamentation with which I mourned my miserable case was, "O my soul, thou art lost, lost, lost for ever!" When, behold! I saw in me a light above all my sorrow directing my miserable soul to Jesus Christ for mercy. Now vehement longings sprang up in my soul after righteousness; and these kept rising until the Lord sweetly manifested himself unto me. All glory unto his name.

Yours in the Truth,

Southill, near Biggleswade, Beds, Nov. 4, 1870. J. WARBURTON.

## ELECTION.

Dear Friend and Fellow-Traveller in the Path of Tribulation,— Perhaps you will be surprised to receive a line from a stranger; and yet I am not quite a stranger in the flesh as I once met you at a little obscure corner in Brasted, and I know I am not a stranger in the spirit.

It has been my favoured lot to read your loving epistles to Mr. M., to the little congregation meeting for public worship under his humble roof; and as you have kindly commended your love to me in the one I read yesterday, I feel inclined to drop you a line in return; and may the blessed Spirit bring such things to my remembrance as shall prove sweet to me and no less so to you.

I began the service yesterday by giving out that sweet hymn:

“Lord, I cannot let thee go,” &c.

Can you adopt the language of the second verse?

“Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.”

If you cannot, I can; and I will tell you why I can do so. Something like six-and-thirty years ago, when I was in my first-born, unregenerate state, and living without God and without hope in the world, a person in this place lent me a copy of the “Gospel Magazine” to read. Now you must understand this book contained sound truth; and as I had never read anything before but error, except it was the Bible, and you are sure I could know no more about that than I did about the magazine, I might just as well have read Greek or Latin; but read it I did, and another, and another; and I well remember one night reading aloud to my poor wife a portion of a sermon on the doctrine of election, preached by one of the Lord’s own sent servants, when I came to this passage: “Depend upon it, dear friends, if you are not of the election of grace, that is, if you are not one of God’s elect people, nothing can possibly save you from eternal destruction.” My poor heart instantly boiled with rage and malice against the doctrine and the man who preached it, and I said to my wife, “Susan, I will never believe this, and nobody shall ever make me. I will prove the man a liar from the word of God.” And what part, think you, did I pick out to prove the good man a liar? I took down the Bible, and turned to Jno. xvii., which is as full of the doctrine of election as the chapter is of words; but this was the part I thought would effectually settle the business: “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe in me through their word.” Now, I thought, the “*these alone*” are the elect, and the “*them also*” are all the rest of mankind. O the blindness of the human heart! Well might Paul say, “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, neither can he know them.” And why? “Because they are spiritually discerned.”

Well; I can truly say that for months and months this cursed doctrine of election, as I then thought it, was uppermost in my mind, from the time my eyes were opened in the morning till they were closed again at night; and get rid of it I could not. I brought the subject up to every one I had ever spoken to on religion, so as to know what their ideas were. Some said one thing and some another; but among them was an old pilgrim who had borne the burden and heat of the day. To him I told my wretched tale about this queer doctrine of election, and thought I was going to prove to him that it was a lie; when he said, very solemnly: "Stop, stop, young man; not quite so fast. I once thought as you do now; but I bless God he has made me to see differently, and if ever he has mercy on your poor soul, you will tell a different tale to what you do now." I believe the dear old man thought there was something moving; for before we parted, he said, "I will lend you a book which, with the blessing of God, may make a wound; and then I will lend you another which, with the same blessing, may heal it." "The blessing of God," thought I; "what can the blessing of God have to do with reading his book? However, I took the book, and read it, with about as much effect as the small rain has when it falls on a stone wall. Nay, not so much as that; for that does leave a dampness and a moisture, but the book left my poor soul as dry and as barren as the mountains of Gilboa. I took the book back, and he then lent me dear old Dr. Hawker's "Zion's Pilgrim." I say "dear," because both then and since Dr. H.'s writings have been both sweet and dear to my soul. Well; I took this book; but I could not stop till I got home; so I went into an "old stable," and began to read it by the light of an old lantern; and I had not read many pages before my hardness of heart, and spleen and malice against the doctrine of election seemed to give way, and such softness and meekness ensued with such love to the dear old doctor and his blessed Master as I shall never be able to describe. Before I got through the book the doctrine of election was established in my soul as firmly as I believe it ever will be this side the grave.

Well, dear friend, if you cannot adopt the language of the last verse of that sweet hymn I quoted, I am sure you can this:

"Many days have pass'd since then,  
 Many changes I have seen,  
 Yet have been upheld till now;  
 Who could hold me up but *Thou*?"

Ah! Dear friend, here lies your safety and mine; not in ourselves, not in what we can do for God, not in our own "good deeds, good tempers, nor frames," but in being upheld and sustained by the almighty hand of a Three-One God. But for that, where should we be now? Not on Zion's hill, but more likely in hell. Satan often suggests to me now that it is nothing but pride when I stand up and give out the hymns, and profess to know something of the sweetness they contain; but I am some-

times enabled to tell him, "Well, if it is pride to sing from the heart the praises of a precious Christ, I covet that pride, and I will do it in spite of you."

And now what are my present position and prospects? Alas! Dark and dreary. But, blessed be God, he supports under all, and enables me to prove the sweetness of that promise: "As thy day thy strength shall be."

Give my Christian love to Mr. Covell, when you see him; and when it is well with you at the throne of grace, do not forget

Yours in Affliction's Bonds,

Feb. 24, 1868.

W. H.

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## A PASTOR'S EPISTLE TO HIS CHURCH.

My dear Friends and Brethren,—Agreeable to my promise, I will endeavour to pen you a few lines. In the first place, I am thankful to say I have been in health since I left you; and though I have had much preaching, I have been helped, and I trust to the profit of many that have heard me. It is a mercy, amidst the profession of the day, that God has a seed to serve him in every place I go to; and though many are taken away, others are called to stand as witnesses for God's truth.

I am here in the midst of the Methodists and Ranters, and truth is not known within sixty miles. I can but think the Lord directed my steps here and has blessed his word. There is a great increase of people, and they are anxious to hear of my coming. Nevertheless my mind often turns to my own people, which are more to me than all besides. I consider them the "wife of my youth." Many also have been called and brought out under my ministry, and many, as our dear Lord said, have continued with me in my temptations.

I see the difference between my being acceptable to a people for three or four Sabbaths in the year and continuing amongst a people for thirty years. I have often feared that my ministry would be stale and unsavoury, which all preaching is without the fresh anointing and sacred unction of the Holy Ghost. I can assure you that I often bear you before the Lord, to keep you in his fear with a tenderness of conscience, to walk in his ways, knowing how liable we are to fall by the power of temptation or to be lifted up with pride. My desire also is that you love as brethren, and esteem each other better than yourselves, that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I hope the ministry you have had since I left you has been blessed. It is always my desire when I leave to provide such ministry as will feed the church of God and not please the fancies of my hearers. I hope at the time appointed (Friday, the 29th) to be amongst you again, that I may abide with you until the Lord of the harvest shall call me up higher, and that when my labours are finished, I shall not lay my head on a thorny pillow,

my conscience accusing me that I have not been faithful to God, to you, my people, and to my own conscience.

I have seen Mr. Philpot and Mr. Tiptaft, who are both laid by from preaching. The latter, I think, will never preach again.

Now, with my Christian love to you all,

I remain, your affectionate Pastor and Brother,

JOHN GRACE.

Helmsley, April 22, 1864.

## “THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH.”

NEHEM. VIII. 10.

AMID the sorrows of the way, the darkness, deadness, and barrenness of which the living in Jerusalem so often complain, the present low state of the church of the living God upon the earth, when there seems no vision, and many of the children of God seem in a perishing condition; amidst perversion, false profession, and delusions, exercised souls are often ready to say, “By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is very small.” O how sweet, how establishing at times to return and discern between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not! How blessed to feel the Holy Spirit witnessing with our spirits that the joy of the Lord is our strength, even when weak and sorrowful. But the joy of the Lord is the offspring of many sorrows. Witness Hannah of old,—a woman of a sorrowful spirit. “For this child I prayed,” &c. And if the righteous scarcely be saved in their own apprehensions, how often they sorrow; not, indeed, for the things of this world, but for the kingdom of God, his rule, reign, and entire supremacy over them, in them, and for them. “Thy will be done, thy kingdom come,” is often groaned forth and hopefully expected.

I cannot find in the experience of Bible saints, nor did I ever in my own, that the Lord gives joy without sorrow having preceded it. “The oil of joy,” for what? For deep “mourning.” The joy of the Lord,—nature’s barren soil produces it not, knows it not, desires it not. Grace, free and sovereign grace, is the fountain from which this stream flows.

In verse 9 we read that all the people wept when they heard the words of the law; which, taken in a comprehensive view, I understand to mean the scriptures of the prophets, so far as they were then written. The Holy Spirit wrought upon their souls at the reading. Hence the weeping. The priests and Levites caused the people to understand the law. Would to God we in our day had more Jeshuas, Banis, Sherebiahs, Jamins, Akkubs, &c. (verse 7), to sound an alarm in the professed Zion; but as it was then, so is it now. God’s true Israel hear the voice of the law in their enlightened consciences; spiritual life proceeds from grace accompanied with light,—not, indeed, as yet to rejoice, as is so much preached up in our day; for as in nature, so in grace, there must be a crying. When we hear a child cry, it is soon

said, "O! It is a living child!" The blind man cried, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" They bade him hold his peace; but so much the more he cried, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"

The light of life is the coming of the commandment, when a resurrection of buried sins takes place, when we are slain by the word of God's mouth in the hands and management of the Holy Ghost. Thus we are convinced of sin and of God's righteous judgment, and we die; and a lingering death it sometimes is. And then there is much ado, as you know, if you have ever felt it. O! For one so vile, so guilty, so lost, to receive the promise! Then said Nehemiah, "Mourn not, nor weep; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

But the voice of the law in the natural conscience, being nature only, the man seeks to the law for redress, works from the law, passes over judgment and the weightier matters, and receives joy from his own works and thoughts.

Now, if the life of God was here, the person would die to all this at the sight of so holy a God; but he goes on to receive the word of the gospel anon with joy, until tribulation appeareth. (Matt. xiii. 20, 21.) O that they did oftener go to the house of mourning! The living will lay it to heart. Look to this, then, ye lightsome professors, ye that always rejoice according to your own words, lest ye rejoice in a thing of nought. Ye can always make long prayers in all places, and vainly imagine ye can bring down the Holy Spirit. Nay, ye command the Holy Ghost at will, and tell the Lord you will never rest or stop till every soul in the town is what ye call converted. Surely ye approach near to blasphemy. "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

What mean these howling women, rantings, and prostrations? Surely your god must sleep, as Elijah of old said of the false prophets. But Israel's God neither slumbers nor sleeps. Hence he hears the groans that cannot be uttered. I fear ye are fast returning to the mother of harlots, from whom your free-will and universal scheme issued. Surely ye are the sword magnifying itself against him that shaketh it! O! I fear God is sending you "strong delusions," and how willingly do ye believe a lie. My soul, come thou not into their secret; mine honour, be thou not united to them; for in their self-will they would fain dig down the wall of salvation. Ye believe not in God's full time, in his appointed time.

Christ said to his disciples, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." (Jno. xv. 14.) Surely, then, the joy of the Lord is his people's strength. To believe the written word is good; but remember, to be effectual it must be "not in word only but in

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\* When this was written, there were great "revivals," as they are called, amongst the Wesleyans in Australia.

power, in demonstration of the Spirit;" and, mark it well, it is in much weakness and rejoicing with trembling.

Beloved, ye who feel your weakness, the joy of the Lord is your strength. He says he will joy over you with singing. Read that wonderful verse, Zeph. iii. 17. The joy of the Lord in making you his people is the cause of your joy. Your heavenly Father had joy in choosing you before time.

"On such love, my soul, still ponder."

Saith the Saviour, "The Father himself loveth you." It was the joy of the Lord to call you out of Nature's darkness. Perhaps these beginnings were small, a gradual opening of the heart, causing you to feel what a sinner you are, and compelling you to attend upon the means of grace and secret prayer, to believe and receive his written word and his ministers, and you saw yourself guilty, filthy, perishing, undone, lost. Perhaps, like the unworthy penman of these lines, you often cried out, "Why is light given to one who sitteth in darkness?" Hope now budding, then despair advancing. Perhaps, like me, yourself sat long in widowhood, dead to everything in this world, yet, according to your apprehensions, not married to Christ. But the joy of the Lord will not bring one to the birth and not cause to bring forth; nor will he bring forth and shut the womb. (Isa. lxvi. 9.)

It was the joy of the Lord that did all for you,—the hopings against hope; the words of patience; the perseverance in the ways of God; the fears of evil; the hatred of all sin; the longings after holiness in heart and life; the vehement desires after Christ:

"Give me Christ, or else I die;"

to know your interest in him; to know and feel his wonderful love, his mysterious love, to such base creatures, who have pierced him through and through.

O! The joy of this is strength indeed for weak faith, such as mine. "Mourn not, beloved, neither be ye sorry," says the Lord by Nehemiah. The way is narrow; but it is wide enough. The road is not thronged just now; but be not discouraged; for there are many travellers. All must come, all shall come. God's house must be filled.

Reader, are you come? Do you say, "I cannot come?" Do you desire a better country? Do you find you are in an enemy's country, and yourself your greatest enemy? Do you sigh and groan if you cannot talk and sing? Do you see any beauty in Christ, that makes you desire him, even though it be an entire secret between the Lord and you? Do you sometimes feel a secret joy of the Lord *in* the Lord, to which you are afraid to give utterance lest you might be deceived? Do you pine after Christ? Do you think Christ worth the having, though it cost you the loss of all things? Surely to such a one we may say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord. Why standest thou without?" The joy of the Lord is your strength; the bride says, Come. (Rev. xxii. 17.)

Again. It was the joy or pleasure of the Lord to give his dear Son, and it was his Son's joy to live a holy life. Earthly man



broke the law; the heavenly Man repairs this breach; nay more, magnifies the law and makes it honourable. Herein is your righteousness wrought out. It is the joy of the Lord the Holy Ghost to take of these things of Christ and show them to you, to give you the joy of faith to feed on this bread of life, and to clothe you with this robe; and a sinner clothed in this rich vest is rendered fit to feast with Christ, and be the guest of God.

"But," say you, "the soul that sins, it shall die." It was the joy of the Lord, as God-Man, to die, the just for the unjust. The Lord of life suffered death, and was buried to bury your sins, or the condemnation of them. He perfumed the grave for you, and rose again because death could not hold him; and if you and I and he are one, soon, O soon, his gracious hand shall wipe the tears from our weeping eyes, and pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, and death itself shall die. It was his prayer when here that you might be with him where he is. Thus he prayed to his heavenly Father. It was his joy; and it is your strength that ascends in much weakness: "That I might know him, and the power of his resurrection." When he rose, you rose in him virtually, and you shall actually, every man in his own order.

It is the joy of the Lord the Spirit to say with power, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust." O what a mercy to be abased thus to be exalted! O ye whose prayers are condensed into this one: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" whose groans are squeezed out of the heart: "Lord, save me; search me and try me!" But O what a mystery is that indescribable inward joy that must be felt to be known, yet may not often be talked about, though realized,—that gentle flame, that "still small voice."

Often an earthquaked tabernacle has been shaken with fears, despondency, doubt, bodily afflictions, deserved chastisements, mental debility, seeming to threaten our very sanity, until the soul pours forth its prayer: "O Lord, spare my senses! O my God, preserve my intellect!" And after a strong wind of temptation that stirs the corruptions within, which we once fondly hoped would rise no more, when nature fails, and family trials overwhelm, when we cry and shout, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me!" when we say, "All my prayer he shutteth out;" then the joy of the Lord is still our strength. It is a path of tribulation. O that we may fall in with God's choice for us. Now our winter, now our night, now our eternal day awaits us. He has said, "I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice."

O to have a little joy and peace in believing, when we see errors advancing and the holy seed scattering; when our teachers are not made manifest in our conscience, and we return from the house of prayer with our faces shamed and our pitchers empty; when friends forsake or prove unfaithful to us or the truth they professed, and in which our souls have been often refreshed; O! Then to turn our eyes to Jesus! Of the people there was

none with him, and his servant Paul said all men forsook him. O meditate upon what thy Saviour said: "It is finished!" was his latest voice, those sacred accents ere he bowed his head and gave up the ghost:

"'Tis finish'd! The Messiah dies!  
Cut off for sins, but not his own."

Jesus, when on the earth, said to his disciples, "Perceive ye not, yet neither understand." O! We have all need to bewail our want of sight. Then said Nehemiah, "Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." God grant this small labour of heart, head, and pen in this sense may be verified: "For the joy of the Lord is your strength."

One portion more and I have done. Your Saviour joyed in what he would do for you, while as yet he had not made the earth. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. O ye saints of the 19th century, is it not enough that the disciple be as his Master? And now the last joyful word awaits us (Matt. xxv. 23): "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then we shall see his face; there will be no night there; no more pain either of body or mind. Behold, I make all things new, an immortal body that cannot sin. This thought makes us cry:

"Lord, make the union closer yet,  
And let the marriage be complete."

O! This will be a place of broad rivers indeed. This is the place where our *souls often* desire to be. O my soul, behold that host at his right hand, those who came out of great tribulation. O! See the blood-washed world boldly before him stand.

"How pleased they look, how bright they shine,  
While Jesus cries, 'These, these are mine.'"

Till then, may the Lord help us to live a life of faith upon the Son of God, fellow-helpers of each other's temporal and spiritual good. Let us in this all agree, that the joy of the Lord is our strength. Amen.

G. H.

Victoria, Australia, Sept., 1869.

### NEW YEAR.

How great, how boundless is the grace  
That has preserved me all my days,  
And brought me safe, 'twixt hope and fear,  
To see the close of one more year.

When I thy mercies, Lord, recall,  
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,  
'That I should such a traitor prove,  
And thus requite thy precious love.

How long my heart thy truth abhorr'd,  
And spurn'd the doctrines of thy word.  
I chose the way that led to hell,  
And in my heart I loved it well.

But, glory be to thee, O Lord,  
Thou hast my wandering feet restored,  
And given me 'mongst thy saints a place,  
To sing the triumphs of thy graco.

Come, then, my soul, thy tribute bring,  
And sound the praises of thy King;  
Join me, ye saints, and angels too;  
Proclaim the wonders love can do.

Love broke my wicked, sinful heart;  
Love made me feel sin's dreadful smart;  
Brought sins long past before my view,  
Which fill'd my soul with grief and woe.

And then, amidst the smoke and flame,  
From Sinai's dreadful mount that came,  
My soul did quake with guilty fear,  
And hope gave way to sad despair.

But Love, rich Love, divine and free,  
Proclaim'd salvation e'en to me,  
Showing me whence salvation came,  
Bidding me view the slaughter'd Lamb.

By faith my soul was led to see  
My Saviour on the accursed tree.  
My sins, before a heavy load,  
Were cancell'd by redeeming blood.

Now, poor and sinful as I am,  
I can rejoice in Jesu's name.  
He died from guilt to set me free;  
Yes, my Redeemer died for me.

Immanuel, thrice-blessed name!  
The Cross! The Cross! Delightful theme!  
The Lord of life was crucified!  
On Calvary's mount he bled, he died!

He died, for rebels, on the tree,  
To bring them life and liberty.  
Come, then, my guilty brethren, come;  
"In Jesu's arms there yet is room."  
There's pardon rich, and full, and free,  
For sinners vile and lost as we.

All you with sin and guilt opprest,  
You're welcome to the gospel feast,—  
Thrice welcome! Christ invites you home;  
The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"

Though guilty and defiled by sin,  
His precious blood can make you clean.  
My soul would evermore abide,  
Close shelter'd in his bleeding side,  
And daily by experience prove  
How rich his grace, how free his love.

W. R. G.

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O! REDEMPTION by blood is the heart-endearing consideration. This is that which will make the water stand in our eyes, that will break a heart of flint, and that will make one do as they do who are in bitterness for their firstborn.—*Bunyan*.

## Obituary.

GEORGE ROOTS.—On Sept. 9th, 1870, at Lenhall Farm, near Canterbury, aged 52, George Roots, member of the church at Flimwell.

I have in the first place extracted a little from his own writing: "I am a wonder to many, and a far greater wonder to myself; and am often brought to a stand, to wonder I am out of hell; and I wonder I am suffered to live here on earth. Thus I go wondering on my journey homewards; and when I get home I shall find it the greatest of all wonders that such a mass of corruption could be raised to bliss immortal, to spend a never-ending eternity of solid joy and peace with the Lord of life and glory; there to cast all my praise and thankfulness at his feet, and ever crown him Lord of all.

"I was born in sin and in iniquity, and therein grew up; and greatly delighted was I with all its pursuits and maxims; and often, to my shame be it said, I was foremost in all manner of evil; yea, the ringleader of the village. If ever mischief was done by any, I was sure to be among the crew, if possible. I had several narrow escapes of being brought before the justice of peace; but somehow I always escaped. In this way I spent 14 years of my natural life; till I became what is termed a changed character. I now attended chapel regularly, was very zealous, and thought by many a very pious and confidential youth in the good way of God. Yes, and I was not a little proud of my new standing, as I concluded I was right for heaven. Thus I went on for four years; and was soon to have been baptized, had I continued with this people."

But God had determined a better, a more enduring religion for him. And now the time appointed by God arrived; the place appointed he must go to, the arrow must enter, the means must be sat under, whilst God makes use of them to accomplish his purpose, humble his pride, and strip him of a fleshly religion. God had also other things for him to learn, and he led him to hear a man preach that he had always hated and all his hearers. These he would not join, or be found with at any time, during his four years' profession. The first sermon he heard this man preach so confused him that he was at a loss to know what to do. The arrow as directed entered the right place. He goes on to say, "Truly I did not like to give up my former place of worship and the many friends and acquaintances I had; yet I must go now and then to hear the new man, W. Crouch. After a time, I was compelled to leave my former place, and choose the latter; though I had hard work so to do. But being now shown by God's servant that I was a lost young man, living and dying in such a religion as I had, I was resolved to try for one more durable and lasting. So to work I went with all my might, and no one could stop me in my endeavours. I thought my time on earth was

short, and that but little time awaited me to carry out my intention and pursuit. But O what sad work did I make; for that which I built up one hour, I lost and pulled down the next; yet so resolved was I that I sat up nearly whole nights reading and praying, if so be there might be any hope for my never-dying soul. I continued going to hear Mr. Crouch in this way for two years regularly, and often to my soul's dismay and confusion. Seldom did I ever meet with anything to comfort my soul. These words would sound in my ears: 'Eternity! Eternity! How shall I ever dwell through the countless ages of eternity?' O what sorrow of soul! My poor frame sank under it, when I was brought to the consideration of the state I now stood in. And again: 'The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord.' Yet I loved them whom I believed to be the children of God; and they only were the excellent of the earth to me. Often when going to the house of God, if I have happened to come alongside of them, O the great trembling of soul within me, none know but those poor things who have been exercised in like manner. Many times did I take to my heels and run when I saw any of them following me on the road. Sometimes I have got over hedges and into other places, to hide from them, and to listen if they were talking about me; for truly I believed they saw what an awful wretch and fool I was. But I worked hard night and day to commend myself to God, if possible that I might find hope.

"But as time rolled on, I now and then got a little ray of comfort under the word preached by Mr. Crouch, but often, how often, was it the reverse! I had nine miles to walk to chapel, and nine home, making eighteen miles; but go I must, I could not stay away. I was like poor Esther; I must go; I can but perish if I go; and to stay away, perish I thought I must for ever. I kept going in hope something might turn in my favour; till really I thought and felt within myself, 'tis no use to go."

Under a sermon he heard Mr. Crouch preach, he says, "It so cut me off from all hope of ever attaining heaven that I was brought down indeed into a low place, where no hope was seen or even hoped for. O the horror! My feeble frame sank under it in such a way as I never had experienced before, though dark and dreary had been my path thus far. But now there was no hope. O! The agony and distress of mind I then endured no tongue can tell. I at last was brought to the spot and place to give up all for lost, and just to sink into utter despair, when God, the ever-blessed Spirit, indited this prayer in my inmost soul: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner! O Lord, save, or I perish!'

"O how most blessedly did Jesus show himself to my view, hanging on the cross! O that look! I never can forget in time the words he spake to my troubled breast in the last moment. When I looked for hell to swallow me up, he so kindly said, 'Look at Paul, a persecutor; at David; look at Manasseh; the dying thief; and Magdalene! They all found the mercy of God; and so shall you!' At the words, '*So shall you!*' and the look he gave

me, and again repeating, 'So shall you find my mercy!' At that moment I lost my burden of guilt and sin. I wondered, indeed, with astonishment, what it all meant. What unutterable joy and peace then flowed like a full river into my soul. What a mighty change was wrought within me! O the glory, the beauty, the comeliness, and love I had, viewing the sacrificed Lamb of God! The sight I can never forget. Such feelings have never since returned to my soul to that great extent as then. Yet hath he been pleased to shine most blessedly since then, causing me to rejoice in him, and find his name sweeter than any music, yea, as ointment poured forth in rich perfumes. He is the altogether lovely to my soul. Come when he will, there is no one like my best Beloved. O! How soul-humbling it was when he first made his appearance to my sight. Faith gave the view of him, and God gave me faith in him, or I never should have had the view. I could say, 'He is mine, and I am his. His mouth is most sweet, he is unto me the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.' Truly, old things were passed away, and all things become new. All my guilt, misery, bondage, fears of death and hell, were clearly removed from my view. Not an enemy could I find to annoy or disturb my peaceful breast. But all was love and praise to him whom I clearly saw had suffered in my stead. Now I saw plainly salvation is not of works, but all of free, eternal, sovereign grace. O how my soul went forth in the dances of them that make merry; my song was, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. O! Bless the Lord, O my soul.'

"For seven days and nights did I travel in this blessed and glorious light and love, with my dear Lord, and his written word was then so opened and unsealed to my faith's view that I stood astonished to think I had never before seen the like as now. When day closed, I was blessing and praising my God; and when the morning came, I found him still all my delight and peace."

Aug. 18th, 1870.—I visited him, and found him very ill, but still thought he might get about again. We had some sweet conversation about what a precious Christ had done out of us, and what the Spirit had done in us, in creating us anew in himself, in convincing us of sin, showing us our deathless and helpless condition, as depraved, polluted, filthy creatures before a holy God, by the Spirit applying the word with power; also in leading us to Jesus, who disarmed death for us, spoiled the powers of hell, put away sin, by the offering up of his own body, who bore them on the cross, and there made an end of them; and in place of them brought in an everlasting righteousness for us. He told me this day, that some years ago he was labouring and lying under the temptation that he had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost, and that so powerful was the temptation that he felt deeply under it; and said, "Then there is no forgiveness for me, a rebel and wretched sinner. But the Lord appeared in his

time for me, and broke the snare, set my soul at liberty, brought me to feel my sins all forgiven, and to rejoice again in the Lord." His deliverance from this temptation was effected under a sermon by the late Mr. Crouch.

He was baptized by Mr. Pert in 1862. He told me that in the morning of the day on which he was to follow his dear Saviour's example, viz., to be immersed in water, his soul was full of darkness, that he groaned, being burdened, and that he would have got away out of the place could he have done so. Mr. Pert spoke in the morning of the work of the Spirit of God in the hearts and souls of his tried and living family, and God blessed the word so that it went home with power and much sweetness to his soul, broke his bonds, chased away the darkness, and removed the burden; so that he said, "I could be baptized every day, to have such a blessing; it was a blessed day to my soul."

Miss A., a sister in the Lord living in the house with him, told me that he had been weeping much; but he said to her, "They are not tears of sorrow, but of joy, over the free mercy of God towards me."

We were speaking of death; when I said to him, "What a mercy to be able to meet death as a conquered enemy." He replied, "Yes, I can as a debtor to mercy alone. That hymn has been much blessed to my soul." On my leaving him in the evening, I told him I should go to Sturry and see poor F. He said, "Give my love to him, and tell him I shall be home before him."

On the 21st he said to a friend who called to see him, "I have been looking for all my sins, but I can't find them; they are all covered."

On the 24th I saw him again; he was changed in appearance, and much weaker. His breath was very troublesome. His complaint was disease of the heart. Many times in his affliction was his struggling for breath so great that it seemed as if he must die in it. In conversation with him, I said, "I hope, if it be the Lord's will, he will raise you up again." He replied, "I am quite resigned to God's will; for I never have found the promises of God so sweet to my soul as I have in this affliction. I feel assured I am the Lord's; and I thought in the night I had got through,"—meaning the Jordan of death. His soul was so blessed in the night that he felt as if he was in heaven with his Saviour.

I saw him again on the 26th. His strength was fast failing; the disease was making sure work upon his mortal body. He said, "Once, when I was threshing, I had such a sweet and blessed manifestation of Christ and his righteousness to my soul as mine that I was obliged to turn aside from the men, to weep over the abundant mercy of God to me; and I want to feel now more and more all wrapt up in the precious robe of a precious Christ." Shortly afterwards he said, "I am afraid I shall be impatient; but I don't want to die to get away from pain, like a coward. No; but that I may be with Jesus, to embrace him, as he has embraced me in his everlasting love."

28th.—In the evening he was much distressed; darkness set in upon his soul, and hid his best Beloved from his view, so that he sank very low. He dreaded the night before him, and said to Miss A., "O! What shall I do to-night? Do remember me in your prayers." God bowed down his ear to their supplications, and answered them, and gave him a quiet night. In the morning he said to Miss A., "The Lord hath been better to me than all my doubts and fears. Come, and let us praise him." But he was too weak to sing with the voice, though his soul through grace could praise the God of his salvation.

29th.—I saw him again. He was pleased to see me, and with a countenance beaming with joy he said, "I never thought of seeing you any more here." Then, as soon as he got a little breath again, he said,

"'When languor and disease invade,' &c.

"The whole of that hymn is mine." (See 472, Gadsby's.) To a friend who came to see him he said, "The devil has not done yet." The friend repeated,

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

He said, "I shall! I shall!"

Sept. 1st.—He said, "The work is finished. The way is lined with love and blood."

2nd.—He had a very bad night, last night. Inflammation came in his legs, from which he suffered very severe pain. And greater pain and distress in his soul, because he could not feel his Beloved's presence. This morning mortification set in in his legs, and the pain ceased. He said, "It's a night to be remembered." The Lord again appeared, revealed himself to his soul with comfort and peace. Then he cried out, "O! When will his chariot-wheels move on?" At another time he said, "The nearer I get home, the more vile and filthy I feel." "O let my name rot, and Christ alone be exalted." He said to me, "What I went through last night I could not tell,—turned upside down, inside out; I passed through something of the horrors of the lost." I said, "You have got safe through, and so have proved the power and mercy of God again to deliver." He replied, "Yes, bless his name." A little afterwards he said, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for them that love him." I replied, "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." He said, "Yes; but I do not feel that triumph in my soul I should like; but I have calmness of soul, and am resting on Christ."

His master, Squire Bell, under whom he was employed as bailiff at Lenhall Farm, went to see him many times, and was very kind to him in sending him things he wished for. And God gave our dear brother strength to talk to him about spiritual



things, and to tell with confidence that he feared not death. The squire said he never heard any one talk with such an assurance as he did. The doctor one day was speaking about the state of his legs, when he said, "Ah, doctor! Never mind about the legs. It's all right. I shan't want them any more."

3rd.—He was very much tried through the day. Clouds obscured his Saviour from his view, till about five in the evening, when he said to Miss A., "He is come! He is come! with his still small voice; but not in the way which I had chalked out. What a poor erring mortal I am; but now he is come in love and mercy. I wish Mr. Rowden was here now; I could talk to him." Shortly afterwards he said, "The battle is fought, the victory is won! O what a shelter is Christ to me! I'm only waiting for him to say, 'Child, come up higher.' He has cut short the work in righteousness."

4th.—He said, "Dear Lord, do let this be the last day; but not my will, but thine be done." He was exceedingly happy through the day, and said many times, "I can sing 'Victory! Victory!'" though he was scarcely able to speak from weakness.

5th.—I again saw him. He was fast sinking, and extremely weak. We could only understand a few words now and then. To his wife he said, "I have got my harp and strings all right, but I cannot praise him as I would till I get out of this body." To me, after a little time, he said, "O the horrid, infernal suggestions of the devil!" I answered, "He cannot drive you off the Rock." He said, "No; that's the mercy. O what a God is our God! Such a fulness! I want to go home to praise him; I'm so pent up here in this vile body."

At night he was got into bed, after sitting for three weeks day and night in an easy chair. He was much exhausted, but after he had lain awhile, he recovered a little strength, and expressed great thankfulness, and called upon those present to thank and praise the Lord for his mercy and kindness to him, in enabling him once more to lay his weak and weary body to rest on his bed.

6th.—Through the day he uttered many very precious things. To Miss A. he said, "You may think I lie here very dull and dreary; but I am full of the blessing of the Lord."

7th.—He said to Miss A., "O! I do want to tell you of the vast fulness which I see, and feel treasured up in Christ, but I am so pent up with this clog of flesh. Set me up, and help me to praise him." Here his breath failed him, and he could say no more.

8th.—Miss A. said to him, "Is Christ precious to you on a dying bed?" He replied, "He is! He is! O that I could tell you of his goodness to me!" Then he said, "Tell, tell——" He could say no more. She said to him, "Tell what? Tell of the goodness of God to you?" He replied, "Yes, yes." At another time he said, "He is a precious Saviour. He's precious on a dying bed." Then he said again, just after, "But,

O what a sinner I am! I did not know I was such a broad sinner or Jesus such a great Saviour before I came here.

“Glory, honour, praise, and power be unto the Lamb for ever.”

In the evening, whilst I was with him, the doctor came to see him. The doctor said his pulse was much lower and he was fast sinking. He took no notice till the doctor had finished speaking, and then he raised his hand and whirled it round several times, and said, “It’s all right! I know in whom I have believed. I’m going home. I shall shout ‘Victory!’” After I left him in the evening the squire came to see him, and said to him, “Well; the same good hope still?” He replied, “Yes, the same good hope; and can’t you help me to sing a song to praise the Lord, for his great goodness to so vile a wretch as I am?” The squire replied, “I hope to do so.”

9th.—In the morning he said to his dear wife, “My dear, it will be all over to-day.” At another time, his wife being with him, he pointed his hand towards heaven, waved it, and said, “Victory! Victory!” His whole soul seemed full of a precious Christ, and he much wanted to talk, but could not.

About 20 minutes before he died he kept on saying, “Vic! Vic!”—meaning victory,—and waving his hand. He then turned on his back and breathed heavily for a few minutes; then drew one long breath, moved his tongue, and all was over. His soul was in glory, absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Canterbury, Oct. 10, 1870.

JOHN ROWDEN.

MARY BROTHERHOOD.—On Nov. 1st., 1870, at Stoke Golding, aged 67, Mary Brotherhood, a poor widow indeed, being nearer the character described by the apostle in 1 Tim. v. 9, 10 than any other person I ever knew.

In the year 1853 a relation left her about £300; and with this she built a small chapel near her cottage, that the gospel should be preached in the village; and which in due time she placed in trust for the use of the Particular Baptists for ever. Many of the Lord’s servants, whose names we see upon the cover of the “Gospel Standard,” have preached in the chapel, and the poor widow rejoiced to see God’s ministers in her cottage and share with them her little supplies, and do what she could for their comfort.

Having given all she had to the cause of God and truth, our poor friend lived by faith upon the Lord for daily supplies; and although often brought very low, the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, as the following extracts from her diary will show:

“Saturday.—In answer to prayer, a beefsteak. The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him. How acceptable!

“Friday.—Last halfpenny spent this night.

“Wednesday.—Shared the last bit of bread with William this morning. In the evening two shillings was sent. The Lord is a very present help in time of trouble.

"Saturday.—J. S. sent a bit of bacon, a cake, and a little lard. He feedeth his flock like a shepherd.

"Friday, March 29th.—A marvellous providence, in answer to prayer; 22s. 6d., with a sweet remembrance of a promise given many years past, viz., that God's widows should be taken care of.

"Wednesday.—Another token of God's goodness and faithfulness to unworthy me. Ten eggs, a piece of bacon, a bottle of wine, and a bit of pork.

"Saturday.—Cast again upon the Lord. Not a halfpenny to provide for the Sabbath.

"Sunday.—A loaf sent for breakfast. Thy bread shall be given, and thy water sure.

"Friday.—No bread. A trial for faith.

"Saturday.—E. S. sent a basket of potatoes.

"Wednesday.—Without any money; looking unto the Lord.

"Thursday.—A shilling from M. R.

"Monday.—Bread all gone, and but little else in the house.

"Friday.—Searched to find a few halfpence about my house, but could not. Searched my purse three times, but could not find any. The fourth time found sixpence between the lining. How wonderful the Lord supplies my need, thanks to his name! Bought a loaf with it.

"This has been a wonderful week. How the dear Lord has provided for me. Found sixpence upon the causeway, which the owner gave to me, and with which I bought a loaf.

"If he worms and sparrows feed,  
Clothes the grass in rich array,  
Can he see a child in need,  
And turn his eyes away?"—No.

"Satan, vain is thy device;  
Here, my soul, rest well assured;  
On the great redemption price  
I see the whole secured."

"After asking my heavenly Father many times for a new dress, this day he granted my request and sent me one, for he knew my need, and he will supply all my needs from his fulness in Christ Jesus. To-day another token of his regard. Two pounds were sent me from an unthought-of quarter, in answer to prayer. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'

"Sunday.—No meat this week; but a dinner sent me to-day.

"Monday.—A day of painful experience; but his providence my life sustains."

For twenty years did this my friend thus travel in the wilderness of trial and sorrow, ever ready to help a poor child of God, yet always in the depths of poverty herself; but she was not one of the complainers. Quietly and cheerfully she waited daily upon the Lord, and, as many can bear witness, not only a spiritual woman, but a spiritually-minded one; willing and ready for every good word and work.

She had for many years a weakly body; but for the last two years it was evident her health was fast declining; yet we did not expect the final change so soon. Towards the end of October she took a violent cold, and in a few days was prostrate with congestion of the lungs. The Saturday and Sunday before she died were days of severe affliction and conflict; but on Mon-

day the dear Lord appeared, and she was melted down. She was like a child in her Father's arms, and she said some glorious things to her kind friend Mrs. Rubley, who was with her.

About ten minutes before she died, her speech being gone, she held up her hand in token of victory, through the blood of the Lamb.

By her death the little church and friends at Stoke Golding have lost a very useful, kind-hearted, Christian friend. I knew her intimately for more than 20 years, and am thankful to the Lord the days of her mourning are ended,

"All her sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven."

Lutterworth.

R. DE FRAINE.

HAIGH Moss.—On Aug. 15th, 1870, aged 46, Haigh Moss, a deacon of the little church at Hebden Bridge.

He was a man of a meek and quiet spirit, and a peacemaker, when it could be made. He joined the church in 1855, and was chosen deacon in 1862, which office he fulfilled up to his death.

When a young man he was fond of music, played a brass trumpet, and was a good musician. He joined a band of musicians some time before he was married. This band hired a room in the village for the purpose of practising on a Sunday afternoon. Haigh attended this room until a short time after he was married; but one Sunday afternoon, when practising in the room, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "Dost thou jest with God?" These words fastened upon him like a leech, and disturbed his peace and quiet. He tried to get rid of the impression they had made; but he could not. The words followed him to the practising room every time he went; until at last he was compelled to give up his companions, cease from going to the room, and ultimately to lay aside his trumpet; also to go to the house of God. He often went there and returned home with a cast-down soul under a sense of sin.

The first time that ever a hope was begotten in his mind was under a sermon that Mr. Kershaw preached one week-day evening; but after that time he had many, very many fears as to whether he was right or not, and as to whether a work of grace had been begun in his soul or not. Amidst alternate fearing and hoping, he went to the chapel for about five years after that, before he joined the church. If I mistake not, he should have appeared before the church on two occasions before he joined it, but kept away for fear he should deceive the people and his own soul. However, he was preserved through mercy and grace to live the gospel and to adorn his profession by an honourable walk and conversation up to his death,—another proof that the doctrines of grace do not lead men to sin, as some say they do. I knew Haigh from the time a work of grace was begun in his soul, and I know it taught him to be both a good man, a good husband, and a good Christian too. I have heard his wife say

that when he was called by grace she attended an Arminian place of worship; and she said, "Haigh used to stay at home on the Sunday mornings and nurse the children while I went to the chapel; and then go himself in the afternoon to the little Dove Chapel in the village, where they preached the doctrines of election, and such like. But after a while," she said, "he called me to account, and said if I was determined to go to that place I must find another nurse; for he was determined to go to chapel on the Sunday morning." But the wife could not find a nurse, and so she began to go to the little despised place of worship with her husband, although she rather despised them at the time in her own mind. Yet that God who loved her with an everlasting love was soon about to unfold the purposes of his grace to her soul also; and as she continued to go to the chapel and hear for herself, the scales of her prejudices fell from her eyes, and she was brought to love a pure gospel, and ultimately was added to the church at the same place, where she still abides. In those days I have seen Haigh and his wife carrying their little ones along with them to the chapel on the Sunday mornings; and it was sometimes remarked that Haigh Moss and his wife, in this thing, "were an example to all the people in the village."

The complaint of which Haigh died was of a very painful nature,—namely, a cancer,—from which he suffered more or less, at times, for the last five years; but he endured his sufferings with much patience and resignation. I went to see him in his affliction and can say he spake like a dying man. His conversation savoured of the life of God in his immortal soul in the prospect of a haven of eternal rest. The presence of the Lord was with him to encourage his hope and subdue his fear. He had some sweet and precious promises given him on his sick bed, which promises I believe he is, through faith and patience, now inheriting. He said on one occasion, when he appeared to be somewhat better than usual, "I am afraid to get better again, lest I shall have to be mixed up with the world and the things of it." He had then had some sweet manifestations of the Lord's presence to his soul. His wife asked him what she should do with the children if he died. He said, "The Lord will provide for both you and them."

He died in the sure and certain hope of eternal life.

Oct. 6, 1870.

DAVID HAIGH.

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THE MOSAIC law was of itself incapable of perfecting its worshippers in any thing that pertains to the conscience and to reconciliation with God. It was only designed to prefigure and point to what should be effectual for these purposes, as it was "our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith in him;" (Gal. iii. 24.) But the introduction of the gospel-state, and of Christ, this better High Priest, and of his truly expiatory sacrifice, who, in the discharge of his priestly office is the object of our hope, gives us a better ground of confidence and a surer hope towards God than the law ever could, and has perfected all that was deficient in the law itself and prefigured by it.—*Allen*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

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

## THE POOR OF THIS WORLD.

A SERMON BY MR. HEMINGTON, PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 18TH, 1870, BEING THE DAY FOR THE ANNUAL COLLECTIONS FOR THE POOR.

"Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith?"—JAS. II. 5.

WHILST I have no wish to bring my mind under any forced constraint to preach a special subject for a special object, I am thankful that I feel myself somewhat free, as in the liberty of the Spirit, to adapt my remarks this evening to the interests of God's temporally poor children. I sincerely trust that I may have some little power in pleading their cause, and I pray that God's own blessed truth, as well as the contributions which I hope you will give freely as unto the Lord, may, through God's grace, be a means of spiritual blessing and temporal relief and succour to the poor of his flock.

The apostle, after contemplating the deep and profoundly mysterious ways of God in providence and grace, exclaimed, "How inscrutable are thy judgments, O God, and thy ways are past finding out!" And may we not say that one of the deep mysteries of Jehovah's sovereignty is that the far larger portion of his chosen and redeemed family are literally poor; many indeed distressingly poor; I mean, of course, as it respects the wealth and perishable good things of this life. According to carnal reason, we might expect that those whom God loves best, cares most for, and for the ransom of whom he gave his own dear Son to die, would, through the Lord's bountiful goodness, be the largest sharers in the blessings of his providence, as well as being made the partakers of his grace. When we take people into our friendship, and feel a strong bond of reciprocal union to them, so that they become our very bosom companions, we certainly feel our hearts more drawn out to these than to others, in whom we feel no particular interest. If our friends are poor, it is our friends we are most ready to help; if needy, we are glad to supply their needs, as far as lies in our power. But, then, in this, as in many other things, our thoughts are not God's thoughts, nor our ways his ways. "For as the heavens are

higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." That the majority of God's dear people are poor in a temporal point of view cannot be because God has less regard for them than for others upon whom he bestows more temporal good. If God has not spared his Son, shall he spare or withhold any good thing from those for whom Christ died? We know he will not. Love marks all God's dealings with his people; but in the free flowings forth of Jehovah's love he always exercises his wisdom and his sovereignty.

Now this explains in some measure the mystery why the majority of God's people are so poor. It is because the Lord has sovereignly determined that such should be their state. The Lord foresaw, in his own infinite wisdom, that their poverty in this world would be more for his own glory, and that it would make greater room for the display of his rich grace, in the manifestation of all those spiritual and eternal blessings with which they are blessed in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. It is not the good of this world, neither its wealth, its houses, its lands, its pomp, pageantry, or glory, that God has constituted the portion of his people. No. The world and the fashion of it passeth away. "The whole world lieth in the wicked one;" and, as Peter says, "The world and all things that are therein shall be burned up." The best things of this world are but trash, in comparison with God's eternal mercy in Christ Jesus.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small."

I want salvation,—salvation from sin, salvation from a wicked world, salvation from all evil. I can say, "Give me Christ, or else I die;" and it is this that God has promised his people. As believers, we have received not that spirit which is of the world, but that spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

But then there is another point requiring a remark or two. If God, for his own glory, and for the greater display of his rich grace, has ordained that most of his dear people should be literally poor, how is it that any of the Lord's people should be rich,—that they should have all that heart could wish,—large homes, large possessions, and even more temporal good than they can possibly require during their life? Well, here again we see the sovereignty of God. The general rule is, God hath chosen the poor of this world; but the rule admits of exceptions, as we see in the case of all those whom the Lord keeps poor. The Lord, as I stated before, foreseeing that such an appointment would be most for his glory, he takes care that there shall be a dozen poor to one rich; but then the gold and the silver being the Lord's, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and knowing that his poor people must have subsistence,—the bread that perisheth, just enough to carry them through life, he entrusts a few with wealth and riches, that they may be the almoners to the temporally poor of the flock.

I should be the last to cast reflection upon those who have riches, if only they used their riches for God's glory. Indeed, I bless God that some of his people possess wealth; and such of you who do possess it, remember, you have not got your riches by chance. What you have, you have received from God. Not a rag hangs on a beggar's back that the Lord has not given to clothe him; and not a pound do you possess who have riches that the Lord has not entrusted in your keeping. But what I would say to those of God's people who have riches is, that they are called upon to use their riches for the Lord, by distributing to the necessities of the Lord's poor in their life, as well as providing for their own families at death; for, "if any provide not for his own, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." It is a sad thing to set our hearts upon the things of this life, or to settle down in circumstances of affluence, and for our temporal blessings to be a cause of keeping our souls dead and barren in the things of God.

It would seem, by the way in which the apostle James states the truth of the text, that his own mind was very much affected by this mysterious appointment of God; that God hath chosen the poor of this world; and knowing how unpalatable this truth would be to many, and how prone even God's people would be to overlook it, the apostle claims the more special attention by saying, "*Hearken!* My beloved brethren." What scrambling there is, even among the people of God, to get on; what labour, toil, weariness, and care, to improve, if possible, their circumstances, their position; to add a little to what they already possess. How glad we sometimes think we should be were we as well off as other people; but how much, by all this planning and scheming, this labour and weariness, are we forgetting that the lot is cast into the lap, and that the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord. I believe that God could in a moment blast everything we possess.\* We have nothing, neither children, nor homes, nor wealth, nor comforts of any kind, but the Lord himself suffers us to enjoy. I could record a striking instance in my own life, which led me to see that all temporal good is at God's disposal; the Lord saw fit that I should sustain loss, rather than gain; but I would wish to say no other than,

"Lord, I would no more repine,  
Though thy will should frustrate mine;  
What thou doest must be right,  
Though conceal'd from mortal sight."

Again, we are not to understand by the expression, "God hath chosen the poor of this world," that the poverty of the Lord's people precedes his choice of them, or that God chose

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\* The late Mr. Gadsby would sometimes say he was persuaded that how rich soever any of God's children might be, he would either take away their riches, or convince them, by some providential dispensation, that he could do so if he pleased, to show them that, whether rich or poor, they were entirely dependent upon him.



them because they were poor. To believe this were to attach merit to poverty. God chose his people in Christ from everlasting, without the least respect to their poverty or wealth, or to any circumstances whatever concerning them. God's object, as we have said before, in choosing his people, was his own glory, and their being eternally blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; and their poverty being sanctified of God, they are led the more to praise him, for having made them rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

Mr. Huntington has a remark somewhat like this: "A child of God who has never known temporal want has only seen one side of his Father's face." It is very clear that those of God's people who are poor in the things of this world can record more striking instances in their life of the goodness of God in providing for them than those who are blessed with plenty of this world's comforts. David says, "I know that God will maintain the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor." Many a poor saint could write a "Bank of Faith;" I know some myself who for years have been dependent on the charities of the Lord's people, and are thereby provided for.

But we must pass on now, and refer to what the word of God prescribes as a rule of conduct towards the poor of the flock. Under the Levitical law, God commanded his people Israel, when they reaped the harvest of their land and when they gleaned their vineyard that they were not to gather the gleanings of their harvest nor gather every grape of their vineyard, but leave them for the poor and the stranger. You have neither fields nor vineyards; but you have professions and trades, from which some of you reap profits, more or less. Remember, then, the admonition,—not to deprive the poor of their gleanings.

Solemn woes are pronounced against those who oppress the poor. (See Is. x. 1-3; Deut. xv. 9, 11.) The principle of Christian liberality is laid down in the New Testament as being solemnly incumbent upon all who have it in their power to give. The apostle says, "For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints at Jerusalem." Again: "But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

Let this, then, beloved friends, be your rule in responding to our appeal to-night; and let those remember who have but little to give, that, "if there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." We have striking examples in the word both of poverty and of liberality,—Gideon, Ruth, the widow of Zarephath, the prophet's widow, and last, though not least, the widow who cast her mite into the treasury, of whom Christ so blessedly said that she of her poverty had cast more in than all they of their abundance.

But, in the next and last place, we refer you to a few examples of Christian liberality, first from the Old Testament. Boaz opened his generous heart to Ruth, and thus ministered to the wants of the afflicted Naomi; Job caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not he searched out. In the New Testament it is said of Dorcas, "This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did;" of Cornelius that he was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house;" of the primitive Christians that they had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need." With such examples as these from God's own word, I feel that any more remarks of my own would be out of place. Enough has been said, with God's blessing, to provoke you to a practical proof of your sympathy and brotherly love towards the poor and needy of the "household of faith."

I have a name for being a very poor beggar for money, but the reason is obvious. In most collections announced from the pulpit, one has a direct or an indirect interest; and this, to a sensitive mind, will generally shut a man up in pressing his claims for money too urgently; but in the present case I am free from such embarrassments. I have no reserve in making an earnest appeal, and asking you, as in the fear of God, to make the collection this evening a really good one; so that the total amount, for the day, may be at least equal to that of any previous year. The Lord add his blessing to all.

[The amount received was upwards of £80.]

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

### CHAPTER I.

*Verse 7. "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"*

That is good affliction which brings the soul more to Christ. The child of God is still represented as speaking, but now only to the Lord Jesus: "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth." Some love Christ only for the loaves and fishes, and, apart from certain benefits to be, as they suppose, derived from him and separable from himself, see no beauty or comeliness in him. Not so the speaker; Christ only, the child of God here seeks. But let us not be misunderstood, as though the child of God despised the benefits and gifts of Christ; far from it, for in these very things Christ discovers and communicates himself. The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth; and "whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." On the mount, Abraham learnt the meaning of the name "Jehovah-Jireh,—the Lord will provide;" and Hannah, when she embraced her given son Samuel, saw the grace and glory of the Giver, and said, "My heart re-

joices in the Lord." But it is one thing to see the grace, love, and mercy of God, yea, God himself, in a gift, and thus to love the gift for the Giver and the Giver for the gift; and another to separate the gift from the sweetness and excellence of the Giver, and love the gift rather than the Giver, and the Giver more for the thing given than for any excellence in himself. Certainly, the design of the Lord in all his dealings with his people is by degrees to win them back to himself and unite their souls to him in everlasting love; and to this end he discovers himself to them in a thousand endearing ways of providence and grace. In these there is to them a true divine discovery of his infinite mercy and grace and love, and thus they are taught to say from heart-feeling, "*O thou,*" fixing upon the Lord himself, "*whom my soul loveth.*"

"*Tell me.*" How wonderful it is that the great God of heaven should hold converse with such sinners! How wonderful that a truly-convinced sinner should ever be emboldened so familiarly yet holily to converse with God! Where and how is the enormous gulf between God and the soul which has sinned bridged over and made passable? We have, and we need but one answer,—in Christ. There we see God and man brought into the closest union, and God and sinful man brought into the sweetest union. When John had a vision of the invisible kingdom given him in Patmos, he saw the angels around the throne, but the saints closest to it; yea, in one point of view, actually in the throne itself. But how could this be? Why, all is explained by one sweet sight: "The Lamb in the midst of the throne." This feasted the spirits of the angel hosts; but the same sweet Lamb of God had brought the redeemed by his blood out of the depths of hell to share with him his throne of glory. (Rev. iii.)

How can the children of God but love the Lord Jesus for all the sweetness and excellence that is in himself, and all the sweet and excellent things he has done for them wherein that sweetness and excellence have been so abundantly and endearingly manifested? The marvel is that they love him no better than they do, and that still so much of cold indifference should prevail over them. But when the blessed Spirit stirs up the fire of love in their souls, then they begin to be as in a flame of desire; they want Jesus, and they cry to Jesus, "*O thou whom my soul loveth.*" Christ is the Prophet of the house of God, and as such he not only teaches his people, but answers their anxious questions. One thing David desired was not only to see the fair beauty of the Lord, but to inquire in his temple; and still the children of God go to the Lord Jesus with their hard questions, and hold communion with him as their "Wonderful Counsellor." Happy souls who do not lean to their own understanding and judge after the flesh, but look to Jesus, and say to that Interpreter, that one of a thousand, "*Tell me!*"

But what is the present subject of inquiry? It is that the poor tempted, tried, and afflicted soul may be directed to Christ him-

self, to feed where he feeds, to rest where his own people, his sheep, are made by him as their-Shepherd to rest at noon. The soul has had enough of wandering and too much of creatures. The mother's children have been angry, now it wants to get to Christ himself, to be amongst his true people, to lie down in green pastures, to feed beside the quiet waters of eternal love. Hence the question resolves itself into three parts:

1. Where thou *feedest*.

2. Where thou makest thy flock to *rest* at noon.

3. For why should I be left any longer to *wander and turn aside* from the flocks of thy true companions?

1. Where thou *feedest*. Jesus is the great and good Shepherd of the sheep. In this office he deals graciously with them; he leads them into green pastures, giving them that spiritual food from time to time which is most suitable for them. Where he feeds, the pastures have a life and freshness in them; the word of the ministry, the ordinances of God's house, are not old burnt-up or used-up pastures, dry and unnourishing. Old truths come with fresh life in them to the waiting hearts of God's people, ordinances refresh by new and fuller discoveries of the grace and sweetness and completeness of Jesus, as set forth in them. Thus it is where Christ feedeth; but how different elsewhere! There may be the sound of truth, the form of words, the outward order, the routine of godliness, but the life is gone out of all, and Ichabod may be written on the dreary remainder. There are sermons preached and written, writings apparently sound and orthodox, works performed of apparent Christianity; but the life, the spirit, the power is wanting. Christ is not present; God did nothing there. This the child of God in the text is represented as having experienced. Wearied of the society of dead and withering professors and lifeless, sapless means and ordinances, she longs for Jesus, and wants to be where he feeds his flock; and therefore thus sighs forth her desire: "O! A few simple words breathed out in prayer, the simplest utterances of God's truths in sermons, the most artless unadorned expressions in writings, how sweet would these be to me with a communication of Jesus in them! How far preferable to all this which, whilst pleasing the ear or the carnal taste, has not a particle of the communication of the Spirit of Life about it! O my Jesus, I want thee, I want thyself, my precious Lord; not cold pictures of thee handsomely framed, but thyself, in all thy life-giving power, thy heart-warming love and influence. These things, whereby I have been too much captivated, are like that barren fig-tree which thou cursedst,—fair but fruitless. Tell me, then, tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest. Guide me to the place, give me the benefit of the ministry, associate me with the people where thou art present. Life, substance, edifying variety will be there; reproof, corrections, instructions, consolations, none will be wanting, and each in its due season will truly profit my soul.

2. "Besides, my poor soul wants *rest*. The noonday sun of

temptation, persecution, affliction, hath looked upon me, and still is high in the heavens. Lead me, then, lead me, Jesus, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; lead me to thyself, the sweetest, dearest resting-place, and lead me to such spots as thy truth being truly preached in, thy ordinances properly administered, and thy chosen people congregated, the promise of the word may be realized: 'Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' And, surely, if thou art there, it is indeed to bless. It is in thy Christ-like character, in thy Shepherd office. And in that sweet point of view what art thou but rest, a shelter from the hottest sun, a refuge from the most terrible tempest? O Jesus, then, lead me to such places; there lead me to thyself; and as the whole time of this life must be a noon of trial, keep me close to thyself; keep me associated with thy true and living people, and be thyself sweetly in the midst of us, and I with thy flock shall rest at noon. In life, in death, in judgment, and in eternity, thou, O Jesus, art all the shelter I want. To be, then, amongst the number of thy blood-bought flock is my grand desire, and to be associated with them and thee in and with them is what I now crave from thee. Guide me, then; tell me where thou makest them rest at noon.

3. "But, Lord, I am prone to *wander*, prone to every evil, left to myself, as I have proved by painful experience; apt to be drawn aside by the pretensions, the false appearances of a gaudy lifeless religion, having nothing of thee in it but the profanation of thy name; and I now, then, cry to thee to restore my soul, to bring me back from all such wanderings and bind me to thyself, and unite me to thy true living people; for why should I be as one that turneth aside from these flocks of thy companions? Thy true ministers are thy associates. They hold communion with thee. They receive the word which they speak at thy mouth. They stand in thy counsels, in some good measure and degree. The flocks of which they are the under-shepherds are led by them, therefore, not to themselves, but to thee. Thou feedest by them as thy instruments. This they desire, this they pray for. They want thee, dearest Jesus, exalted; themselves, even abased, if that must be the case, that thou mayest be all in all. They know that thou, the true Solomon, must have the thousand. It is thy due, and they are well content with the two hundred,—anything that thy love and just wisdom sees fit for them in this matter. Beneath such a ministry my heart would glow with a fervent warmth. Thy name would become increasingly precious to me. Thy Father glorified, thy Spirit's work truly experienced as well as mentioned, and then my soul would sweetly flourish, and God, in thee, be glorified. Tell me, then, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon."

8. *If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."*

What a sweet reprovcr is Jesus! The psalmist says, "Thy

gentleness hath made me great!" What poor creatures we are! What miserable imitators of Jesus! The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, yet we are fonder of venting our own hasty spirits in reproving others than of waiting upon the Lord for that love, and meekness, and wisdom which will really glorify God and benefit at the same time our fellow-creatures. O my soul, what a Jehu thou hast often been, I fear! "Come and see my zeal for the Lord," when God may have said, "Who required this at thy hand?" And all the while the calves of Jeroboam set up at Dan and Bethel, and thy treacherous heart paying its homage to them! My soul, thou hast great cause to dread thine own treacherous nature, and to pray for a much more self-searching, self-suspecting, and honest self-judging spirit than thou canst say thou at present possessest. But O, to come to Jesus, how refreshing it is, to turn the eye from creature corruption to this fair pattern of infinite purity and perfection, to follow Jesus with admiring and longing eyes, and, whilst sinking into the dust of self-abasement at our own deficiencies,

"To trace the fair footsteps of Jesus our Lord."

Well, in the words of the verse under consideration, Jesus thus kindly, as it seems to me, reproves his dear child: "*If thou know not.*" That "if" has a great significance in it. How often our ignorance and wandering proceed more from obstinacy of will than really want of information! We have got a Balaam in our hearts who can lead us to the Lord to inquire, yet all the time we have the inclination and even purpose in our hearts to do the very thing we affect to want to obtain the Lord's mind about. Every "Tell me" is not quite honest. We may deal treacherously with God; therefore, like Balaam, we seize upon the least appearance of a divine permission, and ride forth on our ass as though with a divine warrant to practise iniquity and do what our own hearts dictated. Lord, what is man! Even here the Lord seems with gentleness to notice this: "*If thou know not.*" Have I not already given thee some, and indeed a properly-sufficient light in this matter? Was there not some wilfulness in thy wandering? Poor stubborn-hearted child of mine, dost thou not feel that I might more sternly reprove thee if my heart were not full of love? God speaketh once, yea, twice, and man regardeth it not. The foolishness of man perverteth his way, yet his heart fretteth against the Lord, as though the fault were in the circumstances or the want of light, and not the heart which manifested in spite of light its folly in the circumstances. When the sons of the prophets returned to Elisha after their vain search for Elijah's body, the prophet's words were, "Did I not say unto you, Go not?" But if Jesus gently reproves, he opens his mouth with love, and testifies to the truth of what the child of God had before said was the case: "I am black, but comely."

Here Christ confirms it: "*O thou fairest among women,*"—a superlative fairness. When King Jehoiachim burnt the writing

of God's judgments by Jeremiah, God renewed them with an increase; and now, when probably some scorned the poor tempted child of God, and, Ishmael-like, mocked at the God-warranted expression, "I am black, but comely," Jesus renews it to the poor soul with even an increase: "Let them say what they will, though sins distress and blacken, though men despise, and devils rage, thou art all fair, my love, the fairest among women." Sweet fairness! And, as we said, superlative! But how is this? The child of God has a threefold fairness; first, from God the Father's electing love; secondly, from the Son's sweet finished work, and in his adorable Person; and thirdly, in the work of the Holy Spirit as to the new creation in her own soul. Hence she is not only fair, but as the lily among the thorns, yea, having a divine, and that assuredly is a superlative and unalterable fairness in Jesus.

But let us consider the Lord's directions and answer to her question; and we observe that the scene is laid in pastoral life, and the child of God considered in this figurative form of speech as a shepherdess having a flock to feed, which she desires to lead where the sheep may be well fed and rest at noon,—to Jesus. The direction given consists of three parts:

1. *Go forth;*

2. *By the footsteps of the flock;*

3. Then when thou hast found the shepherds' tents which I will guide thee to, *feed thy kids* beside these tents, and do not wander. As Boaz said to Ruth, go not into another field. This very form of direction may give us a hint as to the Lord's way. We are hasty; with him there is both time and judgment. A gradual progress from one thing to another, not a hasty leap, is the Lord's usual method. The Christian is a tree, not a mushroom; and Israel must take a long roundabout journey, as it seems, from Egypt to Canaan. We in our carnal natures should like it otherwise; but God's ways are best. The Holy Spirit, says Christ, shall guide you, little by little usually, into all truth. This tends to solidity; hastiness, to flightiness and vanity.

1. *Go forth.* There must be, that the soul may prosper, a departing from those things which directly war against that prosperity. "Flee youthful lusts," says Paul, "which war against the soul." Errors of mind, erroneous preachers, sins, worldliness, and vain empty professors, as well as other unnecessary companions who are carnal, not spiritual, war against the true prosperity of the child of God. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" Therefore, come out and be separate, as saith the Lord; for Israel shall dwell in safety alone, and shall not be reckoned amongst the nations. Here, then, we see the meaning of the charge, "Go forth." The child of God has been remiss in this matter of proper spiritual separation, and has been mingled too much among the nations; not merely or principally in respect of outward things, for there must be a certain transacting of this world's business; but there has been too much association of mind, a drinking in of the spirit of others not really spiritual,

and a too great conformity resulting from this to them in word and ways. Hence the soul has degenerated; grey hairs here and there, and for a time unperceived; the soul restless and pained, and hardly for a season knowing why. Now it awakes to consciousness, and Christ graciously commands, and sweetly effects what he commands, "Go forth" from improper things and vain associations.

But how can this be done? Have we here some legal obedience commanded in legal form?

"Run, run, and work, the law commands,

But gives us neither feet nor hands."

Is it so here? Far from it. The words, "*Thy way*," turn the command into the Gospel, and the impossible into that which may be accomplished. When we consider that the full force of the "Go forth" is to forsake a man's very self, to put off the old man which is former self, and that self strengthened by habit in its opposition to God, we may estimate the difficulty in the matter, the perfect impossibility where only nature,—this self, exists. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" But, then, in the child of God there is something more than nature; there is the new principle of grace, and God works in him to will and to do according to his good pleasure. Hence God's way is the man's way, so far as the new nature is concerned, and the external command, in the spirit and truth of it, only harmonizes with the inward motions of the Holy Spirit in the man's heart; and obedience to the precept is nothing else than a carrying out, a complying with, instead of a resisting and quenching, the workings of the life of God and God's Spirit in the soul. The child of God, in walking contrary to God's revealed will, as contained in his preceptive word, acts against the life of God in his own soul. Just as in natural men the impure or drunken man acts against the higher principles of his nature, reason, and conscience, and quenches the immortal in the flesh, so the inconsistent Christian, not merely being soul and body, but flesh and spirit, the old man and the new, debases that which is his glory into a sort of subservience to the old nature; and Esau, getting the dominion, casts Jacob's yoke from off his neck. "Go thy way forth," then. Observe, obey the leadings of the Spirit, and pray that you may do this; for to walk contrary to them must necessarily be as a death to thy soul. Thus the child of God asking for guidance is graciously directed to do that which is essential to a sound judgment in spiritual things; for, as Mr. Hart sings:

"Those only that fear him his truth can discern;

For, living so near him, his secrets they learn!"

Christ blesses his people in turning them away from, and not as continuing them in, wrong doing, and gives times of refreshing when he pleases. (Acts iii. 26.)

2. "*By the footsteps of the flock.*" True religion does not consist in a mere negation of evil. Obedience is more than a system of negatives. The life of God in the soul is an active principle,



and leads a man into ways of lively positive obedience. Not only does the man who has God's life and Christ as his hope lively in him purify himself as Christ is pure, but he becomes zealous of good works, loving obedience. So in this respect, again, the charge of the Lord Jesus answers to the work of the Holy Spirit. As though he had said, "Go forth, and, by the footsteps of the flock, mark the way in which those who found me, and fed in green pastures, and rested with me at noon have trodden. If you would come at their blessing, tread in their steps." "In the way of thy judgments;" that is, in the way laid down in thy word, says Isaiah, "have we waited for thee, O Lord;" and in Jeremiah the Lord bids his wanderers "set their hearts to the highway." Here, then, we see what is meant. We cannot serve God and mammon. Christ requires whole and not divided hearts; whilst we lack uprightness in seeking and following after Christ, we shall lack confirmed and sweet peace; crooked ways and treacherous hearts will bring lean souls and restless consciences. But "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat;" "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord;" and if we dig for wisdom as a man digs for hid treasure, then shall we find in due time peace with God and blessing to our souls. The proper footsteps of the flock are found following those of their Shepherd. They go forth from the City of Destruction; they go forth without the camp; they are in the way of Christ's commands, and in paths of humble imitation; they are steps of obedience and steps of prayer; they are found amidst thorns and briars and rugged places; they are now ascending steps up the hill Difficulty, and now descending into the valley of Humiliation. And thus they are steps following in some degree the footsteps of Jesus. The Ark of God in advance is ever seen before the true children of Israel.

3. And walking in these ways of abstinence from what is evil, and in careful, prayerful, inquiring pursuit of what is good, the Lord Jesus will himself be with the soul, guiding it, granting a sound spiritual judgment, a discerning mind. Thus the soul shall be qualified to judge where he feeds, and to appreciate that which is from him. Then when the soul thus led and made spiritual comes to the true Shepherd's tents, to which Christ in his providence will direct, the heart will readily perceive that this is the proper feeding-place. Here is the ministry of the Spirit; here are the sheep of Jesus. He feeds among these lilies. Now, then, comes in the charge: "*Feed thy kids* beside the shepherds' tents." We have before seen that the scene is laid in pastoral life; so here the soul is supposed to have a flock to be fed, and is charged to feed them in the proper place. The shepherds are the true ministers of God; the tents the places where, at God's command, they feed the people of God,—the places of worship. These places are dear to the Lord's people. They say with the psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

"With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints."

They beseech the Lord to lead them to the places where he feeds; they long themselves to be fed, and delight that others should be fed also. They take Jesus, as it were, in the arms of faith and prayer, into the mother's house, and restlessly importune him to make to them and others the place of his feet glorious. These are the thriving souls; these are the useful members of churches; these are blessed with Abraham, and a blessing, the minister's comfort, the church's strength, and the Lord's beloved ones. O! How different from the careless, lifeless, captious generation of fleshly hearers, the lean kine, that too often eat up the comforts of the fat ones, and get never the fatter, but always still lean, censorious, and unprofitable!

But without improper spiritualization, without straining the figure, what instruction may we take from the expression: "*Feed thy kids?*" Carrying out the pastoral idea, may we not consider these kids to represent the graces of the Spirit in the soul, and these, too, as in a feeble condition, the young, as it were, of the flock; kids, not sheep or goats? Grace in this life is only in its infancy as in our souls. Peter calls the saints, "new-born babes." Therefore the new creature and the varied graces of the Holy Spirit in the child of God are but young and feeble; but then the more need of care and tender regard to them. Faith is weak, hope is weak, love is weak; all these graces are but feeble. We complain of our little faith, mourn over our deficiency and feebleness as it respects the things of God; and then, alas! to mend the matter, in self-willedness we drag these kids into all sorts of dangerous and pastureless places. We feed our kids not in the green pastures of the word of God, and by the running streams of a living ministry, but drag them unnecessarily into the world, feed them too much on newspapers and vain publications, and sometimes take them after us into filthy mire, and then wonder that we and they are no more thriving. Here, then, we see the force of the counsel; and may we have hearts given us to follow it: "*Feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.* Go forth from the unnecessary compliances with the world, and the former vain, injurious associations; follow the footsteps of the flock; and having found the shepherds' tents, duly and diligently attend the various means of grace; be not negligent in this work; say not at every obstacle to obedience, 'There is a lion in the way;' give no heed to the flesh with its sloth and self-indulgence; with prayer and earnestness feed thy kids in the due use of all appointed means; observe how through thy past folly and remissness they seem almost ready to die; be zealous, therefore, and strengthen the things that remain, and, complying by my grace with these directions, thou shalt obtain what thy question referred to; thou shalt not only know but feed, and find and participate in the blessing when I make my flock to rest at noon."

THEY that deserve nothing should be content with anything.  
—*Mason.*

## A WORD IN VERSE

TO THOSE WHO ARE AFRAID OF THAT WHICH IS HIGHER.

"And there be higher than they."—ECCLES. v. 8.

DEAR Jesus, to thee I complain;  
Beset with strong foes in my way,  
This truth does my spirit sustain,—  
There are that be higher than they.

My sins in the past come to view,  
And sorely my conscience dismay;  
But O! This thought comforts me too,—  
Thy sweet blood is higher than they.

But ah! What corruptions within!  
What hosts set their deadly array!  
How could I resist all this sin,  
Were Jesus not higher than they?

Hell's legions, too, rush on with power,  
Oft threatening to sweep all away;  
But just when about to devour  
They find there are higher than they.

Men, too, in oppressions unite,  
And causelessly join this array;  
But hand-in-hand leagues can't affright,  
When I see there are higher than they.

In the midst of the storms I can sleep,  
Though hosts which oppose take my way;  
For though they oft cause me to weep,  
My Helper sits higher than they.

Yes, Jesus, I trust in my God;  
His arm in each strait he'll display;  
O'er the Red Seas he'll stretch forth his rod;  
Their proud waves have higher than they.

Let them toss with tumultuous roar,  
Let the flesh shake with fear and dismay;  
They may harass, but can do no more,  
For there are that be higher than they.

That man whose support is divine,  
Spite of all things must hold on his way,  
Sin, Satan, world, flesh may combine,  
But God is far higher than they.

MINIMUS.

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It were a good strife amongst Christians, the one to take no offence, the other to give none.—*Sibbes*.

BE not contented to have right motions of the love of Christ in your minds, unless you can attain a gracious sense of it in your hearts; no more than you would be to see a feast or banquet richly prepared and partake of nothing of it to your refreshment. It is of that nature that we may have a spiritual sensation of it in our minds; whence it is compared by the spouse to apples and flagons of wine. We may taste that the Lord is gracious; but if we find not a relish of it in our hearts, we shall not long retain the notion of it in our minds. Christ is the meat, the bread, the food of our souls. Nothing is in him of a higher spiritual nourishment than his love.—*Dr. Owen*.

## TEACHING TO PROFIT.

My very dear Friend,—Thanks, many thanks, for your kind remembrance of me. I have often longed to hear from you, but felt it would be a favour I could not expect.

It truly gladdened my heart to hear of the kindness of our heavenly Father towards you, my dear afflicted sister. It has afresh brought to my mind the portion of scripture which opened your case when I had the pleasure of conversing with you: "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, may be found unto praise," &c. O, my dear friend, is it not precious? And has it not even now been found unto praise and honour? What an infinite mercy, my dear, that *we* should be made partakers of this precious faith, should have it tried, and be strengthened to stand the trial, and thus our poor hearts be made glad by proving it to be living faith.

I have been thinking much about you of late, dear friend, and often long that I could spend a little time with you. I am a bad scribe; but it is sweet to *tell* and *hear* of the Lord's dealings with us. O that we could speak of him as we find him! Well, the day will come,

"When this poor lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
That in a nobler, sweeter song,  
We'll sing his power to save."

O! How we will bless, praise, and adore his holy name for *all* the way he had led us. But, better than even this, we shall see him as he is, and that shall absorb all the powers of our soul in holy adoration. This is a subject in which we are lost indeed; but may we, dear sister, often find ourselves lost in it. It is most blessed to contemplate.

But I must try and tell you a little about present things, and how goodness and mercy still follow me. O, my dear friend, if I could a year back have seen myself in my present position, I should have said, "It will break my heart." But I have been another year at school; and during the time, wretch that I am, I have found fault with my lessons and murmured against my gracious Teacher. Blessed be his holy name, he has borne with me, has given me nothing but love; and instead of discharging me as I deserved, has kindly said, "I am the Lord thy God, who teacheth thee to profit, and leadeth thee by the way thou shouldest go."

How very sweetly is the word of the Lord compared to dew. What gracious dew-drops in the soul, softening and refreshing the dry and parched ground.

May the Lord continue to bless you and shine upon you, and reveal himself to you more and more; and may you be still enabled to remember a poor vile sinner at a throne of grace; for I do indeed esteem it a mercy to have an interest in the prayers of the Lord's family. My love to friends when you see them, not forgetting the dear young ones under the roof.

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May the Lord bless you; and if he is pleased to lay on his afflicting hand, may it prove to be for the purpose of drawing the heart away from all the empty baubles of time that he may fill it with the only substance, Himself.

Accept my heart's love most affectionately.

Yours in unbreakable Bonds,

Glinton, Dec. 23.

M. MARSH.

### SWEET COMMUNION.

My dear Friend,—Being from home the most of the week, I did not see your letter till late last evening. I have forwarded your corrected proof of my letter to J. G. Some parts of the letter are not worded as my fleshly mind could wish, but I believe it is as God would have it. If he shall please to make it in the least degree useful to his blood-bought children and the truth, I shall feel satisfied.

I have had two very blessed visits from my dear God and Father since the 19th ult. On the afternoon of the 27th I lay down a little to rest before preaching in the evening, and while lying down I had some sweet communion with my dear Jesus. I talked and spoke with him as a familiar friend; and while I was thus communing, that blessed scripture, "God is love," dropped into my heart, and dissolved me into tears; and O the blessed and sweet affection I felt to God. After experiencing three days of the Lord's absence, caused I believe by my backsliding heart, on the 2nd inst. Jesus and his blessed work were let sweetly into my soul, and what blessedness and glory did I see in the eternal counsels and covenant work of God in Christ! How secure did I see and feel everything to be, and how my soul was enlightened and rejoiced with it. Isa. xxv. 1-4, 6-8, and Eph. i. appeared very glorious.

Most of this week I have felt my mind so occupied with a worldly matter that it has brought guilt on my mind, and quenched the sweet communion of the Spirit. It grieves me that I should backslide in heart from my gracious and kind Father.

I heard Mr. —, of —, preach on Thursday evening last, but I do not feel at liberty to express any thoughts of him at present. While he was preaching, my spirit thanked God that I had never been at the Academy, and that I did not carry the keys of a wholesale warehouse where threehalfpenny and twopenny customers can make no purchases.

The Lord bless and comfort your soul.

Yours sincerely in the Bond of Life,

JNO. M'KENZIE.

The Zoar people have written to me to supply them in the latter end of summer, but I cannot yet make up my mind.

To Mr. Philpot.

Preston, April 9, 1842.

## A HAPPY STATE.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ELIZA W. G., THE BLIND GIRL, TO ONE OF HER LONDON FRIENDS.

My beloved Friend,—In Him who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore; in whom we live, though once dead in trespasses and sins; but, being quickened together with Christ, we now rejoice to hear him say, "Because I live ye shall live also," Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

How truly blessed are they of whom he hath said, "They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." May the eternal Spirit continually fill our hearts with love, gratitude, and adoration to him who hath made this blessedness ours.

Knowing that the Lord reigneth is my daily support, though I have much to contend with and mourn over, within and without; but feeling the sovereign reign of his free favour, unmerited mercy, and boundless love in my heart, I therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice.

I have been but poorly the last few days; but pray that my soul may be healthful and vigorous, and that I may be continually instructed how to act, when to speak, and when to keep silence. I feel placed in rather peculiar circumstances. I can say "Amen" to our Lord's intercession: "That thou shouldst keep them from the evil." I trust he will keep me, for the glory of his name. I know we have fellowship in spirit at the throne of grace.

The Lord bless you abundantly, and make you an increasing blessing. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen. My love to all friends. Yours,

E. W. G.

## THE BLIND GIRL.

*To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."*

Dear Sir,—On reading your review of the "Blind Girl" I was induced to purchase a few of the poems; and having a poor afflicted blind friend whom I occasionally visit, I took one to read to her, and had the gratification to find that my dear friend is a daughter in the faith of Eliza Grove. She was one of the dear girls who

. . . "On that sorrowing day  
 . . . hung on her neck; she could scarce get away."

And while I was reading, she repeatedly confirmed the narrative and anticipated what followed. She is a living witness to the very faithful delineation by the poetess. My friend was but young when she entered the Blind School, and for a time diverted herself with what amusement could be found there; but one day she was led by curiosity to attend one of the meetings held by Eliza Grove; and that she might go in unobserved she took off her shoes, and thus crept in. Dear girl, she little thought what mercy awaited her. She entered with a light heart, but came



out with a heavy one. What fell from the lips of the female preacher sank into her heart, and was the means, in the hand of the Lord, of awakening her to a lasting concern about her immortal soul. Many years have rolled over her head since then, and many, very many, have been her dire afflictions; but she can say, hitherto the Lord hath delivered her. Her name is Emma Cooper. She is in receipt of a pension of £12 per annum from Day's Gift, or Blind Man's Friend Society, 34, Saville Row, Sackville Street.

I trust you will kindly excuse my troubling you; but the thought occurred to me that perhaps you might know one of the executors of this gift. It was left by Mr. Day, of Day and Martin, Holborn. The names of the executors are Underwood, Croft, and Simpson. It appears they give to some pensioners £20, which can be obtained through personal recommendation. Should it be you know something of this Society and it is in your power to recommend this case, you would be conferring a great help upon a poor afflicted child of God by exercising it.

Deptford, Nov. 15, 1870.

SAMUEL BOORNE.

### ONE WORD MORE FROM AFAR.

Dear Sir,—I take this opportunity to acknowledge my gratitude for the favour you showed towards me in forwarding the last January number of the "Gospel Standard," containing an account of the death of our dear Mr. Philpot. I felt the stroke so keenly that I had to turn aside, and give vent to my feelings by weeping. I never saw him in the flesh; but such love as I have felt towards him, such union of soul to him, it is past describing. I had often thought how should I bear the tidings if the Lord should see fit to take him from us; but, lo and behold, he has done it! He loved him too well to allow him to remain one moment beyond the limited time of his stay amongst us. Well, he fought a good fight. The Sermons, Meditations, Answers to Inquiries, and Advice, and his bold defence of the truth, are admirable. What a solemn awe he was influenced with in approaching the holy scriptures in such humility; and yet faithful to friend or foe. I hope I do not make too much of him; but I have never had my affections so set on any other man as on him. And all for the image of the dear Lord that was so visible in him. O that I may follow him where he is now, and be for ever with the Lord!

May the Lord still bless the "Gospel Standard," and that he may give the editor a double portion of his Spirit, keep him faithful to the truth, and give him wisdom from above, is my sincere prayer; and then the work will still be a blessing. I find it is much called for about here; which I feel to rejoice in, believing that none can receive it and approve of it from the bottom of their hearts but those who have experienced the leadings of the Spirit.

Ballarat East, Nov. 11, 1870.

J. STEED.

## "AS AN EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST."

As an eagle doth stir up her nest,  
 And fluttereth over her young,  
 Lest they should inactively rest  
 When for soaring their pinions are strong;  
 So Jesus his offspring will show  
 On this earth they shall not abide;  
 But be loosen'd from all things below,  
 That under his wings they may hide.

This earth for a season's the nest  
 Where we our first life do receive;  
 But was never intended for rest  
 To the saints who in Jesus believe.  
 For a time they may cling to the clod;  
 But where there is life from above,  
 The soul will be panting for God,  
 And mount on the pinions of love.

But should fleshly ease ever prevail,  
 To make us lie down in the nest,  
 The Lord will our comforts assail;  
 Afflictions will rob us of rest,  
 And thus mar the pleasures of earth,  
 And make us esteem them as dross,  
 As objects of trifling worth,  
 And teach us to value the cross.

Should kindred and relatives dear  
 E'er tempt us to rest in *their* love,  
 A thorn in the nest will appear  
 To raise our affections above.  
 Bereavements will sever the bond  
 Which bound us so firmly below,  
 And the rent in the heart over-fond,  
 Will force it to Jesus to go.

Should the love of mere temporal things  
 E'er cause us to loiter or stay,  
 Our riches will prove to have wings  
 Which swiftly will bear them away.  
 Then losses and crosses will come,  
 And poverty stalk by our side;  
 But 'tis all to endear our sweet home,  
 And cause us in Christ to abide.

Away to the land of repose,  
 Where the sin-weary traveller may rest,  
 Where the river of life sweetly flows,  
 And the spirit for ever is blest  
 With the vision of God and the Lamb,  
 Where sorrow no more can annoy;  
 To gaze on the glorious "I AM,"  
 And drink at the fountain of joy.

Laverton, December, 1870.

C. SPIRE.

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HE who is insensible that there is that in him which is inclined to take occasion to sin from the commandment of the law, as well as from the promises of the gospel, is a stranger to the plague of his heart.—*Brine*.

## I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN.

Dear Brother in the Path of Tribulation,—May grace, mercy, and truth, from God the Father, Son, and Spirit, rest upon and guide you and my brethren and sisters in church fellowship.

I am, through sovereign mercy, able to sit up in bed to pen a few lines to you; and I hope the divine Spirit will dictate what I shall write. In the first place, I must tell of the condescending mercy of *my* God in visiting *my soul* on Sunday morning last. It was indeed a Sabbath to my soul. For many months past I had been in a dead, carnal state, seldom any life in prayer. Indeed, it seemed a mockery that at times made me tremble; but it made me know and feel that I had no might, no power to raise one real spiritual thought or desire on high. I could only say, "If there is any, God alone can give it." Then, again, there was so much that was evil rising up (the dross and scum of the furnace), that I was really afraid I had never been taught of God; and surrounded as I am by the kindest of friends and relations, but all in a natural state, it helped to keep me there.

But God, who is rich in mercy, visited me in my low estate with his mighty love on Sabbath morning. My poor body was depressed with greater weakness than I had before felt in my illness. The thought came into my mind, "What should I do without a Pleader, an Advocate?" I lay thinking of you friends at the room at that time, and asked the dear Lord to presence himself with you, and bless some poor soul or souls; and O the condescension of his gracious Majesty! He manifested himself to ME in such a loving, kind, familiar way, I could sit at his dear feet, and love, praise, and pray. He made me willing to die or to live just as seemed good in his sight. I had no will of my own in the matter; all was swallowed up in his. I was at rest about my children and all earthly things. I commended all my spiritual and earthly friends to his care with such familiarity as surprised me. I was led in some measure to review his past dealings with me, and saw nothing but wisdom and love,—love even in taking away my husband, and leaving me to struggle with nine children, having a weak body of my own; for having a sick son for more than five years, and then taking him to himself; and in taking away my ever dear Ellen from me. It was all love, so great that my body seemed sinking under it. Ps. xxiii. was opened up to me so sweetly from beginning to end; yet it seemed if I never saw either of you again, if my friends would tell you I could sum it all up, in the words of dear Hart, expressed in hymn 251:

"When Jesus, with his mighty love."

I really felt surprised. O the ease it was for me to say, "*For me, mine,*" &c. &c. I could say, not only that he died, but that he died *for me*. Wondrous mercy, wonderful grace, to one so utterly unworthy of the least mercy.

And now I want to write on another subject. I esteem it a

high privilege to have God's servants under my roof, and hope the officers of the church will make no alteration for the present. I have consulted my kind friend and tender nurse, and my daughter Harriet, home with me, and they both say they do not feel it a trouble to provide for them, and will both willingly do all in their power to make them comfortable. I see by the "Gospel Standard" that dear Mr. Mountfort is announced for Thursday next, and it is my earnest desire to see him. Last year his discourse was much blessed to me, so that I should feel greatly disappointed if I did not see him.

Yours in love,  
32, Richmond Terrace, Totterdown,  
Nov. 11, 1870.

M. M. PEBRIN.

### I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDINGS.

Mr. Editor,—The writer of the following testimony to the faithfulness of a covenant God was formerly a member at Providence Chapel, Bedford, and much esteemed by the church; but she was left to fall, and was separated. She afterwards married, and emigrated to Australia. The letters were put into my hands by her sister, who is a member of the church at Woburn, Beds. I felt a sweetness in reading them, and thinking others might feel the same I submit them to you.

Wishing you much divine direction in the work,  
Yours in the truth,

Hitchin, Dec. 24, 1870.

WILLIAM BRAY.

"My dear Mother,—Some time since I saw a letter, in the 'Gospel Standard,' headed 'A Birthday Present;' and I thought, 'O if I could send my dear mother such a present it would rejoice her heart!' It was neither silver nor gold, but its price was far above rubies. It was the testimony of a poor sinner to the everlasting love and tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God toward the writer, felt in her own soul. Such a present I now make to my dear mother, not on her birthday, but my own.

"For the last 20 years I have not dared to say much to any one; but a short time ago the Lord was graciously pleased to raise me up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, to set my feet upon a rock and establish my goings, putting a new song in my mouth, even praise to his holy name. Many shall hear it and be glad; and my dear mother is one of them. I am sure it will rejoice your heart before you leave this world to hear that the Lord has pardoned your sinful child, washed her in his blood, clothed her in his righteousness, saying to her poor sinful soul, 'Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken to you.' Yes, my dear mother, praise the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I cannot tell you all he has done for my poor soul this time; but I send a letter to my sister.

"Diamond Creek, Australia, Oct. 7, 1870."

"MARY PEERS."

"My dear Sister,—It is quite time I wrote to thank you for the 'Gospel Standard.' O how glad I was to see it again, and to

see what the Lord is doing among his people; for I am surrounded by Arminians. They invite me to join them; but I tell them their God cannot save me. They preach a changeable God. It is not pleasant to walk the way alone, especially if the way be dark, as most of mine has been. O my dear sister, I have found the saying of the wise man true: 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Such a load of doubts, fears, guilt, and darkness I have carried for the last 20 years none can tell! If I looked back and tried to think of the time when I heard the word with such joy, then the stony-ground hearers in the parable would seem to cut me off; and sometimes I have been afraid I had committed the unpardonable sin; until a few years ago I was wishing I had never made a profession, and then my sin would not have been so great; but now I seemed to be like the sow that was washed and returned to her wallowing in the mire. All the scriptures seemed to condemn me, and I have often been ready to wish I had never been born rather than have offended such a gracious God and caused him to hide his face from me, perhaps for ever. How could I expect him to look upon me any more, except in anger?

"Well, one day I was very miserable indeed, when these words came to me: 'Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.' This seemed to give me a little hope again, and I firmly believed the Lord would in his own time appear for me and pardon my sins and take this load of guilt away. My son-in-law is a local preacher, and we were arguing the other day about final perseverance, and the subject was to be renewed another time; for although I have often doubted my interest in the truth, I have never, no never, doubted of the distinguishing doctrines of grace. But now the thought came into my mind: 'Can you prove it by your own case?' Well, I thought of the promise I was resting upon, which I felt sure would be fulfilled. 'Ah,' says Satan (for I feel sure it was he), 'that is all against you; for that was years ago, and you still hope it will be fulfilled; but the hope of the hypocrite shall perish; and that is what yours is.' And I was for a time much afraid it was the truth; and what could I say in such a case? I met another preacher, and he tried to prove from scripture that I was wrong. So I went to the Lord, and said, 'Lord, I believe thou art faithful to thy people, and that thou wilt never leave altogether those whom thou hast owned and blessed; but I want to know and feel it for myself; or how shall I answer these people?' I was much troubled about it, night and day; till one morning I awoke with these words, as if spoken to me: 'He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' In a moment all the guilt of more than 20 years was gone, and there was an answer for me. Then the blessing seemed too great for me. I said, 'Lord, I am unworthy. I have brought disgrace upon thy cause, have caused thy children to mourn on account of my sin, have crucified thy Son afresh and put him to an open shame. Can such a sinner

as I be cleansed? I am so unholy!' But the word, 'Cleansed us from all unrighteousness' kept coming so fast I was forced to believe it. Then the word, 'He is faithful;' by which I saw how it was I was saved,—because he is faithful, and that although my sins had been so great they were all pardoned. I was cleansed from all sin.

"Bless the Lord for that word *all*. If he had left only one sin uncleansed it would have sunk me to hell. But, bless his dear name, through his precious blood, I can now say, 'O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and now thou comfortest me.'

"I have often thought I would never speak a word to any one again about these things, and that it would have been better if I never had spoken of them; but no sooner did I feel his pardoning, unchanging love, that notwithstanding all my sins and backslidings he is still the same, than I wanted to tell every one, that they might praise him with me,—especially those who by my conduct were made to bear the reproach. I believe they prayed for me; their prayers are now answered. Now I wish them to sing with me the new song he has put into my mouth, even praise to his holy name. Ps. xxx. is just suited to my present feelings. I have read David's penitential prayers over hundreds of times, they expressed my feelings so well. Now his songs of praise delight my soul. O my dear sister, if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, should there not be joy on earth too?

"If I had the means and opportunity, I should like to come over, although it is 16,000 miles, to tell them that fear God what he has done for my soul. I have had a great longing lately for some one to speak to; and it seems that the Lord is about to grant my request; for a few days since, a woman I have never seen sent me some books. I had passed by a small chapel about six miles from here, and was told it was a Baptist chapel. I said I should like to know when the services were held, and who were the members. This person heard it and sent the books. The first contained a sermon from Judg. xix. 20: 'Peace be with thee,' &c. This was preached some years since; it suited my case exactly. Among mine own people would I lodge. Had any one spoken to me two months ago I should have been afraid to speak to them; but now I want to go among them. It is very bad travelling here, but I must go and find some kindred spirit that we may praise the Lord together.

"I should like to hear all about the church at Bedford. I was justly cut off from them; but I know they will be glad to hear that I can hope and believe my name is not blotted out of the Lamb's book of life.

"Oct. 2, 1870."

"MARY PEERS."

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SHALL the sinner be proud who is going to hell? Shall the saint be proud who is saved from it?—*Mason*.

**“HE THAT HATH MY WORD, LET HIM SPEAK  
MY WORD FAITHFULLY.”**

My dear Friend,—I have had a good deal of wilderness work of late, much exercise of mind, trial of faith, and trouble of soul. I have had my burdens to carry, grief to endure, distress of mind to bear, tribulation to travel through of a very painful character, and much cast down because of the afflictions by the way. I cried, sighed, and groaned, in trying to get the Lord to appear for me, to cast some light upon my path and make my way clear, and help me to leave my burdens with himself, to ease my mind and comfort my heart.

I have been greatly comforted and confirmed in my general line of preaching, which has been more or less opposed throughout by a certain class of professors and ministers. I insist upon regeneration by the Spirit of God in being born again; a stripping, pulling down, sensibly teaching the sinner his lost, ruined, guilty, undone state, the bondage and condemnation under the law, and then setting forth the Spirit's work in revealing Christ in the heart the hope of glory, who was “delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.” “Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Then the Spirit leads on in hope, faith, and every grace, the sinner being brought, in God's own good time, to believe to the salvation of the soul; and that the sinner thus taught is led on in emptyings and fillings, strippings and clothings,—is wounded and healed, killed and made alive; so that after regeneration he feels a greater sinner than ever, more ungrateful, more base, filthy, and vile, and wonders where the scene will end. I maintain that there must be the malady as well as the remedy set forth in the ministry as there is in the scripture. “We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.” (Jno. iii. 11.) I cannot do otherwise than speak of the things I have tasted, handled, and felt of the word of life. Thus I am helped and held up, faint yet pursuing. It cannot be very long, and then the end, the crown.

On the morning of last Friday, I awoke about six o'clock in a sweet and blessed state of mind. The distress and anxiety I had felt had made me miserable, although I did not name it even to my dear wife. Still my countenance and reserved manner led her to guess something very weighty and trying was pressing me down, which led her to make some inquiries; but I could only pour out my complaint before the Lord, who only could hear my cry and deliver me; which he did. And then what a change! O what I now felt I cannot describe. Such a peace, sweet calm, and unctuous refreshing I had not felt for a long time. I felt Jesus present; and although I saw no bodily shape, I felt a drawing power as if my whole person were inclined up to the right side of the bed. I once a few years ago felt something similar, and, strange to say, at the same friend's house, but when he lived in a different

part of the county of Kent. And with this holy, sweet, and blessed manifestation of the eternal Word, the eternal Son of the eternal Father, these words were blessedly heard: "I am not come but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Also this scripture: "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." A lost sinner and a glorious Saviour make the happiest pair on earth, and the only happy one in eternity. The Lord knew how much I needed another visit. Job says, "Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit."

The Lord bless you. I am glad to find the "Gospel Standard" conducted so satisfactorily, as I know from hearing friends speak of it. You have some enemies, but many friends. The Lord help you to go on as you have begun; and then, as prosperity has attended your steps hitherto, such will continue to be the case.

Hastings, Oct. 19, 1870.

J. FORSTER.

### A GOOD OLD PILGRIM.

My very dear Friends,—I can have no doubt but you have thought me unkind, ungenerous, and ungrateful; but I hope the apology I have to make will clear me from a charge I hope never to deserve. When I received your kind letter, I was very unwell in body, and very low in mind; and the language of my poor heart was like poor Moses's: "Lord, what shall I do?" When I felt a little better, then I felt a flattering hope that I should be able to visit you; but perhaps the next day found myself again so nervous and low that I despaired again.

And so I have gone on till I received your last, which I should have answered much sooner, but an occurrence took place that prevented me. Our general election business commenced, which filled the town with noise and distraction; so that I am almost like poor Lot in Sodom. Our election will take place to-morrow; and I wish I was with you. But I could not leave home, having three sons and two nephews from London to give their votes, a scene so uncongenial to me; but I rejoice it will soon be over; and when they have returned home, and I should feel myself as well as I do while I am scribbling these few lines, I am already come to a point to try; for I can truly say that my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that I might see you once more in the flesh. But whether my heavenly Father has so appointed it I cannot determine. I hope I am enabled to say, "O my dear Father, not my will, but thy will be done, and make me contented!"

I notice in your letter that you had recently seen my old friend, Mr. S., and that he expressed a wish I should pay them another visit this summer. I must say I can hardly trust him for his sincerity in such a wish; for last August, when I informed my Quadrain friends that I had made up my mind to pay them one visit more, I received a reply in the negative, and I have learned that it was Mr. S. who was the author of it; and I am frank to confess I never was more disappointed in my life. My being ap-



parently abandoned by my old Quadrain friends hurt my mind so much that I have hardly recovered it to the present day; and though I have had such crosses, losses, and heartrending occurrences that have fallen not to the lot of every one, yet I never had one that I think equally affected me. Thirteen years have run round since I first visited Lincolnshire; and after receiving so much attention, so much affection, and such unmerited marks of esteem, how could I doubt but their esteem manifested towards me was real? And my real affection for them had been reciprocal. But if in this I have been disappointed, it is what I have been very much accustomed to.

But, my dear friends, when I flatter myself of the sweet anticipations of seeing my friends at West Deeping once more, I feel an irresistible drawback. I feel so sensible of my inabilities and infirmities that I am conscious of my inadequateness to fulfil the report I fear you have given of me; for I really am a poor, helpless, stupid, forlorn old man, who sometimes can neither speak, pray, praise, nor preach; and I think some of my friends at Quadrain will remember what I would say whenever I go, that I never pretended to have but one thing to recommend me; and that is, the Lord made me honest to declare just what God was pleased to put into my mouth; which has been my plan for almost half a century, and I hope to abide by it while I have breath, and leave the event with God, knowing, I trust, experimentally, that the words of our mouth and the answer of the tongue are both alike from the eternal Jehovah.

You will perceive by my scribble how my hand trembles; for my heart is unstrung, my house is full, and all appear happy but myself. Yet though I am truly gratified to see my dear boys, who have not been with me for almost four years, it is best for me to dwell alone. I expect they will return in about a week; therefore all I say at present is that if I feel as well in about a fortnight, in body, as I do at the present time, I feel almost determined to visit you, as I have already said. But a poor visitor I shall be; unless my heavenly Father will whisper into my soul, and say, "Go, and my presence shall go with thee, and I will be with thee where thou goest, and I will bring thee back." You see, my dear friends, that I want both a wet fleece and a dry one to encourage my poor doubting mind.

I must now leave the matter with my heavenly Father, to do with me and by me as it seemeth him right.

The Lord bless you. So prays

Your poor unworthy Friend and Brother,  
Sudbury, July 31, 1830.

DANIEL HERBERT,  
(Author of hymns).

Not all the knowledge which the Christian hath of Christ and heavenly things is of a spiritual nature. His discernment of the truth of evangelical mysteries may be clear and extensive, and yet his spiritual acquaintance with them be very small.—*Brine*.

## GRACIOUS PROVIDENCES.

My dear unknown Friend,—I have received from my friend Mr. Yeomans the kind present you sent me; for which I desire to return you many thanks. Perhaps you have seen the dealings of God with me, in the letter I sent to Mr. Chamberlain. It is indeed “by terrible things in righteousness the Lord hath answered me.”

The Lord has been very kind to us, both in providence and grace. My father rents a little cottage about 13 acres. We keep two cows, and grow a little corn, by which we obtain a living. I have watched the hand of God with us ever since my “accident;” the Lord has delivered us out of many straits and difficulties. A few months previous to my “accident,” my parents had a very trying circumstance. They had two cows died, which was a very humbling trial. They were obliged to solicit their neighbours, or they would not have been able to keep the cottage; and the Lord mercifully smiled upon them, though not without frowns from some people. The clergyman’s wife said it was no matter if they lost all they had, because they did not go to church; but the Lord brought them through. With the money they had given them and what I had saved they were able to buy two more cows. After this, the Lord prospered them, and they saved £17; but in a year or two one of the cows died; but I was very much; blessed with a token of the Lord’s love to me at the time; so that I was enabled to say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” It took the £17 and a little more to buy another cow. I believe those trials were to keep us wholly depending upon the Lord for everything. Thus the day of prosperity and the day of adversity are set one against the other, that a man shall find nothing after him.

A short time after this, we had two cows fell ill, and we greatly feared they would die. We had not money to buy any more, and it was suggested to me that I must go to the union now. This drove me to the Lord in prayer that he would spare them for our benefit. I felt very earnest in prayer. We sent for the cow doctor. He bled them, and in half an hour they began to eat. “The cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord’s.” I might name many such deliverances. “Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

About seven years ago, our cottage was to be sold. I was much exercised about it, and was enabled to put up many prayers to the Lord, that he would direct some one to buy it who would let us stay. The union was again set before me, which often drove me to the Lord, knowing that if I came there I should not get to the means of grace; and I received many sweet answers to prayer. This once came to my mind: “Thou shalt not be greatly moved.” On the day of the sale I felt very comfortable, and was enabled to leave it with the Lord to do as he saw good.

It is the Lord who fixes the bounds of our habitations. A gentleman who was a church clergyman bought the cottage, and he was willing we should stay if we would come to his terms. He laid £6 a year on the rent. We thought we should not be able to pay it; but "is anything too hard for the Lord?" We were enabled to pay it. My kind friend Mr. Pickering never refused to lend us a little money when we were in need.

Last year the cottage was upon sale again. On the morning of the day of sale our landlord's brother came to ask my father if he could get a living without the corn-field, to have enough grass-land to keep two cows, as a neighbour of ours wanted to buy the corn-field, out of which we get our bread. To which my father replied that he could not, except they found him work as well. This made me cry to God. At the time of the sale I went into an outhouse, and shut myself up to pray. I showed the Lord my trouble; and these words came to my mind: "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." When the turn came to put up the place, the brother went in and said that was not to be disposed of. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Again, this year our landlord's aunt had some property left to her. Part of it was adjoining to ours, and she has bought ours; so we seem settled in our habitation for the present.

When I had learnt to read, I had the old type, of which I had the Gospel by John and the Epistle to the Philippians, and when I wanted some others of the apostles' epistles, there were none printed of that sort; but there was a new type, *short hand*, which was considered better, and a friend of mine, a blind man, a teacher in the school at Nottingham, kindly sent me an easy lesson-book of the new type, which I was enabled to learn; but I began to think I should not be able to purchase the books, as they were five shillings each; and I knew my parents had enough to do without buying me books; so I thought I would save the sixpences and shillings I had given me, and when I had raised five shillings I thought I would send for the Gospel by Luke, as it is the largest and best of the three, for I knew not when I should be able to obtain any more; but, behold, a short time after this my friend Mr. Pickering gave me Matthew; and when I had had these a good while there seemed no way opened for me to have any more. But I felt a great desire to have the book of Psalms, and it came into my mind to pray for it. I felt much energy in prayer; and, behold, a lady at Leicester, Miss Lockwood, sent to know if I had the book of Psalms, that if I had not she would make me a present of it. This quite astonished me, and I felt much contrition and gratitude to my gracious God for his goodness to me. I also felt a spirit of prayer for Miss L. for her kindness to me. Not only the Psalms did she give me, but also all the Epistles at the same time; and last Christmas again she sent me the Acts of the Apostles and Isaiah. Thus had I been fearing that I should not be able to purchase any, and the

Lord supplied me with all; so I may say, at the present, I am full and abound with books. "If God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things" we need?

I find Ps. xxxvii. very encouraging. In the night before your kind present came, I awoke and felt much nearness to God in prayer. These words came to my mind: "If thou wilt be with me, and give me food to eat and raiment to put on, then shalt thou be my God." And I was in need of a new coat this summer; and I thank you for your kindness. May the Lord reward you with his gracious and comforting presence.

Thus I have told you a little of God's providential dealings with us. May it be to his glory! I do feel the loss of dear Mr. Chamberlain, and often feel very low for want of life, and say with Mr. Hart:

"Breathe on these bones so dry and dead;  
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed  
In all our hearts abroad;  
Point out the place where grace abounds;  
Direct us to the bleeding wounds  
Of our incarnate God."

This is sometimes a comfort to me: "I will put upon you none other burden but that which ye have already. Hold fast till I come." But I want to feel more of the power of God on my heart, and his precious love shed abroad there more and more; but, as the psalmist says, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

I wonder if Sukey Harley is still living. If she is, please give my respects to her when you see her.

I conclude, wishing that the best of blessings may attend you. My father, mother, and sister unite with me in kind love to you.

Yours affectionately,

Thoroton, 18—.

THOMAS HARDY.

[Some account of the writer of the above letter will be found in the "G. S." for Oct. and Nov., 1866,—*"The Dealings of God with my Soul; by One who has lost his Natural Eyes, but found Spiritual Ones."* The account was originally sent to Mr. Chamberlain, Leicester; and he acknowledged it by letter, this letter being in Mr. C.'s Vol. II.; and it will be found also in the "G. S." for last May, page 181. It is there signed *Thomas Chamberlain*; it should have been Joseph, the error no doubt arising from the indistinctness of the MS. In writing names of persons or places, persons cannot be too particular.

We may here remark that when copies of letters which have appeared in print are sent to us, the fact ought to be mentioned. We frequently receive copies of letters by Huntington and others; but we pass them by, not knowing whether or not they have appeared in print before. Not that we should always reject them on that account; but if we inserted them we should state the fact.]

## SWEET RESIGNATION.

My dear Friend S.,—I am glad to hear that you returned from Windsor improved in health. I have still the old tale,—a miracle to self and all around. My complaint is worse, my general health better, my appetite good. What shall I say to these things? Wait patiently. I often think my haste to depart is rebellion against God's will. Still I can say, "Thy will be done," whether to live or die. "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

I have been wonderfully sustained in all my trials. It is indeed well to build upon a Rock, to be enabled by grace to look to the finished work of my blessed Saviour alone for salvation. The world and all that is in it are dissolving from view. I am constantly occupied with things unseem and eternal, anticipating with delight the coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." O! It is a blessed prospect,—to be for ever with Jesus, to see him face to face, to see him, the once despised and rejected of men, now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, crowned with glory and honour, surrounded by legions of adoring angels, and an innumerable company of the spirits of the just made perfect, out of every kindred, nation, tribe, and people, singing the one melodious song of praise to him who hath loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God! And shall I soon join that happy throng? My soul longs for the time, longs and trusts to hear those precious words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." To meditate on these glorious things cheers my heart. It is a foretaste of heaven below, and puts in the background all the vanities, and all the cares and anxieties, troubles and trials, pains and diseases, of this world. What are the few hours here in store for us? Labour and sorrow. And what is eternity? There, in the presence of God, we shall possess a fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. This anticipation would be presumption, and not faith, if I looked to anything in myself; but God shall have all the glory, sovereign, free, invincible grace, according to the good pleasure of his will. Here my hopes are founded,—covenant love displayed in the Father's eternal choice, the Son's finished work, and the mighty operation of the Holy Ghost. Here a sinner vile as I may safely rest his all.

May God bless you; and may we one day meet in that happy state where life, *true life*, begins.

Richmond, Nov. 6, 1870.

T. B.

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As all mankind were in Adam, as their natural father and federal head, when he sinned, so they virtually sinned in him; and as all Christ's spiritual seed were in him as their public representative and federal Head, when he died for their sins and rose again for their justification, so they virtually died and rose in him.—*Allen*.

## Obituary.

THOMAS WEST.—A short account of the Lord's gracious dealings with and in the soul of Mr. Thomas West, late of Icomb, near Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, who fell asleep in Jesus, Oct. 11th, 1867, aged 67. It is chiefly taken from his own writings. He was one of the deacons of the little church at Stow-on-the-Wold, formerly under the care of the late much-loved and deeply-lamented Mr. Roff, who for many years was a faithful minister of the new covenant in that place.

Mr. West generally spent the Sabbath morning with the church at Stow, then returned to Icomb, about three miles from Stow, where he conducted a service in his own cottage, set aside entirely for that purpose. The way in which he carried on his village meetings was by singing and prayer, reading a portion of the word of God, and then a sermon, sometimes by the late editor of the "Gospel Standard," and sometimes by Gadsby, Warburton, and others; and sometimes he read pieces out of the "Gospel Magazine," and so forth. Thus for many years the Lord made him exceedingly useful in that part of the Lord's vineyard.

He seems to have been under deep impressions concerning his soul at an early age. The Holy Ghost often does begin with those that are to be pillars in the church below at a very early period of life. The Lord first arrested him by showing him that God is angry with the wicked every day, when he was about 15 years of age. He says, "I recollect that my conscience often accused me of sins. Many nights I have lain restless on my bed while contemplating the sins I have been guilty of during the day; and yet, strange to say, again and again I have been overcome by the same sins; but I still had at that time a reverence for God's word, and have often had my mind solemnly impressed with the necessity and importance of true religion." When he heard Mr. Cole, of Bourton-on-the-Water, once in particular at a public baptism in the open air, he was wonderfully wrought upon, as he often referred to it during his last years upon earth.

About this time he was much engaged in business at home, as his father was afflicted for many years, which appears to have been the means used by the Lord to prevent his running into such lengths of sin openly as many young farmers too often do. He had the chief management of nearly 500 acres of land, which must have been a great weight upon the mind of so young a man; but amidst all this we find him still pursuing the path that leads to the kingdom. The Lord gave him a tender conscience, which often was manifest through the whole of his life. If he thought he had hurt the mind or feelings of any of the children of God, he could not rest till he had seen them and had the matter settled.

We will now trace this plant of righteousness to the 26th year of his age, when the Lord kindly brought him to Icomb, and

settled him down upon his own farm; and now his labours in the Lord's vineyard began. He told me many times that he desired in his mind that if he did marry he should like an industrious, steady, God-fearing person; and in this matter the Lord gave him his soul's desire, as a more suitable person he did not believe could have been found for him. In a book written and published by himself, in 1861, under the title of "The Religious History of the Church, Icomb, by a Farmer," he tells us that he and his dear wife with a few friends met together for reading the holy word of God and mingling their prayers and praises at a throne of grace, which seem to be some of the first meetings held by Dissenters in that village. And now persecution began to rage, and was carried to such an extent that all that went to the meeting must be turned out of employ and out of doors if the enemies of the little company of worshippers had it in their power to do it. Our young pilgrim became the song of the drunkard; and in a song that is still to be seen in print he is called by the nickname of Tom the Farmer. He was at this time about 26 years of age. Surely nothing but free, discriminating grace could have held him in such a tempest; but none of these things moved him; for his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord.

In 1835 both he and his dear wife were baptized, with several others, by Mr. Miles, of Stow-on-the-Wold; and now he tells us that his mind was greatly relieved from a heavy weight of guilt under which he had often laboured till the Lord was pleased to constrain them to obey his righteous command. But, although they were baptized by what is termed a General Baptist, the Lord never let him or his dear wife join a General Baptist church; and he often noticed it as a mark of the Lord's wonderful providence over him. But the Lord had other work for him to do.

At one time Mr. West and the minister, Mr. Miles, he sat under were bitter against the truths of the everlasting gospel. Mr. Gorton, between 30 and 40 years ago, was a member with this minister; and he and others were separated because of their "erroneous principles." They took a cottage, and he and Mr. Roff preached in it until places were opened for them far and near. The Lord wonderfully blessed the word, while Mr. Miles's place came down almost to nothing.

But one day Mr. Gorton met the minister near his house, and after some conversation, Mr. Miles said his views were changed, and desired a reconciliation, and said all the pulpits should be open for Mr. Gorton to preach in if he would but come back and join them. On this account Mr. G. went to Icomb, thinking to hear Mr. M. preach on the following Sunday afternoon in Mr. West's cottage, but as Mr. M. caught sight of him, he said, "Mr. Gorton, you must preach." He refused. But again he said, "You *must* preach;" and afterwards he did so, and it was evident the Lord's hand was in it; for there was great power with the word, and it was the means, in God's hand, of bringing some

from the legal preaching to hear the experimental truths of the gospel. Several afterwards were baptized by Mr. G., and joined the church at Stow. This stirred up the enmity in the enemy's camp. Mr. M. again became bitter, and said, "If what they preach is truth, God must be an unjust God." But in time the Lord broke down the enmity of Mr. West's heart, and he was obliged to leave the General Baptists and join the church at Stow with the others, and was subsequently chosen one of the deacons.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

Soon after this, West went to Stow on Sabbath mornings to hear Mr. Roff and Mr. Gorton, who were so united in Christian fellowship one with the other and in the ministry that even to this day it is almost difficult in these parts to speak of one without mentioning the other. Would to God more of this spirit were poured out upon the ministers of Christ at the present time. Speaking of those blessed seasons, he says, "The doctrines of rich, free, discriminating, and sovereign grace were opened up to me. Now I could clearly see that my only hope of salvation was wrapped up in those truths, which were more especially preached by the Particular Baptists." Time rolled on, and, as he had been baptized, his mind became greatly exercised about living in neglect of the ordinance of the Lord's supper. He therefore, in 1861, united in church fellowship with the church at Stow, under Mr. Roff; and we can say he was one of the most useful members in the church to the end of his days. It pleased the Lord to take the minister to himself in November, 1862; and now our friend was needed as a deacon and as an eye to watch over the church under her painful bereavement.

The Lord about this time thought good to afflict our dear friend with an affliction, the ague, for many years, and from which he never finally recovered. Sometimes, when the weather was extremely hot, he felt so cold in his body that we have seen him shivering; so that he was a continual companion to those that were afflicted. From the scraps collected from what he called his Birthday Reflections, it will be seen that his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord, and that he was steadily growing in grace and continually longing after the God of his salvation. He could not feed upon doctrines only. Indeed, the ministry which he attended, and under which his soul had many times had sweet portions by the two ministers before mentioned, was very far from that which only floats in the brain of human skill and understanding. Mr. Roff's ministry was heart-searching, and would pierce to the inmost feelings of the mind; so that often the writer can say he has sat and trembled while in the chapel, nearly the whole of the service, lest he should prove to be a hypocrite. Mr. Gorton was heard in a more gentle manner. He was more comforting to the little ones in their distress, being himself often in great distress and trouble in many ways; but he



likewise was as faithful in the pulpit as he was comforting; and to this day he continues, being still in the body. May the Lord raise up more such faithful ambassadors, to sound aloud his worthy praise. Our dear friend was a man who loved from his very soul such preaching. As he loved to see King Jesus exalted from the pulpit in such a manner that his eternal power and godhead, as one with the Father, co-equal and co-eternal, so that his glorious name might be as ointment poured forth, that the virgins, or young disciples, might love him; so likewise he contended that Christ Jesus must be exalted in the pew by a holy life, walk, and conversation; and we may truly say he was himself an ornament to his profession, in the church, the family, the business, and the world.

The following are extracts from his diary, commencing when he was fifty-five years of age. He says, "I am this day, May 15th, 1854, fifty-five years old. I have passed the meridian of my life. I daily feel that I am the subject of many growing infirmities. How true it is that man is fearfully and wonderfully made. The soul and body united is one of the secret things that belong to God. Although the subject of many fears arising from different causes, such as the world, the flesh, the devil, and sin, together with a natural dread often upon my mind of death and the grave, and the day of judgment, yet I desire to record it to the honour and praise of God that his goodness, like oil, has been poured upon me; so that for fifty-five years this poor tabernacle has been kept alive. Hitherto I have been preserved by the mercy of God alone. To myself belong shame and confusion of face, because of my ingratitude, my coldness, my deadness, worldly-mindedness, and disobedience to the word and will of God. This was while living in neglect of the Lord's ordinance of the Lord's supper. It was not man but Christ himself which instituted both baptism and the Lord's supper. I have about me now a bodily ailment which produces coldness through the whole body; but O! I feel that my soul is often much more cold than my body. Will it please thee, O Lord my God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son, to bless the means made use of to the restoring of my health."

"I am this day fifty-six years of age; and now what shall I say unto thee, O thou Preserver of men? I see no other reason why I am not consumed but the unfailing mercy of the Three-One God. My health and strength are not what they once were, although the mercy of the Lord towards me in these matters is very great. I have been so barren during the past year,—such a dry summer and such a dark winter in my poor soul! Do, Lord, be pleased to water thy plants everywhere, and me in particular."

"Arrived to see my 57th year. O to grace what a debtor! But what an unspeakable mercy, Jehovah Jesus hath for ever settled all the requirements of the law on the behalf of his chosen. May it please thee, O thou God of mercy, to comfort my poor soul with that sweet assurance that thou art become my salvation."

“Arrived at the end of my 58th year of my pilgrimage upon earth. By a pilgrim, I understand a spiritual traveller, going through this barren land to the world of everlasting rest. But now let me ask my soul the solemn question: ‘Am I a real Christian, a real pilgrim?’ If so, it is entirely through the mercy, compassion, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the blessed operation of the Holy Ghost. But on looking through the past year, it appears as if I had not grown an inch in divine things during the whole time, and I feel as if I dare not with confidence say that Jesus is mine; which often brings my poor soul into such trouble that I scarcely know what to do. Will it please thee, O thou blessed Spirit, to lead my poor trembling soul to Jesus and his great salvation for peace and satisfaction; and as the name of Jesus is a strong tower, enable me to run into it and be safe.”

“I am this day 59 years of age. Now I can say my remaining days upon earth are few. Eternity, eternity is before me; and I must say I am not satisfied with my present position in soul matters. I cannot call God my father with that confidence I have long desired to do. I still lack this power, Lord, which is one of the brightest evidences of interest in the love of God; and yet I feel that I have not a spot, no not an atom of righteousness that I can find in myself, My own righteousness, such as it was, has been worn out for many years past; so that this I see,—all that cleaves to me is nothing but rags and shreds and such like, which have been torn to shivers by the machinery of grace.”

Writing on his 61st birthday, he says, “What a special providence it is that any man should be kept for 61 years from so many dangers, seen and unseen, viz., from broken bones and with the faculties of the mind unimpaired. In all this the Lord has doubly blessed me. I desire especially to adore him and to record his mercy, to the praise of the glory of his grace, and to note down his hand of providence towards me, that he should, in the dispensation of his grace, have made use of me, with others, as a means in his hand of bringing the gospel into this benighted village; and that since I have been here he hath blessed and prospered me in the fruit of my ground, and the fruit of my cattle, the increase of my kine, and the flock of my sheep, in my basket and my store. Now, as all these, with many others, bear in my heart the divine image and superscription of the great God, I desire to render him all the praise.” He immediately adds, “The Lord has been pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon me. I have been confined within doors about seven months out of the twelve. During this affliction, the corruptions and the deceitfulness of my heart have been opened up to me more than ever, and I do feel that in my flesh there dwelleth no good thing.”

“Now 62 years of age; but, alas! Unless the Lord softens my hard heart and teaches me with the finger of his love, I find there is no more gratitude in me than there is in a gate-post. What if, after all, I should be nothing but a barren fig-tree, bear-

ing leaves only. May the Lord prevent it by his almighty grace; for methinks I do see the dawn of day, even the rising of the Sun of Righteousness in my soul, peeping over the mountains of unbelief, and chasing the darkness from the eyes of my understanding. In the month of March I was received as a member of the Particular Baptist church, Stow-on-the-Wold. The pastor and all the members of the church then present received me heartily. I hope I have not deceived them; but I do feel that I am not worthy to stand a member among the Lord's saints. May it please thee, O Lord, to lead me and keep me, and, if agreeable to thy holy will, make me useful among thy saints while here below."

In 1862 he published a little book, in which he says, "I am now old and grey-headed; but it is a consolation to know that Jesus, the mighty God; Jesus, the glorified Man; Jesus, the Friend of sinners, on whom all my hope of heaven and salvation depends, is still as rich, mighty, and loving, as full of grace and truth as ever; still able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him. Therefore I still have a hope. I am 64 years of age. My soul is often cast down, and my arms of faith are so cramped by the powers of unbelief that I can scarcely lay hold of one hope of salvation; but at other times I behold the majesty of God's word, and my heart is a little melted by the power of God the Holy Ghost, my hope revives and my faith is strengthened. My heart-diseases are of a chronic nature, and they are many,—pride, unbelief, hardness of heart, coldness, deadness, barrenness, rebellion, and a host of complaints. Surely I must be a fit subject for the hospital of God's grace; for none but the great Physician of souls can effect a cure, and nothing but the balm of his precious blood can heal such a leper."

"Being 65 years old, I now must expect every day to be summoned at any moment out of time into eternity. O! This is a great deep to dwell upon. It swallows up at once all one's thoughts. Well, I shall soon be in eternity to behold Jehovah for ever, in his amazing love toward me as one of his blood-bought children; for in the face of Jesus Christ I do behold a smiling God and a hearty welcome to all the blessings of salvation provided for every quickened sensible sinner. I do trust that the same God who caused light to shine out of darkness hath shone into my heart, and hath given me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

In 1865 he was very ill for a long time, when both friends and relations despaired of his recovery. He very much regretted not being able to remember the time of day or the days of the week. The beauty of the spring, the blossom of the trees, &c., he used to delight to see. He could remember nothing of them; yet there was one particular thing he always could remember, that was, the visits of the Lord's children. These were, to use his own words, stamped upon his soul. Dear Mr. Gorton and his partner in life drove over to Icomb from Milton to see him, and he spoke of it, at times, to the end of his days. Thus, though dead to the

world, he was alive to things heavenly, and he longed for no other company but that of the children of God.

In speaking, in his diary, of the Lord's goodness, he adds, "What a mercy it was not paralysis or apoplexy." Here we find him blessing God it was no worse than it was. Speaking of his friends, he says, "I have been fed with the milk of human kindness. The children of God have visited me, and spoken kindly to me, encouraging me to rest in God. The Lord also himself hath given me a faith's view of himself and of the realities and importance of vital godliness and spiritual things; and I cannot part with my hope that Christ died for me. The Lord has also given me a blessed sight of the church of God by virtue of her oneness with and her union to Christ as her Husband, her Head, and her Lord. The sight is most ravishing, the view is dissolving, the fact is heart-cheering."

"I am this day 67 years old. I will once more endeavour to raise my annual Ebenezer, and say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his holy name for ever. Amen.'"

He closes his last birthday reflections thus: "I have been 68 years upon earth, and I do desire to commit my body, my soul, and all that belongs to me, into my Lord's gracious hands for the few remaining days I may be spared here below; for as I draw nearer and nearer to the tomb, I feel the infirmities of old age are creeping upon me apace. The grasshopper becomes a burden; little matters which once I should have snapped my fingers at are now ready to weigh me down. Now I daily feel afraid lest, through the weakness and wickedness of the flesh, I should be urged on by sin and Satan to do something that would bring a disgrace upon the Lord's cause, which I would not do for all the world. Also I sometimes fear lest I should outlive my usefulness, as touching the means of grace in which I have been employed for so many years, and become a stumbling rather than a help to my fellow-creatures. But I desire to leave the future with the Lord, and from a faith's persuasion that God is able to uphold and support me, and keep that which I have committed unto him until the coming of Jesus Christ. I now commit myself, my family, my friends, with the whole Israel of God, and every future event that may happen to any or all of us unto him against that last, that great, that awful, that solemn, that glorious day."

As his last account was written on May 15th, it will be seen how the Lord graciously enabled him to leave all the things of this world in the care of his heavenly Father; also to commit his soul and his family into his gracious hands. From this time he still gradually became weaker,—weaker in body but stronger and stronger in faith, though the enemy often tempted him sorely that his hope would at last fail. I visited him as often as I could; but, being a traveller, I could not see him every day. Every time I went I found him resting on Jesus. Once he said,

"This is the place to come to, to learn and prove the eternal sonship of Christ." At another time he said, "My tiny hope holds out still."

On the last day of his life I was with him a long time in the afternoon, and remarked to him what a mercy it was to have the use of his reason in his last moments. He said, "It is all a mercy, from first to last," I said, "Is Christ precious?" He said, "We must die fully to prove his preciousness." He placed his hand in mine, and said, "I hope the Lord will stand by you and strengthen you." I replied, "He will be the hope of his people." He said, "He has done great things for you." I answered, "And for you." He said, "Yes." We had to raise him up a little in bed, but found it was almost too much for him. I afterwards asked him if the Lord was truly precious, and if his mind was satisfied. He tried to speak as well as he could, and said, "Resting—steadily;" and added, "Resting on the Lord." This was about four o'clock in the afternoon; and from this time he sank gradually into the arms of death, and expired about ten minutes past twelve on the morning of Oct. 11th, 1867.

The following verse was composed by him to be put on his tomb:

"One lieth here in dust  
Whose hope was in the Lord,  
Through Jesus Christ, his Son,  
According to his word."

Cheltenham.

RICHARD LOVESEY.

GEORGE ORAM.—On June 11th, 1869, aged 77, George Oram, of Market Lavington, for many years a consistent member of the little Baptist church at Lavington.

In his early days he was left to go into lengths of drunkenness, Sabbath breaking, &c., until the set time came that was appointed from all eternity, when the blessed Spirit plucked him as a brand from the eternal burning, by laying eternal things with weight and power upon his conscience. This came to pass under a sermon he heard preached that he never after fully forgot. He now felt that there was a God, a judgment day, a heaven, and a hell, and that he was fast hastening to that woful abode where the worm dieth not and the fire of God's wrath is never quenched.

From this time he felt keen convictions for sin, and his sins from childhood were laid upon his conscience; so that he possessed the iniquities of his youth, the anger of God being revealed against him in his righteous law, daily fearing that the Lord would cut him off and send him to hell. In this fearful state he remained for some time, feeling that if ever he was saved he must do something to merit the righteous favour of God, such as reading his Bible, keeping the Sabbath, and secret prayer; but he soon found, to his grief, that all his doings were a bed too short and a covering too narrow to hide his feelingly-lost soul from the wrath of a just and holy God. But the blessed Spirit, that had

thus stripped him and hunted him out of his false refuge, in his own good time directed his eye of faith to look upon the infinite glorious Person of Christ, as the only way of salvation; and though Satan, the great lion of the bottomless pit, would thrust sore at him, by telling him it was in vain for him to hope or pray, and that he was too great a sinner ever to be saved, yet he was enabled to wrestle before the Lord, and plead the blood of Christ at a throne of grace from day to day, against all the powers of darkness; and the time came when the Lord remembered him with the favours that he bears unto his chosen, filled his earthen vessel out of the infinite fulness of Christ, blessed him with the pardon of all his sins, and delivered him from going down into the pit, for he had found a ransom. His doubts and fears were gone, and good hope through grace was established in his redeemed soul; and he used to say none could have persuaded him that he did not love his dearest Lord and that he had no part with him. He now came out from all erroneous doctrines, his face being set Zionward, and his heart set for the defence of the gospel and the truth as it is in Jesus. From this he never wavered; and feeling his soul bound up in the bundle of life with the few who meet together in the name and fear of the Lord in this place, in 1834 he was baptized by the late Mr. Dark.

For many years our departed friend witnessed a good profession, and followed his blessed Lord in the path of trial and temptation, shunning not to take up his cross. With most of the dear children of God he had to drink deeply into the suffering cup of their Lord and Saviour. He had also trials in providence, in the world, and in the family; and often, as he said, his own bad heart caused him smarts that only he and his God could know. His cross within and cross without, and troubles on every hand, often filled his suffering cup with many bitters; so that he daily found the way to heaven was a rough and thorny road, full of pits and snares, with enemies on every hand. He often lost his evidences, and, like Job, looked backward and forward, on the left hand and right, but could not trace any footmarks of his blessed Saviour. Thrice during his pilgrimage he seemed to have sunk near despair, and to give up all for lost, fearing he should never behold the face of Christ any more with acceptance. This was during his wife's illness, when he left home in a state of distraction. On passing by a brook of water he made a stand, looking at it, thinking he must leap into it, the tempter suggesting to him that this was the place where he might soon get out of his troubles. But a voice from heaven, as he felt it to be, sounded into his inmost soul, "Do thyself no harm; for I am still with thee." In a moment the enemy fled and his soul was delivered, every mountain was made a plain before him, and he returned to his home, blessing and praising the God of his salvation.

At another time, on leaving his home, not knowing where to wander, feeling forsaken of his God, he thought he would once

more go to the prayer-meeting, it being on a week night. He felt within himself, "Who can tell but the dear Lord may appear for me once again? I hope that my poor soul has been many times blest, in days gone by, at the chapel, both under the preaching and at the prayer-meetings; and it may be the Lord hath a blessing for me now;" when the words, "The vision is for an appointed time," &c., were made sweet unto him, and caused his soul to leap for joy. As he entered the chapel, the friends were singing. He went up amongst them and joined them in prayer; and O what a blessed time he felt! All his bonds and fetters were gone, and his heart and soul broke down into thanksgiving and praise unto the Lord his God, and he was enabled to plead as a prince and to prevail. This blessed opportunity was another precious waymark that our departed friend never fully lost sight of; for on his death-bed the Lord sweetly shone upon it, and on all the way the Lord had led him.

But to come to his last days on earth. For some time before his death he gradually felt his earthly tabernacle breaking up, and often expressed a desire to depart to be with Christ. A short time before his death he wished to see me. When I saw him he was confined to his bed. He held out his hand and spoke of the goodness of the Lord to him during his pilgrimage through the wilderness, and said many precious promises the Lord had brought home to his soul; particularly, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." He said, "I can look back and see the way the Lord has led me, and it has been a right way to a city of habitation. I have no desire to get better. If it be my Lord's will to take me home to glory, I shall cast the crown at his dear feet who was nailed to the cross for me. He is worthy to receive all honour and glory for ever. How many times have I felt my heart drawn out towards him and his dear children when I have been at the chapel, sitting under the sound of the gospel, and at the prayer-meetings. I have found some precious crumbs under the gospel table." He then said, "Ah, Joseph! I would speak it to the glory of the dear Lord and for your encouragement that the Lord has often made you a blessing to my soul. At times you have been led so sweetly into my pathway that I scarcely could forbear shouting out aloud in the chapel; and the last Sabbath morning the word was so blessed to my poor soul that for a time I could scarcely tell whether I was really in the body or out of it. I thought I should have liked to have gone home to glory at once, little thinking it was the last time I was to meet with you in the chapel." I replied, "We can give all the glory unto our ever-blessed Lord and Saviour, who is worthy to receive all honour, praise, and glory for ever; for it is all of him and through his everlasting love and superabounding grace bestowed upon the chief of sinners and least of all his dear children." He answered, "Yes. The language of my soul is, 'Crown him, crown him Lord of all!' I cannot praise him while I am in this

poor tabernacle as I want to do; but when I put off this earthly house, this suffering body of sin and death,

“Then in a nobler, sweeter voice,  
I'll sing his power to save.”

The evening before his death I saw him again. He appeared to be fast sinking and too ill for any conversation. He was perfectly sensible and held out his hand. I said, “Well, George, you are now passing through the river; you will soon get to the harbour, the Canaan of rest and blissful land of glory.” He replied, “Yes; soon get home.” I said, “Jesus, your Lord and Master, has trod the path before you, and tasted the bitterness of death and taken its sting away, burst the bands of death asunder, and for ever opened the gates of immortal glory for all his dear people.” He answered, “Yes. Praise him!”

And thus died our departed friend.

JOSEPH TOPP.

Market Lavington, Dec. 18, 1870.

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HENRY TOMBS.—On Feb. 2nd, 1870, aged 65, at East Hanney, near Wantage, Henry Tombs.

My dear father told me that he was the subject of natural convictions at about the age of 21; but these wore off, and he still followed on in a course of sin and wickedness, till the Lord, in rich grace and sovereign mercy, quickened his dead soul into life by laying the weight and power of eternal things on his mind, which brought him into real distress about his poor soul, and caused him to cry for mercy from real necessity.

About this time he went to Grove Chapel, where he heard Mr. Smart, under whose preaching he first heard the sound of the ever-blessed gospel which brought peace and pardon to his distressed soul; once in particular, while Mr. Smart was preaching from Rev. xxii. 14; and once also while Mr. Smart was preaching from Prov. xi. 15.

About this time that dear man of God, Mr. Tiptaft, came to preach at Grove, and his ministry was much blessed to my dear father. My father then went to Abingdon, and sat under Mr. Tiptaft's ministry. He was received as a member of the church and baptized by Mr. Tiptaft, and continued a consistent member till it pleased the Lord to remove him from this world of sin and sorrow to that of eternal rest.

I must pass over many years of my father's path of tribulation, and will mention only a few particulars wherein he was much tried in providence as well as in eternal things; but the Lord graciously supported him, and brought him through all, being better to aim than all his fears. Once, when the Lord appeared for him in a wonderful way, Ps. xxvii. 13 was sent home with such power to his soul as to make him bless and praise God for his goodness to him. And at other times the Lord spoke Isa. xlvi. 10; Song ii. 10-12 to his soul. Once he was greatly favoured in hearing Mr. Tiptaft speak from Nah. i. 3. And once in hearing Mr. Godwin at Abingdon from Ezek. xx. 37.



My father was not able to get to Abingdon much the last few years of his life, through infirmity of body and having nearly seven miles to walk, suffering in his back for many years; so that he attended at Grove when not able to go to Abingdon; and his soul was often refreshed while the Lord's ministers were tracing out his path.

He continued to go to chapel up to the middle of January; but this he could not have done had it not been for a kind friend, with whom he had walked in communion for 35 years, often taking him in his conveyance.

A short time before his death, being asked by a friend about his state, he said he felt the truth of Hart's words:

"I feel my latter stages worst,  
And travel all the night."

About three weeks before his death, Col. iii. 2 was blessed to him. He said, "If my life is hid with Christ in God, I can only see it as the Lord is pleased to reveal it and make it known to me."

About this time I had some conversation with him. He said, "I want the dear Lord to come and clear up the way for death. I want him to make it all over again; but I do not think I shall be favoured as I have been. The Lord has been good to me and blessed my poor soul in days that are gone by, when the precious promises used to flow into my soul that I have walked to and fro in the field, not knowing what to do with myself at the sight and sense of the Lord's goodness to me. In those days I used to walk to Grove, when Mr. Smart's preaching was to my soul as the early and latter rain." At this time also he said, "I think much about the dear people at Abingdon, amongst whom I have stood a member so many years. I should like, if it was the Lord's will, to get there once more and sit down with them at the ordinance; but I don't think that this will be granted me, as I am so very weak." This was not granted him.

A day or two after this I called to see him again. He said the Lord was as good as his word: "The barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruise of oil fail, till the day that the Lord send rain on the earth."

He took to his bed on Jan. 25th. On the 27th I found him rather restless. He said his mind was dark, and that he wanted the Lord to come and clear up the way for death, and to renew his promises.

On Jan. 29th I found him gradually sinking, but expressing how good the Lord was to him in not letting him suffer much pain. The following day, being Sunday, some friends came to see him; and their company he much enjoyed, saying after they were gone how good the Lord was to him, and how unworthy he felt himself of the least of all his favours.

The next day he said to me, "I am filled with tossings to and fro until the dawning of the day; and yet I have some little promise that it will be all well, let death come when it will."

Feb. 1st he said, "All will be well;" and added, "The following words have been very sweet to me:

"Though thousand snares enclose his feet,  
Not one shall hold him fast;  
Whatever dangers he may meet,  
He shall get safe at last."

And I believe the Lord will give me dying strength in dying moments. The Lord has made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. This is all my salvation and all my desire."

During the night my mother and he had some conversation; when my mother said, "And what shall I do when you are gone?" To which he said, "My life has been a mystery to me for more than 90 years; and the Lord's goodness will find out a way for you when I am gone. He hath done all things well."

He lay till about twelve o'clock the next day, when he was taken in a fainting fit, and almost before they that were present were aware, without a sigh, groan, or struggle his spirit departed.

JOSEPH TOMBS.

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HENRY TATHAM.—On Aug. 22nd, 1870, aged 64, Henry Tatham, member of the church at Siddal Hall, Halifax. He joined this church on Jan. 25th, 1862, after being a backslider for 20 years, as he stated before the church at the time; but he said the Lord had brought him to a godly repentance for his sin. He said God had laid judgment to the line, and given him a sense of his awful state as a guilty backslider, but that he had shown mercy towards him, and also delivered him out of those forbidden paths that he had been left to walk in. He said in the midst of all the wanderings of his heart he had stings of conscience, and knew he was in a wrong way; but Satan had such a power over his mind that he could not extricate himself from his net. He often went to the chapel, he said, but could find no solid comfort. He was like a condemned prisoner, concluding that there was no hope for such a vile sinner as he felt himself to be. He said when he went to hear men of truth preach, they only preached his condemnation; for the Lord had hid himself from him that he might be filled with his own ways and be sick of his doings.

In this state he continued until one evening in November, 1861, when I was preaching from Rom. viii. 1, in a cottage in the village of New Pillon, near Halifax. At that time the Lord broke into his soul with a degree of love and power that he seemed like a captive set at liberty, or a prisoner let loose from his cell. He was melted down into self-abasement before God and the people with gratitude and praise. His countenance was so changed that the people present were astonished, and looked upon him with surprise. I noticed something warm and comfortable about him, and so called upon him to conclude the service with prayer. He did so in the most solemn way and

manner I ever heard a person in my life. A power seemed to attend every word that dropped from his lips. His speech was truly seasoned as with salt; so much so that I believe the savour will not be forgotten while some of us live who heard him.

From that time a union of soul took place between him and the little church at Siddal Hall, which I hope time itself will not dissolve. He was then a strong, healthy, robust man, but was made to be as humble as a child; so much so, in fact, that I said, "The lion is turned into a lamb." O what sovereign grace can do, and what wonders God has wrought by it! Truly it can

"Change the heart, renew the will,  
And turn the feet to Zion's hill."

Through it a great Saviour can and does save great sinners, of whom Tatham used to say, "I am the chief." From the time he joined the church, in 1862, he lived in the fear of God, though subject to much casting down of spirit and trembling fear, at times, as to how matters would end. He was one of that sort of persons who wanted to be made right and kept so.

His bodily afflictions were not of a very long duration, only being confined to his bed for about a fortnight. He had not many ecstasies, but some joys and consolations that the world knows nothing of. He had several strokes that much weakened his strength in the way, and, humanly speaking, shortened his days. (Ps. cii. 23.) He had not much pain of body, but was much harassed, at times, by Satan's suggestions that God would never forgive such a great sinner, nor so base a backslider as he had been.

The last time I saw him alive, he said, "I believe, after all my baseness, he will save me." I said, "Yes, and so do I, whatever Satan may say to the contrary, for he is a liar from the beginning." He said to my wife, a short time before he died, "I am happy, and I fear not death." Before he died he was heard to say, and, I believe, feel these words:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

He died resting upon, and trusting in the atonement of Jesus Christ as his salvation, and as one of God's chosen people.

Siddal, Halifax, Sept. 2, 1870.

DAVID SMITH.

It has no less frequently than mistakenly been objected to the doctrines of grace, and to the doctrine of election in particular, that they supersede the necessity of personal holiness, and render men remiss in the duties of practical godliness. We might as reasonably charge the sun in the firmament with being the cause of frost and darkness.—*Toplady*.

Now as I cannot believe before I have the Spirit of God, the Comforter, so I cannot have the Spirit of God before I have the Christ of God, as I cannot have the Christ of God before I have the Father. Yet I can never come to the Father but through his Son and by his Spirit. O! Blessed be God for everlasting love to the elect in his Son Jesus Christ! O! This same ancient grace is efficacious grace!—*Brine*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1871.

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

THE HOPE AND SAVIOUR OF ISRAEL.

A SERMON BY MR. A. B. TAYLOR, PREACHED AT GOWER STREET, LONDON,  
ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, NOV. 27TH, 1870.

"O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?"—JER. XIV. 8.

THESE are words of lamentation. The prophet, seeing Israel in trouble, finds the visits of the Lord are but seldom, and is grieved at the circumstances into which his nation is brought; and his full heart bursts out in this language: "O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble!" How is it thus? Why art thou "as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?" The wayfaring man is one who does not care much about the interests of the house where he lodges for the night. If he gets a good supper, and bed, and breakfast, that is all he cares about. And, as if the prophet sees the Lord just like one calling upon a journey, it grieves the prophet; therefore he says, "Why art thou as a wayfaring man and a stranger in the land?" The place that was thine own, the people that once were under thy smile, "why art thou as a stranger to them? How comes all this? What is the cause? Notwithstanding all the calamities we suffer, thou art still the Hope of Israel, and thou art still the Saviour thereof. How comes it, Lord?" Thus we see the full heart of the prophet bursts under the circumstances of his case; and he inquires of the Almighty as to the cause.

In calling your attention to these words, I would,

I. Notice that *God* is indeed the *Hope and Saviour of Israel*.

II. I would notice the *complaint* of the prophet: "Why art thou as a stranger in the land?"

And III. Notice *some of the troubles of Israel*: "Thou art the Hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble."

I. In the first place, then, we are to say something about *Israel*; and you know, brethren, there are two Israels. The one Israel is now scattered among the nations, suffering the strange but just dealing of Almighty God; but there was a time when that Israel were embodied under the very eye of God; when they were all together in one camp, as we are within these walls this

morning; when the eye of the Lord looked down upon them with a pleasure peculiar to the Almighty that we can never describe. They were his people. He had created them for his glory; he had them at his command; and they were indeed the Zion of God, nationally considered. But there was a time when this Israel were not in being; there was a time when they were not incorporated. In fact, they were not. They were not in the old world. Where were they? There were Noah and Abraham and a few others. My dear friends, those just ones of the old world were of the seed royal, out of which the national Israel sprang. When God picked out Abraham, called the father of the faithful, where was he, and what was he doing? I need not tell you; you all know that he was worshipping stocks and stones. And God made him the father of the faithful; called him alone, and blessed him; and from him sprang this national stock that we have been referring to. Then Israel began to bud and blossom, and then God Almighty furnished a table in Egypt, where they grew faster and thicker. There they were in the brick-kilns and clay-pits; but the iron hand of God was upon them; and though they suffered much, he suffered no man to do them wrong. Moses sprang up, whom God made leader and commander of the people; and here God's Israel became incorporated, and, under their leader, God, and Moses his servant, they were led out into the wilderness. And was not God indeed their Saviour? Who saved them at the Red Sea? Who saved them in the day of famine? Who saved them when there was no water to drink? Who saved them when Amalek was stronger than they? Who was indeed their Saviour?

But our text, under the word Saviour, has something in it that I should like to get at more than simply being their Saviour. There are several eminent points of view in looking at this passage where he is called the Hope of Israel as well as the Saviour. Now, who was the Hope of Israel? This word, hope, does not bear upon the grace of hope in your hearts; but the Object of hope upon whom the hope operates. And it is the Object of hope operating on the grace in your heart that causes the grace of hope to operate upon himself. Many of God's children cannot see the difference between the Object of hope and the grace of hope; but there is a great difference. God, after the first promise, was the Hope of Israel. They looked to what God had said and promised; and the hope-living family anchored there upon the thing promised. Long before the Messiah came, you know that the national people looked for the Hope of Israel; this was the Messiah. And you know that when Paul stood before Agrippa, he said, "For the Hope of Israel am I bound with these chains." Now, this Hope was Christ; it was Christ the Object, Christ the Rock, Christ the Promised One; and that Christ was he who led Israel all the way through the desert, and supported them in every battle of theirs. When faith was in operation, *he* was the Object of that hope; and when there was no help for

them before the enemy, they still had hope in God's name; while the defeated ones sometimes said, "What wilt thou do with thy great name? Thou art Israel's Hope; and if thou suffer thy people to turn their backs before the enemy, what shall be done? What will become of thy great name?" So that he was the Hope of Israel in the day of battle.

But we have said enough about this national people. There is another Israel; and that Israel are still a peculiar people. They also are a national people. England is called a Christian nation. How many Christians there may be in the nation, that is not the question. But the church of the Lord Jesus is the Israel of God; and of that church, and of that people, he is the Saviour and Hope. And they have no Saviour and no Hope but the God of Israel. No; they have none, and they shall have none other; and when they have that, they are perfectly satisfied with the God of Israel.

Well, now, how is this people constituted? We have glanced at how the others became embodied from the one man; and how does this spiritual Israel become constituted? Just as truly, brethren, and you know it, just as truly as God called Abraham alone, so God calls every one of his own spiritual Israel alone. Individual, personal, and experimental workings produce this Israel. Every soul before me who belongs to this spiritual Israel has his own private experience, and his personal troubles, and his individual anxiety. And such, with some, were those anxieties that the poor creatures did not know, at times, what to do with themselves; and could not tell where the scene would end, and hardly how it began. The discoveries he had made to him,—and those discoveries were too true, too powerful to be thrown away; and the scrutiny of the heart, the exercise of the Spirit, and the mighty power of God's word upon the soul, were such that the man or the woman could not get away from them.

Now, when God called Abraham alone, these words remind us for a moment to go back and see how he called us, and teach us to examine ourselves. Do not say that you were always acquainted with the doctrines of grace. That may be true; so was I. Do not say that there could not be the change in your experience that there was in such as Paul. Do not say that; it is a mistaken notion. The change was as radical in your experience as it was in any other man's. Of course, every man has his own circumstances; but when God quickened your soul, you began to feel that you were a lost sinner. And whatever driving, and tossing, and tumbling you experienced, now that you are come into Zion, God led you about, and instructed you, and brought you where you are. He has blessed you with a good hope through grace, and is your Saviour; and you stand under his mighty banner this morning, and these are the words of your soul when faith is in exercise: "O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble."

Now, what has God done for you in saying you? Has he not

brought you away from the evils of your path, and has he not brought you into the mysteries of redeeming grace? Has not he given you a distaste of the things that were your delights, and is not he opening new fields of wonder in your astonished soul? And has not he made you long to fast and pray for spiritual blessings? Yes, he has; and it is under spiritual experience that you are here this morning, seeking to know more of the Hope of Israel, seeking to know more of God your Saviour. You are not content to stay at home to read the valuable works of a good man. No; but you are assembling yourselves together in the character of the Israel of God. There is a glorious invisibility upon this people's position. The world does not know them; the world wonders at them; the world is amazed. But how beautifully does the Redeemer speak by the prophet Isaiah, when he says, "Behold I and the children whom thou hast given me are for signs and wonders from the Lord of Hosts, which dwelleth in Mount Zion." The world will not look upon the Israel of God; there is an invisibility upon them; God and God only is acquainted with them; the world sees nothing about them only their fanaticism. The world can say, "This fellow is a perfect fanatic; but for his religion, the fellow is all right enough; and but for her religion, she is a very nice woman, a nice neighbour, a good woman; but the madness of religion!" They cannot understand it. There is something in you, I tell you, invisible to the world, and sometimes pretty much invisible to yourself; but there it is. And thus the Lord's dealings are not seen. The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. And this kingdom of our glorious Christ cometh not by observation. O no. It is within you; it is within you. The world does not see it. It is builded up by Christ; the work of the Spirit; and you are established in your most holy faith in a private way, and your glory is private. It is in the Lord until it burst out upon the right hand, and upon the left; and you are compelled to speak out the inward workings of the eternal God in your soul. And O what solid times of peace you enjoy, you that are the Israel of God! O the solid peace! The world cannot give it. No. And the world cannot take it away. In your own closet, on your own bed, in your own private apartments, wherever it may be that God favours you, you have a solid peace. Ay, and sometimes, too, in the moment of trouble: "This Man shall be the peace when the Assyrian shall come into our land and tread in our palaces;" this man shall be the peace,—this Hope of Israel, this Saviour in the time of trouble. And thus it is, beloved, that the Lord's dear Israel are amongst the nations as a speckled bird; but God sees them, and he hears all their little sighs, all their sighings and sobbings and grievings. Their very tears are put into God's bottle, as a remembrancer; and thus it is that his dear Israel worship him in spirit and in truth, and he is their Saviour and their Hope.

Now this hope of the Christian. Just a word or two about

this. You are never without hope, when once you have had a good hope, through grace. It is not possible you can be. The very nature of things refuses to admit that you can be without hope, however small it is. Well, but what ground do you build that doctrine upon? Upon these grounds, that God has imparted to you an incorruptible seed, a new life, a change of heart; and that, coupled with that incorruptible seed, the grace of the spirit is embodied and developed according to the watering of the Holy Ghost. Hope may be feeble, faith may be out of sight; but there it is; there it is. It is in you. Well, the larger development of this mystery is Christ in you the Hope of glory; Christ in you the Hope of glory; and while this is the case, the true child of God feels the exercise of this grace of hope. He always sees its Object whenever the grace of hope is in operation. It is upon its own Object; we do not find it on any other. There is not a natural pleasure that you ever knew upon which the hope of the child of God for eternity can ever rest. No; there is not a pleasure sweet enough for divine hope to settle upon; there is not a tree between this and the paradise of God where the tree of life grows that this hope can light on. O no! There is nothing but Christ upon which it rests. The fact is, the anchor is cast there, and there the vessel of mercy rides. The cable will not break. The storm may be rough, the winds may be high, things may be very dismal and very desperate; but the vessel of mercy rides in the storm, and, blessed be God, often smiles at the storm, often smiles at it; and therefore Christ is the Hope of Israel.

What a thing it is, then, for us amidst the storms of life, and as life draws to its close nearer and nearer every day,—the youngest of you, if you live, will be as old as I am,—and then what a thing it will be to have your hope fast within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered in, even Jesus. For let me tell you that the hope of the hypocrite shall perish. When the hypocrite dies, his hope dies with him, and his faith dies, and all his fantasies; they all sink and all go down together, all perish together. O! It is an awful thought! If any one is before me who has a hope, a merely natural hope, and is resting satisfied with that, I tell you distinctly, I tell you assuredly, that both you and your hope will go down together: "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish." O that God may cause his dear children to examine the ground upon which they stand! One of our poets very beautifully says:

"My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,  
But since the precept came,  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.

"My guilt appear'd but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure  
Was thy eternal law."



When the man saw the law of God in its purity, it burned out his hopes, and all went down together. And thus it must be, if God's people have a false hope. God will destroy it, and bring the soul into the mystery of his grace and his salvation; and the Object of hope being the Lord Jesus Christ, he will see him in all the glories of his mediatorial character, and be enabled to worship the Hope of Israel.

Are you ever tried, Christian? I am. Does the enemy ever come in like a flood upon you, and say to you, "Well; you hope and believe in a man who has been brought to death, who has been nailed to the accursed tree, who has died an ignominious death simply at the instigation of the Jews and by the authority of the Romans; and do you pin your faith for heaven on a man who has been thus killed? Fellow-sinner, have you ever been tried here? and have you wondered at yourself? Now I would ask you, in the name of the Lord, when you have been pressed hard here, when you have been pushed hard here, has nothing come to help you? I remember being wonderfully helped on this point once,—wonderfully, in these words: "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." O! How grand did Christ's gift of his life, the gift of Himself, the Father's gift of his eternal Son, how glorious did it appear to me! "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." And thus, weak brother, let me point you to your Hope before he made himself of no reputation, before he was made of a woman, before he engaged to come down in our nature, and before he passed by the nature of angels, that your hope may anchor upon the Man Christ Jesus, the Man of sorrows, the Man who became acquainted with grief. And graciously does his wonderful love appear in that he so humbled himself and became obedient to death, that we poor dying mortals might hold fellowship with him, with Jesus of Nazareth, with the Man of sorrows. And he is our Hope in all the mysteries of Godhead, and the mystery of his condescension; for the one is as great a mystery as the other. We shall never be able to fathom either; but blessed be God that the thing has come within the range of our poor finite knowledge; and may grace be given to you, brethren, to dive deep into the Hope of Israel.

Now take a glance of this Hope after he has come in the flesh, after he has suffered in the flesh, after the one offering was made whereby he has perfected for ever all them that are sanctified. Where is our Hope now? Where is our hope now? I say. You remember that he led his disciples out as far as Bethany. You remember it, and he was taken up from them, and a cloud received him out of their sight. Ah! You remember what David said, speaking of this very thing. He said, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in," that the King of glory may come in. "Who is this King of glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. He is the King of glory." Your Hope is the King

of glory; and now he is ascended far above all worlds, Christian, he draws thy heart after him. Yes, he draws thy heart after him; and, as I have already stated, nothing between him and you can satisfy your hope or give you real pleasure. O no! There is an Intercessor with the Father. Having learned obedience by the things he suffered, he is able now to succour those that are tempted; and those amazing words,—I cannot yet understand them, though I believe them,—that in all points—my soul stands here,—I cannot tell how it can be; but it is so—“in all points he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin.” Ah! Here I am defeated. Reason cannot go, but faith lays hold on the fact and will not give it up; and now he is able to succour them that are tempted. And, blessed be his dear name, how often we have felt this truth, how often we have been refreshed, and how often we have cried out, “O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble!”

II. Let us come now to notice, secondly, how it is the prophet *complained* with wonder: “Why shouldest thou be as a wayfaring man that tarrieth only for the night?” Why art thou only as a stranger in the land? Now you know we do not wonder at the prophet using these words when we remember that God dwelt with Israel, and that he said, “Here will I dwell, for I have desired it.” We do not wonder at this prophet using these words when the glory had departed from Israel. No; we do not wonder at it. We see the prophet of lamentation and woe struggling on amongst the people. We see his spirit broken with their wickedness. He comes with his complaint to God, and he is represented to us as interceding with the Almighty in these words: Now the reason why God was a stranger in the land is very evident. The iniquities of Israel were such that the Lord could but visit the people with his chastisement. At this time it was a drought that the people were suffering under; there was no water, and, consequently, the crops were very light. The nobles sent their little ones to the pits, but they returned with their pitchers empty; the ground was chapped; there was no rain, and the wild asses stood and snuffed up the wind like dragons. Everything was blighted; all was dreary; the frown of God was upon the people. Now there is a high sovereignty in all this which the child of grace can trace out beautifully in his own experience. The Lord Jesus could have commanded the hearts of his children to obedience if he had thought it right; but he allowed them to take their own course, to prove that sin is theirs and that grace is God's. The Lord never suddenly withdraws himself from his people. He will begin with a single trouble. Take your own experience. You will find that it is a gradual work. You do not jump out of the enjoyment of divine realities in a moment; and if you take a view of the church, you find that that church does not sink in one instant; or if you look at a family, you find that it is a gradual declension on the part of the family; or if you take a city, you will find that it is not done at one stroke. God is long-

suffering. Or if you take a world, a whole world, you will find that God is always long-suffering, and does not immediately visit the iniquities of the people upon themselves. Take for a moment the world when it was drowned in water. Did God come in a moment, and say, "Now, then, here is a wickedness that I will not endure any longer?" No; but he sends a preacher of righteousness, one imbued with the spirit of grace, and he gives the people 120 years to repent in; but they repented not. Peter, taking up this subject, tells us distinctly that the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, waited 120 years; and when the 120 years were gone, then God came upon the people and he swept them away. There is an awful sovereignty here.

Now these and the like are the causes why God was a way-faring man in Jeremiah's time, and as a stranger that tarrieth only for a night. If you come to a nation, look at Jerusalem; you see the people enjoying all the blessings that God deemed it meet to bestow upon them; but they were destroyed, and you see that they gradually sank. And God tells us that he sent his prophets, rising early and sending them, and beseeching the people to repent of their sins, calling upon them to forsake fountains of deadly waters and to look to that God who had fed them, and who had just before the occasion of our text said to Jeremiah, "Look back to Shiloh to the place where I blessed you." And what is Shiloh now? A desert, a waste. "And I forsook Shiloh, because of your wickedness." And so he says of this people, he will forsake Jerusalem just as he forsook the old world and left it in ruins, saving his few elect. And if you come to examine more closely into what our prophet tells us about the causes of God's withdrawing his countenance from his people, you will find that Ezekiel gives you a beautiful description of the glory of the Lord removing. When Israel's sins had got to such a pitch that God would not endure it longer, the glory of the Lord removed from the cherub on which it sat, and it walked out to the threshold, and it sat down on the threshold of the door; and after a little while it moved from the threshold and it went over above the cherubim, and there it hovered a little while; and, when wearied out, it left the cherubim and went out of the house and went out of Jerusalem; and it stood on the mountain on the east of Jerusalem; and thus the glory of the Lord was leaving his people and his nation. O, my brethren, read the tenth and eleventh chapters of Ezekiel, and you will find there that the glory of the Lord moved away thus through the transgressions of his people.

And if you take a city, a single city, distinct from that immense city of Jerusalem, you see that Nineveh repented once at the preaching of Jonah, and God listened to their repentance, and forgave them; but ere long Nineveh sank. And now read the prophecy of Nahum and you see what became of Nineveh. All went to the ground. And the God of Israel will be glorified in visiting the transactions of man nationally, and in every other way.

See one family. Take Eli. Eli connived at the sins of his sons; he constrained them not, and therefore God took vengeance upon their father. He knew their evils, and he restrained them not. You know the end of Eli. He fell backwards, and died. O, my dear friends, fellow-Christians, let us come to a final point, a point that concerns us more immediately: "The Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble. Why hidest thou thy face, and why art thou as a wayfaring man?" Why does God hide himself from a church? See the Church of Rome. Was there ever a more flourishing Church in the world than the Church of Rome was? Where is she now? I do not say now. I mean for a century or two past, where has she been? What did she become, and what was the cause? Declining from the power of the truth of the gospel, suffering men to introduce schisms, schemes, and projects of their own, and departing from the fountain of living waters. O, brethren, stand fast in the faith. The Lord give you grace to stand firm in the truth as it is in Jesus, and at the very first step and the very first thought of error, instantly pause, instantly pause, and stand fast, as ye have been taught. God will stand by the people who are enabled to stand for him. Let nothing hold you back, then, from maintaining the whole truth of God; and may the glory of God long shine amongst you, and the truths of God be carried from this place by hundreds and thousands of persons, that the world may know that God has a Zion here.

But to ourselves personally, if I ask myself why a darkness, why a gloom, why have I doubtful experience, why no spirit of freedom, why no power in the ministry, why no supplicating force, so to speak, at the throne of grace, why comes it? Have you lost all in one day, or did you not feel a gradual decline? Did you not begin by neglecting God in certain little things? Did you not become worldly? Cannot you tell before God that this and that and the other thing stole away your affections, and drew you away from the fountain of living waters? I speak for myself; I am a guilty man. Thousands of times have I introduced those things that have been the means, in God's just hand, of putting blackness and darkness upon my spirit. Now, how is it with you? You know why God is but a wayfaring man. Have not your sins separated between you and your God? Has not coldness, has not indifference, has not worldly ambition, the family, this thing and that thing? And have you not sometimes, in reading a book that was rather tarnished,—nay, a book that was tarnished with everything but godliness, have you not sometimes given way to reading a novel? O! It is a most detestable thought, but it is a fact; perhaps cheated yourself; O, my dear fellow-sinner! Cheated yourself with your eyes open; cheating your own soul by reading what you know to be a fable, an imagination of the brain, that knows nothing of the grace of God; and yet you will waste your precious time, and degrade that soul, redeemed with precious blood, in poring over that book, and

reading it with all the powers of your mind. O! May heaven withdraw you from such things! No wonder if God be as a wayfaring man; no wonder if God be as a stranger in the land. May the God of Israel give you to understand what it is to tempt the Lord. It is awful! No man can tempt God in a high sense; but in this sense we may; and therefore may the Lord be pleased to give you to see why he is as a wayfaring man, and why he is as a stranger in the land.

This subject might be run on to a great length, and yet kept upon fair gospel grounds. But let us now turn to the last thing, namely,

III. The *troubles* of Israel: "The Saviour thereof in time of *trouble*." Now the first thing I would turn your attention to here is that when our backslidings bring the chastisements of God upon us, it is a mercy for us that we are troubled; yes, it is a mercy. The man that is not troubled, God has given him over to hardness of heart for a time. Ah! It is a great mercy when we are troubled. David, under this chastisement, cries out, "My soul is cast down within me." He was troubled. Now here is a sign of grace in the soul. O! I like to see a troubled soul; I like to see a troubled sinner; I like to see one who understands guilt; and I like to see one who can turn to the Lord and bow down before him with a broken sigh. It does my very heart good to see a poor broken vessel complaining before the Almighty. The very complaint says to me there is life in the heart. Now there are troubles of your own; and each of you knows your own. You have family troubles that I know nothing about. What do you do with them? Do you wrap them up and bemoan them, and say, "I shall not be concerned about that sort of thing?" No; you cannot do that. God has placed you in the family, and you know not what to do sometimes, nor how to turn your hand; and when you cannot tell what to do or how to turn your hand, you turn to the God of your hope, and you say, "Thou art truly the Hope of Israel; thou art the Saviour of thy people. Look into my case, let me see thy hand; let me feel thy power." Here is the child of Israel, here is the child of temptation; here is the child of woe complaining to God and seeking the God of Israel to help him in the day of his troubles. "O the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble!"

Look at Peter, when he was in trouble, lying fast asleep between two soldiers, and in chains; but the church was busy praying,—I say the church was busy praying for Peter there in his troubles; and I dare say Peter could pray too. The angel of the Lord came down in the day of Peter's trouble, and he touched him, and the chains fell off him; and he smote Peter and said, "Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals and come after me." And immediately Peter got up and did as he was bid, and followed the angel. "The Saviour thereof in time of trouble."

O, brethren, what a God we have! And many of you, if you could write your own troubles and your own deliverances, you

would have something to remember. See poor Paul. When he writes to Timothy, he says all his companions forsook him in the time of his trouble when he was brought before Nero the second time. "No man stood by me; but," he says, "the Lord stood by me, and delivered me out of the mouth of the lion." O! How often the Lord's people are delivered out of the mouth of the lion; for the Lord in the day of their trouble stands by them.

Have you never been brought to the very brink of the committal of some sin that would have tarnished your life and your memory after your death? Have you never been brought to the very border of it, and has God not interfered? Has not God prevented you when your purpose was good enough! O vile man! O guilty creature! Have you felt that double battle in this respect? Have you felt that double bridle at this point, when your own bridle and spurs were driving you in one direction, and when God Almighty with this double bridle was holding you back and preventing the evil, and giving you to see the iniquity of your sin? He has given you to feel it, and trouble has appeared, if not presently, yet it has appeared in the distance, and you have been glad to retreat, glad to retire; and you have felt that God has done it. "O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble!"

The reason why God hides himself from his people is plain enough; and yet I repeat in the midst of all this there is a high sovereignty that we cannot get over. God does according to his will in the armies of heaven and among the children of men upon earth, and there is none can stay his hand or say unto him, What doest thou? And what God permits, shall it not shine for his own glory? And what he actually does in you and for you and by you is immediately from his own blessed power and goodness; and therefore the Lord's name is found in all we know and in all we experience as the children of the Lord. "O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble!"

What a mercy when God dwells with the people and is not a stranger! What a mercy when he is amongst them every day, guiding, conducting, and refreshing them! What a mercy when he is manifestly the Hope of Israel! When the people have to complain that God is only a stranger in the land, and is one who visits only occasionally, it is sad, very sad. May it not be so with you.

May the God of Israel shine upon you, and may great plenty of divine things be given to you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Saints are called "vessels of honour," as they are fitted for the Master's use. Wherein consists the honour of angels but in this, that they are ministering spirits, serviceable creatures? And all the apostles gloried in the title of servants. The lowest office in which a man can serve God, even that of Nethinim, or door-keepers, which was the lowest order or rank of officers in the house of God, is yet preferred by David before the service of the greatest prince on earth.—*Flavel*.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

## CHAPTER I.

*Verses 9-11. "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold. We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."*

Christ still speaks. He broke silence in verse 8, in answer to the almost passionate inquiry of the child of God. He now styles this person his love. Not only (in spite of all imperfections in self) the fairest among women, but notwithstanding all unworthiness and misgivings arising therefrom, his love; his, unalterably. But what a singular comparison for this poor feeble creature who had been directed to feed her kids beside the shepherds' tents. She is supposed to have begun to comply with Christ's directions, and now already there begins to be a vigour and excellence in her soul: "*I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots;*" evidently, in one sense of the words; signifying the comeliness, order, and orderly movements of the graces of the Spirit in the soul, and all under the sweet guidance of the great Charioteer, Jesus himself. These cherubim move as he moves them. (Ezek. i.) When Solomon was in his glory he sent, we read, down into Egypt for horses, a sufficient evidence of the excellence of those in Pharaoh's chariots, which doubtless were famed for breed, for beauty, and for training; stepping together. Thus it is with the graces of the Spirit in the new creature. As in the old man there is a perfection of imperfection, if we may so speak, a perfect organization of impiety, therefore called a body of sin with all its members complete; so in the new creature there is a true perfection and completeness of parts. From the first implanting of the divine life in the soul it seems to be so, and all afterwards is but a development or unfolding of this seed of perfectness. Thus the child of God, in respect of these graces, may fitly be compared to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots; and when grace is in the ascendant and acting more powerfully in the soul, this becomes more abundantly manifest. Then Christ in the soul goes forth as in his chariot triumphing over sin, the world, and Satan; and the child of God goes forth triumphantly in the ways of God.

The remaining figures carry out the similitude further, evidently having reference to the comparisons and trappings of the horses in Pharaoh's chariots, and pointing to the various adornments of the child of God in spiritual things. The righteousness of Christ, the wisdom from above, the fruits of the Spirit, these are the trappings of this living soul.

"*We will make thee.*" The Three blessed Persons in the glorious Trinity all have a hand in this matter:

"Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great Sacred Three."

The Father more expressly works in counsel; all is agreeable to

the good pleasure of his will, and answerable to the decrees of his eternal electing love; Jesus the Lord works in life and death the righteousness, the border of gold; and the Holy Spirit works in and by the graces with which he beautifies the soul; and thus there are jewels, and chains of gold, and silver stars of obedience to God in Christ adorning the Christian's life, and bringing glory to the great and gracious Giver; and the command is fulfilled in a way of gracious obedience: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." O, surely, though the child of God himself, that he may glorify Jesus, will principally regard the robe of righteousness with its border of fine gold, there should be some chains of wisdom adorning the conversation, and some pure silver like stars of good works which men may see the shining of, and thus justify our profession of faith in Jesus, and own that Christianity is a doctrine according to practical godliness.

But whilst we apply these things to the individual who has previously been so earnestly seeking after Christ, we cannot help feeling that the words lead to further reflections. The child of God had been directed to "feed her kids beside the shepherds' tents;" and the word has been through grace obeyed. The soul is now amidst the flocks of Jesus in pastures fresh and green, and the noontide sun of temptation and affliction no longer scorches, because shelter and rest are found in Jesus. Companions of a right sort are around; the flocks in sweet order and harmony of the spirit feed around their dear Chief Shepherd Jesus, who is with the under-shepherd and amidst the sheep. Now then the Lord comes in, and uses another similitude to set forth not only the comely order of graces in the individual, but the comely order through graces in the people generally. A pattern church is set before us, as it seems; the various members ruled by Jesus, as a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots; he guides them with his eye; his voice is love; and they move beneath it; his check is godly fear; the breed is perfect, the seed of God remaineth in them; the beauty and symmetry are excellent; the training admirable; harmony reigns amongst them; they step together; vain aspirings are subdued; the leaders go in front without tossing their heads too proudly and snorting defiance against those behind; those that follow keep their places; charity seeketh not her own, much less intrudeth into that which is another's; and all move forward in a sweet harmony of pace, serving God and warring against sin and evil. O what a picture! Truth and love unite the members of the church to Jesus, and one to another in Jesus; all wear his righteousness, all are adorned by his Spirit; each keeps his place. Here is no bolting forward to get to the front; no starting to one side in a proud dissatisfaction because all is not as the individual self would have it. The Lord is seen over them, the Lord governs and guides them; they are as his goodly horse for the day of battle against his foes, and not one another. (Zech. ix.)



But where is there a church answerable to the picture? Are we not almost tempted to say, "Ichabod is written on the churches?" We may be tempted; but, through grace, we resist the temptation, and put the hand upon the mouth of our vain fleshly judgments according to appearances. Still Jesus has a church; still he has his goodly horses, caparisoned and ruled by himself; still he has his orderly, loving, truth-obeying people. "What is the chaff to the wheat?" As the individual seen with eyes of love, in Jesus, and according to the Spirit, is all fair, so the churches of Jesus, where his truth is preached, his ordinances administered, and a godly proportion of his people are present, are seen according not merely to outward appearance or the blemishes of nature, but with gracious eyes; and burying what is forward and froward in individuals, and a thousand blemishes in all, the Lord says, "I have compared thee to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots," susceptible indeed of a good deal of improvement in training, and of much further adornment in spirit and conversation; and therefore, '*We will make thee borders of gold and studs of silver;*' and thy cheeks shall be still more adorned with *rows of jewels, and thy neck with chains of gold.* Truth and love, order and harmony, may reign in the spirit when, through the counteracting of the flesh, they are not so outwardly conspicuous as we might wish; but further training, further discipline of providence and love, shall subdue the evil and unfold the good, and still the root of all excellence is present, and we must judge not after the flesh but righteous judgment. God sees not as man sees. He speaks of things not as they at present are, but as they exist in his design; or if he speaks of them as at present existing, it is in respect to his people as seen in Christ. He calls the things that are not as though they were. This is indeed for the most part the Lord's training time. Pharaoh's horses, though excellent in breed and comely in proportions, would require much careful, patient training to fit them for his chariots. They would have various natural tempers, some more fiery, some sullen, some perhaps over tame. So in the churches; and the marvel is that such diverse characters are brought into so goodly a harmony as does exist; therefore, though we would pray for a greater conformity to the pattern, we would neither scorn the present degree of resemblance, nor despair of improvement. Almighty love can style us, and Almighty power can make us as a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

12. "*While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*"

How sweet is communion with Jesus! How sweet the communion of saints in Jesus! How precious to hold Jesus in the arms of faith, to sit as it were at table with the Lord, and pour out the soul's feelings into his bosom. These things are now spoken of. The child of God has found the Lord; Jesus is present; and not only with the individual soul, but the company of believers, who can now echo the confidence of the creed: "I

believe in the communion of saints." The King is represented as at his table, and the child of God is represented as expressing unto him the joy and delight felt in his presence. The words may be unfolded more generally and more particularly.

1. More *generally*. The king, of course, is the same who has been spoken of all along,—the King of Zion and King of saints, the Lord Jesus. His sitting at table represents the act of communing with his people. He spreads the feast, provides for the guests, washes them in his blood, clothes them in his righteousness, anoints them with his Spirit, and comes into their hearts and communes with them in love. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man open the door I will come in and sup with him and he with me." "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse. I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey." This may all take place in the individual soul at any time when Jesus is pleased graciously to go and be the guest of a man who is a sinner. Then he takes pleasure in the graces of his Spirit in the child of God's heart, feeds amongst those lilies, and feasts the soul on his own precious love; unfolds his truths, delights the heart with divine discoveries, and says, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

Now the soul receiving the sweet communications of his love and delighted with his presence, "*the spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*" This spikenard represents the gracious affections of the renewed soul, love, joy, delight in Jesus, godly sorrow, and divine desire; and the spikenard sending forth its smell signifies these graces in lively exercise, and flowing forth unto the Lord Jesus in various ways. Every child of God has an alabaster box of very precious ointment bestowed upon him; costly in its nature, yet freely given. This is a renewed heart with the sweet graces of the Spirit enriching it; and, like Mary of old, they at these favoured times have the box broken for them, or are given a broken heart from which flow forth in the greatest sweetness desires and praises to the Lord Jesus. And when many hearts are together united in this sweet work, may we not say, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad?"

2. But more *particularly*. Where on earth can this, or at least should this, more be the case than where the assemblies of the saints meet in church fellowship at the ordinance of the Lord's supper, to celebrate his dying love? The table is the Lord's, the feast of his institution. He comes in to see the guests. In self-abasement and living faith they wear the festal robe of his imputed righteousness. They have nothing of their own to plead for acceptance with the Father; their plea is Jesus. They sit thus self-condemned and self-abasing; but without tormenting fear, trusting to the Lord Jesus. The King takes the head of the table, and says, "Take, eat. This is my body, which is broken for you. Drink ye all of this. It is the blood of the new testament shed for your sins, and sealing the covenant." They

do this in remembrance of him. With spiritual intelligence they look beyond the sign to the thing signified; and Christ, spiritually received into their hearts by faith, becomes their soul's delightful food. The bread and wine, as most significant emblems, lead their minds to what they represent, and

"They eat his flesh and drink his blood  
In signs of bread and wine."

Then, if faith is in exercise upon Christ's dying love, how can their spikenard but send forth the smell thereof? How can there be otherwise than a flowing forth of godly sorrow, gracious desires, love, and delight unto the Lord Jesus? Nay, their very countenances will sometimes be expressive of these feelings, as the tears of godly sorrow flow from their eyes; yet tears less of sorrow than of joy; showers with the sunshine breaking through them; a mingling of joy and sorrow at the same time; tears that they should be so vile; joy that Jesus should be so gracious. Here there is an avoidance of superstition on the one hand and of levity on the other. The bread is bread, the wine wine, the emblems emblems; there is no vain Popish adoration of the mere created substance, as though priestly hands had turned it into a present deity; but still there is solemnity and deep seriousness. The bread represents as in a sign the broken body of Jesus. Of this they think, on this they ponder. The wine represents to them his shed blood; they cannot intelligently and faithfully commemorate thus the crucifixion of their Lord and Master, and be as unconcerned, apathetic spectators, repeating in themselves the scenes of Calvary, where many stood by as careless, unaffected beholders. They often, indeed, do not feel as they would at these solemnities. They mourn over the hardness of their hearts; but when they cannot sweetly feel, they still, if at all in a proper state of mind, yield a reverential obedience, and desire not to be guilty of what Paul styles an irreverence in respect of the Lord's body. Sometimes the season is exceedingly sweet to them. They feast on dying love, faith realizes more fully and vividly the King as present at the table, and then is the verse of the Song fulfilled: "While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof."

13, 14. "*A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.*"

The child of God, the spouse of Jesus, continues her speech expressive of the sweetness and preciousness of Jesus. Of course the figures are taken from Eastern customs, from the females using perfumes, and plucking and wearing in the bosom the clusters of camphire; and indeed similar customs not only prevail in the East, but in other parts of the world.

But why is Christ compared to "myrrh?"

The myrrh was a kind of gum, bitter, exceedingly bitter, in taste, but sweet in perfume. What emblem more fitting, then, to convey to the mind thoughts of a crucified Christ,—of his sufferings and

death, things most bitter in themselves and yet most fragrant to his people's hearts? Yea, still an offence to the carnal mind; for the offence of the cross has not ceased; but a delightful fragrance to the new creature; as a death to the flesh but a savour of life to the spirit. Well, then, we see the meaning; the child of God's desire is to carry all through the night of this world, this time of sorrow, remembrance of the Lord Jesus's death, as the sweetest antidote of sorrow, a balm for every affliction. Thus Berridge writes:

"Lord, let thy wondrous cross employ  
My musings all day long,  
Till in the realms of endless joy  
I make it all my song."

Were this prayer completely answered, the heart would obtain the best possible comment upon the words: "*He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.*"

Again, the "camphire" was a plant,—possibly as some say, the henna,—which bore clusters of fair blossoms, having a most exquisite perfume, pleasant to the eye, fragrant to the smell. "The vineyards of Engedi" were exceedingly fruitful. And here we may assume grew in Solomon's days the camphire in abundance. The whole assemblage of images is pleasant. Engedi, "the fountain of felicity," this the locality, vineyards, camphire; and the camphire with its sweet fair blossoms delighting the various senses. All the images are combined in one Christ:

"Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own."

But the felicity is to wear him, to pluck, if we may use the expression, the clusters of camphire and carry them in the bosom; to have Jesus as sweetest flowers shedding his fragrance o'er the soul, and delighting the spiritual sight. His Person, his work, his graces, as clusters of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi. Poets sometimes write of mortals wearing the white flower of innocence. Very pretty, very poetical; but, alas! The innocence is human innocence; and this is a flower sadly devoid of whiteness to a spiritual mind; indeed one should think to any but a poetical one with its idealizations. But the thought is verified in the believer in Jesus, especially at times. He wears Jesus in his heart, carries him in his bosom. Here is innocence indeed. This is a flower which angels, with their unsinning natures, might envy sinners the possession of. O my soul, mayest thou turn away from mortal innocence to the Immortal Jesus,

"Who lived, who died, who lives again  
For thee, his saint, for thee."

Then shalt thou say with the spouse, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi."

15-17. "*Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes. Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant; also our bed is green. The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.*"

We have in these three verses a continuation of the dialogue between Christ and the espoused soul. Christ speaks in the first of the verses; the child of God, as we apprehend, in the last two, our conclusion being drawn from the use of the words, "My love" in the first case, which seems Christ's ordinary way of addressing his spouse, and "my beloved" in the following verse, which is more the style of the child of God in addressing Jesus.

Christ calls the wondering attention of the child of God to a fact; and as the thing seems to surpass credence, there is a repetition of the word, "Behold." "*Behold, thou art fair, my love. Behold, thou art fair.*" Indeed, here are two almost incredible things asserted,—that such a poor wretched creature should be Christ's love, that such a poor sinful creature should be fair. No one knows the difficulty of believing these things but the soul which has been deeply convinced of sin, and made conscious of its own vileness, and of the unspeakable difference between creature and Creator, and the immeasurable distance between the sinful unholy creature and the just and glorious Creator. But Christ can constrain to this sweet and blessed believing: "God shall *persuade* (margin of Bible) Japhet, and he shall dwell in the blessed tents of Shem. (Gen. ix. 27.) In the verse under notice Christ does thus constrain. He speaks twice because the thing is certain; but the soul hardly to be persuaded.

But what is the connexion between this fairness and the "dove's eyes?" What are these dove's eyes? for it would seem where dove's eyes are wanting, fairness does not exist, or at any rate cannot be beheld. Dove's eyes are eyes of faith and spiritual understanding; and these two always go together,—spiritual understanding and true faith. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Hence both the love and the fairness of the verse are utterly incomprehensible to him, for they are spiritual, being things in Christ. The love is the eternal love of God as in Christ, the fairness the spiritual fairness of the person who is seen in Jesus. Moral fairness, legal holiness, nature can in some degree conceive of, and to a certain extent admire. Natural love in God to his creatures, and conditional love to his unsinning servants, nature can comprehend; but as for this fairness of the vile and uncomely as invested and adorned with the beauty of Jesus, this special, peculiar, unconditional, undying love of God to his elect, nature cries out against it, and knows not what or whence it is. "Moses we know," cried the blind Pharisees; "but as for this fellow" (the Lord Jesus), "we know not whence he is."

Here, then, we see the connexion of the dove's, the Spirit's eyes, with both the fairness and the apprehension of it.

"Proud Nature cries,  
"This imputation I despise!"

But the dove's eyes behold the mysteries of redeeming love and imputed righteousness with wonder and delight. Therefore, when

Christ has thus spoken, the believer sweetly responds: "*Behold, thou art fair, my beloved.*" Here the stress is to be laid upon the word "thou," and the "behold" changes its signification; as though the child of God said, "Ah, Lord! When I look at myself as I am in and of myself, I am ashamed at my own inexpressible vileness. Yes, Lord, it is thou who art fair; thou art the altogether lovely; and it is thy fairness investing me makes me thus fair as thou art in thy sight. Behold, it is thou, not I who am fair. I am comely in thy comeliness put upon me."

It is possible that a thing may be allowed to be excellent and yet not be beloved. Most people will allow virtue in the abstract to be very fair, but then they practically give the preference to vice. They salute virtue with their praises, but bow down to vice in their practice. So Balaam praised the tents of Israel, but wished to curse them. So many persons will give Jesus a good word, "Lord, Lord," but not do the things which he says. He is fair to their mouths, but far otherwise to their hearts and practice. But the child of God here joins pleasantness with fairness: "*Yea, pleasant.*" Christ and his cross as well as Christ and his heaven; Christ as the bundle of myrrh as well as Christ as the fair blossoming branch of camphire; Christ as he is; Christ with reproaches, trials, deaths; Christ just as he is, is pleasant to the heart that embraces him, and fair to the dove's eyes of his people.

How different is vital religion, a religion of truth and life in combination, to the innumerable substitutes and counterfeits which take its place.

"*Also,*" says the living child of God, "*our bed is green.*" The bed here is that of sweet gospel truth as it is in Jesus. This is the reposing place of Christ and his people. They shall rest in their beds, each one going on still in his true uprightness. And truth, in the spirit and life of it, is not only a bed of repose but a source of spiritual fruitfulness. The child of God is dead to the law by the body of Christ, and married to another, even Christ as raised from the dead, that the soul in new and holy union to Christ should bring forth fruit unto God. Thus the bed is green. The bed of the Arminian, if it can be called green, because productive of a certain kind of fruitfulness, is neither holy nor easy; the bed of the notional Calvinist, if easy, is far from verdant; and the bed of dead remembrances of long-past experiences, without any present life or power, is a vacant bed as to Him who is the present life and joy of the living Christian; and in it the unfortunate one lies alone; and Solomon tells us that in such a case there will be a lack of warmth. Let, then, the child of God lie in the true bed, a bed of pure truth livingly possessed in a living exercised conscience; let no other but the Lord Jesus invade that bed of the conscience. Let the Law keep to its proper place, the flesh, the legal-hearted professor's conscience. Let it there be the partner of the unbelievers; but let the spouse of Christ be chaste to the heavenly Bridegroom, and bring forth fruit of a Gospel kind to God. And this will surely be the case; for

the bed is green. "Marriage is honourable in all and the bed undefiled; but adulterers God will judge." (Heb. xiii. 4, comp. with Luke xvi. 18.)

Happy the soul that is thus espoused as a chaste virgin to the Lord Jesus! Sooner or later, all those who are not thus wedded to Christ will find themselves turned out of house and home; or rather their vain buildings will come down about their ears. The world passeth away and the things thereof. The earthly house of this tabernacle must be dissolved. Buildings of vain self-righteous or false religious hopes will all come to nothing. All things apart from Christ are marked with perishableness; but it is not so with Christ and his church and the things in him. Here all is eternal.

Hence it is that the child of God concludes by saying, with a sweet and holy complacency, "*The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.*" The words evidently are designed to signify what is durable and excellent, and thus the spouse is represented as having an enduring home, a bed of everlasting rest, a religion ever new, and still productive of fresh peace, fresh hopes, fresh joys: "Our bed is green. The beams of our house are cedar and our rafters of fir." The men of the world think their houses shall continue for ever; the things that are seem to be substantial realities. Fleshly religion is very prolific as it appears; for more are the children of her who at length becomes desolate than of the married wife, saith the Lord. The church of God, the soul espoused to Jesus, and dependent upon him for everything, seems to be barren, and the things of Jesus seem foolishness to the carnal mind. Nothing seems less stable than the true church, the house of the godly; but faith sees all in a different point of view, and pronounces the true judgment. The bed of Christ is really green; the church, the house of wisdom, in all its parts, endures for ever.

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### GOODNESS AND MERCY.

My dear Friend and beloved Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ, —He is a Friend that loveth at all times, and in all troubles, trials, crosses, temptations, and afflictions. He sticketh closer than any other brother; so that he will never leave nor forsake his poor dear tried children. His eye is upon them, and his ear is open to their cry. This we have both proved for ourselves again and again.

But I have been thinking over some of my debts. Now the Lord hath given me a great dislike to being in debt, and the scriptures tell us not to owe any man anything but love. Therefore I must acknowledge my debt to my old friend Link. But as I have now a little time on hand, I will try and pay my debt, by writing a line once more to my faithful friend, just to let him see that I have not forgotten him, but that his name and person are still in remembrance.

And now what can I say to him? Why this one thing I can feelingly say, that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and that the Lord daily loadeth me with benefits; and all that I want is a heart of gratitude to thank my dear Lord and Master for all his goodness, mercy, and loving-kindness to worthless me and mine. But here I fall short every day of my life; and my poor soul sighs and groans out under my shortcomings upon this point as well as upon every other point. What a poor, blind, ignorant, empty, filthy, guilty wretch I am! Truly my religion is shut up in a very small compass. I am living upon an Object out of sight; but, blessed be his dear name, not long out of mind and memory. No. He is my soul's all and in all. I have nothing else to hang upon but the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ for my whole salvation and acceptance with the Father; neither do I want anything else, for my own righteousness is nothing but filthy rags; therefore my soul abhors such, and cleaves to the righteousness of another Man. And a glorious dress it is; and I am looking forward to that time when my soul will appear before God as accepted in the Beloved, clothed in that glorious robe.

What a wonderful feeling Daniel must have been favoured with in his hour of distress, when he was confessing his own sins and the sins of his people, when the Lord sent such a message of mercy to his heart and to give him this testimony: "To finish the transgression and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in an everlasting righteousness." O my dear friend, what good tidings these things are! When the Holy Ghost applies them to the heart and conscience, it makes the poor prodigal sing of love and blood, and causes his heart to dance for joy in the courts of his heavenly Father; and then the soul can eat, drink, and be merry. And when the dear Lord shines into my heart and shows himself to my soul, how beautiful is his countenance, how lovely is his voice, and how willingly my soul does then walk in his ways! I can then look forward with joy to the end of the race, and can say that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding;" for I am sure that the way of man is not in himself, and that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps; for "a good man's steps are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way."

The Lord bless you and yours. My dear wife unites with me in love to yourself and your wife, and to all the friends by name.

Yours affectionately,

Godmanchester, Oct. 17, 1862.

T. GODWIN.

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AMONGST things to be taken heed of among private Christians is a bold usurpation of censure towards others, not considering their temptations. Some will unchurch and unbrother in a passion; but distempers do not alter true relations. Though the child in a fit should disclaim the mother, yet the mother will not disclaim the child.—*Sibbes*.



*LOST AND FOUND.*

[The following was marked for insertion by Mr. Philpot.]

I WALK'D this earth full fifty years,  
A Christian but in name;  
Ne'er felt the spirit's contrite tears  
For sin's tremendous shame.

But sickness came, and call'd aloud;  
I recklessly pass'd on,  
And, in self-righteousness more proud,  
Ask'd God what I had done.

Louder it call'd; death came in view;  
It only moved my fears,  
But never brought me to his feet  
With heart-relenting tears.

But he who from eternity  
Knew all about my birth,  
Decreed his holy fiery law  
Should burn me out of earth.

Decreed that I should one day prove  
Christ's everlasting love,  
And find no rest till in the Ark  
Like Noah's trustful dove.

Think you that Israel of old,  
Down to their latest breath,  
Oft to their children must have told  
Of that tremendous death;

When, at God's commanding word,  
The Avenging Angel flew,  
And, where the blood could not be seen,  
All Egypt's first-born slew?

So think you I could e'er forget  
That ne'er-forgotten hour,  
When God the Spirit applied the sword  
Of the law's tremendous power?

Yes, in the twinkling of an eye,  
From babyhood to that day,  
Blazed forth each hidden secret sin,  
In terrible array.

Stern Justice pointed to the roll  
Held fast within his hand,  
And call'd for thought, and word, and deed,  
Before God's law to stand.

Just like the bird in airy flight,  
Shot in the heart and head,  
So Sinai's scorching, withering light  
Crush'd her poor soul as dead.

O! From that hour what sighs and groans,  
What restless nights and days!  
The secret place, the secret moans,—  
O! What mysterious ways!

No prayer-book, no formal round,  
 No lip-unmeaning prayer,  
 But, like the shipwreck'd drowning man,  
 Cries, cries of real despair.

Hope, hope deferr'd, how sick at heart,  
 Yon mourning souls can tell,  
 Panting to know if you have a part  
 In heaven or in hell.

Sometimes a softening precious word,  
 Like dew-drops from on high,  
 Raised up a sweet and budding hope  
 That Christ the Lord was nigh.

Alas! The law with strength comes in,  
 And crushes all again;  
 While Satan, with reviving sin,  
 Cries out that hope is vain.

But Christ in the promise shines more clear,  
 Reveals himself alone,  
 Battles with her dark and slavish fear,  
 And takes his rightful throne.

O! What grand promises! How rich,  
 Seal'd by a Saviour's blood;  
 Thy soul shall as a garden be  
 When passing Jordan's flood.

The year of my redeem'd is come;  
 Christ waits to set thee free;  
 O! Welcome, lovely Jesus, Lord,  
 I long to dwell with thee.

Of manna I'll give thee to eat,  
 In my Father's house above,  
 A pure white stone, and a new name,  
 My own new name of love.

Thy shoes shall be iron and brass;  
 As thy days thy strength be.  
 Come, rest thy head upon my breast,  
 For I have redeem'd thee.

Ah! Now the scene is greatly changed  
 Since Jesus to her came,  
 And she who fear'd the judgment axe  
 Can lisp a Father's name.

But ne'er till now could she thus take  
 "Father" upon her tongue,  
 Lest to the lowest pit of hell  
 By Justice she'd be flung.

But now this name, with child-like fear  
 And holy love, is thine;  
 Because that Christ has brought her near,  
 Into her Father's shrine.

From Sinai's burning mountain-flame  
 To Zion's lovely, holy place,  
 To see thy Father's glory all  
 Shine in thy Saviour's face.

From curses, bondage, darkness, too,  
 To Jerusalem free above;  
 From the bondman's hard work for life  
 To the child's free works of love;

From Satan, self, and world, and sin,  
 Which plagued thee night and day;  
 All now, before the face of Jesus,  
 Like cowards skulk away.

And death, pale death, who often smiled,  
 Did triumph over thee;  
 He is but Christ's own messenger  
 To set thy spirit free.

Thou dost the jewel only loose  
 From its dark and cumbrous case,  
 To be reset by Jesus  
 In his own immortal grace.

Thus did this blood-bought sinner  
 Feel Jesu's presence now,  
 The glory of Immanuel  
 Lit up her dying brow.

She saw the heavens were opening;  
 She heard the music swell,  
 She welcomed Christ her Conqueror,  
 O'er sin, and death, and hell.

These were her words when sinking,  
 And just before her death,  
 Determined to praise sweet Jesus  
 With her expiring breath.

While the hand of death was on her,  
 To two sisters round her bed,  
 Jealous of her Saviour's glory,  
 These faithful words she said.

She told them how the Spirit  
 Had quicken'd her from sin;  
 Told them of the soul-agonies  
 For months she had been in;

Told them of those wretched fears  
 Which plagued her night and day,  
 Till Jesus came with pardoning blood,  
 And swept them all away.

Then, with sweet love but faithfulness,  
 These last words spoke to them,  
 "Remember these my dying words:  
 You must be born again."

To one who spoke of the outward sign,  
 Valuing the priest's false breath,  
 Against them breathed her testimony  
 Like the martyrs at their death.

I want no priest but Jesus,  
 To absolve me from my sin;  
 No mediator but Jesus,  
 The conqueror's crown to win;

No presence but sweet Jesus,  
 When I lay down to die;  
 No voice but the voice of Jesus,—  
 “Be not afraid, 'tis I.”

Thus did this jewel of Jesus,  
 Bought with his own heart's blood,  
 Tell how he had saved her,  
 To all who round her stood.

None rarely ever had witness'd,  
 At life's last flickering breath,  
 Such holy child-like confidence  
 As Christ gave her in death.

And one, an old disciple,  
 As he knelt around her bed,  
 Found it breathed far more of heaven  
 Than the chamber of the dead.

And once I heard her say,  
 When Christ had set her free,  
 Had I ten thousand tongues  
 What he has done for me.

I never could praise him enough  
 Nor his glories ever could tell;  
 O! What a long-suffering Saviour  
 To pluck such a brand from hell.

Come, all ye mourners, hungry, thirsty,  
 Ye poor in spirit too,  
 Come, all ye law-wreck'd sinners,  
 And see what Christ can do.

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### THE DYING TESTIMONY OF THE LATE MR. ABRAHAMS TO THE ETERNAL SONSHIP OF CHRIST.

ABOUT two months before his decease, Mr. Abrahams preached a sermon from Song v. 16: “His mouth is most sweet.” Speaking of the glorious Person of the Son of God, he says, Now, then, regarding the Person the church is speaking about. Say you, “Well, I suppose nobody will have much trouble to know that?” Well, perhaps they may not; but still the Lord gives ministerial ability to talk a little to the poor children about him; and Christians, when they do talk about him, like to hear and bless God for it. You will agree with my way of preaching, that, in the first place, we ought to know his personal beauty and glory; and, secondly, there is evidently the relationship of his Person in the text, and what that is.

In the first place, then, his personal glory should never be left out of a discourse; for he is the eternal, co-equal, co-glorious Son of God, in majesty and in power, the Creator of all things, and by whom everything was made and created, and for his own glory; consequently, the eternal Son of God is by the church always worshipped. If he were not God we should be idolaters to worship him, to love him, to give him the adoration he de-

mands from the church of the living God. Therefore, whoever denies his eternal Godhead is a dire heretic; and if he dies so he will be damned. He is, then, in his Person the eternal Son of God. He never was made the Christ of God at all. For this is a little mistake that many good men make. The Christ of God, you must understand, signifies the Son of God incarnate and anointed with the fulness of the Holy Ghost. For the word Christ in the Hebrew is as you have it in the second Psalm: "Yet have I set my King" ("anointed" in the margin). The Greek word Christ signifies also "the anointed;" it is plainly the anointed of the Lord, and, therefore, God did not want anointing in his Godhead. As the eternal Son of God, all the eternal Deity of the Godhead dwells in him personally. As is the Father, so is the Son and so is the Holy Ghost. The Father eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal; and yet they are not three eternal, but one eternal Jehovah.

"I cannot understand it," says the Socinian. "Understand yourself first, fool." Can you understand yourself? Did you ever read in the Bible that God must be worshipped because you can understand him? It is not common sense; and yet you profess to be logical and philosophical, you Socinians, if there are any here. For a finite being to comprehend an infinite Being is nonsense. Neither do you read in God's word that you are to comprehend him; but all that you read is that you are to acknowledge what he reveals himself to be: "To the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." That is all. For an incomprehensible Being to be comprehended by a finite being is to tell a child to take up this chapel in his arms and run away with it.

So much, then, for that matter.

Again. The Son of God, if he were not the eternal Jehovah, how could he speak such awful words unto the poor man when he asked who he was. He said, "Thou knowest. I AM," was the reply. And he fell down and worshipped him. But his incarnation did not make him less the Son of God or less the eternal Jehovah. He was Jehovah in the virgin's womb, in his human nature, upon the cross, in the grave. He was Jehovah through the whole of it.

Again. He is perfect God and Man, yet not two Christs; for his Personality remains the same, and his taking of human nature did not make another person. That would introduce a very ancient error. Where my dear brethren (Jews) are in captivity (in Abyssinia), they hold this heresy. They profess to be Christians there, and yet hold this heresy of two Christs. Well, we who are taught of God must not do so. I tell you he took a nature which had no personality; hence the Holy Ghost is very particular, and says, "That holy *thing*" (not "that holy *person*") which shall be born of thee, being united to the Son of God, shall be called Immanuel; and never shall be altered; for the gifts and callings of God are without repentance.

## ENCOURAGING TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—I am glad to see the "G. S." once more, on this new year, as I had many fears, in common with many of my friends, as to its continuance as a living, searching, and encouraging, reproving, and distinguishing savoury journal, expedience being now the rule in preaching and journalism, and not the exception. With heart and soul I welcome this January number as an honest and faithful, as well as an able savoury number; and although the address lacks that keen dissection of our inmost thoughts and feelings, and the deep recesses of iniquity being laid bare, yet it has life and sobriety, ability, and a fervent breathing for the honour of God and the welfare of the churches, as well as a kind caution against deadly soul-destroying, God-degrading errors, and building upon a false foundation,—things much needed at this time, when the darkness is so great that the owls and the bats are flying in all directions, and the foxes and wolves and serpents are hard at work to spoil the tender vines, devour the sheep, and poison the household of faith.

Many a faithful prayer has gone up for the "Standard" to be continued, at its proper elevation of doctrine, experience, and practice, and for it to be circulated amongst the poor, tried, single-plagued, world-hated, and Satan-tempted people of God; for they only can truly feel the consolation and comfort the "Standard" contains. Many a precious time have I had in reading its contents. When I have considered my temptations singular, and my afflictions and trials peculiar to myself, I have found, on reading the "Standard," I had company, and have been encouraged and strengthened thereby. The power of Satan seems directed through Popery and Puseyism against the Bible and civil and religious liberty; and what artillery and bombs he has already provided in high places in this nation is only known to themselves, Satan, and the Lord. But "*the Lord reigneth*" over both aristocracy, priests, and devils; and a blessed truth it is "*he must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet.*" (1 Cor. xv. 25.)

This is a serious time for the living church of God; and whilst we unitedly lament the loss of our late editor, whose worth we cannot estimate, and some blessed men of God, as that imimitably meek and useful servant of God, the late dear Mr. Kershaw, and others, yet we have the blessed satisfaction of knowing that he who gave the late precious mighty Philpot his learning, genius, and spiritual life and light and uprightness, faithfulness, and fruitfulness, and a dear Kershaw his sweet disposition, large measure of unction, and special usefulness and acceptance, still lives, and has assured his church he lives for ever, and that because he lives they shall live also (Jno. xiv. 19); whilst the continent of Europe is convulsed by war, and other nations seem preparing for it; whilst the heavens seem black with clouds of

judgment and punishments for the world; whilst the mists of heresy from the bottomless pit are steaming off through Oxford and Cambridge, through Universities, Colleges, and Dissenting Academies; whilst the Protestant Constitution seems tottering under superstition, venality, and the subtle insinuations of Jesuitism; whilst an increasing tendency to Sabbath desecration is pampered and fed, and religious gaming is advocated by high authorities; we "know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.) And dark as things look, keen and numerous as are our foes with strife, and while coldness exists in many of our beloved churches, yet we enter the new year as much beloved, as perfectly chosen, as fully redeemed, and as really begotten and as veritable heirs of salvation and the promises as that part of the family that have been gathered by the great Gatherer of Israel, Jesus Christ, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Although the year gone has seen the fall of giants in the faith of the gospel, yet, blessed be God, he that made them strong still promises to the worms that are left in the wilderness: "As thy days, thy strength shall be;" and although sword, famine, and a Popish Government may reign, our liberty be taken away, and our ministers be cast into prison, truth be universally hated and the Bible closed by authority, and all manner of contumely be poured upon the church of God; although men,—reprobate men and devils, be permitted to do their worst, yet all they can do is not the millionth part as bad as black despair! Despair! O! Despair!!! What men or devils can do is by permission; but devils and reprobate men are increasing their own condemnation, and the children of God still feel their God whom they serve is able to deliver them, and He will deliver them! This is the mercy to Zion: "On this Rock will *I build* my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!" (Matt. xvi. 18.)

Our blessed Lord is still omnipotent, still omniscient, and still gracious; and whatever be our lot in this year, whether life or death, sickness or health, poverty or wealth, darkness or light, temptation or the blessed indulgence of manifest favour and sweet fellowship with the ravishing love of a precious Jesus, or bitter experience of a desperate filthy, carnal nature, or the blessed precious contrition under a manifest revelation of a suffering dying Redeemer; or whether a mixture of all these, it must still be as the poet sings:

"All things to us must work for good,  
For whom the Lamb has shed his blood."

Although I am but a poor shattered wreck of my former self, yet with heartfelt gratitude to God that we still have such men left who can write such an address and the piece that follows it,

Your sincere Well-wisher and Fellow-partaker of the Consolation and Comfort of the precious Gospel of Christ Jesus,

THE COLLIER.

THE LAW KILLETH, BUT THE SPIRIT  
GIVETH LIFE.

My dear P.,—Last night Mr. Hobbs's text made me think of your dear father. It was in one of his favourite psalms: "Now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee." (xxxix.) A solemn appeal to the Almighty it is, and I felt much reproof. He exactly described my present case; my thoughts and desires being so much occupied with earthly objects, as though they were all I was waiting for. He showed that as soon as the understanding in children began to expand, they commenced looking out and waiting for *something*, and so they continued until death, ever craving, only to be disappointed because the attainment did not answer the expectation; and this, in the case of those who are not quickened into life, is all they have to buoy them up and keep them going, looking forward to some earthly enjoyment, to find it only a cheat and a deception. But when quickened into life, and the eyes of the sinner are opened to see the awful eternity they are hastening to, and he is made to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and that he is the chief of sinners, and really to believe with an awakened mind the truth of God's word that "the soul that sinneth it shall die," and to feel the spirituality of God's holy law, that "he who offends in one point is guilty of all;" while he is also made to see in that holy law the holiness and terrible majesty of the most high God displayed, and to feel it as it is set forth in Heb. xii., that so terrible was the sight that even Moses, the servant of the Lord, said, I exceedingly fear and quake; the quickened sinner dies to all hope that by the deeds of the law he can be justified. But when, under the teaching of the blessed Spirit of God, Jesus Christ, as the end of the law for righteousness, is testified of, and held forth in his word and the preaching of the gospel; that is good news to the poor perishing sinner, who, by the law working wrath and condemnation in his conscience, has become dead to the law.

But what is such a soul,—in real earnest about eternal salvation,—what is he *waiting for*? Why, for what dear old Jacob said on his death-bed. While blessing his children, he stopped, and said, "I have *waited* for thy *salvation*." That is the thing waited for by a quickened soul all the days of his life. He waits for the pardon of sin, and waits for the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sin; and when he gets this he is kept still waiting for the appearance of Jesus Christ to hear his voice; for, as the dear Saviour says, "My sheep hear my voice, and they know me, and they follow me." But as dear Mr. Hobbs showed, it often happens with his own dear children they get some desire of the flesh into their minds; and it is so powerful that it really occupies most of their thoughts. And he further said, "It often happens, if this matter becomes too absorbing, that God sends a worm, as he did to poor Jonah's gourd, and it withers. You, like Jonah, may get angry; but it will not avail. Submission is



best. It will do more for you than all your anger and fighting against God. But I do know that submission is one of God's good and perfect gifts. It does not grow in nature's garden, nor can we produce it or work ourselves up into that state, or even pray for it, unless the blessed Spirit operates upon us, or in us, as the Spirit of grace and supplication." O! What poor helpless sinners we are! As Mr. Hart says:

"'Tis all a gift; let no man boast;  
For Jesus came to save the lost."

Now I would just give my dear friend a piece of advice; and that is, keep one of Mr. Hart's hymn books in your pocket or constantly by you; and get into what trouble or difficulty you may, turn to that little book, and if it is blessed to you as it has been to me, it will afford you comfort and direction in your afflictions. I have found it so for 50 years, and rarely have I been in trouble (and that has been very often) but some comfort or direction has been afforded me by it. When I was young, and first began to read it for a blessing, it was wonderful how sweet and precious it was to me! Sometimes when in the deepest anxiety a few lines would keep sounding through my mind for days. Much as I love and read Mr. Huntington's writings, and much as they have been blessed to me, yet I think that little book of hymns has been more so, and more also than all other books that I have read, and they are many. Think also how dying saints have been blessed by them!\* And now, when too much reading tries my eyes, I have no one to read to me. Poor dear Mary, who was my special help in this respect, and does it so nicely, is so weak that a few pages quite exhaust her; so I get Mr. Hart's hymns and sit with them for hours. I know them so well that it is only to look at the first line, and then I can repeat the rest to myself; so I save my eyes and generally get a little comfort, and it moreover keeps my thoughts occupied with something better than my wretched self. And I do now find them as sweet as at the first. He well knew the depravity of his own heart and the preciousness of the Saviour, as he says:

"The needy know, and none but they,  
How precious is the Saviour."

And

"O could we but with clearer eyes  
His excellences trace;  
Could we his person learn to prize,  
We more should prize his grace."

And now at this time he expresses my desires:

"Give wisdom to direct my way  
And strength to do thy will."

Yours most affectionately,

Denmark Hill, July 25, 1867.

EDWARD DOUDNEY.

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\* It would seem at first reading of this part of the letter that the writer preferred Hart's hymns to the Bible; but such was by no means the fact. Mr. Doudney was not only a true lover of the Bible, but he was one of the greatest scripturians of the day, knowing the Bible almost by heart.

## A BUSHMAN.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have long been desired to send a word of sympathy to you after the death of dear Mr. Philpot, but have not been able until now, feeling myself utterly incompetent. But I hereby express my own and, I believe, the feelings of my friends, who were all deeply attached to Mr. P., myself, perhaps, in particular, for that his "Heir of Heaven" and "Winter Afore Harvest" were the means of more effectually stripping me than any other work I had ever seen, and then of comforting and causing me to hope. He seemed to me like a skilful physician, who had skill first to probe the wound to the bottom, and then pour in the healing balsam. And sure I am that a real child of God cannot nor will be comforted only as the depth of his malady is brought to view. And why? He does not know his hopeless case. And then, says the tempter, "If you were a child of God he would not suffer you to sink thus low." And here rolled in self-pity, murmuring, and rebellion, for that the Lord has not dealt so kindly with me as with others. Why does he not subdue my sins and give me rest? I cried, I strove, I prayed to be dissolved. I would serve him without sin, as some people say they do. Why, then, does he not deliver me? My soul sank into such a sense of hardness I could not shed a tear for a world; and the question, "Why hast thou hardened my heart from thy fear?" came into my mind. This was sinking low indeed.

The great distinguishing point between a Peter and a Judas, a Francis Spira and the soul held fast by omnipotent love, is this: The one is really hardened, the other has a living principle that mourns over its sense of hardness and longs for the Lord's return.

But I have involuntarily run away into a labyrinth of above fourteen years of my experience, out of which I have neither time nor space to deliver myself at this time to you; but it was here that Mr. P.'s sermon, the "Heir of Heaven," first met me, and this endeared him to my soul, although it was not the full means of my deliverance from darkness and bondage; for the Lord himself delivered me in a moment; he revealed his Son in me in pardoning love and mercy. He delivered my soul in the day of captivity. He followed me day and night with the words: "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel." He first opened my mouth, and that, too, in the outset amidst the greatest difficulties and jealousy amongst the dry doctrinal preachers, and a division of the church, the whole blame being thrown on my poor trembling head, which, could I have had but a fore-glimpse of, I should have rather chosen to hide my head where human being never breathed. But the Lord it is that has held me up till my very name has become a stench in the nostrils of priest and people, as I find good Mr. Gadsby's was some years ago. And the Lord has raised up a loving people, which, although scattered fifty miles from end to end, yet manifest so much love and unity towards each other, that makes my poor heart oft re-

joy while they are sneered at. It is the Lord's work, and not mine. Himself has done it; I desire to give him all the glory.

May the Lord himself protect and keep his church in this evil day from the snare of the fowler. When, because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold; when many are indeed coming like wolves in sheep's clothing, under the garb of truth, and deceiving the hearts of the simple.

I rejoice at the stand you have taken not to make the "Standard" a public newspaper, and also at some of the choice matter therein contained, especially the experience in the number for August. This was dear to my soul; so that, the "Meditations" excepted, the "G. S.," I think, has lost none of its former excellence.

Wishing you the presence of a gracious God in all your tribulations and afflictions, both in yourself and yours, whom having not seen yet I love,

I remain, Yours affectionately in the Bonds of the Gospel,  
Dane Court, near Gawler,

Oct. 22, 1870.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN.

### SOW THY SEED.

My dear Brother in the Labour and Bonds of the Gospel,—  
Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours. Your brotherly feeling toward me is very freely expressed in your spiritual epistle. I trust I can set my hearty Amen to the same; for if the Lord does not bless his own word, who can? How sweet a feeling it is not to be jealous one of another, but rather to rejoice when the Lord sends by whom he will send to cheer and refresh his tried, poor, and needy children. His blessings are as sovereign as his calling. Our commission is this: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;" for he that goeth forth bearing precious seed (although often weeping) shall, not *may*, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Dear brother, we have nothing, as you know, to do with the increase. The Lord does not send his servants without seed, and he prepares the ground. The preparation of the earth is his; so his word returns not unto him void. I know there are many things to discourage us; and truly, as you say, we are living in very solemn times; but how great the mercy to be made to differ from others; and we cannot be surprised with any amazement; seeing the time must come when men will not endure sound doctrine. Many may and do profess sound truth, but in works they deny it. Well, may our portion be to come out and be separate and to touch not the unclean thing.

Now if these things work right with us, and are sanctified to our good, they will make the Lord and his word more precious. and we shall prove for ourselves its gracious inspiration, let men say what they will.

Give my Christian love to any you may see whom I love in the Lord.

Your unworthy Brother in the Gospel of Christ,  
Oxford, March 2, 1864. WILLIAM GREENAWAY.

### TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

Dear Friend,—When I was very young in the ways of the Lord, and still younger in the ministry, I thought that all men who were called to the work would feel as willing and ready as Isaiah did; and argued the point from the nature of the principles by which they are actuated, as also the cause which they are to engage in. But I have since learned different things, by which I am as well acquainted with Jonah's obstinacy as Isaiah's willingness.

In my youthful days, and when going to engage in the work, I sometimes (though but seldom) wrote in order to assist my memory; but I have since learned it was through the want of faith to trust the Lord for the all-sufficient aid of his ever-blessed Spirit; not that I would be thought to despise any ordinary help or human acquirements, if used for these great ends,—the glory of God and the good of his people; but I much doubt whether they do not more hinder than help.

At the time to which I refer, as above, it was often my fear that I should not find sufficient to say to fill up the usual time for sermon preaching; and though that is seldom the case now, yet I often fear that something will be said that is to little or no purpose. But I find it very difficult to draw a line from the judgment of the people; for what some good men will approve and commend, another will cut all to pieces.

How long (and that from a variety of causes) my heart was rent and torn to pieces with fears that the Lord had not called and sent me to the work! But in his own good time, and by his own good hand, he so effectually removed those fears that for a considerable time I no more doubted it than that I had been called to daily labour. When the good Lord was pleased to bless his word and to grant me some enlargement, it was often counter-balanced with thoughts that I should be taken away; which were then very cutting, as I longed to see the cause at Pell Green more enlarged and established. But instead of what I feared, Satan watched an opportunity, and puffed me up with pride and vain-glory, and from this place I fell into a deep and dismal pit; but the Lord heard my prayer, brought me up again, and regulated my goings.

Many have been the trials which I have been called to witness and pass through, the particulars of which I shall not insert here, but just say that they have been so keen in times past that for hours sleep has departed from me, and sometimes I refused my necessary food. But of this I am satisfied, that although a tried ministry is not always profitable unto the same person, yet upon the general it is the most profitable, and the times of trial the most profiting times. Not that I durst say it is or was in me

an advisable thing to desire, yet it is true I certainly did desire, when I read Mr. H.'s "Bank of Faith," to become poor and tried, that I might witness the self-same things as that good and gracious man did; and I have had my desire; though never to want food for myself or family, yet keenly and sharply tried while I was in my business, at which I laboured hard to procure an honest livelihood.

But I say not these things to exclude yourself or any other man that the Lord has called to the work; for I am sensible there is no chalking a line for the Almighty to work by. And what I have said to the parson-maker and the man-made parson would appear as a man said of my preaching once: "That they will disdain it, and pour all the contempt that is possible thereupon." But I do not think this of my friend James; but as you once said, "I can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

As touching those proposals which I made to you respecting Penshurst, it thus stands: There appeared no bar in the way; but that it might not be said that I persuaded you to go, or them to receive you, but the hand of the Lord be seen and known, I informed them of what you have written, and their desire is to see it immediately, if possible; then, if they approve, from their own approbation, they will send the invitation.

Now, as you appear to be subject to reproof, and willing to be taught, I would just say, as your coast shall be enlarged, you must look out for more and different attacks of the old enemy; but still, my young friend, be always laying siege to his holds and storming them. "Put on the whole armour of God," and you will find that such weapons, while you are undaunted and unwearied in using them, will pull down and raze them to the very ground. Not only aim at the vitiated life and the filthy conversation, but at the binding and damning sin of unbelief in the heart. Study to point out the struggles that are witnessed by living souls betwixt faith and unbelief; and show the saints what a thief and robber unbelief is, how the Lord is robbed of his glory, and their souls of having comfort through his blessed word. Give the Saviour no rest until your own faith is increased; and if you have but half a grain, go and preach it unto others, until you see that it is given and groweth exceedingly. Expect to feel a thousand times more unworthy and insufficient for the work, and you will be more and more approved and commended in the same.

By the good hand of God upon us, myself and my friend arrived home with safety; but as it respected myself, not without being spent; but my dame had provided some good fare, which the Lord in his kind providence had bestowed upon us. This strengthened my body; but I could not get a text until Sunday morning, and yet, to speak my own judgment, though so much spent, it surprised me to feel what enlargement the Lord was pleased to give.

June 24, 1829.

W. CROUCH.

## GOOD TO BE AFFLICTED.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied.

You will be glad to hear that the Lord has blessed Charles in an especial way. On the Friday after you spoke here, he was taken ill with a liver complaint, which brought on violent sickness, and excruciating pains. We called in Mr. B., and he attended him, often twice a day. He was brought very low and thought he should die, and sank very low in his mind. He told me he never was satisfied about his religion, and that he thought he had been altogether deceived.

He sank lower in body and mind until last Saturday; and in the afternoon of that day the Lord began to appear, and I could discover some buddings of hope springing up in his soul. This kept increasing during the night. He sent for me in the morning; and when I asked him how he was, he said, "Better in body and soul;" which I could see in a moment. He then told me how he had been favoured in the night, and that he could say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and while he was saying this, the Lord blessed his soul in such a manner he had never felt before. All his guilt and hard bondage fled, and his tongue was loosed to praise the Lord. The word was opened up to him; it was like a new book to him. I read a chapter to him, and some hymns; and all was food to his soul.

On Monday the Lord blessed him again, and light, life, and love flowed into his soul in so blessed a manner that he could understand Ps. ciii. and other sweet portions of the word, and his soul was melted into a sweet humble frame. His love flowed out to the dear Saviour and the brethren. The name of Jesus was precious to his soul. He could now enter into those sweet hymns of assurance of Hart's, and others. His soul was like a watered garden. Those who visited him felt it good. I need not tell you how thankful I have felt. It is another testimony of the faithfulness of God.

I am glad to say he is fast recovering. The Lord has blessed him again and again. He is in a sweet frame to-night. He fears losing the blessing, and clings fast to it. He is full of gratitude and love, like a little child. And all this is after about 15 years' bondage. O! How he prizes it! Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

I hope Mrs. P. and yourself are well, and that the Lord is favouring you with his dear presence.

Yours sincerely,

THOS. HICKS.

Abingdon, Jan. 8, 1870.

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It is not our tears, nor our prayers, nor our attempted reforms, no, nor our faith considered in any act of ours, which can bring glory to God or peace to ourselves. A broken and a contrite heart becomes a blessed effect from God's grace there planted. But it is God's grace and Christ's blood which are the cause, and the change wrought by that grace and blood is the effect.—*Hawker*.

## REVIEW.

*The Soul's Inquiries Answered in the Words of Scripture.*—London: Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly.

"ALL scripture," says Paul, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, "is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.) And many of our readers can set to their seal that this is true. They find such passages as 1 Jno. v. 7; Ps. li. 5; Rom. iii. 12, 23; Gal. iii. 10; Rom. iii. 20; Mark x. 26; 1 Jno. ii. 1; Rom. viii. 3; Acts xiii. 38, 39; Heb. xi. 6; Eph. ii. 8; Ps. cx. 3; Jno. x. 27, 28; Rom. viii. 283-9; &c., profitable for doctrine; such as Luke vi. 46; Heb. x. 25, &c. &c., profitable for reproof; such as Hos. xiv. 1, 2; Ps. xxxvii. 8; lxxx. 30-32; &c., profitable for correction; and such as Titus ii.; Jno. xiv. 15; xv. 12, &c., profitable for instruction in righteousness, and the more the word is applied to them by the Holy Spirit, the nearer they approach to perfection, and the more earnestly desirous to maintain all good works for necessary uses (Tit. iii. 14); not perfection in the flesh, but perfection in knowledge of themselves as sinners, and as needing the word for reproof and correction, and in knowledge of Christ as their Righteousness, their Saviour, and their All.

Referring to the passage we have quoted, Dr. Gill says: "'For instruction in righteousness.' In every branch of duty incumbent upon men; whether with respect to God, or one another; for there is no duty men are obliged unto but the nature, use, and excellency of it are here shown; the scriptures are a perfect rule of faith and practice, and thus they are commended from the usefulness and profitableness of them."

Now, as *all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and, in some way or other, thus profitable, it is evident that none can be dispensed with. The Swedenborgians reject the Epistles, the Socinians the Revelation as well as the Epistles; and so on; but the child of God cannot reject any. He may be, and often is, tempted to reject *all*; but, when faith is in exercise, he *receives* all, how hard soever some parts of them may be to understand.

Now, though the Scriptures are given to us as a consecutive whole, some parts are more especially applicable to certain states and circumstances than others. Some, for instance, speak particularly of doctrine, others of experience, others of ordinances, others of Christ and his offices, others of the wicked; and so on. They may, therefore, with advantage, be separated, or classified, or ranged, under their respective heads; and this has been done by various authors, with more or less acceptance. So that, if we want "instruction" in any particular branch of divine truth, by turning to that particular head we shall find the various passages relating thereto all in perfect order. We have, for instance, in our library, a volume,—a rather cumbrous one, it is true,—entitled, "An Analogy of the Old and New Testaments Systematically Classified;" and therein we have every subject in the Bible so "classified" that, think of what we may, whether temporal or spiritual, the various passages relating to that subject are presented to us at a glance,—everything relating to the heavens, everything relating to the earth, everything relating to doctrine, and so on. Dr. S. Clarke thus selected and arranged the sweet promises contained in the Scriptures; and the writer of this notice well remembers how much that little book was blessed to him in the early part of his experience, when his soul was rejoicing in God his Saviour. Every promise not only seemed to be, but

really *was* his own, the blessed Spirit applying them with power to his heart.

The little work before us is unique in its way: "The Soul's Inquiries Answered in the Words of Scripture." How many inquiries does an anxious soul often make? Herein for those inquiries it has an answer in the words of Scripture, unadulterated by man. Remarkably enough, just as we had finished the last sentence, putting our finger between the leaves of the little book, we opened to this inquiry: "What must I do to be saved?" and the answers given are Eph. ii. 8 and Matt. vii. 7. The next question is: "But how shall man be just with God?" and the answers given are Rom. iv. 16 and Mark xi. 22. And so on throughout the book. Some are so well versed in Scripture and have memories so good that they need no external help of this kind. We knew one minister some years ago who said he could give chapter and verse for every passage in the Bible, like Cruden's Concordance; and we believe he could. But many of the Lord's children are poor scholars, and so situated that they cannot possibly "search the Scriptures daily" as they could wish; and to such a little work of this kind will be found, at times, useful, carried in the pocket. Not to the setting aside of the whole Bible. God forbid! But just as a minister takes a text without ignoring or thinking lightly of any other part of the Word, so this book may, in the hands of the blessed Spirit, prove a text-book on an extended scale. We like it, because it is left in pure Scripture language without any notes of human interpretation.

We find there are two editions of this work; one solidly bound, with alternate blank pages for a diary (price not given, but perhaps 3s.), and the other without the blank pages, 1s. 6d.

THE Christian under affliction is especially called to meditate upon the place that afflictions occupy in the plan of divine redemption in the development of the reign of God upon the earth, and in the revelations of the holy scriptures. It is then that he understands the meaning of that passage, so simple and so profound: "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." But it would be extraordinary if we could be ripened for eternal life, and more particularly if a servant of God should see his labours blessed, I do not say without afflictions, but without a large measure of affliction. "We must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God." This doctrine is clearly revealed in him whose sacrifice we celebrate, since it is through his sorrows and sacrifice alone we obtain eternal life. The Saviour was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; not only a man of sorrows, but the Man of sorrows in whom all kinds of suffering met, and who suffered what no man can either suffer or even conceive of suffering. But as was the Master such must be the disciples, and such have been the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ; I speak more especially of those inspired men in whom the Lord more particularly manifested himself. They were, I say, a succession of men of sorrows from Abel down to Paul and John. This does not strike us sufficiently upon a superficial reading of the scriptures; but if we penetrate a little into the word of God, we are more and more struck by it. The apostles and prophets appear throughout the scriptures as men of sorrows, and of sorrows greater than we know or can clearly see; for the scriptures rather give us glimpses than a full view of things. To make us understand what these men of God suffered, the word of God must have detailed all the circumstances of their life.—*Adolphe Monod.*



## Obituary.

ELIZABETH AGER fell asleep in Jesus, Jan. 19th, 1871, aged 48.

Mrs. Ager was a member of our church; she gave in her experience on May 5th, 1870, but could not be baptized until the following September, owing to extreme bodily affliction. To the eye of reason it appeared dangerous for her to pass through that ordinance, her affliction making it possible that death might take place in the water; but faith triumphed; and, as she herself expressed it, she felt as she rose from the baptismal pool that she was risen with Christ.

She sat down with us at the Lord's supper the Lord's day before her death, and had on that evening a sweet sense of the sufferings of Christ. Now she sings his praises. She was taken with death at four o'clock on Friday morning, and sent this as her dying message to the church: "I am perfectly happy, and die in that faith which I have professed." None of our friends could be with her. She lodged with persons through whom she sent the message.

I send the copy of a letter written to me: "The Lord helping me, I will endeavour to comply with your wish, and give you some account of the Lord's dealings with such a poor sinner as I feel myself to be. It is over four years since I was first favoured to hear the truth preached by you. Up to that time I seldom thought of or cared to know God or his ways. Under your heart-searching ministry I was convinced of my lost state before a holy God. I will not attempt to describe my feelings. You have so often entered into my case that I have thought you must have been told what a worthless sinner I was. I cannot say I experienced such deep convictions as some do; but I was gradually taught my lost and helpless state, and felt I could not work out a righteousness to please God; yet still I was kept hoping, longing, and depending upon him. And O what a mercy! I hope to praise him to all eternity. I often went to chapel and dared not look up, as I felt myself too vile. I loved his people, and found some consolation whilst with them; but I felt sure they did not know what a wicked heart mine was, or they would not hold out any hope.

"I well remember one Sunday morning when on my way to chapel, weak in body and with a sad heart, I felt that it would be a profanation to enter the Lord's house; but, blessed be God, he did not let me sink. Your prayer spoke my very feelings, and I cried with my heart, 'Lord, help me! I have no other refuge.' In this way I went on; sometimes having a little help, at others all was darkness, until you preached from those words: 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' I felt I must have been altogether wrong, mine only natural feelings. I could get no rest. I tried to pray, but could not utter a word. I went to the prayer-meeting. You read the chapter over again. Still I

could see no hope. After getting very weak in body and wretched in mind, I was enabled to cast myself on the Lord's mercy, sink or swim; yet the Lord seemed to deny me his presence, and my cry was, 'Thou canst if thou wilt make me clean!'

"In this way I was tossed about for some time, not knowing where it would end; till at last, when all hope seemed gone, the dear Lord was pleased to favour me with a sweet persuasion that all would be right. I went to chapel, praying on the way that he would give me some token for good; and he did whilst you spoke from those words: 'And given him a name which is above every name.' Both body and soul were for a time overwhelmed with a sense of his love, and I wept for joy. Yet I was not fully delivered until the evening of the same day, whilst at home in my own room, praying him for his presence and another token; when the Lord again entered into my heart with a feeling sense of his great love, and unmerited goodness to me; so that I cried out, 'It is enough!' I was constrained to go and tell what the Lord had done for a poor sinner.

"I had a great desire to go through the ordinance of baptism, knowing it was his divine command; but feeling my great weakness of body, I rather trembled. Still knowing and feeling that our times are in his hand, I was enabled to go, trusting in his strength and not my own. He gave me strength beyond all expectation. I also felt the Lord gave you utterance and me a receiving heart, for I felt so blessed under your sermon; and the Lord gave me much of his presence for some days. But I still feel my wicked heart, and the things I would do I cannot; but I do not despair, and can still say, 'I will extol thee, my God, O King, and will bless thy name for ever and ever.'—E. AGER."

G. H.

A. A. YORK.—On Nov. 18th, 1870, aged 36, Atworth Ann York.

I became acquainted with her in 1858. By what means she was brought to the knowledge of herself as a sinner, or the time when, I do not know; but at the time of my becoming acquainted with her she had been for some time connected with the Independents, and stood a member with them in the village; but being led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion, she with a few others came out and followed their Lord. They subsequently invited me amongst them to speak to them the word of life in a cottage; which I did as of the ability the Lord gave me, and as often as I could make it convenient, until, by a professed friend, the cause was betrayed, and the few who had been wont to meet together were scattered, and had to travel to hear the word preached where they could, sometimes travelling to Melksham, Broughton, and Corsham. But Atworth was of a very weak constitution, and seldom able to travel to hear the preached words; but when her strength would allow her she walked with her husband to Corsham, &c.

She was a woman of few words, generally feeling her sinfulness, weakness, and helplessness in spiritual things, which kept her very

low and humble. Not being able to walk where she could hear to the satisfying of her soul, and having no mind to go where she could not get any spiritual food, she would spend her Sabbath mostly with the Bible, the "Gospel Standard," and the hymn book. On one occasion she said to me, "The neighbours round call me a Sabbath-breaker, and say that I disregard the Lord's day because I do not go to the chapel. I do not like staying at home, but I cannot walk to where I want to go, and it is of no use for me to go up the street," meaning to the Independent chapel; "for I cannot get what I want there. I wish I could; I would gladly go. I have gone there again and again; but I seem such a strange creature. All the rest seem so happy and pleased with what they hear; but when I go I come away worse in my mind than when I went, and hasten home full of misery. I am often afraid that they are all right, and that I am altogether wrong." And with tears in her eyes she would ask me if I thought there were others like her. I told her the Lord would not allow her to be satisfied with husks. The keepers of the walls take away the imputed righteousness of Christ Jesus, and, as a substitute, bring forth creatures' righteousness in their ministry, which is but as dung and dross.

I visited her two or three times during her last illness, and should have done so oftener but for the distance. I generally found her very low, mourning over her vileness, wretchedness, and misery, and after greater manifestations of her interest in the finished work of the Lord Jesus. The last time I visited her I asked her how her mind was. She looked up with a smile, and said, "Not afraid to die." I said, "Not afraid to die, when to die is such a solemn thing! How is that?" She spoke of the word of God being made precious to her soul, and said her husband had been reading several accounts of the death of gracious persons in the "Gospel Standard," and she felt that many of them had been just like herself, and the Lord had appeared for them, and she believed it would be well with her. I read a portion of the word, and spent a few minutes in commending her into the hands of the faithful Shepherd, who has promised never to forsake his own when in the waters, but to bring them safely through. And we parted, not thinking it was the last time we should see each other in the flesh.

On the Tuesday before her death, all thought her to be much better; but on the Wednesday she was taken in a fit, from which she never recovered so as to be able to speak again. She lay till Friday morning, and then her spirit departed into the hands of him that had redeemed her.

D. KEVILL.

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FRANCIS GILBERT.—On Oct. 14th, 1870, aged 74, Francis Gilbert, member of the church at Billingham for twenty-three years, and deacon for the last sixteen years, which office he filled to the satisfaction of the church.

He was a peacemaker, and ready to lend a helping hand in every time of need.

Our dear friend was called in the days of his youth. He was convinced of his lost state as a sinner under the preaching of Daniel Herbert (author of the hymns), in a barn at Quadring, and ever after that he endeavoured to hear ministers of truth. He was for many years a member of the Huntingonian cause in this place. After their old minister, through infirmity and old age, was not able to preach for them, the church had Particular Baptist ministers to supply, and these they had for many years. The greater part of the members saw the ordinance of believers' baptism to be a gospel ordinance, and desired to walk therein.

Our dear friend was one "Feeble-Mind," weak in faith, and he had many fears. His convictions were not deep, nor his deliverance so clear as it is with those of stronger faith; yet we have seen him melted down in the house of God more than once. The late Mr. Tiptaft's Memoir was wonderfully blessed to him, and the means, in the Lord's hand, of discovering to him how he had been too much taken up with earthly things, and what thieves and robbers they had been to him, in robbing him of his better joys. I have heard him mourn like a dove and chatter like a crane or a swallow over his worldly heart and carnal affections, which so clung to the dust of this poor perishing world.

At the beginning of his last affliction he was much in the dark as to spiritual comfort and the joys of salvation. Feeling that his end was near, he said to me, "It may be a week, or it may be a fortnight; but not long." So he was in a very solemn frame of mind, and very humble under God's almighty hand; no murmuring or complaining, except of himself and his very great unworthiness. He would often say, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" His wife took him his breakfast one morning, and he requested her to go down again. The Lord had revealed his love and mercy to him in so powerful a way, and he was enjoying such blessed union and communion with him, that he did not wish the heavenly vision to be disturbed by taking his earthly food. He had food to eat that the world knoweth not of, and company that he preferred above all earthly joys and even his nearest and dearest earthly friends. Satan had distressed him sore; but the Lord was his stay; and he said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Hymn 11, verse 4, Gadsby's, was very precious to him:

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart," &c.

Also hymn 276:

"Elijah's example declares," &c.

For more than the last week of his life he said very little, but gradually sank day by day, and died without much pain.

Billingham, Sleaford.

JOHN SKIPWORTH.

ALICE IANSON.—On Jan. 13th, somewhat suddenly, Alice Ianson, aged 66, widow of the late James Ianson, the old agent for Preston of the "Gospel Standard."

She was one of those who clung to the late Mr. M'Kenzie when he was about leaving the Independents. She was baptized in July, 1835, and was with Mr. M'K. a member of the church in Vauxhall Road, Preston.

As a woman, she was most upright and honest in her dealings, industrious, and careful, some might say to a fault. Naturally warm and high-spirited, she might not at all times please others; yet a tender heart lay under it all, which, to those that knew her best, could not be hidden.

As a Christian, she was well informed and clear-sighted, on some points in particular, while sound in the faith in all the leading doctrines of grace. There are no notes of her experience in writing that I know of, nor can I say anything of either her call or her deliverance, excepting a very great lift or blessing she experienced once at Garstang, while hearing the late Mr. Gadsby, which I have heard her relate with great joy many a time. Mr. G. was preaching from the words: "There is, therefore, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." She said he made this remark: "I dare say some poor soul here is saying, 'That walking cuts me off at once; for I feel within nothing but flesh, and a going after the flesh.' Stop, stop, poor soul," he said; "not so fast. It is not *thee* walking after the flesh, but the flesh walking after *thee*." And she used words to this effect: "I felt as if I could have leaped out of my skin, I was so fully delivered; for I had for years been striving to get away from this *flesh*."

She was a very great sufferer for years, more than 20, from a spinal ailment; but her end was sudden. Her last words were, "Jesus, come, and take me."

THOMAS HAWORTH.

29, Knowsley Street, Preston, Jan. 18, 1871.

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HANNAH TURNER.—On May 3rd, 1870, aged 67, Hannah Turner, of Coalville.

At the commencement of her last illness she was very much tried, not so much from the fear of death as from her anxiety to know that she was really one of God's chosen people. And this led her to examine herself all through her Christian profession, which, to my knowledge, was above twenty years. When she looked back at the way the Lord had led her, she had a good hope, but still was very fearful to say much about it.

All through her last affliction she longed to depart, to be with Christ, which she said to me (many times) was far better than to live. She said in her former illness the Lord had broken every tie, although she had a numerous family, and had been one of the tenderest of mothers.

Mrs. Turner always thought the lowest of herself in divine

things, and would often say, "O! I am so vile! Can the Lord look upon me?" I said, "Yes, he can; for he looked upon one who said the same: 'Behold, I am vile!'" And this encouraged her. The Lord gave her peace and quietness, and her soul was stayed upon him, and she longed for the Lord to fetch her. I said to her, "Then you have a good hope that you shall be with the Lord?" She said, "Yes;" and her countenance brightened up.

She was very patient, although her sufferings were great; and when her children perceived her going and her speech was gone, her son said, "Mother, if you are happy and cannot tell us that you are, lift up your hand." In a few minutes she moved one hand, and then lifted up both hands, and her soul departed. Her countenance bespoke her joy.

Whitwick.

REBECCA DOLMAN.

LUCY TURNER.—On Oct. 30th, 1870, aged 56, Lucy Turner, wife of Mr. John Turner, Baptist minister, Melbourne, Australia.

From a child, my dear mother had known the truth; and for many years had walked in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. She was the mother of 13 children, and was as affectionate a mother as she was a true helpmate and dutiful wife of my dear father. Her gifts and graces were not confined to the things of this world. She lived as well as died a Christian. Having led a godly life, of course she had her share of persecution and tribulation, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation.

Though four of her daughters, who are at home, are still young and requiring direction, and a mother's care, her mind was sweetly relieved of all anxiety on their behalf; the only desire she had for some time before her departure being for her dear Saviour to come and take her to himself. She lived for the most part and died in a settled assurance of union to, and interest in, the Lord Jesus Christ; her rest in whom she spoke of as "wonderful."

The night before she died she sang with great fervour the hymn commencing:

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

Her remains were interred in the Kew cemetery, near Melbourne; and about seventy of my father's church and congregation were assembled, though most of them resided several miles from the spot.

Kew, near Melbourne, Dec. 1, 1870.

LOUISA LUCY PLAISTED.

PRISCILLA BULLOCK.—On Nov. 9th, 1870, Priscilla Bullock, aged 80, a member of the church at Allington, near Devizes. She was baptized by the late Mr. Dymott, of Hilperton, Wilts, in 1830.

Very many fears she had as to how it would be with her when

the icy hand of death should be laid upon her; and many times her soul was comforted in reading how the Lord blessed his fearing, trembling children when the King of Dread they with her had so often feared had come; and amidst all her changes, sins, doubts, and fears, the Lord often refreshed her soul in her home and at the house of prayer, in which she was always to be seen when the doors were open. She was oftentimes revived under the word spoken by many of the Lord's servants, when hearing them tell their sorrows and joys, their castings down and liftings up. She attended the last Lord's day of her life, and was favoured in her soul. She attended the ordinance of the Lord's supper, and was, as usual, helped home.

On Wednesday evening she was not able to come to the prayer-meeting, but was much blessed in reading Heb. xi.; and she sang with joy of heart hymn 289, Gadsby's Selection. She retired to bed as well as usual; but about ten o'clock she told her husband to call a friend, as she had a pain in her chest, "and," said she, "it is death." The friend came, and witnessed the happy state she was in. She prayed that the peace of God might rule in their hearts, commended her husband and children, the church and minister, to the God of all grace, and died in sweet peace before two o'clock in the morning.

E. PORTER.

EZEKIEL EDWARDS.—On Dec. 14th, 1870, aged 88, Ezekiel Edwards, of Braughing, Herts. He was for about 35 years a true friend and firm supporter of the little cause of truth at Braughing, a lover of a free-grace gospel, a meek and humble follower of the Lamb of God. He was not much of an educated person, and in some respects rather broken in judgment as regards non-essential points; but he would always acknowledge himself a poor and needy sinner, and that his entire dependence was on the Lord Jesus.

I have often heard him say that his first serious impressions on his soul were from reading the "Dairyman's Daughter."

He was a man of much prayer, and a constant attendant on the means of grace, being very seldom absent. Having been intimately acquainted with him as a fellow-worshipper for nearly the whole of the above period, I can testify to the truth of this, that, especially during the last few years of his life, he adorned the doctrine of his God and Saviour in all things, and that the fear of the Lord and godly sincerity shone brightly in him.

His disease rendered him unconscious a great part of the time that he was ill; consequently he did not converse much.

Puckeridge, Jan. 12, 1871.

C. S.

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"REJOICE because your names are written in heaven." Names written implies persons known and everlastingly secured. So that the Father's gift, the Son's purchase, and the Holy Ghost's work of grace are the result of everlasting love, and render the want of salvation and happiness as a thing not liable to any doubt or uncertainty.—*Hawker*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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APRIL, 1871.

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

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THE TWO SEEDS.

A SERMON BY MR. GORTON, AT BEDWORTH, WARWICKSHIRE, 1854.

"In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil."—  
1 JNO. III. 10.

MAY the Lord help us to speak of *the two seeds*,—the seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent; or, in other words, the children of the devil, and those who belong to the family of heaven, and to give a description of the *character and evidences* of the children of God.

We read in the words of the text of the children of God and the children of the devil. There are these two. This is plain from the word of God; and it is not for the man who stands up in the name of the Lord, who has been sent by the God of heaven, ordained to preach his truth, qualified by the Spirit; it is not for this man to lean to this, that, or the other creature, in order to please any one person, but to declare the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, as God the Holy Ghost leads him into it by his blessed power and grace. "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; for what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

We find there is enough spoken of in the word of God to discriminate between the two seeds. One is light, the other is weighty. The chaff sets forth the wicked; by and by they are blown away by the breath of God's nostrils; but the wheat is gathered from the four winds of heaven into his garner. If it is but "a little that a righteous man hath, it is better than the riches of many wicked;" a little desire, a little hope, a little secret holy fear, a little life; what is it? It is weighty. What are all the thoughts, all the feelings, all the honours and doings of the wicked? Chaff, vanity; nothing weighty in their conversation. Even mere professors, who are for the mere form, the Lord doth not regard them. But the others, those who are good weight, are born of God's holy and ever-blessed Spirit, how often do we see that they are weighty, spiritual, and savoury in their conversation. How is it? Because the Lord is there. Jehovah Shammah. "And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there. Jehovah Shammah." A man



rightly taught has a single eye in all he does. It is from a pure motive to the honour and glory of God. There is something weighty and solemn in the actings of the children of God, when under the influence of the Spirit. The Lord takes notice of the cries and desires of his people. And why? Because this cry has been wrought in their souls by the power of God, the God of heaven.

There is a wide difference between the chaff and the wheat. A line of distinction is drawn, in the scriptures of God's truth, between the two, so wide that they never can be brought together to be one.

We read again of the sheep and the goats. The former belong to the Lord by sovereign love, mercy, and grace; the others are not made sharp by predestinating grace and salvation; therefore are what they ever were,—goats; and goats they will remain. Men may make a great profession; profess to be sheep, try to act like a sheep, bleat like a sheep, in order to deceive others; and what does it all amount to? Though they have clothing so as to appear like sheep, yet they are not in the covenant, not born of the Spirit of God; therefore, by and by that garment will be removed, that garb taken off. The Lord can see, though man cannot discern. The Lord readeth the heart. Man looks at the outward appearance, the Lord looketh at the heart. Men may say, "It is all right; it is a sheep;" but calling it a sheep does not make it one.

Grace is made manifest by calling. What is now was before in the decrees and purpose of God; in the ancient settlements of heaven. When calling grace brought us to know something experimentally, we then moved like sheep; the appearance was somewhat like sheep; the bleating like sheep; therefore it might be said, "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep?" What do the sheep want? To see the Shepherd, and hear his voice. They want that food the Shepherd brings. They continue to bleat till he comes, blesses them, and deals out food to them. The great Shepherd of the sheep says he is the bread of life, that he gives it to his own people. That is, he reveals himself to them. They therefore have something to rest upon, and are brought by his power and grace to believe on him, to feed in the green pastures and beside the still waters. Here is something that causes them to rest; it is by his power and grace.

This shows the distinction between character and character, between the sheep and the goats, the wheat and the chaff. Here are the righteous and the wicked. Whatever appearance there may be to men, there is no deceiving the Lord. In his eye, in his estimation, the goats appear what they are, wicked, locked up in unbelief, in sin, and iniquity. There is this difference between his people and the wicked; the one he has chosen to everlasting life and sanctification, setting them apart for himself, a people he has formed for himself, and they are to show forth his praise; the other is not so. Therefore we read in the word of truth, of the

children of God and the children of the devil. O to be a child of God!

There are two seeds spoken of in the book of God,—the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent; the seed of the bond woman and the seed of the free. The seed of the bond woman shall never be heir with the seed of the free woman. The seed of the bond woman and the seed of the free are two distinct seeds. There is a line of demarcation drawn between character and character; a distinction between people and people; one so separated from the other they can never, no, never, come together.

The people of God's choice, love, and mercy, those who are called by grace, who have known and felt something of God's salvation, never feel that union to a child of the devil, an enemy and stranger to God's grace and salvation, that they do to the living family. There is, my brethren, a union to the living in Jerusalem, and the poor living soul knows something about it. There is a secret something drawing and moving the mind. It is love draws and knits the souls together of the objects loved by God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and begotten again by God the Holy and ever-blessed Spirit. We find these two characters marked down in the book of God.

What is a child of the devil? He is an enemy to God and God's truth, fighting against God, warring against God. Then as to manifestation; by these things it is manifest, in some measure, whose we are and whom we serve, wherein we may know to whom we belong. "How shall I know," says the poor child of God, "that I am one of the children, and not one of those that belong to Satan, not one of those spoken of as wicked?" This may be the language of some here this morning, who have a strong desire to know the truth. These say it is a point they long to know; and this very often causes them anxious thought. "I want to know that I am a child; I want to know that I am a son of God, that I am one of the Lord's. I cannot rest without it. I desire," says the soul made alive, "that I may know, that it may be made manifest, that I am one of the family." This is known, friends, by having divine sight, by having the peculiar grace of God, by having the love of God in the heart. A child of the devil, a stranger to God, has not the life of God in the soul; one dead in trespasses and sins has no desire, no right knowledge." One in a state of nature cannot pray to God in reality; so that it may be said of one who has had life communicated to his soul by the Holy Spirit, as it was said of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth." This was not made manifest before. There was no evidence or manifestation of his being in the bundle of life, when he was going with letters of cruelty to haul men and women to prison and death. He thought he was doing God service, when he was breathing out his breath in condemnation; but he was warring against heaven, warring against the truth, not a praying man, till the Lord brought him down

by his power. And then, when the Lord unhorsed him, he gave him repentance, made it manifest he was a son by choice, an heir of God. This was manifested through God's everlasting love. It was love that secured him in the covenant; it was love that bound him up in the bundle of life; it was with loving-kindness that God drew him, and brought him to the feet of the Lord Jesus, crying out, "What wilt thou have me to do?" In this was manifest whose he was, the Lord working grace in his soul and Paul working it out by prayer and supplication. These things made it manifest that he was a child of God, an heir of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ the Lord. "Behold, he prayeth!" Here was prayer from real necessity, not merely a form of prayer. No, no; but a prayer out of his heart, a cry out of his soul, crying from real distress. He was in deep trouble. He knew he was a sinner, and a sinner, the poet says, is a sacred thing:

"A sinner is a sacred thing;  
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

The Holy Ghost makes a man feel he is a sinner, by bringing the law home with power to his conscience. Thus he is brought solemnly to confession, brought to cry to the Lord to save him, crying, "Lord, save me! Lord, help me! Lord have mercy on me! God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." Those who are in a state of nature do not pray, do not cry, do not believe. They want nothing. They do not want mercy. It is only those who are born of God that have true love to God, who will really and truly cry.

How stands the case with thee, my soul? Let us ask ourselves this question: "Am I a praying character? Do I pray in reality?" Have you ever prayed from having sin charged home on your conscience, feeling the burden too heavy for you to bear? If so, then you have been brought to see and feel yourself to be a sinner, a poor burdened sinner; so that you could not help crying mightily to God. Though you may have met with nothing but disappointments, yet, like the poor gentile woman, when she cried to the Lord to have mercy on her daughter, and the Lord answered her not a word. Have you gone to his throne and received no answer, and from this have concluded it was an evidence that you are not children of God? Have you gone again and again to the throne of grace, and no answer? Have you risen early in the morning, read the word of truth, bowed the knee, sighing and crying earnestly in one secret place or another; yet no opening, no unfolding, no breaking forth, no manifestation? And has the conclusion come to be that the Lord is against you, and that you shall soon see your doom sealed, fearing the indignation of the Lord?

Now a child of the devil, a vessel of wrath, knows nothing about divine grace, of being born of God, of crying for mercy; but the child of God cries for mercy. His language is, "Lord, I desire mercy;" "Lord, help me." Here is something thrown out

which is an evidence of life, like the poor Syrophenician woman, who met with so many rebuffs, but at length she obtained an answer.

Friends, I have been here many a time, in my chamber, by the bed-side, leaning my head, sighing and crying, repeating the words, "Lord, help me!" That is real prayer; that comes from the heart. We may not be able to put words together to express the feelings of our souls in eloquent language; but, being bowed down, if we can cry, "Lord, help me!" this is an evidence of life within.

Is there a poor soul here this morning that is in this state? If so, it is an evidence. It makes manifest he is a child of God, that he has the life of God in the soul. If life, what sort of life? Is it spiritual? Does it lead to God? If so, it comes from God.

What does the Lord Jesus Christ himself say concerning his sheep, his people? "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." He hath given him power over all flesh, that he might give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given him. If you and I have eternal life, it is an evidence that we were the gift of God the Father to God the Son, to be redeemed; a grant to the Lord Jesus, to be redeemed. What says Christ himself? "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." What then? "And him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." A praying soul is a coming soul.

Now, have *you* come? When did you come? When in distress of soul did you come to the Lord? Did he put his grace, love, and fear in your heart? We feel the Lord has communicated life to us, so that we are enabled to come by prayer and supplication. By these things it is manifest,—by coming, by believing, by praying, that the Lord has put his grace, his love, his fear in our heart, or we never should have come.

Now look at the wicked. What is said by the Lord concerning them? "They are not chastened as other men; they have no bands in their death, their strength is firm, they are not in trouble as other men." "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil."

As soon as the children of God are born into this world of woe, a state of sin and death, they are, when made alive, subject to changes. This the wicked know nothing of; that is, of the changes here intended. It is made manifest that the children of God undergo a divine change. They have divine life communicated; they pass from death to life. This is a change indeed, a great change! "We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren." Who is the Author of it? Not man. Can dead men change themselves? Did you and I change ourselves? No. Did we bring ourselves into that state of life and love? No. Both life and love came from the Lord, a gift from him, the Lord working that in us. Jesus Christ said, I give unto my sheep, my people, my sons and daughters, my redeemed ones, eternal life; therefore they shall never die, never perish; they

shall never be robbed of it. They are begotten from the dead; and rest assured, friends, the Lord Jesus does not beget children for the enemy, for the devil. What! Be born again, then fall away and be lost? What! Perish? No, never. "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

Have you ever felt anything of this great change? Have you ever felt anything of the Lord, in a divine way, communicating to your soul his divine life,—any longing desires, any secret breathing after heaven? The soul made alive is not satisfied without communion, a manifestation of pardon. The sinner made alive feels he is condemned by the law; he therefore wants a remission, an acquittal. He wants salvation. The soul that is in darkness wants light. If there has been a change, we have felt and known it, though ever so small. We may know it by this: Hope springing up in the soul, godward, heavenward, with a, "Who can tell?"

I shall never forget the time, the first springing up of hope in my soul. I remember I was in my room, pleading, and begging the Lord to work in me both to will and to do, to give me a manifestation of his salvation to my heart. I walked backwards and forwards, when the words crossed my mind: "Who can tell?" Satan suggested that I must dwell in endless flames. But, "Who can tell?" came to me with power. What a change sprang up in my soul. "Who can tell?" but he will look on me, reveal his salvation, and speak it home to my heart?

"If Christ is mine, all will be well,  
For ever so; and who can tell?"

The very "Who can tell?" was worth more than all the world to my soul. What a change!

The wicked know no changes. You and I come from a despairing state to have a hope in the mercy of God. We have a hope; if it is little, it is a good hope through grace. It springs up in the soul: "Who can tell?" We then experience this blessed change, from darkness to a little light, from a distance to a little nearness. We know what it is in some measure for the Lord to grant a hope, a manifestation of divine life, showing that there is a secret communication as well as an open manifestation of divine life to the soul. In the heart of every child of God there is a secret communication that sustains the work of grace. If it were not for this secret communication, the work of grace would become extinct; but the soul not only wants this secret communication, but an open manifestation. He wants the Lord's secret sustaining power. He not only wants justifying grace, but pardoning and protecting grace, as it is said in the word of truth.

"My vineyard, which is mine, is before me." *My* vineyard. He keepeth it night and day, lest any hurt it. I will water it every moment. Watering is grace in the soul, the hidden man of the heart. He prepares the heart, and communicates divine grace; so that the man cannot perish. Therefore there is a continual flowing of divine grace, that it cannot perish or die out.

“The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life;” so that it cannot die; it cannot perish. There is not a moment’s space between when the Lord ceases to take care of his children or to communicate grace. “They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.” What the soul wants is this,—the Lord to manifest himself to his soul, to have such words as these come with power, set home on his conscience by the unction of the Holy Spirit: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” Grace first implanted in the soul is something hid, that in after days he brings forth to light. As soon as ever grace is implanted in the heart of a sinner, that soul is begotten again from the dead. Adoption, salvation, and mercy are hidden at first, but afterwards made manifest. So with the love of God towards those interested therein. It is hidden from them till the time comes to favour Zion. Then the Lord reveals these hidden things, and opens out his word.

When the Lord comes to the soul, and says, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” that word opens the lips; so that the poor sinner says with joy in his heart, “What, *me!* Loved *me* with an everlasting love? This is what I wanted to know months ago.” “Yea,” says another, “I have been longing for this for years. What, *me!* Such a character as I am,—such a base, vile, polluted wretch as I am, that the Lord hath loved me with an everlasting love? This is what every living soul is really longing for. Here is love in the heart towards the Object loved; therefore it is said, “We love him, because he first loved us.” “In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil.” Not any true love towards God have the children of the wicked one. They are dead in trespasses and sins. But to the children of God, the living in Jerusalem, it is manifest by a secret something in their hearts going out after God, seeking after the Object they love and desire. It is something shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. We can say as Peter did. “Peter was grieved because Christ said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.” He that has begotten us by his grace, power, and mercy, has done it in love, begotten us in love. It also relates to the objects that are begotten: “Every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him;” “Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?” By these things, these internal workings that are hidden in the heart, we are made manifest. Also, by our walk and conversation, our affections going out towards him, showing us, in some measure, that we love the Lord, that we are governed in our actions by that love. As it regards a man in a state of nature, what love has he to a child of God, to one who is begotten of God? There must be a real desire to love a child of God because he is a child of God, because there is something seen in him of the image of God. “By this, we know,” saith the

apostle, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Is it so, my friends, with you? Do you, from your hearts and souls, love the brethren,—the people of God, those begotten of God? Then, when you have met with the people of God, and have heard them speak in prayer or in conversation, they have appeared in your eyes the excellent of the earth. You have had a secret desire that you might be like them. You have assembled with the people of God as soon as the time came, or as soon as the doors were opened. Here you have heard one supplicating at the throne of grace, and he expresses your feelings. Another breathes out the desires of his heart, and you go along with him. By these things it is made manifest you are a child of God. You are not like the children of the devil, that may meet with the children of God, may converse with them, but have no heartfelt union. A poor living soul may feel his heart knit to them, but yet be fearful of opening his mouth. He listens to what they say, and there is a secret something going out, following their footsteps; so that he really feels communion with, and union to them, though he may be so tried that he is fearful he is wrong, that a work of grace has not been begun in his heart. So it is with some of you. "O," say you, "I am fearful that I have deceived myself." Though your soul is exercised and tried about these things, yet you cannot cease from loving the objects of God's choice; and you can say as one of old said, "They are the excellent of the earth, in whom is all my delight." This is a living, loving soul, going out toward his Beloved. "By this we know we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren." Can you say you love the brethren?

"The children of the devil" have nothing but the old man of sin. If we look at them, they are of the world, worldly. They care only for themselves. They have not a divine, a spiritual nature. They love sin, are carnal, filthy, and polluted. They may talk against sin, while they love it. All their acts and feelings are sinful and devilish. But the child of God is spiritual. He speaks from feeling. He cries out, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He feels and finds the old man of sin striving and struggling for the mastery. Does the man of God, the child of God, the new nature within him, give way to sinful self? No. There is a striving against it. Hence the warfare. "What will ye see in the Shulamite, but as it were the company of two armies?" Sin and grace, a warfare. A man in a state of nature, dead in trespasses and sins, has no warfare. But the child of God lives to prove that that which is flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is spirit. One is contrary to the other; one this way, the other that, fighting against the old man, who cannot do as he would. The apostle says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me. I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death."

Upon this account he cried out, "O wretched man that I am!" I find in me a carnal nature, not only a natural, but a nature prone to sin, and in that a body of sin; in that body of sin, in that nature, a body polluted with the breath of the old man. Therefore every faculty, every power, is polluted. Wherever the grace of God is, there is an opposition. The old man fights against it to the utmost. The heart is the seat of all evil, and may well be called a cage of unclean birds. What would be the end, if it were not for the fear of God? What better should you and I be than others, we who are prone to all evil, but for the almighty power of God? That power is to us, for us, and in us. We feel from day to day here a warfare, a striving, a struggling against sin.

Now, a child of God, when coming to worship, is plagued in this matter. He would be a spiritual worshipper, worship God in spirit and truth; would not be troubled or perplexed with vile thoughts, the workings of the powers of darkness; but comes with a desire to plead with God and hold sweet fellowship and communion with him. "In this the children of God are manifest." He would be delivered from these workings of nature, the temptations of the enemy, the powers of unbelief; but he feels and finds he cannot set his mind on God, he cannot keep his mind stayed on God, not an hour, not one minute; and he says, "If I am a child of God, why am I thus?" "If it be so, why am I thus?" was the inquiry made by Rebekah. She went to inquire of the Lord, and the Lord told her that two manner of nations were in her womb; that was the reason why it was thus, and that is the reason of our conflict; there is an Esau as well as a Jacob, a Jacob as well as an Esau; holiness against sin, and sin opposed to holiness; Esau hunting after something to lay hold and distress Jacob. But Jacob is beloved, Esau is hated. This is the difference.

"In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." Was the old man ever loved? Was the old man ever redeemed? Never, whatever people may say. All true Jacobs are the people of God, whom he loved. Therefore the Lord put away their sin. He did it by the sacrifice of himself. The soul wants it feelingly put away in the court of conscience, wants it brought home; so that he may feel his burdened mind relieved. The soul says, "You cannot tell how tried I am! I am fearful it will be so all my lifetime, that my burden will never be put away."

Now, friends, the question is, wherein is it put away, and what is it to have sin put away? How do we know that guilt and sin are put away? I have been in this path, when walking along, and have felt cast down, and distressed in my mind; the Lord has sweetly dropped a word into my heart, a word of peace, so that my soul was drawn up above the things of time and sense. Another time he has put a few sweet, precious words into my heart, dropping them into my soul. These are



the words, and they came with power: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." This is blotting out sin, putting away sin; so that I found peace and comfort. The word came with power, and "where the word of a king is, there is power." The word comes with power from heaven. When the treasure is in heaven, the heart is drawn up to heaven, guilt is removed, salvation opened up. The sprinkling of the blood of Christ on the conscience sets it free. Nothing else will do for the poor sensible sinner. All things in the tabernacle were sprinkled with blood. Moses sprinkled both the book and all the people.

Take away the Lord Jesus, what would become of the poor child of God? There is no pardon, peace, or salvation, only through the sprinkling of his blood; no righteousness, no revelation of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost takes of these things of Christ, revealing them, clearly testifying of them, and brings home the things of heaven and Christ to the soul. If he takes of any part of the righteousness and salvation of Christ, can it be without blood? Does he reveal any promise to the soul as speaking of Christ? There is blood in that promise. So it is, if the Lord ever said to you, "Thou art mine; I have redeemed thee," the words were a consolation to your soul, as the words came to the heart. So it is with the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ on your conscience. "Yes," says the child of God, "I know this is being pardoned, having a pardon from the high court of heaven, pardon from God; yet I want it again and again." So do I, my brethren; I am like Thomas, fearful that it did not come from the Lord. I have been tempted by the enemy so many times that it was all a delusion, that if it came from the Lord it would be more lasting, more satisfactory and encouraging. But, though Satan tempts me again and again that I have been mistaken, have been deluded; notwithstanding all this, I must set to my seal that I have felt some enjoyments, some support, some comfort, some promise attended with power to my soul. Before now Satan has said that the words I have said were spoken to my soul arose from this, that I was familiar with them, that my tongue was as the pen of a ready writer; so that these words that I had called promises were nothing more than the words coming to my remembrance; that what I called a promise will never do to lay hold of. But the Holy Ghost has led me back to consider, to see how it was and where it was. He has led me up to Jesus Christ to see what he did for me. He has led me from bondage to liberty, from darkness to light. He has let a little of heaven into my soul, to have a blessed view of a precious Christ. Has it not been so with you? That which comes from the throne of God leads to him.

Again. The poor child of God is something like Jacob, who, when he came to the desert, took stones for his pillow; and when he lay down and slept, he had a vision of a ladder reaching to

heaven, the bottom upon the earth; and the Lord was at the top, blessing Jacob. See how the Lord comes down to the lowest state of his dear people. However low they may be in trouble or distress, the Lord is at the top of the ladder. See how he promised he would be with Jacob, wherever he might be, that he would not leave him.

Just so it is. As the Lord is pleased to grant us a token, a sweet communication from his blessed throne; this comes from heaven; and the poor soul, having been blessed with grace in his heart, his thanksgivings and praise ascend towards the Lord, go upward, whence they first came. As the apostle says, "We love him because he first loved us."

The question was put by Peter, "How oft shall I forgive my brother, seven times?" The answer was, "Seventy times seven." "Ah!" say you, "I need forgiveness seventy times seven." How oft we need the blood of sprinkling applied to our consciences. How oft we bring guilt by some unwary step, or a word spoken unadvisedly with our lips! Something probably has taken place at home that has put us out of temper. A word spoken hastily has brought us into a state of bondage and trouble, that we have been much cast down. We wanted the blood of Jesus, the atonement of Jesus, the promise of Jesus, the revelation of Jesus, a look from Jesus, a visit from Jesus. And it is that by these things is manifest whose we are. The wicked are not in trouble as the Lord's children are. The child of God says, "I hate myself; I hate my sin; and as poor Job said, 'I loathe it.' I hate my thoughts and my carnal desires. Lord, keep me!" This is an evidence you are not as some people, who add sin to sin, who say, "It is all settled. If I am elected I shall be saved. It is no matter how I live." We are not such characters. We grieve because we do wrong, we grieve because we think wrong, we grieve because we speak wrong. It is not what others see or say of us; it is what we see in ourselves. We see a thousand spots and evils in ourselves that others cannot see; therefore we abhor ourselves. These things make manifest whose we are. The Lord ordered a mark to be put upon those who sighed and cried for the abominations done in the land. These cry and call upon the Lord. He calls them near to him, and marks them for his own; and the command is to the destroying angel, when he goes through the land, "Come not near; touch not such a one upon whom is God's mark of salvation, God's mark of protection." There is evidence of life and salvation, because they cry and sigh for the abominations done in the land, the abominations that are within, in the chambers of imagery. Therefore, on account of these things they cry and sigh. These are among the number of God's elect.

What says the word of truth respecting such? That they "fear the Lord, and that they 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

thought upon his name; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Because they are his jewels, they shall be preserved; they shall be kept as the apple of his eye. Because they are his jewels, they have the fear of the Lord in their heart. It is this that makes the difference between "the children of God and the children of the devil." Those who think upon his name and cry to him for help are feeling, sensible sinners. They cannot help thinking on his name. That name is Jesus. He saves his people from their sins. The poor soul is satisfied of his ability to save, but not as to his willingness. These are just the characters who cannot help thinking on his name. That name is mercy to a poor sinner; and when a poor sinner's misery and a rich Saviour's mercy meet together, that is a blessed meeting-place. When the soul is blessed with a manifestation of God's mercy, then it is the soul can sing, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth;" "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings," &c. At one time I wondered how this could be; as David said, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Yet he said, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth."

Come, and let us plead his name together. The believing soul blesses the Lord, praises his dear and precious name.

These things manifest the children of God who are children of the light. They have a hatred to sin and love to God and his people. "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil."

The Lord bless these few hints, for his name's sake.

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### THE WORD OF GOD IS QUICK AND POWERFUL.

ON HEARING MR. GADSBY PREACH AT THE LOW TOWN, BRIDGNORTH, FROM HEB. IV. 12, WHEN SOME PERSONS OF THE ARMINIAN CASTE WALKED OUT BEFORE THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERMON.

I REMEMBER the time when a troop of dry bones  
 Were placed in a valley, much harder than stones;  
 When the truth was proclaim'd by the watchman's loud cry,  
 That such were in danger, their enemy nigh.  
 The word came with power, in spirit and keen,  
 When the joints and the marrow it passed between,  
 The joints cut asunder, *crept off rather odd*;  
 So the marrow was left for the people of God.  
 It gives them great pleasure to feel, and to hear  
 Of the miracles wrought by the Lord whom they fear;  
 Acknowledge his power and glory alone,  
 And gather the fragments which fall from his throne.

W. TOWNSHEND.

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THE Arminians make God care less for his people than he did for Peter's old shoes; he would not leave the latter in prison, and shall he leave the purchase of his blood in the prison of hell? (Acts xii. 8.)—*J. Ryland, jun.*

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

## CHAPTER II.

Verses 1, 2. "*I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.*"

For such as we are to commend and set forth ourselves is generally preposterous vanity; but for the Lord Jesus to do so concerning himself is very different. Who could display or unfold the glories of a God but himself? Who could set forth the beauties of Jesus adequately but himself, by his own word and Spirit? No man hath ascended up into heaven to find out what God is. The only way in which God can be discovered is by due attention to his own revelation. Happy persons who bow their ears to listen to what God himself says of himself, and renounce, in matters like these, their proud unsanctified reason. Faith has its sphere to work in; reason has its own proper sphere also; let both keep their places; but if there can be one thing in which it is more essential for reason to give place to faith than another, it must be in these matters of the divine being and perfections.

Christ says, "*I am the Rose of Sharon,*" &c. Sharon, we know, was an exceedingly fruitful plain in the land of Canaan, where doubtless flourished the most beautiful roses, and probably of many sorts and colours. There were many other flowers in these fields, but the rose had the pre-eminence amongst them. So Christ says, "*I am the Rose of Sharon,*" the flower of flowers in those fields which Sharon here represents. There are differences of opinion as to what particular rose is meant; but it seems quite unnecessary to trouble our minds about this. Simplicity generally goes with edification; and we may criticize all the sweetness out of the text, all the perfume out of these roses. Take the rose generally as the emblem of beauty and fragrance, and fix more particularly on its commonest colour of crimson, and we seem to have all that is required to set forth the Lord Jesus in his spiritual beauty and sweet perfume of grace to the spiritual mind, and more especially his exceeding beauty and fragrance of grace to his people in his death for them on the cross of Calvary. Christ is lovely, glorious, excellent to his people in all respects,—in his Person as God-man, in his exaltation, in his righteousness; but more especially he is lovely, sweet, and fragrant to their souls in his bloody death for them on the cross. This they cannot lose sight of, and this the Lord Jesus, for his own glory and the comfort of their souls, here calls their attention pre-eminently unto. The plain of Sharon is evidently used in scripture to represent the fruitful field of the Gospel-grace of God. Thus in Isa. lxx. 10: "And Sharon shall be a fold of flocks;" evidently speaking of gospel days when the Lord Jesus should gather together the sheep of his pasture, and fold them securely in the Gospel fold; for "there shall be," says he, "one fold," for Jews and Gentiles alike, "and one Shepherd,"

Well, then, Jesus is the Rose of this field, especially a bleeding Jesus. This is the pre-eminent glory of the Gospel, that it sets forth not only a Christ, but a dying Christ. "God forbid," says Paul, "that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And again he writes: "I determined to know nothing amongst you save Jesus Christ," that Rose of Sharon, "and him crucified," the crimson Rose of the Gospel-field." Thus the Gospel sets forth a bleeding Jesus; and what the Gospel testifies of, faith receives and rejoices in, and pre-eminently triumphs in a crucified Redeemer.

But we may even extend this thought. Another sweet Sharon is heaven itself, where all of beauty and glory flourishes to eternity; but what would heaven be to such as we are without a bleeding Jesus? "I go to prepare a place for you!" That field could have no consoling glory for us unless Jesus was there: "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" And as Erskine writes in his sweet Gospel Sonnets:

"He is of heaven the comely Rose;  
His presence makes it fair.  
Heaven were not heaven couldst thou suppose  
Thy Husband were not there."

No, poor soul, heaven would not indeed be a heaven to thee couldst thou suppose that thou hadst no bleeding Jesus to fill those sweet plains with the fragrance of his atonement for thy sins, as well as the fragrance of his righteousness for thy eternal justification. The Lamb in the midst of the throne makes thy heart happy in the view of heaven; but then, it is a Lamb as it had been slain. O! Nothing but the blood of Jesus can give the conscience perfect rest and peace. Well, then, may Jesus in love call attention to himself as a bleeding, dying Saviour, and cry, "I am the Rose of Sharon."

"*And the lily of the valleys.*" Here again are many disputes. There were in the land of Canaan many kinds of lilies of various hues; some white, some more gorgeous in their colours. To the last possibly Christ refers when he points to the flowers of the field, and says that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." But this is all conjecture. In the case before us we select the white lily, and indeed our minds seem to run to the sweet, lowly, lovely flower known amongst ourselves as the lily of the valley. But here we will not be peremptory. In these matters who must not permit to others a diversity of opinion? Only we observe Solomon had a most extensive knowledge of trees, plants, and flowers, and, therefore, could not have been ignorant of the lowly, sweet flower we rather cling to.

But let us come to experimental things. As the rose particularly sets before us Christ glorious and pre-eminently glorious in having died for his people's sins, so we consider that the lily signifies the spotless purity of Christ's obedience to the law for his people, as well as the spotless purity of his nature, and,

taking the lowly flower we have alluded to as meant, the marvellous condescension of the Lord Jesus in humbling himself for his people, and taking upon him the form of a servant and making himself of no reputation. Both these things are essential to the peace of God's people, and have a loveliness to their hearts which may well be represented by the lily. How precious to the hearts of his saints is the spotless righteousness of Jesus! How they desire to be clothed in that "lily vest!" They know that no angel, in all his glory of preserved innocence, is arrayed in a robe like this. They marvel at the sweet providence of God their Father in providing for them, in the obedience of his Son, so fair a garment, and they desire with the apostle Paul to be found always therein, not having on their own righteousness for acceptance, which is of the law, but the spotless lily robe of a Redeemer's divine righteousness. The lowliness and humility of Christ are also exceedingly sweet to them. "Zacchæus, come down," he cries, as it were, to their hearts, and they find themselves at home with a lowly Saviour. He flourishes best in the most self-abasing hearts.

"The valleys bless the rich perfume."

They cry, as it were, in the words of the spouse, "O that thou wert as my brother;" the eye being fixed so much on the infinite glory of the Godhead as to produce discouragement; but when they see him in his lowly form, humbled for their sakes, humbling himself, then they are sweetly encouraged. When they meet him thus without, they embrace him, and are not put to shame. So, then, we see why Jesus adds to the glory and ruddiness of the rose the fairness and lowliness of the lily of the valleys, pointing for the comfort of the saints both to the condescending lowliness of his character, as towards them, and the spotless perfection of his everlasting righteousness. In every circumstance of his self-abasing life upon earth, he was still the lily. All was spotless purity, undefiled innocence. His sweetness shed a fragrance abroad as much in the manger of Bethlehem as in the courts of heaven; and still he is to be found in the low place and in the lowly hearts, flourishing not in the palaces of the earth, but rather in the cottages; not in the hearts of the proud and self-sufficient, but in the humbled hearts of truly God-taught sinners.

Thus we see the spiritual experimental beauty of this description of the Lord Jesus. Gloriousness and humility, innocence and atonement by blood, are brought before the mind's eye, and the soul is led to contemplate with delight the exceeding excellence of a lowly, obedient, crucified, and glorified Jesus; or, as Berridge writes:

"Coupled in song we see  
The rose and lily are,  
And fancy out to me  
My Surety's office clear.  
One shows his blood, to wash me whole,  
And one his robe, to clothe my soul."

## 2. "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."

Christ has already spoken descriptively of himself, and his people will readily agree to what is spoken. They sometimes, when writing bitter things against themselves, may still speak a good word of Jesus: "He has done all things well." O! There is no blemish there! Dear dying Friend and Lamb of God, slain for sinners, thou art worthy. I am vile indeed, but thou art precious. If thou shouldst send me to hell, even there I think I should have to say, "Thou art worthy!" O! I love thus to praise thee and abase myself; and the nearer I am to thee, the more I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes. But now, to hear Jesus commending this poor self-abasing, self-loathing creature, this is the wonder:

"Astonish'd angels stand amazed,  
That Christ should die for man."

And surely astonished angels must almost cease to strike their harps, pausing with wonderment, to hear Jesus proclaiming the lily fairness of the vile, sinful creature creeping to his feet to weep there. But if they pause they also praise, understanding the mysteries of divine love. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" and praise in heaven as well as wonder whenever God speaks in Jesus to "the praise of the glory of his grace" to sinners.

"As the lily among thorns." The words express what the spouse, the church, and each part of that church, is to Jesus, both actually and comparatively. A *lily*; as he is, so is she in this world. This does not speak here of what the sinner will be when altogether like Jesus in heaven, seeing him as he is; but of what the child of God now is, at the present moment; as he is so beheld by God even now, though in this world, and compassed with sins, infirmities, and sorrows. The poor sinner who comes to Jesus is even whilst on earth a lily. Christ *the* Lily, the spouse *a* lily, comely in his comeliness put upon her, fair in his beauty, comely as he is comely. This refers first of all to the righteousness of Christ imputed to her, and then to his Spirit put within her. The mystery of grace being, that law and justice are satisfied; and thus the child of God has a legal fairness, in the personal holiness and fairness of Jesus, and then what is of his Spirit in her is noticed as if it was the only thing seen and regarded, the old man of sin being viewed as crucified, dead, and buried in the tomb of Jesus. Thus she is a lily, as Jesus himself is fair; and also a lily in respect to the new creation, the principle of grace implanted in her; and when sweet bedewing and reviving times come, and the new nature flourishes, the child of God grows as the lily, flourishes in the resemblance of Jesus.

Such, then, the poor sinner who seeks him is to Jesus. Man may think and say what he will; so may Satan and natural conscience; but what Jesus says must stand for the truth of the case; spite of all the contrary in self, a lily is the proper emblem

of this poor ruined creature. Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, the thief upon the cross, all were lilies to Jesus.

But the comparative words, "*the lily among thorns*," may also seem strange. If Christ's love, his real church, his true people, are lilies, what of the rest of the world? O! Merely thorns: "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." But surely this only refers to the baser sort? O! Far from it. The daughters clearly mean the most showy and eminent professors of Christianity itself, who are not united livingly and savingly unto Jesus. The wisdom of man, the excellence of the flesh, its boasted civilization, its philanthropy, its very religiousness, is a mere mass of thorns and briars unto Jesus. And this, in the long run, he will prove to be the case. Men greatly admire what is merely human, when it takes the form of civilization and religion, however false and meretricious; but God says of modern as well as ancient Ninevehs, with all their glories, "Art thou better than populous No?" (Nahum iii. 8.) God sees not as man sees; and of men he says, "The best of them is as a brier, the most upright as a thorn hedge." But of his church, and every poor, lost, ruined sinner who creeps to his footstool as a part of that church, he says, "A lily." And as the lily among thorns is my love.

But this comparison will go even deeper. We have said that the new nature is the lily nature, as well as that the true believer is the lily person in the eyes of Jesus. Well, then, the old nature, the flesh, even in the saint, is not lily-like, but thorn-like in the eyes and estimate of Jesus. The light shineth in darkness, but this old nature comprehends it not; and in vain the child of God looks for light, or life, or fairness in the old man. Christ is not there. He feeds amongst the lilies. He dwells in the new man; the man of grace within. There he feeds, and there, with the graces of his Spirit in the soul, he holds communion. Thus, then, we get two thoughts about a child of God. Take him as a person as a whole, he is counted to be as the lily, as Christ himself; and in reference to the rest of the world, all out of Christ, as the lily among thorns, as Christ himself was to the world. But divide him into two persons, or two parts, the new man and the old, then the new nature is as the lily, and to the old nature as the lily among thorns. The wisdom, the righteousness, the strength, the religion, as well as the profaner lusts of the flesh, are as so many inward thorns to that which is of Christ in the soul.

Thus, then, we have a double division. Christ here, so to speak, as in Habakkuk iii., stands and drives asunder the nations, separates by his judgment the believer from the world, and also from himself. "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."

We conclude this part with one or two plain and practical reflections. The words evidently speak of judgment and mercy.

1. They show how injurious the men of this world, professor



and profane, are likely to prove to the children of God. Also how often the Lord's people are improperly intermixed with them. They get mingled amongst the heathen, and learn their ways, which become a snare unto them. The world not only hurts the church of God by persecution, but by flatteries. (Dan. xi. 34.) The Samaritans wanted to have a hand in God's work, that they might overthrow it. Then Simon believed also, and was baptized. (Acts viii. 13.) When the devil was cast out of heaven as a dragon, he reappeared as the beast. (Rev. xii. 13.)

2. But Christ will not in the end suffer this. He has a word against all his evil neighbours (Jer. xii. 14), and will gather his people from amongst the heathen. The tares are to be burned and the wheat gathered; the thorns to be plucked up, and the lilies snatched from among them.

3. But judgment must begin at the house of God. The inward thorns are the worst, because the nearest; the world within more dangerous than the world without; deceitful lusts more injurious than deceitful professors. Therefore Christ in mercy will set his hand again and again to disentangle and rescue from them; as well as finally to abolish them altogether.

4. Hence the many chastenings and scourgings of the children of God. For this cause his furnace is in Zion. As a father he chastens, that those who are always as lilies in Christ, in the eyes of love and law, may be purged from these thorns, and be made in an experimental sense partakers of his holiness.

But here some one may say, "You contradict yourself. You tell us that nothing is seen but the lily in the child of God, and then that God *chastens* and *scourges*, and exposes his children to the furnace because of sin. How is this, if he does not notice, and will not even see it? 'He hath not beheld,' scripture says, 'iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel.'" Here we must observe the just distinctions of the word of God. When it comes to the matter of justification and acceptance, then the soul being seen in Christ, and indeed nothing but Christ seen, the word is, "Thou art *all* fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Love will see nothing, justice can see nothing, but an all fairness; not one single thing is beheld which can bring the soul into legal condemnation, or separate the child of God from his love. But then sin in the inbeing of it remains, and dwells in the heart in all its hatefulness to a holy God. It works and wars, opposes his wise and holy will; fights against his grace; scorns his love; hates his Spirit's blessed control; and cries incessantly, "Christ and God shall not reign over me." Thus it dishonours God, works against the new creation, and mars our peace. Now, then, because God loves, and justifies, and accepts eternally in Jesus, he will fight against this monstrous thing which fights against God, disable these inbred lusts which destroy our peace, and purge away by chastisements the dross from the gold, the evil from the good. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

## LETTER FROM AN OLD VETERAN.

Dear Friend,—Yours I received, and was truly glad to hear from you. I certainly did think my journey into Norfolk had been of little use; but I am glad to hear the Lord did bless it to some of the poor souls there. My dear friend, I am experimentally taught where to ascribe the glory. I am confident of it, that the treasure is in an earthen vessel, that the excellence of the power may be of God, and not of us.

I certainly did feel a pleasure in my journey, and found myself very much at home among you; but the devil has harassed me very much since, that nobody else had any pleasure but myself. Ah, my friend, I am such a fool I think there is none like me. I am so often looking at second causes instead of resting upon the immutability of a covenant God, who rests in his love and never has the shadow of a turn. I never can make one hair white or black, and yet I am constantly, when left to myself, trying to do it. I am at a point that flesh is flesh and spirit is spirit; and when left for a time to feel and see what the flesh is, we can truly say what one of old said, "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing." O the depth of the abominations of fallen nature! It is no wonder at one and another crying out with such words as these: "My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness. I am black, and astonishment has taken hold of me. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" Truly, my friend, I am, at times, more and more tormented, and pestered, and plagued with this cursed old man than ever I was in all my life. I used to think in former days he would get weaker and weaker; but to my sorrow I find he gets stronger and stronger; and indeed sometimes he is so powerful that I fear I am nothing else but an old man, so much enmity and so little love; so much pride and so little humility; so much cursed unbelief, yes, and so destitute of one grain of faith in exercise and no desire for it; so much discontentedness, peevishness, yea, and quite in a rage because nobody troubles nor cares about it, neither God nor man; but very seldom in that spot where one says of old, "Here am I; let him do with me what seemeth him good." Indeed, my friend, when left to myself, I am confident of it, there is not such a wretch upon earth. What a mercy it is, my friend, that salvation is all of grace, from first to last; that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

I have been in the furnace pretty keenly since I saw you. We have had a separation in our church. Those that are gone have taken another place, and are doing all they can to overthrow us; but, bless the Lord, I have times in the midst of it all that I can say, "The Lord is my light. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my heart. Of whom shall I be afraid?" And at such seasons I would not have been without one trial of all that I have passed through if I could have been for wishing for. I

am at a point that it is "the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." "A little with the fear of the Lord is truly better than great treasures and trouble therewith." Yea, "A dinner of herbs where love is is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

O the blessing of having a sweet drop of the love of God in the midst of storms, afflictions, darkness, and corruptions, and the fiery darts of the devil, till the poor creature sometimes can only cry, "Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me." How wonderful and amazing it is to his wondering eyes that instead of the pit shutting her mouth upon him, the dear Lord shines upon him with love and mercy. He cries, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." How sweet it is to have his poor feet that were fast in the mire and clay set upon a firm rock. How delightful it is to have his goings established that had been so crooked and without judgment. How transportingly sweet it is to feel his stammering tongue unloosed and a precious song of praise and thanksgiving to his God and Saviour. And how delightful it is to find all the wild beasts of the forest are gathered into their dens. O the sweetness at such a time in showing forth the praises of him that hath called us out of such darkness into his marvellous light.

My friend, I have had sometimes such seasons as these since I saw you, and can say, "Truly it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun." There is not one thing out of its place when this is the case. All is right and straight, both within and without, in the church and in the world, for time and eternity. It is my heart's desire that the Lord may favour you with many such visits as these; for there is no solid rest and peace anywhere else. But, alas! When the Lord leaves off communing with me, I soon return to my former place of wretchedness, and generally find, after such a sweet visit, a dreadful storm either from the world, flesh, or the devil, or all combined together, till again I am driven to my wits' end, and stagger and reel to and fro like a drunken man, and know not what to do or what to think; all my comfort gone, and the heavens appear as brass, and the Bible a sealed book, and my heart like a stone; corruptions boiling up like a pot with all manner of filthiness; the devil pouring into my mind all manner of awful blasphemies that make me to fear the Lord has certainly given me up at last to a reprobate mind, and that now it is all over. "Surely," think I, "God can never look again in mercy upon such a wretch, so vile, so abominable, so filthy, so full of blasphemy that I am fit for nothing but the bottomless pit." O the boundless goodness of a God of love, that he does not sweep such wretches into hell with the besom of destruction at once. And pray what is or can be the cause that such wretches are not in hell, yes, and what is the best of all, never shall be in hell? What is the cause? Paul tells us: "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us even when dead in sin, hath quickened us together with Christ;"

“By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any should boast.” Truly it is not of works. What a mercy it is for us it is “not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy;” for I can neither will nor run but as God is pleased to enable me. When he draws, I can run; when he holds up, I can stand; when he pours into my heart the grace of supplication, I can pour out prayer unto him; when he gives faith, I can believe and rest upon him; when he calls me his child, I can call him Father; when he softens, I can melt down at his feet; when he strengthens me by his Spirit in the inner man, I can glory in tribulation; and when he drives out the enemy before me, I can shout “Victory” as well as the boldest; but generally it is when the enemy is running away. O what a blessing it is to have such a covenant God!

It appears by your letter that you are just such a fool as myself; and I can assure you it did me good to find you were like myself; for it is a grand truth, “As face answereth to face in water, so doth the heart of man to man.” God has promised he will “lead the blind by a way they know not, and lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make crooked things straight before them, and rough places plain. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.” We have proved this to be the truth many times in our poor pilgrimage, and shall again. Bless the name of our dear covenant God and Saviour, though we many times believe not, nor can so much as lift up our voice after him, yet, O bless him! He abideth faithful. He cannot deny himself. O glorious truth! Cheer up, then, my friend. Why so sad and gloomy? Thou art travelling home to a better country; for they that say such things plainly declare that they are seeking a country; and our God declares they that seek shall find.

My dear friend, I cannot help speaking well of my Friend Jesus; for truly he does at times so kindly and freely come skipping over all my folly, deadness, foolishness, pride, unbelief, blasphemies, and all my wretchedness, and make himself known to my poor soul with such sweetness, and speaks such endearing language, that he overcomes me with love; and how can I help praising and extolling such a dear Friend? Indeed, my dear friend, if I had not some such times as these I must sink into utter despair; for I stand alone. There is not one settled minister in all the county of Wilts but what looks upon me and considers me a man of mischief, a bad spirit, and dangerous to have anything to do with me; and since we have had the separation the whole town has been in a ferment; and some that have been as dear to me as my own life have turned against me with all their might. Yes, my friend, and added to this, sometimes I get up on the Lord's day morning and have no text, three times to preach, and as dark as a dungeon, and as full of wrath in my heart as if I had been a complete devil. O! For Jesus to come

to such a one and unveil his glory, to smile and say, "Fear not; it is I," it is enough to kill me with kindness. O bless him! How precious he is to me when he comes at such a time. How can I help crying down human nature, and exalting free, sovereign, discriminating grace? If I did not do this, the very devils would cry open shame of me. Surely Jesus is the Chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

Give my kind love to Mr. B. I hope he is well and enjoying the best things. My love to Miss B.; but I have somewhat against her. She promised to write to me, and she has not fulfilled her promise. I take it as a genteel way of getting rid of such a fool; but I can say my heart has been at a throne of grace for them both; and it is my heart's desire that God may bless them. My kind love to all my unknown friends that love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. Peace and mercy be with them in all their tribulations; and may they ever find a covenant God to be a present help in trouble.

And now, my dear friend, the God of peace bless you, and ever prove to be near at hand and not afar off in all your times of need. It is my heart's desire that you may be often upon your watch-tower, and have your eyes open to see and observe the enemy in all his measures that he takes to deceive such simple fools as you and I; and that it may please God that you may have on the whole armour of God, that you may be able to stand, and having done all to stand. And also that the good Lord will indulge you now and then with a court visit; and be sure you do not forget poor John when this is the case.

The person you mentioned that preaches at N. I never heard of before; but if he is a messenger of peace, may peace rest upon him.

So, my friend, I conclude my poor scrawl; and I hope, if it will not be too much to ask such a favour, you will not fail to drop me a line soon.

Yours in Love and Affection,  
Trowbridge, Dec. 7, 1826. JOHN WARBURTON.

### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TIPTAFT TO A FRIEND AT BAMPTON, OXON.

Beloved Brother in Christ Jesus,—Having met with a brother of ours who is your neighbour, I take this opportunity of answering your kind and satisfactory letter, which you sent me a few weeks ago. I rejoice to hear what the Lord Christ has done for your soul, by making known to you your blessed and inseparable union with himself. None but those who have had the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, and who have felt and known the vileness of their nature and plague of their own hearts, will rejoice in such a glorious union. When light shines first into our hearts, we see nothing but what is hateful and detestable, and nothing can give comfort and conso-

lation to the poor sinner but the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ upon his heart, which alone can wash away our sins. All by nature are equally lost and fallen; there is no difference. The Lord allows man nothing to glory in; and the man that is taught of the Spirit desires to glory in nothing but Jesus Christ.

I am very pleased to find by your letter that nothing but Christ fully set forth can give you comfort; and when the preachers begin to talk to the dead at the latter end of their sermons, which, alas! too many do, you pity them, and doubt whether they have ever been taught by the Spirit of God what they truly are by nature, and what Christ is to his church. Christ is all and in all. We are, in the flesh, nothing but his enemies to the day of our death. And whilst many are endeavouring to patch up and reform the old man, we know from our experience that their labour is in vain, and that they will prove before long nothing but swine and dogs. We must be born again of the Spirit of God before we can receive spiritual things savingly. It is labour in vain to put new wine into old bottles. It is the new Adam alone that is profited by the word of God, and that grows in grace and love. As there always were many deceivers and vain talkers, so there are now, who know neither what they say nor whereof they affirm. But whilst they argue and dispute about what man can do to obtain grace and increase his faith, we bless and adore our covenant God for having taught us that our faith stands in the *power* of God, and that the work he has begun will be perfected by him. I for a length of time mixed grace and good works, and I laboured in vain as to comforting the sheep of Christ or disturbing the kingdom of Satan. But when the Lord opened my eyes to see what human nature is, and what Christ is to his people, the Spirit of truth has from that time borne witness to the sermons delivered by me. The Spirit of truth will not bear witness to lies. I rejoice to think that the Lord has caused me to be useful to many lately. Many, I trust, are well grounded upon the Rock; but time will show whether it is a work of the flesh or the Spirit upon the spirit born of the Holy Ghost.

I can discern plainly from your letter that you love to hear that all fulness dwells in Christ, and any minister who does not truly hold Christ as the Head from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God, can please you.

There are but few ministers but what rob Christ of his glory, more or less. They are not taught of God the everlasting love of Christ to his church, that every member must be brought, and not one more or less; and they do not depend upon men to bring them; for Christ himself is the great Shepherd, who knows his sheep by name, and will give eternal life to them, and not one shall perish. Though you are so situated that you cannot conveniently hear the gospel preached fully, still you have the best of all Teachers, the One Great Shepherd, who can and will feed

you, and take care of you. We are only under-shepherds. The Lord knows well your wants and desires. He gives the hungering and thirsting after spiritual things, and he alone can satisfy. You are placed where the Lord sees fit that you should be, and he will provide you a shepherd after his own heart before long, in a way unforeseen by man. You can read the word of God, which the Lord can apply to your soul in a way which shall strengthen and comfort you beyond the consolation that you ever received from the word preached. What is the gospel to a man to whom the Lord has not given a spiritual desire? What is Christ to a carnal man? A root out of a dry ground. But to the spiritual man he is the fairest of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. You are taught of God that Christ has lived and died for you; therefore by the word of God you are called upon to live for and die unto him. You *are saved*, you are pardoned, you are justified, you are washed, you are sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. Your warfare is accomplished, your iniquity is pardoned, the Spirit of God has taught you your lost and ruined state in the old Adam, your security and confidence in the new Adam. Though you have had to call out, "I am black, because the sun has looked upon me," by the same Spirit you have received answer, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

O what a glorious and blessed thought it is to know that we are members of that body which our Lord Christ hath loved with an everlasting love, and which church, or body, Christ gave himself for, that he might *sanctify and cleanse* it, with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it *to himself* a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. God grant that you may daily desire to know more and more of our Lord Christ. There is no other knowledge worth having in comparison with it.

I heartily hope that the spirit of love and unity may daily increase amongst the few sheep in your neighbourhood, and that you all may be more conformed to the image of Jesus Christ, in life and conduct, and that you may be brought to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God. This is the sincere prayer of

Your unworthy Friend and Brother in Christ Jesus,  
Sutton Courtney, May 24, 1830. WM. TIPTAFT.

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ALL the opposition of hell and all the agents of the devil among men are only accomplishing the very purposes which shall best minister to the Lord's glory and the welfare of his people. Their opposition tends to endear Christ. And the sorrows they put God's people to have a blessed tendency to wean the heart from the earth and to make Christ and heaven more dear. Yea, the very sense of our own sins, all have their use in the promotion of the Lord's glory and our happiness. There never would have been such sweetness in heaven as the redeemed will find there had they never known sin nor felt the love and grace of Christ in redeeming them from it.—*Hawker*.

*"BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE."*

"At nine o'clock he had an intermitting pulse, and by midnight it was manifest that he was dying. He knew this, for he said to his elder son, 'I am dying, Charles!' And as the fact became more apparent, like the patriarch of old, he began to gather his feet up into his bed, and he cried out, 'It is better to die than to live!'" (Sermon on the death of the late Mr. Philpot, "Gospel Standard," Feb., 1870.)

"'Tis better to die than to live!"  
 Strange words to the worldly-minded,  
 Whom the trifles of time deceive,  
 And the god of this world hath blinded.

They feel it is better by far  
 To live a long life of pleasure;  
 On the earth their affections are,  
 And they seek for no richer treasure.

"'Tis better to die than to live!"  
 O yes, to the dying believer;  
 For the world has no joy to give;  
 But to leave it is joy for ever.

He knows it is better to go  
 From a weary land of sorrow;  
 To exchange these dark shadows below  
 For the dawn of a glorious morrow.

It is better to see his Lord,  
 His bosom's exceeding treasure,  
 Than all that this world could afford  
 Through a thousand years of pleasure.

It were better, my soul, for thee  
 To have safely pass'd the river,  
 Than, burden'd with mortality,  
 On its gloomy banks to shiver.

Unchain'd from this body of death,  
 To mount up on wings immortal;  
 To pass with the parting breath  
 Aloft through yon shining portal.

To bid an eternal farewell  
 To conflict, and grief, and sighing,  
 The craft and the malice of hell,  
 The dread and the pain of dying.

In the presence of Jesus to stand  
 With the countless heirs of glory;  
 And sing with the blood-wash'd band  
 Salvation's amazing story.

"'Tis better to die than to live!"  
 He said as he cross'd the river;  
 For the world had no joy to give,  
 But to leave it was joy for ever.

Scarborough, March 20, 1870.

W. S. ROBINSON.

COMMUNITIES and collective bodies of men are in God's hand no less frail than individuals. The first-born throughout Egypt and the vast army of Sennacherib perished in a night. The Romans were the iron rod in God's hand wherewith he dashed the Jewish nation to pieces. Who can gather up the fragments?—*Newton*.



## COMFORTING WORDS.

Dear Friend,—A poor helpless sinner writes a few lines to you. He is one of the company the Lord told Jeremiah should come to Zion,—the blind and the lame. “They shall come with weeping,” said he, “and with supplications will I lead them.” (Jer. xxxi. 9.) It is often my lot to weep. When the sensible power of the Leader and Comforter is lost; when darkness beclouds my mind, and doubts and fears creep in, there is cause for weeping then. I have oftentimes been obliged to cry, “Lord, undertake for me, I am oppressed.”

You were speaking last Sunday evening of king David sending for Mephibosheth; and the King of kings, through abounding love and mercy, sent for worthless me, when I was like a wild ass's colt, and when from the womb I was going astray, speaking lies.

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God.”

And I have now been favoured to sit at his table for more than forty years. But I do not always realize his presence; then I am obliged to cry for bread; and sometimes I go, but not hungry. But the Lord has not left me long at ease at a time. For forty odd years it has been his gracious will that I should have a thorny path, fightings without and fears within; a widower at 32 years of age, with nine children, all under eleven years old, and the eldest three weak in body and mind, never having walked. So my blessings (for through mercy I have had some tokens of God's unmerited love) come generally cross-handedly. Yet, glory be to God, I would not change my state with any monarch upon earth.

You were speaking on Thursday evening of the Lord trying the righteous, and how they become righteous. It was to the joy and rejoicing of my poor heart. I felt it powerful and suitable; it fitted as the tenon in the mortice. O, my dear friend, what is religion without feeling? It is a shell without kernel. But O how seldom do I get such a visit! Nine-tenths of my time pass away with sighing and groaning over a body of sin and death, a trying world, and tempting devil. But the Lord has promised, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.” O that I could always feel that the Almighty arms are underneath, what heartrendings I should escape! And that blessed promise that you closed your sermon with, that he will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, seemed so sweet and precious to me as if I had never heard it before.

Now the poor stranger has written to you, it is to tell you that your labour at Plymouth has not been in vain in the Lord. There were broken hearts besides mine comforted. I do not desire an answer.

May God bless you and keep you steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord. This is the prayer of one unknown, yet well known.

July 30, 1854.

W. PROUSE.

## CHANGES.

My dear Christian Friend,—I have no doubt you have expected I should have replied to your kind epistle before this; but I meet with many hindrances, and most of them are in my wretched self, and they are best buried in oblivion; but the mercies of our covenant God I would desire to keep in lively remembrance in my soul; for they have been many since we had that blessed opportunity together. Truly the dear Lord's presence was with us indeed. Such opportunities with me are very precious. Were Christian brethren always thus favoured when meeting together, there would be much more union and true communion with each other, and the dark night that you say Zion is passing through would be dispersed by a ray of his countenance that rested on our souls.

You have heard from your sister in a measure how the Lord visited my soul on Christmas-day. I quite expected my end was come, and I truly was favoured to triumph over death, hell, and the grave. That day was a glorious day to my soul. I thought I was going to finish my course with joy; but the dear Lord was pleased to raise me up again; and since then I have had another attack, that left me much weaker both in body and mind, and I greatly feared I should sink under it, so as to be a burden to myself and all around me. This I dreaded much, and was enabled to groan out the desires of my soul before the Lord; and I have a hope, *unworthy* as I am, that the Lord will grant me my request.

I was unable to speak for two Lord's days; but I trust I have gradually gathered strength. What the Lord's mind is in future towards me I desire to leave in his hands. My desire is that my remaining days may be spent in his service, and that when my work is done he will take me to himself; but I still feel my life here is a warfare, and have need to keep my eyes on the Captain of our salvation; for he is stronger than all that oppose; and I believe I shall be more than a conqueror through him that has loved me and who gave himself for me. O! What I have of late received from his fulness my pen cannot describe; but this I know, it is the earnest of my future inheritance, and at the resurrection, when my ransomed soul will be united to this my body that will be raised a spiritual body, then shall I see my dear Redeemer as he is, and shall be truly satisfied; for I then shall be like unto his glorious body.

My Christian love to you and yours. May the goodwill of him that dwelt in the bush rest upon you and abundantly bless you in your labours.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Braughing, April 14, 1864.

E. LAWRENCE.

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O! To die out of Christ, to die in your sins, to be in hell for more millions of years than there are drops in the ocean, grains of sand by the sea-shore, leaves upon the trees, or blades of grass in the fields, and even then eternity at the back of all that!—*Tiptaft*.

## THE LATE MR. GADSBY.

*To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."*

Dear Friend,—I wish I could convey to you an idea of the delight of soul I experienced when reading the account in this month's "Gospel Standard" of poor Alice Ianson; I mean *dear* Alice Ianson; especially that part where it speaks of some remark she heard Mr. Gadsby make in a sermon, about the poor soul not walking after the flesh, but the flesh walking after the soul. I once heard Mr. Gadsby make a similar remark. "Indeed," he said, "the flesh *runs* after the soul, and sometimes runs the poor thing out of breath, and it thinks it *must be* overtaken and overcome. No, no, poor soul," he said, "that cannot be. Whilst thou hast that fear alive in thy heart, God will not suffer the flesh to overtake thee, so as to cause thy fall."

O what a blessing that was made to me! I had been trembling and fearing for weeks, thinking I was going after the flesh; but that sermon was the means of giving me rest and establishing my goings.

London, March 8, 1871.

A WEAKLING.

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*SAVED BY GRACE.*

(From the "Regular Baptist Magazine," America.)

MAN lies in sin till grace comes in,  
Without desire to rise;  
His foolish mind loves to be blind,  
Till grace anoints his eyes.

When grace doth come it finds him dumb,  
And deaf and harden'd, too;  
He does pretend his lifeto mend,  
But nothing can he do.

In guilt and wounds his soul is bound  
Till Jesus sets him free,  
By his rich grace, to run apace  
In ways of purity.

Then he believes and grace receives;  
He grace doth magnify;  
By grace he lives, by grace he loves,  
By grace he longs to die.

But yet we see no saint is free  
From troubles by the way;  
The best of men groan under sin,  
Till their redemption day.

Yet blest are they who once can say,  
"One thing I know to be:  
I was born blind, but now I find  
Mine eye doth Jesus see."

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THE hypocrite is not for the closet, but the synagogue. Not but that education, example, or the impulse of conscience may sometimes drive him thither; but it is not his delight to be there.—*Flavel.*

## HISTORY OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

BY J. GADSBY.

BEFORE a man sits down to write a history of any place or thing, he should be quite satisfied on two points: 1, That he is qualified for the work; and, 2, That people in general will believe he is so qualified; otherwise his labour will be in vain. Gibbon wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;" most ably written, but so tinctured with infidelity that we dare not put it into the hands of our children. Macaulay wrote a "History of England;" one of the most elegantly-written works in the English language; but his Essay on Lord Clive is so marred with partiality and bigotry that we turn from it with disgust. In one place he calls the immortal Huntington "a worthless, ugly lad," a knave, a remarkable impostor, and a gaping clown; but the name of William Huntington will live in the hearts of thousands when that of Lord Macaulay, being written in the earth, or sand, will have been blown by the winds of heaven into deserved oblivion.\*

\* In the "Gospel Standard" for Aug., 1856, is a Review by Mr. Philpot of Huntington's "Posthumous Letters;" and in a note to that Review Mr. P. quotes Macaulay's exact expressions; and most pointedly and truthfully describes Macaulay as he really was. Mr. P.'s concluding sentence runs thus: "How true it is that one sinner destroyeth much good. (Ecces. ix. 18.) Here is an instance how a popular writer can, by a couple of sentences, falsify truth, slander away the reputation of a servant of God, and associate in the minds of thousands the name of Huntington with superstition, knavery, and imposture."

Mr. George Doudney, son of Mr. Edward Doudney, one of whose letters appeared in this magazine last month, sent a copy of Mr. P.'s remarks to Lord Macaulay, calling his attention to the fact, amongst other things, that Huntington was not a lad at the time referred to, but the father of a family. Mr. D. concluded his letter to Macaulay thus:

"As a historian and man of letters, exercising so wide an influence on opinion, I should wish to believe that your impartiality and justice to opponents and adversaries is *sans reproche*; and should therefore esteem it a favour if you could give any explanation that would exonerate you from the blame bestowed on you by the reviewer."

To this Macaulay replied:

"I admit that I ought not to have called William Huntington 'a lad.' 'Young man' would have been more correct. In a future edition I will make the alteration. As to the rest, I adhere to every word I have written. I am, I believe, as well acquainted with Huntington's works as any of his disciples; and I am quite willing that anybody who, after reading his works, thinks well of him, should think ill of me. I should indeed be very sorry if the person who wrote the infamous note, at the bottom of p. 255, in the work which you sent me, did not think ill of me."

Such is the enmity of the human heart! I would not for a moment attempt to limit God's sovereignty; but I can have no hesitation in saying that if Macaulay died with such sentiments in his heart, he is now reaping the reward of his enmity to God's truth and servant.

Macaulay refers, I believe, to Huntington no less than five times in his writings.

I should much like to see the Review I have referred to given in the volumes with Mr. Philpot's "Meditations," about to be published.

Now, as to the first point above, I think I may, without vain conceit, believe that I *am* qualified to write a "History of the 'Gospel Standard,'" as, under God, I was the originator of it, and have been connected with it and in some degree watched over it from its birth. And as to the second point, though there may be individuals who may doubt my ability, as they would sneer at anything which was the production of my pen, I am well persuaded there will be thousands who will have no doubt upon the subject, and will read with interest what I may here write. Then again, as there are many who have never seen my face in the flesh, so there may be some who know little or nothing about me; and for the sake of these, I will, in the first place, give some account of myself. I do not mean in a spiritual way. This I have done in some measure in my little work on "Slavery, Captivity," &c.; but more particularly in a temporal way.

I commenced business as a printer in Manchester in 1834. The Lord so abundantly blessed my labours that though I had only £100 to begin with, £50 of which, and no more, was given to me by my dear father, as, indeed, he could not, in justice to himself and others, spare more, for he was not one who hoarded up the riches of this world; I say, though I had only £100 to begin with, yet, with the assistance of friends,\* and subsequently by some money which came without having had to work for it, and with God's blessing, in a few years I was in a position to pay nearly £150 a week in wages alone.

There was at that time no periodical to advocate the sentiments which had been for years dear to my father, and which were becoming increasingly dear to me, as my understanding became more and more enlightened and my heart more and more expanded. I therefore proposed to my father that he should assist me in the publishing of a magazine specially devoted to the supporting and advocating of those sentiments. At first he objected, fearing that, as a young beginner in business, with only a limited capital, I should suffer loss. My reply was that God had blessed my labours so far, and that I believed he would bless this work; that even if it did not pay its expenses, the loss would be made up some other way; and that, through the instrumentality of his pen, numbers would be blessed who could never hear his voice. So that, even if I should lose by it (*as I did for some years*), and the loss should not be made up, it would be of little consequence, as my income was already greater than my expenditure. At last he gave way, and drew up a prospectus.

The next question was, "What name shall we give it?" And the "Gospel Standard" was fixed upon; not because it was ever intended to be set up as a standard to measure by, but as a standard, or banner, unfurled for the Gospel.

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\* One friend, a Mr. Blakeley, heard I had failed, and he waited upon me in all haste to offer me any amount of money he could command. I shall ever think of this with gratitude, though the report was not true.

We commenced the work in Aug., 1835. I give the following from the first Address, which was, of course, written by my father :

“ In our labours, we hope ever to keep in view the following things, and to vindicate them, in all their bearings, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear :

“ That there are Three Persons in the One-Undivided Jehovah,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; that each Person in this blessed Three-One God are equal,—equal in power, and in glory, and in love to the church; the love of the Father being displayed in Election, the love of the Son in Redemption, and the love of the Holy Ghost in Regeneration and the glorious things arising therefrom, and connected therewith; that in eternity Jehovah, foreseeing every the most minute circumstance and event, chose to himself, in Christ, a people whom he is determined to save with an everlasting salvation, and who shall show forth his praise; while the rest, being left to the hardness of their hearts, must inevitably perish in their sins; that nothing short of the divine power and energy of God the Holy Ghost in the heart of a sinner will make him spiritually repent, all other repentance being, like Judas's, fleshly; that wherever the blessed Spirit begins his work of grace in a sinner's heart, he will perfect it, it being not in the power of Satan or men to wrest one soul from his hands; that his blessed Majesty will daily lead his quickened children into the mystery of the iniquity of their carnal nature, and into the glorious mystery of God in Christ, as suited to and designed for them, thus glorifying Christ in their hearts as all and in all, teaching them the deep things of God, and inspiring their hearts to bless the Lord Jesus Christ, that because he lives, they shall live also; that the imputed righteousness of Christ is absolutely necessary for the justification of a sinner, and his holiness for sanctification,—fallen, ruined, guilty man, by nature as well as by practice, being utterly incapacitated from doing anything towards the salvation of his soul; that the gospel, which contains all the glory of all the laws that ever were promulgated from the throne of God, and in which harmonize all the glorious doctrines, promises, and precepts of the grace of God, is the only perfect rule of the believer's life and conduct, everything else leaving him destitute of hope; that the ordinance of the Lord's supper can only be scripturally administered to those who have been made to feel their lost and ruined state as sinners, and who, having been enabled to give a reason of the hope that is in them, and the answer of a good conscience toward God, have been solemnly immersed in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and, finally, that the scripture, being the absolute, infallible, revealed word and will of God, is the only standard by which the faith of man can rightly be tried.”

The first article was also written by my father, signed “A Soldier,” the text being Matt. v. 6;

“The righteousness intended here is not creature-righteousness, worth, or worthiness, for that is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away; nay, at best it is but filthy rags, and its fountain unclean. Eternal truth declares that ‘all flesh is grass, and all the *goodliness* thereof is as the flower of the field, which withereth and fadeth away when the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it.’ But the righteousness the dear Lord has in view in this text is that blessed righteousness which is unto all and upon all them that believe, even the glorious Person and obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ; for ‘Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.’ This is that righteousness which justifies the ungodly; and when this glorious righteousness is received into the heart by faith, through the divine power of God the Holy Ghost, the soul will unite with the church of old, and say, ‘In the Lord have I righteousness and strength;’ not merely *by* him, or *from* him, but *in* him; and the Lord the Spirit solemnly says that ‘in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.’ God is determined that no flesh shall glory in his presence, but *in the Lord* alone. Therefore ‘Christ is made of God unto his people wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.’ Yea, ‘God hath made him to be sin for them, that they might be made the righteousness of God in him.’ Here it is the child of God stands acquit of all charge, and is viewed by the God of gods perfect and complete; for, by the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, all that believe are justified from all things, not partially, but fully and completely. Now, this blessed justification is all of free grace: ‘Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.’ It is on this glorious ground the apostle sends forth his God-glorifying, soul-supporting challenge, ‘Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.’ Here divine faith makes a solemn stand, and, with indescribable pleasure, makes its boast of the Lord, putting no confidence in the flesh. Let Christ be seen and received into the heart by faith, and the sinner may challenge earth or hell to bring him in guilty; for Christ is the Lord his righteousness.

“Well, blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after this righteousness, for they shall be filled. Now, no one will ever hunger and thirst after this righteousness till the Holy Ghost has quickened his soul, and brought him to feel that he is a sinner before the heart-searching God; that his sins have been committed against a righteous God; that he has no righteousness of his own, nor any power to work one out; and yet, that without a righteousness perfectly adequate to the requirements of law and the demands of justice, he must for ever perish. To describe the various workings of mind and the feelings of such a soul, under the heart-rending tortures of the awful nature of

sin, and the holiness and inflexible justice of God, as revealed in the law, would fill a volume. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that night and day he hungers and thirsts for that righteousness which justifies the ungodly. A religion which consists of creature goodness, creature duties, and creature piety, will not do for him. He proves that both duty-works and duty-faith fail him, and leave him a lost sinner, without help and without hope. He therefore sighs, and groans, and cries for mercy, pardoning mercy, justifying mercy, in the Person, blood, and obedience of Christ. Nothing short of this will satisfy his hungry soul. He can in very deed enter into the feelings described in the first part of Isa. xli. 17: 'When the poor and needy seek water.' He feels that he is poor, wretchedly poor, and very needy; for he needs all that is necessary to make him righteous and holy in the sight of God; and though he has sought this in a variety of ways, still he can neither see nor feel anything in himself, nor of himself, but sin and loathsomeness. With deep concern, he has earnestly sought the water of life, but cannot find it; so that his tongue faileth for thirst, and he appears at times unable to speak the feelings of his heart to either God or man. Hungry and thirsty, his soul fainteth within him. Well, in this desert land, in this waste, howling wilderness, the Lord, in his own blessed time, is graciously pleased manifestatively to find him, and to lead him about, and to instruct him; yea, and he will keep him as the apple of his eye.

"Now, the Lord of the house says such souls are blessed; and indeed it is no small blessing to know their poverty, feel their need, and be sensible of their own helplessness. There are a people who say that they are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. These are not spoken of very favourably by the Lord of the house; but the poor and needy, who seek water and can find none, are blessed of the Lord, yea, and *in* the Lord, for in him they have all spiritual blessings; and the Lord has promised them, saying, 'I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.'

"They shall be filled; not with self-righteousness, but with Christ and his glorious righteousness. The blessed Spirit shall reveal Christ in their hearts the hope of glory; then their souls will enjoy a sweet measure of the work and effect of the righteousness of Christ, which are peace, quietness, and assurance for ever. They shall find that Christ is unto them a peaceable habitation, and here they have rest; and having thus tasted that the Lord is gracious, and feasted upon his blood, love, and obedience, they will joyfully unite with the Psalmist, and say, 'Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in



thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.'

"Thus they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be abundantly satisfied with the fulness of God's house, and shall drink of the river of his pleasure; for 'with the Lord is the fountain of life.' The time shall come when they shall say, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.' Their mouth shall be filled with praise and with the honour of God. Blessed be the name of our adorable Three-One God, he filleth the hungry with good things, while the rich he sendeth empty away; and when body and soul are transformed into the image of Christ in glory, then in very deed they will be filled with all the fulness of God, and eternally enjoy the blessedness of being blessed in and with Christ, and filled with his righteousness."

(To be continued.)

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## HE DID GOOD.

My beloved Sister,—You have forestalled me; for no longer ago than yesterday I was purposing in my mind to write a line, that I might know how it is with you, in body and soul. I bless the Lord that you have written about the very things I am the subject of; and I believe all the true-born sons of God are led in the same path. Do not forget your times of refreshing; for these are the "kisses of his lips," and go to prove that "his love is better than wine."

Last night I went to our prayer-meeting, at the very humble cot of one of our members. It was filled. I went dark and dead, and barren in soul; but O, my sister, what a meeting we had! The dear Lord did indeed come down upon us like rain on the new-mown grass. The friends prayed in such a sweet, experimental strain of things, and pleaded in such a powerful way, that I was quite lifted out of myself. The fire ran from heart to heart, and we again proved the promise good: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." I must believe that where deadness, darkness, and bondage are felt, it requires divine life to feel this; and I also believe that where there are inward longings after a better state, such persons do give full proof, as Paul says, that "they seek a better country."

I sit down to write to you just before I go to Needham to preach to-night. I have this text on my mind to speak from: "He did good, and gave them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons." His goodness is seen in his eternal counsels and purposes, in his goings forth from of old, for the salvation of his people; in the gift of his dear Son; in the laying down of the life of Christ for the purchase and redemption of the sheep; in regenerating his people, giving them repentance, conversion, and every grace; in convincing them of sin, of the corruption and depravity of nature,

of their unbelief, hardness, carnality, weakness, foolishness, and total defilement; in giving them holiness and righteousness, and all and every qualification they need for time and eternity. The heavenly rain comes next, and that is a pure gift of God, who sends it where he will, and when he will, to the utter confusion of all freewillers and workmongers. Can we compel the heavens to drop down water? Can we command the heavenly rain for one sinner? O no! God rules the heavens, and dispenses his favours as he will. He sends the refreshing drops upon the barren soil, the dry hearts of his chosen, when he thinks proper. It is good for them that they should be thirsty, and very dry. "What for?" say you. Why, that the ground may open her mouth and long and wait for the rain. Yes, my dearly-beloved sister, our God and Father will be sought unto by his people, that he may do for them the very things he knows they need. "This doctrine shall drop as the rain;" and we see the dropping of it in the adorable and incarnate Person of the Son of God, of whom it says in the Psalms: "He shall come down like rain; as showers that water the earth." Yes, "*he shall*;" mark that! He shall come down in accordance with eternal settlements, according to what was agreed on in the counsels of old.

Furthermore, sometimes the rain waters one part, leaving another part dry, and so some souls get refreshed and others in the same house of God remain dry and barren; and for wise purposes, which we cannot solve. But is the unwatered ground God's? Ay, certainly it is; and you may know that the rain is coming by and by, because the ground is chapped, and is waiting for it. Herein is that passage fulfilled: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Then concerning the seasons, God has a season to plant and to water; that is, a season to begin the good work, and to bestow just such blessings as are necessary to support and continue that work, as appears from Ps. i. 3: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." There was a certain season for the angel to go down into the pool; and there could be no healing till that season. And so all the waters of the gospel cannot heal one sin-sick soul till the Holy Spirit's influence is put into it. The letter of the word cannot convince; it cannot convert; it cannot comfort; it cannot deliver; it cannot lift the soul out of trouble and confusion, till almighty power attends it, and the Spirit enters into it. Although Solomon tells us that God has a time for every purpose under the sun, yet thousands, who are not enlightened from above, deny this doctrine, and tell us point blank that man's time is God's time; and that the times are so much in the power of the creature that he can repent when he will, believe when he will, become regenerated when he will, and fit himself for heaven when he will. Yes, all this, and much more, may be said to constitute the flesh-pleasing religion of the day, which is in direct

opposition to the Saviour's testimonies: "No man can come unto me;" "With men this is impossible;" "He called unto him whom he would;" and many more expressions of his, showing divine sovereignty, and man's total depravity.

But if I let my pen thus run on, I shall tire out your patience, and forget that I have to walk three miles and preach.

Through sovereign goodness, my dear wife is not worse, although for some time past almost entirely confined to her bed. She is a complete mystery to us all. And what the Lord is doing is, at present, unseen by us; but he "leads the blind in a way they know not;" and "gives not account of any of his matters." All we want is grace and patience. Of course, we find it still the "hill Difficulty;" and while clambering up we sometimes faint by the way; and sometimes we think all things are against us, and that God hath forgotten to be gracious; and, further, that all our praying and preaching, and labour and toil, are nothing; and that we ourselves shall come short at last. Yet, in the very face of all this, we still hobble along; we cannot give quite up in despair. O no! Onward we go; gasping, sighing, crying, hoping, fearing, believing, rejoicing, and praising; and hope, after all our doubts and fears, and the clouds of darkness hanging over us, that we shall reach the heavenly borders of the golden city at last.

May God bless you, shine upon you, comfort you, and give you to see that shortly you shall join our beloved friend the partner of your bosom, who sings the song of redeeming love where the weary are at rest.

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,  
Pulham St. Mary, Oct. 4, 1870. B. TAYLOR.

### I WILL BLESS.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,—I received your last welcome letter. How very kind of you to rise so early in the morning to write to one so unworthy!

I am very glad the Lord so blessed you with the people at Peterborough. How good it is to meet, and feel him present! I can truly say with the poet:

"Not one drop of real joy  
Without thy presence, Lord."

My esteemed brother, I feel I must tell you how your last letter, where you entered into the case of the poor bowed-down woman, suited me. It seemed to put words into my mouth what to say to the Lord that I could not express of myself. You have been and are still to me as a mouth for the dumb. What you said about it melted me down in feeling before the Lord, softened my heart, and filled my soul with gratitude to him, that he had remembered me in my low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.

Dear friend, you were right in thinking I had my peculiar

trials, which kept me so very low. Yes, for more than twenty long years I thought my case, trials, and temptations were peculiar to myself. O the fiery darts, the wretched insinuations of the devil! None but the Lord knows how I have suffered, how sunk in my feelings. I thought it was not possible that a child of God could be so beset. Sometimes I found a little relief, and at times felt a drawing to the Lord; but most of the time I was left without any comfortable hope, bound as it were by Satan all these years, keeping it to myself. No one ever entered into my case till you did. It seems as if I was to ask you on purpose, as if the Lord intended to use you for my comfort; and so it has proved. How feelingly you entered into my case and trials! Bless the dear Lord, he did last July use you as the instrument in his hands of loosening me in a measure from my infirmities, shedding abroad his love in my heart, and raising me up a little above my fears. I have sunk since, but not so low.

You told me he would see me again. Bless his dear name, he has seen me again. I can feelingly say that last month (April) was the happiest month that I ever had in my life. I would not indeed change states with the Queen. I esteem the blessing of the Lord greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Others as well as yourself have told me they were sure the Lord would bless me; yet I could not think that he would bless me as he has lately blessed me, that he would give me such a felt sense of his love shed abroad in my heart. I do want to thank him. I feel his love to be better than wine. He is first, I hope, in my affections. Under present feelings, I do not doubt I love him. I am not ashamed to speak of it to his dear people. The apostle speaks of a "hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost."

Dear friend, I desire to bless the Lord that I hope he has humbled me under a sense of the same, and given me a degree of peace. Sometimes the enemy suggests that it is a false peace, a vain hope. He comes in sometimes very powerfully; but I hope the Lord has strengthened my faith to help me to believe he has begun the good work in my soul, and will carry it on.

Dear brother, you will be pleased to hear that the Lord has blessed us lately in our meeting together, especially at our little week-night prayer-meetings. Most of us have found it good to be there, have found it a melting time. One time our friend F. prayed for such things as that my soul was just longing for. It seemed as if he was praying on purpose for me. I felt my poor heart broken all to pieces. He told me afterwards he had prayed for me in secret.

Now, my dear brother, a word about my beloved husband. He is rather low and dark at present, but waiting for clearer manifestations. Still I am sure he feels Christ very precious at times.

Dear friend, I hope you still feel comforted, and trust the Lord will continually be with you, when you stand up in his name, and

comfort your own soul as well as the souls of the dear people. A year ago I could not write to you; but now I cannot refrain from writing. I seem to want to tell you all my feelings. Some things I have told you before; and your entering into the case of the poor woman seemed to draw it out again. If I have said too much or anything wrong, please forgive me.

Yours gratefully in the Lord,

Marshfield, May 4, 1868.

E. BRYAN.

### ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To James J. G., South Fork, Kentucky.—The passage, Gal. iii. 23, of which you ask an explanation, draws a contrast between the condition of the Jewish church, called Abraham's seed, in the past dispensation, as being under the law, and believers in Christ, who in this dispensation of the gospel are delivered from the old law as a rule of life, and brought into the liberty of the gospel by faith; that is, by Christ being revealed to their souls, as their law-fulfilling righteousness. In the past dispensation, as now, many of God's real saints, as a Moses, an Abraham, a David, and the prophets, had a most blessed revelation to their souls of the Christ that was to come. By faith Moses kept the Passover and the sprinkling of the blood, Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's day, and David foresaw the Lord always before him; and all to whom Christ was thus revealed were set free from the bondage of the law, and were in their own spirit and experience, when favoured of God with a strong and lively faith, as free from that legal bondage as are believers now.

But with the bulk of the Jewish church, which were nothing but Israel after the flesh, they were, in worship and in spirit, under the law. The legal veil hung over their minds; and for the want of faith they were kept by their ignorance and blindness from penetrating through the veil of outward legal ceremonies, and thereby understanding God's ordinances according to their spiritual mystery, as shadowing forth a coming Redeemer. No doubt, moreover, many of the Lord's quickened and saved people, among the literal Israel, were much shut up under the law in their own experience; and it appears clear from the word, that God in his sovereignty saw fit to keep the majority of his people in a condition of soul, answering to the legal dispensation in which they lived. (Though we say again there were exceptions.) This seems to have been the case with many of the Galatians, and which, no doubt, was the chief cause of their being so quickly led aside by the false apostles, after having been brought into gospel liberty under Paul's ministry, by Christ being formed in them. Now, when Christ came in the fulness of time, which is what the apostle means by "before faith came," and the "faith which should afterwards be revealed," God in his mercy, by the preaching of Christ crucified, caused a larger measure of light to shine on the minds of his people; and, by the Holy Ghost's

power, a stronger and clearer faith, to distinguish between law and gospel, was wrought in their minds, by which they were brought from under the legal yoke of the law into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

It is the same with God's people now, notwithstanding that we have a clearer light under the gospel than had the Old Testament saints under the law; yet it is not our seeing this in mere judgment that will bring us into liberty; in *spirit* and *experience* we are in bondage, shut up under the law, until we have a revelation of God's dear Son to our souls, and a manifestation of pardon and salvation by the Holy Ghost, through Christ's blood and righteousness.

Thus, whilst the dispensation, outward mode of worship, and circumstantial condition of things have changed, the spirit of things is the same. Now, as ever, a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from above.

## Obituary.

JOHN GRIVELL.—On Dec. 10th, 1870, aged 60, John Grivell, member of the Particular Baptist cause at Old Sodbury.

His youthful career was very reckless and wild. He was a ringleader in almost all kinds of wickedness; but the Lord was pleased to stop him in his career of sin and folly, by showing him what the end of such a course would be. Soon after his eyes were opened and his ears unstopped, which was nearly 30 years ago, he was led in God's providence, with some others from this place, to attend the Particular Baptist chapel at Hawkesbury Upton, under the ministry of the late Mr. Moses Stenchcomb, where he continued to attend for some time. I remember his saying as he was once going there on a Sabbath morning, Satan set in upon him, telling him that such a wretch as he was had no business there; upon which he turned to go back; when these words were brought to his mind: "He that looketh back is not fit for the kingdom." He again went on; and I have heard the others say that often as they returned home, talking of the good things of God and what they had been hearing, poor John would follow behind weeping, and listening to their conversation, not feeling worthy to join them.

About this time he was at work at Badminton, between three and four miles distant, with another person of this place; but I have heard John say they scarcely ever went together, as he would either go first or stay behind, fearing the other person would see his distress of mind and tears, and ask him what was the matter; and often he had to go out of the barn, when there, to give vent to his feelings, and pour out his soul to the Lord. Several times he was very much tempted to put an end to his own life, Satan telling him that by so doing he would then know the worst. But this was not to be. Once, when he had appointed

the time, the place, and the means, the Lord appeared with these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee." But the first great and blessed deliverance we heard him speak of was when he was mowing in a field some distance from home. His distress of mind was so great that he could not properly follow his work, when the Lord graciously appeared with these words: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." He dropped his scythe, looked up, and said, "Lord, if these words came from thee, let me hear them again;" and they came the second and the third time. He said, "O! How I could then work, and bless and praise his dear name! Before there were tears of sorrow and distress; now there were tears of joy, peace, and comfort; and the sweetness of it lasted for some time."

About 22 years ago he was taken ill; his children were also ill of fever. The doctors gave him up, but he soon recovered.

When our little church was formed on Strict Baptist principles, he was one of the first who came forward to be baptized. This was in 1863. Since that time he has been an ornament to his profession, and is the first that has been removed from us by death.

He was a dear lover of a pure free-grace gospel. Nothing short of this would do for him. We soon knew from him, when service was over, how he heard, whether to his soul's satisfaction, or otherwise; but he seldom laid the blame of not hearing well upon any but himself. He enjoyed many blessed manifestations of the Lord's presence in his soul, though, at times, he sank very low in his feelings, fearing he was nothing but a hypocrite. If any one knew what great changes there are in soul-feeling, it was John Grivell. Once I remember, when under the hidings of the Lord's presence, he stayed away from the Lord's table, fearing if he went he should be eating and drinking his own condemnation; but this he afterwards felt to be wrong.

He was also a man of a quick and hasty temper, which was at times a great grief and trial to him. On one occasion he spoke rather out of place before his fellow-members, and they thought proper to visit him, and point out to him, in a Christian way, his error. He received the admonition with humility, owned himself in the wrong, and wept like a child. O! Could we forgive him? He said, such an unworthy wretch. "How can I show my face amongst you again?" he said. What I have said of the good graces found in him is not in any way to exalt the man. Far from it; but to exalt a precious Christ in him.

About four years ago he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which quite laid him aside. We thought the Lord was then about to take him to himself; but even after he had a second attack, he recovered so far as to be able to get about, but not to follow his work. His wife being also afflicted, he did the work about the house, receiving a little parish pay, their children also being very kind and good to them; also friends whom the dear Lord

raised up from time to time in their behalf. He was also at this time in a remarkably happy frame of mind, enjoying much of the Lord's presence. These words: "Be still, and know that I am God," were much on his mind, and he would say, "Sweet affliction! Blessed affliction!" and declare how kind and good the Lord was to him. We held many of our little prayer-meetings in his house, which he much enjoyed; also the ordinance of the Lord's supper was attended to in his house.

Soon after this, one of his children, a lad about 16, was taken ill of fever, which terminated in death. This was another great trial for poor John, being much exercised about him; but he was encouraged by hearing him, when unconscious, repeat one of his favourite hymns:

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood," &c.;

which seemed to give him a hope that the Lord was at work with him.

In May, 1868, we had to give up possession of the chapel for the truth's sake, and since that time we have met in our house; through which circumstance John had farther to walk to the service and worship of the Lord; but he continued to attend until Nov. 20th last, although for some weeks previously he was scarcely able to come, from weakness and shortness of breath. On the morning of that day, our minister supplying was led to speak of passing through the valley of the shadow of death, remarking that there was no substance in a shadow; which John very much felt and spoke of afterwards. We had our prayer-meeting in the evening, when John wished a friend to give out hymn 948 for him:

"What is this world to me?" &c.

He afterwards spoke in prayer very sweetly, none of us thinking it would be the last time we should ever hear his voice amongst us; but so it was.

On the day following, he said, "Lord, show me thy glory; but I must be taken home to see it to the full."

On Tuesday he was taken worse, and said, "I shall never go up there again;" meaning up to our house. On Wednesday evening, as the time drew near for our prayer-meeting, he wanted to get ready, although not able to walk across the house; but he continued to get worse.

Being attacked with another stroke on Friday, 25th, he took to his bed. In the evening, as one of his sons came home from work, he asked his father how he was. He said, "Middling in body; but I have had two suns shining on me to-day,—the sun of nature and the Sun of righteousness." He said, "Satan tried to put out the Sun of righteousness; but he could not; for he shone brighter and brighter." On another occasion, when asked if he had had his dinner, he said, "Yes, a better one than you can give me. Mine has been a spiritual dinner to-day. It was this: 'I know that all things shall work together for good



to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.'"

On Sunday, 27th, some of us went to see him. When we reached the house, we sent to ask him if he would like to see us. He said, "Yes;" he could talk to us for two hours. When we reached his bedside, he said, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;" but, dear man, his will was better than his strength. He, however, said many precious things, weeping with tears of joy.

On Tuesday evening I was with him some time. He held my hand, and expressed his earnest wishes for this little cause, saying, "The Lord bless you and the little cause when I am gone. O to think that I, such a poor, unworthy sinner as I am, should be the first to be taken out of the little number, and implanted in the kingdom above." His sweet assurance and joy were unspeakable.

To a dear sister in the Lord, who visited him on Thursday, he repeated several hymns, which were very precious to him; such as:

"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."  
"Rock of ages," &c.

He also dwelt much upon the everlasting love of God, referring to hymn 914. He appeared to be weeping a little; but said they were tears of mercy. All earthly ties, he said, were broken away, and he had a longing desire to depart, and be with Christ.

To another friend he said he had been caught up to the third heavens, and heard and seen things which were impossible for him to utter. Many times when asked how he felt, he would say it was impossible for him to be happier in the poor body; and he would often repeat his favourite lines:

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

Once when asked how he was, he said, "Never better, and never worse;" meaning never better in Christ, and never worse in self. Once he said he was afraid he should get better, and many times said, "Lord, why are thy chariot-wheels so long in coming?"

On Friday, Dec. 2nd, he was again taken worse. His speech was much impaired, and he was not able to speak afterwards beyond a whisper, and that but seldom. On Sunday and Monday he scarcely took notice of any one; but the same sweet smile was upon his countenance. He wanted to see none but the Lord's people; and when they went to see him he would manifest, as far as his strength would admit, his love and union to them.

On Thursday morning he again revived a little, and said the Lord's

will must be done. In the evening I again went to see him. To a dear old friend who had just left him, he said, "Happy! Happy! Happy!" And these were his last words. I took his hand. His eyes were then closed, and he appeared to be sweetly sleeping; but he never awoke again in this world. A dear friend who was about to stay with him through the night said, "He does not look like a dying man, does he? Is not this truly falling asleep in Jesus?"

He lay in the same sweet posture until about half-past one o'clock on Saturday, Dec. 10th, when, after a few shorter breathings, his happy spirit took its flight.

THOS. ISAAC.

MARY ASHWORTH.—On Jan. 24th, 1871, Mary Ashworth, in the 51st year of her age.

She was a regular attendant at the means of grace, which she much prized. She walked in darkness for many years, but was delivered by a text which Mr. Claugh took and preached from one night service at Cave Adullam, from Heb. iv. 9: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." "Yes," she said within herself, "and this is mine, too;" and she could have shouted out as she felt her deliverance. This lasted for some time. She joined the church, and was baptized by Mr. David Smith in 1867.

In a few months she felt her joys to be going, and seemed never afterwards to have such a lift by the way. Whenever she had anything, it was in attending the means of grace. She attended up to the last Lord's day but two. She had heart disease for many years, and gradually kept sinking for the last twelve months. When she could not attend at the chapel, she desired us to hold prayer-meetings at her house, which she seemed to enjoy, as also the company of the Lord's servants and people, as the supplies stopped at her house for about two years.

She had not much pain at last. The family went to bed as usual; but she tossed about in the night very much. They did not, however, think that the time was so near; but she departed to that rest she so often longed to realize.

Haslingden, Feb. 15, 1871.

D. A.

JOHN HING.—On Dec. 10th, 1870, aged 66, John Hing, labourer, of Oakley, near Bedford, a member of Providence Chapel, Bedford, for more than 25 years.

He was an experimental man, and well taught in the things of God. The last time I visited him he said he never could tell any one what he had enjoyed under the preached word. He was full of simplicity, and really and truly enjoyed much of the Lord's presence. He seemed as if he was ripening fast for glory, and I found it good to be with him, as from what dropped from his lips I gathered that he was fully persuaded of his interest in Christ's redemption, and was looking forward to his dismissal with a quiet, settled peace.

He was a warm-hearted, affectionate husband, father, and friend, and spoke to me much about his wife and children being a comfort to him, having four daughters who attend the truth, and one son who is a member. He wept much at God's goodness, and said, "Not many parents are blessed with such children."

I did not see him at the last, being ill at the time. He was seized with inflammation, died rather suddenly, and the complaint was of such a nature that he could not speak so as to be understood.

For many years he was afflicted with rheumatism in his limbs, which prevented him from getting to chapel; and this he said was a source of grief, as he dearly loved the house of God. Those who knew him, with myself, deeply feel his loss.

J. W. THORNER.

ELIZABETH FISHER.—On Jan. 23rd., 1871, aged 24, Elizabeth Fisher, Stratton.

She was the subject of early convictions, but could not state the exact time when a work of grace was begun in her heart. I believe she was one in whom the Lord appeared for a time to work almost imperceptibly. She had many sweet hearing-times under the late Mr. Shorter, and deeply felt his loss. She was nevertheless much exercised as to whether her religion was of the right sort. Still she was frequently comforted and built up by the ministry of various ministers who have supplied at Stratton.

Her health gradually declined for some time, and in Jan., 1871, she became much worse; and from that time to her end she was in a quiet and composed frame of mind. At one time she said, "I don't feel any great enjoyment; but I feel safe, and I think I have as much as I could bear." She was very weak in body, and was like the apostle, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; but was sometimes afraid that her patience would give way. Still she was very patient in her affliction, and thankful for mercies, temporal and spiritual. Her complaint was consumption; and dropsy set in, which soon ended in death. She was sensible to the last, and, knowing that her end was near, calmly took leave of her friends who called to see her.

E. FISHER.

THERE is an obligation upon our Saviour to take care even of the bodies of the saints; nor will he fail of executing the will of the Father in raising them from the state of the dead, with unspeakable advantage. Besides, their bodies are a part of his purchase, as well as their souls; and what he bought at the expense of his blood he certainly will take especial care of; and therefore he will gather the scattered particles of their precious dust, and form their bodies, which are now corruptible, and often dreadfully emaciated by wasting sickness, before their dissolution, immortal, spiritual, and inconceivably glorious.—*Brine.*

All our stability, and the strength of our salvation, is anchored and fastened upon free grace; and I am sure Christ hath by his blood and death casten the knot so fast that all the fingers of the devil and hell-fulls of sin cannot loose it.—*Rutherford.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1871.

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

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. SHORTER, PREACHED AT BEDWORTH,  
LORD'S DAY MORNING, MAY 15TH, 1853.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."  
—JNO. X. 14.

You are complete strangers to me; but though I may not know who you are or what you are, yet we are all naked, manifest, and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

Though we may deceive ourselves and our fellow-creatures, it is utterly impossible that God can be deceived. He knows who among us are sheep and who are goats. It is my earnest desire that, if it be his heavenly will, he will condescend to grant that the precious may be taken from the vile, that his own voice may be heard dividing sinners from saints, that a blessing may come down upon all those who are indeed chosen of God, and blessed of God in Christ with all spiritual blessings.

In the words we have read the Lord declares three things:

I. He says he is *the good Shepherd*.

II. He declares he *knows his sheep*.

III. And that *the sheep know him*.

I. Christ says, "I am *the good Shepherd*." Here we may observe he has said no more than what he has made manifest by his conduct, which abundantly evidences that he is the good Shepherd. Everywhere in the displays of his goodness, as the Shepherd of his sheep, the glory of his name is exhibited. He is such a good Shepherd, because his love for his sheep is so great. There is not one of all the sheep which the Father has chosen from everlasting, and put into his hands, but what he loves. He loved them all before time, he loves them through time, and loves them for ever. He loves them all with the same love,—an infinite love. So great is his love that the apostle says it "passeth knowledge:" "To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." That is, all created knowledge, whether it be in heaven or on earth. The love of Christ surpasseth all comprehension of created intellect, be where it may. Here, then, my friends, is that which makes him such a good Shepherd. Had not his love been so great, he could not have carried out all the purposes and intentions of Jehovah; for, my hearers, the sheep could not have

been bought, redeemed, or delivered from going down to the pit at the smallest price or ransom less than the death of the Shepherd. Therefore he loved the sheep, so that it is here repeated by him: "I am the good Shepherd;" "The good Shepherd layeth down or giveth his life for the sheep." Paul says, "He loved the church and gave himself for it." Such was the favour that God had to Paul that he said, "Who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." The many sins of the sheep during their unregeneracy, the many heart-wanderings and life-wanderings of the sheep after they are called by his grace, make no impression at all upon his love, alienate his heart, or diminish his affection in the least. That love remains the same from one year's end to another; so that it is impossible for him ever to forget one that is a sheep, or ever to omit caring for all any moment of time. His love is such towards them that he looks on them, watches over them, cares for them, counsels them, keeps them, and does everything night and day to secure them from evil and bring them to glory. I have sometimes thought I should wear it all out, that he would be favourable to me no more, after such conduct, such ingratitude as mine; but, notwithstanding all, he has made his mercy more manifest afterwards than I ever knew it before; so that I have stood astonished at his freeness, the constancy as well as the fervency of his love to me.

Now men, if they employ a shepherd, prefer one that has an affection for sheep; because if he does not like sheep, he is not likely to manage them well. Those who delight in sheep are better qualified than those who do not. He says, "The Father loveth me, because I lay down my life for the sheep."

Christ is the good Shepherd because he understands all the cases of his sheep so well. It is no use employing a man as a shepherd if he does not understand the diseases and complaints of sheep, as he would not know how to manage them. He will neither look after nor delight in them. Depend upon it, such a one would make a very poor shepherd. However, the Lord Jesus has that knowledge and penetration that he knows all the cases of his sheep from one year's end to another. There is nothing unknown to him. Therefore he looks after their diseases, and takes care to use proper remedies; so that not one of all the flock can die of the rot. Every one of his wounds and particular diseases shall be looked after and certainly be cured by the great and blessed Shepherd, who delights in this business, and can feel for the sheep. He has such a sympathy as can be touched with a feeling of all their infirmities.

I have often with pleasure thought of these words in the psalms: "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel; he bindeth up the broken in heart; he healeth their wounds. For I will restore health unto thee, and heal thee of thy wounds." When healed, the sheep know it was good for them to have been afflicted, because they had manifested to them the Shepherd's love and skill, his merciful kind-

ness and skill in curing of them. The Father hath done well to commit all the sheep into this Shepherd's hands, because he was able to cure. He did not employ one that was incapable, that had not a heart and mind to love the sheep.

Blessed be his name for giving such a Shepherd, and for giving the sheep into his hands,—his who has such a faithfulness in him that there is not a single word that the Father gave him in commandment he did not observe. He observed every word; so that the Father looks down on the wonderful Shepherd, calling upon all that can see, saying, "Behold my servant, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth. The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake. He will magnify the law and make it honourable." So, when Christ was upon earth, the Father said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Moses was a faithful servant in all his house, but Jesus was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house.

Blessed be his glorious name for ever, as the Father hath given the flock into his hand, not a hoof or a shadow shall be left behind. Of all that the Father hath given him he shall lose nothing, but will raise it up at the last day. He will take good care to present all his flock by and by complete, without spot or blemish, in beauty and glory, with "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me;" here I am, the Shepherd; here is the beautiful flock. These will be presented with exceeding joy; not one will be missing. How high is the honour and great the glory due to this Shepherd, that not one of the sheep will be missing; especially when we consider what it cost him to bring all in safety and glory to heaven. The everlasting song will be, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory for ever and ever."

This good Shepherd is so good because he is always near at hand, always present with his sheep, never absent. The enemy, therefore, has no opportunity of destroying the sheep through the absence of the Shepherd. He is so careful of his flock that he tends it night and day, lest any hurt it. His eye ever watches over them. Therefore it is written: "Behold, he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." What a mercy it is, I have often thought, that go where we may, Jesus is with us; he does not leave us or forsake us, be where we may.

I was marvellously struck one day with these words: "The Lord upholdeth all them that fall, and raiseth all those that be bowed down." This word has also been a blessing to my soul, many years: "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." You must know the first time that ever I had that word applied with power to my heart, I was very much frightened at the prospect before me. I had engaged to baptize some persons. I had never baptized before, and the ordinance was to be gone through out of doors; and there was likely to be a great course of spectators. I had a great many fears upon me during

the three weeks previously. My heart was often quaking and trembling. I cried to the Lord for help, and he gave me these words. "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." That swept away all my fears. By and by they collected again. Then I sought the Lord again, and he again brought home the same words: "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." This supported me until the time came; but on the morning of the day I found myself as weak as ever; overwhelmed with fear, and knew not what to do. Before I dressed I fell on my knees, and before I could say many words, the old promise came again: "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Then it was a time of rejoicing. All my fears and prayers were turned into joy and praise. I never was so happy in all my life in public as I was that day. I felt I could not only have gone through the water, but have given up my poor body to the flames. O! It was very sweet to be engaged in his work! My soul was dissolved in thankfulness at his mercy, who had so blessed me and brought me through. "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the praise."

Whether we believe this to be the case or not, it is so. Jesus does not leave his people; but is with them alway, even to the end of the world. That is why the devil can never destroy them, because the Lord is there: "For the name of the city is to be called JEHOVAH-Shammah,—THE LORD IS THERE." The Lord, as their King, is seen over them. He, as a Shepherd, is the keeper of his sheep. How, then, is Satan to destroy them? Yes, bless his holy name, he must of necessity be near, because they are on his heart, and he is in theirs. These words of the poet were once very sweet to me:

"I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
Since thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones."

Whenever any part of the body is in pain, it affects the head. You know yourselves, a little, how very soon your head becomes sensible of any pain in your members. The union is so perfect, the sense is so complete, that as soon as any part of the body is touched, hurt, or injured, the head is sensible of it. So it is with Jesus. He is so near to the sheep. Then in the words of the apostle, what a confirmation there is of this: "No man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it; even so the Lord the church; for we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." We are so near that, as Paul says, we live in him: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." You, therefore, see the Shepherd is not only round about, but in the very inside of the sheep. He is so careful of his flock that he carries the lambs in his bosom; wherefore in this and a thousand other instances he may certainly and surely be called the good Shepherd.

II. He declares he *knows his sheep*. He knows where they are,

all their particular circumstances. He understands all their complaints, and he has affection in all this knowledge. He not only knows, but his knowledge is that of love and affection. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off." He knoweth the righteous. He knows his sheep so as to love them. Why are they called sheep? Why does Christ call his people sheep? Doubtless, because they somewhat resemble sheep. I know one thing wherein they very much resemble them. A sheep is a very fearing, timid thing, and very defenceless in itself. Therefore the Lord, knowing what fearing things they are, says, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Fear not, worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel." So fearful are they that they will run at the sight of a dog. Thus it is with a believer. He is often sorely tried, there is a dread and fear frequently upon him. Surely he is a very timid thing. My heart is often as full of terror and fear as it can be. But the blessedness of it is, the Shepherd says to them of a fearful heart, "Be strong; fear not; for the Lord your God will come and save you, even God, with a recompense."

I dare say there are some here present who know what it is to be fearful at the thoughts of death. There are many things that are a fear to you, that you dare not let any one know. One thing especially, that you have a dreadful plague, a peculiar evil, some secret grief, or particular disease that you dare not reveal to your nearest and dearest friends; you dare not let them know anything about these secret evils, fearing they would be the ruin of you, fearful they will bring you at last into open and public disgrace, make you manifest by and by that you are a deceiver all your days. O, what a fearful thing is this complaint within! It makes the child of God fear he will never hold out to the end, that he had better not have joined the church, as he will only be a disgrace to it. These poor fearful things are the Shepherd's care. He draws them to him, makes them look to him, and he for a certainty looks on them.

Again, the Lord's family are similar to sheep in this respect,—they need washing. It was a long time before I found this out, how a just and holy God could ever show mercy to one so vile as I. One day I went into the meeting-house and was fearful I should never come out without being made a public example. An old man preached, who took for his text: "There shall in nowise enter in anything that defileth and maketh abomination, or that maketh a lie, only such as are written in the Lamb's book of life." "Now," said the old man, "sin is of that defiling nature that nothing but the blood of Christ can wash the stain away." As soon as he mentioned the blood of Christ, it was the very thing I wanted. Up sprang a hope that I should by and by be washed in the blood of Christ. This was the very thing I wanted. It is indescribable the sweetness I felt in my soul. It left a lasting impression on my mind that I cannot forget. It pleased the Lord



before I reached home to make it sure and certain in my heart that Jesus died for me. All my guilt was gone. I felt as if I was brought into a new world. How I did leap about and bless and praise the Holy Majesty of heaven.

In the fields I could look up to heaven, down upon the earth, and round about. I could not help but say, "This is all my Father's, and heaven at last." I thought I should never sin any more, that I should never be unhappy any more, but bless and praise the Lord all the days of my life. This was a grand mistake, and herein I was greatly deceived. Before the week was out, I was in trouble. I believed in my soul if any one needed the fountain I did, as badly as ever I did before; and I have needed it ever since. If it were not for the fountain of the Shepherd's blood, there would be no hope for poor prodigal Jack.

I am satisfied, my friends, there is nothing purges and cleanses like the blood of the Shepherd. Therefore the Lord says, "Awake, O sword, against the Shepherd and the Man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts. Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered, and I will turn mine hand on the little ones;" "In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem." Bless God, it is open still. One thing I know, that the sheep never wash themselves; this is the business of others. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," be all the glory. The sheep cry like David, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." As Christ said to Peter, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in me."

But it may be objected that it is said, "Wash you, and make you clean; put away the evil of your doings." Is it not also said, "They washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" Yes, my friends, it is; but Christ must be put first, and very willingly the sheep come after by his power, to wash in his precious blood. It is not right to place the sheep first, and the Shepherd after. Is it not written, "He putteth forth his own sheep, and goeth before them?" If the sheep get before the Shepherd, they are out of their place. The Shepherd goes first; the sheep hear his voice; they know it, and they follow him; and a stranger will they not follow; for they know not the voice of strangers.

Thus I observe the sheep must be washed. These washing times generally are not very pleasant to the sheep. They do not like being placed in the water. It is the Shepherd orders the washing, and after they get out and become dry it is very comfortable, and very pleasant. This is to have the application of God's searching word to our souls. We must be searched and tried. Though we may think we are handled very roughly by the Shepherd, it is all in love.

First, when he is pleased to apply and make manifest the truth in our heart, we become very much pained, very much alarmed. As it goes on, by and by, we, in our own estimation, become

filthy, feeling that our case is most miserable indeed. When the Lord is pleased in tender mercy to assure us his blood was shed for us, takes away all the filth and guilt from our conscience, and we are clothed with change of raiment, we then become very comfortable. For my part, I do not think much of that person's religion which has never made him miserable. If this is your case, it has never made you truly happy. The Saviour says, "Blessed are they that mourn;" "Blessed are ye that weep; for you shall be comforted." You shall laugh away in the end. "Woe unto you that laugh now, for you shall weep and lament."

Some people's religion begins wrong. It begins where the stony ground hearers began, in joy. They heard the word, and anon with joy they received it. For my part, I like the heart to be made sad, for the arrows of God to stick in a man's conscience; so that he feels himself lost, miserable, utterly ruined. But in our day people go on well. There is a wonderful deal of religion. People have such power, according to their account, they can manage themselves. But how different is the case with the Lord's people. They are obliged to be dependent on their Shepherd. Like sheep enclosed with hurdles, they cannot remove them and let themselves out; they cannot procure their own food; they are dependent on the shepherd.

Some people tell us the promises are placed by the Lord God in Christ, and we have only to lay hold and take them to ourselves. But the word of God informs us that the Shepherd himself putteth forth his own sheep. They do not put themselves forth; he goeth before them. In one place it says that he took the yoke off the jaws, and laid meat before them. So he deals with the sheep. He maketh them to lie down in green pastures. David said, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He anointeth my head with oil; my cup runneth over." The sheep, believers in Christ, depend on the Shepherd, not upon themselves. Some trust in their own strength and wisdom; but the sheep trust in the Shepherd.

III. That *the sheep know* their Shepherd. "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." It is some consolation that, whether the sheep know him or not, he knows them. "I know my sheep," and he says they are "*mine*." They were the gift of the Father, and the purchase of his blood. They are made willing in the day of his power to give themselves up to him. My sheep know me; I love them; and am known of mine.

Then, again, as the Lord knows his sheep, he puts his mark upon them, that they may be known of others. Generally, when the sheep are washed, there is a shearing-time. They have the initials of the owner after shearing, or some mark by which they may be distinguished as belonging to a certain individual. So, my friends, the Lord God shears his sheep; and they are called a flock of sheep even shorn. You know what is shorn off the sheep is of their own growth. I really believe in my heart that

the Lord will shear off us, and that by afflictions, temptations, and by the application of his word, very many things that are contrary to God and godliness, being of our own growth. He takes them off so clean that it passes all our wisdom, all our strength, all our goodness, our good purposes, good words, good intentions, almsgiving, and everything short of the Lord. We shall not have a single particle left; not even those good frames with which we strut about, and think much of and talk much of, to teach us the Lord will leave us none of this to boast of.

After all this is done, the Lord is pleased to put on us his own name. What is the name the Shepherd gives the sheep? Love: "God is love," and that is the name he puts on his sheep. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another." His love is manifested to them, which makes them love the Shepherd and the sheep to whom this love is manifested. This is God's mark; and you may be sure if you have not love in your heart, causing you to love the children of God, because they are his saints, all the divines in the world will never persuade me you are a true sheep of Christ. If you feel a love to the Saviour, you will love his dear people. You will feel in your heart this spring of love, the love of Christ to you. Then you can fall down very nicely, and say that you are one of the sheep of Christ. Is it not so?

These are the things that are known by the sheep. They know him. I am satisfied I am talking of those things the sheep understand. Though personally you are unknown to me, yet I know a little what belongs to sheep. I am not a stranger to these things.

"I know my sheep, and am known of mine." What do they know about Jesus? They know one thing, that he is the great God. They know, also, that he is man as well as God. They know so in very deed, that he is Immanuel, God with us. No other shepherd will do for me. In his hand is all power over devils, men, and death. "He does as he pleaseth in the armies of heaven, and among the children of men." He has a fellow feeling, a nature of my own, except sin. My friends, such a one is Jesus. Bless his holy name, he has a human heart. As Hart says:

"Almighty God, sigh'd human breath,  
The Lord of life experienced death.  
How it was done, we can't discuss;  
But this we know, 'Twas done for us."

Do you know this great God? Are you as one of his sheep looking out for him? You read, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous

of good works." Do you know anything of this? Says one, "I have been greatly tempted about the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ." So have I, my friends. I believe the devil hates the divinity of Christ, perfectly hates it. But, my hearers, have you ever in deep distress been enabled to pour out your soul to him as the great God in human nature? Did you have an answer? Did he deliver you and bring you out of your trouble? Then look all the devils in the face, and tell them you know he is the great God, for he has heard and answered your prayer. I have done this, have been enabled really to pray to him, and he has heard my prayer and given me salvation. Therefore on this account, if there were no other, I feel sure and certain he is the great God. The devil will not leave us, but come again and again; and on this very point the Holy Ghost will defeat him. He will take of the things of Christ and show them to us. He will glorify the blessed Jesus, and let us know that he is the great and blessed God, the Shepherd of the sheep.

The Lord leads his sheep on to know something more than this. They know a little about his grace that saves them; they know a little about his blessed truth, and that in the heart; they receive it in the love of it; they know a little about his blood and righteousness, about him as their King, as their Teacher, their great Intercessor, and their Advocate. They know a little about his Almightyness, his infinite wisdom, his unchangeableness, and his faithfulness. Though it is but little they know, they are brought implicitly to trust in him: "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." If you do not trust in him, you have no proof that you know him. If you are led to trust him for life, death, and eternity, as the great Foundation on which you rest, there is hope concerning you.

I shall leave the few hints. May the Lord command his blessing. Amen.

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"If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." The faithfulness of God, in the accomplishment of his promises, is here asserted to be wholly independent upon any qualification whatever in them to whom these promises are made. Though we are under sufferings, temptations, and trials, very apt to be cast down from our hope of the great things that God hath prepared for us, and promised to us, yet his purpose shall stand, and our unbelief shall not in the least cause him to withdraw, or not to go through with his engagement to the utmost. The faithfulness of his own nature requireth it at his hands; "He cannot deny himself."—*Owen*.

It is sweet, yea, very sweet to receive the gifts of Jesus as his gifts. But it is a thousand times more blessed to know and enjoy Jesus himself in those gifts, as the love-tokens of his heart, from whence they come. To love him is blessed; but to be beloved by him, is infinitely more so. This is the cause, the other the effect. He it is, it is said, who will wipe away all tears from the eyes of his people; this is blessed. But wherefore he doth it is more so. Because he loves them, and they are beloved by him. This is the coronet of the whole. This is the head of all blessedness.—*Hawker*.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

## CHAPTER II.

*Verse 3. "As the apple-tree," &c.* We have considered in verse 2 what the Lord Jesus, the King of our song, says to the church. In this verse we have the response. Christ conceived the spouse, the espoused soul; the espoused soul here speaks with delight of the Lord Jesus. It is an example of holy communion, and shows the sweet, holy, and yet ever familiar intercourse that is at times held between the church and Jesus. Dead professors and legalists know nothing of this; but when the words in Hos. ii. are fulfilled, and the soul is betrothed to Jesus in everlasting love, then it ceases to call him "Baali," lord, as at some vast bonding distance; but calls him "Ishi," husband, as brought into this sweet marriage relationship to him. Between the bridegroom and the bride there may be properly a sweet holy familiarity, unknown and improper between the master and the servant. The spirit of bondage here, then, is beheld departing beneath the sweet beams of Christ's grace; the yoke is destroyed because of the anointing. The Michals of religion, those yet in the flesh, and destitute of the divine liberty wherewith Christ makes the espoused soul free, may mock; but the Davids will leap before the ark of their salvation. Ishmaelites may scorn; but a divine feast in Jesus is made for laughter, and the Isaacs weaned from the legal breasts and feasted with love shall laugh at it.

Now, then, the spouse responds to the voice of Jesus and praises him, both positively and comparatively. "*As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons.*" He is most sweet in himself, most excellent; all that a poor soul can need and desire.

"Compared with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see."

He is incomparably more excellent and desirable than all the creatures put together. The sons here may be considered to mean angels or men, or both together. The angels in Job are called the sons of God: "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This was when God laid the foundations of the earth. And the holy angels who retained their first innocence are most excellent creatures, but they cannot compare with Jesus.

"The holy angels have no spots,  
But can't compare with him."

Each one before the throne of Jesus

"Veils his bashful face, and owns  
His own diminish'd light."

The most eminent of the sons of men, who are accounted by men to be a sort of gods, may be also intended; nay, for the eminent dignity conferred upon them, and the position they were placed in, those to whom the word of God came and the dispen-

sation of it was entrusted were called gods. "I said, Ye are gods" (Ps. lxxxii. 6); as Moses was made a god to Pharaoh. But take these delegated gods, these gods by office, and in an office sense of the expression; take the most eminent of the heathen philosophers, legislators, and kings; take even the adopted sons of God, the true children of God themselves; and then take Jesus, and all become as nothing, in nowise desirable in comparison of him. Jews, Gentiles, saints, ministers, angels, however invested with certain excellences and dignities, are but as the trees of the wood to the apple-tree. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."

We may just notice, by the way, that some think the citron is intended, with its dark green leaves, snow-white blossoms, and golden fruit, so refreshing in the warm Eastern lands.

But not to criticize, but come to the evident intention of the words, the spouse clearly means to imply that in Jesus are combined, in the most eminent degree, all those things which make him so desirable to poor lost sinners. Other trees may have some advantages, but the apple-tree combines all. In other words, in Jesus are to be found these three excellences,—shelter, beauty, and fruitfulness; all a poor soul needs.

1. Shelter. His Person as God-man, his blood, his righteousness, his offices, his relationships, as so many outspreading leafy branches, afford the poor weary soul a safe and perpetual shelter; for his leaf never withers. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

## 2. Beauty:

"The favour'd souls who know  
What glories shine in him,  
Pant for his presence as the roe  
Pants for the living stream."

To many he is as a root out of a dry ground; to some as a good man whose actions and words have a moral and wise comeliness about them, about on a par with those of Socrates, Plato, or Confucius. But faith transfigures all to a child of God, and invests all Christ's words and works, as well as his Person, with a divine glory and beauty. Just as Jesus was transfigured to the favoured few on Tabor, so it is now. He is still, by the Spirit's revelation, transfigured before the eye of faith in his chosen people. Then they see him as mortal eye cannot, "altogether lovely."

3. Fruitfulness. He yields royal dainties. The fruit of this earth, or this tree of life, is excellent and comely. Christ is not only a safe and perpetual shelter and altogether lovely, but he yields solid, substantial food to the souls of his people. "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." He nourishes the souls of his people up into eternal life. The meek shall eat and be satisfied. Their hearts shall live for ever that feed upon Jesus. The understanding and judgment find in the truth of Jesus what is solid and satisfying; the affections and will and

conscience also. Here in Jesus, in all he is and has done and will do for his people, every faculty of the renewed soul finds "a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees well refined." Or, according to the figure of the words we are musing upon, this blessed tree of life yields its fruits every month, and twelve manner of fruits; that is to say,—all living souls, and new creature wants and desires, may find something in Jesus sweetly suitable for them; fruits, too, which he yields as the season requires to feed the souls of his people.

What a sweet thing is experience in religion! What a poor thing is mere theory and speculation! How unsatisfying a mere cold, unquickening, unpractical judgment upon divine matters, even if to a certain extent orthodox! The child of God tells us here of his soul's sweet experiences: "*I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*" Not only is Jesus as the apple-tree amongst the trees of the wood in himself and unto others, but so he is and has been experimentally to me. Is he a divine shelter? I have myself gone in under the branches of this tree of life, and found a resting-place. "I sat down."

"Long time beneath the law I lay  
In bondage and distress."

I could not sit down sweetly to rest there.

"I toil'd the precept to obey,  
But toil'd without success."

Many times, too, my soul even now wanders away from Christ; but as it found no rest under the law, so it finds no rest in wandering. Rest is only found when I can leave with Jesus the hills of the leopards and retire beneath the shadow of this tree of life. Scorched by the noonday sun of law and wrath and terrors, of temptations and persecutions, I was enabled, by the Spirit's grace, to find a rest in Jesus, "I sat down." He made me to lie down in these green pastures, and rest beneath the cross of Jesus. It was, too, with great delight. Delighted with what I saw in Jesus, I sat down. There was a time when I saw no beauty in him. There was also a time when he seemed to me not only to have no beauty, but, viewing him only in his holiness and as a new and stern lawgiver, he was to me an object of terror, not of delight. In this view, my spirit fled from him. I thought him an austere man; I disliked the strictness of his precept. His yoke was most distasteful to my soul; his burden seemed intolerably heavy. He seemed to say, "Go, work in my vineyard," and my heart either feigned to go, and went not, through a slavish principle; or boldly replied, "I will not. I have loved idols, and after them will I go." But at length he was revealed to me in his dying love, a crucified Christ. I saw in the spirit of my mind one hanging on a tree. I saw he died to save; not to be a new lawgiver, he did not *die* for that, but to be a complete Saviour, loving me and dying for my sins, and doing all in and by as well as for me. I saw him no longer as austere, and

harsh, and stern, but as "full of grace and truth." Then my heart loved him; then it returned; then it said, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." He appeared all love, and loveliness, and sweetness. Then I sat down delighted with his beauty and his fragrance. He was all delights to me. The Holy Ghost declared him in his true character as the Christ of God to my soul, and showed me that a High Priest taken from among men as Jesus was, for he was man as well as God, was for men, and not against them; and that such a High Priest exactly became us, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and higher than the heavens. Such a one could live for us, die for us, rise again and reign over all things in heaven for us, and save to the uttermost all who came unto God by him. O! He was precious to my soul in these new and gospel views of him. His holiness, his justice, his majesty, all remained, but all vanished, so to speak, in the brighter beams of his grace and love. I know the expression is almost paradoxical; but here words seem to fail to convey the meaning. Love reigned, grace reigned, sweetness reigned, delight reigned; for a holy Jesus was beheld as dying on the cross of Calvary for an unholy sinner. Moses and Elias, therefore, vanished out of sight, and the soul by faith saw no man save Jesus only. Then was fulfilled the sweet word of John in my own experience: "And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," "I sat down" there, in this new, true, and spiritual view of him, under his shadow, with great delight. I knew him now no longer as after the flesh, but in the spirit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. All he was, all he yielded, was now sweet to me. My "judges were overthrown in stony places," &c. (Ps. cxli. 6); the stout-hearted oppositions to him gone. His blood, his righteousness, his word, his doctrine, his promise, his precept, his spirit, his authority, his institutions, all were sweet to my taste. Nothing was sweet that had not Jesus in it; nothing was bitter with Jesus. His name was as ointment poured forth to me; my heart loved and delighted in him. And it was such solid satisfaction! He made me to feed upon what was as substance. Then my heart cried aloud to him, "Other lords, dear Jesus, have had dominion. Rule now, rule alone, and rule for ever."

O! Those were sweet days when I first sat down under his shadow; and when I sit there again the days are still sweet. These days of the Son of Man,

"How sweet their memory still!"

This, then, is my Beloved. Such he is; such he has been to me; such is my own experience of him, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.

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BENEVOLENCE is not to be estimated by the amount given, but by what it costs to give. An English charity recently received an envelope containing six penny stamps, on the inside of which were written these words: "Fasted a meal to give a meal." That was true benevolence.



FRAGMENTS OF EXPERIENCE OF ANN DUCK,  
OF ROWDE, NEAR DEVIZES.

She writes: "The first time I ever heard the pure truth preached was by Mr. Tiptaft, at Allington, about seven miles from where I lived; and a searching sermon it was to me. I do not remember the text. I was so cut up with it, I saw and felt as I never had done before. I thought, 'Who, then, can be saved?' yet I was convinced it was the truth. I had heard different doctrines before, but never discovered any real difference till then. After that I could never go to the church again to which I had been brought up by my parents.

"I believe it was the next spring that I went to Allington again, and heard Mr. Philpot from these words: 'But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.' I felt encouraged; he spoke so sweetly on that subject; and from that time I felt great love to him, because I believed him to be a minister of the gospel. I went several times afterwards, and felt encouraged under Mr. Philpot's preaching. I went there again, about two years ago, to hear Mr. Philpot, when that hymn:

"O Lord, how vile am I' &c.,

was given out, and I felt I was the very character. I was so condemned that I felt quite ill, and was obliged to leave the chapel. At dinner time, the country friends went to Mrs. Bullock's; but the house was so full that I, with my father-in-law and a good old man from Calne, went into the hovel. The dear old woman came and pressed us to go into the house, saying it was such a poor place. I said to my father-in-law, 'If we were as good as the place, we should do very well, for I felt myself such a wretch.' I never went to Allington after this, as my complaint, which was spinal, and abscesses, prevented my walking so great a distance.

"Some time after this I went to Devizes on business, it being fair day, and, to please my friends who were with me, I went into the fair. I felt very unwilling to do so; but they said it would please the children. I got well paid for my folly. We went into a show; and O what a hell it was to me! One moment I felt as if the place would fall and crush us all, and the next as though the earth would open and swallow us up. I never went to any such place afterwards.

"I went, from time to time, to Salem Chapel, Devizes, as long as my complaint would allow me to walk there. I can truly say, at that chapel the word of God was to me quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. I heard different supplies there, and was made to feel what they preached to be the truth; and it appeared to me to be awful solemn truth, feeling, as I did, what a sinner I was, and fearing that I was not amongst the number of God's elect. I soon became unable to go to chapel at all, and was confined to the house for nearly a year. After this I was confined to my bed, which was a few days before the end of

1857. After being in bed for months, I was taken so much worse that my life hung in doubt for some time. My doctor said I could not recover; and when my disorder was a little abated, he said I might linger on for twelve months or more. This was in the latter part of 1858. I was lying on my bed dreadfully ill, and in my feelings on the verge of an awful eternity. It was, indeed, a solemn time. I felt like this: 'O Lord, I am a sinner; and if thou dost not save me wholly and freely of thy sovereign grace and mercy, I must be lost for ever; for I have not one good work to plead.' I went on for some time, begging and crying to the Lord that he would have mercy upon me; yet I felt as if mine was not prayer, because I could not use a form of words. I could only just say, 'O Lord, do have mercy upon me! Do save me, a vile sinner!' My brother and two sisters were in the room one day, when my brother said, 'O Ann, I beg of you to give your thoughts to thinking about another world; for your time here is but short; but you have been ill a long time. I dare say you are nearly fit to die.' I said, 'If I die in the state I am in, I shall go to hell.' He said he hoped I was not one that believed that Christ died for a part of mankind, and left the rest to perish. I said I did so believe. He said he was sorry for me. My distress was so great at this time that I cared not to eat any food. I was also very ill indeed. My case was indeed urgent. Death appeared so near, and I knew that without an interest in Christ I should be lost for ever. So great was my distress that my doctor said to me, 'You have something on your mind, have you not?' I said, 'Yes. You know, Sir, it is a solemn thing to die.' He said, 'Yes, but religion was a very simple thing. If I read the Bible, I should find it so.' He said, to be in such a way was merely a blunder. In fact, it was no religion at all. I thought, 'O, poor man, if you die in this state, it will be bad for you.' I knew the Lord was able to save me; but I feared he was not willing. One of my brothers asked me why I did not exercise faith, for then I should be as happy as I was now miserable. He was only adding to my sorrow; for I would gladly have received mercy if I could. If I went to sleep, I dreamt I was in hell, and I did believe I should go there. I found it to be a dreadful spot to be in.

"One night, about twelve o'clock, my night-light went out all of a sudden, and it appeared to me like the darkness of despair. Truly I felt it so. I said to my husband, 'I shall go to hell.' He said, 'I do not think you will ever go there.'

"I went on in the same distressed state for two or three days longer; but one Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock, when my sister was feeding me, all of a sudden such a change took place, I clasped my hands and said, 'Now I believe, Lord, that thou wilt save me.' I could no more believe that I should be lost now than I could a few moments before that I should be saved."

Some little time after this the Lord was pleased to visit her

with a sweet and powerful deliverance from all her fears, in which he proved himself to be a God hearing and answering prayer; and that, though he may long delay, yet, in the end, every such seeking soul shall prove him faithful to his promise: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." But I will let her speak for herself:

"Blessed with a powerful deliverance. May 15th, 1859, I had these words come with a divine power:

"Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thy own;  
Thy secrets to me shall soon be made known;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe."

I felt he had saved me, and that I would praise him through all the swellings of Jordan.

"June 6th and 7th, I had a most dreadful conflict with the enemy; he came in like a flood. I felt the meaning of that word: 'Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts. All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.' But the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him; so that I was enabled to call the enemy a liar. The Lord broke into my soul so wonderfully that I could not sing loud enough. I could shout 'Victory through the blood of the Lamb!' I could feelingly say, 'Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the tops of the mountains.' Who shall sing as they who are delivered from the noise of archers? After this I was almost exhausted.

"Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That heaven and earth might hear."

I felt I should go to heaven. The bed could scarcely hold me. I wanted all the Lord's people to be there, that I might tell them of my deliverance. None but those who have passed through it can understand it. I could say, 'I looked for hell, but he brought me heaven.' . . . All the promises of the Bible seemed to be mine. I seemed to have a part of heaven let down into my soul; so that my bed could scarcely hold my body; my joy was so great. Hymn 483, Gadsby's, was brought with great power and sweetness to my mind, especially the last verse:

"O that in Jordan's swelling  
I may be help'd to sing," &c.

Hymn 482 also came flowing in with great power and sweetness. I begged of the Lord to stay his hand; for the blessing was too great for me.

"The Lord is good. He has appeared for me in a wonderful way and manner, both in providence and grace. He has supported me on a bed of lingering illness, and he has enabled me to exclaim many times, 'Bless his holy name, he has done all things well.'"

Here her own account of the Lord's dealings with her ends. Her life of painful affliction was lengthened out until April 15th, 1860. A great sufferer she truly was; but she was enabled to

bear and endure with great patience, as seeing him who is invisible, and being enabled to rejoice in his great salvation,—truly long waited for, but, being come, she found it to be a tree of life. Yes, truly, Jesus is the tree of eternal life. How sweet his shadow, how refreshing his fruit, to the poor, weary, heavy-laden, tempest-tossed soul!

Her daughter writes thus: "My dear mother intended to have had more of her experience written; but she was called to leave this world before it was done. One day, as her father-in-law came into the room, she said to him, 'O William, what a monster death is to face.' He said, 'O Ann, you are not afraid to face it, are you?' She replied, 'O no, I have a good hope, through grace.' She was very fond of singing, and had many favourite hymns in Gadsby's Selection; but hymn 705 was very precious to her, as she drew near her end. She was also often singing the 483rd. She was a severe sufferer, but was most patient and thankful for everything that was done for her. Mortification took place in her side the day week before she died. Her sufferings had been very great. On the morning of her death she wished us to have a card printed with the following lines upon it, believing they would prove descriptive of her death:

"One gentle sigh, her fetters broke;  
We scarce could say she's gone,  
Before her spirit took its flight  
To mansions near the throne.'

She was very restless some part of the day, and one of her sisters said to her, 'Ann, I don't think that verse will be in accordance with your death;' when my dear mother said, 'I think it will; you will see; I have no other.' She was enabled to resign us all into the hands of the Lord. She would sing at intervals during the day:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.'

Her conflicts were very great, but her deliverance was much greater. She would often say, 'No cross, no crown; and the deeper their sorrows, the louder they will sing. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? He has done all things well. Come, Lord Jesus, and take me. Bless his precious name, he is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. I do deserve the hottest hell; but he assures me the hills shall depart and the mountains be removed, but his loving-kindness shall not depart from me.

"How sovereign, wonderful, and free  
Is all his love to sinful me.  
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;  
My Jesus has done all things well.'

And, a little before she died, she sang:

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,' &c.

"She lay talking with us, praying and praising, committing and commending her husband and children to the Lord, when she suddenly gave three looks around the room, then cast her eyes upward, and, lo, the spirit fled."

The "Gospel Standard" was highly valued by her, especially so during her long confinement. She was confined to her bed two years and four months, and died April 16th, 1860, aged 40.

Devizes, Wilts, March 13, 1870.

T. DANGERFIELD.

### A DELECTABLE COUNTRY.

"And the inhabitant shall not say, 'I am sick;' the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—ISA. XXXIII. 24.

THE country I desire is out of sight;  
It needs not sun nor moon; God is its light;  
It flows with milk and honey, and its air  
Salubrious is, no noxious vapours there.  
Each blest inhabitant, from sickness free,  
Shall know no pain or grief eternally.  
All tears are there for ever wiped away  
And night is lost in one perpetual day.

The blessed people who therein do dwell,  
All saved are by Christ from wrath and hell;  
Their countless sins, through grace, being all forgiven,  
They're fully meeten'd for the joys of heaven.  
They see his face which marred was while here,  
And in his likeness wrought they all appear.  
Faith turn'd to vision is with glory bless'd,  
Each happy soul has enter'd into rest.

Prepared they for a prepared place,  
The work of free discriminating grace;  
For they who chosen are therein to dwell  
Deserve God's wrath as much as those in hell.  
But, wash'd and sanctified by Jesu's blood,  
And grafted into Christ, they are made good.  
Complete, in him they stand,—his love, all fair;  
Array'd in robes of white, behold they are.

'Tis better far to be with Christ, I know,  
Than in the best condition here below.  
Here I am sick, and weak, and like to faint;  
Sin is the cause of every day's complaint;  
Nor shall I here be well, dear Lord, I see;  
There is no satisfaction short of thee.  
O then, may I be ready to go home  
Whatever hour my Lord shall for me come.

Feb., 1869.

A. H.

JESUS Christ and Him crucified,—Christ, the deity and glory of his Person, but also as crucified; in the ignominy of his passion and the advantages of his office. This is the sum of the gospel, and contains all the riches of it. Paul was so much taken with Christ that nothing sweeter than Jesus could drop from his lips and pen. It is observed that he has the word "Jesus" five hundred times in his epistles.—*Charnock.*

## HISTORY OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

BY J. GADSBY.

*(Continued from page 170.)*

IN the hurry or carelessness of writing, I made a mistake in my last; but as most of my readers would see it was a mistake it is hardly, perhaps, necessary to point it out. Instead of Gibbon's *Rise and Fall*, it should have been *Decline and Fall*.

I shall not weary my readers by many remarks of my own; but content myself by selecting a few more of the pieces in the earlier Nos.

The next article was "On the Religion of the Day;" and the next, "The Ministry not without Trials," by Mr. Tiptaft. That dear and good man may be seen in every sentence. It was addressed to my father:

"Beloved of the Lord,—I yesterday received your kind letter, inviting me to supply for you a few Lord's days, and take the earliest opportunity of sending you an answer. I write very reluctantly, for I know not what answer to send you; it would suit my mind better to wait and think. I wish to be guided aright by the great Head of the church. In the first place, I feel my insufficiency and ignorance so great, which makes me fear that I shall come in vain, if I do come. . . . I sometimes am very low in my mind about my standing in grace, and lower still about my preaching. Everything seems to be against me. I have to tell my hearers that it is presumption in me to stand up in the blessed Lord's name. I have no stones to throw at Gideon, for his unbelief. Every mark and evidence of a true minister seems to be against me, though I am seldom without one, which is, passing through evil report; for such scandalous reports are circulated, without the least foundation; which makes me think that the father of lies is an open enemy of mine. But I would say with David, 'Let them curse, but bless thou, O Lord.' I trust that evil reports may prove cautions, for we need continually hearing, 'Take heed,' 'Beware.' I feel myself as vile as ever they can represent me, and therefore must contend, from heartfelt experience, that salvation is all of grace. I travel so much in mire and darkness, which keeps me from running into head notions much. I murmur that I am kept so ignorant, and that I know so little, and can open so little of the word of God; but still I feel it a mercy to be even in such hardness of heart and such confusion, rather than slipping into the pits of heady notions. Many talk about Christ, and the doctrines of grace, who are strangers to the power of godliness; and what an awful thing it is to have a name to live, and to be dead. I desire to know Christ, but I want the blessed Spirit to lead me to that knowledge; for anything short of that glorious and powerful teaching must fade away in the time of trial. I find the work of the ministry a most trying work, and I often feel desirous of giving it up, if I could do so honourably; but, having put my

hand to the plough, I through mercy continue to this day. The Lord at times encourages me in my own soul, and sometimes I hear of the word being blessed through me; but I wonder how it can be so, feeling so full of sin and various abominations. I meet with very few who are enjoying much in their own souls, and when I meet with any who boast much about an assurance of faith, I generally question how they got at it.

“The devil is a very great deceiver, and we have very deceitful hearts; so we need not be so very much surprised to find so many puffed up with vain notions. May we ever encourage those who have life and feeling, but may we be kept from bolstering up professors in false hopes and false joys. . . .

“May the Lord bless and prosper you, and may the friends be enabled to pray that I may come with the blessed Lord’s sanction.”

The next was by my father, “God is Love,” signed “A Lover of Zion:”

“Beloved of the Lord,—It is your blessedness to prove, by the divine teaching of God the Holy Ghost, that God is Love,—eternal, immutable love. This precious truth you will not deny; but then you may often struggle under very deep depression of spirit and heartrending groans, lest you should not be interested in this glorious Three-One God of love. It is not enough for you to hear that God is love, nor to believe it as a most blessed truth, nor to say he loved David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Paul, &c., nor to look round you and say, concerning others, he loved *them*, or, he loved *you*, or, he loved *thee*. No; your heart thirsts to say, feelingly to say, he loved *me*. You feel that vital godliness is *personal*, and to you it matters but little, as it respects your own comfort, who he loved, or how greatly he loved them, if he do not love you. The vehement desire of your heart is, that the blessed Jehovah, by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, would speak this precious truth to your heart: ‘Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.’ It will not do for you to be told that you must simply believe, do your duty, and be decidedly pious, and then God will love you; this ground you have proved to be boggy, and have been necessitated to flee from it, and cry, ‘Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes fail with looking upward. O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.’ The Lord has given you faith to believe that ‘they that are in the flesh cannot please God;’ and that however fair a show they may make in the flesh, it is but a show, leaving them destitute of vital godliness. Christ’s kingdom is not of this world; for the kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and this kingdom must be set up in the heart, not in word merely, but in *power*, and that power the power of God: ‘For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.’ Therefore, having eyes to see the emptiness of a mere duty re-

ligion, nothing short of an enjoyment of the power of Christ's religion in your heart can satisfy you. For this you hunger, thirst, and pant; and even when you dare not say, 'The Lord is my God,' still nothing but Christ and his blood and obedience brought home to your conscience, by the power of the Holy Ghost, can give you rest; but when Christ and his complete salvation is enjoyed, with solemn pleasure you can then say, 'He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*;' and, as the glorious effect of vital union to Christ, by a living faith in him, you can, in some measure, trace the almighty love of God the Father in your election, of God the Son in your redemption, and of God the Holy Ghost in his quickening, enlightening, teaching, sanctifying, anointing, and sealing power, and with solemn joy say, 'This God is *my* God for ever and ever; he will be my guide even unto death;' and as the blessed Spirit leads you on, you can enter a little into the nature of the undivided love of the glorious Three-One God, and see that the love of each dear Person is of the same nature and extent; so that all that the Father loved and chose in Christ, the Son loved and redeemed from their sins: 'Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works;' and all that the Son redeemed, the blessed Spirit loves, quickens, teaches, and sanctifies: 'For such were some of you; but'—O the blessedness of this precious *but*, when brought home to the heart—'but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God;' and the whole nor any part of this is neither by works of righteousness which ye have done, nor according to your works, 'but according to Jehovah's own purpose and grace, which was given you in Christ before the world began.' Therefore, your salvation, in all its bearings, is of rich, free, discriminating love. God grant that you may daily live as becomes creatures so highly favoured, showing forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. Trials you may have, yea, you *must* have; for it is the settled purpose of God that 'through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom.' But this is all in love, and everlasting love is still sure; and this blessed God of love has engaged to succour, support, and defend you. Your light, as it respects the manifestation of it, may not always be as the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds, nor the blessed graces of the Spirit spring up in your souls like the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. Clouds and darkness may surround the Lord, hiding his glory from your view, and in your feelings you may be very, very dark, and very, very barren. But your dear God of love will not forsake you; new covenant mercies are still sure, everlastingly sure; for 'unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness;' and 'to this man will I look that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.'



“God almighty enable you to trust in him at all times, and that he may direct your hearts into his love, and into Himself as Love, and into the patient waiting for of Christ, is the prayer of  
Yours to serve in the gospel of his grace.”

In the same No., that is the first, a series of letters, under the head, “A Saint Indeed,” was commenced. The letters were addressed to my father, and written by the late Mrs. Ann Sturton, mother of Mr. John Sturton, of Peterborough. I feel that I must give the first letter, whether or not I hereafter give any more; merely premising that the “Saint” referred to was the late Mr. James Martin, who resided at Godmanchester, and at whose house my father stayed when supplying in that part:

“My dear Friend, for Jesus’ sake,—Being informed that you wished to hear if any change took place in the health of our much-esteemed friend and brother Martin, and he also wishing you should be made acquainted with his present state, I have this day promised him I will write to you for him.

“Soon after you left these parts he went to the waters, and upon his return he thought himself much improved in his health. But this was of short duration; for it pleased his covenant God, who has been a very present help to him in this trouble, to afflict him with a brain-fever delirium, at times arising to a very distressing height, except when he spoke of the things of God, and then he appeared to be himself, was sweetly supported in his soul, and gave a blessed testimony to the Lord’s faithfulness and power. He is now improving in his health, though still very weak and low, and has had near forty leeches applied, besides bleeding in the arm and perpetual blistering. His mind is considerably more composed, though he occasionally discovers much excitement, and we hope, in answer to many prayers, he may be restored to the church of Jesus Christ below. I said to him, ‘Well, my dear friend, what shall I say to Mr. Gadsby for you?’ He replied, ‘Tell him I love him dearly, and have long felt my heart united to him. Tell him I am a happy man! For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain! Here I lie, waiting my Father’s will; whether my time is long or short, I am satisfied!’ Shortly after, he added, ‘What is dying? It is only going home!’ Then sweetly smiled, and again said:

“Strangers into life we come!  
Dying is but going home!”

The love and blood of Jesus enjoyed appears to fill his soul to the brim, and I think a *little more* would be too much for his poor, weak, tender frame to bear. At his earnest request, my dear husband and I went to see him before this afternoon service. I remained with him the afternoon, and I believe our hearts felt a sweet bledewing from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power, which seemed to fill the room, making it a little sacred spot. I persuaded him to close his eyes and try to sleep a little, for he only slept three hours last night. He rested about a quarter of an hour, and then began again to make his boast in the dear

Friend of sinners, particularly speaking of his *finished* work, and frequently was melted to tears, telling me they were only tears of joy, which he would suppress if he could. I said, 'Don't, my dear Sir, try to suppress them; they will relieve your feelings; let them flow; they proceed from the most blessed feelings the mind is capable of on this side glory.' He said, 'I will, I will weep to the praise of the mercy I've found!'

"These are only a few out of the many precious things that have this day dropped from his lips. So much of heaven on earthly ground I have never before witnessed. He is certainly apparently mending in health; but I cannot help thinking, from his humility of soul, his happy looks, and sweet enjoyment of Jesus, together with his warm affection to all the saints, that his end is at hand; and, if so, his sun is indeed setting with such rays of glory surrounded as are only now and then witnessed in Zion.

"I must conclude. My husband unites with me in Christian love to you. Hope you will write to our beloved friend. If his life be spared (which God grant, if his blessed will, it may), I know he would value a letter from you greatly. So do write directly.

"Farewell! May God bless you in your own soul, both at home and abroad, in the house and the church."

For some time after I commenced the magazine, it was far from paying its current expenses, as I have already stated; but this never gave me the slightest uneasiness; for I was continually receiving accounts of its usefulness, and of the blessing it was made to the Lord's family. The first account of this kind that I received was of two sisters, dairy farmers in Cheshire. They had been brought up to attend the parish church, and, indeed, had never attended any other place. The Lord had shown them their state as sinners, and they could join heartily in that part of the service wherein they called themselves miserable sinners, as well as in some other parts; but with "the parson" (I use their own words) they were altogether at variance. So far from his being a miserable sinner, his sermons seemed always to contradict the prayers. He often called at their little farm, and they had frequent disputes with him. They felt sure he was wrong; but they knew not how to put him right, for they were sure they were wrong also. He often told them they should not be so gloomy, or the consequences might be serious; and they feared they would be; that is, that their minds would become affected. Well, one Saturday, when they had been at the Manchester market with their eggs, butter, &c. (which market they attended every Saturday), as they were going along Shudehill, on their way to make some purchases, they saw on an old book-stall some pamphlets that said on them, "The Gospel Standard; or, Feeble Christian's Support."\* They looked at each other, and

\* This was the original title of the magazine. By what means the latter line was first omitted I have not the slightest recollection. It must have been, as we often say, by "an accident," and subsequently lost sight of.

both wondered what the Gospel standard could mean. However, they bought all the man had, only a few numbers, and began to read them as soon as they could after they reached home. The Address they told me they could not understand; but when they read the piece, "The Blessedness of the Hungry," &c., their hearts and their eyes were opened. They saw "wondrous things," and their hearts leaped for joy. They showed the magazines to "the parson," making sure he would rejoice with them. But instead of that, when he saw the publisher's name, he said, "O! This is that Gadsby's! He is an Antinomian!" and so on; which perfectly astonished them, as they knew nothing about Antinomianism. They only knew they had found what they had long felt their need of. They called upon me on the following Saturday, related to me the above circumstances, and purchased several other little things.\*

The next account which I had of the magazine being made a blessing was from a person who resided at Wilmslow, about 12 miles from Manchester. He was tall and well proportioned, but had only one eye. He was amongst the Wesleyans; and when his class-leader was explaining various points to him and telling him what he ought to do, his only answer was, "If yo're reet, Awm wrung." (If you are right, I am wrong.) He also was in the habit of coming to the Manchester market, and by some means or other which I do not now remember, met with the "G. S.;" and, as he told me when he called upon me, he soon was led to see both where he was and where his class-leader was. He purchased my father's "Everlasting Task for Arminians," and his "Perfect Law of Liberty," the latter of which I have no hesitation in saying is the best work extant on the Law and the Gospel, the Bible alone excepted; and he took with him some copies of the magazine for sale, putting them in his window; which caused quite a stir. He also subsequently told me he had made good use of the two little works mentioned.

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\* My place of business was then in Newall's Buildings, Manchester. The premises have been recently pulled down for the new Exchange. On Saturday afternoons numbers of persons, dairy farmers, market gardeners, &c., from the country, when they had sold out, called upon me to purchase magazines, &c.; and on Tuesday mornings, manufacturers, dealers, and others from the neighbouring towns did the same, Tuesday being the manufacturers' market day. The farmers never stopped long, being anxious to get home; but sometimes my friendly Tuesday visitors stopped so long that I was obliged at last to put up a notice in my counting-house: "Call upon a man of business in business hours on business only," &c.; and when they wanted to go into a long story about their own affairs, or the affairs of others, or their chapel, or their Sunday school, I had to say to them, "Now, come here at one o'clock, go with me to dinner (I lived a mile and a third away), and then we can have a chat; but my men and my business generally must have my personal attention during business hours." I had thus sometimes three or four with me to dinner, and was seldom alone on Tuesdays. Indeed, my wife says she never knew how many to prepare for until she saw us coming along the road.

(To be continued.)

*ILL TELL IT TO THE LORD.*

"I'll tell it to the Lord." In life and death,  
In health and sickness, may I find this word;  
Turn me away from man, vain man, whose breath  
Is in his nostrils, unto Christ my Lord.

"I'll tell it to the Lord" how worldly cares  
Burden my heart, and oft unduly grieve;  
He gives to-day's supplies, and yet my fears  
Hardly with him to-morrow's wants can leave.

"I'll tell it to the Lord" how former friends  
Look coldly on me now, or turn away;  
And he will speak of love which never ends,  
His own sweet love, the same from day to day.

"I'll tell it to the Lord" how quickly years  
Roll o'er my head, how strength and nature die,  
How time grows old, and ah! how many fears  
Mix with my thoughts of vast eternity.

I'll tell him how the hope of this life fades,  
That little now of earthly joy seems mine,  
And gently he my sorrowing upbraids,  
As though to serve Him were not joy divine.

But e'en in serving Him, itself so sweet,  
How marr'd my path; how oft beset with cares;  
I'll tell him all, and at his own dear feet,  
Get strength to forward press through foes and snares.

"I'll tell it to the Lord,"—tell all my sins,  
My folly, guilt, entanglements, and pride;  
How oft instead of following him, begins  
My heart in byway paths to turn aside.

I'll tell him how I need his mighty strength,  
His precious blood applied from day to day;  
How surely must I fall and fail at length,  
Unless he holds my goings in his way.

But ah! I'll tell him that I do believe  
His word is faithful, he himself is true;  
Unto his heaven my soul he will receive;  
Sorrows and snares at last got safely through.

And while I journey onward to my home,  
May I, encouraged by his gracious word,  
Still as fresh wants and trials daily come,  
Feel my heart say, "I'll tell it to the Lord." MINIMUS.

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Your misery and my misery, by reason of our sins, are not the cause of God's mercy; for neither our deservings nor undeservings are at all considered as motives with the Lord for the display of his grace; for if this had been the case, it would cease to be grace. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us," takes occasion from our misery to make known his mercy; yea, and the fulness of it also, in his dear Son. He therefore displays the riches of his grace in such a way as shall magnify the glories of his name, in bestowing the aboundings of his mercy to overwhelm and do away the aboundings of sin; "that where sin hath abounded, grace shall much more abound."—*Hawker,*

## LITTLE MEMORIALS.

My dear Brother whom my soul loves in the Lord,—Your very kind and spiritual letter came to hand, and we felt much pleasure in perusing its contents. I am glad to find the Lord is blessing you with enlargedness of heart in the blessed experience of those eternal realities that make for our peace, both in this world and in the one we are looking forward to, where we shall dwell with Jesus in joy and peace for ever.

You and your friends invite me to attend your anniversary, when I come to London in May (D.V.). In reply to this, I can assure you, my dear friend, that my advanced age and growing infirmities compel me to decrease my labours. The spirit is willing as ever, but I find my earthly tabernacle gets weaker, and not able to stand the toil I have gone through for 54 years. I have had to deny several applications for my poor services. To-day I have had to deny the people at Tenterden. I hope the Lord will appear for you, and grant your heart's desire to see the debt cleared off.

What a mercy it is that the Lord liveth for evermore; and though his ministers wax old and decay, and are removed from the church militant to their eternal rest, yet the promise abideth, to raise up pastors after his own heart, to feed his people with knowledge and understanding. May he appear for you at this time and direct you to some one whom he will make a blessing, both temporally and spiritually. Yours in the best Bonds,

Hope Chapel House, Rochdale,  
March 31, 1868.—To Mr. J. Budgen.

JOHN KERSHAW.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—Yours of the 15th inst. came to hand. I was glad to have a few lines from you, letting me know how you are both in body and mind. My wife and myself often speak of you and the mysterious dispensation the Lord has seen fit to exercise you with by removing so valuable a wife and useful a member of the church of God, just at the very time it seemed her usefulness was being made so manifest. Truly we are brought feelingly to know "his ways are in the whirlwind, and his footsteps are in the great deep, and his paths are not known." My sincere desire on your behalf is that you may be enabled to stand still, and see his arm made bare in your behalf, lifting up your head, and causing you to feel your feet upon the Rock; and then you need not to fear.

I am setting off to-morrow (Tuesday morning) (D.V.) for Sheffield, where I am engaged to preach on Wednesday. My wife will be glad to see you arrive here on Saturday next to stay till Monday; and I hope the dear Lord will be with you in preaching the word of life. We are thankful to hear of tokens for good at Charlesworth.

Excuse this short note, as I am much engaged just now, and have been of late, which you will see when you come.

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

Rochdale, April 19, 1869.—To Mr. Hand.

JOHN KERSHAW.

## A RIGHT WAY.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. W. BROWN, ADDRESSED TO A DEAR FRIEND ON HEARING SHE HAD FOUND PEACE AND JOY IN THE LORD.

My dear Friend,—The good news came that you had found rest and peace in the Lord Jesus. Truly there is no other resting-place for a poor sinner; and as long as the world lasts this word shall be fulfilled: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." This was the word, as you have more than once heard me say, first brought peace and joy into my poor troubled soul. And I am still living on it, or rather on Christ himself, who said it, coming, as I did at the first, a poor, vile, helpless, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and casting myself at his feet, his blood and righteousness being all I have to look to and rest upon.

O how sweet is the thought that nothing is required at our hands as a condition,—that all, all is free, sovereign grace! The covenant was made for sinners, and the Holy Ghost reveals this full and free salvation to poor lost sinners. This is the treasure hid in the field. While thousands are rambling over the field, and admiring its beauties and gathering its flowers, how few there are who care for the possession of what is alone worth seeking after. All else is vanity; and this, my dear friend, you have found. Whatever may be the way the Lord has led us, however rough, crooked, thorny, and mysterious, yet if we have been thus brought to Christ, surely it has been a right way, and we have abundant cause to bless the Lord who has made all things work together for our good; and now we feel to love him, and we have the promise given us to rest upon through all the changing scenes of life and death. "All the promises are yours," saith Paul; for if Christ himself be yours, your Lord and Saviour and Advocate with the Father; in one word, if he be your all in all, in thus having Christ you have all things. Well may the apostle say, "We have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us," and here we are safe as long as the High Priest lives. (Num. xxxv.) Bless the Lord, our glorious High Priest does live: "I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore;" "And because I live, ye shall live also."

We must be emptied of everything, and kept empty too, that we may live on Christ's fulness, and that we may receive all as poor and needy sinners, dependent entirely on the God of all grace. If Christ is ours, we need fear nothing. He has promised to be with us even to the end; and "faithful is he that hath called you, who also will do it." He has "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel."

When Israel passed over Jordan, the ark of the covenant went before them; and though it was the time of harvest, when the water usually overflowed the banks, yet the whole of the Israelites passed over on dry ground. So may you find it; so you will

find it, if you have the presence of the dear Lord. And has he not promised his presence? Blessed are they that know the joyful sound (of the gospel); they shall walk in the light of his countenance. And again: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." How I should like to sit by you, and talk over these things with you; but the Lord knows what is best, and is leading us by a right way to a city of habitation, where there is no more pain, nor sin, nor sickness, nor sorrow. We shall then see, what we now believe, that all has been ordered for our good.

May the Lord enable you to leave your dear husband and your dear children in his hands, without an over-anxious thought. He can manage all far better than you could, even if you were with them to watch over them with the fond affection of a wife and mother. You may safely trust your best of all friends to take charge of them. He has bid you leave them in his hands. The Lord abundantly bless you, and lift upon you the light of his countenance, and enable you to cleave unto him always, and thus to quench the fiery darts of Satan. Remember, there is nothing but Christ's precious blood and righteousness to rest upon. Come what will, this shall never fail.

My dear wife and Mary join me in love to you and Mr. —, not forgetting your two dear boys.

Your sincere and affectionate Friend and Brother in the Lord  
Jesus,

WM. BROWN.

Brighton, May, 1866.

### MINISTERIAL EXERCISES.

My dear Friend,—I hope you will forgive my seeming neglect, as it is not from any want of feeling or interest in you and the dear friends around you that I have not written before this; but you know we do not always feel in writing tune; and also I have been very much engaged with many things which have much engrossed my mind and time; so much so that I have many times, on going to the pulpit, felt almost like a wild man. "Now the time come when I must go before the Lord and his people, and what a state of things inside! Empty of good, dark in mind, and full of confusion." I can assure you, my friend, it has pressed many a "Lord, help me!" out of my poor heart. And O! For ever blessed be his dear name, he has not been unmindful of my groans; for although I have felt again and again, "Well, I am come to the end now. I must go before the same people again, and no dew upon my branch, no spring nor fresh supplies in my soul; I am come to the end of my preaching and my religion too;" till repeatedly they have been singing the last verse; and then the Lord has given me a text; but what I was to say about it I could not tell; but no sooner have I begun than the waters began to bubble up in my poor distressed soul, and I have been astonished while speaking at the fresh and full supply the Lord has

So graciously granted me. So, having obtained help of the Lord, I continue to this day.

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

And I do hope the Lord is pleased to make room for his word in the hearts of the people, as many of the poor worms have been helped and encouraged to creep out of their holes, and are gladdened and refreshed by the grace, dew, and sweetness of the word of Christ's gospel. I feel this is my great anxiety, lest my ministry should become unsavoury, dry, and unprofitable, as I do desire the profit of the people and the glory of God. O that he may be pleased still to favour me with that well of living water in my soul, which shall render me not only acceptable but also useful to his church and family.

I am very pleased to hear of your welfare and that you are favoured with the visits of some of the Lord's servants, and also that I am not forgotten by you, neither are you by me. I hope the Lord may crown his word among you with his blessing, and make your souls as a watered garden.

I cannot say if I shall be able to visit you before June, as it is likely circumstances will prevent my leaving home for any great length of time before then; but I shall try and embrace the first opportunity. I rather expected my dear friend Mountfort to call last week; but I suppose he could not manage it, as I did not see anything of him. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin are coming here, I expect to-day, both of them being very unwell. They think a change may do them good. I do hope the Lord may have mercy on us, and spare the dear old soldier a little longer to the church, if his blessed will; for if he is taken from us we shall be bereft of nearly all the old-fashioned and honourable fathers in Israel who have stood in the front ranks for many years as men valiant for the truth as it is in Jesus. I know the Lord can raise up others; but where are they? How few of the right and sterling kind come forth. The Lord help us to inquire of him for this desirable thing.

Through mercy, I am well in health. I feel much stronger, and have felt it a great mercy I have not had to travel much during this severe winter. All things seem to say at present, this is the way the Lord would have me to go.

Yours in Hope,

Hastings, Feb. 27, 1871.

T. HULL.

ALL arguments against the word of God are fallacies; all conceits against the word are delusions; all derision against the Lord is folly; and all opposition against the word is madness.—*Mason*.

THE moral law was weak through the flesh; the ceremonial law was so in its own nature; but Christ was the end of the moral law to fulfil it; and the end of the ceremonial law to answer its intention by offering himself a sacrifice.—*Mason*.



## LOVE TO THE BRETHREN.

THE man after God's own heart, who, according to Luther's translation, was "sweet in the songs of Israel," under the Holy Spirit's influence, begins one of the psalms thus: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and compares it to the precious ointment poured upon the head of the high priest, that went down to the skirts of his garments. In after ages, when the type was superseded by the substance, dear Paul opens it more plainly when exhorting the disciples at Ephesus to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" and so long as the Lord Jesus Christ hath a church upon earth, this unity will, more or less, subsist among the members of his mystical body. I believe it still remains, and that I do likewise feel its attractive power in my own soul, holding me fast to the excellent of the earth; and more especially to those by whom the Lord hath instrumentally conveyed spiritual blessings to me, a poor and needy sinner. Of that number is my beloved friend, to whom I am now writing a few lines; and the remembrance of the many happy hours in time past, in which I have sat down under the blessed Redeemer's shadow, while you have been preaching and conversing of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, is still precious to my soul. I can truly testify that I have never tasted that sweetness in any created good under the sun as I have enjoyed in the assemblies of the saints under the joyful sound of the everlasting gospel.

In looking back near forty years, and remembering how highly I have been favoured and indulged, my soul is humbled within me, while meditating upon the wondrous grace of the Most High in condescending thus to regard such a vile mass of dust and ashes; so unworthy of the least of all his mercies! How oft hath this foolish heart of mine wandered from the fountain of living waters and forgotten its resting-place; and how rich the grace of the faithful and good Shepherd in seeking and bringing back his poor wandering sheep, in healing my backslidings, and displaying the freeness of his love; never suffering me to find either rest or peace in anything short of his ever-blessed self.

On Sunday morning I opened my eyes upon the first day of the 67th year of my mortal life; and how sweet, how precious to my soul hath been Isa. xlvi. 3, 4. What a blessing to feel one's self encircled round about with such a gracious declaration and comprehensive promise; and for the hand of faith to be so strengthened as to hold it fast, even when surrounded with dark and trying dispensations of Providence, and stooping under the weight of age and its concomitant infirmities; but the grace of God is sufficient to enable us to hold on and to hold out to the end of our pilgrimage; and this "grace that bringeth salvation" maintains the salvation it brings. The eternal God is the fountain head from which it flows, with irreversible goodness and power, to all the vessels of mercy which he had afore in his holy

purpose prepared unto glory. The grand channel of communication is the Person, undertaking, and finished work of our adorable Immanuel; and the revealer and applier of all this stupendous grace to the sinful children of men is God the Holy Spirit. O! What manner of love is this! How sovereign and how free! And when, in the exercise of faith, we are enabled to contemplate this astonishing work of grace in the revelation and application of it to our own hearts, what soul-humbling and melting sensations are felt; especially when considering how low we were sunk in the ruins of the fall, how polluted and depraved in ourselves, and how many millions of our fellow-sinners are living and moving on the stage of time with us, having "no hope, and without God in the world," many of whom possess an abundance of providential good things. These considerations point as with a finger to the apostle's question: "For who maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Truly nothing. How sad the thought, that the recipients of such rich blessings should ever sink into a supine, lukewarm, or indifferent state! Yet so it is. The wretched indwelling sin, the temptations of Satan, and the too anxious cares of this life, all combine to hinder us in running the heavenly race set before us.

Another cause of lamentation arises from the reservedness or distance that appears to subsist among many who have received the grace of God in truth; so little communion in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, so much seeking their own things, and so seldom meeting and speaking one to another of what the Lord hath done or is doing for them; that it seems as if we were "gone ten degrees backward," instead of pressing forward. But so it is; and it is a rare thing to find two in the warm bed of communion together. Surely these are the last days the apostle speaks of in which "perilous times should come," both as it respects the church and the world; for "all the foundations of the earth are out of course," and but little truth or mercy or knowledge of God in the land. Therefore the Lord hath a controversy with its inhabitants. In the church, how few faithful labourers to rase the foundations, repair the breaches, and restore the paths of truth in Zion; how few to bind up, to bring again, or to seek after the scattered sheep who are wandering from mountain to hill, forgetful of their resting and their hiding place.

But I am addressing one well acquainted with the sorrowful subject, one who hath received a commission from above to declare in Zion the works of the Lord our God and his righteousness in thus visiting this sinful land.

My kind regards await Mrs. C. and the little ones, together with all the holy brethren. All the Galileans greet you.

Most affectionately yours,

Feb. 13, 1826.

J. KEYS.

*HOLY WOOING.*

HOLY BRIDEGROOM, glorious Head,  
 Of thy beloved bride,  
 By thee may I be daily fed,  
 And nourish'd by thy side;  
 Forsaking all the worthless toys  
 Of vain carnality;  
 Tasting of everlasting joys,  
 And immortality.

Fix thy great love within my heart,  
 That I may give thee praise;  
 And never let me more depart  
 From thy most holy ways.  
 Plainly showing to all around  
 That I am thine indeed;  
 That grace may over sin abound,  
 As of the holy seed.

Dear Jesus, set our hearts on fire  
 With thy unchanging love,  
 That through thy grace we may aspire  
 To reign with thee above.  
 Let us not sleep, as others do,  
 But earnest be in prayer;  
 Looking for and hast'ning to  
 Our meeting in the air. (1 Thess. iv. 17.)

March 14, 1871.

EDWARD KIRBY.

*Obituary.*

THE hand of death is often in our midst, and the Lord is taking his plants from the church militant, to dwell with him in glory. Since our dear pastor has been removed from us, nine of the members of the church at Hope Chapel have been called for, seven of them being very aged persons, leaving a testimony behind that they were plants of the Lord's right-hand planting; for they kept the faith, and endured to the end; and it is declared that such shall be saved.

On Jan. 7th last, Lawrence Nuttall, aged 75, was taken home. In his younger days he attended a place of worship among the Wesleyans, and was very earnest to obtain salvation by the works of the law of Ten Commandments. He carried a New Testament about with him, and embraced every opportunity of reading in it. While reading in the epistle to the Romans the blessed Spirit opened the eyes of his understanding and led him to see that the law was exceeding broad, and its demands very strict, even to the thoughts and intents of the heart, and that nothing but holiness and perfect purity could be accepted of God. He was also brought to feel and see that his heart was deceitful and his nature vile; and the more he read his New Testament the more he seemed distressed and condemned; till at length he laid it aside and read no more. Not feeling comfortable with this, he

began reading in the Old Testament, beginning with Genesis, thinking he should not be so convicted and troubled in his mind. When he came to the 3rd chapter and last verse, the power of the Lord accompanied the word, and he saw that the "flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life" was typical of the law of God, and defended the honour and justice of its Author; and that no poor sinner could get to heaven by that way. Whatever he did or wherever he went, this sword seemed pointed towards him, and he was, as it were, at his wits' end.

At that time he lived in what was called the Forest of Rossendale, and earned his bread by calico printing. Finding the ministers and people where he attended did not understand his helpless and forlorn state, he went to a few who met in a room, and found more union with them. One Sabbath they had a minister (whose name the writer has forgotten), who took for his text Gen. iii., last verse, and in his sermon he said, "When great and powerful monarchs of the earth felt their honour and dignity insulted and dishonoured they drew their swords, and blood was shed before they were appeased. So the flaming sword of God's anger against guilty man, who had disobeyed his commands and defied his Maker, could not be appeased but by the shedding of blood." He also showed that Jesus Christ, the eternal and beloved Son of God, laid aside his glory, and came and offered up his most rich and precious blood as an atonement for poor sinners, and wrought out and brought in a perfect righteousness, having fulfilled every jot and tittle of the demands of the law of God. This discourse was the means of bringing peace and joy into his soul, and showing to him the way of salvation.

Having heard of Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Kershaw, several of the friends used to come occasionally to Rochdale to hear them, and eventually they obtained employment at their trade near Rochdale, and soon afterwards joined the church at Hope Chapel. Our deceased friend was baptized by Mr. Kershaw on July 7th, 1839, and continued a consistent member till his death.

For some time before his removal he felt the decay of nature, and was on his watch-tower, waiting for his Lord's summons to go up higher and leave his poor tottering tabernacle of clay. He delighted to appear in the sanctuary, to worship the Lord and to see his brethren.

The writer of this short account saw him a few days before the first Sabbath in December, and seeing him so feeble and his breathing so bad, did not think he would ever get to the chapel again; but he was anxious to meet at the supper of the Lord, and with difficulty got to the chapel. He told the writer, at the above-mentioned interview, all that is written and much more, rejoicing in the God of salvation who had held him up so many years, and provided for him and his family in providential matters. He was greatly favoured with a spirit of adoption, and was well established in the doctrines of grace. He also said he felt thankful

that his lot had been cast to sit under such a faithful, comforting ministry, and hoped the Lord would still be with us and raise us up another under shepherd.

His last sickness was short, being seized with stupor, the effect of weakness. Several of the brethren went to see him, but he took little notice of any one, nature being almost exhausted. So he departed to be for ever with the Lord; not to see him through the lattices of ordinances, but face to face in open vision. He used to tell his dear pastor that if he survived him he should like him to preach a funeral sermon for him from Rev. i., last part of 5 and the whole of 6. Mr. Kershaw being removed first, Mr. William Leach, of Hollinwood, who had long known him, was requested to preach on the occasion, which he consented to do.

I feel desirous to send a few particulars respecting the removal of another of our old members, and a deacon of the church, dear William Jackson, the aged person who was noticed so particularly at the funeral of Mr. Kershaw. He was taken from us on Feb. 8th, in the 82nd year of his age.

But little is known of his early experience; but he joined the church 51 years ago, being baptized, with several others, by Mr. Kershaw, on March 5th, 1820. He was greatly esteemed by Mr. Kershaw, as a godly, consistent, Christian man. He was often much bowed down in spirit, arising from inward trials and family bereavements, of which he had many, and also from the untoward conduct of some of his children; and being naturally a man of a kind and tender spirit, he felt all these exercises very acutely. He became a deacon of the church in Jan., 1858, and was always at his post, till age and increasing infirmities sometimes prevented him. His wise counsel and kind spirit greatly endeared him to his pastor; and during their long and intimate acquaintance and connexion with each other, an angry word never passed between them. He was much beloved by the members of the church, and such of the congregation as knew him. During the early part of Mr. Kershaw's sickness, when he was brought so low as scarcely to be able to be heard when he spoke, our dear friend used to go nearly every day to inquire about him; and when he reached the house, was wont to say, "Mistress, I am come to look at my old friend once more;" and when, contrary to all expectation, his dear pastor was raised up for a short time, he would go and converse with him; and it was truly edifying to hear the dear old saints talk of the things of the kingdom, which they are now entered into.

During the winter his cough was very harassing. He was often obliged to sit up in bed for hours during the night; but the immediate cause of death was an attack of bronchitis, which soon removed him. The writer saw him on the 6th, and observed to him that he was where the psalmist was, when he said, "My heart and my flesh faileth me; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." He replied that he proved

it so. He requested his son-in-law to read Jno. xiv. to him, which was the last portion of the word of God which he heard read. Hymns 136 and 140, Gadsby's Selection, were precious to him, and he often gave them out when called upon to engage in prayer in the house of God.

The day he died his son-in-law told him he could see a great change in him, and that he would not be with them long. He said he did not fear death; for his hope was in the Lord. His throat being nearly closed up, that when he spoke it was with much difficulty, his friends did not press him to speak; but it was very evident that his mind was in peace. And so he departed. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

He was interred in the Rochdale cemetery by Mr. Hand on the 13th. Many of the members of the church and of the congregation attending the funeral.

After his decease a paper, discoloured with age, was found in his own handwriting, which appears to have reference to some sweet manifestation he had been favoured with in years gone by:

"In my meditating about my situation one night, it being the last day of the year, I was wondering whether I should see the end of another year or not, and if it should please God to call me to his bar, how would matters stand between my soul and him, whether I should be one of those that must stand at his right hand, or one of those that must depart into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." In this state of mind our friend went to bed, and in the morning he had such a manifestation of the glory of Jesus and beauty of his person that he could not describe, but thought it something like a vision, and that a certificate was given to him with the word "Grace" upon it.

Our dear friend, in concluding the account, sums it up by saying, "It was grace indeed that wrought these things in me, and there was such joy and rejoicing in my heart and soul that I never shall be able to describe. So I must conclude; for I never shall be able to speak of its height."

May the Lord bless us as a church, and build us up and raise us up another pastor after his own heart. This is the desire of

Yours truly,

Rochdale.

A LOVER OF ZION.

JOHN JEFFRIES.—On May 20th, 1870, at Wantage, aged 77, John Jeffries.

He was a good old warrior, being called to fight under Christ's banner over half a century against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," with whose delusive joys, corruptions, and devices he was not unacquainted. He was of very poor and illegitimate birth. His mother, dying while he was young, left him in charge of his grandmother who cared but little about poor John. He grew up, not knowing how to read or write, for he was obliged to earn his living when only 7 years old. His fare was indeed hard, being

chiefly bread, and his luxuries consisted in being occasionally allowed to soak his bread in the liquor his master's food was boiled in. Notwithstanding, he grew up a bold and self-willed youth, going to various parts of the country for a livelihood, till about 20 years of age, when he procured employment at a tanner's yard, Wallingford. Here the Lord began a work of grace in his soul; and being then ringleader of all that was base and bad, the Lord set this in the light of his countenance, which brought great distress; and John, not knowing what was the matter with him, endeavoured to drown his troubles in the ale-house, and other amusements; but it was like "vinegar upon nitre," for his miseries increased upon him; so that he was sometimes driven from his companions under the hedge to groan out his sorrows. Added to this, his new pursuits and manners, savouring of religion, stirred up the natural enmity of his wife, for he was then married, who often threatened his life; so that frequently he feared to close his eyes in sleep lest she should carry out her threat, and his soul be launched in hell.

During this time the truths of the Bible were discovered to him, though unable to read a word; and this produced a strong desire in him to be able to read; so, getting some person to teach him the alphabet, he soon managed to read the word for himself.

About this time, also, the Lord spoke pardon and peace to his heart; and, becoming acquainted with some of the Lord's people, he was brought to hear those good men, Gadsby, Robins, Warburton, and others, under whose ministry his soul was built up. He often travelled many miles to hear them preach, and, being confirmed in God's ways he was baptized at Woodcot, Oxfordshire, and joined the church at Wallingford, where he was led into the mystery of iniquity and of Christ; so that he was "not carried about with every wind of doctrine."

Like all the true-born sons and daughters of Zion, he found the way to the kingdom lay through much tribulation. His wife dying, he was left with five children. He afterwards married a widow with four children; and in about a year afterwards it pleased the Lord to afflict him so that he could not labour for their support, and he was, therefore, passed over by the parish authorities to Wantage. Here he spent his last twenty-four years as a pauper.

I became acquainted with him in 1853, living under his roof till after the death of his wife in 1857; therefore I relate this from hearing him many times describe the ups and downs of his earlier life; and I can testify of the Lord's grace in and towards him in his latter stages. Though afflicted with a pained body and a scanty share of this world's goods, to be endured in lonely solitude, spending many hours in bed, shut in by himself, I never heard him complain; but he would say, on being asked how he got on, "O! As happy as a Prince!" many times extolling the God of all his mercies for supplying all his needs by

raising up friends. Thus, like "the fowls which sow not nor gather into barns," his heavenly Father fed him, and led him to observe these things and so understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

He was often on his watch tower, anxiously waiting the dawn of immortality, many times repeating those lines of Newton:

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake," &c.

And he expressed the state of his mind in the following lines:

"A sinner saved I now do stand,  
Through faith in Jesu's blood,  
I soon shall reach sweet Canaan's land,  
And there be with my God."

On seeing him two days before his death, he said, "I am only waiting the Lord's time; firm on the Rock; I know in whom I have believed," &c. He lived, and died in love with the glorious doctrines of distinguishing grace, as revealed and sealed on his heart by the eternal spirit of truth.

East Challow.

ALFRED BELCHER.

ANN BAILEY.—On Feb. 13th, 1871, aged 79, Ann Bailey, of Bedford.

From a very early age she had convictions for sin, and used to attend with her parents their place of worship, but could find no rest; so after some persecution, she came out from amongst them, and attended for upwards of 40 years Providence Chapel, Bedford, and continued an honourable member up to the day of her death.

She passed through severe providential difficulties, being left a widow for more than 50 years, with a family to bring up. Twice, when reduced very low, the Lord appeared for her in a very marked way and manner. One Saturday morning she was wondering what would become of them all, and fearing she must sell her few goods, when she thought she would water her plants; and upon raising the mould she saw something looked rather bright, and said to her daughter, "O, Ann, here's half a sovereign;" but her daughter could scarcely believe it; but, upon rubbing it, to their joy found it was true. This supplied their needs for the time, and, to use the dear old creature's words, set them going again. At another time, when similarly situated, one cold winter's night, she sent her daughter on an errand, when she quickly returned with half a sovereign, which she found sparkling on the top of the snow. Thus did the Lord provide; and she said she should like it to be known for the good of others in trying spots. She was a lover of experimental truth. She used to say, "I do love the 'Gospel Standard' and Gadsby's hymns, because they have been greatly blessed to me." That hymn especially:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,"

was applied with power to her soul; so that on repeating it her face shone with heavenly joy. She said, "It's that verse:

"What more can he say than to you he hath said?"



O! That 'What more?' Ah! I think I can't forget that. It has come so many times to comfort me."

On calling to see her some time since she told me she had a beautiful sight of heaven, and wanted to tell it out, but could not. She said, "It was glorious; all light; and I was there, which was the greatest wonder of all."

From time to time she had special visits during her long affliction; but for the most part was sorely tried from within and without. How often she would say, "'He is in one mind, and none can turn him;' and that's a mercy," she used to exclaim. This portion of the word she derived great comfort from, as well as from 2 Sam. xxiii. 5: "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."

I visited her a few days before her death. She was pleased to see me, and grasping my hand tightly, said, "It will soon be over now." I said, "Yes, dear Mrs. Bailey, you will soon be landed where sickness, temptation, poverty, and fears will never be found, and you will be in the full enjoyment of everlasting rest." She was at first very cast down in soul and full of fears, but after spending a few minutes in prayer she seemed revived, and spoke of the faithfulness of her Redeemer.

My wife was with her an hour before her departure, and asked her if she felt willing to die; and she said with great emphasis, "Quite willing." When asked the state of her mind, she would say, "Sometimes up and sometimes down; not all dark, blessed be God." Her daughter was reading a few hymns to her, when she perceived a change; she sighed twice and was gone. It appears she was sensible to the last.

JOHN THORNER.

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WILLIAM HOLMAN.—On Oct. 28th, 1870, aged 62, William Holman, a member of the little church at Southery. He was baptized by Mr. Markewell in June, 1866.

He was called by grace about 30 years ago. In his youth he was very fond of cricket-playing and shooting on Lord's days; till one Lord's day morning, as he was going out with his gun, he cast his eye on a bird, and raised his gun to his shoulder; but before he could pull the trigger, something seemed to say to him, "If this gun should burst and kill you, hell must be your portion, breaking the holy Sabbath in the way you do." He dared not let the gun off, but went trembling home, and hanging down his head, ashamed to look at any one he met.

From this time he went to the Wesleyans, until he heard Mr. Philpot and others, when he was constrained to cast in his lot amongst the people that had been so offensive in his sight. Even when he had been going to the cricket-ground, and has seen them going to chapel, he has said to himself, "Ah you poor things! I am as good as you are, although you go moping to chapel."

The last Lord's day he went to chapel he told me it was very

much impressed on his mind that his time was very short in this world, as he was very often in bondage through the fear of death, especially for the last four years.

In the beginning of his last illness he was very much cast down; and after about 14 days he could not be conversed with; but about the beginning of October he was quite sensible again, but in great distress of soul. A friend called to see him on the 12th, and found him very ill, and very much afraid of death. The friend repeated to him the last two lines of hymn 705:

“And can the Lord pass heedless by,  
And see a mourning sinner die?”

He said, “No, never! I am a great sinner.” The same friend called on him on the 23rd, and found him very ill. He said the Lord had appeared to him. “He is better to me than all my fears. The fear of death is taken away, and I hope I shall soon be gone to join those harpers above. By his blood and through him I have no fears now. Bless his name.” I saw him on the evening of the same day, and found him comfortable in his mind, longing to be gone to “join those harpers above.”

On the 26th he said he was very ill; no one could tell what he had suffered while lying on that bed. I said, “There are many people suffering in this world who have no hope of their sufferings being over when they leave this world.” He said, with great earnestness, “It’s not so with me, William. That blessed God that stopped me from pursuing the downward road will defend my soul and take me to himself, to live with him in glory for ever.” I read to him hymns 386 and 469. He held up both his arms several times, while I was reading, and said, “I shall soon be there. I long to be gone.”

I saw him no more alive. He fell asleep in Jesus two days after this.

He did not care for many fresh books. The Bible and hymn book and the “Gospel Standard” were his chief companions. He deeply felt the plague of his heart, and learnt by experience that nothing short of the power of God could quicken a dead sinner into divine life. Many times I have heard him say, “O! The world, the flesh, and the devil, how they distress and upset my poor soul at times.” If ever it could be said with truth that any one lived godly, soberly, prayerfully, and honestly in this world, it may be said of William Holman. For the last 30 years he found the Lord’s promises true to him, even in his dying moments: “As thy day, so shall thy strength be.”

W. P.

JOHN WHITING.—On Jan. 28th, 1871, John Whiting, aged 49. He was one of the rough, unpolished sons of Adam’s race. His calling was that of a chimney-sweep of the lowest order,—a drunkard with all its attendant evils, until called by divine grace, quickened into spiritual life, and made sensible of his lost state by nature. From that time for several years he was with the Wesleyans, working for life; and a very zealous advocate for

their principles he was. He then went to the General Baptists, and was baptized; but about 10 years since, he came to the little chapel where the doctrines of God's distinguishing grace are preached, and was an occasional hearer for some time, when at Southampton.

After a time we were without a minister, and it pleased the Lord that I should meet Mr. W. in the country, when our conversation was of that nature that our hearts were knit together. Hearing from a friend that he had a gift for speaking, he was invited to speak for us. The Lord blessed the word; and from that time until his death he was led to speak to us in the name of the Lord.

He was often led to speak of the sovereignty of God in bringing such a vile wretch as he was to any knowledge of his interest in the covenant of God's grace. His general theme was laying the creature in the dust and extolling the riches of God's grace and of his almighty power in breaking down the stronghold of sin in the sinner. He was loving, compassionate, and tenderhearted, most encouraging to the fearing of the flock, and often spoke of the end of the Christian conflict, when, on the other side of Jordan, they would be waving the palm of victory, to the honour of his great name who had called them out of darkness into his most marvellous light.

On the Sunday evening previous to his death, he preached one hour and 20 minutes, a most blessed discourse, from Isa. xlv. 8. His whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the subject, and it was his last sermon. His Master has called him higher.

On the Thursday evening before his death, hearing that he was unwell, I called to see him, and had some comfortable conversation with him. He said he was perfectly happy in his mind. Though he was very ill, it did not appear to be anything like death; but on the next day he was worse. The doctor said it was a diseased heart, and that he might go off in a moment. He said to friends who were with him, "If I had anything to do for life, what could I do? It is all done." And thus he went off, as in a sleep, to his eternal rest.

Southampton.

CHARLES LAVER.

H. HESKETH, JUN.—At Preston, on Feb. 26th, aged 33, H. Hesketh, jun.

He was from his youth up a quiet, steady person; indeed more like an aged man than a youth; and was a constant attendant on the means of grace at Vauxhall chapel. It would have been a strange thing to see his seat empty; and his attention was like his attendance. He certainly was a *hearer*. But few ever heard him say anything. A simple "Yea" or "Nay" was characteristic of him.

His affliction was long, and, for a month or more at the last, very severe; his pains very great; indeed, painful to a degree that can hardly be described; and to all appearance his patience

was as great as his pain, and a calm thankfulness was by him often expressed. He would say, "I might have been in the work-house, and that would have been worse; for here all is done for me that can be; kindness on every hand is shown. His illness was a chest complaint, a kind of chronic bronchitis, which deprived him of the power of speech to a great degree, except at short periods.

I saw him many times in his latter days; and I can truly say I had never one barren visit in a spiritual sense, neither in prayer nor in soul-feeling. As I sat by his bedside, he said one day, "I have been a thinker for years, and can subscribe to the real truth of the gospel I have so long heard; but," said he, "I want to be right, but I cannot feel. My heart is as hard as a stone." O, Sirs, this statement did please me. Why, his hard heart softened mine, and opened my mouth; for where there is life there is feeling; so I said, "Henry, did ever a dead man feel, either hard or soft, cold or hot?" You should have seen his eyes twinkle and glitter at that; and he devoured the words of truth just like a hungry man. He had much soul-trouble, I really believe. At times he would say, "O, I am miserable!" But, being so short of breath and his voice all but gone, a word now and then was all that dropped.

At his end only one word could be distinguished: "Light! light!" His parents said they could easily see, at times, by his countenance, the changes that came over his mind, though unable to talk.

So died one of the quietest young men I ever knew. His father has held the office of deacon in Vauxhall church for near 20 years.

29, Knowsley Street, Preston, March 8, 1871. THOS. HAWORTH.

THOMAS BARNARD.—On Jan. 29th, 1871, at Camberwell, aged 54, Thomas Barnard, deacon of the Baptist Chapel, "Grove," Fulham Road, London.

I extract first a little from his own writing :

"A brief account of the mercy of God to my poor soul. I was convinced of my state as a sinner before God in March, 1844. Christ was revealed to me as my Saviour in May following, and I felt the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart, filling me with joy unspeakable. In March, 1847, I fell into a backsliding state, from which I was reclaimed in 1850, through the mercy of God, to a poor hell-deserving sinner. The following January I became acquainted with Mrs. Barringer, of Shenley Hill, and received much edification from her."

We feel the loss greatly as a church. He had filled the office of deacon for 13 years, and was much beloved by us. I feared often he might not be long with us, as his spirit was so broken; and he said several times before his illness, "O! if it is not selfish, how glad should I be to leave all and fly away; but I fear I am selfish."

He was the subject of many fears, but often had great enjoyment. He expressed several times to me the profit he received under Mr. Farvis when he preached at Gower Street and Zoar chapels. He could not endure anything of a hard or light spirit in the pulpit. About a year back, hymn 707, Gadsby's, was made a special blessing to him at the Lord's-day afternoon prayer meeting; and on his death bed he mentioned to his wife, how sweet the words then were:

"And from the affliction take the curse."

He was taken with a fever and only laid aside a few days. On the 27th his son asked him how his mind was. He said, "Yesterday was a dark and trying day to my soul; but to-day the Lord has shown me precious things, and given me rest." He then lay in peace and quiet until the morning of the 29th, when, without a struggle, he entered his promised rest, more than a conqueror, through him that loved him.

A. BRANDON.

THOMAS HOLMES.—On November 16th, 1870, in his 77th year, Thomas Holmes, of Pewsey, deacon of the church at Pewsey for over 30 years. He was baptized by Mr. Godwin soon after Mr. G.'s call to the ministry, and a warm and Christian friendship ever existed between them.

He was a very useful member for many years to the church at Reading, and expounding the blessed truths of the gospel to the edification of many. He was a man of a very cheerful disposition, but had many trials in providence and grace; yet the Lord was on his side, and helped him to bear them all with Christian patience and love.

He was much afflicted of late years with paralysis, and last spring he was confined to his bed-room for six weeks with a violent attack of bronchitis. His sufferings were very great; but they were greatly relieved by the precious promises and assurances he received from the Lord, the sweetness of which never left him to the hour of his death. Hymn 473, verse 5, Gadsby's Selection,

"O! Glorious hour," &c.

was greatly blessed to him; also 472.

After that the Lord raised him up again, and he seemed to regain his former strength. For some few months he kept quite well, attending the Lord's house as often as possible, and was there on Nov. 6th, and much enjoyed the sermon.

On the 9th he was taken with violent sickness, which he said was unto death; and so it proved, for it never left him. He longed to be gone, and be with Jesus; and so fell asleep.

Pewsey, Wilts, March 10, 1871.

ELIZABETH HOLMES.

GEORGE KENYON.—On Feb. 8th, 1871, in the 73rd year of his age, George Kenyon, a member of the church at Bury, Lancashire.

He was unwell a long time; but it is over now; he is gone to that land where there is no sickness, sin, sorrow, or death. He was blest in his last days on earth, feeling a sweet resting on Christ, as his all and in all. These words were sweet to him:

“Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon,” &c.

He felt Christ precious to him; he knew him and he trusted in him, and was helped through and not confounded. What a mercy to know God in life and death.

I saw him on Jan. 2nd; and what he said to me caused me to feel a greater love to him than I had before, though I had loved him well, and I love his memory now. He had no fear of death, the enemy not being permitted to distress him much in his last days.

Some friends called to see him; and one time he cried out, “Behold, God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.” This was good and sweet to him. Yes, it would do to die with. He also said, “Lord, take me to thyself; take me home.” How well it looks to see a child cry to its father to call it home, to be at rest for ever in his presence, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. He is gone where he longed to be.

T. COLLINGE.

Blackley, near Manchester, Feb. 8, 1871.

JOHN KERRY.—On March 12th, 1871, aged 62, John Kerry, of Southgate.

The disease which terminated in consumption had been coming on for nine years; but he was confined to his bed only for a month.

I often visited him; but he was so weak he could not talk much. On one occasion, when I visited him, he said, “On Monday last these words were deeply impressed upon my mind: “Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting;” which caused him some trouble; but the next day he was enabled to say, “When thou hast tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” I answered, “Well; you can now say with Paul, ‘I know in whom I have believed; and that there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,’” &c. I then repeated the words of the poet:

“If I am found in Jesu’s hands,  
My soul can ne’er be lost.”

“Ah!” he said; “I want to get rid of those ‘ifs.’” He then asked me to read hymn 667, Gadsby’s. I did so, and when I had finished, he said, “That’s it! That’s it!”

He departed without a sigh or a struggle in the presence of his now-bereaved widow, two of his sons, and two of his daughters; and so gently did the flame go out, they could scarcely say, “He’s gone!”

ROBERT BLADGEN.

Southgate, March 14, 1871.

ELIZABETH WOODWARD.—On Dec. 28th, 1870, aged 78, Elizabeth Woodward.

She was one of the Lord's fearing ones; for though she could trace the work of grace from a girl, she could never see her way into the church. She was a good walker, but no talker, till she came to her last days. The Lord preserved her for the long period of 60 years. She said Satan had tried her, that she had been in his sieve, but she had not had one trouble too many. She had proved the Lord faithful to his promise that he would never leave her nor forsake her, and that she would not get better for ten thousand worlds. As soon as she was taken to her bed, about a month before she died, she seemed to have done with earth, and Satan was not permitted to tempt her.

One (an Arminian) who went to see her spoke to her about making her peace with God; but she said she did not want a *do* work, for the work was *done*; and she was resting upon the finished work of Christ, and she found it good to rest her soul upon it. She kept saying, "Come, Lord Jesus." She longed to be gone, to see her blessed Jesus, while she felt she was the chief of sinners. She loved the truth, and the truth had made her free.

Biggleswade, Feb. 15, 1871.

THOMAS GRAY.

HERE, then, we have a striking contrast betwixt the feelings of a living soul and the restless, busy activity of a mere unhumbed, puffed-up professor of religion. The hardened conscience feels no reproach. It glances off from it as an arrow off the armour of some ancient knight in chivalry. The law never touches him; the world never condemns him; his own heart never convicts him; he is never brought in guilty, internally guilty, because his heart is like Leviathan, of whom we read in the book of Job, his heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of a nether millstone. Such is a carnal, dead, unhumbed professor. Nothing touches him; nothing moves him; nothing condemns him. But where the conscience has been wrought upon by divine teaching, so as to become tender, sensitive, and quick, it feels keenly the reproaches cast upon it. These reproaches being internal, it must needs have an internal answer to them; and this internal answer is when God sweetly and blessedly satisfies the soul of its own eternal interest in the blood and love of the Lamb, fills it out of Christ's fulness, and gives it grace for grace.—*Philpot*.

SOME of the Lord's people may have communion with God, and experience the power of godliness, and yet not be assured of it, because they have not that measure of it they desire to have. It is communion with God when you have a dealing with him, and he with you; when you ask and he gives, you knock and he sometimes opens a door of liberty to you. There is somewhat of the power of religion when, at times, you find your indisposition for exercises, *duty*—and that you can no more pray than remove a mountain; yet, behold, quickly the Lord loosens your bonds, turns your darkness to light, your hard to a soft heart, and you pour it out like water. Here is the finger of God; and these things demonstrate a time of love, an interest in God, and an acquaintance with him, and the power of his way, though you discern it not.—*Ralph Erskine*.

ERRATA.—In line 14 from top, page 138, last month, "sharp" should be sheep.—Line 17 from top, page 179, for "Clough" read Clough.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JUNE, 1871.

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

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THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

A SERMON BY MR. GODWIN, PREACHED AT HASTINGS, TUESDAY EVENING,  
MARCH 16TH, 1869.

“The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant.”—Ps. xxv. 14.

I NEED your prayers this evening, my friends, for I shall not forget coming into Sussex in the month of March, for some time to come, if I live. But the Lord knows what is best for us, and all things that he gives “work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” And we must believe that God’s purposes will stand for ever and for ever, in spite of everything which may oppose; for his promises cannot be broken or altered. Job says, “He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with him.” He has appointed and fixed the bounds of our habitation. He has also appointed every affliction, every cross, and every trouble; and he weighs them all out, for “he weigheth the path of the just.” David lived and died to prove this; and so shall all the election of grace, from the first until the last that is called cries, “Grace, grace unto it.”

David commences this psalm thus: “Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.” He felt that his soul could not live upon the perishing things here below, and he felt also that there was a supply of everything that his soul needed treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ; and he had nowhere else to lift up his soul to but unto him. Therefore he says, “O my God, I trust in thee.” What a blessed soul is that who can say from his heart, “My God.” It is very easy to say it with the tongue, but it is not so easy to learn it experimentally with the heart. A soul must have the spirit of adoption before he has any right to call God “Father.” David not only said, “My God,” but he said, “I trust in thee.” What a favour it is to that man or woman that is taught by God the Holy Ghost to feel that they trust in him; for they must first know him before they can trust in him. Therefore David could say, “O my God, I trust in thee. Let me not be ashamed.” And in Ps. cxix. he says, “Let me not be ashamed of my hope.” David very frequently feared that he should be ashamed of himself; and I believe that this is very often felt by God’s family



and by them only, because it cannot be felt without divine grace in the soul. And there is one thing that the psalmist continually felt before God: "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions." Now, David remembered them himself, and therefore he sometimes was fearful that the Lord remembered them; and he wanted to know whether they were buried out of God's sight. Sometimes they rise up in the soul, though the soul cannot feel as once it did when transgression was sealed home in his heart.

Then David goes on: "According to thy mercy, remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord." And we find he goes on through this psalm, turning out his experience and showing up the Lord's dealings in a very sweet way and manner; and then he comes to my text: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

Now, it is evident a secret must lie between at least two parties, or it cannot be shown. Sometimes one says to the other, "Can you keep a secret?" And perhaps the other answers, "Yes." But I never dare say so, because I am sure to speak of it. But there is this one secret spoken of in my text which my soul must keep. But then this secret often flies to one and another of the dear children of God, and we find that this secret is frequently spoken of. You know that when the angel of the Lord appeared to Manoah and his wife, Manoah said to him, "What is thy name, that when thy sayings come to pass we may do thee honour?" And the angel of the Lord said unto him, "Why askest thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret?" So you will find this secret is spoken of in different ways.

Now, you will find in the Lord's sermon on the mount that he has blended in a very sweet way and manner his blessings and the characters to whom those blessings belong, and he tells them (nine times, I think it is) that they are blessed; and in the psalm I have read to you, David says, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." And in another place, the Lord says, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." So then we see religion is a secret between God and the soul: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." The children of God cannot impart this secret to another, because it would be second hand; and if the Lord makes use of any one to impart this secret, they say, "It is not the man or woman who has done it, but it is the Lord." So we will try and find out those dear souls that are in this secret, because you will find that it is very often a secret even to them. Hence they say, "Surely if the Lord's secret was with my soul, I should never be so blind, so hard, so dead, so barren in my soul." But, my friends, this secret lies in a very small compass very often. But we must not despise

small things, because there may be but a very small piece of gold; but gold is gold, though it may be small or lie buried in dust, and until the dust is cast away, it cannot be seen. So this secret cannot be seen unless God the Holy Ghost brings it to light. But "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Now the characters are traced out, because God the Holy Ghost is very particular, and he will not "give that which is holy unto the dogs," neither will he "cast his pearls before swine." This secret is with them that fear God. Therefore, we will try to find out this fear of God in our hearts. We read of it in the Bible; but that alone will not do, because it must be in the child of God's heart, and the fruits of it must be in a man's life, conduct, and conversation. We read that it is "a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." And why? Because a fountain *rises up*, and the higher it rises the farther it drops around when it falls; for a fountain does not drop in one place, but it drops all around. And we know that the children of God are watched all around. "Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh after, but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." So you see God's dear children are particular characters.

Again. We read that "the fear of the Lord is to hate evil." "Pride, arrogance, and every evil way, and the froward mouth do I hate," says the dear Lord. When I was a young man, I do not believe that any of God's people had as much pride as myself; but the fear of the Lord, which he has put into my heart, has made it a poison, an abominable thing; and the fear of the Lord hates it, sets it aside, and flees from it as it would from a serpent.

The Holy Ghost tells us that it is also to depart from evil; for "the fear of the Lord is to depart from evil," as well as to hate it. Now, the devil can never make a poor child of God hate sin and love the Lord. I am sure of it; and, therefore, we find it is a secret made known by the Lord alone.

The Lord has also said, "The fear of the Lord is clean." So, mark, there is no filth in it; there is no uncleanness in it; natural fear can never touch it, never mar it, never poison it; because the Lord says it is "clean, enduring for ever;" and Hart says it is

"An unctuous light to all that's right,  
A bar to all that's wrong."

Now, look what a secret it is. There is an outward difference in these characters; but some cannot make them out. "They never associate with others," say they; "they never seem to carry their heads so high as other people." And why? Because the Lord has brought down high looks, and laid the haughtiness of men low; and so they cannot.

Again. We find that David, by God the Holy Ghost, has written about this fear of the Lord very sweetly in Ps. ciii. He says, "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's

children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them." Now we find no loose characters here. They are not dishonest; they cannot cheat. The man or woman that has this fear of the Lord cannot do these things, because this fear of the Lord hates evil, and departs from it; and the Lord says, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." David does not say this mercy is for them that *now* fear him only, but his righteousness is unto children's children, and his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. Ah! Here is the secret. They are all bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus Christ. So "they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Now when the Lord put this fear in my heart, it showed itself immediately; and I can tell you he has kept it there ever since. He says, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and *they shall not* depart from me." See how fast the Lord holds them. And David says, "He holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved."

Now, there may be two dear children of God sitting side by side, and perhaps the dear Lord draws near to one and communes with him, while the other may be as dull as the seat he is sitting on; but still he can often see that the Lord is with the other; and this will lead the poor dull soul to question himself, and say, "How is it the Lord does not commune with me?" But the Lord does as he pleases.

Now I have said enough respecting the fear of the Lord, although it is a subject my soul is very fond of indeed, and I never speak of it without finding some of it springing up in my own soul. And the reason I am so fond of it is because I do not know where I should have been without it, and the Lord's watchful care over me. I will, therefore, now try to get a little into what is said in connexion with this secret in my text: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

Now when God the Holy Ghost leads his people a little farther they can see and feel that there was a time when the Lord came down into their hearts, and set the broad seal of the Spirit there; and they wonder how it is that they now see what they never saw before. But we forget we are blind to all the secret mysteries of God until he shows them to us. We can see the *history* of the scriptures, and understand it, but the *mystery* must be shown us; for the Saviour says, "Unto you it is *given* (mark that) to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand, lest at any time they should be converted and their sins should be forgiven them." I know these are separating truths, and very galling to those who have not these truths in their hearts. But David says there is a covenant where all God's treasures are treasured up for his poor *covenant-born* children. I say covenant-

born children, because they are all born of one parent,—every one; or the apostle would not have spoken so plainly, and said, “But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.” And this mother is the covenant of grace. Therefore let us try to enter a little into what this covenant is. David found it a very sweet experience, when he lay upon his dying pillow, to know that the Lord had entered into covenant with him. Hence he says, “Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made *with me* (mark that) an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; for this is all my salvation and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.” The poor child of God thought that it would grow; but, mind, it appeared to vanish out of his heart as Jonah’s gourd vanished. But not so; for when God entered into covenant with his dear Son he made choice of a certain number of the human race in eternity. As the apostle says, “According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.” And the child of God is brought to see that if he misses this mark he is lost for ever. And we find that all these treasures of grace are in Christ Jesus; for the apostle says, “Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.” This is a great mystery; and when the dear child of God feels he has an interest in it, then he can say with David, “O taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.” This tasting is by the mouth of faith, and then it tastes the love of God in his purposes of grace given in Christ Jesus. But the poor dear child of God must have his understanding opened, and his heart shown that he is treasured up in Christ, before he can know it.

Well, what does the child of God want to know about this secret that is treasured up in Christ? Why, he can see in the word of God that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save the lost. “Well,” he says, “has my soul ever been feelingly lost?” So he begins to examine the matter, and he cries with David, “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.” Now, no hypocrite ever in sincerity cried so: “Search me, O God, and know my heart;” for hypocrites make lies their refuge, and under falsehoods they hide themselves. But the poor thing wants to know it; and we find the church of old saying, “Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?” And then the Lord tells her, “Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds’ tents.” And they not only want the Lord to tell them the way once, but over and over again, because they are so fearful of going wrong.

But some of the children of God may say, "O! I wish I could believe; but I cannot." Ah! I know they cannot; but by and by the truth *comes to them* and is put into their hearts by the testimony of the blessed Spirit, and that makes wise the simple; and David says, "Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors," and the Lord is said to be a Counsellor, the "Mighty God." And as it is so, they want to feel that they have an interest in the Redeemer's love and blood; and they want to know this over and over again. They never grow weary of the Lord showing them this covenant. If they have been lifted up to the top of the rock, they have to be let down again into the deep, and then their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end; and then they feel as if they are far worse than any child of God can be, because here they find rebellion and peevishness working, and their soul shut up in hardness and darkness, and they cannot come forth. And how do they know they cannot? Because they are shut up in darkness, and they cannot see their way out. But by and by the blessed Spirit shows them again that Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and then they want to have the Saviour's love and blood shed upon their conscience; for it is the application of that blood which was shed in the garden and on Calvary's cross that the soul lays hold of by faith.

The apostle says, "Add to your faith virtue." Now the poor woman that came in the press behind Jesus said, "If I may but touch his clothes I shall be healed." Well, by and by she got near enough to touch him, and she felt in herself she was healed. But the Lord had first touched her heart, or she had never come to him. And it is said, "Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that *virtue* had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee; and sayest thou, Who touched me? And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing. But the woman, fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth."

Again. This experience is when the Holy Ghost works; for he it is that does it all; for the Lord Jesus Christ says, "He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you;" "All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore said I, He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you." I dare say there are some of you here that have been many years in the way, and yet are mourners in Zion; but the Lord says, "I appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

There is a vast difference between Mount Zion and Mount Sinai; but none will ever know what Mount Zion is until they have been led up into Mount Sinai. Some of you, I dare say, do

not like to be searched; but David said, "Search me, O God, and know my heart." Not but that David knew much of the evil of his heart; but he was very fearful that he should fall one day by the hand of a Saul. And I can tell you, my friends, that I am more jealous over my heart than anything else.

Again. When the Lord is pleased to show his children his covenant, he says, "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." And then the Lord says in connexion, "To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes." Sometimes all God's dear people's religion seems to have gone to ashes, and they can find no fire in it whatever. No; for God the Holy Ghost must blow away the ashes, and then they will find the sparks; and this is not a fire of their own lighting, or sparks of their own kindling, which will end in sorrow; for they shall have the oil of joy instead of mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And if God the Holy Ghost ever gives you this garment of praise, you *must* praise him as Isaiah did: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." So that God's people are constrained to praise him. But the flesh sometimes gets before the children of God and blocks up the way; and then they cannot praise him. Infidelity, too, sometimes hides God's face, and then Little Faith cannot look up for a moment; but you cannot leave Little Faith behind, for the Lord holds up Little Faith hard and fast; and as the Lord holds up Little Faith, Little Faith will not let the Lord go, because Little Faith is of the same father as Great Faith; and what the Lord gives us stands fast for ever and for ever; for he says, "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips."

Come, then, Little Faith, look up. "Ah!" says the poor soul, "I know that the Lord's word will stand good, but have I an interest in it?" Well, what did the Saviour say? "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," and "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world. Thine they were and thou gavest them me, and they have kept thy word, for I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me, and they have received them." Therefore, poor sinner, if you have received his word into your heart, that word has entered for ever. David sings, "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." No changing! No. "Whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever. Nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, and God doeth it that men should fear before him."

When poor Israel of old was so fearful, what did the Lord say to him? "I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of

Jacob are not consumed." "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." "Ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end." Now, that winds up the matter. These little words, *are*, and *ye*, and *us*, and *they*, and *them*, and *shall*, and *will*, we once passed over; but now we see they are marrow and fatness; and how they back up the word of God altogether. "Blessed are ye that are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Happy are ye." Ah, poor thing! You don't think so sometimes. You want to give blow for blow, and have eye for eye, and tooth for tooth. But the Gospel goes beyond the Law in this matter; for it is said, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men;" "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." So you see, the Gospel goes beyond the Law; and it is said, "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse." The blessings are in the covenant of grace; the curse is found in the law to bring the poor sinner in guilty, but the purposes of peace are in the gospel.

There are many parents who would be glad to carry out their wills in their families; but the children are too self-willed to allow them to do so. But not so with our heavenly Father; for it is said, "They shall call on my name and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." See how safe these poor things are in the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ.

You that have had a word of comfort spoken home to your heart, when you lose the power of it you think it all delusion; it appears to be all gone; and the sweetness, the unction, the dew of it may be; but God's word shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure; and by and by, when God the Holy Ghost shows you all the way the Lord has led you, then you can raise your hill Mizar, and set up way marks and make high heaps, and rejoice in God's salvation.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant. "Jesus is the same (honours crown his brow!) yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He has the same fulness of love, power, and virtue. His garments of salvation surround all the election of grace. He is a crown of glory to cover their heads, and underneath are his everlasting arms. And what a foundation is this for the poor tempest-tossed child of God to build upon! Amen.

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But the poor soul may say, "O! Prayer to me is all lip labour, I am only a speaking carcase before the Lord, I am wholly dead, I have no spirit of prayer; no access with boldness and confidence to the Majesty on high." Why, these very complaints of thine are proofs that thou knowest what no one else but a believer can know; namely, the difference between addressing God from behind the cloud and when he unveils his face, and shines with full lustre upon the soul."—*Sir Richard Hill's "Deep Things of God."*

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

## CHAPTER II.

*Verse 4. "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."*

There are, as we may say, two banqueting houses to which the child of God may be brought even in this life. The upper, which is heaven; the lower, which is the church upon earth, or the visible communion of saints. Both these may be intended here; but perhaps more especially the latter, as conveying a further thought than the one in the previous verse: "I sat down under his shadow with great delight." But how can a soul be brought into the upper banqueting house whilst in the body? O! By precious faith. Thus Paul writes of the children of God as made to sit together in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. This, of course, they always do, as seen in the person of the Mediator; but further by precious faith, when in lively, free, and sweet exercise, they enter into this blessed rest in an experimental manner; they see themselves sitting on high in Jesus, and begin to realize their blessedness, and to sit with him on his throne. Erskine, in his "Sonnets," writes:

"'Tis now a thousand years, and more,  
Since heaven received him, yet I know,  
When he ascended up on high  
To mount the throne, e'en so did I."

This sets the soul triumphing. We now by precious faith stand upon our high places. Paul, again, in Heb. xii., writes that the saints are come to the Mount Zion. This is in spirit, and by faith; so then we see how a child of God may be brought, even while here below, into the upper banqueting house,—the sweet heavenly places.

But let us notice a little more fully:

- i. These *banqueting houses*;
- ii. The *being brought* into them;
- iii. The *mode* of this bringing.

i. The *banqueting houses*. Of the upper banqueting house, heaven itself, we can, of course, only write very feebly and inadequately; though most children of God find, at times, a sweetness in contemplating the blessedness in store for them, and thus entering a little into the rest that still remains. Erskine, in his "Sonnet,"

"Aurora veils her lovely face,"

appears to have had a blessed entrance into these things, and to have, as he describes it,

. . . "Laid his listening ear  
Close to the door of heaven to hear."

And so sweet were the distant sounds he heard of the songs in the heavenly places, that, enraptured, he cries,

"Then, said I, 'O to mount away,  
And leave this heavy clog of clay;



Let wings of time more hastily fly  
That I may join the songs on high."

The sweet psalmist of Israel sang of the same blessedness, when, being an outcast from the appointed worship of God through Saul's persecution, he looked to heaven, and cried, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee." These are the persons who can be truly styled happy; who are gone from cross to crown, from earth to heaven, from the earthly courts to the heavenly city.

"Bless'd are the saints that dwell on high,  
Around the throne of majesty."

On earth we sigh and sing, dwell in Egypt and in Goshen; sometimes seem dark as midnight, and sometimes arise and shine, because the glory of the Lord is risen upon us. In heaven it is not so. There is no night there. His servants there see his face, and serve and praise him without intermission:

"His worship no interval knows,  
Their fervour is still on the wing."

On earth we sometimes catch for a little while the sound of their voices: "Thine eye shall see the King in his beauty, and the land which is very far off." We then clasp our hands and sing, and for a little time enter into the banqueting house, feast on dying love, taste the wine of the blessed in that house of wine, renew our spiritual strength, and mount as on eagles' wings; and then droop and drop to earth again, through the sin that dwelleth in us, and which, quickly reasserting its power, brings us down out of these sweet heavens into the earthly places.

But if a realizing delightful entrance into the upper banqueting house is so seldom bestowed upon us whilst on earth, there is still the lower banqueting house; and we believe it is a rich mercy to be brought into and to abide in it. When the good Samaritan had bound up the poor wounded man's wounds, pouring in oil and wine, he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and said, "Take care of him." Thus Jesus finds the poor sinner, heals his wounds, gives him a sense of his pardoning, dying love, and then brings him into union with his dear children, saying, both to ministers and saints, "Take care of him." The blessed Father says it first to his Eternal Son, who finds the poor dying wretch, and brings him home; and then the Son says it *especially to his ministers*, who by the Holy Ghost are enabled to minister to the poor wounded patient's wants, and carry on the Lord's gracious purposes.

This *Inn* may fitly represent to us the church of God, the visible communion of saints, which here is intended also by this banqueting house, or house of wine. God is said in Isa. xxv. to make on the Mount Zion a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees well refined; that is, in the church, as upon earth, God spreads a table for the poor, the needy, the lame, the maimed, the blind, the hungry, and destitute. The food is the choicest possible, the finest of the wheat.

“Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.”

The fatted calf is killed for the poor prodigals, returning sinners,

“Whilst angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, ‘Behold, he prays.’”

Here are the music and dancing; here is the best robe; here the ring for the finger; here the shoes of the Gospel,—perfect peace, for the feet. “How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince’s daughter.” Here is the love of God; here are light and life, sweetness, rest, and liberty; here is the vineyard of red wine, and God himself sings to it of peace and blessedness; for here the Lord Jesus is all and in all.

But in what sense are all these things here? Might we not rather say, “Here are the thorns and briars; here are the spots and blemishes; here are the buyers and sellers; here is the den of thieves; here are cares and sorrows, and the furnace?” O no! Look at the thing in a more spiritual manner; look deeper. The furnace is indeed in Zion for the purifying of the gold; but it is because the gold is there, and the furnace shall remove the dross, which properly is not there, from it. Look at the word of God in its purity; what has it in it but Christ? Christ is all in all there. A Christless sermon is not really in Zion. It may be in a pulpit, and admired in a pew; but it is not recognized as in Zion. It is an uncircumcised and unclean thing; and we know that no such things are really in our Zion. (Isa. lii.) Look at the ordinances in their proper meaning. What have they in them but Christ? Christ dead, buried, and risen, and saints seen as dead, buried, and risen with him, in the ordinance of baptism; Christ crucified, and set forth in all the sweetness of his dying love, in the ordinance of the Lord’s supper. Christ all in all. Look at the saints. What say they, what are they as after the Spirit? Why they say, they cry,

“O glorious Christ, O beauty, beauty rare,  
Ten thousand thousand heavens are not so fair;  
O none but Jesus, none but Christ for me.”

“My Beloved is white, and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.” All is as dross and dung compared with him. They want to win Jesus, lose what they may for him.

“Give me Christ, or else I die,”

is their language. They feel if they have Christ they have a goodly heritage. The worst hell to them is, No Christ. This they cannot endure. Never to see him as he is, to have no place in his love; not to love him, not to live with him, this were indeed a hell! To have him is to them the sum, the substance of heaven. Christ is all.

Now, then, we see how the church, where Christ is set forth in means and ordinances, Christ is present in his saints’ hearts, Christ’s presence is prayed for in their prayers, sung of in their praises, sighed for in their sighs, groaned for in their groanings;

where Christ in reality is everything, and all besides is as nothing, —a dream that passeth away, a mere empty vanity. How this church of the First-born, whose names are written in heaven, may fitly be styled a banqueting house, a house of wine.

ii. We should have thought that the dear children of God would have only been too eager to press into this banqueting house; but the truth of experience is, that as almighty power is required to bring the poor sinners into the fellowship of Christ's love in the heavenly places, so it is also required to *bring them* properly into these earthly courts. The fact is, some rush in without due consideration, who may or may not prove in the end to be God's people; and very frequently this leads to rash and hasty conduct; unbecoming behaviour whilst professedly belonging to the church; defiance of all church authority, and a going out from amongst God's people because not properly ever made of them. We have then to deprecate two things: 1, Hasty inconsiderate unitings to the churches; and 2, The dear children of God who see what is right in these matters standing aloof from church fellowship. Some find an objection to the ordinance of believers' baptism, through not understanding the spiritual nature and meaning of the institution; or its sweet reference to Christ and his people as in him; or they take offence at the undue stress laid upon the ordinance by some; not submitting to the law of the house, because a few of the children or servants give an improper prominence to it. Some, on the one hand, think themselves unworthy to be amongst God's saints, forgetful that saints are sinners saved by grace, and still, though born again, men of like passions with themselves, groaning under a body of sin and death, and therefore poor frail infirm men and women; their distinctive character being that they know themselves to be but men,—*i. e.*, dust and vanity, sin and misery; and therefore Christ is very, very dear to them. Some, on the other hand, seem to fear that the church is not worthy of them; at least it looks like it, when their reason for standing apart is because the members of a church have so many blemishes. Indeed, we are not quite sure whether such elder sons had not better remain awhile in the field, and leave the house of wine, the music, and the dancing to the prodigals. But if the heart, as it is so prone to do in all right things, will entertain objections and see lions, I am sure it will never be at a loss for the former, and the imagination will conjure up numbers of the latter. All I would say then is,—Here is a house of wine, the church is Christ's garden, his dwelling place, his banqueting house, his place of rest; and may the good and gracious Master of the feast cause his dear people to enter in. Our song shows us he must really do it, laying it on the conscience by showing what his will is in the matter as set forth in his own word, and then bringing affections and will into harmony with the understanding and conscience, causing what he wills to be done.

iii. But let us notice *the mode* of bringing to the banqueting

house. "His banner over me was love." This implies both a battle and a conquest. Instead of man's will being naturally on the side of Christ, it is entirely opposed to him. Nothing but almighty love and grace can really subdue it; Christ has nothing in us but what he first redeems by blood, and then conquers by almighty power. It is still true of the Son of Man that, in aught of human nature, he has not where to lay his head. Here is a true and dear child of God, one, too, who has previously known something of Christ, but has wandered from him; how must this one be brought back? O! By a fresh victory! The Lord Jesus has to unfurl the banner of his kingdom, love, and to go to war for the recovery of his child, his spouse, from the fresh captivity to sin, world, and Satan. So much for man's natural free-will, and his power, even through grace once received, of getting back to Christ again after some fresh wanderings. The good Shepherd must go after the lost sheep, find, recover, and bring it back to the fold again, often torn and bleeding. The woman who loses the piece of silver must light the candle, and find it again. So Jesus must do all at first and at last. "His banner over me," cries the spouse, "was love." Love at first subdues the oppositions of nature to the will of God and grace of Jesus; love brings the soul to a free unreserved surrender: "Other lords have had dominion, but now we will only make mention of thy name. Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses. From thee is our help and fruit found." Love recovers from after wanderings, declensions, and base backslidings: "I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her there." Then the soul says, "I will return to my former husband," and again calls him Ishi, captivated afresh by his love. Love thus overcomes the oppositions of the fleshly mind, fleshly affections, and fleshly will, and subdues the soul to Jesus. Love constrains to walk in his ways, to do his will, to keep his ordinances. "O what," says love, "shall I do my dear Saviour to praise? What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will profess his blessed name, as he himself has commanded, in his ordinance of believers' baptism; I will unite myself to his dear people in outward church fellowship; I will seek to have a place, even on earth, amongst his children, though most unworthy; I will seek to celebrate at the ordinance of the Lord's supper his dying love." Thus the Lord, overcoming all objections, directs the soul into his paths of peace and blessedness, and brings to the banqueting house of the church upon earth, conquering by his love.

Here, then, is a sweet spectacle exhibited,—a poor sinner, led captive by Christ, comes up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of her Beloved, whilst, as the Captain of salvation, he waves over the soul the banner of his eternal love. In vain sin, world, and Satan oppose. In spite of all opposition, within and without, Christ carries the soul forward. In vain are the resist-

ances of education, associations, habits, prejudices, doubts, fears. All go down before the banner, and the soul is brought triumphantly into the banqueting house of communion with Christ, and of blessed association in church fellowship with his people. Here, too, at this season, the triumph continues. Sweet now is the fellowship of saints. The banner waves over the head of the guest. She sits down at the feast of fat things, full of marrow, and sits, too, for a season in safety, peace, and sweetness, for the banner of security is beheld over her; and it is Love.

The figure is obvious. As banners are first used in wars, and then hung up in triumph in the festal halls by conquerors, so here the soul is taken captive in love, the spoilers are spoiled, the Lord Jesus takes the prey, and the banner that was unfurled in the battle is displayed in the banqueting house, and it is Love.

*Verse 5. "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."*

Living longing souls are very insatiable. The more they have the more they want. Divine communications delight, but cloy not; they both feed the soul and create an appetite. What Job says of the men of his tabernacle may be sweetly said of Christ. They cried, "O that we had of his flesh!" So the saints want more of Jesus. They cannot be satisfied. They find a rest in him, but no satiety. There is more to be obtained, and they press after it.

"Jesus, the bright, the Morning Star,  
Draws their affections from afar."

There are indeed seasons when the soul may say, "Hold, Lord!" But this is more through the weakness of the clay vessel, the poor body, than a real wish for the Lord to withdraw his divine communications. Much sorrow and much joy may alike be overpowering to those who have the treasure in earthen vessels. So, too, at times, the soul may be like Naphtali, satisfied for the present with favour, rather wanting a continuance of what is enjoyed than precisely eager for more.

But these are very different experiences to that of so resting in what is already possessed as to settle down in a carnal state of ease and security, resting in the gift and declining from the Giver. The soul in the words under consideration is in a very different state of mind. "I am sick of love." After a period of sad heart-wandering and deep distress, with much self-discovery and sense of ruin and wretchedness, it is now favoured with a season of sweet repose beneath the shadow of Christ, he rises with healing in his wings. It is brought into the banqueting house, blessed with most comfortable communion with Christ, and delighted with his love, and longs for more; for all this produces a love sickness: "I am sick of love." That is to say, the soul falls sick with love to Christ Jesus, longing for further communications of his grace, thirsting for his presence, and even so intensely longing for these things as to be heart sick because the

full desires of the soul are not satisfied. David had many fits of this sickness. Thus he cries, "When shall I come and appear before God?" "God my exceeding joy." Again he cries, "When I awake in thy likeness, I shall be satisfied." Thus the poor soul longs for God, thirsts after Jesus, cannot be satisfied without closer union, sweeter intercourse; and so falls sick of love. Hart enters into our feelings when he says,

"Let me be sick of love, and die."

The fact is, we would sooner fall sick with desires after Jesus than live in an easy contentedness without him. It is true there is something painful about this sickness. It is a pleasing, painful smart; yet the object is so worthy, the grace so excellent, that makes the soul thus long to sickness after him, that we cannot help even desiring this sickness; sick of self, sick of the world, and sick after the Lord Jesus. Hopeful and Christian in the land of Beulah, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," were visited with this sickness; but it was a sweet though a somewhat painful pining after Jesus, expressed by some such words as these: "O that I could see him as he is! O that he would come nearer to my soul! O that I could fall quietly off to sleep, and awake in Jesus' Part with self and have Jesus as all in all!"

But the spouse in our Song expresses the same things in other words: "Stay me with flagons; comfort me with apples." The wine in these flagons is the pure eternal love of God in Christ, and the flagons are those blessed words of his lips which contain this wine,—golden flagons, filled with this old and good wine of the kingdom; or, again, the wine is the precious blood of Christ; and at the ordinance of the Lord's supper, in the lower banqueting house, when the cup of literal wine is drunk by the saints, it may be sweetly turned into flagons, if faith is brought by the Holy Spirit into lively, sweet, and full exercise. The word of God properly understood is full of God's love to poor sinners in Christ, and full of the doctrine of his atonement for sinners. And what the child of God wants is, that what is so blessedly contained in the word may be poured from the word by the Spirit into the heart; that so the soul, almost fainting through its own weakness and its strong desires, may be supported.

"*Stay me with flagons.*" No mere sips and tastes will do for me, sick as I am of love. So sensible, indeed, is the poor sinner of his lost estate and the plague of his heart, so weak, so broken, so helpless, so destitute, so needing, so longing for Jesus, that no little thing will suffice to sustain it; but the fainting, failing, longing spirit would

"Drink full draughts of heavenly love."

"*Comfort me with apples.*" These apples are the fruits of Jesus; of that tree of life; and the soul wants now nothing but divine consolations. What is man? What are mere creature comforts? The promises of God in Christ, the sweet words of his grace, the fruits of his life, death, and resurrection, the com-

munications of his love,—these are the only things, as given into the heart by the power of his Holy Spirit, which can comfort the soul. The prayer seems quickly answered. There are times when God's people cry and shout, but the Lord seems to shut out their prayer. At other times, whilst they are praying, he answers blessedly, and at once says, "Here I am!" The soul has begged for support and for love. Stay me, comfort me, support me, feed me. It now protests both these are freely granted.

## HISTORY OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

BY J. GADSBY.

(Continued from page 204.)

I HAVE been asked if the Mr. Martin referred to in the letters, "A Saint Indeed," was the Mr. Martin referred to in Huntington's works; and I learn from Mr. Sturton that he was not.

I feel disposed to occupy this paper entirely with extracts from Mrs. Sturton's letters to my father respecting Mr. Martin. Mrs. Sturton, as I have previously said, was the mother of Mr. John Sturton, now of Peterborough.

"My dear Friend, for Jesus' sake,—I have this morning received your kind letter. I have no difficulty whatever in reading your letters, and shall consider your correspondence a favour, whenever your time will allow you to write to us.

"Our dear brother Martin is alive in every respect but to the world, and to that he is as dead as a living man can be. I have never myself witnessed in any one such a settled peace as he is favoured with. At his particular wish, I spent the whole of last Wednesday with him, and never shall I forget the day. Jesus was indeed with us, and a sweet bedewing from the sacred Spirit, I believe, we mutually felt. Nothing but Christ and him crucified is his theme; nor do I think ten minutes, except while we took our meals, were spent through the day but on the dear Redeemer, and his precious love *made known by the Holy Spirit*. Of the Holy Ghost's work he is blessedly tenacious, and often said to me, 'The reason I love your company so much is because I feel sure, while I am talking with you, that you have tasted, and felt, and handled the good word of life;' and believe me, my dear friend, I feel it no small mercy to have so much regard as he expresses, from a dear saint of God, living so near the throne as he is. He has lost his eyesight, but nothing moves him. In speaking of the sweet manifestation of the love of God to his soul, he said, 'I have been so favoured, not once, nor twice, but over, and over, and over again; and now the Lord has taken my sight; and I say, Amen, amen! If he will restore it, I shall rejoice; but if not, here am I, Lord; do with me as thou wilt.' He farther said, 'Jesus is my constant theme.' I replied, 'Yes, Sir, that will do for your morning and evening song.' He said, 'Ah! It will. I awake with it in the morning, and when I lie down at night I say, Here I am, Lord, made willing to be disposed of as

thou wilt. For me to live is Christ, to die is gain—*unspeakable gain, everlasting gain*. You can't think how I anticipate the day when I shall see his face, and never, never sin; and I think the time is drawing near.' I said, 'Have you any particular reason, my dear friend, for thinking so?' He replied, 'Only my own feelings.' I said, 'Do you feel as if you were on the very threshold of heaven?' He replied, 'I do, Mrs. Sturton; *I really do!* A few more setting suns, and we shall see him as he is; and then we'll try which of us can sing the loudest; won't we?' I said, 'We will, Sir.' 'Ah,' he rejoined, 'but I shall sing the loudest of all the choir—of *all* the choir!'

"His hands have been so paralyzed as to be quite useless; but now he can take a biscuit, and eat it, of himself. With the exception of such a trifle as that, Sally has to feed him like a child. I suppose his mind is in that sweet state that his attention cannot be gained to any worldly affairs; but with this, I, of course, have no concern. On spiritual matters, he is quite collected, and I really do feel it a little heaven below to be in his room. His medical attendant says he is better in health. He can sit up a whole day, and take a little meat comfortably, eating what is given him; but would never, I think, ask for meat or drink, if it were not given him.

"Now, my dear brother (Mr. Gadsby), I have filled my letter about our much-esteemed friend. He expressed his love to you in much warmth, last Wednesday; and added, 'Perhaps I may yet see him again under my roof; but if not, I shall meet him in glory.' When he gave me your letter to him, I read it to him again. He wept, and I could scarcely read it to him for tears. O the union the dear saints of God feel to each other, for his sake *in whom the union stands!* Well; a little longer, and all the saints of God shall meet around the throne. Hail, happy day!

"October, 1829."

"Mr. M. favoured me with your last letter to him, and truly precious it was to us. I can truly say, I found it a word in season, and my whole heart and soul join with you in your remarks: 'What an indescribable blessing it is that such filth as we are by nature are brought, under the glorious unction of God the Holy Ghost, to see and feel that the Lord is our portion, life, light, bliss, and blessedness for ever and ever.' O, my dear friend! filth indeed we are. For myself, I must say, I feel my vileness more and more, and as if I could creep into the dust under a sense of my defilement and nothingness; and with dear Mr. M., did feelingly add my 'Amen' to that part of your valued letter where you say, 'Let men talk of their duty-faith, moral obligations, &c.; let my dear Lord but favour me to hold glorious intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and I am satisfied. They are welcome, heartily welcome, to all their creature goodness,' &c.

"I have been much profited by the conversation of Mr. M.



My faith has appeared to get fresh strength in the faithfulness of the Lord Jehovah. In our brother's experience, we have had another proof of the reality of the religion of Jesus Christ, that it is not a cunningly-devised fable, but what will do to live and die by. Never had I such views of the emptiness of all things below as I have had in his room. I have felt thankful that he has wished to have me so often with him, for such a testimony for Jesus I never before witnessed, nor can I ever forget the seasons we have had. I have often longed for you to rejoice with us. This I know, you have done, though at a distance; but, had it been the Lord's will, I could have rejoiced for you to have been present.

"Nov. 23, 1829."

"Our dear brother Martin has received your valuable letter; he kindly sent it to us on the Lord's day evening; we had been confined at home by weather, or rather by roads. I had felt much deadness in my soul; no access to God, no light into his word, no cheering ray from his throne; but your letter was quite a refreshing cordial; a sweet quickening power did indeed attend the reading of it, so that I had quite a heart-warming, and I am sure the Lord was with you while composing it, and hope he will soon pay you another such a precious visit, and that you may be again willing to communicate to us. Our friend is getting on well in his health; his toe is so well that he came down stairs again on Christmas day; he is still happy in the Lord. I spent yesterday afternoon with him. Generally some one passage of the Word seems to rest particularly on his mind; he was much impressed yesterday with, 'You hath he quickened.' His faculties and memory fail exceedingly, so that, from what his housekeeper says, his poor mind appears at times reduced to childhood; but he is a father in spiritual things. His case is the most remarkable we ever heard of. I believe his mind is too weak to state any one doctrine of his faith, and yet the very marrow and fatness of all the doctrines of free and sovereign grace are richly enjoyed in his soul. O! My dear brother, how I see in him, and admire, the difference between a real child of God, however marred his intellect through bodily infirmity, and the empty trash of the day, which arrogates to itself the name of religion. It makes me, with all my heart, which God knows, long, and desire, and beg, and pant after more real heart-work, more of Christ in my heart, the hope of glory; nothing but this will stand free—a religion that lives under trials, and stands firm when friends, yea, when heart and flesh fail. Mr. Martin particularly desires his love to you, and thanks for the poetry; he says he does not know when he shall be able to write to you himself, but loves to hear from you, and begs I will acknowledge your letters for him. He is desirous of having me with him, and says he has more enjoyment in conversing with me than any other friend. For this I am thankful, as it has been a great blessing to my soul. Owing to his weakness of mind, his con-

versation is very simple; I mean, godly simplicity, the same thing often repeated; but after a few words respecting his health, on going in, then Jesus, dear Jesus, is all his theme, and the fullest confidence expressed of interest in him. He said, 'Whom have I in heaven but Jesus? and there is none upon earth I desire besides him. I won't have it altered to there is none in comparison of him. O no; there is none I desire besides him; he is my all in all;' then said, 'There are no ifs, no peradventures, in God's creed, so there are none in mine.

"All is settled,  
And my soul approves it well."

And I added my hearty 'Amen' to his.

"December 28, 1829."

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"Such an unctuous power attends his simple statements of the happiness of his soul, the love and faithfulness of his God, the blood and righteousness of the sin-bearing Saviour, as often melts me to tears, deadens my heart to the world, and makes me at times long to be with Jesus, in a way I never knew before Mr. M.'s affliction, for I never could feel as if I could leave my dear husband and family; and on this account I have often called in question the reality of enjoyments, because in them I did not want to leave all and go to Jesus. The Lord teaches me by little and little, first one lesson and then another, and a stupid scholar I have ever been. Mr. Hardy (of Leicester, who had been visiting them) described me last Sunday morning when he said some of God's children were like narrow-necked bottles, that could not take in much at once; if the milk was not dropped in a little at a time, much would go beside, and little in. Still, blessed be God, I have such a good hope of being a vessel of mercy that millions of worlds, with all they contain, would be trash when compared therewith. Mr. Hardy desires me to present his brotherly love to you.

"Feb. 27, 1830."

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"I was truly glad to receive your letter, and found it a very sweet word of refreshment to my spirit. I have read it over many times, and never without some unctuous feelings towards our dear, almighty, sin-bearing Saviour. O what a favour, while in this wilderness of misery and woe, to be indulged with communion with those who are of the same blood-redeemed family, who know our language, understand our exercises, both in the light and in the dark, having travelled through the same paths. What am I, a poor worm, vile and sinful, and more and more sensible of it, that the Lord should incline any of his children to commune with me by the way, and particularly his own sent servants, who declare those things they have tasted, and felt, and known under the power of God the Holy Ghost? My soul would bless the Lord for his goodness, and all within me would praise his holy name. I do think there is as much difference between the true ministers of Christ and all others as between a man who

can describe places and situations from maps, or globes, and another who has really travelled the ground over, felt the briers and thorns of the road, and tasted the fruit of the land, endured the scorching sun, and embraced the rock for want of a shelter. O for more of the real life and power of godliness, more of Christ made known and enjoyed in the church, collectively and individually.

“Our dear brother M. has been so much better as to be able to go again to the house of the Lord, and once more to sit down with us around our Father’s board, to remember the dying love of our sin-atonng, law-fulfilling Jesus. Last Lord’s day he was not so well, and was not out; but we found him still as firmly fixed as ever in his mind on the Rock of Ages, very blessedly stayed on God. . . . Paul besought the Lord thrice for the removal of the thorn in his flesh, but when those precious words, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee,’ were spoken to him, we do not read that he besought any more. I had a comfortable time last Lord’s day morning in hearing Mr. S. from, ‘We beseech you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.’ While he spoke how poor sinners were reconciled to God’s way of saving them, the Spirit did indeed witness with my spirit that, though once an enemy, he hath reconciled me to God by the death of his Son, and not only made me willing to be saved in God’s way by the merits of another, but my whole heart does rejoice and glory in his salvation who is mighty to save. My soul joins your language in one of your hymns:

“‘Mighty to save! He saves from hell;  
A mighty Saviour suits me well.’

“April 16, 1830.”

The next letter, dated June 2, 1830, contained an invitation from the church at Godmanchester to my father to supply for them on his way to London; and it would appear that he complied, as the next refers to the visit. It would also appear that Mr. M. had been so much better as to take “an airing:”

“Soon after you left us he was thrown out of his gig, through the pony falling. His face was a good deal lacerated, but he is now quite recovered from the effects of his fall. I asked him how he felt at the time of the accident. He said he thought he was going *home*, and it did not matter *how*. Since then he has had two attacks of inflammation in the brain; but the Lord has again raised him. In the midst of all, Jesus is the theme of his heart and the boast of his tongue. And so he is ours; for, my dear friend, what other name will do poor sinners any good? So vile, so unworthy, I *deeply* feel myself, that I never more should lift up my head, was it not for the finished work of our adorable Jesus.

“I think I told you that after some dark weeks of sorrowful desertion the Lord darted a cheering ray of light into my soul, while they were singing at the meeting those precious lines of yours:

“‘The cause of love is in *himself*;  
Then let his saints rejoice!’

And indeed I did feel it a favour, this being the case, that all my wretched depravity can never turn *his heart* of love way. Though I am thoroughly out of love with myself, your morning discourse at Godmanchester was blessedly confirming, and strengthening to my faith; and while you were describing how Jesus was ‘acceptable to his brethren,’ he came into my heart in the power of his own Spirit, and an acceptable visitor he was; and you will believe me when I say how I welcomed him! None but they who have mourned an absent God know the blessedness of renewed love tokens.

“Nov. 18, 1830.”

But I must come to the close:

“Our mutually-beloved friend and brother M. has received his dismissal from this vale of tears. His happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of bliss about twenty minutes past three, last Wednesday. He was only ill (that is, worse than usual) from Tuesday, the 19th. On the Friday I had some comfortable conversation with him. He was extremely low, but his confidence remained unshaken in his covenant God. On the Lord’s day, we, and several other friends, visited him again. He spoke, or rather replied to us, in the most blessed manner on the love and faithfulness of Jesus. Well may the poet say,

“‘When most we need his helping hand,  
This Friend is always near.’

“On the 26th, we received information that our dear brother was dying, and having promised that, if I should survive him, I would witness his last testimony for Jesus, in whom we had often rejoiced together, I went, and found him engaged with the last enemy. When I spoke to him, he said, ‘Ah, ah! Glad you’re come.’ I said, ‘Are you still happy in the Lord Jesus?’ He replied, ‘Yes, indeed I am.’ I said, ‘The Lord will not forsake you in this time of need.’ He replied, ‘Never, never.’ He was very low, and spoke with difficulty, not being able to swallow to relieve his throat. Therefore we spoke but little to him, dropping now and then a word. About eleven o’clock, I said, ‘My dear friend, these are trying moments, but Jesus has promised to be with you.’ He replied, ‘He is.’ I said, ‘Do you feel his sweet presence, now flesh and heart are failing?’ He replied, ‘I do.’ I said, ‘This rejoices me indeed. Let us praise him once more together.’ He exerted himself, as if he would sing, and said several times, ‘Halle—halle—’ I said, ‘Do you mean Hallelujah?’ He replied, ‘Yes.’ Towards morning, as the perspiration was wiped from his face, I said, ‘Jesus went through all this before you, and for your sake.’ He said, ‘Yes.’ Some time after, I remarked to him that he would arrive home before me. He said, ‘I hope I shall.’ After this there was a long solemn silence, all our eyes being fixed on him. He smiled, and S. said, ‘I believe

he will go off with a smile.' He said, 'I shall, after a while.' These were his last words.

"After this he sank very fast, and it was evident communion with the saints below was finally closed; but, for the sake of further confirmation of this, before I left I said to him, 'Farewell, my friend, till I see you again with all the chosen seed, on the glorious resurrection morning.' He took no notice. Thinking he might not hear, I repeated, 'Farewell.' But all was solemn silence. Our fellowship on earth was ended.

"At nine o'clock I returned home, but the conflict lasted till the time already named. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

"His remains, by his own desire, are to be deposited under his own seat in the meeting-house.

"July 29, 1831."

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The meeting-house is one at which the late Mr. William Brown was pastor for some years, until he was compelled to remove to Brighton on account of his health. Mr. Godwin is now the pastor. May his valuable life be long spared to the Lord's people, if the Lord's will!

The following is a copy of the tablet referred to in Mrs. Sturton's letter. Mr. Godwin kindly, at my request, copied it for me:

"In memory of John and James Martin. James Martin died July 27th, 1831, aged 48. John Martin died October 21st, 1841, aged 74. They loved the Lord who first loved them, under the sweet influence of whose almighty grace they both lived and died in the precious faith of God's elect."

Mr. Godwin has also furnished me with the following further particulars:

"The first part of the chapel was built by the father of the late James and John Martin, and was not then a place of truth. A minister named Freeman went to preach in it during the time of James and John Martin, and they (James and John) gave the ground to build the other part of the chapel.

"About that time Mr. Freeman was led into the truth in a sweet way and manner, and then the chapel was made into a Strict Baptist church. This was in 1815."

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THE church of the regenerate is the only true catholic church.  
—*Martin Luther.*

WHEN we speak of the church, we mean the whole redeemed "family in heaven and earth" (Eph. iii. 15), of every name and of every nation; that church which Jesus "purchased with his own blood" (Acts xx. 28), and which he will present to himself, "a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing" (Eph. v. 27); but when we speak of churches, we mean the separate companies of believers, distinctly organized for the purpose of worshipping God, observing his ordinances, and holding Christian fellowship. These should "never bite or devour one another." O! I sigh for the day when the bitterness of party spirit shall be consumed by the celestial flame of brotherly love!—*Irons.*

## HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.

Dear Sir,—I have this day been reading the late William Gadsby's Address, &c., which introduced the publication of the "Gospel Standard;" and I am glad it was so ordained that it should thus reappear. Now, with all soberness of mind I write to say it has been made use of by the blessed God of heaven to bring me nigh unto the very gate of heaven, and to help me to hold communion with the ever-blessed God, and whereby I was also this day favoured with a faith view and living, heartfelt sense of the glorious, sweet, rich, blessed, and eternal things whereof that servant of God speaks; particularly in page 168.

As I thought upon thus writing to you, the word came as a voice within, "Publish ye, publish ye!" by which it seemed the Lord was directing me thus to write to you. And what are we to publish? That which we have seen and heard by manifestation and revelation of the Spirit (Jno. i. 3) of the same solemn and glorious truths.

First, then, I this day, whilst reading the portion referred to, saw the atonement as I came to these words: "Yea, God has made him to be sin for them." O! What a scene to behold by manifestation of the Spirit! It cut me to the heart to see that blessed Redeemer made sin, standing in my place as the sinner, nailed to the cross, plunged into that dread suffering for me, for my wretched life, which I lived in the past. O! What deep self-loathing, self-abasement, self-abhorrence such a sight produces! Truly there is no room for trifling here; for of it we may say, as that well-taught man of God, Joseph Hart, says of pride:

"Should it dare to enter there,  
'T would soon be drowned in blood."

The above was another fulfilment of the word of the Lord: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." (Zech. xii. 10.) Moreover, the rich anointing dew of heaven descended upon me, and I was on this, the Lord's day, brought into sweet fellowship with the heavenly things whereof the writer speaks,—that unspeakably blessed and glorious everlasting covenant of peace, love, and mercy whereby the Lord shows us that he has saved us, *by himself and in himself*, with an everlasting salvation, which is sure to all the heirs of promise. It is by manifestation hereof only that we know our names are written in the book of life; and such tidings will ever make glad the city of God.

But the dear Redeemer is all in all in this; for in him lies all our salvation and all our desire. This, to poor, tried, tempted, sin-burdened, helpless sinners, who have seen an end of all perfection in the flesh, is meat indeed and drink indeed. This is the sweet fountain of life, which, when its immortally-blessed streams flow down into our souls, heals the sick, cleaves the lepers,

raises the dead, make the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, the blind to see. "Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will bring it health and cure" from all the ruin and maladies with which their fall and sins have afflicted them: "Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can show forth all his praise?"

Bristol, April 2, 1871.

To-day I read the remainder of the piece; and while reading, I heard a voice saying unto me, "Thou hast no need to fear," encouraging me to hope that heaven is mine. Shortly after this I was led out in solemn prayer to the ever-blessed Lord, earnestly desiring that I might be with him for ever. My eyes were filled with tears, under a sense of my guiltiness, and at the same moment I seemed to have a glimpse of the Lord in heaven.

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

April 9.

G. S.

### SALVATION.

"In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah: We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks,"—ISA. xxvi. 1.

SALVATION is a bulwark strong

Which hell can ne'er remove,

The grateful theme of Judah's song

Is everlasting love.

Salvation's walls are built so high,

No wrath can enter there;

To build them did the Saviour die.

What has the saint to fear?

Salvation's free! The ransom'd race

Eternal joys will share;

The feeblest glimmering spark of grace

Has its foundation there.

Salvation's walls and holy gates

Shut out the love of sin;

But they who for its glories wait

With joy shall enter in.

Salvation's King hath conquer'd death,

With all its dire alarms;

Not one tried saint can sink beneath

His everlasting arms.

Salvation felt's a sure defence

In every trying storm;

The power divine which flows from thence

Is something more than form.

Salvation's walls the Father built

On his eternal Son;

The Spirit seals the blood he spilt.

This sacred Three are One.

Salvation's finish'd and complete;

The battle's fought and won;

Dear Lamb, we worship at thy sect,

For what thy love hath done.

C. S.

## ENGLAND'S PRIVILEGES NOT FORGOTTEN.

[In the Memoir of Mr. Kershaw, page 385, allusion is made to Mr. Kershaw's "faithful friend and servant" (Jane). The following letter is from her, she having married after Mr. K.'s death.]

Dear Mr. Gadsby,—As dear Mrs. Kershaw said in her last letter that you "always asked very kindly after me," I take the liberty of writing you a few lines. I thank you for your kind inquiries. It is pleasant to think we are not entirely forgotten by those we so highly esteem in the bonds of the gospel, although, in the providence of God, so far removed from them and so unworthy of their thoughts.

I often feel "like a sparrow alone upon the housetop." If we could meet with any to whom we could feel the same union of soul, we should be better satisfied with the country; but even then it would not be the same to me as my own beloved native land, and especially that part of it where the Lord first quickened my soul, and brought me into the glorious liberty of the gospel, under my late highly-honoured master, dear Mr. Kershaw. The following lines often express my feelings, when thinking of Hope Chapel, Rochdale:

"O Zion, when I think of thee,  
I wish for pinions like the dove,  
And mourn to think that I should be  
So distant from the place I love."

I must again thank you for your very handsome present. I am reading them through again, and feel, if possible, doubly interested in them, now that my lot is cast in a foreign land. Although we are not called to experience anything like what you had to endure, still there are many unpleasant things here to which we were strangers at home, especially in the summer. I wish we were so favoured as you were at S. in hearing the gospel faithfully preached; but, alas! I dare not say that I have heard a pure gospel sermon since I came. We generally attend a Strict Baptist cause about a mile from where we reside; but the preaching is far from what we desire. They have a good old man for a deacon, who used to sit under your late dear father. Like us, he is not satisfied with the preaching; and sometimes, after service, he tells the minister and the other deacons, "If Gadsby or Kershaw had been speaking from the same text they would have brought such and such things forward;" but they only smile at him; and yet, as he says, we do not know of any place where we could hear any better.

There is a vast amount of profession in America, but from what little I have seen I have a poor opinion of American religion. No doubt the Lord has many sincere followers in this country, although it has not been our favoured lot to meet with many, and I pray to be kept from the spirit of Elijah (1 Kings xix. 10), remembering the Lord's answer, verse 18.

Dear Mrs. Kershaw sent us the Memoir of our late beloved pastor. It has done our souls good to read it. We were much



pleased with the Review of it in the "Gospel Standard," which we received regularly last year. We noticed what you said about the double postage. We do not mind that, as we should not like to be without it if it cost as much again. Still we think there is great propriety in your remarks. We pray that you may have wisdom and strength equal to your day to attend to all that now devolves upon you in connexion with the "Standard."

My dear husband desires to be kindly remembered to you. He says I must tell you there is plenty of room in America for some good sound missionaries, if such could be found, to preach the pure unadulterated truth, as there is sadly too much of the same sort of "twaddle" here you heard from the American missionary in Smyrna.

I am thankful to say we are both pretty well. My husband enjoys much better health here than in England. His health was the chief cause of our leaving our beloved land.

Philadelphia, America, Feb. 13, 1871.

SARAH JANE CLEGG.

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### THE MANNA, AND ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICATION.

"And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna, until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan."—Exod. xvi. 35.

THE history of Israel is a wonderful history; in reading which the attentive reader cannot but observe the sad depravity of human nature, and the great and astonishing patience of God. But we should never lose sight of this one thing, that God was determined to glorify his name in them; and this determination ran through all his dealings with them, and was the foundation of all his gracious acts towards them. Israel had not left Egypt two months before they began to murmur and rebel, and the Lord, to stop their murmuring, gave them a promise: "Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you." (Exod. xvi. 4.) And the Lord did so according to his promise; and when the children of Israel saw it, they said, "It is manna;" or, "What is this?" or, "It is a portion." They lived on it nearly forty years, and it supported them, though they often loathed it. Man, or manna, was the name the people gave it; but the name the Lord gave it was "bread from heaven."

From this we may learn that God must explain his blessings, or, such is the sinner's ignorance, he will either question them, or call them by a wrong name. Poor sinners, quickened by the Spirit, often mistake and question the reality of their comforts, and are often heard to say, "What is it? It is a portion that seems to revive and strengthen me; but does it come from heaven?" Israel wist not what it was; and in a certain stage of many a quickened sinner, he knows not what judgment to make of that which passes in his mind; yet he lives, and is mysteriously supported from day to day. He is kept from despair, and from going back into the world with the ungodly; but it is

the bread from heaven that supports him. The manna was not the true bread, but may be considered a type of it. The Jews with whom the Saviour conversed (Jno. vi.) looked no higher than Moses, and demanded of Christ a sign to prove his authority and the truth of his doctrine: "What sign showest thou, then, that we may see and believe thee?" But Christ directed them to look higher than Moses, even to the Father, the Giver of the manna, and the Giver of himself, the true bread from heaven, saying, "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." (Jno. vi. 33, 35.) And Christ repeats the same things to the same persons who were blind to the spiritual mysteries of his kingdom; and they "strove amongst themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" They were puzzled, and said, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?"

The mystery of Christ's Person as Mediator is a stumbling-block to all natural men. No men manifest so much ignorance and malice against Christ as those who closely apply their intellectual powers to investigate this profound mystery. This grand and most sublime doctrine, Immanuel, "God with us," the Holy Ghost alone can teach a man. The man of the finest natural endowments, of the most exalted powers of mind, of the deepest mathematical research, has no pre-eminence. The plain rustic and the polished scholar must sit alike at the feet of Christ, to learn who and what he is. O the folly, the presumption of men, who attempt to teach religion as they teach the sciences; which vile practice has produced hundreds of preachers in this kingdom as ignorant of Christ as they were at the moment they were born into this world. Hence arises that jargon of confusion with which the press teems and the pulpit rings; sounds as harsh and discordant to the ear of a spiritual man as the braying of an ass to the person who has a fine ear for music.

I will now treat of the *manna*.

The manna was sent from heaven. So was Christ, the true and heavenly Bread; the unspeakable gift of the Father, given to redeem lost sinners, who deserved nothing at his hands but indignation and wrath to the uttermost. That the Mediator might be qualified to take away our sin, he was clothed with our nature, and it was so ordered in the everlasting covenant: "A body hast thou prepared me." In his human nature he sustained the tremendous load of the people's sins, and made a complete atonement. Nothing can be added to it, and nothing can be taken from it. This complete atonement, received in the heart by faith, is the spiritual food by which we live; for Christ says, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me." This is the life that Paul lived; as he says, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

The manna was to be gathered every morning fresh by Israel, except on the Sabbath; and every one gathered according to his necessities: "He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack." Thus they had their daily portion, and on the sixth day they gathered sufficient for the seventh. Christ is needed every day by poor, sensible sinners, and the poorer the wretch the more welcome to him. Did they *go out* to gather manna every morning? So must we, as it were, go out of ourselves, and repair to Christ only, who is the Bread of God to feed us. He that gathers most has nothing over, nothing to lay up in store, nothing to boast of; for what has he that he has not received? He that gathers little has enough for his need, and may go and gather more at the appointed time, and that is every day. "Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

The manna fell on the ground, so that they must needs stoop, if not fall on their knees, to gather it up. This may teach us that our place is to bow down with due submission; it is our interest so to do, as it was theirs. There is no merit either in bowing or receiving; for no man can submit to be saved and with cordiality embrace salvation by grace until made willing in the day of God's power. Almighty grace humbles proud sinners, and makes them put their mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope; makes them confess with the leper, "Unclean! unclean!" and cry as the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Such poor sinners gather up heavenly manna, and find it most delicious fare. Israel fed on the manna while they abode in the wilderness, until they entered the promised land; and there was no failure of the manna, notwithstanding the frequent rebellion and perversity of the people. How astonishing that God should bear with their manners in the wilderness! As the manna did not fail them all their journey through, so spiritual Israel is supported, and sometimes most blessedly fed with the bread of life, with the word of God's rich grace, and with hidden manna, even communion with God. By these things we are encouraged all our journey through, and are preserved, looking towards the promised land of rest.

We may also observe how the Lord spreads a table for his people in the wilderness. How often is the goodness of God made known to his children in a way of providence, as in his providing bread from heaven. How often does the Lord fulfil his promise, both literally and spiritually: "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." (Isa. xxxiii. 16.)

Feed me, Lord, with heav'nly manna,  
 While I tread the wilderness;  
 Spread o'er me thy glorious banner,  
 In each hour of deep distress;  
 Then with pleasure  
 Thy dear name I'll ever bless.

II. FOWLER.

## FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

My very dear and much-esteemed Sister in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you abundantly multiplied.

I am sorry I could not earlier reply to your very sweet and precious letter, which made my eyes overflow with tears. How glad I am to see the grace that is so manifest in you, and your growth therein since I first had an interview with you! It makes my heart glad. It is, indeed, a witness for God, and also for me, that the Lord has spoken by and through me to your heart. You shall yet prove that you are one I shall have cause to rejoice in, as one of the seals the Lord has given me as a crown of rejoicing in the Lord in that day when he makes up his jewels. The Lord takes much pleasure in the stones of Zion's building, and favours the dust thereof. How sure I was that you were one of them; if only the dust of the stones, what a mercy! He makes by his holy anointing even the dust of those stones into cement, and adds them to his building; and none of it shall be lost. He sends his servants to gather up all the dust, and is as careful of it as he was of the fragments when he fed the thousands with the five loaves of bread. "Gather up the fragments," said he, "that there be none lost." Here, my dear sister, is that care manifested towards his dear children that comforts all the little ones of his family. "And they *shall* be mine in that day;" and they shall be able to stand, only in and through the Lord of life and glory.

I feel very glad to hear also that the Lord has blessed your souls with his presence and power in your meetings together. Does it not prove the promise true, that where two or three shall meet together in his name, there he will be, and that to bless them? My dear sister, these are the very things we should pray and watch for. When the Lord sent out his apostles, he told them that these signs should follow; namely, that he worked with them and by them. Sometimes our hands get very faint and hang down, when we cannot see one mark of his power attend our poor services; but often this is to keep alive the prayer of faith in us, that we may not be lifted up with that cursed foe to God and man,—spiritual pride. We should soon get out of our right place; namely, as beggars at the door of his mercy.

I feel I can say your faith groweth exceedingly; but you must not expect to be above trials. The enemy, you say, tempts you to think yours is a false faith and a vain hope; but I hope and am sure my sister has found him a liar many times. He is the accuser of the brethren. Mind that,—the *brethren*. The Lord help you and bless you with strength to fight. We are called to fight, and not to play; and that shows there is one to fight against; yea, a trinity; namely, the world, the flesh, and the devil; but there is a Trinity of Persons with the child of God,—Father, Son, and Spirit. This is our strength, our shield,

and our sun. We have, therefore, light to fight with, and cannot be left in the dark in the battle. Bless his dear name, we have God's truth; and with that we will and must fight, yes, and fight for it too. We bought the truth, and would not sell it for millions; and whatever the world may offer us, if ease, or profit, or a good name, or all the world put in a heap, we would not sell it for all they offer; for we are told to buy the truth and sell it not. My dear sister has bought the truth too dear to sell it again. She has gone through the fire for it, and through deep waters; but it is worth all she has paid for it, and she does not repent her bargain. Well, then, she must not let the enemy beat her down to the ground. Fight, my dear sister, even unto blood. "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have the crown of life." When the enemy tells you it is a false faith, ask him if he can produce a better, or one like unto it. Tell him he has tried to upset it for more than twenty years, and tied you down with his hellish suggestions, and yet it lives. It has caused your soul to hang on God's word, sink or swim, damned or saved, for more than twenty years, and is not broken yet. Ask him if he can prove to you a better peace than you felt last July, or if he can give you such happiness as you felt in the month of April.

My dear sister, it is rather striking that you should feel so comforted in that month, and that the month of April should be the happiest month I ever lived in this world. I am sure the Lord has heard my prayer, and has also answered it. Now, my sister, why should that be such happiness to you, if the Lord had not given you that peace which passeth all understanding, and keeps the heart and mind in the love of God? You say you are not ashamed to tell the Lord's children that you love the Lord. I am glad to hear it is so with you. Satan does not like that. You say you have kept things to yourself for years; so you have been his privy council. Those very things have been the cords that he has tied you with. While you kept all to yourself, it would only get heavier to bear.

The Lord bless you much in the spirit of prayer and with it, and you will find it will bring in answer the spirit of praise.

A few more words to you respecting my feelings towards you. I feel sure you will bruise Satan under your feet yet in your soul's feeling. He has distressed your soul, and the Lord shall set you in safety from him that puffeth at you. Many a time has he brought before you things to look at in your mind's eye that you have thought you durst not tell to the dearest and nearest friend in this world; he has brought those things most abominable to think of, and asked you whether ever such a devil could ever be admitted into heaven. He then puffed at your poor prayers, and profession, and religion, and all you said to the children of God, and told you they did not know who you are, and also showed you the bright side of others, and said they are saints indeed, both in conversation and prayer, and

walk, and life, and that they will get to the kingdom of heaven and you be shut out; so he puffed at you; but you shall say and feel that he is a liar, and the father of it.

Now I must conclude with my best wishes, my fervent desires, and my prayer that what I say may be proved in your blood-washed soul.

Please give my love to Mrs. I. and to your dear husband, whom I dearly love in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord bless him in keeping an open house for the Lord.

Affectionately Yours in *Him*,

Walsall, May 8, 1868.

S. BURNS.

### THE MOURNER'S LAMENT.

PRESS'D down with many anxious cares,  
Which rack my mind and fill my breast,  
The antidote of all my fears  
Is that of which I am in quest.

Ah! What is that but Christ the Lord?  
The Hope to weary sinners dear;  
So, trusting to his faithful word,  
I'll strive to banish every fear.

And yet I find my heart dismay'd,  
And fill'd with dire and dread alarm;  
As though the Lord had never said,  
"No power shall e'er my chosen harm."

Lord, speak and chase my fears away;  
Give me to feel that I am thine;  
Cause to beam forth the light of day,—  
The Sun of Righteousness to shine.

Then would my soul be fill'd with joy,  
My heart expand, my eyes o'erflow;  
A solid peace, without alloy,  
My inmost spirit sweetly know.

'Tis thine to calm the troubled heart,  
To soothe the spirit, hush the soul;  
Display thy gentle healing art,  
Bind up my wounds and make me whole.

Nothing but this can satisfy;  
All worldly charms are nought to me;  
Thy love to me, O ratify,  
And tell me I am one with thee.

Base, Lord, I am; but thou art good,  
And this shall be my plea in prayer;  
I cannot seek thee as I would,  
But thou wilt bow thine ear and hear.

This is my case,—a simple one,  
And known to all thy people dear.  
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss,  
And my petitions kindly hear.

## Obituary.

EDWARD GRAY.—On March 16th, 1871, aged 78, Edward Gray, of Alfred Place, London,

Upwards of fifty years ago my dear father, on the Lord's day, might be seen leaving his own family and his acquaintances at Longbridge Deverill, in Wiltshire (where he was born and brought up), and going to the Baptist chapel at Crockerton; but what induced him in the first place to go there I know not, as none of his family that ever I knew of attended any Dissenting place of worship. But here he attended, and just about fifty years ago was baptized there and united with the church.

I know but little of the beginning of the work of grace upon his soul, but his peaceful end proves the beginning of God. He was a man of very humble birth, being born of poor parents, and left without a mother's care from a babe, and turned into the fields to work for his living at six years of age. The times were so very hard that he seldom knew what it was to get a sufficiency of food to eat. He has told me that many times, after being in the fields driving the plough all day, all that he got to eat was what could be made with a table-spoonful of flour, a basinful of boiling water, and a little salt. He also told me, the night but one before he died, of a very narrow escape he had from death when a little boy. He was in the fields with the horses. They were rolling a field, when by some means he fell, and the roller passed over him, pressing his little stomach into the ground, and causing the blood to run from his mouth and nose, and I think he said his ears also. The man he was with took him to a pond near and washed him, but would not suffer him to go home, but kept him out all the day. But God preserved him, brought him up to manhood, and blessed him with his grace and fear; but all his life long he was a poor tried man.

In the course of time, God in his providence removed him from the neighbourhood of Crockerton into the village of Preston, in Somersetshire. This was a very trying time, as he with his wife and family were removed by a parish order, and we were all safely lodged in the old poor-house in the village. Now he had to seek a place where he could hear the word of life, and found a small Strict Baptist chapel about two miles distant. Here he became a member, and for many years walked consistently with his profession amongst them. But for some years before he came to London it was his custom to meet with a few godly souls in a good man's house. This good man was at this time his master, and a few, perhaps ten or twelve, who could not get their souls fed elsewhere, used to meet and read the word of God together; and this man, whose name was Luton, would expound the word to them; and, from what I have heard from my father, many sweet and soul-refreshing seasons they had together. But the

Lord, in his providence, removed Mr. Luton from this part, and the change affected my father very much, both temporally and spiritually; he was growing old and his labour nearly done. Shortly it came to this, that the parish must support him or his children. This led to his removal to London, which took place in the early part of 1865, from which time he was a constant attendant either at Gower Street chapel or at the late Mr. Wigmore's.

He was indeed a lover of good men. Mr. Wigmore he was very fond of; also Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Dangerfield, Mr. Farvis, and others. He told me again and again how well he has heard these good men. They have preached the dear old man to the very borders of heaven in his feelings many times. His apt way of expressing himself was, "I was so comfortable and happy, you can't think!" The ministry he was favoured to hear during the six years he was in London was instrumental, by God's blessing, of ripening and making meet the dear old pilgrim for the inheritance of the saints in light.

But I must come to his last hours. His illness was very short, though he had been poorly for some little time, yet not to keep at home. He was at Gower Street the last Sunday but one and the last Tuesday night but one before he died.

He was taken much worse on Tuesday morning, March 14th. His pain was very severe indeed. He told me in the day (Tuesday) how he was constrained to cry to God to remove the pain, or give him strength to bear it. He continued very ill all day. At night we got him to bed for the last time. His sufferings were intense. He would look up to the Lord and cry, "Father, do, do remove this pain, or give me strength to bear it." Also, "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee!" Sometimes he would cry, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, do, do remove this pain, or give me strength to bear it!" This was almost his constant cry during the time of his sufferings. Not a word of complaint did I hear, nor am I aware that one escaped his lips during his last illness. At one time he said, "I have been thinking of Heb. iv. 12. It is said, 'God is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Mr. Hemington," he continued, "ransacks one's heart pretty well; but God is a discerner of the *thoughts and intents* of the heart. And what strange things must God see in the heart!"

At one time in the night he said, "I hope I am in the covenant; but I feel as dark and as dead as a door nail." I replied, "Your feelings do not alter your standing." "No," he replied; "I know that." At one time, whilst he was suffering so much pain, he looked up and reminded the Lord of his word: "Call upon me in the day of trouble;" and at another time: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." I said, "And *you* cry." He replied, "I try to cry."

The next day the pain somewhat abated, and he became exceedingly sleepy, so that I could not converse much with him; but once, on asking him how he was, he said,



“O Lord, I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only friend.  
 When all created streams are dried,—”

Here he paused and said, “When all earthly comforts fail, God is the same.” I said, “He is unchangeable.” “Yes, yes,” he said, and went on with the verse:

“Thy fulness is the same;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name.”

At another time, speaking of Jesus, he said,

“He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father’s face;  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father’s grace.”

A friend, Miss S., called to see him. My sister told him, but Miss S. being deaf, he felt he could not talk to her; so said, “Tell her I want nothing but Jesus Christ.” When I was told this, I thought of Hart’s words:

“All my desires are now content  
 To be comprised in one.”

How seldom it is that even the true Christian is really and truly brought here, to really feel that he wants nothing but Jesus Christ; but Miss S. did see him, and asked him if she should read to him. He said, “Yes.” She asked him, “What?” He told her Ps. xxiii., which she did; after which he told her he wanted nothing but the best things, nothing but Christ, repeating the words, “My peace I give unto you,” implying that he had that peace, and was in the sweet enjoyment of it.

As he was so much easier and slept, I hoped he was better, and so left him for the night, my sister insisting upon staying with him.

Next morning early I saw him again; and, on asking him how he was, he answered in the following lines:

“Not all the blessings of a feast  
 Can suit my soul so well,  
 As when thy richer grace I taste,  
 And in thy presence dwell.”

And the presence of God I believe he was blessedly realizing at the time. This was the last verse he repeated to me. At dinner time I saw him again, and for the last time alive. He was still very sleepy; but just awoke for a minute or two whilst I was with him. He asked me the time, and if I was going this afternoon, and then went off to sleep again. I watched him some little time and left, little thinking I should see him no more alive.

About half-past three my sister gave him a little of something to drink. He said, “It is very nice,” asked what it was, and laid himself down again. In a few minutes he became a little uneasy. My sister helped to raise him up in the bed. He was

sick, and then said, "O dear!" and was gone, without a struggle, in a second of time.

"Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him?" Of him it might truly be said, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." May my end be as blessed and peaceful as his was.

His mortal remains we committed to its mother earth at Finchley Cemetery, to await the glorious resurrection of the just, Mr. Hemington kindly performing the last office for him.

J. GRAY.

CHARLES DAWSON.—On Feb. 5th, aged 40, Charles Dawson, of Grove, near Wantage. The following is from his own pen:

"Like all the rest of Adam's posterity, I was 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity.' I grew up the most profligate of all my father's family. My father, I trust, was a gracious man. From early boyhood I thought his religion was right, but had no love to it, and was greatly ashamed to go with him to chapel, though I would sometimes stand outside and listen to the ministers preaching there.

"When about the age of 19, I went to hear dear Mr. Tiptaft preach. There seemed such a power attending his word that it sent me home racked with most dismal forebodings, knowing what a great sinner I had been. I secretly crept upstairs there to bemoan my lost estate. This did not prove powerful enough to bring me from my worldly companions and the practice of sin; for being called to earn my livelihood on the railway amongst the reprobate class called 'navvies,' I was driven by the devil, my own wicked heart, and their example to great lengths of sin, though not without, at times, deep lashes of conscience. Under these arousings, I would make vows how I would amend my life; but the next temptation and opportunity proved too strong for me and my vows.

"During this time I sometimes had a desire to hear the truths preached which I had heard in my early days; and being now in the north of England, I tried various places, but failed. The people I wished to meet with were Independents. I went with a friend to their chapel; but as the service was commenced by playing an organ, it was to me like the 'crackling of thorns under a pot,' and 'songs to a heavy heart.' This feeling arose: 'I dare not mock the great God in this way.'

"I had many suspicions all was not right with my soul for eternity, and thought if I could get from my companions I might be able to lead a different life; so I left that part and went to live near Abingdon. Here I married, hoping *that* would make matters better; but, alas! I found the truth of the apostle's words: 'He that marrieth careth for the things of this world, how he may please his wife.' Thus, instead of making things better, they grew worse. And now my soul passed through deep trouble,

often fearing I had committed the unpardonable sin, not knowing what it could be. Still these words many times expressed my desires: 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' I frequently went over to Abingdon, where the Lord's servants described the exercises of my mind, which for the time often raised me up to hope that I should see the day when I could say in truth, 'He is mine, and I am his.' But these visits were so short and transient.

"In this way I went for about two years, when, in 1856, through the mercy of God, the account of 'Western Ilya' fell into my hands; and in reading that blessed account it pleased the Lord to lay bare his arm, and brought me to the place of stopping of mouths. Here 'sin revived and I died.' The spirituality of God's law came with such convincing power that it 'drank up my spirits,' and the language of my heart was, 'What shall I do? What will become of my poor soul?' This effectually delivered me from my companions, the world, and the love of sin, which brought on sharp and hot persecution. All these things seemed against me, and I verily thought my poor soul would be overwhelmed.

"I now thought if I could but remove to Grove I should be better. This at that time appeared impossible, but I was very anxious to see if the Lord would regard my desire without my naming it to any one. This he was pleased to do,—a mercy I have often felt thankful for. Still I took my troubles with me, feeling somewhat like the psalmist: 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?' &c. For such a deep sense of my sinfulness followed me wherever I went that it seemed to me that everybody could discern it. I often got a little encouragement while hearing such ministers as Messrs. Tiptaft, Smart, &c., and especially Mr. Collings.

"It was in 1866 I first found my present affliction showing itself as bronchitis, and I felt persuaded it was for my end. The concerns of life lost their interest; for my soul hanging in doubt drove me to wrestle more vehemently at a throne of grace, that the Lord would speak pardon to my heart, the enemy striving with all his force to drive me to despair; so that I felt like one desperate. And never in this state shall I forget the anguish my poor soul passed through the week previous to my great deliverance. I had often prayed the Lord to lay my sins on my conscience in an unmistakable manner; and truly the prayer was answered; for they came as a heavy burden too heavy for me to bear; so that for some nights I feared to close my eyes in sleep, lest I should awake in hell.

"It was after a night of this dreadful conflict there was a little light and softness dawned upon my poor soul; which gradually increased; whereupon I asked my dear wife to hand me the Bible. I opened on Ps. xxxviii., and read it. I then asked for the hymn book, and opened on hymn 510; and such light, glory, and beauty appeared, producing such humbleness, love,

and contrition that I can never express, accompanied with such an eternal weight of glory, that whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell. Every promise was mine. In fact, the whole Bible was one cluster of blessings. My soul was wholly engaged in blessing and praising the dear Lord, who had remembered me with that mercy which 'endureth for ever.' The psalmist well expressed my feelings when he calls on all things to praise the Lord. I seemed to live above, and really forgot to eat my bread, taking very little food for nearly three weeks, and had very little sleep. I felt anxious to see some of the Lord's people, to tell them what a dear Saviour I had found; but language could never describe it.

"I lived in this blessed enjoyment for some weeks, when my joys began to decline, and the enemy set upon me. How should I get through the last struggle, which would be dreadful? but it pleased the Lord to bring with great sweetness that beautiful hymn:

"'Why should I shrink at Jordan's flood?' &c.

This entirely removed the fear of death. Once, when racked with pain, hymn 192 came with sacred dew, especially the last verse, and brought sweet resignation and bowing of soul to the Lord's will; and once, after begging the Lord for a fresh token of his favour to my soul, these words came with power andunction: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' &c. I was so overcome with the goodness and mercy of God that I cried aloud, 'What, Lord! My God?' The favour appeared too great. Likewise these words were greatly blessed to my soul once, when in much bodily suffering: 'These light afflictions, which are but for a moment,' &c., and truly I felt mine were light, compared with what my Saviour suffered for me,

"'When sweat and blood forced through the skin.'

"In Dec., 1870, the enemy set upon me to harbour hard thoughts of God, on account of my afflictions. This drove me to wrestle with the Lord to rebuke the adversary, which he kindly did, and favoured me with a solemn calmness and peace."

This calmness abode with him till near the last. His sufferings were painful to witness. Still it was a favour to be with him, and observe the Lord's kindness in providence, and his dealings towards him in grace. How many times to me and others did he express his gratitude to God for his mercy, to his friends for their kindness, and to his dear wife, whose attentions, after four years of trial of no ordinary character, were unremitting.

On the Friday previous to his departure he said he should like to see me. I did not see him till Saturday afternoon. I assisted him into bed. He afterwards became very drowsy, and at intervals wanted to be turned in bed. When awake a little, he would say, "I should like to tell you how good the Lord is to me, but I cannot." I said to him, "Death has lost its sting." He quickly replied, "When Jesus died! When Jesus died!" After lying for some time sleeping, when he awoke he raised himself up, and

with all his powers said, "My dear man, you need not ever doubt my state;" and added, "If you *do*, it will be all the same." Soon after this I left him.

During the night he expressed many wishes to depart; such as, "Why wait his chariot wheels?" "Not my will, but thine be done," and many other sentences of assurance and glorious anticipation of spending an eternity of bliss in crowning Him above, that he many times, in word and affection, crowned below.

He many times exclaimed in his last affliction, "O! I shall never be able to tell half the Lord's goodness to such an unworthy wretch!"

East Challow, March 29, 1871.

ALFRED BELCHER.

MARY BAKER.—On March 24th, 1871, aged 25, Mary Baker, a member of Zoar, Handcross.

Our dear friend, through deafness which followed a fever, was never able to hear a sermon preached after her tenth year. She could sometimes catch a sentence from the pulpit, and could hear if spoken to personally. This deafness greatly increased during the last few months of her life. Still she was from a child a constant attendant on the means of grace, and was favoured with a God-fearing parent in her mother, an account of whose death was given in the "G. S." for June, 1870, written by our late friend. This bereavement she felt to be very great; other members of the family also being called away by death. Our friend has told me she had convictions when a child, and had a method of repeating scripture and hymns to herself, that in holy thoughts she might, as she thought, excel. She was very particular in her actions, both in her family and in the world, being enabled to walk very consistently. Her call by grace appears to have been so imperceptible that she often feared she had never been quickened by the Spirit; and when hearing or reading of some who could point to the spot or name the time when the Lord met with them, and when light first broke in upon their souls, she would express a desire that it had been so in her case; and then would sum it up by adding, "The Lord is a sovereign, and has a right to do his own will, and dispense his favours when and where he pleases." She many times said she could see the work of grace made manifest in others; but her desire was that she might feel her own interest in a crucified Saviour. She told me she never imbibed her views of the truth from hearing nor from any persons; and she did not remember anything she heard before her deafness came on only the last text; but she said her views of the truth were just as they were opened up to her in the word, both in its condemning and justifying power.

She desired to be found walking in the ordinances of the Lord's house, was baptized in Aug., 1861, and was received into the church; from which time she was a useful member and an ornament to the cause; being always present when health and circumstances would admit. She lived two miles from the chapel.

She has told me she felt a solemn change in her mind during the last few years, that she was led to see how far it was possible for one to go on in a profession, to be the subject of doubts and fears, much resemble a child of God, and yet prove at last an unregenerate character. Her reading was generally confined to Huntington's and Bunyan's works, with Philpot's sermons, which she greatly prized; also the "Life and Letters of James Bourne," which, she said, she valued next to her Bible. She fully believed that every one for whom Christ shed his precious blood would be saved; but her cry was, "O that I knew the Lord has chosen me! Am I born again?" &c. "O that the Lord would decide this doubt for me!" And she would add:

"How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie?  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I."

These were the breathings of her soul.

Most of her communications were by letters. She often feared hers would only prove a slavish fear, and she desired to feel more love to the Lord; and that she might be blessed while reading his word. She complained that her love was so faint; yet at times she told me how some portion of scripture, or the verse of a hymn, has come into her mind with a bedewing sweetness, which was the means of raising her hopes again. Also of the Lord's supporting her both in body and mind, when surrounded with afflictions in the family.

In 1864 she had been complaining of what a useless member she felt herself to be; when, in a very short time, her mind was drawn out, and she was led to write much upon spiritual subjects, generally in rhyme; but this caused her new trouble, as she feared she did not know by experience what she wrote; yet she felt compelled to continue writing, as her mind became stored with matter while she was engaged in domestic duties. The first piece of hers that appeared before the public was on the death of Mr. Watmuff, in the "Gospel Standard," May, 1865. She said, "If the Lord has mercy on me, and a stone is placed at my grave, I should like the words engraved on it: 'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound;'" adding, "I am sure there is not a verse in the whole Bible more suited to my case."

The first Lord's day in November was the last time our dear friend was permitted to attend the chapel, being the day for the ordinance of the Lord's supper; after which she suffered from a cold, and severe fits of coughing. Symptoms of consumption, which had been observed in her for several years, now rapidly increased, and many felt the time of her departure was drawing nigh. She wished but few friends to visit her, and those only to whom she had expressed a great union; although she could not hear, she desired these friends to pray with her. One friend asked her, by means of slate and pencil, "Is there any beauty

in the Lord Jesus Christ, that you can desire him?" She replied, "I desire nothing else." Another friend asked the state of her mind. She said, "I feel no particular change." He then spoke to her of the blessedness of those characters who waited for the Lord. She exclaimed, "I am afraid I don't wait." Several ministers hearing of her affliction wrote to her; but nothing appeared to be made special in her case, though she said these and other means were very encouraging to her a few years ago; but she now wanted stronger meat; she wanted the substance. "O that the Lord would reveal himself and take me home!" I never found her without hope. All connexion with time things was now done away. Her only hope was grounded upon the blood and righteousness of the great Redeemer. Her sighs and groans were continually heard. She cried, "Do come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." "O do shelter me! Do be with me in death!" &c.

Her end at last was a little unexpected. She appeared to have one struggle, and her spirit was gone.

Mr. Bradford preached her funeral sermon from Rev. xiv. 13. Slaughter, Sussex. A. R. BROMHAM.

**MARY ASHTON.**—On Oct. 24th, 1870, aged 65, Mary Ashton, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester, a member of the church at Manchester.

She was born at Sittinglow, in the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire. Her parents were respectable, God-fearing people. Their family consisted of ten children, of whom Mary was the eighth. She was early a subject of serious impressions, which were deepened by the sudden death of her brother Thomas, who was killed by being thrown from a hay-cart, the horse having run away. She was with him at the time; and at the inquest her evidence was so straightforward and clear that the coroner complimented her. She was then about seven years old.

When about sixteen she went to live with Mrs. De Manville, of Bolton, a lady remarkable for her benevolence. There she remained two years; and then, on the death of her mother, returned home, where she continued several years. Afterwards she came to Manchester, and during the next eight or ten years lived in situations in different localities in the neighbourhood, and in which she gave the greatest satisfaction.

While living in the second situation her serious impressions became painfully deep and strong, insomuch that they affected her health. The family called in their own doctor, but his advice and prescriptions were of no avail. The clergyman was next sent for; and he, on learning her state, inquired from her as to her antecedents, whether she had lived an evil life. Her answer was, "I feel as bad as the worst; but no one can charge me with doing anything knowingly wrong. What I want is an assurance of the divine favour, and a consciousness of forgiveness." These, the clergyman said, were only known by a few highly-favoured

individuals, and it was almost presumptuous to expect them till death. She replied, "Presumptuous or not, they are what I must know before I can be happy." Her distress continued to increase, until at length, being unable to perform her daily duties, she gave up her situation, and went to live with her married sister, Mrs. Allcard, who resided in Manchester.

How long after this her mental disquietude continued the writer cannot say; but one Sabbath morning in May, 1830, she attained what she had long sought for. And the change was so complete that there was no room for doubt. The light, peace, and joy which followed were proportionate to the previous darkness and distress. Outward things assumed a new aspect; the grass seemed greener, the flowers fairer; and the song of the birds appeared to harmonize with her happy heart. Her language now was, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

For nearly twenty years she was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. When she joined them is unknown to the writer; but it was most probably during the period of her distress. However, this is certain, that after the change she was willing and ready on all fitting occasions to tell of the great things that had been done in her and for her, and which astonished and delighted those who could appreciate her rich and deep experience. During the whole period she regularly met in their classes.

Her health was now speedily restored, and she took her third and last situation. She subsequently learnt dressmaking, and then engaged as an assistant in a drapery establishment. In 1836, she entered into the drapery business in connexion with a Miss B.; but this involved considerable pecuniary loss.

In September, 1838, she was married to the writer. Five children were the issue, three of whom died in infancy.

Some years previous to her marriage, having heard a great deal about Mr. Gadsby, she went to hear him at his own chapel one Sunday afternoon. During his discourse he so exactly described her past experience and present feelings that she was filled with astonishment. After this she heard him often, and with increasing profit and delight. She also heard occasionally Mr. Nunn, at St. Clement's church, Manchester. As might be expected, if she relished the preaching of these men, she could not long remain where she was, though she profited much sometimes from the discourses of Dr. Newton and others.\*

In May, 1848, she and her cousin, Mrs. Beverley, were baptized at St. George's Road chapel, Manchester; and she continued a consistent and respected member till her death. To the members of the church she was warmly attached. Seldom, when health permitted, was she absent from her place. The Sabbath was her delight. She rose earlier on that day than on other

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\* See Mr. Kershaw's Memoir, p. 296, and Mr. Gadsby's Memoir.



days. Her arrangements were such that little had then to be done. For years the Sunday's dinner was had on Saturday, and the *makeshift* dinner on Sunday.

In recent years, when unable to attend her place of worship, she passed her Sabbath hours with Gadsby's Selection, Olney Hymns, the "Gospel Standard," and Philpot's Sermons. If the morning was fine, her exclamation would be, "How grand for the *tribes going up* this morning!"

After she had joined the church at George's Road, the writer met one of her former class-leaders. He kindly asked after her, and desired to be remembered to her, adding, "She is an excellent woman, and her religious experience is of a very high order."

Towards the close of 1856 she had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, during which a blood-vessel was ruptured; and she continued for many weeks in a critical condition. While in this state of physical debility, a cloud of thick darkness settled on her mind, which continued for many months. Her former experience appeared to have been a delusion; while doubt and despondence continually distressed her. She said that "God's mercy was clean gone for ever," and that to her "he would be favourable no more." But about the middle of October, 1858, a dear friend and relative from Derbyshire passed an afternoon with her in reading, conversation, and prayer; during which the loving-kindness of the Lord "broke through the *midnight* of her soul," filling her with joy and peace indescribable.

Her health now gradually improved, though she was still delicate; and with the exception of occasional indisposition, she had tolerable health for the next ten years. In Nov., 1868, a severe attack of bronchitis laid her up till the following May; and from its effects she never fully recovered.

The last few weeks of her life were passed in great suffering from pain and exhaustion, which she bore with great patience and resignation, often repeating Charles Wesley's last hymn:

"In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
O, could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!"

On the following morning, October 24th, her redeemed spirit entered into its endless rest. So peaceful was the close that the precise moment of departure was hardly known.

As a wife she was a true help-meet; as a mother, firm yet loving, bringing up her children in the way of truthfulness, order, and economy, her highest desire being that they might be led into the way of salvation. She was a true friend and a kind and benevolent neighbour; and though she did not cast her pearls at random, she was ever ready, on proper occasions, "to give a reason of the hope that was in her with meekness and fear."

Manchester.

W. ASHTON.

R. H. GOLIGHTLY.—One of my old companions in the twofold pathway of Zion's tribulation and peace, Robert Horcely Golightly, entered his eternal rest, March 17th, 1871, aged 75.

He was made a living soul in 1828, but was long held in bondage; and being under legal teachers he was taught to squint, as he used to say, looking partly to himself and partly to Christ for salvation. The last legal minister he sat under took for a text Isa. xxxv. 8, and in attempting to explain the difference between the highway and a way, he completely confounded my friend Robert; and this made him cry for more light upon the subject; and he was clearly delivered from bondage and legal fetters; so that, as the prophet says, he went forth in the dances of them that make merry. He saw and felt Christ to be the only highway for a poor sinner and a just and holy God to meet in, and a way to be the Holy Spirit's work in the soul; washing, cleansing, and purging him from all iniquity, by revealing the atonement and applying the precious blood of Jesus; and from that time Gadsby's sermons and works, Irons's, Kershaw's, Bunyan's, Huntington's, Hawker's, &c., he loved. When he was a legalist, he was no niggard; and grace did not dry up his bounty to the poor and needy, as many can testify; for he was ever a lover of good men, and ever kind to the poor and needy. As he had been led by legal teachers to look much at the deeds of men, so now he could not bear to hear of them nor of his own; yet sure I am he could not see a case of need without relieving it. But O how tender was he now of the dear Lord's honour!

When he came to die, he was found resting on the Rock of Ages; and although his trials and temptations were of such a nature as to lead him once to the river side to throw himself in, yet he was mercifully preserved therefrom, and made to see that he was punished less than his iniquities deserved, although his keenest trials came from a quarter from which all men look for succour and comfort. He was shut off, as it were, and often a stranger in his own house.

A dear friend who was with him when he died, says he was blessedly supported. On one occasion he was so full that he cried out,

"None but Jesus! None but Jesus!  
Can do helpless sinners good."

And on Ps. ciii. being read to him, he entered into it so much that it appeared to be the very feelings of his soul. He had a settled calm. A friend who often visited him declared it was good to be there; for he felt his own soul comforted and his faith strengthened thereby.

In early life he had been a very wild young man, and now he had such views and feelings of the sovereign, distinguishing grace of God that he delighted to hear the words "*free grace.*"

Whilst Satan tried hard to bring him back into the old legal track, the Lord led him to loathe himself for ever supposing a

filthy creature could do anything but sin until he was born again; and on searching the scriptures, which it was his delight to do, and which he used to do for hours alone every day, he used to have such discoveries of his sinful state and the mercy of a covenant God towards him that he often wondered he was out of hell, and he extolled the covenant of grace whereby such sinners were provided both with a Saviour and a salvation suited to them, and also to poor, weak, fickle, worthless saints.

Just before he died a friend took up Gadsby's hymn book and read:

"In Christ's obedience clothed,  
And wash me in his blood;  
So shall I lift my head with joy  
Among the sons of God."

And although he had not spoken that day, he then cried out, 'That's it! That's it!' and spoke no more. He died at ten o'clock next morning. Thus died one whose equal for simplicity, kindness, and faithfulness, and love to God's pure truth and people I have rarely met with.

Carlton Street, April 3, 1871.

THOMAS CLOUGH.

WHEN our outward enjoyments are by Providence fitted to our condition, we cannot desire a better condition in this world. This was it that wise Agur requested of God: "Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." (Prov. xxx. 8, 9.) Against both he prays equally, not absolutely; that had been his sin; he prays comparatively, and submissively to the will of God. He had rather, if God see it fit, avoid both of these extremes; but what would he have then? Food convenient; or, according to the Hebrew, his prey or statute-bread; which is a metaphor from birds which fly up and down to prey for their young, and what they get they distribute among them. They bring them enough to preserve their lives, but not more than enough, to lie mouldering in the nest. Such a proportion Agur desired, and the reason why he desired it is drawn from the danger of both extremes. He measured, like a wise Christian, the convenience or inconvenience of his estate in the world, by its suitableness or unsuitableness to the end of his being, which is the service of his God. He accounted the true excellence of his life to consist in its reference and tendency to the glory of his God; and he could not see how a redundancy, or too great a penury, of earthly comforts could fit him for that; but a middle estate, equally removed from both extremes, best fitted that end. And this was all that good Jacob, who was led by the same Spirit, looked at. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go, and give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." Poor Jacob, he desires no great things in the world; food and raiment will satisfy him. In spiritual matters his desires are boundless; he is the most unsatisfied man in the world (Hos. xii. 4); but in the matters of this life, if he can get from God but a morsel of meat and a mouthful of water, he will not envy the richest Croesus or Crassus upon earth.—*Flavel*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1871.

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

## MINISTERING ANGELS.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. ABRAHAMS, ON THURSDAY EVENING,  
FEB. 7TH, 1850.

“For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.”—Ps. xci. 11, 12.

THIS precious little psalm describes the state of the godly, as you find in the heading,—their safety, their habitation, their servants (namely, angels), and, finally, their Friend, who is one that loveth at all times, a Brother born for adversity.

This portion of the word of the Lord woke me up this morning between 4 and 5 o'clock. The passage sounded in my ears: “For he shall give his angels charge over thee,” &c. I looked at the portion of the word and the circumstances about me, and I thought it was the voice of God; and the words seemed to come more and more; and the next verse opened it still more. As such, I concluded the Lord desired me to say a few things from it to you this evening; which I will endeavour to do. I stated last Lord's day morning that the ministry of angels is a doctrine very clear in God's word; so that you cannot read it without seeing it is the intention of the Lord that we should have an invisible life-guard about us, who can keep off invisible foes. And not only so; it appears to me that it belongs to angels in office, who are to uphold them in hands quite as mighty. I am satisfied ministers' hands are quite as powerful as angels', and they do their work in a much superior manner, that the children of God may not dash their foot against the stones of darkness, and the stones of emptiness, and hardness of heart, and contempt of God's law and commandments.

Satan accused me after I had done preaching; and you know he will try to preach, and he said, “True, there have been angelic ministers of old, but they are not necessary now. We want no revelation from them concerning the birth of Christ; we want no revelation from them concerning the glory of Christ, as they sang, ‘Glory in the highest!’ Moreover, you cannot prove to God's people that there are such angelic ministers about them, and their use is ceased.” “Well,” I thought, “if that be the case, there is no necessity for preaching it; and in a moment the

Lord raised up a standard against him. He said, "You have forgotten the words you quoted in the first chapter of the Hebrews of the grand distinction between the angels and the Son of God, and showed that he hath never spoken of any one of them in the language he did of his Son; from which the Holy Ghost argues by the mouth of his servant that they are not to be compared with the Son of God, for he is the Son of God in truth and in love,—the only Son of the Unity; there is no other such Son. I have often admired a word of Bishop Beveridge's; some of his sayings have never left me. I believe he says, "The Son of God became the son of man that I, the son of man, might be made the son of God." And again, "I believe in the God of Israel as the true God, because he is the incomprehensible God. An Indian may take up his god and run away with him, but our God is one we cannot comprehend."

Paul begins his epistle to the Hebrews about the Son: "When he bringeth his first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the angels of God worship him;" and this shall be done. "Who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his Person." This was a very admirable way of beginning an epistle to the Hebrews; for to this day they have a prayer-book, in which they have prayers to the angels, quite as bad as the Papists; for the Papists borrowed theirs from the Jews. Then at the end of the chapter the Holy Ghost begins again about angels, that they are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. And if they are to be ministers to the heirs of salvation, they must continue to be so till every heir of salvation is safe in glory.

I believe my text refers to the church of God; but in the first place it belongs to the Head of the church, as the devil quoted it to him, though he did not like to have it all. Just as his servants do to this day, he chose to leave out the next verse; that would not do: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

But as we preach from the whole word of God, I consider my text, first *mystically*, as referring to *Christ*; secondly; *experimentally*, as it belongs to *the church*. In which we have, 1, that angels are *ministers* under a charge; 2, *what their charge amounts to*: "To keep thee in all thy ways;" not in this particular way, or the other; but in *all* thy ways; and I consider it belongs to temporal things as well as spiritual. Then, 3, how they will *perform* their office; not as the priest and Levite did, when they went by and saw the man that fell among thieves. No; that is not the way God's commissioned ministers do. The angels must come close to them to fulfil their office. "They shall bear thee up in their hands." That is just as much difference as there was between the priest and the good Samaritan. There are many preachers in the present day, who, however clear they may be in doctrine, never come near you. They must not touch you. It is just as the poor woman answered the lady when

she asked her, "Why don't you like the man?" "Because he never comes near me." "What nonsense!" Well; but she was right; for we must be lifted out of our misery, by means of the ministry: "They shall bear thee up." Doubtless this is figuratively; for neither angels by nature nor angels by office have any need to use literal hands. And, 4, the *reason*: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." These are the stones of darkness. God's children cannot avoid all those hard stones that want to be removed. The promise is, their ministry shall amount to this: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper,"—shall not *touch* thee? No; it does not say so. Shall not *cut* thee? Shall not *prick* thee? No; it does not read so: "Shall not prosper," shall not send thee to hell; for that is the intention of the devil. The apostle says, "None of these things move me." None of these things *ver* me? He does not say so. None of these things *perplex* me, and *worry* me, and *try* me to the quick? No; but none of these things *move* me out of the love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, out of the covenant love of God.

Thus, then, thou shalt not dash thy foot against a stone. It shall not lame thee; and if a child of God wants something whereby he may know what a poor creature he is, he shall be like Jacob, when he called the place Peniel; for he saw the face of God, and his life was preserved, though when the sun rose he halted upon his thigh.

"You perceive, in the first place, my text is treated in the singular number, as though it was given to a single person; and this is because not only it was for the Son of God, but because all Israel make but one body; so that, if you read a promise intended for the support of God's people, the greatest prop in that promise is that it is Yea and Amen in Christ. Was it not for that, the devil would get the advantage of us, and say, "There is a condition in it," and the child of God would soon fall by this; but when God raises up the standard, the poor soul says, "Stop, Satan. The promises of God are secured to me, as a child of God in my covenant Head. Will you say that he has not done that which is the condition belonging to them?" No; he cannot. "Well," say you, "then the promises of God must not be looked upon by God's people for their worthiness, but simply because they are united to the Head of the church. But will not this make them careless?" I know nothing about that. It is put down by me as a blasphemous thing to say that the goodness of God and the loving-kindness of God would make his people dead and barren. No; I would no more believe it than you would believe if one were to say that a man's kindness to his wife made her unfaithful to him. Separate from this, I think that whenever people preach and lay too much stress upon God's children, it is a stratagem of Satan to keep Christ out of view."

"He shall give his angels charge over thee." Angels sang at his birth; angels kept watch over him when he was carried into Egypt and when he came out of it again; and angels kept watch

over him continually. And why angels, in the plural? Would it not be better if we had one in particular always about us?" No; I like it just as God would have it, and not as Papists say. "He shall give his *angels* charge over thee." Now, mark this. Did the Son of God want such consolation? It is not for me to make a long dissertation about it; it is enough for me to know that the Son of God in human nature relied upon the faithfulness of his Father. He walked by faith and hope, trusting in the Lord. All these things make him suitable to us; for the Holy Ghost says he was made like unto his brethren, tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin; and that made it all the more trying; and not as Irving once told me, if there were nothing peccable in his nature he could not feel it. I said, "Not so. When I walk in deadness and coldness, the devil says, 'You can do that little thing, you know. It is but a trifle.' But if I am walking close with God, it would cut me to the quick. Then, if I feel it so, what must the Son of God have endured under the keen cutting temptations of the devil? In proportion as a child of God is near God, he feels temptation the more. What, then, must it have been to the Son of God, who was harmless, holy, and undefiled, and separate from sinners?" It appears, then, it was needed by these tempted ones for the Son of God to have comfort and consolation from it in the days which the Holy Ghost calls by way of eminence the days of his flesh. Not that he is not now in the very flesh in which he was crucified; but those days when, "though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered, and was heard in that he feared;" which are such mighty words in the description of the days of his affliction and the days of his grief that I could not have uttered them had they not been left on record.

I want to know, dear child of God, canst thou meet with such a sweet apple-tree among all the sons of men? No matter whether you be cast down or whether you be on the mount, no companion for you like the dear Son of God in human nature.

Now these words were for the comfort of the Son of God; for he was led in a path very mysterious. We are quite sure the temptations in the wilderness were the life and heart of all temptation. None that ever befell the family of God were equal to this. "Well, then, according to your idea, the Son of God, in the days of his humiliation on earth, wanted comfort?" Yes, he did; and he had it too; for when the temptation was over, angels came and ministered to him. And had not the Son of God the words of God about his mind? Yes; for he says, "Thy law is within my heart." Then all the promises are his, innumerable as they are; for if ever there was a child of God that wanted these blessed promises, the Son of God wanted them more than all put together.

"He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." Just as he said in another place, "I will uphold thee; I will give thee for a covenant to the people." Why, the promises of God the

Father to his Son are so great, so mighty, so deep, that it is impossible to speak of them all.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee." But he was the Creator of angels. As God, he was; but he talks not now as of God, by whom all things subsist and consist, but he speaks of him as the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. "But could he not, as God over all, support himself?" Then he could not have entered experimentally into that grand text, that he endured all this that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest, full of compassion, over the ignorant and on them that are out of the way. For in that he hath suffered, being tempted, he is able also to succour them that are tempted. As a poor creature once plagued me how God could pray to God. "O," I said, "you are all confusion; you are confounding the things of God." The poor man shed tears, and said, "What would I give if I could address myself to the Son of God as you do." The poor man was all but distracted with Socinianism.

I return. The angels had a charge from God to mind that part of their work. From this I conclude that the Son of God was obedient in all things; not but that he could command them, as he said; but, being in the likeness of flesh, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, and was made perfect through sufferings. Thus he submitted to the Father's care in this wilderness. And will not thy heart burn with thanksgiving, dear child of God, that he should deal with thee as he did with his dear Son?

This charge is very comprehensive. They did so much and they did no more. So I conclude, if I am an elect vessel of mercy in trouble with them that are not, they might have a charge to take care of me and not of the others. And now a step further. All I have to say in treating this subject mystically, the experimental will come in so easily that you can go home and say, "If it were so with the Son of God in the days of his flesh, it is the same with me."

Now, what were they to do? "Keep thee in all thy ways." We have several grand things here. That the Son of God was obedient in all the ways in which his God and Father sent him is a great truth; that he wanted these angels to keep him so that nothing should be put in his way, must be very nicely handled. To keep him so as to be a comfort to him, is one thing; but to keep him in giving strength to him is bordering on a capital error. How soon a man may border on a great error. He required no addition from creatures. He was able and willing to do all God willed him to do, and he had this testimony from the excellent glory: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Angels came and ministered to him when the temptation in the wilderness was over. If the dear Lord had his angels coming to him, one and another bringing him bread, it certainly would



minister comfort to his body; but to beat the devil he was found alone. "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him." He once sought comfort from three dear souls he took with him. He prayed before them; but they fell asleep. He went to them, and said to them, as I would to some of the lazy ones that come too late or not at all, "What! Could ye not watch with me one hour?" No; all things must be done by him alone.

Thus, then, there is a distinction to be made between holding him up and helping him in the work of obedience he had to give to his dear Father. Christ had to do all. "No," say some men; "Christ did a part, and we must do the rest." Now, I tell you all that to mix up the work of grace in the hearts of God's people with the finished work of Christ is an attempt to insinuate that, though Christ finished his work, all may come to nothing if you do not do your part. But it is not so. As God's mouth I have to preach full redemption in Christ; complete justification in Christ. He had all things in himself. Nothing had to be added to him or to what he did. Then don't talk to me about faith sanctifying you, or faith justifying you. I will not give place for a moment. There is salvation complete for me in Christ, justification complete for me in Christ, sanctification complete for me in Christ; but that it is to be brought by faith and for faith to enjoy is true; but not to be added to the work of Christ.

"In all thy ways." Then there was not to be a something left out for men to do in lieu of the Holy Ghost's work in them. Not in a way to make them co-partners with Christ, but to let them know what Christ has done for them.

Now there is their *office*, and how they *perform* it: "They shall bear thee up in their hands,"—angels' hands. I once heard a man making a noise about the new school and the old school; and when he had done he could not bring Christ incarnate in at all. Well, these angels' hands is a figurative expression, as you have it in the Bible applied to the Lord: "The hand of the Lord;" that means his power; for God is a Spirit and has no literal hands. They shall guide you and bring you through all your difficulties. Why, they will do with you as a man would do with his infant son,—carry him in his bosom and not drop him. Carry him as the nobleman did, when he picked up a poor child in the midst of a battle-field, and carried him all the while. But the angels are to do it in a way that will make you and me not to be at a distance, not as in the fall of Adam; for then all things were made at enmity; for a holy being cannot but hate unholiness. Say you, "You must not hate anybody?" True, but you may hate their wickedness.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed;" and such was the ministry of angels. "They shall bear thee up. Not if they like; but they *shall*. You may take me for a strange man, if you are a stranger to me. "Do you not read in Matthew that the devil took the Lord, and carried him to a pinnacle of the temple?"

O yes. "And you hold this literally?" I hold what God's word says, unless I find the words are allegorical. "How do you get at it?" By the connexion. That will tell you whether it is allegorical or not; but the connexion leads me to no such conclusion in this case. What I was going to say is, the Son of God was not carried aloft immediately under the influence of the devil. "And do you think the angels fell asleep, as Milton dreams; nor would they leave their charge when they were most wanted?" No; there was an escort; and I am particularly assured they did bear him up; I believe the devil carried him there, because that was the temptation he must go into. The Lord has ordained that David should be led into a temptation, and the prayer of God's people being heard by reason of the everlasting Father's praying for them, is not that we should not be led into a temptation, but that we should be delivered from the evil. Then, to understand the matter rightly, I must, in the first place, be left to the temptation of the devil in this matter. I must be left in the sieve of vanity; must be left for the time being; but the angels will be true to their charge, and keep us at the very moment when the devil would throw us over the pinnacle, as he would have had our Lord throw himself over; but the angels' charge was to bear him up; and it was more than the devil could do to throw him over. I will give you a hint The prophet Elisha was in Dothan, and the enemies sent a host to take him. Could not God have hid him, as he did Jeremiah? Yes, he could; but, instead of that, he sent angels round the hill. "Alas, master," says the poor servant, "we shall surely die." That is just like unbelief. It says, "We shall certainly be ruined." "But," says the servant of the Lord, "do, Lord, open his eyes." And what a singular end of the story. He does not say, "Do not trouble me any more." No; he says, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." So I would say with the Lord Jesus Christ, with them is omnipotence, that gives them strength in their ministry; and from this you cannot exclude the Son of God. Well, the devil left him for a season. That is, he did not leave him entirely; for I believe he was a man of sorrows all his days.

I am taken by surprise in the time. They held him up lest he should dash his foot against a stone. This I must leave.

[There are some great truths in the above sermon; but we confess some parts of it are rather obscure. This may have arisen from the fact that Mr. A., being a Pole, was not always able to express himself clearly in English.]

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WHEN God elected his people in Christ, and reconciled them to himself, he foresaw all the evil that would be in them, both before and after their conversion; and if this did not prevent his choosing them and calling them, it never can be the cause of his casting them off, seeing that they are loved in Christ, in whom they are always viewed without any spot of sin.—*Sir Richard Hill's "Deep Things of God."*

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 240.)*

## CHAPTER II.

Verse 6. "*His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.*"

"*His left hand is under my head.*" He does support me:

"'Tis he supports this sinking frame."

Upholding, sustaining, supporting power is evidently intended by the "left hand under the head." As a tender parent gently supports the head of the sick child, so Jesus gently supports the poor soul here.

"*His right hand doth embrace me.*" But sustainment is one thing, and sweet sense of love, giving delight and joy, is another; therefore the right hand is represented as embracing. The love of Christ is felt in the heart. This is as flagons of wine; this is as apples of consolation.

The wine supports and cheers; the apples refresh and comfort. The soul is sustained and delighted, and would fain abide thus in the banqueting house, thus repose sweetly and rest in Jesus, and therefore cries,

Verse 7. "*I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.*"

The meaning is obvious. The soul desires a continuance of the sweetness and blessedness enjoyed, and is afraid of any interruption. Sometimes the least thing will mar the sweetest communion. "Our vines have tender grapes." Now the soul is in the enjoyment of that which it has longed after, and wants to retain it.

But the language is remarkable, and has led to some variety of views as to what is intended. The charge is given to the daughters of Jerusalem. Even the Lord's people may mar the comforts one of another; the busy flesh in one saint may spoil the spiritual enjoyment of another. Hence the exhortation: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God;" "Quench not the Spirit," as to his influences in yourselves or others; for there is a busy old nature within, as well as those things which are of a spoiling character without. The fleshly nature we came into the world with is incessantly lusting and warring against all the life of grace within. As a body of death it hinders, as a body of lively sin it works, and wars, and mars the divine inheritance. It defiles the temple-work of God, and it shall God destroy. The child of God here has had much experience of this, and found how often and how soon the workings of the old man, in some form or other, profane or religious, foolish or carnally wise, have marred the comforts and peace of the inner man. Hence the jealous fears expressed in the words under consideration: "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem," &c. Let all within,

and all without, keep still and be silent, that this sweet communion be not interrupted.

There is an adjuration, too, giving increased solemnity and weight to the words:

"I charge you by the roes," &c., meaning by all ye yourselves, ye daughters of Jerusalem, hold dear; by all that is sweet and graceful and precious to you, if you have any sense yourselves of spiritual things, any knowledge of divine love, any appreciation of fellowship with Jesus. Appealing thus to all that is good and dear to these daughters of Jerusalem, the child of God charges them not to mar by anything the peace and sweetness of her soul. In the same way Paul charges the Philippians: "If there be therefore any comfort in love," &c: It is the same thing, but not as here couched in figurative language, the nature of the two writings requiring for harmony's sake the difference.

But what is meant by not stirring up or awaking the Beloved? The thing is evident. The Lord Jesus is represented here as resting in his love. He has come in to sup with the sinner, and the sinner with him. The soul rests, and Christ, as it were, rests and reposes in the soul. He is not come, so it seems, as a hasty guest, who gives but a glimpse of himself and is gone; but to abide with the soul in the sweet sense of his presence and communications of his love. "Zacchæus, come down," says Christ, "for to-day I must abide in thy house." But the soul well knows that things may occur very soon to spoil all this,—inward workings of pride, legality, self in various forms; outward improprieties in others with whom the soul is brought into contact; therefore the charge that ye stir not up, nor awake (even) my love till he please. "I know he is a sovereign," the poor soul, as it were, says; "I know the husband comes and goes;" I know there is "a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;" but this I do desire, that nothing of an offensive nature in myself or others should be the cause of his departure. O! I am jealous of my heart, am jealous of the world, am jealous even of my friends, lest they stir up or awake my love before he pleases.

Verse 8. "*The voice of my Beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.*"

What is this voice? How does Jesus speak? The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. It is not an audible voice reaching the outward ear, nor some imaginary sound of words, apart from something else; but a voice of love and power reaching the heart; or, in other words, the motion of the Holy Spirit in Christ upon the soul of a child of God. This may be with a word of scripture, or without it. It may accompany the sound of words in the outward ear, and such an impression even upon the imagination as above, or not. The essence of it is a holy gracious influence upon, and operation in, the heart, which moves and melts and draws to Jesus. Augustine, at his conver-

sion, imagined he heard a voice, saying, "Take up and read; take up and read." This did not convert him; but he was led by it to take up the Bible, and he did read what the Spirit accompanied with light, life, love, and power: "Not in chambering and drunkenness." "But put ye on the Lord Jesus, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." His friend, Alypius, at the same time read the next verses, and Jesus spoke in them by his Spirit to his soul; and the two friends thus, at the same time, in different words, heard the voice of the Beloved.

Many outwardly heard the voice of Jesus when upon earth; but few heard him speaking to their hearts by the motions of his Spirit, and therefore died in their sins. "Who hath believed our report?" Those to whom the arm of the Lord, a precious Jesus, is revealed by the inward operation and power of the Holy Ghost. We take up then our Bibles and read. Our hearts remain cold, stupid, unaffected; but by and by a change begins to take place. The Spirit begins to work in and by the word; the mind is arrested; the heart moves. "This is the voice of our Beloved." We read a hymn, and at first, perhaps, get nothing; but at length the needed influence of a gracious power is bestowed; the words become sweet,—"the voice of our Beloved." We hear a preacher; all seems lifeless and insipid to us, until at length some word comes with this soft, secret, quickening power; at once the soul's attention is commanded as with Lydia of old,—"the voice of our Beloved." We go on our knees, and attempt to pray; our hearts are hard, minds dark, spirits very full of bondage. We are about to rise; but at once the heart begins to feel its insensibility, stupidity, and hardness departing. We now can pray. "The voice of our Beloved," in the Spirit's operation, has reached us. So it is in all holy things. The voice of the Beloved is what we stand in need of. The sheep hear this peculiar voice; it rouses up the slumbering faculties of the soul.

"My heart is in my ears,"

as Berridge writes. O this special peculiar operation of the Spirit upon the heart, whether with a word or without it, but never contrary to the revealed mind of God, is a thing unknown except by the dear children of God.

"Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

This operation of the Holy Ghost upon the heart is, in respect of its more powerful, soul-ravishing influences, excellently described in this Song: "I went down into the garden of nuts." Simply, that is to say, sought the Lord in means. "At length the Lord spoke; the Spirit worked upon my heart with his gracious soul-enlivening influence: 'Or ever I was aware, my soul made me as the chariots of Amminadib,'—as the chariots of a willing people; all ear, all heart for Jesus Christ: 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.'"

Now we see what this voice is,—in its essence a secret, sweet operation of the Holy Spirit as a spirit of life, love, and grace in

Jesus, upon the heart. O! Have we heard it? Do we know anything about it? Has it made us, with Elijah, wrap indeed our faces in our mantle, as it were, yet come forth to Jesus? If so, we know something of the meaning of the spouse's words. And do we now feel these light and life and grace-giving communications upon our hearts? Then can we say, "It is the voice of my Beloved."

Sometimes this voice speaks to us of one thing, sometimes of another. "He shall guide you into all truth,"—by degrees, as he sees proper and expedient. "I have many things," says Christ, "to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now." He does not drive his people, but tells them of things as they stand in need, and are able to bear them.

"So in the soul that's born anew

He keeps a gradual pace."

Sometimes he will speak in a word of gracious reproof, sometimes of warning. Sometimes he speaks in a promise, or an invitation. Sometimes he will speak more fully sweetly of love and blood; sometimes of his own love, sometimes of the Father's; "The Father himself loveth you;" sometimes of the equal love of the Three co-equal, co-eternal Persons in the God head,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; sometimes of election; sometimes more peculiarly of the cross and dying love; sometimes of final perseverance in his grace; and sometimes of a whole heaven of life and love to be enjoyed to eternity. "And they shall go no more out;" "And there is no night there." Then the soul enjoys a sort of spiritual translation, though still in the body. The gates of New Jerusalem are opened; the eye spiritually sees the King in his beauty; a little heaven is felt even now within, and an eternal heaven is longed for.

"I long to lay me down and die,

And find eternal rest."

Such, such is the power, the sweetness, at times, of this voice: "It is the voice of my Beloved." Where the voice of Jesus is, there he himself is likewise. His voice is grace, because he is grace: "Full of grace are thy lips." His voice is love, for he is love:

"O how he loves."

His voice is power, for he is the Mighty One of Israel.

"Hark! The voice of love and mercy

Sounds aloud from Calvary."

This is power; for there were horns coming out of his hands; or, if we take the marginal reading, "rays coming out of his side; for there was the hiding of his power: "Thomas, reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." The voice is heard, and Thomas cries, "My Lord and my God!" Jesus, then, is in this voice; the voice is Jesus. Paul, in another way, well represents this, when he says that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, in the

old creation, hath shined, himself hath shined, into the heart in the new. So in the Law there is the voice of words, but in the Gospel the presence of the Lord, and his love. (1 Kings xix.) God is love in Christ; and when he speaks in Christ he comes in love, in the degrees of it, into the sinner's heart. In the gospel God gives himself; and when he speaks by his word and Spirit to the heart, then he comes himself into that heart: "I will come to you." "The voice of my Beloved."

"Behold he cometh." O! Wonder of wonders! O the sweetness, beyond all sweetness! O life, O bliss, O honour beyond expression! I hear his voice; he speaks to me; he moves in my heart; he comes unto me to dwell with such a worthless one as I am. Salvation is come even to my house: "It is the voice of my Beloved. Behold, he cometh."

But some one may say, "Why this Behold?" "What so great a wonder is this? Do we not all call him 'our Saviour?' Is he not always with his people?" Ah, says the soul, I had got beyond the region of theories, notions, and mere general views of Jesus. I was in the dark valleys, surrounded by hills and mountains. They seemed to me to rise to heaven and to be everlasting. O these perpetual hills! But Jesus made them bow when he came leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. This is the cause of my wonder, that he should come to me; and so easily, and so sweetly, so unupbraidingly, "leaping," "skipping." I did not go leaping skipping to him; he came to me. There were mountains and hills of sins great and small, corruptions apparently invincible, immovable difficulties, obstacles, perplexities of all sorts and kinds. If I seemed to get over one, some higher mountain peak only rose in view. How to get over these mountains I knew not; and truly my very efforts and desires almost seemed to have come to an end; but then it was he came, and this is the cause of my wonder, that then he should come leaping, skipping unto me, as if he was the one to be gladdened, not myself. It was as the day of his espousals, and the day of the gladness of his heart. And then so easily; such an almighty easiness in his coming. Mountains and hills were all as nothing to him. He stood and measured the earth; he beheld and drove asunder the nations; and the seemingly everlasting hills were scattered, and the perpetual hills did bow. His ways, I see, alone are everlasting. I thought if ever he came to me it would be with such efforts, as it were, and bit by bit; one hill now got over, then another, then a mountain hardly surmounted. Thus I had planned it if he were to come at all. Then surely it would be with rods and scourges, or at least some bitter upbraidings for my wandering, follies, and unbelief, which got me into these deep dark places. My conscience told me how I had played the fool, and wandered from the fold; how basely I had sinned against such love as he had even already shown me; and then, behold, in the spite of all, he comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills, and kills me; not with terrors, but a kiss.

## GOD IS FAITHFUL.

My dear Brother in our Lord Jesus,—Grace and peace from God the Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ be with you and yours.

Still kept by the mighty power of God in this waste, howling wilderness, as monuments of his sparing mercy, what abundant reason have we to “call upon our soul and all that is within us to bless his holy name,” and to say, “He hath done all things well;” for although there are many things and events which appear to us as matters of contingency, yet we learn from the word of God that they are objects of his absolute foreknowledge; so that every minute circumstance of our lives is a link in the chain of his providence; for all our times are in his hands, who doeth whatsoever he will, both in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth. We may sometimes feel at a loss to reconcile many things which happen with our ideas of his justice and wisdom; but God acts as an allwise Sovereign in the disposal of events; and in all his dealings with us he is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, and we are sure eventually to discover that he permits and overrules all events and circumstances as most consistent with his own glory and our good. Blind to the wise arrangements of his providence, we may often stumble and murmur at his dispensations, and, like good old Jacob, say, “All these things are against me,” or, like David, “I shall one day fall by the hand of the enemy;” but the word of our God still stands as a record of his faithfulness and care over us: “All things work together for good to them that love God;” and “Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful.”

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

And when, as is sometimes the case, events and circumstances the most contrary to what are intended or expected arise out of the actions entered upon by us with the best of motives, how fully does it prove that “it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps,” that God’s thoughts are not our thoughts nor his ways our ways, but that as high as the heavens are above the earth so high are his ways above our ways and his thoughts above our thoughts; and, in difficulties and trials through which we may be called to pass, it is very blessed, when the Holy Spirit enables us to look back, and call to mind former deliverances from the hand of God. To the enlightened mind this review of past mercies is always a source of encouragement under present trials. Jacob, no doubt, often looked back with pleasure to the visits which God paid him at Bethel and at Luz, when he could say, “This was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven;” and on his dying bed he could say, “The God that fed me all my life long to this day, the angel that redeemed me from all evil;” and David, after many difficulties and trying



scenes of deep afflictions, on his dying bed could say, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." May it, my dear brother, be your happiness and mine also to bear the same testimony to the faithfulness of a covenant God. And I am persuaded this will be the case; for Jacob's God and David's Lord is our Lord and our God. To know this by the inward witness of the Holy Spirit inspires us with confidence; for "if God be for us, who then can be against us?" It brings faith into lively exercise, and we can say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." How oft have we proved with the poet that,

"When most we need his helping hand,

This Friend is always near."

This brings us into a humble dependence on his word and promise, and enables us to say from the heart, "Father, not my will, but thine be done," and we are led with humble and holy boldness to the mercy seat, to plead, as David did, "Lord, remember thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

April 4, 1848.

W. H. W.

## HISTORY OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

BY J. GADSBY.

(Continued from page 246.)

At the head of every No. will be seen a reference to several passages of scripture. These passages were originally put in full; but afterwards, to gain room, we omitted the text and merely gave the references. The passages were intended to set forth, in some measure, the doctrines we advocated.

A few remarks on the first passage, Matt. v. 6, by my father, I gave in April. I now give my father's remarks on the second passage, 2 Tim. i. 9:

"Here we find salvation stated before calling by grace; and, indeed, if we take a proper view of the subject, it was so in the mind and purpose of God. God the Father saved, or secured, the elect in Christ before the foundation of the world. Hence, Jude says, 'Sanctified by God the Father;' that is, set apart by God the Father, as the people of his holy choice, and so made the special care and charge of Christ: 'According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.' And though the elect fell, with the rest of mankind, in Adam the first, they never fell as considered in Christ; but, as the Holy Ghost says by Jude, they were 'preserved in Christ Jesus;' and in God's own time they are called.

"It is the believer's blessedness that each glorious person in the Godhead has a glorious hand in his salvation. God the

Father saved, chose, sanctified, or set him apart, in Christ, before the world was; God the Son took humanity into union to his personal Godhead, and thus became incarnate, lived a holy life, suffered, bled, died a solemn death, rose again from the dead, ascended up on high, having led captivity captive, and is now exalted at the right hand of the Father, ever living to make intercession for him. Thus Christ has meritoriously saved the elect by his life, obedience, death, resurrection, exaltation, and intercession; as it is written, '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? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.' Thus the blessed Redeemer 'was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification;' and, bless his precious name, he has been the destruction of death, hell, and sin. The gloriously blessed God-Man Mediator 'gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' So that, before the world was, the church was saved purposely by God the Father; in time, meritoriously by the God-Man Mediator, who now lives above to make intercession for them; and, in the day of God's power, they are saved manifestatively and vitally, by the 'washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.'

"Now, not a particle of this is either for, or according to, their works; for it is 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us;' or, as our text has it, 'Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, *not according to our works.*'

"What an indescribable mercy it is that salvation is of the Lord; yea, that God himself, as the God of Zion, is our salvation. Blessed, triumphant faith, under the sweet power and unction of God the Holy Ghost, can at times sweetly sing, 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation.' This salvation contains a complete deliverance from every foe and soul-damning danger, and it is a complete salvation to every real good. We have all spiritual blessings in Christ, all bliss and blessedness secured in him; for it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. He is full of grace and truth; and of his fulness we receive, and grace for grace. All things are the real believer's, for he is Christ's, and Christ is God's; and, as I said before, this glorious salvation is all of grace, not of works, lest any man should boast.

"Now, my text says, 'Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling.' This call is the solemn, soul-quickenings, heart-rending call of a holy God; not a mere call to hear the word preached, nor to attend upon public means; many are called to these things whom God never chose in Christ; but this is a

holy calling from death to life, from darkness to light, from the power of sin and Satan to the living God. This call makes the sinner feel his own guilty and ruined condition as a sinner against a holy God. He is called to see sin in the light of God's countenance, and to feel its awful plague, and tremble before God on the account of it; and he is called to feel that his case is too desperate for him to help his own soul. The more he tries and toils, the deeper he sinks in a feeling sense of his own ruin and misery. *Help himself!* He finds he can as soon create a world as do it. Therefore, with heartrending groans, he is called to cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' But he is effectually called to feel and see the emptiness of creature goodness, and to thirst for the living God; nor will anything short of Christ, and a full and free salvation by and in him, satisfy his quickened soul. Hope deferred often makes his heart sick; but still the divine power by which he is called keeps him to the point, and the issue shall prove that he is called to have fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, with his love, blood, sufferings, and obedience; to hold sweet converse with him, as his own Lord and Redeemer; and sweetly say, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.' For 'God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.' All the blessings couched in this glorious, endearing character, God has called the real believer to the fellowship of; and, in the Lord's own time, he shall share in the sweet enjoyment of them.

"O the wonders of God's love to his people! Come, poor sin-oppressed, guilt-smitten, law-wrecked, world-despised, Satan-hunted, self-condemned, heart-tortured, self-loathing sinner, hope thou in the Lord; for, with all thy fears and faintings, misgivings, staggerings, stumblings, sighings, and groanings, by and by thy dear Lord will manifestatively put his arms of everlasting love under thee, and say, 'Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck. How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love than wine, and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!' Thus the real Christian is called to be made partaker of Christ's holiness, and to hope in him as the God of hope; yea, to believe in him as the glorious Resurrection and the Life; and in the end feelingly to say, 'O Lord, thou art my God, and I will praise thee.' He is called to receive a full and free pardon through the blood of the Lamb, and to feel the soul-cleansing efficacy of that blessed fountain. In a word, he is called to hope in Christ, believe in Christ, trust in Christ, glory in Christ, teem out all his complaints unto Christ, confess with abhorrence his vileness to Christ, and supplicate his throne for daily grace and mercy; to live for Christ, and to live to Christ, and to be daily concerned to honour and glorify him

in this world. Christ dwells in him, and he dwells in Christ, and they are manifestatively one. Holiness is his delight, and sin is his burden. His sweetest and most heavenly moments are when he can hold intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, when the world drops its charms, and God is all and in all. He is, in the Lord's own time, called to feel that Christ has made him free, and he is free indeed; and with holy solemnity he exclaims, 'What, then! Shall I sin that grace may abound? God forbid! Shall I sin because I am not under the law, but under grace? God forbid!' Thus, he is called with a holy calling, by a holy God, to holy things; and at last he shall be called to heaven, when it shall be fully made manifest that he is called to a holy end.

"A few more struggles, poor burdened believer, and thou shalt see all is well. Expect no good from corrupt nature. God has called thee to feel that in thy flesh dwells no good thing. Why look for the living in such a dead, corrupt mass? God help thee to flee to, rest upon, and live in Christ. Thou art called to be partaker of his holiness, not thy fleshly works, but to flee from them, and daily to twine round and hang upon Christ. There may thy soul be stayed, for in him thou art complete, and nowhere else.

"Well, this salvation, and this holy calling, are not according to our works, but according to God's purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. Salvation, in all its bearings, is according to God's own purpose and grace, secured in Christ before time. Thanks be to God for that. All we feel and fear, all our sins and woes, all our darkness and deadness, loathsomeness and vileness, cannot alter God's purpose and grace, which is secured in Christ. Remember, poor, tried, tempted, tossed-about sinner, it is of God's grace, yea, God's purposed grace. Thy miseries tend to prove that this glorious salvation, this holy calling, are just what thou needest—just suited to thee; and it is God's own purpose to call thee to the sweet participation of them. They are thine by the solemn purpose and free-grace grant of a covenant God; and each glorious Person in the one undivided Jehovah takes pleasure in putting thee in possession of it. The time will come when thy Lord will say to thee, 'Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee; and thy land shall be married. For as a young man marieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee; and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee;' 'The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.' The glorious marriage of the Lamb and his wife will very soon be consummated in everlasting bliss and blessedness, and 'blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

“That the Lord may from day to day be graciously pleased to grant to his saved, called children much of his presence and love, is the prayer of,” &c.

The articles on the third, fourth, and fifth passages were by myself. I have since often wondered at my assurance, and have really blushed at my forwardness. “Only to think,” I have sometimes said to myself, “that, so long ago (now nearly 36 years), I should have been so daring!” But I was then in the full enjoyment of gospel liberty, and equally full of zeal; and I had no more doubt, as I state in my Autobiography, that I should be a minister, and a most deeply-taught one too, excelling even my dear father (O what presumption!) than I had of my existence. But the Lord taught me differently. I painfully learnt the truth of what my father says in one of his “Nazarine’s Songs:”

“Young Christians oft please their vain minds  
With wonders they hope to perform;  
But soon they come limping behind,  
Their courage all fail’d in a storm.”

And I am now as well persuaded that I never shall be a minister as I then was that I should be; nay, *better* persuaded; for my former conviction, I believe, arose from pride, while my present one is sincerely grounded on a deep sense of my absolute unfitness. So *deep* is this sense that I shrink from even engaging in prayer out of my own house; and I have never engaged in prayer in public without trembling and being thrown into a violent perspiration. But though the Lord has not blessed me with a special gift for the ministry or public prayer, I trust I may without presumption say he has made me unflinching in defence of the truths which, in the hands of the blessed Spirit, are the stay of my soul.

It must not be understood that I am ashamed of the doctrines advocated in the said articles. The doctrine of Election and all the grand and glorious truths connected with it are as dear to me now as they were when I wrote upon the subject. As *dear* to me, did I say? Yes, ten times more so. I have had a life of changes; of afflictions, of trials, of temptations; of wanderings in thought, word, and deed, and of renewed manifestations of Christ’s pardoning and redeeming love to my soul. And the longer I live the more I feel my wretched heart *striving* to fall in with the abominable suggestions of the great adversary. (And O, dear Lord, what *would be* the result?) Where, then, should I be, were it not for Election? Of this I am persuaded, that no man living feels himself more indebted to God’s sovereign grace than I do. Though, through abounding mercy, I have never been left to fall into what are called the grosser sins of human nature, yet this preservation is, on the one hand, as much an act of God’s grace as his pardoning mercy is on the other; for I know to my grief that I have it all within,—not the *seeds* merely, as is sometimes said, but the very *root*. But I am forgetting myself.

Then as to the article on Baptism. Though I see much in it

that I would fain withdraw, yet I believe the piece, as a whole, is unanswerable. Some of my dearest friends after the Spirit are not Baptists; but that does not cause me to love them the less, though I earnestly wish they could see as I see. What man, whether Baptist or not, with the grace of God in his heart, can read Huntington's "Contemplations on the God of Israel," and not feel his very soul knit to the writer? Next to my own dear father, there was no man's ministry ever made so useful and dear to me as that of the late William Nunn, of St. Clement's, Manchester, and the late Henry Fowler, of Gower Street. But I am a Baptist for all that, and hope never to compromise my principles. If there were two of the Lord's children equally dear to me, I would cleave to both if I could; but if circumstances really compelled me to give up one, I would hold fast to the one who was of the same faith and order as myself. And if I were a minister, and there were two places of truth in one town, the one a Baptist and the other not, I certainly should not think of aiding the latter while the former required my services, even though the latter might be far more respectable.\*

(To be continued.)

### A TROUBLESOME GUEST.

Dear Brother,—I am now at Everton, and free from London visitors; yet not alone as I wish, for a troublesome guest has followed me down from London, and abides in my house and teazes me daily. It is an impertinent acquaintance of yours whom I long to shake off, but cannot tell how he has got footing in my house, and neither soft words nor hard ones will drive him away. When awake he is continually complaining or yawning, and if crossed or put out of his way will hector and bully, and swears he will murder me. Dear Sir, what must I do with him? He vows he will be used like a gentleman, because one of his ancestors, it seems, was a nobleman; yet I find the name of his father was Sin, and his godfather's name is Satan; and the man's name is Esau,—as sorry a rascal as ever was born with the look

\* I have often thought it remarkable that my youngest sister should have been set at liberty under the ministry of Mr. Nunn and not under that of my father. In the account which was given of her in October, 1858, it was stated that after being tempted to put an end to her existence, and going on for about two years in deep distress of soul, she heard Mr. Nunn from the text: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" When she was enabled to respond, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;" and she often spoke of the blessedness of that sermon. After the appearance of that obituary, I had several letters, including one from Mr. Philpot and another from the late Mr. Peake, of Oakham, whose memory is dear to many as well as to myself, saying how much the account had been blessed. Mr. Nunn's body was interred in All Saints' churchyard, Oxford Road, Manchester, not far from that of my father in the Rusholme Road cemetery. I have several times stepped aside to look upon the tomb of the former on my way to gaze again upon that of the latter. The latter, the registrar assures me, has been visited by thousands of persons.

and temper of Cain. He minds neither law nor justice, and threatens if he can to stab me in the wilderness or drown me in Jordan. He tells me also that he has many brethren, and one of his name is acquainted with you and heartily hates your preaching. So much for Esau.

Now for your preaching and mine. Do we not wish to excel, and wish to have the preaching effectual? That blessed effect does neither depend upon genius nor learning, but on the unction from above, which may be had for asking, and had in abundance for asking abundantly; so that in every dry preaching we may say, "Have I not provided this for myself? There was water enough in the fountain to moisten my subject, but I did not draw it enough by supplication." Much thought on a subject beforehand may make it palatable to a hearer, but will not make it profitable except it smells of much prayer, as well as tastes of meditation. Our sermons will savour of our walk. If our walk is close, the sermon will be close; if the head be well anointed with oil, it will drop from the lip, and the tongue will tell what communion we keep.

Everton, April 14, 1774.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

### HEART RELIGION.

'MIDST all the opinions, contentions, and strife,  
Concerning repentance, salvation, and life,  
That ring from the pulpit and teem from the press,  
There's one consolation,—We are not left to guess.

For Jesus assures us, in language quite plain,  
We cannot be saved unless born again.  
The works of a creature, howsoever he live,  
A fitness for heaven no sinner can give.

The heart must be changed, the mind be renew'd,  
An appetite given for heavenly food,  
Desires be implanted that never will die,  
And needs made most urgent that God must supply.

This change is effected by power divine,  
For none but Jehovah the soul can incline;  
Though some men assert, with a positive air,  
That all that is needed is reading and prayer.

While others, more subtle, their opinions impart,  
And tell all their hearers Christ knocks at the heart,  
And urge them to open that he may come in,  
Or he may be offended and ne'er knock again.

The tears of an Esau, the prayers of a Saul,  
The repentance of Judas very short fall;  
A Cain may be sorry, a Pharaoh confess,  
And all this arise from the works of the flesh.

But regeneration cuts open the heart,  
Dissecting the sinner in every part,  
And raising him up, by the power of the word,  
To show forth the praises of Jesus the Lord.

Witney.

R. P. H.

## SPIRITUAL LOVE.

Dear Friend,—I dare say you have been thinking about us and how we are getting on. I can truly say there is no love nor any connexion, however close or dear, naturally, that is to be compared for one moment with that gracious love and affection that the children of God feel towards one another, and which Jesus is the author, sum, and the substance of; and it is a great grief to such souls when the enemy is suffered to worry and show up one another's failings and infirmities, in order to sow prejudice and discord among the brethren. But the accuser is cast down; and although he often worries, he cannot destroy. A troop may overcome Gad, but he shall overcome at the last, and sing "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

O what a mercy it is to be enabled to *prove* the word that has proved us, and to feel those gracious words of Jesus which he spoke home to the heart, in deep trouble, years gone by,—to feel his words still to be the same, and an anchor to the soul when the heart is overwhelmed. Yes, it is a felt solacing truth, and David felt it when he said, "This is my comfort in my affliction,—thy word hath quickened me." And these sacred times will never be forgotten. What a mercy to have a *Bible* help-meet and companion in time of trouble, and to feel the mountains of sin and sorrow flow down at the Lord's presence, and now and then to meet with some who sensibly feel and know these things and the changes and conflicts that the soul is tried and perplexed with, day by day, and who are blest with that humility and love that enable them to bear each other's burdens. This is a sweet place to be in, when we can pour out our hearts before the Lord, show him all our trouble, and pray for the prosperity of Zion and all those who love her. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

I was reading a most savoury rich letter yesterday of old John Berridge's,—it is rich indeed,—and a piece of poetry of the late Mrs. Sturton's. You will find them both in the "Standard" for 1857, pages 311 and 356. If you have them, read them.

We have been much tossed up and down in our minds, and Mrs. Glover has been very poorly, and still is very weak. I have sighed of late, "O for faith and patience," and to be blest to see and feel that there is a needs be, and that the Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; but that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, and that mercy and truth go before his face. Ingratitude, murmuring, and rebellion I hate, and hate to *feel* it; but what can poor helpless sinners do when temptation seizes them and Jesus seems to hide his face? These are our sorrowful times; but the sun ariseth again, and then we are quiet and clothed with humility and love.

Yesterday I felt hard buffeted and bound up in spirit and weak and ill in body; and just before I went out to the prayer-meeting, these words came with weight:



“What slavish fears molest my mind,  
And vex my sickly soul.  
How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,  
And yet I am not whole?”

But, although things were thus, I felt it good to be there. Friend Covell gave out the very hymn; and I could sing the following verse:

“Unjustly now these foes of mine,” &c.

Yes, and I had a good night after I got home, in reading some sweet things out of the “Standard,” and another letter of one whose letters have often done me good,—of G. T. C., April, 1850, page 125: “I am the way, and the truth, and the life.”

But I must conclude, and leave you to

“Go on to seek to know the Lord,  
And practise what you know.”

Yours affectionately,

Croydon.

H. GLOVER.

### ALL IN JESUS.

My dear Mrs. W.,—I thank you for your note, and that you should think of me. It does me good to hear from the Lord’s dear children, and to have a place in their affections. Still this is not enough; for,

“There’s nothing here deserves my joys;  
There’s nothing like *my God*.”

I trust it is not presumption to feel thus; but, as my beloved husband said to me, so say I,—I am a very poor creature, and a very *needy* one too. If I have riches, they are in Christ Jesus. For the most part my harp is on the willows. Is that not a sweet hymn:

“Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take.”

O to be a saint! What strong language for a poor thing like me to take to myself! I think I can say with you feelingly, the Lord *has been* and *is* and ever *will be*, in the midst of all my fears, gracious and merciful to *me*; all nothing without *genuine feeling*.

Just before your letter came, I sat pondering alone like this: “Lover and friend hast thou put far from me,” &c. &c.; “Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more?” Your letter seemed thus to me: “While I was musing, the fire burned.” David says, “Make me to know mine end, how frail I am.”

When I feel able to face this weather, I will, if permitted, see you at the chapel; for the Lord loveth the gates of Zion.

“There our best friends, our kindred dwell.”

I hope and believe his presence will go with us to the little chapel.

Farewell, dear friend.

Yours very affectionately,

11, Claremont Square, Pentonville Road,  
Feb. 9, 1870.

MARY KENT.

AND IMMEDIATELY THE SHIP WAS AT  
THE LAND.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—My former letter, which you were pleased to give a place among the comforting things contained in the "Gospel Standard," was introduced to the reader as "From a Far Country." Yes; here, in my earthly home, I am very far from you and the great majority of your readers; and yet how near I have felt, at times, while reading the precious truths presented in your pages; how near to you, to those who have so clearly and sweetly unfolded portions of the word, to those whose experiences under the dealings of the Lord with them you have published, and to all who love to read the same.

While thus enabled to read and feel what others have felt and expressed, whose earthly habitations are so far from mine and whose natural faces I have never seen, the sense of distance has faded away from my mind; or, rather, I have been raised in my soul's experience above the power of distance, and have held close, very close communion with them. This feeling of nearness I could not express but to those who have themselves experienced it. There can be no such nearness in a natural meeting. I feel a blessed assurance at times that it is a manifestation in my soul of that spiritual union which exists among all the people of God, that fellowship which is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and which is only known and enjoyed by those who "have come unto Mount Zion, and unto the general assembly and church of the First-born which are written in heaven." I feel that I am the poorest and most helpless and unworthy of all who have been permitted to enjoy a hope in a precious Redeemer; and it sometimes seems to me as though none who are truly of the family of God could be so sorely beset on every hand, and tried at every point, as I have been; and yet it is given me to love the brethren, and to receive a sweet evidence in many a dark hour from that love in my soul that I have passed from death unto life. Satan has tried me there, too, endeavouring to make me believe that I do not love them as the children of God; but there, through abounding grace, he has, it seems to me, most signally failed. How my heart has warmed towards those who have told the secret trials and deliverances that I have experienced in telling their own, or who have pointed them out in expounding the scriptures, as Mr. Philpot, in an especial manner, so often has done. How could I feel nearer spiritually towards those even with whom I converse face to face than I have felt towards that dear servant of the Lord.

Widely separated as the people of God are in this world, scattered here and there, and so few in comparison with the multitudes around them, yet they are all spiritually in that city which is builded "compact together;" and this close union is manifested in their being of one heart and one mind, and in speaking the same things, when exercised by the Spirit. It has been my privi-

lege to visit churches and brethren far apart from each other, and to see the same doctrine and order maintained, and hear the same experience of inward trials and deliverances, and witness the same love and fellowship. "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God." Hence comes this so perfect likeness among them all, wherever they may be found. Men may learn the letter of doctrine of human teachers, but this will not place them among the children of Zion, nor prepare them to speak or understand the "pure language." The Lord teaches through experience, such as Elihu recounts to Job (Job xxxiii. 14-29), and "sealeth instruction." We do not truly know any doctrine but that which the Lord has taught us in our own souls, himself applying the word of truth when he has prepared us to receive it.

But when I began this letter I was thinking of that "far country" from which "good news" is received with such delight, as cold water to a thirsty soul, by the Lord's people in this land of their pilgrimage. The Lord has said, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." How very far off the heavenly land appears to the poor, heavy-laden sinner, striving in vain to fulfil the requirements of God's holy law. Too far off ever to be reached by such a polluted being; just as far off as righteousness, and purity, and holiness are from the depths of sin, and vileness, and condemnation in which he feels himself to be. No way is open to the view of the poor sinner in which he can possibly reach the land of purity and peace and happiness, and he never makes any approach to it, but rather seems to himself to be getting farther away, until the blessed Saviour, the King in his beauty, appears to his wondering and enraptured soul as the way. Then he beholds that land, and enjoys its great delights.

How very far off, too, that land appears when we are looking to ourselves, where we can see only vileness and corruption; when the Lord has been pleased to hold back the face of his throne, and spread his cloud upon it; when "iniquities prevail against us," and with a wounded conscience and fearfulness of mind we are striving in anxious haste to make some offering for our transgressions, and work our way back to the peace we once enjoyed. When we are in this condition we feel alone in our sorrow, like a sparrow upon the housetop, far away even from the brethren who are nearest us in the body, although when our souls enjoyed peace we felt near to those who were far off in body, and could say, "I am a companion of all them who fear thee." When we lose sight of the dear face of him who is our justification and righteousness and peace, it is with us as it was with the disciples when they were in the ship alone, and a great storm arose. What toiling there is! What haste, and anxiety, and fear! How fearfully we cast about us, looking this way and that for the peace and comfort that were but lately ours, while our startled souls struggle with the fierce waves of trouble and temptation, but all

in vain, for the wind is contrary. How far off the land of peace and joy appears; for we are in the midst of the sea (Mark vi. 47), at our wits' end, for the boisterous waves seem about to overwhelm us, and we are ready to say, "Our hope is lost; we are out off for our parts." We look at the words of scripture that have formerly been sweet and comforting to us, but now we can get no comfort from them. O how solitary we feel; how desolate and afflicted. No communion with God, for there seems to be a cloud that our prayer cannot get through. No companionship in our deep trouble, for we cannot feel that any one has ever been in such extremity before. There is a constant groaning within us. We feed upon the bread of tears, and become feeble and sore broken. And even when we see some life and power in the scriptures, in the ministry of the word, in the ordinances,—the form of the Saviour walking upon the troubled waters,—how often it only increases our fear and perturbation of soul, making us cry out for fear, apprehending only a visit in the wrath we so well deserve. And with all our toiling in rowing, and all our crying and tears, we never find any lessening of the tempest, nor make the least approach towards the land, until the voice of our Saviour is itself heard saying to our souls, "It is I; be not afraid." Then how soon all is changed. The storm, in which we were so fearfully tossed and bewildered, is hushed at once, our toiling ceases, peace folds us sweetly about, and *immediately* we are at the land whither we went. We are entered into rest. Other eyes have seen the King in his beauty, and have beheld the land that was very far off. The presence and voice of our Saviour make all this wonderful change. Without him we can do nothing; cannot hear, or see, or feel anything of comfort; cannot have any "assurance of understanding," nor any enjoyment of our hope. But when he gives our souls a glimpse of his dear face, and causes us to hear his sweet voice, then the scriptures are clear, the way of salvation plain, comforts abound, and all is fair and pleasant. He bringeth us to our desired haven. However adverse the circumstances may be about us temporally, within us it is the season of all delight, when the flowers appear on the earth.

What wonderful power there is in the words that Jesus speaks to us. His promise of old was, "Therefore my people shall know my name; therefore they shall know in that day that I am he that doth speak. Behold, it is I." (Isa. lii. 6.) And this promise is fulfilled. Each one knows for himself when the Saviour speaks to him. Sometimes he speaks to us in the same words of scripture that just before we had been looking at or thinking of in vain. We had been repeating them over, but they were dry and barren of comfort, almost as unmeaning sounds. But now all at once there is life in them. "The words that I speak unto you," he said, "they are spirit, and they are life." We feel that he is speaking these words directly to us. How powerfully and yet how sweetly they flow into our souls. How eagerly and joyously

we open our arms to receive them, and fold them to our worn and broken heart, now all melted with tender thankfulness, and filled with solemn joy; for we feel the presence of Jesus in them, and hear his voice of love; and he comes, as he did of old, saying, "Peace be unto you." In that divine presence unbelief disappears; afflictions appear light, and but for a moment, and are patiently and joyfully borne; sorrow and sighing flee away; Satan's temptations have no power; and nothing can disturb the holy assurance and joy and love that he causes us to feel. Not even Death, with all the agonies he may bring to this poor body, can break the sweet serenity of the soul that is hearing the Saviour's voice, and resting in the everlasting arms.

May holy confidence and peace abide with you, and all who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Your unworthy Brother in Christian Love,  
Herrick, Bradford Co., Pennsylvania,  
Dec. 26, 1870.

SILAS H. DURAND.

### THE LIVING WAY.

My dear Brother and Fellow Pilgrim in the King's Highway,—  
A secret to all but those of whom the apostle speaks: "If ye are led by the Spirit of God, then are ye the sons of God." And none but these can ever find the entrance into the holy way; the redeemed of the Lord (his sons) they shall walk therein, and not stumble, not fall from grace; why? God their Father hath made them up for glory. And they are "not appointed to wrath, but to obtain salvation," by our Lord Jesus Christ. They are all born kings, sons, priests, to offer up spiritual sacrifices by our Lord Jesus Christ. All by him is accepted by the Father, which they present to God through him. And as they are the sons of God, and the precious sons of Zion, their clothing is of wrought gold. And this is prepared for them by the King himself. And the King is so desirous of their beauty, and so full of love towards them, that he will not cease to act in and for them. Hence the filthy garments must be removed, to make place for the King's robe, which he will have his beloved adorned in; so that she may be a fit companion for her Lord. And all this from love, and not from what men boast of, works.

Mark, my dear brother, "The unclean *shall not* go up, or be found therein." The way was never designed for them, and it is impossible for any serpent to work its way into it. But grace brings all her children into this way; for them it was cast up. And they who walk in this divine, heavenly-made way, are without fault before God. If the unclean cannot walk therein, then it must follow that all who do walk in it are clean. And how can this be, seeing we daily feel ourselves to be filthy, vile, unclean, and polluted from head to foot?

Now here are two things we must notice; viz., *walking and feeling*. Had I no life, I could not walk; had I no life, I could

not feel. Now, notwithstanding all our felt corruption, baseness, blackness before God, still we walk and feel. Then have we life, and this life is from Christ, who is our life; and if we have life in him, and this life is given to us to walk and feel, "I give unto them eternal life," then have we also purity in him. "Now ye are clean through the word." All our imperfection is from ourselves. All our perfection before God is as we stand in Christ our Head. Is he holy? So are we. Is he without fault before God? As members of his body, so are we. Who, then, shall charge the elect of God with that which God himself hath laid upon his beloved Son? Yes, taken it all away from us, put it upon the shoulders of our Surety, and he has borne it all away. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Since it is God himself who is their justifier; yea, since Christ was dead, and is risen, and now appears in the presence of God for them.

My brother, sin will be a burden, one which we shall bow down under, which will cause us hours of sorrow and sometimes nearly sink us into utter despair; under which we shall groan, and through which we shall often conclude we are out of the secret, out of Christ, have no part in him. Here I very often find myself to be, and faint in the way; and yet I hold on in the way, often saying I am not in it, and yet walking therein. Sometimes I hear the voice of my Beloved. Then I can say he is mine. Then he takes himself away, and I cannot find him; yet I am still kept in the good old way, feeling I am a most wretched, filthy, polluted man, in myself, crying, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?" And am as sure as that I know I am a living man that if mercy do not, if love do not, if eternal grace do not, nothing else can.

But, my dear brother, it is not all wretchedness, misery, dearth, barrenness, and desertion. Blessings on his dear name, no. Sometimes the Deliverer comes, and comes in the fulness of divine love and tender mercy. And then the workmanship of his hands can glory in a finished salvation, in the cross of Christ, and his name to me is as ointment poured forth, healing every wound which sin has made. Then my ransomed soul can go forth in the dances with those who make merry, and rejoice as those who divide the spoil. Then I can, from feeling, say with the great apostle, "I live." And what a mercy to be alive, to be quickened, to know we are in the womb of eternal grace.

"O to grace how great a debtor!"

By the *faith* of the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave himself for me. (Gal. ii. 20.) Mark, the faith here is called the faith of the Son of God. Not *my* faith, but that which is wrought in me by the Holy Ghost. And so our precious Jesus is both the beginner and finisher of all saving faith. "All men have not faith;" but Christ liveth in the hearts of all his; "And you hath he quickened." Hence "Christ is in you the hope of glory." "I in them." And so Paul could say, "Crucified with Christ; but Christ liveth in me." The grace of God which brings salvation

to every afore-prepared vessel constrains a man to hate and love; to embrace and forsake; to die and live; to overcome and yet be overcome; to rise and fall; to groan, sigh, mourn, and weep, yet to rejoice with joy unspeakable. What a wonderful thing is grace! Why, but for it you and I might have been in hell; at least, sure I am we should have been going in the way to it, and fitting ourselves for it, body and soul.

“Since Jesus in covenant love did engage

*A fulness of grace to display,*

Not one of the ransom'd shall ever be lost;

The righteous *shall hold on his way.*”

How different the life now to that when we were in the devil's service, slaves to our lust, fulfilling the desires of the flesh. Then we were carnal, sensual, devilish, sold under sin, living and walking according to the course of this world. Whilst we know something of the workings of this within often now, yet we cannot live in it. And why? “*Grace shall reign;*” and “*Sin shall not have dominion over you.*” The devil will strive to regain his lost subjects; but grace holding the throne will not suffer him to conquer. No; bless God, when he took us from the devil, it was for ever. Can you, can I, live as we once did? I cannot. These old things, which used to please my natural self, are passed away. They are dead things to us now. And why? Because we are new creatures in Christ. And this new creature cannot feed upon old things. No. I must have new covenant things; such as the blood of the covenant, the grace, the peace, the love, the best wine, the water of life, the bread from heaven, the fruit from the tree of life. Praise God for all these things of the everlasting hills. There is no fulness in the old things; they are vanity; but here is a fulness, a blessedness no tongue can tell, no pen can express. “And of his fulness have we received.” And this is what has parted us from the old things. And how much better do we find the new things. We want to lie down in them, know nought about anything else but them. What, then, can compare with these things, which are ours? “All things are yours.” “Eye hath not seen them, ear hath not heard of them, but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit which dwelleth in us.” Ah, my brother, let men, blind men, say what they will; all is nothing worth but what the Spirit reveals. We have thousands claiming relationship to Jesus, but denying the power. From such turn away; come not thou into their secret. Will a man rob God? My brother, all who take the power out of the hand of God the Holy Ghost, and make man a beginner, a part saviour, such are thieves and robbers. They come but to steal from God, and give the glory to man. But the sheep hear them not. Why? Such ministers have got nothing for the sheep to feed upon. They are wells without water, dry breasts which have not the sincere milk of the word for the babes, upon which alone they can thrive.

God says, “By my Spirit;” but men say, “By *our* spirit, by

our free-will." But O! To feel we are alive by the will of God; by the Spirit of God! And this is the only way God can be known. "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and they to whom he will reveal him." Well, bless God, I do believe he has done great things for you; and ye shall see greater things yet, after ye have suffered awhile. This precedes the crown of eternal glory.

Ah, my brother, I daily find much in my old Adam nature to oppose my living in Christ; and these prevail to such an extent, at times, that were you to see and know me as I do myself, you would conclude I was a dead and not a living man. But my God has appeared for me thousands of times. He suffers the devil and my heart to have it a great deal their own way, at times, but not all their own. I know well what it is to be thrust often at by the enemy, and I can say in truth I know what it is to be upheld by the Lord; "kept by the power of God." But for this I could not hold on my way. And I shall never forget Campbell Pare, when and where God led me into and opened my eyes more fully to see the glorious truth which was by many then, and is now railed against; but it has been a stay, support, and comfort to my soul many times since then, and to this day; and I hope to live and die by it. Take away eternal love from the word, and what have we left? Eternal purposes, and what is left? The making willing in the day of God's power, and what have we left worth having? What an unspeakable mercy, then, to be made alive, created in Christ for his own glory, and to be brought home to glory: "Where I am, there shall ye be also." And, mark, this life is not a mortal, but an immortal one. Hence he who is our life has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And herein we have assurance given, which is truth, and no lie. And the cry of a living soul, in union with Jesus, is, "Let my soul live that it may praise thee." A living soul cannot live in the world so as to be of the world, because he is one who is chosen out of it, called out of it, and has faith given him which gives him the victory over it. O to know what Job saith, "Thou has granted me life and favour, and thy visitations preserve my soul." There are hundreds of scriptures to prove that when life is once given it cannot be lost again. Our life is in Christ our Head, of whom we are members; and so, "when he who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him." Who shall prevent it? What shall separate us from him who laid down his own life to bring life to us? Bless his holy name, we are safe in him over whom death hath no dominion.

And, my brother, you are a living witness that the divine life which God the Holy Ghost is the sole author of in all the quickened, that this life is eternal, and cannot be lost. Many years have passed over you since the Lord quickened your soul; and how much have you to lament over! How often have you gone astray! How much sin have you committed! And amidst all, God was not willing that you should die. He was long-suffering



to you. He has not put you away in anger; but his hand has been stretched out towards you. He went after you into the wilderness, when, like a lost sheep, you were gone astray from the fold, and he has brought you back again. Thus grace reigns. Grace all the work shall crown, and grace shall have all the praise.

You have also seen the good hand of God towards you in affliction and distress; and what is this but the making good of his word, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Nigh you have been to the gate of death, and yet you were preserved from going down to the pit. O, my brother, truly we are kept by the power of God, and, therefore, nothing shall harm us.

You ask me if I think you are wrong in remaining away from the professing churches around you. We are to "try the spirits;" and if you have tried them, and found them liars unto your soul, dry wells, no sweet savour or dew in their ministry, nothing to feed, refresh, and comfort you, how can you sit under them? How can the dead give to the living? God's ministers are to feed his sheep; and if you can go in and out among them and find green pasture for your soul, savoury meat, such as your soul loveth, then go; but if not, stop away; and God will feed you with the bread of life. Do you feel any union with them? No. Then you cannot have communion and fellowship with them. You may hear some truth advanced; but if I have a loaf of bread, I like it all of flour; but the bread of the day is part flour and part gravel; and so the whole is unpalatable to the living soul. How can these men teach us God's truth who are not taught of God? They have no unction from the Holy One which God's loving are anointed with. They have no oil in the vessel, no wine to cheer the faint, no power to take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of God's people; but are themselves stumbling-blocks to them often. And I do not think you are wrong in stopping away from the congregation of the dead and a dead ministry.

Myself and my dear wife are kept in life and in the way; and at times are favoured with a visit from our Jesus, our King, whose we are, and whom we serve. We have three little ones alive, and one we have laid in the grave since I left the army.

You may want to know what I am doing. I am preaching Christ and his salvation, as he gives me power so to do. I am over a little Strict Baptist church here.

Your Brother in the Lord,

Canterbury, Jan. 12, 1871.

JOHN ROWDEN.

THE son of God became man; the Lord of glory emptied himself. It was the Lord of angels that took upon him the nature of a Servant; the Lord of life shed his blood. It was the Son of God that stooped down infinitely below himself into our nature, to be a sacrifice for our redemption. He that was greater than heaven became meaner than a worm. — *Charnock*.

## KING OF KINGS.

"And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS."—REV. XIX. 16.

JESUS, the Sovereign King,  
A regal sceptre sways;  
His subjects with allegiance sing  
His well-deservèd praise.

His glory far excels  
The kings of mother earth;  
Within his people all he dwells,  
E'en by a second birth.

Earth's kings may war and fight,  
And man his fellow kill;  
In robes of uncreated light  
Christ does his pleasure still.

The armies of the skies  
Attend his beck and nod;  
His people, graciously made wise,  
Adore their King and God.

In love and peace he reigns.  
His chosen nation still  
His royal right to rule maintains—  
Performing all his will.

With questionable *ends*  
Some join the church below,  
Professing to be Jesu's *friends*,  
Though each a bitter foe.

But, though the world and they  
Combine, with one consent,  
To sweep the church of God away,  
Its King will this prevent.

Jesus is over all;  
He puts his foes to shame;  
Though earthly empires shake and fall,  
His kingdom stands the same.

In providence and grace  
He is his people's King;  
And where he sees a needy case  
He doth salvation bring.

His poor with bread he fills;  
Their wants to him are known;  
The cattle on a thousand hills  
Are his, and his alone.

Unlike the kings of earth,  
Who know but subjects few,  
Before their first or second birth  
His family he knew.

He consolation brings,  
And help for aye affords;  
He is, indeed, the **KINGS OF KINGS**,  
The mighty **LORD OF LORDS**.

He will appoint a place  
 To every faithful one,  
 Kept faithful by his Spirit's grace,  
 Beside him on his throne.  
 And in the word 'tis said,  
 When death has brought them down,  
 The members of the living Head  
 Receive a glorious crown.  
 When all the saints shall meet,  
 And time shall be no more,  
 They'll cast their crowns at Jesu's feet—  
 The King of kings adore.  
 He took the sting from death,  
 E'en when he deign'd to die;  
 And with his last expiring breath,  
 "'Tis finish'd!" hear him cry.  
 Take from my sinful heart  
 The dearest idol known;  
 Rule thou, and never with me part,—  
 MY GOD, MY KING alone.

S. G.

## ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

E. S. signifies that she is anxious to unite herself to the Lord's people, but hesitates as to so doing because afraid she is unfit and would not be received, the two difficulties in her experience being the impossibility in her case of discovering a distinct beginning and also her inability to say as great things as some others.

We conclude E. S. wishes to enter into outward church fellowship in an orderly manner by being baptized, and we will endeavour to make a few remarks to assist her in understanding her own case, reminding her that the Holy Ghost is the only true and perfect Sealer of his own work on the soul. 1, As to the *beginning*. We must here cleave closely to the word of God. Our friend says she cannot remember a time when she was without anxieties about her soul and fears of the wrath to come. Very possibly; but is this a fatal objection? Certainly not. John the Baptist was sanctified in the womb, and left at the salutation of Mary. The Lord, too, compares the beginning of the kingdom in the heart to the planting of a grain of mustard seed. These things show us that the commencement of the real work in the heart, though of God, may be very imperceptible; and many of the Lord's people, brought up in religious families, find it exceedingly difficult to time the beginning of the work in their souls. Well, then, what seems the wise course? Why, to see whether the work itself has the characteristics of a genuine work of grace. If we see a tree, we know it was planted. Is, then, religion the main thing with the soul? Is the Bible as the word of God to it, speaking to the heart and conscience with a divine authority and power? Are there such convictions of sin and a lost estate by nature that the soul is helpless and hopeless without Christ, and

is obliged to renounce all hope of standing before God in any goodness or merits of its own, and therefore flies to Jesus for a full and free salvation? Is the power of the Holy Spirit felt to be needed, to enable the soul thus to go to Jesus? And is salvation heartily owned to be of the Lord? In short, is the cry of the heart, "Give me Christ, or else I die?" If all this gracious work is found in a person, who need question for a moment whether the beginning was of God?

2, As to the *not being able to speak* of such things as some others can, what again of that? We must not measure ourselves by one another, but by the word of God. Can we say what scripture requires? Have we been given repentance towards God and faith towards Jesus Christ? Have we turned from idols to serve the living and true God, and wait for his Son from heaven, even for Jesus? Does the grace of God, which brings salvation, teach us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this world, looking for a better? Do we feel the plague of our own hearts, and groan under it, crying, "O wretched, wretched!" yet looking to Christ to deliver? These are things common to the saints, while some things are special. The right use of the experiences of others is for consolation and stirring up of desires after greater attainments, and also in some cases inquiries as to whether we have attained to essential things, but not to cast us down because they are *men* of God and we can only say of ourselves we are little *children*. It is of the greatest importance that we cleave to the word of God, looking to the light and grace of the Holy Spirit in determining our states as to eternity and the final judgment of God; and when still perplexed, our best course is to lay ourselves down before the Lord, begging him, as "the Greater than Solomon," to solve our hard questions for us. We think we can encourage our friend to trust and go forward.

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## Obituary.

JAMES HAMMOND.—On March 8th, in his 90th year, James Hammond.

My beloved father was born at Gosport, Nov. 4th, 1781. His father, John Hammond, was a carpenter, in Her Majesty's dock-yard, Portsmouth. He was a gracious man, and his wife was also a partaker of the same grace, and died in sweet and blessed assurance.

My father was effectually called when 17 years of age; and, after suffering much from conviction of sin under a deep law-work in his conscience, he was delivered, and lost his burden of sin and guilt in an instant, while reading a work of dear John Bunyan's on the Two Covenants. Then he said for the first time in his life he knew what grace was.

He was very much favoured in secret when a young man, al-

though in company with wicked men, with whom he was called to work. He used, when in London, to hear that blessed servant of Christ, William Huntington; but the Lord did not particularly bless his ministry to his soul. I remember well when I was a boy, how my father used to tell those with whom he conversed what the Lord had done for his soul. He fell into a sad state of worldliness, and was permitted to restrain prayer, I think, for twelve months; but, through mercy, he was restored by "terrible things in righteousness." Having suffered more than in his first convictions, I believe this was overruled for his good all through his long life, and was the Lord's gracious means to keep him walking tenderly in the fear of God. He was much blessed, and had a good experience of the Lord's mercy and goodness. He was much alone, and it might be said of him, he walked and talked with his dear Redeemer; and many times has he been seen overcome by a sense of undeserved mercy. He first opened our little cause at Gosport, reading the works of Huntington, Bunyan, Philpot, and others; and the Lord condescended to bless his labours in this way, both to his own soul and the souls of many others, until we had a settled ministry.

As he was getting in years, I began to put down now and then some expressions that dropped from his lips, and now desire, in the fear of the Lord, with a single eye to his glory and for the good of his chosen people, to communicate some of them, as the whole would be too much to insert in the "Gospel Standard."

On Nov. 4th, 1852, being his 71st birthday, he said, "The power and sweetness that I felt from the following verse was such that I could say from my heart, "For me, for me!" I had such a sight of my unworthiness as a sinner and of the goodness of my God and Saviour, that my soul was melted in deep contrition before him. I could say with Hart:

"Almighty God, sigh'd human breath;  
The Lord of life experienced death.  
How it was done we can't discuss;  
But this we know, 'twas done *for us*."

These lines he wished to be put on his tombstone, they were so blessed to him.

Oct. 30th, 1860, he did not get to sleep till about two o'clock in the morning, being exercised in his mind. Before sleeping he was led to consider the Lord's mercy in raising up some of his (my father's) children to call him blessed, and felt grateful on account of the Lord's goodness to his daughter, who was in affliction, but had been favoured in her soul; and likewise with the Lord's dealings with himself, so that he could talk with the Lord Jesus upon his bed with familiarity. He had, he said, been waiting for a visitation some time, and had lately felt his heart softening.

Nov. 4th, his 79th birthday, he was favoured in the morning service and at the ordinance. The 4th verse of the hymn 216 was especially blessed to him:

"Dear Lord, more drops of honey send," &c.

At various other times he said, "I do love the dear Redeemer. He has won my affections. I can say that from my very heart. Every child of God is brought up to judgment in this life, and gets his acquittal. I want no other companions but the Lord's people."—"Sometimes a thought will thrust in: 'Suppose I should be wrong after all.'"—"What should I do without the atonement? There is nothing else to lean upon." He said he had been thinking that he had gone many errands to a throne of grace on my behalf, and hoped I should be led there in his behalf. He believed that I should be brought out of my trouble, and the Lord had answered his prayers for me; not but that he believed it would be all right with him; but Paul desired the prayers of others. He said, "When they thought you were gone to drown yourself, I stayed at home; but I was much tried about you." "He has loved me with an everlasting love. I love my children; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ better than all. He is the best Physician ever I knew. I love him. I feel just fit to fall into the dear Redeemer's hands. I have had a view of Christ by faith. I was in great trouble, and thought I should go to hell, as much as I believe I shall now go to heaven. My burden was gone in a moment." He said he had been so blessed at times as to be scarcely able to stand. He also said,

"More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven;"

repeating, he was not so happy, but quite as secure. "The eternal God is my refuge still."

After the ordinance (Sept. 1st, 1861), he spoke to the friends of the Lord's goodness to him in his late affliction. Encouraging and cheering language dropped from his lips. He called it his dying testimony.

On his birthday (Nov. 4th), he was in a good frame of mind. He had been favoured in the night; his meditation was sweet on these words: "Full with the blessing of the Lord." This, he said, was the case; he was full to the brim. We had been begging for this for some time; he envied no one his health. Though so full, he could not vent his feelings for tears.

Dec. 23rd was a very trying night. He supposed he had been up twenty times owing to his affliction. Thinking on his condition, after a pause, he said, "Shall I murmur? Shall I quarrel with my Maker?" After this he had a blessed season. His spirit meekened and his heart softened. He felt the love of God with power, and love flowed from him in return. He said it was such a wonder that the Lord should bless him so in his old age, and he thought what a good time it would be to depart. He praised, and blessed, and magnified his name. His heart was full of gratitude, there were the Bridegroom and the bride, and their affections met. He could bear his painful cross. Everything was right.

The next day he went into the shop where the Lord stopped him when about 17 years of age, when this impression was fas-

tened upon his mind: "If there is not an alteration I shall be damned for ever." He thought he must have put his feet upon the very spot where he was standing 65 years ago. He felt affected in the shop, and said to the proprietor, "It is a great thing to be saved."

On his 84th birthday, while at breakfast, he was favoured with these words:

"My Jesus has done all things well;"  
and afterwards:

"His loving-kindness, O how free!"

After a very trying night (March 8th) with his old complaint, he came down stairs, and said, "I have felt the worth and value of a dear Redeemer. I felt certain that I should have been destroyed for ever if it had not been for him. It broke me all to pieces. I cannot believe that the Lord will ever forget me after what he has done for me. Nothing but the atonement will do.

On Nov. 14th, 1869, he said, "I have had a trying night, and I have a word of instruction for you. I have had such a sight of my sins that if the Lord dealt with me according to my deserts I should perish after all." After this he had a blessed time of communion with the Lord, and talked with him as with a near friend. He was the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. It was all love and blood.

On the last evening of 1869 I was in his room, and he had a kind of fainting fit. I thought he was dying, and stood by him, weeping. After a time he began to recover, and then, as from a spring, he began to utter forth blessed expressions, some of which follow: "The Lord is all my desire, my heavenly home. He's mine. All's done. He's mine, and I want no other. All's well; all's safe. Blessed refuge. He can't forsake. He has borne all my sins away. He is my all, my refuge. Bless the precious Redeemer. All my hope and desire is toward him. He is my all. Matchless mercy. My everlasting Friend. He is my safe refuge, my resting-place, my God, my life. He has borne all my sins into the land of forgetfulness. Saved, saved, with an everlasting salvation. My soul hangs entirely upon him. Pardon of sins, precious pardon. I have nothing else to hang my helpless soul upon. I have no other, I desire no other. His Spirit shall never leave us." Speaking of death, he said, "O! What a change! O! What a safe change. Rest, rest, what a wonderful rest! His loving-kindness, his tender mercy. My soul hangs upon my loving Saviour. He is a precious Saviour, the Lord of heaven and earth. He has saved. My God, my guide, and all my desire. I love that blessed Redeemer. He won't lose me; he has saved me with an everlasting salvation. I love him, I love him above all. He is my God and my peace." To those in the room with the doctor, he said, "Are you all settled about your eternal state? I am settled; I am safe. I'm as happy as a prince; complete before him in love. What an everlasting blessing that he has taken my sins on himself. It is all settled, and I am

housed in him,—going home to that blessed Redeemer. It is eternally done,—all done; going home. There's no variable-ness nor shadow of turning in him. My friends, my friends, it is not a trifling thing to be without the Lord of life and glory. He is the spring of all my joys and delight. It is a retreat indeed. I believe the Lord will shortly take me home. What a blessed home! I am the way, the truth, and the life. No other way but the dear Redeemer! I'm ready! I'm ready! when he pleases to take me. My soul stands complete in him, loved with an everlasting love. I am not afraid of death. Death has lost its sting. I'm waiting for the Lord to take me home. I'm satisfied about it."

Dec. 9th, 1870, amongst other things, he said, "A sinner saved by grace, sovereign grace alone. Grace, grace, grace unto it! I've nothing to pay; Christ paid it all. What a wonder! He suffered, bled, and died to save sinners. O the balm of Gilead, that precious atoning blood. Bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord my God, I have asked the Lord to prepare me for the change, and I am looking for an answer. Sweet converse I have had with my Redeemer, and he was all attention. O the blessed times I have felt precious blood here," pointing to his breast. "I thought I was going to destruction after all; but he came again and again, and pardoned my sins. The devil is a busy adversary; I have found him so."

Towards the latter months of his life he was like a wreck, both body and mind, and frequently did not know his own relations; still on the best things he was clear and firm generally.

On the Saturday before his departure, he said to one of his grand-daughters and others very solemnly, "I am going to be put into my coffin, to be nailed down. I am going home. I shall be happy, happy, happy! Which of you shall I meet in the kingdom of heaven? There are only two places, heaven and hell; everlasting happiness, everlasting misery. Solemn thought! I am bound up in the bundle of life. Behold what manner of love," &c. &c.

He entered into his everlasting rest on March 8th, 1871, in the 90th year of his age.

May, 1871.

ALFRED HAMMOND.

[Our friend Hammond must not feel hurt at our having so much curtailed this account. Had we inserted it in full, it would have occupied a quarter of our magazine. We serve all alike. Friends do not sufficiently consider our limited space.]

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THOMAS VAUGHAN.—On March 17th, 1871, aged 70, Thomas Vaughan, a member and deacon of the church at Frederick Street, Birmingham.

He knew the Lord for more than 50 years, though the work of grace upon his soul was gradual. The Spirit early convinced him of his state as a sinner, showing him at the same time the emptiness of earthly things. He was often drawn away from the



world, enjoying the sweet operations of God and his love. Still he was, in a great measure, at enmity with the grand doctrines of grace. He used to visit some relatives who spoke of the doctrines of the gospel; but he hated them on account of their contracted views, as he called them, in religion. He said, "I thought their mouths, when they were speaking, were as narrow as their views."

After being some years in the way, he was induced to go and hear a Mr. Lake, who was called an Antinomian. He took for his text Rom. viii. 1. He showed so clearly the impossibility of salvation by the works of the law; also how Christ was the end of the law, and how the people of God were in Christ and their blessedness, that not only were his prejudices and his ideas of doing something towards his salvation taken away, but his soul was set at liberty, and a blessed union established in his mind towards the preacher. After a further discovery of his nature's evil, the Lord was pleased to give him these words with power: "Thou art all fair, my love."

He passed through many trials, both of body and mind, and being naturally of a desponding turn of mind and of a nervous temperament, these weighed heavily upon him. A few extracts from his writings, found after his death, may be useful to some of the family of God.

"Feb. 9th, 1862.—When I look back upon my past life, how I have sinned against light and knowledge, how lukewarm and half-hearted I have been, and how I have often felt pride and self-exalting in my heart, even when engaged in conversation with God's people about divine things, and also in public worship, were it not for free and sovereign grace I should sink into black despair; but, while I sink into shame and self-abhorrence, I admire and adore God's mercy to me, the vilest of sinners. Glory, thanksgiving, and honour to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

"March 23rd, 1862.—I am pressed with shame and unbelief. Lord, thou knowest how I cry and groan day and night unto thee for deliverance from this sin, which is so dishonouring to thee. I sometimes greatly fear I have no religion. I have, however, been led this day to look back about twenty years when I believed the Lord visited me by the application of these words: 'O, my dove, that art in the cleft of the rock, let me hear thy voice,' which came with such power to my poor soul that I cried out in astonishment, 'What, me, Lord; such a vile wretch as I?' The answer came, 'Yes, thee. I have loved thee with an everlasting love!' Yet I have many times been tempted to believe that it was a delusion; but surely nothing but divine power could have produced such a wonderful effect. I felt as if I should have fainted under the bliss.

"March 1st, 1863.—I do feel a comfortable hope that the Lord is my everlasting light, and that the days of my mourning shall soon be ended. I know I am a mourner. I daily mourn over

my sins and sad departures from God. I mourn after Jesus, and often mourn for a sweet application of his blood to my conscience. Thou, Lord, hast continued thy preached gospel in this dark place amidst much opposition for many years. Grant that thy children may walk together in peace and union of spirit. I thank and bless thee that thou hast this day added four to the church. May they be found faithful unto death.

“July 16th, 1863.—O how many fears I have lest, after all my profession, I should be deceived at last. I do dread and hate a flesh-pleasing religion. I cry, ‘O wretched man that I am. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’ Though at times I can say, ‘Thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

“Nov. 8th, 1863.—O, who can describe the horrors of felt darkness of soul? How at times, during this year, it has forced the perspiration through the pores of my skin! At other times my sins have risen, Satan has accused me, and unbelief has barred up the heart against every promise in the Bible. Sometimes the word and good books, especially the ‘Gospel Standard,’ have been made a blessing to me.

“Jan. 3rd, 1864.—On the first morning of this year I believe I did sing with a feeling heart that sweet poetry on the cover of the ‘Gospel Standard,’ called ‘A New Year’s Thanksgiving and the Voice of Melody;’ but am this day tried with hardness of heart, sore conflicts with sin and Satan; also an afflicted body, and, what is more, I find no access to a throne of grace; and when I cry and shout, the Lord seems to shut out my prayers. But must I despair? God forbid! I cannot but hope the victory is sure, since it depends not on my frames and feelings but on God’s unchanging love.

Nov. 9th, 1864.—I am this day 64 years old. O what a mystery I am to myself! How heavily I feel the pressure of indwelling sin, which makes me say, ‘Can ever God dwell here?’ Sin first marred God’s fair creation, and since the fall to the present time sin is the fruitful source of misery to all the human race. Sin pierced the heart of the Son of God, who knew no sin, that poor sin-bitten sinners who believe in him may be saved. O, Holy Spirit, do daily lead me to Jesus, and grant me to feel that his precious blood was shed for me.

“Nov. 11th, 1866.—Very feeble in body and dark and low in mind. Lord, raise me up. I long to be within a blessed view of thee. Do shine upon my poor needy soul. Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death. O Lord, I am weary and heavy laden. Do give me rest; for I come to thee.”

On March 3rd, 1871, he wished to see me. He said, “I am distressed in mind; very distressed indeed. I feel as if I had not a bit of religion, as if it was all gone. I fear lest it should have been all natural.”

On the 6th I saw him again. He was very low in mind and tried, but begging of God to come unto him. He said, “I know not how to judge of myself, I am so confused.” I said, “You

have a judgment of salvation. He replied, "O yes, and I long and hunger for Christ. I feel the desperate sinfulness of the flesh, and that my carnal mind is opposed to God; but I have another principle that longs for God.

The next day he was exceedingly tried with his cough. He said, "The Lord bless thee! How well I am cared for! The Lord had no such comforts as I have. He had scorn and reproach, and wormwood and gall for his drink. Bless his holy name." I said "Do you find him near to you?" He said, "Not so near as I could like. I find that if the Lord withdraws, only for a moment, there is quite an uproar within; unbelief is present and so strong. It is all of grace. The Lord has not blessed me with comforts for any worthiness in me. O no. Abhorred be the thought! There is not a shade of good in me!" I said, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He replied with much earnestness, "There is nothing like it; and I can add, Of whom I am chief." He wished me to read Ps. xlii., and pray. At the conclusion he said, "Amen! Amen! Amen! Glory," &c.

On the 8th I saw him again. He said, "God be gracious to thee, my son. The Lord is very gracious to me. I have been blessing and praising his holy name and talking to him as a man talketh to his friend. Come, let us exalt his name together. I feel a great change this morning, though I am not in possession of that full confidence that excludes all fear and unbelief, but I do not want to work myself up into a presumptuous confidence; for I cannot bear presumption."

On the 10th he said, "It is hard work with old age and infirmity." His particular complaint was bronchitis. He said, "I am not troubled with guilt of sin nor with distracting fears. My sin is all put away in the precious blood of Christ. His blood and righteousness is the substance of the truth."

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

Though I am not in possession of great enjoyments, I have a solid peace. There is no condemnation. He hath put away my sin. It is all of grace, free grace, free grace, free grace! It is all done; it is all done!"

On the 11th, he said "I am very far from the point I want to be at. It has been my folly, when I have lost the sweetness of the things, to put them away as if they had not been real. If there were one speck left for me to do, I must be lost. It is all mercy. O to see him as he is, to see that majestic head which was crowned with thorns! Since I have known him, how I have sinned against him."

On the 13th, he said, "I am very confused. Where am I, and what am I? Why does the Lord hide his face? Will he come? Do come, Lord Jesus, and take me away. I am a poor sinner. Wilt thou not hear me? Thou canst not cast off the prayer of one who seeks thee. Thou wilt not. Am I too bold? Is it pre-

sumption?" I said, "Humble prayer never carries presumption with it. Are you plagued with unbelief now?" He said, "Yes, the devil has been trying to get in a great many *but's*; but they would not fit in my heart; they were too large to fit in. Had I a thousand crowns I would cast them all at the Redeemer's feet. The virtue of his blood,—the *virtue* of it. The blood of God, the God-Man. The prayers and sympathy of the brethren are very sweet; but their hearts soon cool if not kept warm with the flame of everlasting love."

On the 14th, he was very low in mind. He said, "I wonder whether, after all, I am right. When I look at others, I see something to admire; but when I look at myself the sight sinks me." I said, "This is quite necessary, that you may prize the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ." He replied, "True! O! If I could but see him!"

The last short conversation I had with him was on March 15th. He said, "Will he triumph?" I said, "Of whom do you speak?" He said, "The king of the bottomless pit." I said, "No. The word declares that the triumphing of the wicked is short."

The last words he was distinctly heard to say were, "My God!"

I feel I have lost one of the best friends a man can have on earth,—a man of prayer for Zion's prosperity.

J. DENNETT.

SARAH BAKER.—On April 18th, aged 51, Sarah Baker, a member of Mr. Cowley's church, Gee Street, London.

My dear wife was called by grace under the ministry of the late Mr. Isbell, at Stoke, near Plymouth, when 19 years of age. Her distress of soul, under the conviction of sin, which the Spirit of God wrought in her, was very great for some time. She told me she used to be continually, more or less, day and night, agonizing with the Lord in prayer to have mercy upon her and pardon her sins, which she felt to be great indeed; and she felt so sure that mercy could only come through the blood of Christ that she was most vehement in pleading it before the Lord, and that sometimes, when pacing her room, wrestling with God in prayer, her mind would be so concentrated upon the blood of Christ that she could only say, "Blood! Blood! Blood!" with all the earnestness of a soul, feeling it must be damned without it.

The Lord was graciously pleased to hear her cries; and one night, soon after she had gone to bed, as she lay weeping, these words were spoken with great power in her soul: "I have redeemed thee; thou art mine." This brought sweet relief and peace into her soul. But in a little time she thought, "Are these words in the Bible?" So she got up directly and went to her mother's room, her mother being in bed, and said, "Mother, I've found peace! I've found peace! But are those words, naming them, in the Bible?" Her mother, who was well acquainted with the scriptures, told her they were, and where she could find them.

She got the Bible and found them (Is. xliii. 1); and her joy was so great that she could not sleep that night, but spent it in praising and blessing God for his goodness to her poor soul. And since then, when suffering in body, which was often the case, she was frequently favoured with some sweet manifestations of the love of God to her soul, though generally she was mourning her want of the Lord's presence.

For about a fortnight before her death she suffered from an abscess, which caused her great pain, day and night, though no danger was apprehended by our medical man, who was in daily attendance upon her, nor by myself, as I had often seen her very low before and raised up again. In the evening before her death she began to talk incoherently, and passed a restless night. In the morning an old and warmly-attached friend, who had been with her the day before, called, and feeling sure she was dying, though I thought she was sleeping, went in haste to our medical man, who came immediately; when he informed me she was in a state of collapse, and though he used various means to restore animation, she never rallied; but in a few minutes gently fell asleep in Jesus, to my inexpressible loss and her inconceivable gain.

May 20, 1871.

S. B.

ALICE BROOKS.—On April 23rd, 1868, aged 57, Alice Brooks, of Bolton.

She was brought to a sense of her state as a sinner before God when young, as many of God's people are. The following are her own words, written to a friend:

“When it pleased the Lord to quicken my dead soul and open my blind eyes, I was a poor self-righteous pharisee, going about to establish my own righteousness, not submitting to the righteousness of God. I lost a dear sister when I was about fifteen. She was ill twelve months. Our parents being dead, we lived with our brother, who was a surgeon. I asked my sister how she felt in prospect of death? Was she happy? She replied with great firmness, ‘Yes, I am happy. Think on these things when I am gone.’ A little before she died, she exclaimed, ‘For the shedding of his blood! It is just like love! It is just like love!’ and then breathed her last, aged 17.”

After the death of her sister, her own convictions became very deep and powerful; the terrors of a guilty conscience hung with great weight upon her soul, so much so that her bodily strength became so prostrate that she could not attend to her domestic duties. She was now in her seventeenth year. Her brother took her into the country for change of air and scenery. While there, she was visited by a God-fearing brother, to whom she opened her mind freely. Her brother tried to soothe her mind, and quoted several portions of God's word with a “Who can tell but the Lord might bless his word to her feelingly-guilty, cast-down, broken spirit?” But she felt no relief therefrom. Her cry was, “I am lost! I am lost! There is nothing but judg-

ment without mercy for me." She could read nothing but condemnation in the Bible for herself.

She returned home; but, sitting under a legal ministry, her case was not entered into; therefore she remained in legal bondage for some time. It was the custom for Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Kershaw to preach once a month alternately at the little Baptist chapel, King Street, Bolton, and her brother, who frequently went to hear these blessed men of God, called upon his sister and told her Mr. Kershaw was going to preach that evening; and she accompanied him. The word was blessed. Her soul was set at liberty. She said every word was meant for her from beginning to end, thereby knitting Mr. Kershaw and his preaching to her that nothing could ever dissolve.

A short time after, she went to live in Bolton, and cast in her lot with the little church in King Street, and was baptized by that dear man of God, the late Mr. W. Brown, in April, 1838.

She was a woman of a quiet spirit, a consistent walker of the gospel as well as talker. The writer knew her intimately for some thirty years, and esteemed her as a mother in Israel. She was enabled to maintain, through grace, a conduct and conversation becoming the gospel.

In 1863 her health began to fail, commencing with cough and shortness of breathing, which became worse every winter, proving to be chronic asthma. She was confined to the house entirely for the last four or five winters. The death of a dearly-beloved Christian friend, Miss Frankland, of Liverpool, who died a most blessed death, was both a sudden and unexpected trial to her. This occurred soon after the death of her own husband, which was indeed a trial, although she had the great pleasure of witnessing his blessed end. Christ was indeed precious to him; he found him a blessed refuge; for when all hope of ever hearing him speak again was gone, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." When he stopped, Mrs. B. finishing the sentence, "For mine eyes have seen thy salvation," she asked him if that was it; and he said, "Yes." Her mind was wonderfully supported at this time.

Two years before her death she suffered the entire loss of her sight, and endured much pain for three months, through inflammation leaving cataracts. This was a great affliction to all the family, particularly as she was so very fond of reading. Her brother, who had been blind for about eight years, brought her some portions of the New Testament in raised type. It was a trial to begin to learn to read again at her age, and sometimes she thought she must give up the attempt; but she persevered, and was enabled to read well, which proved to her a great comfort, as the family had not time to read to her.

During this time she passed through great darkness of mind, which made her observe that the loss of sight was only like the weight of a feather compared to what she felt while labouring under spiritual darkness. While in this state, she burnt what

there is every reason to believe was a diary in her own handwriting, along with other papers and letters; and although the family begged her not to do so, she would and did. The temptations of Satan were so powerful that she was overcome, believing that she was not the character she had professed to be, which was a great grief to her children. Her distress was so great that her eldest daughter, a God-fearing young woman, says, "If ever I prayed, it was that God would be pleased to communicate some word of comfort unto her soul." But this was not fully demonstrated until her last days; not until eventide, when it shall be light.

Her last attack was sudden. She had been ill all the winter of her old complaint, but did not appear worse than common until the commencement of the new year, and then she was only confined to her room three weeks. Dropsy set in, making rapid progress. She was very patient, never murmuring, but was very thoughtful for others. A few days before her death, her daughter read to her Isa. xl.; when her mother was observed in prayer for some minutes, concluding with fervent breathings for all the family. On being asked if she thought she was going to leave them, she replied, "I have not had it impressed on my mind as some have felt. We are in the Lord's hands, and he knows what is best for us. I know it is hard work to flesh and blood; but we must look to him who alone can help us."

On Friday she was very ill and much in prayer during the night, often asking for patience to wait the Lord's time, saying, "Into thy hands may I fall at the proper time! O that I could now adore him! Wonder, and adore him! Hear, O Lord, in heaven thy dwelling-place, and when thou hearest, forgive. What a place to lean on is Jesu's breast! His love is all a helpless soul can want. 'Thou lovest them as thou hast loved me.'" She cried out, "O help me! I need thy power. O do appear for me! What shall I do in the swellings of Jordan? O to feel underneath thine everlasting arms! There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. O that I could lean my head upon thy breast! Yes, yes, yes!"

On the day she died she was much in prayer, and her breathing was very oppressive, so that she could not talk much. She said, "It will be all right. Yes, yes, yes! It will be in the end. Yea, rest, to the weary rest. Help, O help, Helper of the helpless! Yes, he hath laid help upon One that is mighty; it shall be well in the end." And shortly afterwards breathed her last.

Hastings, April 18, 1871.

JOHN FORSTER.

ERRATA.—Page 62, verse 6, "Though hosts" should be "Through hosts."—Page 190, line 3, "conceived" should have been "commended."

JESUS must be pre-eminent in suffering as he is in all things, and shall be crowned with thorns, that the Head may feel what in his members the feet only of his redeemed go through in a thorny wilderness.—*Hawker*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1871.

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

THE LORD DOING WONDROUSLY.

BY JOHN RUSK.

"And Manoah said unto his wife, We shall surely die, because we have seen God. But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these."—JUDGES XIII. 22, 23.

"AND there was a certain man of Zorah, of the family of the Danites, whose name was Manoah; and his wife was barren." And the angel of the Lord appeared unto the woman and told her that she should conceive and bear a son. She was not to drink wine nor strong drink. After receiving particular orders, she went and told her husband. Then Manoah entreats the Lord that the man of God might come again; and God hearkened to the voice of Manoah, and the angel came again to the woman in the field. Her husband was not with her, but she ran and told him, and he comes, and asks particularly how they were to order the child. She was not to drink wine nor strong drink, nor eat any unclean thing. Manoah asked liberty, and took a kid with a meat offering and offered it upon a rock to the Lord; and Manoah and his wife looked on, and the angel did wondrously. A flame went up from the sacrifice, and the angel ascended in the flame. After this Manoah and his wife knew that he was an angel of the Lord. And then come the words of our text.

Now I shall endeavour to prove, 1, That Manoah and his wife were both real believers. It appears clear to me, from the account we have, that both Manoah and his wife feared God and were both Christian people before this took place. The woman appears stronger in faith and more established than her husband. Then they are prevalent with God in prayer; for Manoah, it is said, entreated the Lord, and said, "O my Lord!" He addresses the Lord as his own, in humility; and this can only be done in real faith. When Thomas, after so much unbelief, cried out, "My Lord," &c., Christ told him that he believed, and believing is the exercise of faith.

But again. Manoah not only addresses the Lord as *his* Lord (no doubt he and his wife were both together at the time) but he *entreated* the Lord. Now this shows us that he was poor in spirit,



had been well humbled, knew his proper distance as a sinner. "The poor useth entreaties." David was one of the poor ones. Hence he says, "I am poor and needy," &c. He also entreated the Lord: "I entreated thy favour with my whole heart," &c. And Christ says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Now as Manoah entreated the Lord and addressed him as his Lord, and by his thus entreating manifested that he was poor in spirit, and as the poor in spirit are blessed of God, and whom he will own in the great day, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c.; this shows he was a believer, for "as many as are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

But again. You may see in the answer which the Lord gave to Manoah's prayer that they were believers; because John says, "This is the confidence we have in him" (and confidence is faith), "that if we ask anything agreeable to his will, he heareth us;" and if he heareth us we know that we have the petition we desired of him. Now God hearkened to Manoah, and the angel came again to his wife; so that though it is said that Manoah prayed, yet it was in union with her, for the *answer* came to them both. Moreover, you may see also *obedience*. They are both particular in receiving orders about the child, and no doubt punctual in fulfilling them, because it all came to pass; and this is the "obedience of faith."

Again. Their offering which they offered being accepted, proves to a demonstration that they were believers; for if not, it would have been rejected. Hence you read that "God had respect unto Abel and to his offering, but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect." But why this great difference? I answer, first, election as it respects Abel, and rejection as it respects Cain; and secondly, faith in Abel, but unbelief in Cain. Hence, observe, it is said that God had respect unto Abel first; there is election; and to his offering because offered in faith, looking by faith to the Messiah that was to come; while on the contrary, unto Cain and to his offering God had not respect,—not to Cain; there is rejection; nor to his offering, for "the sacrifice of the wicked is abomination to the Lord," and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." But "by faith Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain," &c. The excellence wholly consisted in faith; for, literally, Cain's was as good as Abel's, only Abel in faith looked to Christ, and Cain trusted in his own obedience.

Once more. You may see real *humility* both in Manoah and his wife; for after the angel went up in the flame of the altar, they both looked on it. That implies faith; for looking is believing. Hence it is said that those who looked at the brazen serpent lived; and the apostle John calls this looking believing: "For as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish," &c. So that what is called looking, in the case of Manoah and his wife, is called believing by John; and "he that believeth shall be saved." Now it is said they both looked on it and fell on

their faces to the ground, having a very deep sense of their utter unworthiness; which shows it was a humble confidence.

I shall now leave the account of Manoah and proceed further, as it respects all real believers in general. "We shall surely die, because we have seen God." This Manoah said to his wife. Then a question naturally arises, "What is it to see God?" Well, observe, God absolute we cannot see: "No man hath seen God at any time." "Our God is a consuming fire." The Israelites at the giving of the law had a particular charge given them upon this head: "And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount, and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down; charge the people lest they break through unto the Lord and gaze, and many of them perish." (Exod. xix. 20, 21.) "But," say you, "in some parts of the word it says that they saw God 'face to face;' and in other parts it says, 'No man can see his face and live.' How are these things to be reconciled?" To this I answer that Moses was a particular character; and, therefore, when Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because he had married an Ethiopian woman, the Lord called Moses, Aaron, and Miriam unto the tabernacle of the congregation, and said, "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known to him in a vision and a dream. My servant Moses is not so. With him will I speak mouth to mouth," &c. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against them. (Num. xii. 8.) "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel whom the Lord knew face to face." (Deut. xxxiv. 10.) In Exodus (xxxiii. 20) God told Moses he could not see his face and live; but though these things appear contradictions, yet they are not. You and I must view Moses in a twofold character. In Exod. xxxiii. 20, we must view him as a man on a level with all believers, and as such he is put in the cleft of the rock. The rock is Christ, and the cleft shows his wounds, sufferings, and death. But in Num. xii. 8, and Deut. xxxiv. 10, we must view Moses in his office character as prophet and mediator, representing Christ Jesus, who stood in the gap and made up the breach between God and us. "But," say you, "Jacob saw God face to face." (Gen. xxxii. 30.) Yes; but it was through a Mediator. Hence you read of his wrestling with a man. "But," say you again, "the Lord spake face to face to Israel out of the mount." (Deut. v. 4.) Yes; but this was through a Mediator also; for in the next verse Moses says, "I stood between the Lord and you at that time." From all which it is very evident that neither Moses as a man, nor Jacob, nor Israel, ever saw an absolute God; for the scriptures cannot be broken.

I will now mention some of the ways in which the children of men have a discovery of God; which consists in his attributes and perfections as well as the works of his hand; and this is coming a little nearer home. First, in the works of creation; as the apostle Paul tells us: "For the invisible things of him

from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-head" (Rom. i. 20); and no man that properly surveys the works of creation,—of man, beasts, birds, and all creeping things, together with all the fish of the sea, the plants of the earth and all its fruits, together with the terrestrial globe, the starry heavens, sun, moon, &c., the rivers, sea, &c.; I say these things, with many more, clearly prove the great Creator of all, unless a man is wholly given up to the devil and hardness of heart to deny it. But, secondly, God is seen as a God of providence, in that he provides for all the human race. It is he that giveth the early and latter rain to bring forth the precious fruits of the earth. (Jas. v. 7.) "The eyes of all wait upon him, and he giveth them their meat in due season. He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The holy word plentifully shows all this; and it is obvious enough to all. It is he that can send plenty, and it is he that can send a famine for man's sin: "A fruitful land maketh he barren, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein."

But I shall not enlarge here; but come more to the meaning of our text and to Christian experience; which I shall take up in two particulars:

I. The views a Christian has of God *in the law*.

II. The views he has of him as *in Christ Jesus*. In this two-fold point of light God's family see God; sometimes in the one and sometimes in the other; not only at their first conversion, but till death; and it is needful to enforce these things, and that we are as likely to have a discovery of God in the law afterwards as at first. Nothing regular can be fixed here, for God works in a sovereign way.

I. Under this head I shall take notice of five things: 1, The holiness of God; 2, His righteousness; 3, His terrible majesty; 4, His justice; and 5, His immutability; for God's family see him, at times, in all these five things in a broken law. I will a little enlarge upon them, and show as I go on that such discoveries always occasion the same conclusions as Manoah made in our text: "We shall surely die, because we have seen God;" and I will prove it as clearly as possible from the experience of Bible saints.

1. Then, the holiness of God. He is "glorious in holiness." His law is declared to be holy. "The law is holy, just, and good." It is the perfection of his holiness in that law which discovers our sin: "By the law is the knowledge of sin." Here it is that we learn that we are quite opposite to God and his law, being unholy with the rest of mankind. The prophet Isaiah had a dreadful and alarming view of the holiness of God in the law: "In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim, each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said,

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts. The whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." And then we are told the effect all this had on the prophet: "Then said I, Woe is me! For I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." You see that a sight of the holiness of God in the law discovered to the prophet his sin; for this light showed him all his uncleanness, his filthy heart and life, and that he was a lost man, in and of himself; also the state of those amongst whom he dwelt,—“a people of unclean lips;” the same light which showed John that “the whole world lieth in wickedness.”

2. The *righteousness* of God. God is strictly righteous in all his ways, works, and actions, quite opposite to us. (Jno. xvii. 25.) His holy law is the rule of righteousness which we have all broken. Now when he opens our eyes to see that the law is spiritual, this terrifies us greatly, because we always considered that it only had to do with outward things; and when this law is brought home to conscience, all false hopes give way. Then we find that all our righteousness is filthy rags; for the light of God's Spirit shows us our ugly picture and how contrary we are to God's righteous law. A wanton eye we find is adultery; hatred in the heart is murder; and the thought of foolishness is sin; and we see that we are shut out of the kingdom of God for want of a perfect righteousness; for “the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God nor of Christ.” We can clearly see that God's ways are equal and ours unequal, and go on a long time trying to alter ourselves; but we appear worse and worse. We pray God also to help us; but he shows us more and more of our filthy ragged righteousness, that it is a bed too short and a covering too narrow. This is seeing God. Joshua, the high priest, was well acquainted with this discovery of God. He was clothed in filthy garments, and Satan stood at his right hand to resist him. The publican also dared not to lift up his eyes to heaven.

But, 3, The *terrible majesty* of God. This is another thing which we see. O! I can look back and remember the dreadful views I have had of the Almighty; which are greatly increased in this way, the true light shining upon the old man of sin, and showing us our past and present life. Terrible texts of scripture also are applied that appear quite against us; and sometimes all this shall take place when it is a stormy, windy night or dreadful thunderings and lightnings. I have felt as if I should be consumed altogether. And this David found, and said, “O that I had wings like a dove, I would hasten my escape from this windy storm and tempest!” He felt it spiritually if not literally. Also, “Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? And whither shall I flee from thy presence?” Read the whole psalm (cxxxix.). Job also, when God answered him out of the whirlwind, and asked him many questions, as recorded in xxxviii., about the foundations of the earth,

the sea, the wicked, the thunder, lightning, rain, treasures of the snow, the beasts of the earth, and leviathan, or the devil, Job was terrified and declared as follows: "Now mine eye seeth thee." Such a sight as he never before had had. And God asked him, "Have the gates of death been opened to thee? Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?" Of all the dreadful views and feelings we have, nothing is to be compared with this view of God arrayed in terrible majesty. The Israelites had it at the giving of the law, as you may see in Exodus: "And all the people saw the thunders and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mount smoking. And when the people saw it, they removed and stood afar off; and they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not God speak with us, lest we die. And Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was." (Exod. xx. 18-21.) It was something of this discovery of God that Manoaah had in our text, when he uttered these words: "We shall surely die, because we have seen God."

4. *His justice.* This sword of justice threatens us from day to day. The first account we have of it is that it was placed at the east of the garden of Eden, after the fall of our first parents: "So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life." (Gen. iii. 24.) "If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me." (Deut. xxxii. 41.) Now, having such deep discoveries of our vile hearts, none others appear such enemies as we; neither do any others appear to hate God as we do; and, therefore, we expect that the sword of justice will cut us down as cumberers of the ground. Again: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and in his heart departeth from God." What, then, can you and I expect? We have not continued in all things nor in anything written in the law, consequently this curse reaches us, if God be true. And do we not trust in man and make flesh our arm, and depart continually (we do in heart) from God? Then certainly, if we believe that God is just, who says, "The soul that sinneth shall die," and "I will not forget any of their works," we must expect his curse. "My sword shall be bathed in heaven, and come down upon Idumea and upon the people of my curse to judgment." (Isa. xxxiv. 5.) Job says he escaped with the skin of his teeth. All this is a seeing God's various perfections.

5. Again God is *immutable*. This, at such times, appears very alarming to think that God never can change. "He is without variableness or the shadow of a turning, and what his soul desireth even that he doth." In vain, therefore, do men expect that God will not be so strict, that *sincere* obedience (as they call it) will do, instead of *perfect* obedience. No. All that God hath said shall surely take place. He will by no means clear the

guilty; so that all his threatenings will take place, either on the head of the sinner or the head of the Surety, the Lord Jesus Christ. But as Christ is hidden at this time, glad should we be to find some other way of escape; and when we find there is none, we would rejoice if we were like the beasts of the earth, not accountable to the Almighty. O! If we never had been born! Or could we but be annihilated! But, no! We must endure to all eternity (as we conclude) the wrath and vengeance of an angry, sin-avenging God.

(To be continued.)

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**THE PILGRIMS' SPRINGING WELL.**

Poor pilgrims who are travelling on  
 To Zion's city fair,  
 Behold an ever springing well  
 For all who thirsty are.

This spring first took its sacred rise  
 In God's eternal mind,  
 To cheer a poor and needy few  
 Who mercy were to find.

For Zion's sons, and them alone,  
 This well doth ever spring,  
 And those who taste its living streams  
 Will of its virtues sing.

This precious well is seal'd by God,  
 And they who come to draw  
 Must come by faith in Jesu's blood,  
 And not by Sinai's law.

It is no filthy stagnant pool,  
 Nor springs from nature's stock,  
 But clear as crystal, ever pure,  
 From Christ the living Rock.

The flock of slaughter feed beside  
 This vital flowing stream;  
 The fainting soul shall drink and live,  
 Nor count his bliss a dream.

"Spring up, O well," will be his cry,  
 "Unto eternal life;  
 And let me drink it clear above,  
 Unmix'd with mortal strife.

"Then will I sing in strains most loud,  
 And sweet hosannals give,  
 And praise the sovereign boundless love  
 That bade a sinner live."

Ashwell, Rutland.

J. C.

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**TRUE CHURCH.**—A man may be a true and visible member of the holy catholic church, and yet be *no actual member of any visible church.* Many there be or may be in most ages which are no members of the visible church, and yet *better members of the true church than the members of the church visible for the present are.*—*Jackson on the Church.*

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 280.)*

## CHAPTER II.

*Verse 9. "My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice."*

The gracious, almightily easy way in which Jesus comes to a soul, when he so pleases, in spite of all difficulties, is now represented by a similitude: "My Beloved," in these his comings more especially, "is like a roe or a young hart." The allusion is to the extreme gracefulness and agility of the hart, or roe; as, then, the hart leaps with the utmost ease from rock to rock, so the Lord Jesus comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. But further. This verse gives, in three figures, three representations of the presence of Christ with the soul, but in very different degrees.

1. Sometimes he is present, and yet to sense he is absent. So it was to the soul when mountains of division seemed between it and Christ. Zion sometimes cries, "My Lord" (Jesus) "has forsaken me." The two disciples, when Jesus was with them, knew him not till their eyes were opened: "We had thought that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel." O how often the promise is with us, even its fulfilment, and yet we want eyes to see that in these very things God is performing it to us. But here the soul is led to ponder, and reflect, and comes to the just conclusion: "He standeth behind our wall." I see it now. Even when walls of sin and legality, so far as sense goes, are between him and us, he stands just behind these walls, which may well be called "*our wall*," ready to either break them down, or come leaping over them. He seemed so very, very distant. The wall appeared high, indeed, and immovable; but he came to me, and now I perceive, and would have you, my friends, see it holly with me, that even, when apparently so far off, he stands behind our wall, ready, in the greatness of his love, to remove, or come over it.

2. This truth is further proved by his looking forth from time to time at the windows, showing himself through the lattice; or, as in the margin, flourishing through the lattice. He gives the soul during times of much distance and desertion, and previous to his coming leaping and skipping, some intimations of his love. He looks for a moment through the windows or lattice of a promise, or word of grace. It may be but a glimpse, and then he seems to have gone; but surely this indicates that he is behind our wall, still close to us, and still the same in love. Thus, under the old covenant dispensation, there were the windows and lattices of many sweet and precious gospel words, through which Christ looked into his waiting people's hearts, though the law, as yet being unfulfilled, remained as a dispensation. Some of these words are clearer, some less so, open windows or lattices, giving

fuller gospel views or less so. Through these Christ looked; at these, from time to time, he flourished, casting in the sweet savour of his name, whereby his people learnt to love him. But, then,

3. There are times not only of a sort of absent presence, and momentary glimpses; sunbeams through the clouds; but of fuller, sweeter visits, and completer deliverances; as in the first words, when he is like a roe, or a young hart, in the manifestations of his grace. Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills; breaking down, or passing easily over our walls, and coming sweetly into our souls with a voice of love and power: "Behold, he cometh."

*Verse 10. "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."*

We have already seen that the word the Lord Jesus accompanied by the movements and operations of his Holy Spirit upon the soul is the word in and by which he speaks really and effectually to us. Where a gracious communication is entirely wanting, there is no such speaking of the Beloved. Many are like Paul's companions, who heard a voice, but not the voice of him who spake to Paul. (Acts ix. 7, xxii. 9.) When Christ comes in his true Christ-like character to the soul, it is as a grace and life communicator: "I am come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly." Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Now, then, the spouse, the child of God, goes on to describe the real tenor of Christ's speech, and the effects of it upon the heart:

"He speaks. Obedient to his call,  
Our willing hearts must move;  
Did he but smile alike on all,  
Then all alike would love."

But this he does not; the best wine of his free grace is for his beloved.

Now let us consider these effects, as here described; of course remembering this, that they will be in proportion to the degree of grace communicated, other things being equal.

"*My beloved spake, and said (by his speech) unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.*" The heart, then, is called away from something, and to something. The voice, as it were, contains three things:

1. A command of grace to rise;
2. To leave something;
3. To go somewhere.

1. A command to rise: "Rise up." Sometimes the soul is on the bed of indolence, as we see in a future part of the Song; but here it more indicates that the soul is lying down in sorrow; prostrate in the dust; unable to stir itself up, or lay hold of Jesus. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" says the psalmist. And again: "O my God, my soul is cast down within me." Sin hath cast it down; Satan hath cast it down; sorrow hath cast it down; doubts, fears, perplexities have cast it down.



"My soul lies grovelling in the dust."

Now then comes the sweet voice: "Rise up, my love, my fair one." Still thou art my love, still all fair in my comeliness put upon thee: "Arise, shake thyself from the dust, O prostrate daughter of Zion." "Behold, it is I."

2. Again. The voice says, *leave* something. The soul is, at times, not only cast down, but grievously entangled. It cannot break through the snares of the world and sin which surround it:

"We may let idols in;  
We cannot get them out."

We may of ourselves get into the snare of the fowler; we cannot release ourselves. If God permissively brings us into the net of error, sin, or temptation, our own wills and wits are too feeble to release us. Yea, both understanding and will are in the captivity; but the voice comes, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."

"The world now drops its charms,  
My idols all depart."

The mind and the will are both strengthened. We not only have a conscience of what is wrong and injurious, but a will and power to break through the thralldom. The soul escapes from the nets as a bird from the snares of the fowler.

3. But, then, it is also called to *go* somewhither. There must be a more powerful attraction than that of world, or sin, or anything else to call the heart from creature things. "I, if I be lifted up," says Christ, "will draw all men unto me." So it is here. A crucified risen Christ is the attraction. He reveals his love. To this carcase the eagles gather. They fly as the doves to these windows,—the love, the blood, the glories of Jesus. It is not, then, merely, "Come away." This is said; but, "Come to me." This is signified. The heart obeys; it runs up the sweet shining path of his own discovery of himself into his presence; yea, perhaps, his bosom; and the sweet enjoyments of his love. The nature, then, of the speech is a communication of the Spirit of God to the soul, moving upon the face of those waters; calling light out of darkness, order out of a kind of chaos. The character of the voice is grace and love: "My love, my fair one." The true speech of the voice is, "Rise up, and come away." And the command is self-fulfilling, being the voice of grace; and, therefore, the soul listens and obeys; and if through the still-opposing flesh the soul is feelingly hindered, it cries, Lord, speak yet again, and speak still louder.

"Attract us with the cords of love,  
And we will not delay."

*Verses 11-13. "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."*

These words are an enforcement of the previous invitation. As

it is in nature, so in grace. Whilst it is cold, dreary winter, and the wintry showers remain, there is little inducement to go forth into the fields and gardens; but when the sun shines warmly and the spring returns, then it is very different.

We may consider these words as either referring to the old and new dispensations, or to what goes on in the individual soul. Whilst the law remained in force as a dispensation, it was a cold and comfortless period, like a wintry inclement season to the church of God; but when the Lord Jesus came, and abolished the law by his obedience and death, then the spring time of the children of God came on. Mercies and blessings, as contained in the everlasting covenant, were, during the old dispensation, like underground flowers. The roots might be found in the words of even Moses; but the spring time of the gospel dispensation was required to make them spring up and the flowers appear on the earth. Then, too, there was so much of the revelation of the divine displeasure against sin, and even sinners, so many showers of wrath, that there could be little of the singing of birds heard, and the sweet voice of love was much absent from the land. A distant God in the law and legal threatenings made all so very comfortless that it was as a very cold, wintry season, with showers of rain, hail, and snow in the land; but the advent of the Lord Jesus, his birth, death, and resurrection, made a wondrous change. It was as spring and summer to the church. The showers passed away and disappeared; for he abolished the handwriting of ordinances against the church, and took it quite out of the way. In him is no sin; therefore in him is no condemnation, no curse, no wrath. The voice of love is there; and so the birds can sing, and the flowers appear in all their beauty, the fig-tree put forth its figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a goodly smell. Therefore the voice of the dispensation is, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

But what is thus fulfilled in a dispensational sense to the whole church goes on in an experimental one in the individual soul. Thus there is to that soul a time of the law, when the soul views God as dealing with it according to a covenant of works. Then it becomes a dreary winter season to that soul. God is distant and appears angry; the voice of displeasure not of love sounds in the conscience. Then the heart sighs instead of sings; barrenness, not fertility, is present; gospel faith and hope and love are in the heart as roots and seeds are underground in the winter; and the soul is comfortless and shut up in a sense of sin, guilt, and misery. But now the Lord Jesus comes in with the visits of his love. Grace and mercy are appearing; the sweet promises and words of mercy in the gospel look forth; faith, hope, and love, in desires after Jesus, appear in the soul; the gospel assures the heart that Christ has wrought for his people a full and free salvation,—that all is finished; that the winter is past, the rain over and even gone, every cloud of wrath dispersed; that all now is love and mercy, through precious blood and glorious righteous-

ness. Now, then, says Christ, the Spirit enforcing these sweet truths upon the heart with an argument of discovery and power, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." One has addressed the rose very poetically in some such strains as Christ here addresses the soul; calling upon that lovely flower, with similar arguments, to blossom. The lines are pretty, and, spiritually applied, even sweet:

"Child of the summer, charming rose,  
No longer in confinement lie;  
Arise to light, thy form disclose,  
Rival the spangles of the sky.

"The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,  
Winter retires to make thee way;  
Come, then, thou sweetly-blushing flower;  
Come, lovely stranger, come away."—*Hervey*.

We see, then, the force of the argument used in these verses. The Lord in the gospel calls his people forth from other things to himself, to walk in his ways and do his pleasure; not by legal arguments, but those suitable to the new covenant arguments of grace and love.

The Law dispensation is the wintry season of a distant God, so far as the warmth and power of manifested love go. It is the season of the cold wintry showers: "And ye, O great hailstones, shall fall." The Gospel is the dispensation of grace, free grace and full. This drives away the winter and disperses the storms. In it God appears as love; Christ looks forth as full of grace, as having finished a work of salvation for his people, poor lost sinners. The Spirit breathes now as the south wind. Come, thou south wind," says the Lord; and the soul repeats it. Then all is changed. The heavens wear a new aspect, God is no longer distant to our apprehensions, but very near; the earth is full of his praise. The Bible puts on a new face. Precious promises and words of love spring forth everywhere to the astonished gaze. All becomes new. Christ is seen from Genesis to Revelation in the sweetness, fulness of his grace and love. The flowers appear on that earth; the means of grace are full of a new beauty and life; the heart itself feels the transforming influence. Where all was cold, dreary, and sad, appear flowers of faith and hope, of love and peace and joy. Christ is precious. The fig-tree puts forth its green figs, with a true promise of yet greater fruitfulness; the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Bondage gives place to liberty; death to life; sadness and sorrow unto singing and the voice of melody, and the heart gladly responds to the sweet call of Jesus: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

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THOSE who attend ordinances, who express delight in them and seemingly love to hear of Jesus, but in whose heart no saving change from nature hath taken place, may press upon Christ as the throng once did; but the personal knowledge of Christ is like the woman with the issue of blood, who truly touched him.—*Hauker*.

## HELP FROM AMERICA.

Dear Friend,—I believe this is the eighth year I have been enabled to forward to you this same amount for the benefit of those dear aged pilgrims. God knoweth the motive of my heart: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; God will deliver him in time of need." So I have found it. The Word says, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." How blessed I find it when any portion of the word of God has an abiding place in my heart, for it is sure to bring forth its own fruits.

Not till after I last wrote did I hear of the death of Mr. Philpot. I will here say I felt his death deeply. I inwardly mourned his loss in a spiritual way, until this scripture took it entirely from me, so that I could mourn for him no longer: "Who is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom we have believed?" Then I began to feel that the hand of the Lord was not shortened. O that I, too, with all the redeemed of the Lord, may be so happy as to meet around the throne of God and the Lamb, to sing his praises, freed from this body of sin and death. How at times my soul goes out in longings for this. At other times the conflict within is so great, and sin so strong and grace so weak, that I hardly know what to think of myself, whether I am a Christian or not; and yet under these very feelings my very soul has gone out in groans and sighs and tears, begging his dear Majesty to keep me from evil and bless me; and I do trust that God has not been unmindful of my poor cries; for on several occasions within the past year, I have had words applied to my mind that have put fresh strength in me; so that, while Satan was thrusting sore at me, I could verily believe for the time that he could not prevail, because the Word of the Lord that was given me was to that very point; and when I felt I had, as it were, got the ear of the Most High, I did entreat him to stay Satan from worrying me; and then these words were given: "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise." And this: "I will lift up a standard against him." Yet Satan did not slack up;\* which caused my fears, at times, to run very high, and then I pleaded these words which were given me: "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." Then I could feelingly tell the Lord, if it was more for his honour and glory, I wish to be enabled to patiently wait; and the late Mr. Gadsby gave me the key, as I read in one of his remarks on Heb. xii. 11. "The blessing was in the exercise."

May God bless the present editor of the "Standard," and you, Sir, his servant. I do not from my heart wish anything of mine to appear in print, unless it should be *well commended* to your conscience. I am not ashamed to sign my name, yet I should not like to have it published.

A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

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\* We presume this is an American expression. It is, however, very expressive.

## THE LOVE OF THE FATHER, OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

My dear Brother in a precious Christ, precious, unspeakably precious to him that believeth,—How low do we need to be laid by the great and almighty God in our views and estimate of our own selves, that we may be found, inwardly in our soul and spirit, submitting to the Lord Jesus. What a continued stripping us of all and everything of our own is needful, wherein we would, if left to our own selves, endeavour to bolster up ourselves before God, and on which we would rest our hope of acceptance, were it not for the purpose of Jehovah's love toward us. We should in this way lose the inheritance which, of sovereign free-grace bestowment and security, is ours. But as our God has pronounced a curse on the man that trusteth in man and a blessing on him that trusteth in the Lord (see Jer. xvii. 5-8), and as he, and no one else, knows how deceitful and desperately wicked is the heart of man (ver. 9, 10), so does he discover to us our emptiness, nothingness, yea, less than nothingness in ourselves, making us sensibly destitute of all that is good, and alive to the awful evil that dwells in us. In this way he causes us to lie down in the dust, putting our hands on our mouths, crying, "Unclean, unclean! O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow down before the Most High God?" And then to thank God that it is through Jesus Christ our Lord, who was set up from of old, from everlasting; and, blessed be God, his church in him,—in all their perfection in *him*, to be accepted in the beloved One.

What trials, humbling trials, are we called to pass under, that we may be found in Christ; not having any righteousness of our own, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God, through faith. Now these very trials are the very things which often make us write bitter things against ourselves, consider that we are only hypocrites, anticipate a being shut out at last; and this because we are so prone to look to ourselves for that which we can find only in Christ, and lay hold of with application to ourselves, only as we apprehend Christ by faith. How true is it, in our own experience, that the faith which apprehends Christ is that which is of the operation of God in us,—a divine, living, holy, spiritual principle, wrought by that dear and ever-blessed Person in the Triune God, the Holy Ghost.

What testimonies (to believing souls) does each of the Three Persons in the Godhead bear concerning themselves and each other, as it respects their love to the members of the chosen family! What a testimony does Christ bear to the Father's love to his chosen ones, in that he gave him for them,—spared him not, laid the iniquities of all the elect on him, exacted perfect obedience to the law from him, the manifestation of God's own

righteousness, with obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, that he might be made a curse for them in their stead and place. That the Father did all this by his own co-equal and co-eternal Son, out of eternal, unchangeable, unspeakable love to us, is witnessed to in all these and numberless other ways by the only-begotten Son's incarnation, life, obedience, suffering, and death, as God manifest in the flesh, Immanuel, God with us; while the same things are not carried out, effected, and accomplished by the Son, in obedience to the Father, without proclaiming his own love towards us to be like himself, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father's.

Again. There is not a witness or testimony to either the love of the Father or the Son borne in our souls by the Holy Ghost, but the love of that divine Person is as sensibly realized by us as is the love of both Father and Son. There is no tender, feeling heart found in us, no love to the Triune Jehovah, no pleasure and delight found by us in his ways, no enjoyment experienced in communion with God, no hungering and thirsting after righteousness, no mourning for sin, no godly sorrow, contrition, humility, &c., but the Holy Ghost is the Author of it. To him we are indebted for it.

And what testimonies of his love to us, as dwelling in us, revealing both Father and Son to us, begetting them in us, and leading us into their mind and will concerning us in the word, are we from time to time made to possess. Though we know days of darkness and seasons of despondency, but only as there is a needs be for them in the wisdom of him who verily is a God that hideth himself from as well as a God that discovereth himself to his people, although in infinite wisdom; and we are made, sooner or later, to acknowledge that the chastenings as well as the smilings of our God are of that same loving-kindness of which it is said, "How precious is thy loving-kindness, O God! Therefore do the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be satisfied with the fatness of thy house. Thou shalt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasure; for with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall we see light." All which is true; because "it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy;" because our God has "mercy on whom he will have mercy, and compassion on whom he will have compassion;" because he is sovereignly exalted above everything in the carrying out and effecting of his purposes of love concerning his elected ones, of whom Christ says, I will lose none of them,— "None shall pluck them out of my hand; for my Father which gave them to me is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand;" "And this is the will of him that gave them to me, that I should lose none of them, but raise them up at the last day." Blessed words of divine purpose, love, and faithfulness concerning the elect of God!

Thus far, my dear brother, have I endeavoured to open my

soul to you, a personal stranger to me, on some of those unspeakably precious things, which, from your letter to me, I humbly trust we know in common, having been instructed by the same Divine Teacher, and from the same Divine source. It is sweet when enabled to write or speak on these precious things, and to have communion with any of God's dear children, be their rank or station in this world what it may. For the most part they are the poor in this world that I am permitted to have communion with in divine things, and with some of them, I bless God, I have had such intercourse that I would not exchange for all that is to be found amongst the rich and noble who are destitute of God's grace in their souls. Such have nothing for me, nothing that suits my appetite or satisfies the desire of my soul, nothing that is soul-feeding, or brings with it a precious Christ into our communion. "Where two or three," says Christ, "are gathered together in *my name*, there am I in the midst of them." If I go to another's house to dine or drink tea, I like to go where I can expect and look out for the sensible presence of my Lord and my God. So if any come here, I would have them to be of those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Such society-communion is not always to be had; it is very scarce up and down; and I am for the most part found alone, though not alone, I hope, in the retirement of this secluded spot, where God sometimes brings a poor follower of Jesus, and blesses our mutual intercourses, makes me to bless him for the poor amongst his flock. I believe, and blessed be God for it, that many a poor one has had his soul refreshed in this spot where I am now writing, while I have in return had my soul enriched and heart enlarged towards my God and his dear family. May it continue so to be, from time to time, and wherever the Lord may cast my lot, till I join those who have gone before me to the presence of him where there is life for evermore. Your lot is cast in that thronged place, London, and you are made to know truth from error in what you hear preached or read from the pen of those you have never seen. A seeing eye and a hearing ear are of the blessed Spirit as the spirit of Christ, and as proceeding from the Father and the Son in his co-eternal and co-equal existence with them in the Godhead.

May the good Lord own what has been written, *if it is his*. I could not look for this, but as he has declared in his word that he employs base and weak instruments, and so may make use of the poor worm, the sinful dust and ashes, that has addressed these lines to you.

I am, Yours in Christian Bonds,

Elmley, near Wakefield, Aug. 14, 1847.

ROBERT PYM.

PS.—You may give my Christian remembrances to William Harrodine.

[The name in the PS., William Harrodine, was one of Mr. Pym's former servants, to whom Mr. P.'s ministry had been made a blessing when a youth.]

## A SPARROW ALONE.

Dear Sir,—With many thanks we received the “Gospel Standard.” I feel that I cannot write to you without telling you what a feast my poor barren soul has had in reading its pages, and particularly in reading the “Thoughts on the Song of Solomon,” and also of that very dear man Mr. Philpot. May the God of all grace be pleased to raise up one to fill his place; for I am sure he is greatly needed.

Dear Sir, I do assure you it makes my very flesh crawl on my bones to hear the lying abominable doctrines that are preached in this place. I made bold to tell one he had put the cart before the horse, and I was sure that could not draw it. The man said, “Can you assure that?” I said, “Yes, by the grace of God, I can candidly, and prove it from scripture.” He said, “Then do it.” I said, “Well, Sir, there’s one thing wanting, and that one thing to me is everything. I can tell you by my own sad yet blessed experience that you are destitute of the experimental teaching of God.” I said, “All the ministers who are called by the divine grace of God to preach his blessed gospel faithfully do not want Mr. S.’s sermons to preach or to read.”

Dear Sir, I must tell you there are 12 churches, as they call them, within five miles, and we are shut up at home like prisoners; so you may guess what a miserable place it is to us, so very unlike the one we have been used to; and being besides persecuted without and within, but most within, through my own wicked, base backslidings. O how I am kept crying and begging of the dear Lord to give us a fresh token of his blessed love! I tell him if he will but let his blessed countenance shine upon me once more, I think I could never doubt it again. But, alas! No sooner than it is gone than it leaves me in the same poor, cold, dead state as ever. O Sir, I want always to suck at the breast of consolation. I do desire the sincere milk of the word, that I may grow thereby; and nothing but that will ever satisfy the longing soul. I am afraid to go into any company, for fear of getting in with their worldly profession; so we are called selfish; but it is not so. I would to God that wonderful Lover would lead them to the Rock that is higher than I.

I have been all over this great town with a “Gospel Standard” in my hand, trying to get some, if I could, to subscribe; but not one could I get. Some said they did not believe in election, some one thing and some another; so I can tell you I came home with my poor legs trembling under my poor weak body, which is almost like a skeleton, and mostly on account of my poor, dark, distressed mind and soul. O what a mercy to be enabled to look to Christ and him only for all we need! How blessed to be enabled to say, “My eyes are up unto the Lord, from whence cometh our help.”

Your Well-wisher,



## PEACE FOLLOWS WARFARE.

Having lent this and other letters to some friends at Oakham, they being refreshed by the reading of them, I have had them copied, and the friends desired I would send them for the "Standard," if approved of.

Leamington, Dec. 30, 1870.

WM. STEPHENS.

Dear Friend,—My thoughts and feelings being sometimes exercised towards you, I have taken up my pen to try to write a few lines. May the Lord condescend to give both matter and manner, and let his fear be feelingly in exercise in my weak, unstable heart; and may a little divine dew rest on the scribbler and reader too. If the Lord should indeed thus give a word or two in his fear, then the effect will be,—the glory must be his.

I feel I am not sufficient of myself to do anything aright. My help must come from the Lord, or all my doing will be worse than nothing. The path of tribulation is, no doubt, a part of the legacy left by a covenant God unto the heirs of the grace of eternal life; and it is often the case that it seems to come, yea, it does come from various quarters; something like Job's troubles, one close after another. But yet, dear friend, I think thou art not utterly cast down, *but holpen a little* at times. This is a token for good. Blessed be the Lord, he has not forgotten one word that he has spoken. O no; but we often forget or lose sight of him; and when we are hardly or sharply tried, when all seems dark within and without, especially when the Lord hides his face and seems to shut out our cry; when unbelief and carnal reason are strong, and Satan roars and the soul trembles with foreboding fears; something like a silently breathing forth of the inward desires of the soul unto God takes place. O, methinks the soul that is enabled to stand here shall have strength given, sooner or later, to turn the battle to the gate; and to say with Micah, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy," &c.

I have sometimes thought, and still think, that tribulation, under the sanctifying influence and grace of the eternal Spirit, is bequeathed on purpose to purge away our natural wisdom, to abolish all our schemes and plans, and bring us feelingly to the footstool of mercy as such that are worn out, having no wisdom or strength of our own left. This indeed is a trying path; and yet it seems to me to be the very path that the Lord, in infinite wisdom and mercy, is pleased, more or less, to lead his living family in. And that which crowns all is that he himself is with them. "I will not," saith the Lord to his people, "leave thee, nor forsake thee." Surely it is as that living man Hart said:

"He sees us when we see not him,

And always hears our cry."

I feel persuaded the Lord has a secret way of supporting living faith. He will not suffer living faith to die in the field. O no. Nevertheless, as far as I can judge from what I have felt and continue time after time to feel, it is hardly put to it sometimes.

But through strength, secretly or manifestedly communicated, the soul is helped to sigh, groan, and breathe out its complaints, though in a very broken manner; and often fears lest the Lord will not appear for its deliverance. And sometimes the soul says, "Woe is me!" Its trials and exercises seem singular, and in the sorest conflicts it has mostly, I think, to stand alone. And now the soul has but one way left; and perhaps my friend says, "What is that?" Why, to look again out of obscurity; for living faith will do so when she is helped; and no marvel if Satan tries hard to stop the soul from crying; for he has a deadly hate against faith and prayer. He knows if the soul prevails with God, the light of his countenance will shine upon it, and his word be made feelingly precious. When Jesus manifestedly goes before the soul in the power of the Spirit as his shield, and the sword of his excellence, then Satan quits the field. Yea, when King Jesus speaks his word home with power by the Spirit, every accuser falls backward, trouble and anguish of soul subside, and peace and joy in believing ensue. And sometimes, when the conflict has been heavy and long, so affectionately kind is he that, like a nursing father, he carries the child in his bosom and converses with it for a little while in his word and in the means of grace; and its meditation is sweet in the Lord; so that its strength is renewed like the eagle's. At these seasons, the soul can look back on the way which the Lord hath led it, and see a little of his great goodness which he has caused to pass before it, in times of deadness, coldness, and barrenness; times of darkness and felt distress; times of affliction, temptation, and bonds; times of felt weakness and inward trembling; when there are fears within and fightings without; yea, and times of murmuring and fretfulness also, and times when pride hath swollen in the breast, blinded the eyes, and turned the heart aside from following hard after the Lord in simplicity and truth.

Truly, when things are seen in the light of life, then there is self-loathing indeed, and repentance too; but this power cometh only from the Lord of Hosts; and while the soul is here the prayer of Jabez is well suited to the feeling and desire of the heart. O how sweet is pardoning mercy when it is felt! But, alas! How soon, in one way or other, this wretched heart of mine breaks that blessed admonition of the Lord: "Let him not turn again unto folly." I think peace seldom lasts a great length of time. At least it is not the case with me; but it is a mercy indeed that I should ever feel it at all, which I trust I sometimes do.

WM. LEE.

[We think our spiritual readers will, in some measure, be able to trace themselves in the preceding letter. We trust we could see ourselves in it, though we had to strain our eyesight to read it, being written on blue paper with pale ink,—a twofold evil, of which correspondents are often unconscious. Communications should never be written on larger paper than 4to., nor on blue paper, as the dye in the paper often turns the colour of the ink.]

## A VESSEL MEET FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

Dear Thos. Hardy,—Although I never saw you, and it has pleased God in his allwise providence to put it out of your power ever to see me, yet, what is infinitely more precious, he has opened the eyes of your understanding to discern the unspeakable riches of his grace. There are but few of us who do not know that “it is by terrible things in righteousness the Lord answers us;” and though the Lord may not have dealt with us exactly as he has dealt with you, yet I am persuaded he never makes any mistakes, nor ever misses his mark when he sends an arrow of conviction into our hearts. Wherever this is effectual, it will pull to pieces and utterly demolish all our vain hopes, and not leave a shred to take one drop of the water of life. It must be a new vessel that contains this living water, a vessel which alone our heavenly Potter can form; and it is called a vessel of mercy made meet for himself; or, in his own language, it is said, “This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.” Is it not a wonder of wonders that the Lord should pick out you and me out of so many thousands to form us? I sometimes find it hard to believe, and yet at other times am more than sure. This is a sweet word: “Who by him believe.” This is the faith which God gives and works in us, and therefore will abide. “It is your Father’s good pleasure to *give* you the kingdom.” Then where is the power that can hinder? Only let us carefully watch the coming and going of the Lord; and whenever a cloud gathers do not let us use the language of some who live a lifeless profession, but let us carefully inquire into the cause of the cloud as it passes, and see that *the cause* is brought to the fountain open; and may we do what was once said to a poor helpless sinner, “Go, wash and be clean.”

There is a spiritual mystery in all our movements when enlightened by the Spirit of God. His teaching is always to know the rights of things, and to have our evidences clear. The contrary is a sad sign of a fruitless profession, which always brings sad work for a dying bed.

May the Lord comfort your heart and keep your soul alive. Do not forget this promise of God: “I *will* leave amongst you a poor and afflicted people, and these shall trust in the name of the Lord.” This name is merciful and gracious, abundant in goodness, &c.

Your sincere Friend in the Lord,

Sutton Coldfield, Sept. 15, 1852.

JAMES BOURNE.

HAD Paul come to the Corinthians with man’s wisdom it would have detracted from the strength and excellence of the word, which, as the sun, shines best in its own beams. The Spirit’s eloquence is most piercing and demonstrative, and quickly convinces a man by its own evidence. Carnal wisdom charms the ear, but this strikes the heart.—*Charnock.*

## A WILLING SERVANT.

Well, Sister M.,—And how do you do? What dost thou think concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a Man mighty in word and deed before God and all the people, who loved poor sinners with a love stronger than death, and who for our sakes became poor, that we by his poverty might be made rich? Dost thou see any form or comeliness in him whereby he should be desired? Do thy thoughts go out after him and hover like a swarm of bees over and about him? Is there any desire in thy soul after him? Hast thou got any wounds that want healing, any appetite that wants filling, any blindness that wants moving, any hardness that wants melting, any grief that wants soothing, any debts that want discharging, any filth that wants purging, any spots that want washing, any knots that want untying, any bonds that want loosing, any burdens that want bearing, any yoke that wants breaking, any broken bones that want binding up, any faintings that require strength, any weak hands or feeble knees? O, in short, art thou full of wants and wanting all in all? If so, give me thy hand and come up into the chariot, and see my zeal for God. I am servant to the great Physician. I visit my Master's patients, inquire after their health, lay their various cases before him, and carry out his medicines, and am an eye, and ear, and a living witness of an innumerable number of famous and wonderful cures; even the leprosy, the scurvy, the plague in the heart, and the plague in the head. I attend conceptions, soul-labour, and soul-travail. I have been at the birth of the new man and at the death of the old one. I have been a wet nurse and a dry nurse. I have attended miscarrying in wombs and seen untimely fruit like a snail that has never seen light. I have made caudle for others when I have wanted it myself. I have given suck to strangers, and at times have envied them every drop that they swallowed down. I have been permitted to carry leaves from the Tree of Life, and gathered fruit from the same every month, week-day, and hour, and sometimes all day long. I have at times been permitted to carry my Master's robe from place to place among the sick, and as many as have touched it have been made perfectly whole.

And now as I have showed you my country and my occupation, from whence I came, what people I am of, and of my present calling, is there anything wanting in our way? What sayest thou of thyself? Consider these things; weigh them well, and seek relief while it may be had, if thou art sensible of thy needs, and learn for the future to show a little more lenity becoming thy high station. Severity seldom succeeds, nor doth it spread the fame or add to the honour of the higher powers. \* \* \*

While I remain, with all due respect, distance, and submission,  
 Your Greatness's most obedient and  
 devoted Servant for his Sake,

W. HUNTINGTON.

*IS THE LORD'S ARM SHORTENED?*

“And the Lord said unto Moses, Is the Lord's hand waxed short? Thou shalt see now whether my word shall come to pass unto thee or not.”—  
NUM. XI. 23.

THINE arm is *not* shorten'd, Jehovah! Ah, no!  
Thou still canst relieve; canst new blessings bestow!  
Canst multiply mercies thy servants may need,  
And prove thyself true to each promise indeed!

Like Moses of old, in the moment of doubt,  
When sensible want meets the eye roundabout,  
I ask, “Can the desert supply me with bread?  
Or whence can the multitude, Jesus, be fed?”

Unbelief weaves a veil; and past mercies remain  
Forgotten, unheeded, like surf of the main;  
No sweet Ebenezers affection can raise,  
Nor gratitude find ebullitions in praise!

But, Lord, I would trust thee, whose way is in storm;  
The clouds can thy canopied purpose perform!  
All visible nature obeys thy command,  
And things, too, invisible bow to thy hand!

Forbid not, but let me confide to thy care  
The morrow, with all it may call me to bear;  
Should poverty meet me, like Hagar, O grant,  
Privation may prove to be sanctified want!

Should riches increase, smiling plenty abound,  
Should life's latest stage with life's comforts be crown'd;  
Like Joshua, too, may my song spread the tale,  
That *none* of thy truth-speaking promises fail!

Yes, Lord! And when sickness again lays her hand—  
Points, points to the nearness of yon happy land,  
Thine arm will not fail me; thy love will supply  
A fulness of mercy when Nature shall die!

Penzance.

A. HENNAH.

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**HISTORY OF THE “GOSPEL STANDARD.”**

BY J. GADSBY.

*(Continued from page 287.)*

I HAD not thought of giving any more of my father's writings out of the magazine than those already given, but of at once coming to our connexion with Mr. M'Kenzie and Mr. Philpot. And this for two reasons: 1, Because I thought I had, in this respect, exhausted Vol. I., and because many copies of the subsequent volumes are in existence more than of Vol. I., and I did not wish to repeat them; and, 2, Because I seem to have made up my mind, if time and opportunity be given me, to issue a little work exclusively of Short Pieces and Letters by my father, and of Extracts from his Sermons; by adopting which course no one will be compelled to purchase what he has already in his possession. It is true I have other works in hand, which I have not yet been able to finish; but I hope to give this the preference, as being far more likely to be made a blessing to the Lord's people than anything I can write.

A friend has, however, directed my special attention to my father's reply to "A Broken-Hearted Sinner," in the Dec. No., Vol. I., which I had overlooked.

In the Nov. No., under the head, "The Pool of Bethesda," I find the following: "Through your valuable 'Standard,' an impotent body, who is hungry and thirsty, and whose soul, at times, fainteth within her for a ray of hope in the manifestation of an interest in a precious Redeemer's blood, is desirous of having a few words from 'A Lover of Zion,' on Jno. v. 7. Does he, as a valiant soldier of truth, who has experienced the workings of God the Holy Spirit upon his own soul, think it possible for a poor, weak, feeble sinner to come to that pool, waiting there for the moving of the waters, who is walking in darkness and having no light, and who, feelingly a dog, would gladly eat of the crumbs which fall from the children's table; and living and dying in that state, does he think there is *any hope* for such a soul?"

Then, in the Dec. No., is the answer:

"Dear Friend,—I apprehend that an explanation of John v. 7, would not enter into your real desire, because the disease of the impotent man there referred to was not of a spiritual, but of a natural kind. Nevertheless, there are some things connected with his case which may very properly be brought forward to illustrate the methods of God's grace to his people; for, though he had lain at the pool for a very long time, yet he was not cured *by* the pool, but by the almighty, sovereign word and power of the Lord. And so some of God's people lay at the pool of outward means, with a grievous disease of sin and guilt, and lay there a long time. Sometimes, perhaps, they hope this or the other means will prove a cure; but the disease still remains, yea, rather increases than otherwise, and they often fear they shall die in their sins at last. Very frequently they think of giving it up as a lost matter, or a desperate case, thinking the Lord will not stoop to relieve. But though the Lord appears to put them back, he still secretly keeps them to the point,—panting for mercy, longing for a cure; and at length is graciously pleased to send his word by the power of the Holy Ghost, and heal them (Ps. cvii. 20); and this most frequently at a time, and in a way they little expected.

"If, my dear friend, I understand you aright, you wish to know whether a poor, impotent, hungry, and thirsty sinner, whose soul, at times, fainteth within her for a ray of hope in the manifestation of an interest in a precious Redeemer's blood, who is waiting on the Lord in the means of grace, yet walking in darkness and having no light, feeling herself a dog, and one which would gladly eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table, can, after all, die in her sins; or whether such a character can exist, and yet be dead in trespasses and sins. Now, in reply, let me tell you, if you have truly described your case, I have no hesitation in saying, *No*—I believe it is not possible for such a character to be dead in sin. But we will for a moment attempt

to try it by the word of God. To be impotent, spiritually, I consider, is to be so far made alive by the Holy Ghost as to feel the awful disease of sin, yet so feeble and weak as to be without power to help oneself, and to be really made to feel that such is the disease that no natural medicine can heal it; so that we are ready to fear the grievous wound is incurable. (Jer. xxx. 12, 13.) All our sighs, and groans, and cries, only tend, according to our then feelings, to sink us deeper in our miseries; for it is as though the Lord said, 'Why criest thou for thine affliction? Thy sorrow is incurable for the multitude of thine iniquity; because thy sins are increased, I have done these things unto thee.' Thus the poor soul imagines that his case is desperate. But mark the wonders of God's grace! When all other lovers and all nature fail, the dear Lord brings health and cure: 'For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord.' Bless his precious name, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. While the self-righteous pharisee goes dancing about, gallant-like, with the laurels of his own imaginary piety and goodness, God brings his own family to feel that all flesh is grass, and that all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field, which withereth and fadeth away, when the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; and his blessed Majesty gives power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. The lame take the prey; and it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. The Lord's poor worms Jacob may have a thousand fears and faintings too, for hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but deliverance *shall* come: 'For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.' Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them; and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel.' He satisfieth the longing soul with good things, while the rich he sendeth empty away.

"If the above be really your case, you have abundant cause to be thankful. You are just suited to Christ, and Christ is just suited to you. A more blessed fit cannot be pointed out, nor a more blessed match made, than a glorious Jesus and you being brought manifestively together in one sweet bond of covenant love, by the precious power and energy of God the Holy Ghost. He shall glorify Christ, and shall glorify the saints in Christ. You are, you say, feelingly impotent; Christ is the great Physician, that brings health and cure, without money or price. Bless his adorable name, *with his own stripes* he heals us. But perhaps you may say, 'I am such a sinner.' So was David; but a feeling sense of it made him cry, 'Lord, be merciful unto me; *heal my*

soul, for I have sinned against thee.' 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' Were his people not a diseased people, he would not be a suited healer; but one part of the sweet song of the psalmist was, that the Lord forgave all his iniquities, and healed all his diseases. And if you really be a hungry and thirsty sinner, that is, one that is thirsting for God, the living God, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, you shall, in God's own time, eat the flesh, and drink the blood, of the blessed Redeemer; for he is the bread of God and the water of life. 'He will pour water [the water of life] upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.' 'He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive.' But mind, the disciples did not receive this blessing immediately that the promise was made, but they had to wait for it, and met with many perplexing disappointments before they experienced the promise in the power of it. Their dear Lord was put to cruel tortures, even in their presence; was crucified, and buried, and all their hope appeared almost to be buried too. Nevertheless, it was through this dark, strange, mysterious method that the promise was to be fulfilled; and after the resurrection of their dear Lord, the blessing was fully made manifest at the day of Pentecost. It is the privilege of the poor sinner to wait patiently for the Lord; for the Lord will not be hurried; he makes no better haste than good speed; for 'the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' Our ever glorious and blessed Christ came both to seek and to save that which was lost; and he is such a precious Saviour that he is all a sinner can need, law require, justice demand, or God give. This is God's unspeakable gift; and his glorious Majesty gives this Gift of gifts to those who have no worth or worthiness in themselves, entirely without money or price.

“The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here.”

'But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel. Thou hast not brought me the small cattle of thy burnt offerings; neither hast thou honoured me with thy sacrifices. I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense. Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices; but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, for the Lord hath done it! Here we have a description of wretches, without anything to recommend them to God,—nay, worse than that, they have made God to serve with their sins, and wearied him with their iniquities, yet matchless grace blots out all their transgressions, freely and fully, for the Lord's own



name's sake. Come, poor broken-hearted sinner, put the Lord in remembrance of such a gracious declaration. Plead with him for his name's sake; he will surely hear thee, and answer thee in mercy. God's name, in the full blaze of its glory, is in Christ. There all its honours harmonize, and rest for ever; and with him the Father is well pleased. May you be well pleased with him too, and daily plead him at the divine footstool; for whatsoever ye ask in the blessed name of Jesus, he will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

“Are you indeed a broken-hearted sinner? Are you indeed hungering and thirsting after righteousness? Are you indeed feelingly a dog? Does your soul indeed faint within you for a ray of hope? Then you are a blessed character. God's word cannot be true, and you perish in your sins. When the Lord the Spirit has opened the heart of a sinner, and, as it were, broken it in pieces, discovering to the sinner the filth and loathsomeness of its contents, and brought him to tremble at the word of God, and to be a stench in his own nostrils, and to abhor himself before the Lord, crying feelingly, ‘Behold, I am vile,’ he will never forsake him, but will accomplish the work he has begun. A broken and a contrite heart God will not despise. A poor, broken-hearted sinner appears to have more of the attention of Jehovah, and to be more his special care and charge than all the works of nature put together: ‘For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord; but’—but what? Why, as if the Lord were about to say, ‘But my eye of special grace, care, and favour is fixed elsewhere—’ but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.’ Yes, bless his precious name, he not only looks to him, but dwells with him; not merely to look on, but to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

“The blessed Lord of the house is both anointed and sent for the express purpose of binding up the broken-hearted. Poor, broken-hearted sinners may and will find that they often walk in darkness, and appear to have no light; but from whence do they discover the loathsomeness of their disease? How came they to hunger, and thirst, and pant for a ray of hope in the precious Redeemer's blood, &c.? This cannot be in a mind which is at enmity to God; and the carnal, unrenewed mind is enmity to God; and enmity to God cannot produce a desire after the sweet enjoyment of him, and a panting for the manifestations of his love. This springs from the life and light of God, and, in the Lord's own time, it shall be more fully made manifest. Clouds and darkness are sometimes round about the Lord, and we cannot perceive him. ‘Unto the upright, there ariseth light in darkness.’ But if the upright were never in darkness, there could not arise light unto them *in* darkness. One promise of the Lord to his people is, he ‘will make darkness light before them.’

“The Lord enable thee, poor, broken-hearted sinner, by faith and in feeling, to use the language of Micah: ‘Therefore I will

look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me. 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.'

"I will conclude this epistle in the language of the Lord by Isaiah: 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' If anything I have written be made a blessing to you, or to any other poor, broken-hearted sinner, may the Lord enable us to give him the glory."

Perhaps some may say they see nothing new in the pieces I have given or even in the extracts from the letters respecting Mr. Martin. They hear the same things continually from the pulpits, and read them over and over again in the pieces and obituaries of the "Standard." Doubtless that is so. But *suppose* the Lord had not raised up Huntington in the South and my father in the North, but left religion in the state in which it then was and had for some time been, and *suppose* the "Gospel Standard," with the writings of Mr. Philpot and others, had not been owned and blessed, could you have heard or read them *then*? At the time the Lord raised up the first two named, true religion had so greatly fallen that, though there might be some who preached the doctrines, there were few, if any, who preached them in an experimental way, with the dew and savour of the Holy Spirit. There was little or no distinction made between those who held the doctrines in their judgments merely and those who, having been condemned in their consciences as breakers of God's holy law, in thought, word, and deed, lost and ruined apparently beyond hope, felt their need of those doctrines, and realized the soul-humbling and Christ-glorifying power of them in their hearts. Had it not been for those men having been raised up, aided by those in immediate connexion with them, such as Bourne, Brook, Vinall, &c. (to whom I may add Hawker), on the one hand, and Warburton, Brown, Kershaw, &c., on the other, all now gone to glory, and for this magazine having been owned of God in the promulgating and defending of those truths, *all would now have seemed new*. Dr. Owen's works were lying dormant; Bishop Hall's were known to few; and even Newton's seemed almost forgotten. We hear some most dear and highly-esteemed men still in the flesh, and we often hear the same old blessed truths with new power; but, strictly speaking, we hear only what has been preached or written before, whether of doctrine, experience, or practice.

I must not be understood here as meaning that our ministers preach only what they have read. God forbid! If they have been taught in the same school, they must have learnt the same lessons; but the writings of good men who have gone before them must have been the means, in the Lord's hands, of instructing them in the way of the Lord more perfectly, as was the case with Aquila and Priscilla with Apollos. I dare not say there are none

who profess the same doctrines we profess who preach other men's sermons, and whose sermons spring from memory, not from grace. On the contrary, I believe there are; just as amongst the Evangelicals there are some who preach Simeon's sermons, and as amongst the general Dissenters there are some who preach Spurgeon's. But I cannot help looking upon such men as impostors, especially when other parts of their conduct will not bear scrutiny; and I would sooner relinquish my labours to-morrow than publish their names amongst the supplies; and when such are made manifest I will, be offended who may, strike their names out.

None but the guilty will be offended at these remarks, though I freely admit they are not of a very edifying nature; but those only who have the conducting of a magazine can know what the conductors have to endure.

I have only to add that I do not know of one whose name now appears in this magazine to whom these remarks refer.

I hope next month to introduce Mr. M'Kenzie and Mr. Philpot.

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## REVIEW.

*"Yet." A Motto for all Times and Seasons. By David A. Doudney, D.D.—*

London: The Book Society, 24, Paternoster Row.

PERHAPS the somewhat singular title under which Dr. Doudney has sent forth the above small work may be thought by some rather fanciful. We have no particular taste for that kind of writing which makes too great a play upon mere words. Single words are sometimes, we admit, deeply significant. Such words as Jesus, Pardon, Salvation, contain a volume of blessed meaning; but this can scarcely be said of a mere adverb when detached from other parts of speech where it performs its proper office; and though Dr. Doudney has chosen "Yet" as a title to his book, and has made the word to perform a rather prominent part throughout its pages, we much question whether it will afford a whit more interest or comfort to godly readers on this account.

What Dr. Doudney has written on the blessed promises and portions which he has selected from the word of God, his description of the exercises and conflicts, the trials and temptations of the Lord's living spiritually-taught children, with "faith's plea," as prompted by the blessed Spirit, is so far scripturally unfolded that we not only approve of the contents of the book, but desire that it may find a re-echo among any poor, harassed, plagued children of God, into whose hands it may fall; and for this reason we have no wish to write in a fault-finding way, just because of the one peculiarity about it to which we have referred.

Our chief concern in reading the works of men, or in hearing them preach, should certainly be to choose such books and such men as give us nothing but the truth as it is in Jesus. Yea, we want more than even this. We not only want the truth, but we like to know that the writer of any spiritual book we read, or

that any preacher we hear, is himself a man taught of God; that he knows for himself, by the Lord's own teaching, what he either writes or preaches; that he has passed through the spiritual trials and afflictions he describes, and is no stranger in his own experience to those joys and deliverances he contends for, when setting forth the true liberty of the children of God. That Dr. Doudney is such a gracious God-taught man, we have no doubt whatever. He has long laboured in the cause of God. Hard and pressing have been his labours, indefatigable have been his efforts to do good; and though his writings have, in our judgment, sometimes appeared to be too smooth, and have lacked discrimination, yet we wish to bear in mind that there are differences observable among the servants and people of God, arising from the difference of gift and way in which they are taught and led by the blessed Spirit; and from what we have seen of Dr. D.'s writings, it may have been more a difference of this kind that we have been impressed with than a difference in vital truth. As it respects the position he occupies in the Established Church, we dare not say a confederacy with him here. We have never been able to regard the Establishment,—no, not in its best and palmiest days, as being anything better than a corrupt system, and a genuine offset of Popery. That some of the best of men have lived, laboured, and died within its pale we know is true; but it is no less true that some of the best of men have for conscience' sake come out of it; and if one good man for conscience' sake will secede from a system that another good man will think it right to abide in, it seems quite clear to our mind that they cannot both be right. We certainly believe *they* do the right thing who come out; and believing this, consistency obliges us to believe that they are wrong who remain in it. That God has, and does, bless his own truth as preached by godly ministers in the Established Church is what we have long believed; but that God directly puts such men into a system, as opposite in its outward mode of worship to the simplicity of true gospel worship as prescribed by the Lord Jesus in the New Testament, as day is opposite to night, is what we cannot understand. The Lord often permits what he does not absolutely will or command. He has positively commanded his people to worship him in his own prescribed order. If, then, any of his people swerve from that order and step into a carnal mode of worship, which has no apostolic precedent, we can only say that whilst the Lord may permit this, and may bless his own precious truth among the people, yet we cannot believe that he sanctions the perverted order of things he sees his people in, or that he testifies to their consciences that they are honouring him in forms of worship quite contrary to what he has commanded.

In noticing Dr. Doudney's work, we do so with a very friendly feeling, and can sincerely wish him much of God's blessing and much spiritual prosperity in his various labours for the Lord; but, in avowing such union with him, as a good and gracious

man of God, we could not honestly pass over matters wherein we are separated, and wherein we shall never agree; at least not so long as he and ourselves continue where we are now. We are, however, thankful, in returning to the little work under our notice, to be able with a good conscience to give it our recommendation; and as face answers to face in a glass, so, we doubt not, there will be a re-echo between the experimental unfoldings of the book and the different experiences of such of the Lord's people as Dr. Doudney's writings are best calculated to serve. "God's Promises" form suitable headings to the chapters in the book, and "Faith's Plea," in the soul's struggles, conflicts, and trials, is as suitably connected with those promises and as clearly and as scripturally defined. Faith, with Dr. Doudney, is a very different thing to what it is as described by most writers in the present day, who tell us that we have nothing more to do than to take God at his word, that we have "only to believe;" but nothing is said about by what power it is we are *enabled* to believe. But with Dr. Doudney real faith is of the operation of the Spirit of God, and as much beyond our power to command, without the Spirit's gracious help, as it was above and beyond our own power at the first to quicken our dead souls into spiritual life. There is such a vast amount of false, spurious faith taught from pulpit and from press in the present day, and so many are deceived and led away by it, that we are always thankful at heart for every bold truthful testimony from any godly man, who is able to show from the word of God and his own experience not only what it is to believe to the saving of the soul, but who, by the help of God, can succeed in laming the false faith we speak of in both its feet, and thereby checking it in its progress; and although Dr. Doudney has not made this a point for particular comment in his work, yet "Faith's Plea" is, as we said before, well set forth by the description he gives of those spiritual conflicts and exercises of soul, arising from the terrible struggle which takes place between faith's fight to maintain her ground, and nature in all its implacable enmity opposing faith.

It is, however, right to say, after having made these remarks about faith, that Dr. Doudney's book is by no means controversial. Needful as it may sometimes be to defend the blessed truth of God by sound argument, yet a dry argumentative proving of points is no more the character of this little work than it is of the author's other writings. We will give an instance of the way in which "Faith's Plea" is set forth in a providential trial:

"Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
But this Friend will ne'er forsake us.  
O how he loves!"

"Touching upon communion with the brethren, beloved, and conferences one with the other upon the part of the Lord's pilgrims, we recently were privileged with a personal interview with one whom from time to time, during the last five-and-twenty years, we have occasionally visited upon her sick-bed. Nine-and-twenty years ago last March the sorely-afflicted sister ('R. S.')

left her situation with £8 in her pocket, to take

to the bed of pain and languishing which she has from that time occupied. Three-fourths of that sum went into the doctor's hands. She has been the child of Providence ever since! And, notwithstanding the ravages of disease, her countenance appears to us to be brighter now than it did twenty years ago. We were astounded as we contemplated her perfect contentment and her entire resignation to the will of God. There appeared not the semblance of impatience, nor the veriest wish that the days of her mourning should be ended. And O, what scenes has she passed through in that nine-and-twenty years! During one part of her illness, it was laid upon her heart to take a certain tried one out of the poor-house to come and nurse her. The words pressing upon her were, 'Take this child and nurse her for me.' The idea seemed preposterous; a greater absurdity it appeared there could not be. She herself a daily pensioner upon divine bounty to incur all the wants and the necessities which a second would involve! Upon merely human grounds, such an act were presumptuous indeed! And yet she could not abandon what was thus laid upon her heart. It was a matter for *faith* alone! The creature would condemn! Human advisers negative in a moment! The throne of grace was her only resource. There, and there alone, the matter must be settled. And there, after intense importunity, and argument after argument pleaded only to be silenced as God alone can silence, the matter was settled. From the work-house the poor creature was brought; and, according to 'R. S.'s' own testimony, when she came, there was, as a matter of certainty, but half-a-crown a week to support the two! But now,—mark, dear child of God,—listen, ye poor, calculating, callous-hearted critics (if we happen to address such), *from that moment the supply was doubled!* and that, too, not from any appeal to the creature—not from any application to man; for it was God's work, and worthy of a God, from first to last. For seven years, lacking three months, were they thus mutually helped and supplied and delivered! But, for the last year or thereabouts, the nurse fell sick, and required a nurse in turn. At length she died; and the same God who had so kindly and tenderly supplied in life, in the self-same way provided in death. Still, without any appeal to man, the *exact sum* required for the deceased one's burial was sent; and thus the Lord added to the ten thousand times ten thousand instances that might be recorded, and which are noted down in heaven's register, in proof of the grand and glorious declaration, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

As the above extract is exclusively confined to the exercise of faith in severe *providential* trial, it may not be amiss to give another extract which well describes faith's struggle under *spiritual* conflict:

"Beloved, these words ('Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him') were uttered by Job; and we know how deeply-tried and sorely-exercised a man Job was. Nay, the very language implies it. It bespeaks test and trouble of no ordinary kind. It presupposes the cutting off of all creature strength and all fleshly resources. There is nowhere to look in a human point of view. The language of the psalmist is most suitable for such a condition: 'I looked on my 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.) Under the figure of battling with the mighty ocean, the psalmist again represents such a state: 'They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.' (Ps. cvii. 26, 27.) Reader, do you know

anything of this? Have you been brought here? Have all your creature-props and human dependences given way? Has every resource failed? —each dearly-treasured hope and expectation had to be resigned? Is all gone? Is there nought left? Has it become a total blank as far as all you had looked to and calculated upon, in a merely natural or human sense, is concerned? And are you left barren, destitute, desolate indeed? O, we seem to hear some poor, tried, sin-burdened, Satan-harassed soul exclaim, 'Ah, 'tis my state and condition indeed. "My hope is perished from the Lord;" yea, it is questionable if ever I had a really well-grounded, true gospel hope, or wherefore should it thus fail? Beloved, the more closely you examine the exercises and the experience of Job, the more clearly will you trace out this very state of things as strictly applicable to his condition and circumstances. Although a great and good man, there was much in the character of Job, of which, to say the least, he was comparatively unconscious until the Lord, in his own special and most effectual way, revealed it unto him. The ordeal by which Job was ultimately to arrive at that knowledge subjected him to a course of the most trying and painful discipline. It was by no merely superficial process Job was brought so to change his views of himself and his proceedings as, instead of saying, as he does, even in the words immediately connected with our text, 'But I will maintain mine own ways before him,' to exclaim, 'Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.' (Job xl. 4.)"

These extracts are rather far on in the book. At the beginning of the volume the author writes on "Christ Chastened of Jehovah," and a short extract from this chapter will show how clearly the blessed truth of our Lord's substitutional work is unfolded:

"The church, having fallen, had to be redeemed, or bought back. Hence we read in 1 Pet. i. 18, 19: 'Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' Christ, therefore, having, before the world was made, entered into covenant with the Father and the Holy Ghost, and engaged that, in the fulness of time, he would, as the Surety, Daysman, Redeemer of his church, become at once its substitute and sacrifice, by his suretyship and substitution he took upon himself all the tremendous consequences of the sin and transgression in which his church was involved. What Judah said to Jacob with respect to his younger brother Benjamin, 'I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever' (Gen. xliii. 9), Christ virtually said to the Father with regard to his church. As Jacob looked to Judah in regard to Benjamin, so God the Father looked to Christ with respect to all the direful consequences of the Adam-fall transgression. But, as Jehovah could 'by no means clear the guilty,' or save poor sinners at the expense of his word, or the forfeiture of his character as the Holy, Just, and Good; so there must be a penalty paid. Such was paid in the Person and by the offering once for all of Christ, according to the scripture, 'Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom.' (Job xxxiii. 24.)"

O what a mercy that our gracious God, in his eternal prescience, foresaw all things from the beginning. He foresaw the fall of man and decreed to permit it; he foresaw the whole race of Adam plunged into ruin and helplessness by the one act of Adam's disobedience: "By the disobedience of one, many were made

sinner;" but long before the fall took place, even from God's undateable eternity, our blessed covenant God and Father had chosen his people in Christ, and fixed his everlasting love upon them; and he had determined that the fall should not alter his choice, change his love, nor in any way affect his relationship. He said, "I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

But whilst the fall was not permitted of God to affect in any way the blessed covenant stipulations between the Father and Christ; yet it affected our standing as creatures in the first Adam. The fall did not root us out of the love of God, but it shook us out of our creature perfection. It did not in the least affect God's choice of us, but it marred our original creature innocency, and plunged us deep down into irretrievable ruin, so far as there was any help in ourselves, entailing upon us misery, sorrow, and woe, as sure as the sparks fly upward.

Moreover the fall made way for the richest and most glorious display of God's free grace, in the recovery of his people, and placing them on ground more secure than they were before they fell. Had there been no fall there had been no need of redemption; no distance on our part from God, no need of being brought nigh; no enmity, no need of reconciliation. But being alienated from God by wicked works, and being dead in trespasses and sins, we needed a mighty work of redemption to bring us back to God, and grace to quicken us into spiritual life. The infinite holiness of God must remain for ever unstained,—his justice must have its full due, and the truth and honour of God must be maintained in the free exercise of his mercy towards guilty sinners in their salvation.

We will, however, give one more extract, to show with what clearness our spiritual death and our deliverance from it, alone by the quickening power of God is set forth:

"And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' (Eph. ii. 1.) Not more void of animal life are those whose poor bodies lie mouldering in the graveyards than is every son and daughter of Adam by nature destitute of true spiritual life. Nor can any power short of divine and almighty power impart that life. It is the distinct province of God the Holy Ghost, and him alone, to communicate that life. It were ten thousand times easier to give natural life (and where can there be a greater impossibility?) than to impart a single spark of spiritual life to those still 'dead in trespasses and sins.'

"However humbling this truth may be, dear reader—and we admit it is most humiliating—still it is fraught with the richest satisfaction to those who have experienced the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost. Such know the change that has passed upon them. Such remember what they *were*, and feel what they now *are*. Such are prepared to testify that they were aforetime callous to everything appertaining to the interests of their never-dying souls. Such will honestly declare that up to a certain period 'they were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.' (Eph. ii. 12.) Such will acknowledge that Jesus was in very deed 'as a root out of a dry ground' to them; that 'he had no form nor comeliness;' and that he had



'no beauty that they should desire him.' (Isa. liii. 2.) But ah! Now, as the blessed fruits and effects of the mighty work that has been done in them as well as for them, their language is changed from 'We will not have this man to reign over us' (Luke xix. 14), to 'Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?' (Song i. 7.)

"Reader, do *you* know anything of this mighty change? Can *you* say Christ is 'all your salvation and all your desire?' (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) Can *you* testify to the great, the glorious fact, that he is 'the chiefest among ten thousand,' yea, 'the altogether lovely?' (Song v. 10, 16.)

"Reader, 'what think *ye* of Christ?' Can *you* adopt the words of the poet, and say:

" 'If ask'd what of Jesus I think  
(Although all my best thoughts are but poor),  
I say he's my meat and my drink,  
My life, and my strength, and my store;  
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,  
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;  
My hope from beginning to end,  
My portion, my Lord, and my all?"

Oh, if you can with sincerity say this, you have abundant reason to 'thank God and take courage;' for, mark you, Christ is only 'precious to them that believe' (1 Pet. ii. 7); and to those to whom he is precious on earth he will be a portion to all eternity! It *must* be so; it is, verily, an *impossibility* that it can be otherwise. Upon any other principle the whole covenant scheme of salvation would be defeated, and the grand and glorious redemption of Jesus annihilated, the which can never, never be.

The extracts we have given being rather long for so small a work, and as they are a good sample of the strain in which the book is written, we must forbear extending our remarks to a much greater length.

In the closing chapter of the volume, Dr. Doudney gives a very reasonable word of warning respecting the ominous signs of the times, and the very threatening events so rapidly occurring in the present day. He says:

"We cannot close without expressing our belief that the events which are so rapidly occurring in our own times are leading us onward and onward to some great crisis. What that may be we attempt not to define; but of this we are persuaded, beyond all doubt or hesitation, that it shall ultimately issue in the return and the everlasting triumph of him respecting whom Jehovah hath said, 'I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is.' (Ezek. xxi. 27.)"

We feel sure that the antagonism of those who oppose the truth, and trample under foot the honour of God, will become more and more fierce, as the evil day in which we live draws nearer and nearer to a close. Cain's club is now being carried up and down the world, and our so-called Protestant nation is not without a host of wicked and unreasonable men, who would hail the day with triumph, if they could once more make their scaffolds smoke with the blood of saints. They are longing for

an opportunity to go forth with their axes and hammers to cut down the carved work of Zion. But, blessed be God, they shall not prevail. The enemies of the church may be suffered to meddle with her interests, but they shall never remove her from the Rock on which sovereign grace has put her. They may carry her to the brow of the hill, and leave her apparently on the brink of ruin; but she shall escape as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, and sing, as in days of old, "The snare is broken, and we are escaped."

Wishing for our friend and brother in the Lord, and for all the ministers of Christ, and for ourselves and all the people of God, that we may be kept faithful in our day and generation, and sincerely desiring that the sweet and precious promises of a covenant God may prove a true and seasonable "motto for all times and seasons" to the Lord's poor, despised, tried, and afflicted children, we close our recommendation of the volume with the last words of the book itself:

"Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." (Mark xiii. 33-37.)

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## Obituary.

JANE FAIRHURST.—On March 21st, aged 45, Jane Fairhurst, of Hatfield.

She was a woman who loved the truth, and found that it was her stay and support in the solemn moment of death. She was one who was greatly exercised in her own soul; and although she could see that the Lord had a people that he had formed for himself, she would say, "This will not satisfy me. I must know from the blessed Spirit's power upon my soul that Christ died for me." She would often say, "Can it be possible that such a filthy wretch as I feel myself to be can ever get to heaven?" She could not think light of religion, as there is neither lightness nor levity in the things of God; but solemnly felt that sin had stung the Lamb of God to death; and she would say with Hart,

"None less than God's almighty Son  
Can move such loads of sin."

She knew the plague of her own heart, and was often, like Israel of old, brought low for her iniquity. Nevertheless the Lord regarded her affliction when he heard her cry. Her days of darkness were many; but she found as her day so her strength was.

When I asked her how she was first brought to know her lost state and condition before God, she told me that when a young woman, a native of Lancashire, she was a rigid Arminian, and

she said she thought she bid fair for heaven; but her mother, being a godly woman, known to some of the oldest ministers whose names appear on the "Gospel Standard," and hearing that Mr. Gadsby was going to preach, she thought she would go and hear him; and it was through hearing that sermon that such a solemn weight was laid upon her mind for years that she found God out of Christ is a consuming fire. The time she heard Mr. Gadsby was, I believe, a short time before his death. She would often look at his portrait as it hung in the room, and say, "Dear Gadsby! I shall soon be with him!"

She had been greatly afflicted. Having had a family of thirteen children, of whom six are buried, she knew what it was to have sore conflicts in providence, as well as to be greatly tried about her standing for an eternal world. She was, indeed, a very delicate person, hardly ever well.

About ten years ago they were removed to Hatfield. Here she often lamented having nowhere near to go to hear; but she would go to Gower Street as often as she could, and very much liked Mr. Philpot and other good men, such as Mr. Taylor and Mr. Collinge. In April, 1870, she went to Gower Street to hear Mr. Smart; and the Lord greatly blessed her soul under the sermon, which was from Rom. viii. 38, 39. She went to hear Mr. Hemington twice, and said she had never heard her ins and outs, ups and downs, her times of sorrows and her times of joy, so set forth in all her life; and she greatly thought of hearing him this summer; but being unwell, and drawing near her confinement, she could not get out much. She at times went to Ebenezer Chapel, at Welwyn, and heard Mr. Boorman, whom she very much liked, and at one time Mr. Burns was made a great blessing to her; so that she could say, "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith." She felt what Berridge says:

"If I loved my Lord before," &c.

I went to see her some time before her confinement, and found her again very dark in her soul; and it truly was a solemn time. When I asked her how she felt, she said, "Very dark. O that the dear Lord would but once more shine upon my poor soul and turn this night to day!"

I here mentioned two verses of Hart's hymns:

"The single boon I would entreat," &c.

She said, "Ah! That's what I want to feel." I read Ps. cii., and spent a few minutes in prayer. I did not see her again till some time after her confinement; but found her in better spirits; and although she began to see that her time was come, she said she wished to be resigned to the will of God.

I here give you an extract from a letter she wrote to her parents:

"Hatfield Railway Station, Feb. 5th., 1871.

"My dear Father and Mother,—We received your kind letter and were glad to hear from you. My dear mother, I am very sorry for you that you should be in trouble about me, such an unworthy sinner. This is a very heavy affliction for me, but my sins

have been more trouble to me than all my afflictions. O! Bless his precious name, that I am still spared and out of hell, which I so richly deserve. O that I could but be more thankful to him for all his great goodness towards us. I feel, at times, that my very heart must break when I think of his loving kindness and tender mercies towards such unworthy sinners. I feel, at times, shut up and cannot pray; and that is very hard work; but the Lord knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust. I hope he will speak peace and pardon to my never-dying soul, if it be his blessed will.

"I am glad to inform you that I feel a trifle better than I was when I last wrote to you; but I have taken to perspiring very much, and they are cold clammy sweats, and I am so very weak and have no appetite. I hope the Lord will spare me a little longer for the sake of my poor dear little children; but if my time is come I must submit to his blessed will, hoping and trusting that as my day my strength will be."

After this she received a letter from her cousin, Mr. Darbyshire, which was greatly blessed to her soul. She would often say, if ever a poor soul had suffered a hell upon earth she had. She was a lover of the "Gospel Standard," her Bible, Mr. Gadsby's hymns, and Mr. Warburton's "Mercies;" and she had got about half way through Mr. Kershaw's Memoir when she was obliged to leave off, being in so weak a state. At this time the doctor told her the last means that could be tried would be for her to go into the country. Her husband being an inspector of the permanent way, Great Northern Railway, applied to the chief engineer for a pass, which he kindly granted. She went to a relative at Grantham, and her husband went down to see her three or four times a week. And here the dear Lord turned her darkness into light; and how sweetly did she feel that verse of dear Gadsby's:

"The vilest sinner out of hell,  
Who lives to feel his need,  
Is welcome to a throne of grace,  
The Saviour's blood to plead."

She said, "I can now leave my children and all in his blessed hands, who governs all things by his mighty power." All her darkness was gone, and the true light now shined. She said, "If I was ever to get up again I would join the church, and tell them what great things the dear Lord has done for my poor soul." Sin had made her groan again and again, as it does all the election of grace; but she could now stare death in the face without the least fear, and she would say to her husband, "How I should like to see Mr. B. How I should like to tell him that all my sins are cancelled, and how the Lord has made him a blessing to my soul!"

She now lay with a longing desire to depart to be with Christ, and often would say with Newton:

"I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake," &c.

Thus her soul was in holy ecstasy, longing to be gone for ever from this sin-polluted earth. What sweet communion she held with the Lord. She would not cease speaking of his goodness only when quite exhausted. All the night before she died, she kept saying, "I long to be with him, to see him without a cloud between."

On the morning of the 21st March she fell into a doze, and her ransomed spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

Stevenson, June 15, 1871.

ELI FOX.

SARAH DEACON.—At Abingdon, June 4th, aged 52, Mrs. Sarah Deacon, a member of the late Mr. Tiptaft's church.

The first part of this account was written by herself. "I was born in the village of Westmeon, in Hampshire. I was brought up in the Established Church, and received the doctrines taught or delivered by the generality of the ministers in that Establishment; namely, the works of the law, as the only way whereby I could be saved; but the Lord, in unmerited mercy, when eighteen years of age, convinced me of my wretched mistake, and of the dreadful state I was in by nature and practice; so that I dared not hope for salvation by the works of the law, feeling how dreadfully I had broken it in thought, word, and deed; which led me to cry earnestly for mercy, through that Saviour whom I had so cruelly pierced. I felt guilty and polluted; and though Satan suggested it was in vain for such a wretch to cry for mercy, I was still enabled to do so, and to groan beneath the burden of my sins. Thus I went on for some time, earnestly pleading for mercy, but without hope of obtaining it; yet I could not refrain from asking, trusting that the Lord would, in his own good time, grant it. I felt determined to cling to the cross of Christ, and if I perished, to perish there. 'He died for guilty sinners; and shall I be banished from his presence?' Still hoping and fearing, I went to hear Mr. Parsons, of Chichester. His text was Luke xv. 14. He spoke blessedly of the wants of the new-born soul, until I had a hope I was one of them; but I sank again, and feared at times, to sleep, lest I should sink where hope could never come. I heard him again, when he spoke from Mal. iv. 2. I cannot describe what I felt. New light came into my soul, and I felt to be one of that happy number spoken of in the text. I now thought I should go on comfortably; but, alas! Though convinced as a sinner, I knew little of my own heart, and had to be put into the furnace that I might know what dwells there; and the dross so frightened me that I thought, 'How can God dwell here?' But, bless his name,

"'He reigns to pardon crimson sins.'

And many times he melted my hard heart and caused me to weep on account of my sins.

"Thus I went on for years, sinking low, and then raised to a hope that I should see his face in glory. I found I had not what I wanted. I longed and panted for a full pardon; but one night

(to my shame be it spoken), very rebellious, feeling determined not to call on God any longer, for he did not attend to my cries, before I had been long in bed, I was seized with spasms, and thought I should die; and O what agony of soul I was then in! How I begged of the Lord to rend the veil between him and me! And O, now he broke my rocky heart in pieces with Isa. xliii., part of 1, 2. O what a change took place in me! I was a weeping, pardoned penitent at his dear feet, and could not creep low enough. The savour of this visit lasted for several days; and though in the furnace I could say, 'Blessed chastening!' Straits and difficulties caused my proud heart to rebel, to think I should be crossed in everything; but the Lord led me in his own way to lay me low at his dear feet, and cause me to seek my all in him. He put my unbelief to the blush, by sending us more than sufficient supplies for our then wants; which caused me and my dear husband to weep together. I might fill a volume; therefore will only add that he has been a good and gracious God to me all my days, and I would exalt him with my latest breath.

"About two years ago the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon me (internal cancer). My mind was very dark, I thought it might quickly terminate in death; and where were my evidences for heaven? I could not find them. Day and night my mind was distressed, begging the Lord to make matters plain. At length, one morning, he sweetly broke upon my soul, showed me that he had loved me, and that his love was still the same. I again felt to love him, his people, and his ways, and wept for hours over his love to unworthy me. The sweetness returned for three successive mornings, with verses and portions of scripture. The last morning it was Jno. xiv. 27. Though the savour of these words gradually left me, they strengthened my confidence and confirmed my hope in the Lord. Jesus is the only way by which I can be saved. This has been laid upon me during my long afflictions many times. I need him in all his office characters; and blessedly has he revealed himself to me, and made me feel he is the chiefest among ten thousand. Through him I can do and bear all things. Once, while suffering most excruciating pain, he so blessedly visited my soul that I did not feel the pains whilst the savour lasted. I had such a blessed view of my bleeding Saviour and the glory that awaited me, that I longed to depart, and be for ever with him. But I have to wait his time. My mind has since then been stayed upon him, though Satan will, at times, suggest, 'Suppose you are wrong altogether?' But Jesus appears and disproves the lie."

A friend called to see her, and she told him she wanted strength to shout "Victory." Though still on a bed of affliction, she said, "I hope he has brought me from my heart to say, 'Thy will be done,' and I am waiting for him to call me higher."

Thus far my dear wife wrote and dictated. She continued many weeks a severe sufferer. She was favoured, at times, with blessed communion with her Lord. One time the Lord was so

near and precious to her that she held up her poor hands, and said, "My hands seem glorified." She much enjoyed the visits of the Lord's dear people, and was often refreshed in her spirit whilst speaking of the Lord's grace and her unworthiness.

But to come to a close, the last week she was not so much favoured. Her poor body and mind seemed exhausted. I asked her the morning of the day in which she died how her mind was. She said, "Not so very bright; but I have heaven in view, and long for the dear Lord to come and take me to himself." After this she blessed her children, and, with a firm voice, said, "Good bye for ever!" She then lay until half-past eight, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or struggle.

She was the mother of twelve children, and lived to bury eight. I am now left with four to mourn her loss, with this firm hope, that my loss is her eternal gain.

Broad Street, Abingdon.

ROBERT DEACON.

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MARGARET SELLERS.—On April 24th, 1871, aged 49, Margaret Sellers, of Accrington.

She was not a member of any church, but I believe she feared God from her youth. She was very delicate all her life, scarcely ever knowing what good health was. About fifteen years ago she was afflicted with a bad knee, and endured it very patiently for about three years, and then she, with her mother, consented to have the leg amputated, the doctor saying she might then have better health. But it was not so, though she was able to go about with crutches, which a dear sister provided for her.

In our younger days we lived in Manchester, and attended St. George's Road Sunday school. She thought highly of the late Mr. Gadsby, and was very much encouraged many a time. Though but young, she would often remark how he prayed for the young and rising generation, and she believed many of those prayers were answered; for there were many raised up from that school to call the Lord blessed.

For the last twenty years she was very hard of hearing; so she had not much comfort in going to the house of God; but she liked to go, for she said she liked to be in company with the Lord's people. She was of a very quiet and peaceable disposition and had very little to say; she was one of the *thinkers*; and the Lord says he has a book of remembrance written for those who fear the Lord, and that think upon his name. She loved her Bible and hymn book, and took great pleasure in reading the "Gospel Standard" and other good works. She often said what a comfort it was that she could read, as she could not hear, for she could often trace her own feelings in other people's experience, especially in the "Standard." Our dear father has the "Gospel Standard" from the very commencement.

She was very fond of coming to Manchester in the summer for a change, and staying two or three months, when her health would allow. As we lived near the chapel, she could go and hear

a little, and see many of the old faces, which cheered her up a little, especially when any of the old friends spoke to her. Our dear minister, Mr. Taylor, would often call in to see her when he knew she was at our house, and she was much pleased to have a little conversation with him.

When she had the use of her limbs, and lived in the country, she often walked ten and twelve miles on Sundays to hear the truth preached, and many happy hours have we had on those occasions.

Last August she only stayed with us a few weeks, and was very low most of the time, still hoping and trusting that the Lord would appear for her; for she would often say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." She said she knew he would appear for all his dear people; but she was afraid she was not the right character. I said, "Sister, did any ever trust in the Lord and were confounded?" and she said, "No; and I have no where else to trust." I then said to her, "He will appear for you before long, and you will have a morning without clouds. At evening time it shall be light." And, bless his dear name, he did appear at evening tide. Never shall I forget the few last hours of her life. I had a letter on the Saturday afternoon, saying that she was worse, and I went. She was very glad to see me, and said, "Don't pray for me to live, but pray for resignation, and for the Lord to take me; for I am weary. I want rest, but I want heavenly rest. It has taken fifteen years to weary me; but I am worn out now. I can truly say:

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Dear Jesus, set me free," &c.

And she added, "I have been such a hard learner; but I cannot talk, I am so weak." She seemed so exhausted that I left her a short time, and then went up again. I had felt very anxious about her, and tried to plead with the Lord for her, and that he would take her without much suffering, she seemed so worn out. And O how blessedly this desire was granted! I took her some dinner upstairs. She ate pretty freely, and then said she would rest again, and then I must go and read Ps. xxv. for her; which I did, and she seemed a little refreshed. Being thirsty, I gave her some tea, and she said, "They did not give Jesus tea to drink." I said, "No; they gave him vinegar, mingled with gall." She said, "Yes," and then sank again exhausted. In a little while she revived again, and said, "Are none of you going to chapel?" Another sister and our mother were there. I said, "We thought of staying with you, as you are so poorly." "But," she said, "I want to be quiet, and should like some of you to go." So I and our father went, it being very near. When we came back she was taking a little more tea, and sister thought she was dying; but she rallied again, and seemed composed for a while, and in sweet communion with the Lord. She then said, "Lord, help me!" several times, very feebly. And then, "Do help me to overcome, Lord." The enemy seemed to try for the last time to harass her;



but she soon gave proof that she was beyond his reach. O what a blessed time it was to me! Those words came so sweetly to my mind: "I will ransom thee from the power of the grave," &c. I saw she was dying, and told mother; and then, thinking she would speak no more, I said, "She is going;" when she said very faintly, "O for strength to praise him! But I have no strength left, only to say, Amen! Amen!" These were her last words, and she died without a struggle or a sigh.

S. L.

MRS. KEAL.—On April 22nd, in her 80th year, at Oakham, the Lord gathered one of his plants of his own right hand planting, in the taking from the church, at Oakham, Mrs. Deborah Ward Keal, wife of Mr. W. T. Keal, M.D. She was the eldest sister of that highly-favoured servant of God, the late Mr. Tiptaft, to whom she was united by a further bond, in that she received sweet refreshings under his powerful ministry.

It was under the late Mr. Gadsby, however, that she first tasted of divine realities. She *always* spoke of him as her spiritual father, and his preaching was especially blessed to her soul. He was also a nursing father unto her. Once I well remember taking tea and spending the evening in company with Mr. Gadsby, at Mr. Keal's, when the two dear departed saints spoke so sweetly of manifestations of divine mercy that the natural frame was overcome; in which mercy my own soul had been indulged a few days before. Mr. G. took my hand, and said, "These are the beginnings of his ways." I think this circumstance took place in 1839. It was a blessed evening, and those sermons of Mr. G.'s from Eph. i. 6, preached Dec. 2, 16, 23, 1836: "To the praise of the glory of his grace," were also especially blessed to her soul many times, and she would say, "I love Mr. Gadsby;" and that was really true.

Often, when talking of God's goodness and mercy to her never-dying soul, she would say, "It is truly wonderful! None but the Lord himself could have wrought so great a change! We can say, 'Let honours crown his lovely brow!' It is all of sovereign love and mercy that we are made to differ. What great condescension! We shall not have one trial too many, because all things are ordered in infinite wisdom; yet, at times, we are almost ready to faint, because of inexpressible difficulties. William Tiptaft may well say, 'Sin in ourselves and sin in others would soon sink us in despair.' What a mercy to be *kept* by the power of God unto salvation." She had a great wish that no obituary or memoir might be written about her, when she was taken home; so I must check my pen.

She was the second person baptized when the church was formed at Oakham, in 1843. She proved herself a most active and useful member, especially kind to the poor, and greatly beloved by both ministers and friends. It may be truthfully said of her that she was "a mother in Israel."

She would often exclaim what a debtor she was to sovereign

mercy; and though in providence her path was a favoured one, she was frequently called to pass through deep and bitter trials, especially in the loss of her children; but the Lord mercifully supported her through all. The tears would often steal down her cheeks when speaking of the Lord's sustaining power, and she would say, "I trust the Lord will give us strength to hold on. All our trials are numbered. It is hard travelling sometimes; but there is 'an expected end.'" She has now reached that "end,"—the end of sorrow and suffering.

Constraint having been laid upon me by the dear departed one, I add no more, save that she was a most quiet, unassuming Christian.

She was buried in the Oakham cemetery by Mr. Godwin, to whom she felt great union.

This short account is from one to whom she was very dear, and with whom she had frequent communion in days that are past; but latterly impeded through affliction.

ELIZABETH.

JOHN DAVIES.—On May 30th, aged 65, less one day, John Davies, of Ridlington, near Oakham.

From the commencement of Mr. Tiptaft's preaching in the Riding School at Oakham, 1832 or 1833, Mr. Davies became a hearer of the truth; and, having loved the same, he continued a constant hearer at Providence Chapel, Oakham, under the ministry of the late highly-esteemed Mr. Philpot, whose praise is in all the churches. He was often encouraged, and found the word blessed to his soul; and under such refreshment from the word his countenance would testify, and his conversation would savour of grace alone.

He was somewhat reserved towards strangers, but free and open to those friends whom he knew and loved in the truth. Bunyan's "Mr. Fearing" and Huntington's "Little Faith" were very descriptive of his character, being so fond of hearing the Lord's children converse, but timid and retiring in his own spirit. When any choice bits or delicacies dropped from the lips of others as they spoke of Jesus by the way, "O!" he would say, "that is too good for me!" But his life and conversation bear testimony to the reality of the work of grace wrought in him.

It pleased the Lord to afflict him with a lingering and trying disease, which he was enabled to bear with exemplary patience, and was often speaking of the Lord's goodness to him in providence, and how, through the kindness of his children and friends, his needs were supplied, with tenderness and affection. He was much esteemed by the minister in the village church, who manifested towards him great kindness and Christian sympathy.

On the Sabbath that Mr. Marshall spoke at Oakham, May 21st, he observed to his friends that, if he could afford it, he would have a fly and go to hear the preaching.

The day before he died he was asked, "Is Christ precious to you?" He replied, "*He is here now!*" As his brother and daughter

ters were round his bed, he asked them to sing hymn 182, Gadsby's Selection :

"If ever it could come to pass," &c.

They said they were unable to do so; "But," said he, "*now's the time you should sing*;" and he then attempted to sing it himself, but his strength failed him. After this he seemed to sink, and cried, "Lord, I am oppressed. Undertake for me;" then repeated in his sinking a verse of Watts's:

"A guilty, weak, and sinful worm," &c.

Also parts of hymn 299, especially the last two verses:

"Look from the windows of thy grace,  
And cheer a drooping heart," &c.

These were his last audible utterances. He lifted up his hands in his departure; but, as nothing dropped from his lips, the scene was closed.

Uppingham, June 17, 1871.

C. WADE.

STEPHEN CROUCH.—On June 19th, in his 80th year, Stephen Crouch, after a few days' illness, caused by inflammation.

He was for more than thirty years a quiet and consistent member of the church of Christ, meeting for the worship of the Three-One God, at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London, the last few years of which he held the office of deacon, with honour to his profession and comfort to his brother deacons.

Our dear brother Crouch often spoke of the enjoyment he had under the word preached at Zoar; and he expressed the same to me two or three days before his death, saying that those precious truths were his soul's only solace. He was quite conscious of his approaching end, and said he felt he was on the Rock of Ages, and his only desire was to be with Jesus:

"Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in."

Those who knew most of him will agree with me in saying that he was a lover of the truth, and that he walked in the truth. He was seldom absent from chapel, being favoured with a good state of health nearly the whole of his long life. He was with us at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting a fortnight before his death, when he appeared in excellent health and spirits; and there was an unusual savour in his prayer, and much fervour of heart expressed while begging that the dear Lord would bless his own word to the comfort of poor, needy, downcast souls, and for his own glory.

On Friday, June 23rd, Mr. Hazlerigg committed to the silent grave, at the City of London cemetery, Ilford, the mortal remains of our departed brother, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

S. SAXBY.

GOD our Father hath given the church nothing to have and hold for ever but his dear Son; and this first and best comprehensive gift, which includes every other, is given never to be recalled.—*Hawker*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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

THE LORD DOING WONDROUSLY.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Concluded from page 319.)

“And Manoah said unto his wife, We shall surely die, because we have seen God. But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these.”—JUDGES XIII. 22, 23.

II. Having treated a little of the discoveries which God's elect have of God in the law, and the dreadful conclusions which they draw: “We shall surely die, because we have seen God;” I say, as we have shown the dark side, let us now take a view of the bright side, according to promise, namely, reconciled in *Christ Jesus*. As the Lord shall assist me, I will enlarge a little upon the sight we have of God, what he is to us in Christ his Son; and O that I (from my heart I speak it) may feel and see what I write, and also my reader feel and see what he reads, that the Holy Spirit may testify of Jesus and glorify him, and then the time will not be spent in vain. “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” Now we discover that God is *love, mercy, pity, compassion, good, gracious, long suffering, kind, a promise-making and a promise-keeping* God, and that all his glorious perfections are *all on our side*, to guide and guard us all our journey through, and land us safe in everlasting glory above, to celebrate his glorious perfections to all eternity. We will go over these things a little.

“God is *love*.” And this love was set upon us in Christ Jesus from all eternity. Hence the church of old breaks out, saying, “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” &c. Here we have the *eternity* of God's love; “I *have*,” in the past tense, “loved thee.” And the duration is everlasting: “With an everlasting love, and, therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” This love is *sovereign, unchangeable, free, and eternal*. The blessed effects of it are a being drawn to Christ Jesus and receiving from him all the benefits and blessings which flow to us from his sufferings and death. “No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him,” &c. Thus the Father with loving-

kindness draws us to his Son, in whom we were chosen before the world began. But again. This love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us; and it casteth out of the conscience all slavish and servile fear; so that now, instead of viewing God as an angry judge, we see him as a father; and instead of his appearing a consuming fire, he now is discovered and we see him to be a fountain of living water; and in this endearing character the Lord Jesus speaks of his Father to his disciples: "The Father himself loveth you," &c.; "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" "Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of these (temporal) things." This love, as I said, is *sovereign*. No cause, therefore, can be assigned why God should love us and not the non-elect, for we are all fallen alike, only that he works all things after the counsel of his own will, and that it was because he would love us. It is also unchangeable as God himself, and he never alters. All our repeated backslidings and revoltings never make him change. He is fixed in all his purposes of grace; and though he will visit our sin with a rod and our iniquities with scourges, yet his loving-kindness he will not utterly take away, nor shall his faithfulness ever be permitted to fail. (Ps. lxxxix. 32, 33.) It is also *free*; for no works can possibly merit it. It is quite free, a free-grace gift in every sense of the word; so that the happy recipients of it have nothing in themselves whatever to boast of; and this secures all the glory to God, while they are completely humbled in the dust: "I will love them freely." (Hos. xiv. 4.) But it is also *eternal*. O to consider of eternal love! We are lost in the thought that, when millions of ages are rolled over, it is only as it were beginning,—eternal and everlasting love. But, lastly, it is *full*; and, therefore, we are to be filled with all the fulness of God; and our God, as John says, is love. Our treasures of grace will then be filled with this love to the full: "I will fill their treasures." Cheer up, fellow-traveller. The best is all to come. May we say with Manoah's wife, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not show us all these things."

We see him as a God of *mercy* in Christ Jesus. The mercy of God is the same as his love. Hence you read that "the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him," &c. This mercy is discovered to us in the regenerating and renewing of us. Regeneration is putting living principles into our souls; and what can renewing of us be but drawing forth these principles into exercise? "Of his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regeneration;" washing away our blood as the prophet Ezekiel says; "and the renewing of the Holy Ghost;" or as the prophet adds, "anointing us with oil." So that we are thoroughly washed and cleansed; and a better crop arises up to the glory of God, springing from the new man. You may watch this work going on in a preached gospel. You shall go under the word with such hardness, enmity, unbelief, pride, covetousness, and a whole train of every evil, or all evil things too bad to men-

tion, and the word shall be attended with such power that it carries all before it, and you shall come away not like the same person, but find a meek, quiet spirit, soft and tender love in your affections to God and his family, humility, faith in lively exercise, and your heart open to God's cause. And thus we are cleansed with the washing of water by the word, either preached or not preached. This is mercy in the displays of it to the needy soul. In the same way it is when we get rid of despair, slavish fear, terror, bondage, guilt, condemnation, a legal working spirit, with various other troubles. In all this, and much more, we see God as a merciful God; plenteous in mercy, and ready to forgive. What a glorious view David had of the mercy of God! No doubt he was sorely tried by the enemy, that as God left Saul so he would leave him also; and, therefore, God gave him this promise: "I will not take my mercy from David as I took it from Saul," and David is continually glorying in this: "Who remembered us in our low estate; for his mercy endureth for ever." Yes, and he finishes a whole psalm, 26 verses, and every verse ends this way: "His mercy endureth for ever." (cxxxvi.) And indeed, you will find him upon this more or less all through the book of psalms.

But again. He is a God of *pity*. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." This pity of the Lord is discovered to us when labouring under many sore afflictions, so that we are pressed beyond measure; we know not what to do, nor which way to turn. We are oppressed every way, —in family, in body, in circumstances, and in soul. And now is the time for the Lord to pity when none else can or will. He pitied us at first when cast out in the open field (this world). When none eyes pitied he looked upon us and said unto us, "Live;" and he is ever the same. He lightens these heavy burdens, sends us help in providence from unexpected quarters, gives health by degrees to the body or to the family, or strength to bear up, gives us the consolations of his Spirit, and speaks a word in season to us when weary and ready to give up all for lost. I am writing from blessed experience.

Furthermore, this pity is known by his redeeming our souls. He has redeemed us from the curse of the law, from amongst men, from a vain conversation, and our souls from deceit and violence and from the devil, the hand of him that is mightier than we. "Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord, or Jehovah of hosts, is his name," &c. Hence you read, "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity he redeemed them; he bare them and carried them all the days of old." (Isa. lxiii. 9.)

Again. This pity is manifested toward us in taking us from the heathen; sprinkling clean water upon us, and cleansing us from all our filthiness, idols, and uncleannesses; giving us a new heart, a new spirit, and taking away the stony heart and giving

a heart of flesh; calling for the corn and increasing it, and laying no famine upon us; multiplying the fruit of the tree and the increase of the field, and bringing us to loathe ourselves in our own sight for our iniquities, &c. What a cluster of promises are here; and many more you may read that I have not mentioned; all of which are to be inquired for of the Lord. Now the Lord says, "I had pity for mine holy name which the house of Israel had profaned;" which pity led him to all these things. (Ezek. xxxvi. 21-38.)

But again. We see the Lord as a God of *compassion*. The compassion of the Lord to his family is found out by his bringing us into such straits and difficulties as that no one living can do us any good. O! Could I but write it as I see it; but it is impossible. However, I will take notice of a few things; and may the Lord make them a blessing.

Israel, it is well known, were a typical people; in which we may see how the Lord dealt with them and how he will deal with us; for in numberless instances we may, as in a glass, see both our wretched selves and God's sovereign mercy, our natures being like theirs and both like the devil. And where can there be greater compassion than for the Lord to meet us in love and mercy, in a sovereign way, when we know what devils we are and what we justly deserve? It is said of the Israelites, "They did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues; for their heart was not right with him, neither were they steadfast in his covenant; but he, being full" (mark that) "*full of compassion, forgave their iniquity and destroyed them not.*" (Ps. lxxviii. 38.) Say you, "This may have been the case with Israel, but I cannot apply it to myself. What! Flatter God? Lie to him? The heart not right, neither steadfast in his covenant?" Alas, poor soul, thou knowest not thy wicked, abominable heart, or thou dared not talk at that rate. However, I have no stone to cast at you. But here lies our mercy, as children of God, that he, being full of compassion, forgives us for the alone sake of his dearly-beloved Son, who also is, with the Father, full of compassion. In the days of his flesh, how he manifested this in working a miracle to satisfy the temporal need of his followers: "I have compassion on the multitude, because they have been with me now three days and have nothing to eat; and if I send them away fasting they will faint by the way," &c. Now take a survey of thy life, poor tried fellow-traveller. See thy many backslidings and revoltings since thou hast known and loved the Lord. See the many snares, traps, and temptations thou hast been exposed to. See the many sinkings of soul thou hast been in, at the brink of despair; how often God's word has pierced and cut thee through and through; how many friends have forsaken thee; what hard treatment thou hast had from the world, from professors, and from real saints; what family afflictions, debts, cross afflictive providences, a tottering tabernacle,—and God hiding his face. But after all he has appeared again and again, and has

“made his wonderful works to be remembered; for he is gracious and full of compassion.” (Ps. cxi. 4; cxlv. 8.) Now cannot you see, at certain times, in a calm, quiet frame of soul, in the Lord’s light, how very full of compassion he is to thee? Then where can those hard thoughts of God come from, which we generally have, but from the devil himself? Thus we see that our God is a God of compassion.

But again. The Lord is *good*. You shall sometimes be in troubles every way,—what David calls “walking in the midst of trouble.” You shall try various ways to extricate yourself, but all is in vain; for who can make that straight which God has made crooked? and therefore your “purposes are broken, even the thoughts of your heart. You call upon the Lord, but things go on just the same; and for years you shall be in this rough and painful path, while some shall destroy themselves who have hardly any trouble compared with yours. How is all this to be accounted for? I answer, It is wholly owing to the goodness of the Lord in keeping you. “The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him.” (Nah. i. 7.) Thus we are held fast by his power, miserable and wretched as we are; which clearly proves that the Lord is good. Moreover, as a God of providence we can see his goodness. Man, in his natural state, may say, as I have heard many say, “The Lord is good;” but they have no meaning. It is only a cant word with them; but not so with us; for he leads us to watch his goodness in providence, and he deals so wisely with us as not to let us have much of this world at once, but deals it out little by little; and really this is the best way; and he so sanctifies it that we are helped to bless and praise him for his goodness, while those who have more than heart could wish are thankful for nothing, but all the year round are blaspheming their bountiful Benefactor. A stock in hand was the ruin of our first parents; and so it was of the prodigal; and I have many a time blessed God that I was not born rich, and from my very heart too, under the sweet influence of a spirit of meekness, quite satisfied at that time with my lot. O for more of this meekness! The Lord is good, in his providence, to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works; and Paul tells us that he doeth good in giving rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. (Acts xiv. 17.)

But I must not enlarge. Thus we see God in his providence; and so did rebellious Israel, whom he fed with manna for forty years.

Once more respecting God’s goodness. Though we are bent to backslide, and are continually revolting from him, yet he is so faithful and true to his word that he will do us good in all his dealings towards us; and many times he is doing us good when we conclude it is not so. He does us good when he chastens us for our sins. “It was good for me that I was afflicted,” said David. Yes, and it is good to be kept short in providence, to be tempted of the devil, to be despised by men, to be weak in body. In short, all crosses and trials work together for good.



See my little book upon this, called, "The Chequered Life of a Christian." Now, as these afflictions are the ground-work of spiritual prosperity, so the Lord will do us good here also; for they that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God; and therefore hear his sweet language to his poor, tried, afflicted family: "Behold, I will gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them in mine anger and in my fury and in great wrath, and I will bring them again to this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely, and they shall be my people and I will be their God, and I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear me for ever; for the good of them and of their children after them; and I will make an everlasting covenant with them that I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts that they shall not depart from me. Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good. Like as I have brought all this great evil upon this people, so will I bring all the good that I have promised." (Jer. xxxii. 37-42.) Now do you not see God in all these three things as being good, yea, abundant in goodness and truth, in that he is a stronghold to keep you in all troubles, that he is good in providing for you in temporals and in appearing for you again after sore trials, turning your captivity and rejoicing over you to do you good? Yes, and as I said before, so I say again, things that to us appear evil are really for our good. Hence you read, "Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint, who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end." (Deut. viii. 15, 16.)

But again. We see that our God is a *gracious* God. But as I have already treated largely on this in a book called "The Throne of Grace," I shall here be very brief, and therefore merely say, grace in the fountain is nothing but the sovereign love of God fixed upon a chosen number of people from all eternity, who are plunged by sin into the greatest depths of misery, and exposed to everlasting damnation; grace was the cause that the Father sent his Son into this wretched world; grace was the cause that the Son of God undertook such a great work; grace brought him through it all, and he declared, "It is finished!" Thus grace removed every obstacle out of the way. Justice is now satisfied, the law magnified and made honourable. Mercy and truth have now met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other; and in God's own time he makes all this known to every chosen vessel. Hence he sends his Spirit, who is the Spirit of grace and supplication, and he quickens the sinner. This is life, or quickening grace; and such feel their need of Jesus Christ. He then raises them to a hope in God's mercy, called "a good hope through grace." Then there is pardoning grace, justifying grace, restoring grace, saving grace; and at last grace terminates

in glory; for "the Lord will give you grace and glory." Thus briefly we see God as a gracious God, and are at a full point in these things.

But I pass on to the next particular; and that is this. We see God *long suffering, kind, a promise-making and a promise-keeping* God. I am sure if we look into this world and see what dreadful wickedness is going on from day to day, open blasphemy with every other branch of ungodliness both in young and old, and the abominable pretensions to religion, which at best are only a solemn mockery of all that is good, the errors of all description that keep abounding also; truly God is long suffering that he does not crush us to atoms as a nation or nations, and send us to hell. But to come nigher home. Let you and me look at ourselves even since we have known the Lord. To look at myself, my past and present life, and the vile abominations that work daily in me, I really am astonished and wonder at his long suffering to me as an individual; but this is his covenant name: "Long-suffering." Paul calls it "the forbearance of God;" and as for his kindness, it is as wonderful. To see the outward mercies that he loads the wicked with, the care and protection over all men outwardly. Hence he is called the Saviour of all men. He gives them health, strength, riches, honours, &c.; but they are stone-blind to that God who gives them all they have. Nevertheless, we can see God in all this and much more, and can say with David that he daily loadeth us with his benefits, not dealing with us after our sins, nor rewarding us according to our iniquities, but crowning us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. These things do so endear the Almighty to us as is beyond all expression. He is a *faithful* God; and having made many exceeding great and precious promises, all of which are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, he will surely fulfil them all; for he is a *promise-making* and a *promise-keeping* God. Men may be in great power, and promise to others great things; but man is only mortal at the best. His breath is in his nostrils. Besides, a little thing, even while he lives, may turn him; for man is a changeable being; and not only so, but he may lose all his property and power. There is nothing certain in this life. Riches make to themselves wings and flee away. But God is the reverse of all this. He lives for ever; he is unchangeable, and never can lose anything; for all riches, spiritual and temporal, are his, and he is almighty. He has made promises to his elect, unconditionally. "Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it." Were you to search narrowly the holy word from Genesis to Revelation, you would find it all to be a transcript of his faithful promises. Some are fulfilled and all shall be; and thus a poor tried soul, as he travels on, is to watch God's hand in providence, in his judgment on the wicked, and in his own spiritual experience, and he will clearly see, at certain times, that the Lord his God is long suffering, kind, a promise-making and a promise-keeping God.

But again. We see God in a way of *security and safety* to us,

that all his glorious perfections are on our side, to guide and guard us all our journey through this world, and land us safe in everlasting glory above, to celebrate his glorious perfections to all eternity. Therefore those perfections of God, which at one time we trembled at, viewing them as against us, now are all for us in Christ Jesus; as, for instance, justice, holiness, righteousness, truth, power, unchangeableness. These perfections of God used to alarm and greatly terrify us. Now, if it be asked, "How is it possible that all the glorious perfections of God can be on our side?" I answer, It is because the Lord Jesus Christ, by his life, death, resurrection, and ascension to the glorious realms of bliss, has so removed sin out of our way that we are in the sight of God the Father, as considered in Christ, as though we never had sinned at all; and, therefore, these glorious perfections cannot be against the believer, seeing he is perfectly righteous by the imputation of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence you read, "Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other;" that "God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" that "it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed;" which is in close union with his unchangeableness: "I am God, and change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." From all which we clearly see God, in all his perfections and attributes, on our side, he having accepted us in the Beloved. He declares himself "well pleased for his righteousness' sake, &c."

In the next place, they all stand as so many bulwarks to guard and guide us all our journey through. This shows we have many enemies who wish our destruction, all of whom are conquered by the Lord Jesus Christ. 1, *Sin*: "He made an end of sin," &c.; 2, *The Law*: "Christ has redeemed us from its curse;" 3, *The World*: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" 4, *The Devil*: "He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil;" 5, *The Old Man*: "Knowing this that our old man was crucified with him;" 6, *Death*: "O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction. Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes." Therefore it is that God is pleased to *guard* and *guide* his people. And we have his promise, "I will be a wall of fire round about them, and the glory in the midst." "God is our refuge and strength," &c. "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." God is there to *guard* every believer, however weak and feeble. The whole mountain was filled with chariots, &c., of fire, to protect the prophet Elisha; and the Lord Jesus Christ himself has promised to be our keeper. "None shall pluck them out of my hand, nor out of my Father's hands. I and my father are one,"—one in essential divinity.

Then see how safe and secure all the family of God are. And as it respects their being *guided*, we read that the Lord Jesus is to be their Leader and Commander; and Asaph says, "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to

glory." He leads us by a right way, though it appears rough to us, to a city of habitation, even to glory above. Blessed be his name, we can see all this and much more.

Thus I have treated a little about our seeing God in a plain experimental way, suited to believers in general; and take notice that a sight of God, either in the law as I first showed, or in the gospel as reconciled in Christ Jesus, you and I must expect till death,—sometimes the one and sometimes the other. What makes me enforce this is because I have often been puzzled at such experience, and concluded I was a hypocrite. The holy word is plain upon it, but very few preachers clear these things up.

Now I really believe that both Manoah and his wife were delivered in soul; both knew experimentally what liberty is; and yet they were not at this time both under one influence. Manoah appears at this time to be straitened in spirit, having a measure of that teaching which I showed of God in the law. Hence he says, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God;" while his wife stands more under the sweet influence of the gospel, seeing God as on their side; therefore she says, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these." By the burnt-offering and meat-offering I understand mystically two things: 1, Christ as a sacrifice to divine vengeance, enduring the wrath of God: "He made his soul an offering for sin;" 2, That he now becomes our food: "His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed. Christ our passover was sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast." Hence he is called the fatted calf which the prodigal fed upon; the Lamb slain: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." This is a sweet-smelling sacrifice, well pleasing to God; and when, by faith, we eat his flesh and drink his blood, and feel a thankful heart to God the Father for the unspeakable gift of his dear Son, this is "offering up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Hart brings in this burnt and meat offering in one verse beautifully when he says,

"This paschal Lamb, our heavenly meat,  
Was roasted in the flame;  
Let every thankful tongue repeat  
Salvation to the Lamb."

Manoah's wife could see in the victim Justice inflicting the stroke upon Christ. She well knew that without shedding of blood there was no remission, and that the blood of beasts was of no avail;" but seeing the fire consume the sacrifice, here she saw that Jesus must endure God's wrath, and by its ascension up that it was acceptable to the Father. Now the eye of faith could see all this; and what cause have we to wonder at this, seeing that Abel, Abraham, and Moses all had this glorious sight? "By faith, Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than

Cain;" "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad." He saw the victim in his Son, and afterwards in the ram caught in a thicket by his horns; in the knife, the sword of justice, the fire, the wrath of God, and his interest in all, which filled his soul with joy. "He rejoiced to see my day;" that is, the day when I should remove the iniquity of all my elect people: "He removed the iniquity of that land in one day." This day Abraham saw with the eye of faith, and was glad. This gladness was the holy unction or anointing of the Holy Ghost, called the oil of gladness. Again. "By faith Moses kept the passover and sprinkling of blood," lest he that destroyed the first-born should slay them; and "by faith he saw him that is invisible." Now, said Manoah's wife to her husband, trying to encourage him, "would the Lord have showed us such things as we have discovered with the eye of faith, and have accepted a burnt and meat offering at our hands, had he been pleased to kill us?" No, verily, he would not; "nor would he have told us such things as he has about the child that is to be born, and how we are to act." And, indeed, it all agrees with what our Lord said to his disciples in the days of his flesh: "Henceforth I call you not servants, for a servant (under the curse of the law) knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

Finally, I would wish to encourage every weak believer, because I feel myself so very weak. Then observe, there are four things the Lord will show you: 1, Your *own heart*, in a greater or lesser degree; all do not see it exactly alike, but all see it in a measure, and also the dreadful state of this world; 2, He will show you the *spirituality of his law*. Some feel much terror, and others do not; yet they all find out that the law is spiritual and themselves carnal, sold under sin; 3, He will show you that you *cannot help yourself* by all that you can do, that when the Ethiopian can change his skin and the leopard his spots, then may you who are accustomed to do evil learn to do well, and that there is salvation in no other name but in the Lord Jesus Christ; and he will bring every thought (upon this head) into captivity to the obedience of Christ, till at last you will expect it no other way. "Well," say you, "bless God, I can go thus far." Very good. Then the fourth thing is this, that *Jesus Christ is your Saviour*. "Ah," say you, "I cannot come up to that; that is what I want." Yes, and that you shall surely have. You have acknowledged what I have said in the first part, and so you shall in the second; for, as Paul says, "You have acknowledged us in part, and I trust you shall acknowledge us to the end;" and when this takes place you will again say with Paul, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." Then you will know that you are accepted in the Beloved; then you will know that God the Father has received Christ in your stead as a *burnt-offering*, and then he will be a *meat-offering to you*.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 324.)*

## CHAPTER II.

*Verse 14. "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."*

There is sometimes a difficulty in deciding whether in particular parts of this Song the Lord Jesus speaks to the church or the church to him. This has led to some diversity of interpretation; but where the analogy of faith is observed, though unity of opinion, even in these points, is desirable, it is not of such vital importance that God's people need quarrel with one another. Surely in these matters a due consideration of our exceeding liability to mistakes, and our many infirmities, should free us from a proud, positive, or scornful spirit. Some persons may be inclined to consider the words of the text as spoken by the church to the Lord Jesus; and though the writer disagrees with them, because unable to see that they so readily admit of that interpretation as of the one he himself inclines to, he would desire to pay every respect to this view, which seems to have been in Mr. Toplady's mind when he wrote those sweet words:

"Speak, Saviour; for sweet is thy voice;  
Thy presence is fair to behold.  
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries  
And groanings that cannot be told."

For our own part, as an interpretation, we prefer to look upon the words as the address of the Lord Jesus to the church, and designed to encourage the poor, diffident, trembling child of God to look unto him and be saved, to pray unto him and be happy. The text, in fact, seems a continuation of the previous address, and appears to indicate that the former sweetly-encouraging expressions had failed to thoroughly assure the poor believer's heart. Hence the needs-be of further words of sweetness.

"O my dove," &c. In examining the verse we find four prominent things:

1. The *emblem used* to characterize the person spoken to.
  2. The *situation of the child of God*, as indicated by the expressions: "Clefts of the rock;" "Secret places of the stairs."
  3. The *sweet invitation*: "Let me," &c.
  4. The *encouragement*: "For sweet," &c.
1. The *emblem used*: "O my dove." The dove was one of the clean birds, according to the law of Moses, and so is designed to represent here the believer's purity as in Christ, and by his Spirit. The child of God is seen first of all by God the Father in the person of Christ, and hence is perfectly fair in his fairness, comely in his comeliness: "Thou art all fair, my love." Also the new creature formed in the soul by the Holy Spirit is altogether fair and spotless in the likeness of Christ. Hence we see the fitness of the emblem of a dove.

But again. Here we have an indication of the oneness of the child of God with Christ, inasmuch as the dove, under the law, was evidently used in the sacrifices as a type of Christ; so unity to Christ, resemblance unto Christ, and purity in Christ are all set forth in this emblem. But here the tried, exercised heart may give way to despondency, because conscious of so much inward impurity. "Can ever God dwell here?" What of dovelike purity is in such a heart as mine? The fact is, a sighing under a sense of impurity within is a good sign of a principle of purity; but we can seldom take very great consolation from these negative signs.

So to proceed. The dove being one of the fowls of the air may show us that there is a something in the child of God which at least flutters heavenward. Grace is a heaven-born and to-heaven-returning principle. Nature is of the earth, earthy; grace is from above and heavenly. Hence the poet sings:

"I was a grovelling creature once,  
And basely cleaved to earth;  
I wanted spirit to renounce  
The clod that gave me birth.  
But God has breathed upon a worm,  
And given him from above  
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,  
The wings of joy and love."

Here there is the wing of the dove according to the promise: "Though ye have lien among the pots," been slaves in Egypt, "Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove," &c. A sweet word! God's people with wings given to their souls by the Spirit, and with the Sun of an eternal righteousness adorning them as with feathers of gold, shall mount up in spirit unto God. But here, again, the child of God may, through a want of spiritual judgment, wrongly conceive of his state, and, because conscious of a sad earthward tendency in the old nature, overlook the contrary workings of the new, and say, "Ah! There is nothing of this emblem about me. Earthly, sensual, devilish, where in me is the wing of a dove?" The heart flutters with desire, and mounts up on favourable occasions; but is often borne down with opposite tendencies. Hence the deeply-burdened groan and sad discouragement. But come; the emblem shows something more. It indicates danger. Many are the fierce enemies of the dove which seek to make a prey of it, and many indeed are the foes of the child of God, and of the life of God, the dovelike principle, which is in him. Satan and all the powers of darkness, those fowls of the air, those eagles and hawks, hunt for the precious life. The world and the things thereof, acted upon by the powers of darkness, do the same; for the whole world lieth in the wicked one, and the whole fashion thereof is against the life of God. Hence the precept: "Be not conformed to this world, but transformed." Inbred corruptions are perpetually, as sins which do most easily beset us, warring against the divine

new creature in the soul. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit." There is a perpetual opposition. The carnal principle incessantly aims at the life of the new man of grace in the soul. Well, then, in respect of innumerable foes and dangers, the child of God is well represented by the emblem of a dove. O, it is a miracle that we are kept alive from day to day, and preserved to the heavenly kingdom; especially when we consider another thing denoted by the emblem,—helplessness, weakness, defencelessness, so far as the poor dove goes. What can a feeble dove do against hawks, eagles, and nets of the fowler? What can a poor child of God do against sin, and world, and Satan? He feels his own weakness; and hence, if he loses sight of the strength of Israel, he falls a prey to innumerable fears, and trembles like a dove "out of the land of Assyria." Here, then, we see how the emblem comes down to our weakness and fears; how the Lord Jesus, in the use of it, condescends to our low estate, speaks home to our fearful feelings, and cheers our hearts with a word of sweet affection when he cries, "O my dove."

But dwell a moment on the word, "My." It is as though he took the poor trembling creature into his bosom, and claimed it as his own to love, and defend, and provide for. O sweet grace, inimitable tenderness in the Redeemer! We may, perhaps, illustrate this by the sweet anecdote of the heathen, into whose bosom a poor dove, pursued by a hawk, fled, and, trembling, forgot its fear of man whilst driven by a greater terror, its deadly enemy. And how did the heathen deal with his poor captive, or rather, poor petitioner? "O," said he, "think not that I will betray thy confidence, poor bird! Live with me, thou shalt be safe; my house thy home, and thy enemy mine." Could a heathen thus deal with a poor bird, and shall Jesus betray those poor souls who seek a refuge in him from sin, world, and Satan, those dreadful enemies? O! Never let it be thought, never let it enter the imagination of the poor trembling seeker unto Jesus, that the God of love and truth and tenderness will be a betrayer of his confidence. Besides, the word "my" is designed to be a most assuring word. It is as though the Lord answered the great question of the heart: "But am I his? All is well if Christ is mine and I am his." This the Lord Jesus answers by a word of appropriation: "Thou art mine, 'My dove.'" The soul that seeks Jesus truthfully is really his, even when unable to realize this blessedness. The poor sinner, flying for refuge to Jesus, belongs to Christ as much as the most assured believer; but then there is not in the one case the same joy of salvation as in the other.

Now, to meet with the joy and peace-destroying fears of the weak believer, Christ says, and he must be true and should be credited, "My dove." Lord, enable us to listen to thy voice, and turn away our ears from listening to the voices of unbelief and Satan. In this very petition, too, we are met by the wording of the text, as though Christ, considering and pitying our spiritual



deafness, and determining to make us hear, cried, with a mingled voice of tenderness and power, "O my dove!"

Are not, then, these words, containing the emblem used to represent the child of God, full of a wonderful and most suitable sweetness? But,

2. We have the *situation*, the locality of the child of God set forth. Here we have two figures used, but no doubt both sweetly harmonizing: "The clefts of the rock;" "The secret of the stairs."

Before we consider these in order, let us just remember the design of the whole address, which is evidently to encourage the poor trembling and diffident heart, and assure it before the Lord. To sweetly bring it to look and pray to Christ, and that this may be the case, to persuade it of its interest in his love and blood, and that it has even already a part and lot in the Redeemer. These things will help us to enter more sweetly into the figures:

i. *Art in the clefts of the rock.* We know that a rock is the scriptural emblem of Christ. Moses says, "He is the Rock." The psalmist constantly calls the Lord his Rock; and that we may clearly understand that it is the Lord Jesus, or God in Christ, Paul tells us "they drank of that spiritual Rock which followed them, and that Rock was, or represented, Christ. So, then, Christ is the Rock of our text; a rock for firmness as a foundation, and for unchangeableness; therefore the Rock of Ages; a rock of delight, whence the sweet honey of grace flows, whence reviving waters issue, and where the believer stands and sees both his own security and the blessed land afar off which is his eternal inheritance.

But our text speaks of something more; it leads our minds to the "clefts of the rock." Surely the blessed Spirit, who knows how sweet the dying love of Christ is to a believer's heart, designs to lead our minds to Christ's wounds and death when he uses this expression: "The clefts of the rock." One of our poets has blessedly expressed the desires of his brethren's hearts in these words:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me;  
Let me hide myself in thee."

And it is indeed in Christ, not merely as he is God, not merely as incarnate, not merely as living a holy, spotless life under the law, but as dying a bitter, violent, accursed death for sinners, that a poor God-taught sinner finds a refuge. The dove, then, is in the clefts of the Rock; hidden in Christ's wounded side; finding a refuge in a bleeding Jesus. "But," says the poor weak believer, "this is the very thing I am principally tried about. It has never been said to me, 'I died for thee;' and I have not been able to sweetly say, 'The Saviour died for me.' True, I think I can say, especially at times, that my whole soul goes forth in longing for this blessedness; nor can I rest satisfied without it; but still I am far from assurance. How can I, who seem so far off, be in the clefts of the Rock?" Poor trembling one, God help you to listen to Christ. You are, in your soul's desire, as a poor sinner seeking for refuge in him, You dare not trust to anything but

him. Since your righteousnesses are as filthy rags to you, your only hope must be in Jesus. Nothing but a dying Christ will satisfy your heart, and quiet your fears. Now he, in these words, tells you where he sees you to be. Whilst you are, through diffidence, which springs from ignorance as to his immense grace, hiding from him, and almost cutting yourself off, he sees you where your little bit of faith puts you as in his sight, and that is in him, in the clefts of the Rock. O that you could see yourself where he sees you; then not only would you be safe as in, but happy as knowing yourself to be in the clefts of the Rock. The Lord help thee to understand and believe.

ii. "*The secret places of the stairs.*" As to the exactly correct translation of Solomon's words there may be differences of opinion. We are content to go by the translation as in our Bibles; strongly suspecting that if it does not give the most literal translation, it gives the sense and answers to the design of the Lord in the passage. Some would render it precipices instead of stairs; but then is not the thought the same,—precipices, or rock rising above rock, height above height, unto heaven, and stairs? Here, again, we seem to be led to Christ as the only true and proper way unto the Father, and unto heaven. If he is a rock for firmness, he is the stairs for access from earth to heaven. In Jacob's dream he was represented as a ladder from earth to heaven; a ladder whose foot is wherever there is upon earth a poor, tried child of God, a burdened and a praying believer; a ladder whose top is in the highest heavens, the holy of holies, reaching to the midst of the throne of God. In the words of our text we seem to have the same idea; Christ in his Person, incarnation, life, death, in his ascension, grace, offices, in all he is, all he has done, all he has, the way, the sweet way, the only way to God. And how exactly this harmonizes with the views and feelings of even the weak, trembling child of God. That Christ is the only way he does not doubt. He never dreams of getting to God or heaven but by Jesus, by him he knows his prayers must ascend to God; through him his blessings must come from God. He has some true faith in the Redeemer, though he often has very many fears to oppose his confidence in himself as in the Redeemer. He fears he may yet be out of the secret of God, that something pertaining to true vital saving religion may be wanting in him. He believes, in other words, firmly in the stairs; knows, too, there is a secret of the Lord which is with them that fear him, longs to be in Christ, and prays to be assured that he is so; yet, contrary to this witness of the Spirit of God within him and the word of scripture answering to it, questions his state and condition, and wonders if he is in God.

Now here, then, again the words of our text come sweetly in; they meet his case, answer his fears: "*That art.*" So I see thee. This is thy real condition. I am the Yea and Amen, the faithful and true Witness. Let unbelief, men, Satan, say what they will to the contrary, my word shall stand; they shall be found liars,

trembling one that art in the clefts of the Rock, in the secret places of the stairs.

I think, then, without entering into any nice criticisms, for which we should feel ourselves very unequal, and which, perhaps, our poorer readers would find very puzzling and unprofitable, we seem to have got at the mind of the Lord in these words; and whilst extracting a little of the honey from them have done no violence to the honeycomb, or wrested from their signification the words we have considered.

3. We now come, in the third place, to notice the *invitation*, or gracious command: "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice." It is perfectly clear that the child of God is supposed to be in too diffident a state of mind, and this is very nearly as hurtful to the soul as an undue degree of confidence. Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," makes Madam Diffidence the wife of Giant Despair, and their dwelling-place is Doubting Castle. This discovers Bunyan's sound experimental knowledge of divine things; for it is very clear that if we through diffidence stand at a distance from Christ, our souls cannot be in a thriving state, and despondency and despair must be close at hand. If persons are not deeply convinced of sin, and have not some adequate ideas of the majesty, justice, and holiness of God, presumption is their danger; but when thus convinced of the infinite glory of God and their own vileness, they are very liable to the other extreme of undue diffidence. The Lord, then, in the words: "Let me see thy countenance," encourages the poor trembling, diffident soul to come unto him. It is as though he kindly expostulated with the poor trembling one, and said, "Why do you hide yourself and keep away from me? Is not my name full of grace and love? Where can you get supplies but from me? Where can you hide but in me? Why shouldst thou be afraid to approach me? Did I not bear the sins of such as thou art, that thus I might draw all men unto me? Come, then, poor soul, cast off thy diffidence."

"Look up, O trembling soul, and live."

There are various veils whereby the countenance of a child of God in a spiritual sense may be covered. The veil of humility. This should never be put off. A child of God should always draw near to the Lord with the sweetest, deepest humility. A sense of unworthiness, of the infinite distance between an incarnate God and a lost man, and of the wonderful condescension of God in allowing a worm of the dust sweet familiar intercourse with the Holy One, must always be becoming, and the countenance of grace looks loveliest from under such a veil as this. Thus Rebecca veiled herself when she approached to Isaac, and thus Job veiled himself in his near approach to God: "Behold, I am vile. I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." So it was with Abraham, the friend of God; and so it ever will be with the saint when duly approaching the divine Majesty. But, then, there is a veil of legality and a veil of undue diffidence, which hide the

features of grace, and these are to be cast aside, as Jesus says: "Let me see thy countenance." The psalmist David has a word of sweet encouragement in this matter when he writes, "They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." So it was, so it ever will be, with the humble lookers unto Jesus.

But as the Lord in the one part of the invitation calls the soul out of darkness into his light, out of all hidings from him, to a sweet hiding and taking refuge in him; so he sweetly invites to prayer: "Let me hear thy voice." Many times the soul is pressed down with cares, and pregnant with desires, but cannot give utterance to them. The inward sigh, the restless workings of the mind, the groan, being burdened, are the best expressions. There is no power of giving vent to the feelings, and unbosoming the man's very self to the Lord:

"I sigh, but dare not talk."

So, then, here the Lord encourages to this sweet expression of the feelings in words before him: "Take with you words and return unto the Lord."

"He calls thee to a throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there."

To tell the Lord our wants, to humbly confess our sins, to show him the inmost recesses of our souls, as it were, and point out to him what we feel amiss; to say, "Lord, I feel a most rebellious will; I cannot be thine so completely as I should and would be. Lord, my heart is entangled in this snare; these corrupt affections perplex and pain, as well as mislead me." These foxes, small and great, spoil the vines of spiritual life and peace, which have tender grapes. Also to praise him for all that is good, as well as deplore before him what is wrong; beseech him for his free mercy and full forgiveness, and cast ourselves upon his all-sufficient grace. This is a little of the sweet intercourse at times, held between the exercised living soul and God. But it is often hindered and intercepted, not only by other sins, but principally by unbelief and undue diffidence in the exercised soul, and to this in its sweetness the Lord invites: "Let me hear thy voice."

In the last place, the Lord enforces all this invitation by words of sweet overpowering encouragement; and when all this is backed by his own almighty power, what can keep the child of God from Jesus, and prevent communion?

4. Then we have these words of *encouragement*: "For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." At first, the poor child of God, made (under divine teachings) conscious of his infirmities, might say, "This cannot be addressed to me. How can the Lord say, 'Sweet is thy voice,' when I am conscious that this is so far from being the case that my very prayers and praises want sprinkling with Christ's precious blood to gain any acceptance." We must, then, briefly consider this. And, first, it is to be remembered that the weakest believer is not under the law but under grace; therefore his prayers and praises are not

viewed in a legal light, or weighed in legal scales. To satisfy law and justice he must always look to Christ; Christ's prayers, Christ's praises; the bells of the High Priest's garment; there and there only he must expect to find perfection. In Jesus, law, holiness, justice, are perfectly and eternally satisfied. Now, then, in respect to the poor defective believer, only grace reigns. It is grace's estimate, love's valuation, which he has to do with, and here is love's verdict: "Sweet is thy voice." That which to thyself is a mere croaking sound, to me has the music of heaven about it. We all know something in natural things of the estimate of love. What parent does not prize the sound of the voice of his own child beyond the most musical voices of others? What lover's heart does not beat at the voice of the object of sincere and pure affection? So it is here. God hears more music in the voices of his own children than in all the other sounds in creation. Jesus's heart is more pleased with the poor utterances of his black yet comely spouse than with the man-admired voices of the finest orators, or the self-delighting prayers of the gayest religionists. I recollect Bernard describes himself as, in his own feelings, when he approached to a holy God, like a filthy croaking toad creeping out of a stagnant pool. There is much justice in the description; but then this poor, filthy toad, if a child of God, is comely in Christ's comeliness, and has a most sweet voice in the ears of the God that loved him. The fact is, Christ presents the prayers and praises of his poor saints to the Father, as well as inspires them by his Spirit; and, therefore, all that is merely of the child of God and the old nature is as though it were not, and only that which is immediately of the Holy Spirit is heard and regarded. Hence, that which, though pure in its origin from the Spirit, becomes polluted as it proceeds from us, returns purified unto God the Father, through the blood, righteousness, and sweet mediation of the Eternal Intercessor.

This will explain the other branch of the encouragement; so we need not multiply words. As the voice of the spouse is sweet to Christ, so the countenance is comely. Only the visage, as it were, of grace, is seen in the gracious, humbled, believing soul. For acceptance there is always Christ; in him the child of God is altogether lovely; fairer than angels are; as is said of Moses, fair to God, or divinely fair. In himself there is still the black, unlovely face of nature, but also the fair face of grace; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit, like its Author. Now love sees the latter, and hides its eyes from the former; views to correct indeed and subdue, but sees not to loathe on account of; and, therefore, seeing only the fair face of grace, cries, "Thy countenance is comely."

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SOLOMON was struck with astonishment that he whom the heaven of heavens could not contain should visit with his presence the house he had built. But what would this Eastern prince have said had he beheld Jesus, the Son of God, washing the feet of poor fishermen?—*Hawker*.

## FREE-GRACE GOSPEL.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—Called by the same effectual grace, the same Spirit, loved with the same love, washed in the same blood, heirs to the same inheritance, fellow-travellers in the same path of tribulation, fighters with the same enemies, destined to the same home. My brother, this is great language; but is it any greater than true? Now and again blessed with an inward persuasion in my own soul by the Holy Spirit of my interest in precious blood, and fully persuaded that the same evidences are not wanting in you, cannot I scripturally say, “Brother, knowing your election to be of God?” It is not to all. I dare not say they are not children of God; yet I could not conscientiously adopt the same language unto them. The Lord having taught us the plague of our hearts, and in some measure what sin has done for us, he by so doing has taught us to prize a Free-Grace Gospel.

Ah, my brother, there is something exceedingly sweet in those terms Free-Grace Gospel, when rightly known and blessedly felt in the soul. We know but little of it as yet; but what we do know it has made the world and all created things a blank to us. How distinguishing is the grace that reached such cases as ours, how free the love, how rich the mercy! When we look around us, true it is many are called but few are chosen to feel these blessings for themselves; and when we look at ourselves, as the chief of sinners, and truly feeling the power of sin, this Free-Grace Gospel is a feeling gospel. It comes not in word only, but in power and demonstration of the Spirit, and brings life and light into the soul; so that a poor sinner is compelled, under its power, earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints; and it is a contending under the faith and power of the gospel that God hath wrought in subduing our hearts, and bringing us down in the day of his power. Yes, and willingly down too, making us glad to fly to the Rock for want of a shelter. It has made us men wondered at, a wonder to ourselves, to angels, and to men. It is sweet and blessed to find his word, his free-grace word of salvation, and eat it. It just suits such sinners as we.

O what a mercy that God should ever have taught us, and made us to feel we are sinners! My dear brother, sometimes I envy not angels of their blessed position, when I feel I am a sinner saved by grace.

“Although our cup seems fill'd with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all.”

True, it is a thorny road, and the Lord will have us walk in it. But, bless his precious name, he doth not willingly afflict us; but that the trial of our faith, being much more precious than gold which perisheth, may be found to the praise and glory of his grace. We have our nights of darkness here, our wintry seasons; the cold blasts, the floods, the fires, but are mercifully preserved amidst them all. His blessed promise must stand good, despite every opposition of the world, the devil, sin and self, and cruel unbelief; these oftentimes rob us of our comfort, but

cannot make the promise fail. There is good in reserve. It is written, "The upright have good things in possession." But what is all that we can have here to compare with that above? True they are the earnest of the whole. No night there; no temptations, no afflictions, which often weigh down body and spirit here. It is said that God himself will wipe all tears from off all faces. The curse will be done away, and that cruel foe sin. May the Lord ever cause you and me, yea, all his family, to triumph in Christ Jesus.

I was a little struck with your last letter. You spoke in reference to Moses complaining unto the Lord that he was not eloquent, how you felt whilst reading, and how your thoughts turned on me. Your desire breathed forth in that letter for your unworthy brother; and that very day, morning and evening, was a memorable day to me. About the time you were led to remember me the Lord was very gracious in helping me. I feel myself an unworthy sinner, and my own ignorance, which oftentimes fills me with trouble.

Yours in the Love of the Gospel, D. B.

### THE TWO LANGUAGES.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I still must conclude from the tenor of it that I have a right to call you a brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

And in proof of this I pray you to attend to what I am going to say unto you. First, you tell me that you are a child of the devil, and though your voice may seem to me as Jacob's voice, yet the heart and hands are Esau's. Now, in answer, I ask you, Did ever any child of the devil use the language which you use? You say your heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, that you are a cursed hypocrite, that you are in rebellion and fighting against God, that you have no love to God nor Jesus Christ, that the curse of God is upon you. If you can produce a passage in the Bible where the devil, or the child of the devil, or Esau, or any of Esau's seed make use of such *self-condemnation*, then, but not before, you may suppose yourself of the same family. But never do we find anything of the kind throughout the whole book of God. The language differs. Cain, who was of that race, saith, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." (Gen. iv. 13.) But what saith the great Sufferer, the Lord Jesus Christ? "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as a heavy burthen they are too heavy for me." (Ps. xxxviii. 4.) Do, I pray you, observe the mighty difference, and do not forget to connect with it that those iniquities which the Lord Jesus bore, and the burden of which induced those cries of soul, were not his but by imputation. They were the iniquities of his body the church, his members, his people; and, as such, he calls them his own. (Isa. liii. 6, lxiii. 9; Gal. iii. 13; 2 Cor. v. 21.)

Secondly, you say that when you feel so oppressed and wretched and miserable, that you wonder that Christ should not be precious to you at such times, but that he appears to you as a root out of the dry ground, having no form nor comeliness that you should desire him, and that it is then worse with you at such times than others; and yet, in the same sentence, you say that you then, "as a poor helpless mortal, fall down before the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to work in you and for you all the work of regeneration, if it be consistent with his will." I would ask you here again, as in the former instance, Is there a single instance upon record, either in the word of God or in the history of the church, of any who had such views of the holy Three-in-One, and so fall down before the Lord, that ever perished?

I should not have written you this day, but from a circumstance which, in the providence of God, was thrown in my way, which prompted me to it. A child of God, one whom the Lord called with a holy calling some few years past, and hath followed him in his ordinances ever since, called upon me to unbosom himself on soul distresses; the complaints he made formed so much of a correspondence with you that I read to him your letter. He entered into all you have said, and declared it to be quite his own experience; and I find what had brought him into this leanness of soul and prompted him to write such bitter things against himself; it had first arisen from having in times past lived upon his own experiences, instead of living wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ; and whenever this is the case in a child of God, sooner or later all such must and will be brought into the deep waters of affliction.\* For to put anything in the place of the Lord Christ is to be laying up matter for great soul-distress. It is the incommunicable work of the Lord Jesus Christ, which he himself hath wrought out and finished for me, that is my sole trust and confidence.† The regeneration of my soul is not to make me a child of God, for that I have been from everlasting (Eph. i. 5; 2 Tim. i. 9); but because I am a child of God. (Gal. iv. 5, 6.) Neither did Christ die for me *to make* me his, but because I am

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\* If any man of modern times could be said to have lived wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ, that man was Robert Hawker. The late Mr. Gadsby said he was the most spiritually-minded man he ever conversed with. But he did not despise the day of small things. He knew well the plague of his heart, and did not, as some in the present day do, ridicule the tried and the tempted, saying, "O! I am doing a great work and cannot go down to *you*;" but, as this letter shows, sympathized with them, *went down* to them in their distress, and endeavoured to lead them higher.

† To "live upon experiences" is to be *satisfied* with what we have felt, or feel, without a manifestation of Christ's love to the soul. And this, we apprehend, is what the good Hawker meant. It is almost equally wrong as to set experience aside altogether, saying, "O! Christ died for me, and that is enough." But how are you to know that Christ died for you, without inward experiences, such as the saints of old had?



his. (Eph. v. 25-27.) I therefore told him, as I now tell you, that the workings of sin in your body of sin and death, which you carry about with you, and of which Paul complained 23 years after his conversion (see Rom. vii. throughout), and which you and I, as well as Paul, will carry with us to our grave; these workings are left in us, and are designed by God the Holy Ghost to teach us of our own nothingness and worthlessness, in order the more effectually to show us and make us ultimately more in love with the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his all-suitableness and all-sufficiency; and when, under divine teaching and the divine unctions and baptisms of God the Holy Ghost, these things are inwrought in the soul, blessed is the exercise, however low and humbling and self-condemning we are brought, to let the Son of God be thereby the more precious and the more exalted. We then experimentally learn what Christ taught Paul: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

You complain of the barrenness of ordinances, and the cause you assign explain. If God the Spirit, in his Person, Godhead, and ministry, be not honoured, there can be no life nor strength for the Lord's people under such preaching. The present is a very awful day. Ichabod may be written upon many a place called Evangelical.

I beseech you, my brother, to cease from man and look only to the Lord. Bring your cause before him. He waits to be gracious. You know that ordinances and means of grace of every kind are all appointed to act as channels and medicines for opening communion with the Lord. Now if those near you are not calculated to bring you near to him, be assured they will rather tend to lead you from the Lord. Do you, therefore, take a more certain way. Do as David did,—go in before the Lord. (2 Sam. vii.) Place yourself in his presence, pour out your heart before him. Tell him what he himself already knows; yea, what he himself hath appointed and will finally bless. (Rom. viii. 28.) Tell him of your soul-travail. This is an infallible remedy for soul-complaints of all kinds. Above all, look to the Lord Jesus Christ, both as your pattern and your portion. Remember what the Holy Ghost saith of him. (Heb. v. 7-10.) Remember what Jesus saith himself. (Psalms xxxii., lxix., lxxxviii., cii.) And this last psalm, in the very title of it, shows that as it belongs to Christ, in the first and highest sense; so, secondly and subordinately, it belongs to all his members.

I might enlarge, but if the Lord bless what I have said it is enough, while your soul can say, "Let God be glorified, and it matters not what becomes of me." None but a regenerated child of God can say this, for such only bear the marks and spots of God's children.

To him and to the word of his grace I commit you, and remain

Yours very truly to serve in the Lord Jesus Christ,

Plymouth, July 30, 1821.

ROBERT HAWKER.

## THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Well may unworthy I say so, when I think of the Lord's mercy to me this morning. After such a long season of darkness that might be felt, such coldness and deadness as made me earnestly cry that if I were the Lord's he would shed abroad his love in my heart, and getting no answer for many days, I may say weeks, I set it as a mark against me, and began to fear the kindness of so many dear friends was misapplied. In my distress these words came: "I know the thoughts I have towards you," &c.; and though I could not lay hold of the words, they sustained me for a week. My dear mother, a day or two back, suggested that perhaps I wanted it in my *own* time. I directly saw that *that* was my sin, and was enabled then to beg for submission to wait with patience, even till the day of my death, for a manifestation of his love to me. I found a calm submission, and a trusting in him followed; and this verse was very sweet to me:

"Depend on him, thou canst not fail," &c.

Also: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

This morning, before it was light, the hymn on Election came. I wondered it should come to me, and yet it comforted me. Some hours afterwards I read a psalm or two. One was cxvi. Being tired, I put the Bible down, but took it up again, and read Heb. x., and every verse almost seemed new to me. I saw that Christ had died for his people's sins. Then I read 1 Pet. iv., and rested, but felt agitated, as if I must open the Bible again. I turned to Eph. iii., and my eye caught verse 17: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," &c. I said, "Lord, this is what I want." My heart melted, and I could hardly see through my tears to read verse 19: "That ye may know the love of Christ," &c. "Lord, this is it. Art thou coming to me, such a miserable sinner? O! Do let me love thee perfectly, and know that thou lovest me!" I thought my heart would break; for the immediate answer was, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." What can I want more, but beg to be enabled to hold it fast to the end. "Therefore, being justified by faith, I have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love."

O may I be kept watching for my change, and looking for the free mercy of God!

MARY ANN.

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THE most pure in heart are usually those who most lament their heart's impurity. It is by the light of divine grace only that the filthiness of nature is discovered.—*Sir Richard Hill's "Deep Things of God."*

HE WILL DELIVER THE GODLY OUT OF  
TEMPTATION.

My dear Mr. Philpot,—I have for a long time had a desire to write to you to let you know how that both your writing and preaching have been blessed to my soul, but could not get at it until this time. I have thought sometimes, “Could it even be possible that I should ever sink back into such a dreadful state as I have done and be a child of God?” But sometimes I think it is to stop my mouth, which it really has done; for I now seem to be as black as Satan. But O, Sir, to tell you the truth, and I do not wish to write anything but the truth, to think how the dear Lord should bless me in my inmost soul in bringing me into oneness with himself and blessing me with such liberty and freedom with him as I cannot set forth, how it melts me down. But really I walked in the sweet confidence of faith and blessed communion with the dear Lord for six or seven months; and O how blessedly was my poor heart broken with his dear dying love to my soul! O how well did everything seem to go on then! Truly I felt as if heaven was begun below. And O how my soul longed to fly away to be for ever with him, which at that time I had a most sure and certain belief would be my happy lot when I ended this life.

But O what a dreadful state I sank into after this, none can tell, I am sure, unless they have known something of the same things themselves; for I sank so low as seemingly to give up all hope that I was right in the sight of God. Things I had taken comfort in before seemed now to pierce me through, fearing I was deceived altogether. I say again, none know the keen feelings that are felt at such times but those who are the subjects of them. But the dear Lord was pleased to bring me up again and set my soul at happy liberty. Bless his dear name for it.

But O, Sir, where have I been since? With shame I write it; and this is now the subject I have to write to you about. O the dreadful temptations that I have been beset with! They seem to be what I can never tell to any man in this world; but I have been obliged to confess it in secret before the Lord. Satan seemed to harass and beset me continually; and it seemed as if I must fall; when my heart kept crying to the Almighty to keep me crying out, “O Lord, if thou dost not keep me, I must fall,” so strong was the temptation upon me, almost night and day; and I really did in some measure fall so as to bring guilt, trouble, and distress upon my mind and conscience; and fall I should altogether if not kept by the mighty power of God,—fall so as to never rise any more. O the trouble, grief, and distress I have laboured under on this account! I felt guilty when reading God’s holy word, and guilty when in company with any child of God, thinking that if they knew what a guilty sinner I was they would shun my company; but sinned I had, and sin I should myself to nill if not for the almighty power of God. But, blessed be his

dear name, he did not let me sin so as to bring a disgrace upon the cause of God, which is at Pell Green. Mr. Crouch is my pastor. But O what trying work I found it to go to the table to take of the bread and wine. Not a soul there knew my case, but Mr. Crouch's words went through and through me.

Dear Sir, I went to London to hear you in Aug., 1845; and when I went to the chapel doors and saw there such a large congregation of people, I think I trembled from head to foot, and feared to go in for fear I should have the wounds laid open again; but at last I ventured, and to my great surprise you took this for your text: "My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations," &c. O what a balm to my wounded conscience was this! I think, my dear Sir, I never shall forget the time as long as I live.

O! To think I should go 40 miles to receive comfort to my wounded soul! What a love my soul has felt to you ever since, and what comfort and consolation I have felt in reading your printed sermons since, up to this last week, which has caused me to do as I now have done.

May God Almighty bless you, and make you honest wherever you may go, give you many seals to your ministry and souls for your hire, and keep his fear in lively exercise in your heart. This is the desire of,

Yours in the Bonds of Gospel Love,  
Matfield Green, March 24, 1847. A LITTLE ONE.

#### A FORM OF GODLINESS.

How very few in truth possess  
The Spirit's power of godliness!  
How many build upon the sand,  
In this our so-call'd Christian land!

Because iniquity is bold,  
The love of many waxeth cold;  
And multitudes remain content  
When preachers run who are not sent.

Some see a beauty in their creed,  
Who never saw their helpless need;  
And others vainly think they can  
Be saved without the Son of man.

Blind guides seduce the blind astray,  
And climb the fold some other way;  
The little flock the robbers see,  
And wonder what the end will be.

*They* know their loving Saviour's voice,  
And soon shall in his home rejoice;  
But they who trust to outward form  
Will fall amid the coming storm.

A form, without the inward power,  
Is useless in a dying hour;  
May he who writes, and they who read,  
Be true-born Israelites indeed.

W. W.

## A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA.

My Friend,—I last night put my hand on a letter of yours dated last Dec., in which you tell me of a letter you had directed to Mousbridge. Now, that letter has never come into my hands. I like to send some sort of answers to persons that write to me, although as far as Mousbridge is concerned no letter is needed. I hope he writes to his friends direct from the gold-fields.

My place of business is now in the heart of Melbourne, where we have been upwards of seven years, and our names, as Charwood and Son, printers, are so well known that many letters are directed to us inquiring for lost friends, and some very mournful ones from mothers. While people are successful at gold-digging they keep up a correspondence with their friends; but there are many trials, and when gold is hard to be got people neglect writing, because they are waiting for better news to fill their letters with; and some neglect writing so long that they are ashamed to do so at all, or get careless about it.

You named Mr. — in a former letter. He lives about seven miles from Melbourne, and is, I believe, doing very well at his pottery trade. He bought some ground of Mr. Tyler, late of Brighton.

As to preaching, we still meet to read sermons, &c. We have between 40 and 50 in a morning, and about half that number in an afternoon. Several come into our place from a village near. This is a country where people get into a dead, barren state, unless the Lord revive the work by his own powerful hand. There is little preaching; indeed, not any that I would go out of my door to hear; yet I never enjoyed more of the presence and power of God in my life than I have the last three years that we have met in this way. "Those who water shall be watered also," I have proved true, and have around me at least ten or twelve who can sing with Hart:

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

And I know but few congregations more fervent even in England than we are. There are — and —, who hold up my hands, and would, if I died, I believe, help together until the Lord raised up some one among those to speak in his great name. Indeed I have a hope and some prospect that I shall see one before I die. I never knew of any other congregation which had so many saints of God as Mr. Vinall's, at Brighton, nor have I ever seen any congregation equal to it in appearance. All were there in time, and the countenance of nearly all you looked on showed that they had a purpose in coming into the presence of the Lord. I sat there for nearly or quite seven years; and when the dear old man used to say, "Now here we will pause a moment; if you have ever passed this spot, you *must* know something about it; don't tell me people can pass from death into life, and know nothing about it;" I always knew where I was; I felt myself on

the wrong side of the line, and despaired almost of ever knowing anything better. But one day he said as follows: "When people come to speak to me about divine things, I look hard at them, and watch their eyes; and if they look this way and that way, I begin to suspect they are hypocrites; for I would rather by half trust a person's eyes than I would his nasty deceitful tongue." I sat on the back seat of the gallery, and I can hardly express to you the shame and confusion of face I felt thus. You know what a bold countenance Mr. V. had when in the presence of the Prince of life. "The righteous are bold as a lion." I felt nothing but bondage, wrath, and condemnation under a sense of guilt; and I had plenty of temporal trouble in the latter part of the time; but I have blessed God since for many of the sorrows I have passed through. When deliverance came, I knew it, as Bunyan's pilgrim did when he lost his burden. I was always a poor shamefaced creature. A sense and feeling of guilt make a poor sinner hang down his head. I am bolder now, because I know that the Lord is on my side. "Whom shall I fear?" But although I have stood up in God's great name now for more than three years, I can hardly look off my desk; and although I am often favoured to speak a good deal from a chapter or psalm, and feel my soul as a watered garden, yet I still complain of doubting of soul, &c. Reading the "Standard," and the experience and clear and sometimes extraordinary deliverance of some of God's dear saints, has a tendency to depress rather than encourage some children of God. They think their experience a mere nothing when compared with the striking accounts some can give. If they were not extraordinary, they would hardly be thought worthy of a place in the "Standard;" but many hundreds will get safe to glory who live in our day. Although they may not be able to tell of great things, they can tell of *real* things; and, as Mr. Philpot says, "A small coin that really is from heavenly minds is far before all presumptuous claims upon God, where the Spirit gives no inward testimony."

"The pardon some presume upon  
They do not beg but steal;  
But where they plead it at the throne,  
O! Where's the Spirit's seal?"

No, there is no sealing. While the dear child of God can with confidence say and sing:

"We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath thy throne;  
Our souls shall 'Abba, Father,' cry,  
And thou the kindred own."

Now from 1818 to 1840 no poor sinner hardly ever panted to cry, "Abba, Father," more than I did, particularly the latter part of the time; but the Lord would not suffer me to rest in any presumptuous claim, but when the set time came he put that cry into my heart, and silenced every accuser. I called him *my* Father, because he called me his son.

I just name these things to encourage you, if the Lord will, to

still watch and wait, as there certainly is a set time to prove every son and daughter of Zion. But I have seen these people err in this matter sometimes by taking too much for granted. Already they think they know more than they really do. I continued to call the whole work on my soul into question until deliverance came. I know whom the Lord calls, them he justifies; but I could never look back to any calling that satisfied me. A good beginning makes a good middle, and a good end may in faith be expected. It is a hard and trying spot to come to for an old professor to doubt the whole work, and to be brought where the psalmist was when he said, "Lord, search me, and try me," &c.; but it is a safe place.

A man here has been some trouble to me because I will not endorse his religion; and yet sometimes he is almost in despair, but does not like to take a low place. I have said, "Do go to the Lord, if you can, and beg of him to begin the work and make it manifest that you are not deceived," &c. But no; *he* would rather contend that he knows a good deal, &c. Now, when I was in that place, I never attempted to intrude my religion upon any one. I was dumb before all except the dear Lord. He encouraged me to still call upon his great name in secret. I was thus helped with a little help, until the Lord's time came. Mr. Huntington somewhere says, "Seek after assurance. It is the best piece of silver of all the ten pieces; and, bless his dear name, nothing short of this would satisfy me. Being made to know I was a great sinner, and having felt much of God's dreadful wrath against sin, nothing would remove this but a large manifestation of mercy." As dear old H. again says, "A poor or miserable prodigal must have a great manifestation of mercy, or else conscience would never be satisfied." And in this I was highly favoured, and know by blessed experience much of the mercy and love of God, and feel assured of the truth of the blessed gospel. As sings one poet:

"Though the shore we hope to land on  
 Only by report is known,  
 Yet we freely all abandon,  
 Led by that report alone.  
 And with Jesus,  
 Through the trackless deeps move on."

I think this is no small mercy to be so favoured as to be established in this blessed truth, that the gospel of Christ is no cunningly-devised fable, but a blessed solemn reality. Those who really know wrath and mercy have something to speak of; wrath first, and mercy then is sought after and highly prized. I have more confidence that such a religion will end well than in that of those who talk about being drawn by love, as they call it.

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

About 36 or 37 years ago, I heard a man at Henfield, in a large upper room, preach from the words: "Blessed are the people

that know the joyful sound." I do not remember his name, but I well remember the dreadful bads and evils that I felt working that very day, although it was the Lord's day; and I should have fallen into a most dreadful open sin had not the preventing mercy of God preserved me; but I felt equally guilty before God, although in a measure preserved from open shame. Indeed, the sins that ever weighed with most weight upon my conscience were such as were known to none but the Lord. But you know how young men very secretly and sometimes, I fear, damnably sin, and all unknown to the world or even their dearest friends; but our sins will find us out; and that circumstance at Henfield filled me with secret shame and sorrow many times. I should think, from the happy countenance and cheerful manner in which that minister spoke of the joyful sound that he was a good man, which made my sin all the worse. O! The dreadful power of sin! While we fight against it in our own strength, we are sure to be overcome; but blessed be God for that promise to the believer: "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace." I hope I know something of the blessedness of that word: "Having fled for refuge to the hope set before us in the gospel." Again, that is a wonderful portion: "He made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." I can conclude with nothing more blessed and good. And my paper is full.

I hope this may find you and yours in health. I have much affliction in my family, and expect but little else; but all is well for eternity, blessed be God.

Yours affectionately, for Truth's Sake,

7, Bourke Street, Melbourne, Sept. 5, 1858.

A. CHARLWOOD.

[An obituary of Mr. Charlwood appeared in the "G. S." in Sept, 1860.]

### ALL FOR OUR PROFIT.

My dear Friend,—It appears reproach has fallen to your lot. It was the old cry: "Report, and we will report it." Jeremiah had heard the defaming of many, and complained that he was in derision daily. Every one mocked him. He was watched for his haltings, and many hoped to see him fall; but the Lord was with him and upheld him. But for such things it would be impossible for us to know whether the Lord was with us or not. It is in the fire of affliction and in the water of tribulation that he promises to be with his people. How blessedly was he with Paul and Silas in their sufferings, that in prison they sang the praises of God. It was Paul's earnest desire to know him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings. How can we know him as a brother born for adversity to comfort, support, and cheer us, but in affliction? Take suffering away from believers, then their crown is taken away also; for God has bound both together: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." (2 Tim. ii. 12.)



If we bear fruit, the fruit of grace, it is the Lord's will that we should bear more fruit; and to this end his promise is that he will purge that branch that bears in order to bring forth more fruit. But the cutting dispensations of divine providence, the path of darkness in which we walk, the taunts of the scornful, the evil reports raised by enemies, the evil surmisings of some, and the misrepresentations of friends, are by no means comfortable. They make our path one of tribulation; but which, after all, is the way to the kingdom. We must not expect any comfort apart from Christ. He himself must be our rest, our peace, our comfort. If we did not experience trials, we should soon settle down on our old lees, like Moab, in carnal security and fleshly, dry formality. However galling, painful, and mortifying afflictions may be to our flesh, the Lord's grand design therein is our profit. We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, for a few days, after their own pleasure, but he for our profit. (Heb. xii. 7-11.) As afflictions come in and press hard upon us, we soon find our strength, our patience, indeed all the good qualities the sons of men vaunt themselves in, but of little service to support the soul. Nature can never submit to it. It is like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. We fight, resist, murmur, and rebel, like a wild bull in a net. The furnace brings our dross to view. We have often heard that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and now we can testify of it and bear a faithful witness to the truth of it. This, under divine influence, fills us with self-abhorrence, and we loathe ourselves before God; godly sorrow springs up in our hearts. We see ourselves the vilest of sinners. And this is to our profit. He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit a throne of glory. The Holy Spirit pours upon us the grace of supplication, by which we are enabled to confess our sin, take the lowest seat, implore his pardon and blessing, and pant after his righteousness. And this also is to our profit; for the grace of our lips the king will be our friend. (Prov. xxii. 11.) As afflictions abound, we learn how painful they are; and this gives us a sympathetic feeling with the afflictions of the brethren. We weep with them that weep; for so we are commanded of God. And this also is to our profit; for in keeping the Lord's commands there is great reward. (Ps. xix. 10, 11.) Afflictions bring us just into that spot where the promises fit us. And that is also to our profit; for "all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. i. 20.) The afflictions of the Lord's family are not such evils as they are thought to be; they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And that also is to our profit.

There is a time coming when the Lord will take away the rebuke of his people from off all the earth. (Isa. xxv. 8.) And this will be to our profit.

Your unworthy Friend,

Southill, Oct. 27, 1870.

J. WARBURTON.

## RELIGION IN AMERICA.

Dear Sir,—I was very much pleased, on opening the April No. of the "Standard," to find that you had commenced its history; and I feel certain that the continuation will be eagerly looked for and read with deep interest, and be warmly appreciated by your numerous readers, especially by those who, like myself, through circumstances, are shut out from the privilege of a gospel ministry.

Before emigrating to this country, I had been favoured to hear the late Mr. Philpot and other godly ministers in London; and I feel the privation very keenly in this land of sham profession and religious show. Your remarks on the March wrapper with regard to the American Baptists are painfully true, and will apply with equal force to other denominations; for they all seem to vie with each other as to which shall get up the most attractive shows, and so draw the largest numbers to their respective places of amusement; for that term is much more appropriate to many of them than places of worship would be, or churches, as they are called here; while the incessant, "Do, do!" and "Work, work!" which are thundered from the various pulpits, is most nauseating to those who are conscious that, unless everything has been done for them by the Three-One Jehovah, they are eternally lost. Also the great doctrines of the gospel are either habitually ignored or openly denied; while Romanism and infidelity appear to be each striving for the mastery.

Trusting that your valuable magazine may long continue, to the comfort, encouragement, and establishment of the living family; I beg to subscribe myself,

Respectfully yours,

Springfield, Illinois, U.S., May 15, 1871.

W.P.

My dear Brother,—I am very much obliged to you for Kershaw's life. It is the greatest treat I have enjoyed for years. I could not bear to lay the book down; it seemed as if Mr. K. was present and I was listening to him. I called to see Mr. A. yesterday, at his office in the city. He said he enjoyed reading Kershaw very much. He said he did not know of a single minister in New York or even in America who preaches the same glorious truths that Kershaw did. A number of God's people, who are of one heart, meet in a room every Lord's day. The number varies from 6 to 15. They have made it a special subject of prayer for many years that the great Head of the church would send them a pastor, one who would deal faithfully; but as yet the Lord has not seen fit to answer their prayer.

You and your dear wife have a severe trial in continued illness; but no doubt it furnishes you with many errands to the throne of grace. I often heard our father say, "If God's people had no trials, they would seldom have a real errand to the throne of grace." I can easily believe that you have work enough to do, both for heart and hands.

Your affectionate Sister,

New York, May 9, 1871.

M. G.

## MOURNING TO SINGING.

Dear Friend and Fellow-Traveller Zionward.—It has been my wish for a long time to make it known what the Lord has done for my poor soul, and I will try, if the dear Lord will enable me, to give you a little of my experience.

I was born in 1850, of God-fearing parents. My father is a Baptist minister. I used to think, in my early days, when I got older, I would turn from my evil ways and lead a holy life; but when I was twelve years old I became a little more concerned about it. The fear came over me that I might not live to get older. Then Satan told me I need not trouble about it, for when Jesus came to judge the world he would have the good on his right hand and the wicked on his left. I could easily leave the wicked and creep in amongst the good, and Jesus would not see me; but I did not know then that it came from Satan. But I was not in this way long. When I was reading Matt. xxii., the 12th verse came with power to my soul: "And he said unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" O, the horror of my soul! I was as if I could see myself behind the redeemed. They were all dressed in white robes, holy and happy; but I was black. I had no garment of Christ's righteousness to hide me. My sins from my youth up came before me. I felt I was the greatest of all sinners, and that all my life I had been sinning against a holy God. I felt I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy, and that for me to be forgiven was impossible. I stood, as I thought, marked out for eternal destruction, that I was lost for ever. Of all creatures, I was the most miserable; and had the Lord sent me to hell I could but have said he was just, for it was what I deserved. Then the Lord led me to see that I could not creep in unseen, neither could I save myself, but if I was saved it must be through the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. My burden of sin was removed. I felt that all my sins were washed away in Jesus's precious blood. I could then say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his," and, "God is my Father and heaven my home."

But this did not last long, only a few days, and I did not enjoy that sweet assurance again for nearly two years. But during that time I had many changes. Sometimes I had great hope, and sometimes my hope would be nearly gone, and I should be on the border of despair; my sinful heart was a great burden to me. The more I tried to keep it right, the more it went astray.

In 1866 I was baptized, and joined my father's church; and after this I was much troubled again, feeling I was not worthy to partake of the Lord's supper. Sometimes I stayed at home. One time, I remember, it troubled me all the week, and I made up my mind not to go to chapel because it was ordinance day, and I was much cast down, when these words came with power:

"Why so cast down, dejected soul?  
A loving Christ is near."

My burden was gone, and I went and felt it was well to be there.

After this I had much darkness for about six months. Everything and everybody seemed against me, and when I cried unto the Lord he seemed to shut out my prayer. My heart was so prone to wander, and such sinful thoughts came into my mind, I promised myself one morning that I would do nothing but what was right; but in this, as in every other thing, I failed. I said, "I will never pray any more; but in a short time I was again on my knees, though I felt I could not pray. The following morning, if it was possible, I was worse than ever; my trouble of soul seemed more than I could bear, and I was some time tempted to put an end to my wretched life. I took the pail and went out to milk the cows to hide my grief from my parents, and hid my face in the side of the cow, and gave vent to tears; and there again the Lord revealed his blessed face to me. He said, "They shall be all taught of God; through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom." O the sweetness of those words to me! It was more than I can express. Such joy followed that no one knows but they who have felt it. My load of grief was gone in a moment, my crying turned into singing. I sat down with a heart burdened with grief, and I arose praising God. I seemed in a new world. Everything seemed to be for me, and I could then say:

"Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song."

In this blessed state I was for eight or nine weeks. I then thought I should never have any more doubts; but, my dear friends, many times since then I have had to exclaim, "O that it was with me as in months past, in the days when the Lord preserved me, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me."

Adelaide, March, 1871.

H. D.

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### THE CONTRAST.

FREE Will is of nature, leads sinners to hell;  
Free will caused the angels at first to rebel;  
In Eden, Free Will brought a curse on the ground,  
Which free-willers since to their sorrow have found.

Free Grace is from heaven, to heaven returns;  
Through Grace the proud sinner humility learns;  
It shows how corrupt man by nature is still;  
It softens the heart, to submit to God's will.  
Then to Grace be the glory, all honour and praise,  
Proceeding from Jesus, the Ancient of Days,  
Through love of the Father, to honour the Son,  
And Spirit co-equal, uniting in one.

W. T.

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THAT church which is Christ's body, and of which Christ is the Head, consisteth only of living stones, and true Christians, not only outwardly in name and title, but inwardly in heart and in truth.—  
*Nicholas Ridley.*

## HISTORY OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

BY J. GADSBY.

*(Continued from page 340.)*

IN April, 1835, Mr. Philpot wrote his famous letter to the Provost of Worcester College, resigning his Fellowship of that college and seceding from the Church of England. The same month and year Mr. M'Kenzie, who had stood high amongst the Independents at Preston, and was superintendent of their Sunday school, was prohibited from speaking in the school-room, and the following month was "excommunicated as a member for preaching the doctrines of grace." In his "Fragments of Experience," he says,

"I was convicted in my soul of sin and guilt about the latter end of 1832, or beginning of 1833. I laboured and struggled hard for heaven by works, and was in hard bondage, both in soul-experience and in my judgment, till about July, 1834. I joined the Independents, Sept. 1st, 1833; and was appointed the superintendent of their Sunday school, Jan. 12th, 1834. About July, 1834, my eyes were opened to see the doctrines of grace and God's method of salvation; that eternal life was the gift of God through the righteousness of Jesus Christ. This gave great relief to my mind, as I was grossly ignorant of the doctrines of grace, and even of the meaning of the word grace, thinking the only way to heaven was by making my soul fit for heaven by holy devotions, holy works, and holy frames and feelings. At this time I also saw that the characters spoken of in Matt. v. 3-11 represented the feelings of souls changed by the grace of God. These characters I found to be a true and exact description of my feelings, which greatly comforted and encouraged me. I began publicly to speak a little about the doctrines of grace, and the characters and felt experience of quickened souls, about the month of Nov., 1834. The first passage I spoke from was Jno. iii. 3-8; and the first text I ventured to take was Isa. lxii. 12. I was excluded speaking in the Independent school-room in April, 1835, and was excommunicated as a member on May 12th, 1835, for holding and preaching the doctrines of grace. After this I spoke occasionally for the Particular Baptists, meeting in a room in Cannon Street, was baptized at Blackburn, on the first Lord's day in Sept., 1835, and united with the church at Preston at the same time. I preached occasionally for them till the first Lord's day in May, 1836, when I was appointed by the church to be their regular minister. Preached in the Institution room, Cannon Street, till Dec. 4th, 1837, and entered on Vauxhall Road Chapel, Dec. 11th, 1837."

Some persons may call all this chance; but I view it as a most remarkable providence that, just at the very time that it was put into my heart to arrange for commencing this magazine, two men who were subsequently to take so invaluable a part in its management should be called out, simultaneously as I may say, from the people with whom they had so long stood connected. Of Mr. M'Kenzie I had never heard, and I had only heard of Mr. Philpot in an indirect way. Mr. Tiptaft was supplying for my father in the autumn of 1834, and often visited me at my office.\* One morning I gave him a letter which was ad-

\* The first sermon Mr. Tiptaft preached in my father's chapel was from Ps. cvii. 8. Well I remember that sermon and the power that attended it.

dressed to my care for him. "O!" he exclaimed, "it is from my friend Philpot! I have no doubt the Lord will ere long bring him out; and I shall be glad to see his Reasons for coming out, as he says my Fifteen Reasons are very poor." When Mr. P. had come out, I wrote to him, asking him if he would lend a helping hand in the publishing of the magazine. He replied he was too much engaged to think of it; but if he did help, it would be in writing the Reviews. He, however, wrote several short pieces before he wrote a Review. I believe the first Review that he wrote was of "Warburton's Mercies," in April, 1838. In this Review, after speaking of the blessing which had attended and would attend Huntington's writings, he says,

"May a similar blessing rest upon the work which we are now noticing. There is a power in a gracious experience which can be felt, but not described. It carries with it a divine impress, and bears stamped upon it a heavenly character. It is a two-edged sword that cuts two ways at once, entering at the same stroke into the conscience of living souls and cutting to pieces the hypocrisy of rotten hearts. There never was a time when decisive preaching and writing were more needed. The veil of profession has become spread over the church, and under this covering thousands of self-deceived, Satan-deluded wretches are crouching in security; and it is to be feared that too many of God's children are stretching themselves on a bed too short, and wrapping themselves up in this covering too narrow; and, by thus making a confederacy with those who put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, are cutting out terrible work for a death-bed."

Some of the other Reviews were written by my father, some by Mr. M'K., and some by myself; but for the more part, after this, they were written by Mr. Philpot.

I firmly believe that many of Mr. Philpot's Reviews would be read with interest by those who have not seen them; but, as I wish to terminate my "History" in the next No., I shall pass them by.

I believe the first little work Mr. P. ever wrote was his "Heir of Heaven." This was reviewed by my father in May, 1837. From this Review I extract the following:

"The sermon contains the effusions of a heart deeply taught of God. . . . At the same time that it sets forth the "footsteps of the flock," "walking in darkness," it clearly points out the false hopes of high-sounding professors, who have the doctrines of the gospel in their heads and on their tongues, but to whose hearts it has never been communicated by the power of the Holy Ghost. In his preface to the second edition the author says, 'Many, I believe, of its readers would have been better pleased if I had laid down my pen at page 31, and contented myself with drawing the first portrait only.' We are not exactly of this number, as we think error ought to be exposed in all its bearings. Nevertheless, we do frankly confess that we think a little more expression of the glory of Christ; of what God, in his rich grace, has made his people in Christ, and what they derive from Christ; and of the way in which the Holy Spirit draws them from self to Christ, would have been an additional glory to the discourse. Still, we consider the work well calculated for much good in this day of blasphemy and rebuke."

This Review greatly hurt Mr. P.'s mind, and he wrote rather

sharply about it. In one letter he said, "You will find I can hit the 'Standard' as hard as I have hit ——." To this I replied, in a perfectly friendly way, and in a like spirit he received the remark, "I have no doubt you can; for I believe it is as impossible for you to write without hitting somebody, as it is for me to keep from biting my finger nails."\* But in after years he more than once said to me, "I have often thought your father was right." Indeed, there is no doubt that in Mr. P.'s earlier writings, before he experienced the liberty of the gospel, there was more wounding than healing, more of the old man of sin than the new man of grace, more of the bondage of Sinai than of the glories of Christ, more of cutting than of binding up. But O! How different in after life! What a wonderful gift, what superabounding grace! He was no copyist. His writings were as original as were those of Huntington or my father, and full of the unction and power of the Holy Ghost, as thousands can testify.

I do not know the exact time when I was first introduced to Mr. M'K., and when he enlisted in the "Gospel Standard" service; but I believe it was early in 1836. In the church books at my father's chapel at Manchester there is an entry, July 1st, 1836, that he (Mr. M'K.) should be asked to supply on Aug. 28th; but he preached there on a Tuesday evening some weeks prior to this, and slept at my house. From that time a *union* existed between us that was never even ruffled, and which I humbly trust will never be dissolved.† Either at that time, or soon afterwards, I commenced sending him the communications received. He examined them, and divided them into three classes: 1, Good; 2, Moderate; 3, Rejected. No. 1 I used first, and if I had not sufficient I selected from No. 2, to make up. This con-

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\* Many, very many times after this, years and years after, when Mr. P. saw me biting my finger nails, he would say, "Not quite so bad, Mr. John, as your finger nails." And once, when looking at my portrait, in which I am represented as having a copy of the "Gospel Standard" in my hand, and letters with the initials W. G., J. M'K., and J. C. P., under my hand, he turned round and said, "No, Mr. John! We are not *quite* under your thumb!"

† Mr. M'Kenzie was what is called a travelling Scotchman, going from place to place with his pack on his back. He was well educated, as most Scotch are, and had a considerable knowledge of medicine; and I knew of some cases in which his medical skill was blessed to the recovery of the patients after their medical attendants had given them up. He was universally respected as a man and a tradesman; but after he was led to see his state as a sinner it was reported that he had gone mad. On one occasion, when he turned into a roadside house to get his dinner, as was his wont when on his rounds, a person present said to the landlord, "What a sad thing that so good a young man should have gone mad! Is it true?" "Well," replied the landlord, "there he is; you can ask him."

In announcing from the pulpit that he (Mr. M'K.) would, if the Lord permitted, preach on the following Tuesday evening, my father gave the above anecdote, adding, "If you come and hear him, you can judge for yourselves whether the man is mad or not; but from all I can hear of him, I wish, if it were the Lord's will, you had all such a madness."

tinued to the time of his death, when Mr. Philpot kindly undertook the task. He, however, did not send any Nos. 2 or 3, but only No. 1; and of these he was very sparing; and I was often, to the very last, distressed for want of No. 2.

I have already spoken of the great blessing that the "Gospel Standard" has been made to the church of God. I may be excused if I mention one or two minor matters,—and not *very* minor either. And first, to say nothing of the Lancashire distress, for which we raised £2000, see the thousands of pounds that, through its instrumentality, have been raised for the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and the number of the dear children of God who have, in consequence, been made comparatively comfortable in their declining years, receiving the benefit of its funds. And next, look at my father's Selection of Hymns, to which so many Christians refer on their dying beds. When the copyright of that Selection came into my hands, I advertised it on the wrapper of the magazine, and there was soon an increased demand for it. This led me, not only to reduce the price, but to add a Supplement, prepared mainly by my father. Subsequently, at the request of Mr. Philpot, I added Hart's hymns, and again subsequently, and again at Mr. P.'s request, the second Supplement, reducing the price again at the same time. This could not have been done, humanly speaking, had it not been for the "G. S." At first the book contained only 670 hymns, now 1190, and may be had for less than half its original price.

One thing has often struck me as remarkable,—that amongst the many obituaries which have been given in the magazine, scarcely any two of the subjects of those obituaries were set at liberty by the application of the same passages of scripture or the same verses of hymns. This displays a diversity of experience and a genuineness of expression which is most remarkable.

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*GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME, A SINNER.*

GRACIOUS Father, God of mercy,  
Deign to look on sinful me!  
I am feeble, weak, and weary;  
Help me, Lord, to look to thee.

Bestow upon me, a poor sinner,  
Thy rich grace of love divine;  
Let me trust the great Redeemer;  
In his merits let me shine.

Draw me to the open fountain;  
Wash away my guilt and sin;  
Sins to me are like a mountain,  
I'm so black and foul within.

Through the merits of the Saviour,  
And his rich atoning blood,  
In him, Lord, may I find favour,  
By the grace and love of God.

Dartmouth, April 20, 1871.

J. W.



## Obituary.

THOMAS DAVIS.—On Feb. 20th, aged 75, Thomas Davis. He was born at Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, of poor but industrious parents. There being a large family, he had but little schooling, except what he obtained at the Independent Sunday School, which place he was brought up to attend strictly. As soon as he was old enough, he became a teacher, and having a good voice and an ear for music, he also became a singer in the chapel. He was for a time a very zealous young man amongst the people; but his love of singing became a snare to him, and led him into great lengths of profanity. He continued in this state up to the age of forty. He was, however, the subject of convictions from quite a youth; and he often used to say, that, whilst going on headlong to destruction, he never went into sin without great remorse of conscience at times.

At length the time, the set time, came that the Lord would communicate life to his soul. The Lord, in his great mercy, showed him, in some measure, what he was by nature, and the holiness of his law,—that he had broken all the commands in thought, word, and deed. He experienced what the apostle says: "For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died, and the commandment which was ordained to life I found to be unto death." This took place on a Lord's day, whilst sitting in a General Baptist chapel. The feelings of his soul were so pungent that he concluded he was cut off from the Lord for ever and ever, that death and destruction must be his doom. Now he could no longer mix up with those professors of the day. As they knew nothing of his state, they could not touch his case.

About this time a few men left the Independent chapel, and one began to preach the doctrines of truth. Davis went amongst them, and heard a little of what he wanted, but not to his soul's satisfaction. In 1836 the Lord so ordered it, in his providence, that he should not be left without instruction, and that that scripture should be fulfilled in his experience: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not," &c. The "Gospel Standard" was put into his hand. When he had read it, he concluded to take it in; and many good lifts he got from it. He was very anxious when Mr. Philpot was taken away, being fearful the pieces admitted might not be so sound; but month after month, when I used to see him, he always expressed his gratitude to God that he saw no difference. He considered it the soundest publication of the day, and his desire was that, if the Lord's will, the magazine might be continued.

When Trinity Chapel, Leicester, was opened, he thought he would go and hear this Mr. Philpot, of whom he had so often read in the "Gospel Standard;" and so he did; and through that noble and unflinching champion of divine truth, the Lord was

pleased to bless his soul. The chapel was opened one Christmas day. Mr. Philpot also preached on the following Sunday. Davis did not get anything on the day of the opening; but on the Lord's day following, the blessed, sweet, and experimental way in which Mr. P. opened up his text (2 Tim. ii. 5), he used to say, went into his very soul. He said to a friend, "As I had never heard an experimental sermon before, it was just what my soul had longed and waited for. He so beautifully showed how a man could strive lawfully that it raised up such a hope in my soul that I had never felt before; and that I, though so vile and base, had a part in that great salvation. Yea, I then felt that I was one of the lawful strivers."

From that time he was much more dissatisfied with the people he used to meet with, as he found neither power, dew, nor unction attending the word preached by the man he sat under. He read the Bible much, and at one time, when very much cast down, as he thought, even to death, this portion of God's word was blessed to his soul: "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" Another time, when in the depth of soul-trouble, Esth. iv. 16, the last clause especially, was blessed to him. He felt a prayer going up to the Lord for pardon, and he received an answer in these words: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." "O," said he, "what a blessed *shall* was this! Although I have not that full assurance of my interest in the Lord Jesus as I could wish, yet he that gave me that blessed promise will not fail nor forsake me."

In this way he went on for some few years, and after a time, he and a few poor men whom the Lord had made honest, met together in a house for reading and prayer. They were the poor of this world; yet rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Here the Lord was pleased to bless and favour them by sending now and then a few of his highly-favoured servants to preach to them; amongst whom were Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Defraine, Mr. Isbell, and others. How thankful he was to the Lord that he had inclined their hearts to come. He esteemed them the excellent of the earth, often expressing himself thus: "What poor creatures on earth can ever be favoured like us, especially my unworthy self, as I always am favoured in hearing so well? I am such a poor, fearful, unbelieving creature, that, like Thomas, I want to walk by sight, and not by faith in the Son of God."

Although he was led to see that baptism by immersion was the door into the visible church, so fearful and trembling was he that he was some years before he could take up the cross and follow his Lord and Master. In 1858 the Lord enabled him to go to Trinity Chapel, Leicester, and he was baptized by Mr. Isbell, whom he much loved in the gospel. The Lord met with him most blessedly in that ordinance at that place.

He now went on his way rejoicing in the Lord for some time. He began to be very much exercised about building a little chapel

at Long Buckby for the honour and glory of the Lord, as the truth had been (and is still) much despised and much trampled upon there. But how was such a thing to be brought about? They were so few and so poor, he thought it was great presumption to think of it, much less attempt such a thing; but they increased, as one and another turned in with them from the general Dissenters. Their hands by these means were a little strengthened. They had preaching as often as they could get a minister on the Lord's day, though seldom oftener than once a month, and now and then upon a week night. At these times, he made known to these few ministers that came what had long been the desire of his mind,—a little chapel. This was communicated to the Lutterworth and Leicester friends, and the Lord inclined them to assist them in their undertaking far beyond their expectations. A chapel was soon built, and a church formed upon Strict Baptist principles. Very soon after the church was formed, his bodily health began to decline, and he being very asthmatical, he could not attend a great part of the season in winter. The Lord had so blessed his soul, at times, that he used to say that he should like to end his days in the place, as he often felt when he went to the chapel he should die in it; but this was not the Lord's way; neither was the desire of his heart granted him that he should see the chapel out of debt before he was taken away. He said, "If it is the Lord's will; but if not, I will praise him for having done so much for us poor worthless creatures." Tears of gratitude would flow down his face. Also, in speaking of the different ministers being so willing to labour amongst them. This he felt was one of the greatest favours, next to the salvation of their souls, that the Lord could bestow upon them. When he was taken ill for the last time, in January, 1871, the first part of the time he was much in the dark till the second week in February, when the Lord gradually, from day to day, broke into his soul. Job v. was made very precious to him. Also that sweet hymn of Toplady's:

"Deathless principle, arise," &c.

On Sunday, Feb. 12th, two of the members of the church called to see him. One had some savoury conversation with him, and read Eph. i., which was much blessed to his soul. He began to sink in his body very fast after this; but it was made manifest to those about him that though his outward man decayed, his inward man was renewed. Being in very little pain of body, he dozed a good deal; and his friends gathered as much from his sleeping as when he was awake. Night and day he was continually repeating some part of the word, as though reading; and when he awoke it was with some precious hymn on his lips.

On the Tuesday before his death, Ps. xcii. was read to him, and was made very sweet. In the evening the Lord again visited his soul; and in an ecstasy of joy he broke out with hymn 780, Gadsby's:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," &c.

But his end had not yet come. He felt, at times, rather im-

patient at the Lord's tarrying so long. He would then break out and say, "What a poor impatient wretch I am! Well might dear Berridge write that beautiful hymn, if he felt now as I do." He would then repeat the second verse (300, Gadsby's):

"For patience when I raised a cry," &c.

On Feb. 16th, four days before his death, he was taken much worse, and the Lord again visited his soul very blessedly; and he would have all his friends called up to help him, as he said, to praise God for his mercy to him. The fear of death was now taken away from him, he who had been much subject to the fear of death, was now about to cross the river without a shadow of a doubt. Hymns 103 and 158 were also very sweet to him. After this visit the enemy of souls was not permitted to have much power over him. Once he exclaimed, "There is a calm in my soul; I hope it will not prove a treacherous one;" which was not the case, as he had another visit from his blessed Lord; so that he was filled with joy and peace.

On the 18th he appeared to sleep much, and during his sleep quoted aloud the word of God, Matt. xxv., Jas. i., and Rev. i., and fervently engaged in prayer. His countenance seemed beaming with the joy his soul was in. When he awoke, on being asked where he had been, his answer was, "To a delightful prayer-meeting at the chapel; and I have had so much of the Lord's presence that my soul was quite full of joy and peace."

On the Lord's day a few dear friends visited him, and stayed with him through the night. His sleep was very short.

He then began with the portions of the word of God that aforetime had been so sweet to his soul. One asked him whether the truths he professed would do to die by. He replied, "Yes; they are my support now; and

"Death nor hell shall ere remove

His favourites from his breast;"

neither shall any man pluck them out of his hand." He then repeated Jno. x. 29, and wished to be raised in the bed. He then began to speak of his own sinfulness and vileness, and of the exceeding riches of that grace which had saved such as he was from hell; making mention of Peter, when the Lord appeared to him; also of Mary Magdalene; and he himself was the last that could have expected to be favoured in such a way as he now was. He repeated several times 2 Tim. iv. 6-8, and hymn 85, Gadsby's:

"Beneath his smiles my heart has lived," &c.

He then wanted a hymn read, and a few verses of the "blessed old Book," and a few minutes at a throne of grace. Then he dozed again for a short time. As soon as he awoke, his countenance shone with the glory that was in his soul. He said he had had "a glimpse or two into heaven," and then repeated the first verse of hymn 107:

"How high a privilege 'tis to know," &c.

He spoke much of the love of the Lord Jesus to poor sinners, repeating exultingly the latter part of Luke vii., dwelling much

upon verse 47; at the same time exhorting some friends whom he believed were partakers of the grace of God, who were not walking according to church order, to search the scriptures and see whether they had not something within them that was fighting against the glory of God, and his Son Jesus Christ. "For," said he, "there are the invitations, the ordinances, the commands, and the precepts; and to whom do they belong but to the dear family of God? Therefore whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we are fast hastening."

His end was now very near. He became much worse, and, smiling, said, "Why are your countenances so sad? I am not sad. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c. Then, shouting, he said, "Can this be dying? Look no more sad; but praise him, praise him!" This he repeated until his voice failed. He was then asked if he wanted anything. He replied, "A little tea." A kind friend raised him up in bed. The last change was now come. With a few sighs his happy spirit took its flight.

T. P.

EDWARD ISAAC.—On March 7th, aged 61, Edward Isaac, of Old Sodbury.

My dear father was always a moral man, and one who never opposed a free-grace gospel, but, on the contrary, always loved to hear it. He, however, never knew anything of its saving power until between two and three years ago, when laid upon a bed of affliction. The Lord was then pleased, in his infinite mercy, to show him what a sinner he was; and he would say, "O! To think of the many gospel sermons I have heard, yet that nothing ever came with power, showing me what a sinner I was,—such a vile sinner, and of so long standing!" He would press my hand, and cry out with bitter anguish, "O, Tom, whatever shall I do? I fear the Lord will never pardon such a vile, black sinner as I am. Do pray for me." I said what I could to encourage him, feeling assured the Lord had implanted a cry in his soul, and if so, he would surely hear and answer him in his own good time. We all thought the Lord was about to take him home; but the Lord's thoughts were not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. He was to be restored again for a little time, to make it manifest it was the Lord's work. As soon as he was able, he became a regular attendant with us. He was a man of few words; but whenever talked to upon soul matters the tears would be in his eyes, and he seemed to feel much more than he could express. He got many little encouragements by the way, though not what he longed for,—a full deliverance. If health had permitted and his life had been spared, it was laid on his mind to join our little church, as in heart and affection he was one with us, though he felt himself to be unworthy; but this was not to be.

He suffered much from various complaints, and a few weeks

before his death felt that his end was near, and seemed quite resigned, though he often had fears as to how it would be with him at the last. Worldly affairs were, in a very great measure, taken from him. He said he had nothing to rest upon but the blood and righteousness of a precious Christ; in and of himself he was nothing but a poor worm.

He took to his bed about a fortnight before his death, during which time, though not able to talk very much, he said many things which gave us great satisfaction. To my sister, a few days before his death, he said, "Ah, Sarah! I have sweet hopes, blessed hopes! I cannot think sometimes where they come from. Have you ever felt them?" She said, "That is what I am longing for, father." He said, "I hope you will experience them, my child." During much of the last two or three days he was wandering in mind; but even then he would be talking of better things, and would often say he longed to get home.

In the night before he died, as I was sitting by him, he seemed to revive a little. I felt anxious again to know the state of his mind, and said, "How do you feel now, father?" He said, "Very poorly in body." I said, "How is the poor mind now?" He said, "'Tis all well. I get helped;" and then, after breathing a few times, added, "The Lord is very precious to me." After this he lay in a dozing state until about half-past ten the following night, March 7th, when he quietly breathed his last, with his hand in mine.

THOS. ISAAC.

ELLEN HANSON.—On May 5th, aged 52, Ellen Hanson, of Accrington.

From her childhood she enjoyed the privilege of a Christian home, and the advantages of her early education were blessed of God, in her after life, to the quickening of her soul and to the growth of her spiritual life. There was nothing remarkable in her youthful history to distinguish her from other young people, unless it were the quietness of her general demeanour and her attention to the public means of grace and private devotion. Up to the age of 17 she attended the Sunday school and Baptist chapel at Accrington, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Harbottle; but then she gave no decisive evidence of the saving operation of the Holy Spirit upon her heart.

In 1836 a small number of brethren and sisters in the Lord, living in and about Accrington, whose membership was principally with the Particular Baptist church, Town's Moor, Blackburn, were formed into a church at Accrington, in a small chapel situate in Chapel Street. The father of Ellen Hanson was one of this number, and was elected as one of the deacons, and his daughter Ellen and some other members of his family, from that time, became regular in their attendance at the Sunday school and chapel.

For several years after this, Ellen was, through the preaching of the word and the mighty working of the divine Spirit, the subject of deep and even distressing convictions of her sin, and of

her need of an almighty Saviour. For a long time she walked in darkness and had no light, crying out, "O that I knew where I might find him!" After much anguish and earnest inquiry and fervent prayer, she found the sweet relief for which she was longing, and in September, 1841, she offered herself to the church, and was received by them, and baptized by Mr. Forster.

For a period of thirty years she walked in the fear of the Lord; and, though never conspicuous, she, nevertheless, her light shining before men, showed that a divinely-wrought and experimental belief in the doctrines of grace is followed by the holiness (1 Pet. i. 15, 16) to which the people of God are graciously called. Like the rest of the saints, she had her difficulties and her seasons of sorrow, and would often mourn her unworthiness before God; but her faith never entirely forsook her, nor did her hope utterly fail.

As a daughter and a sister, she was, by God's grace, enabled to adorn her profession; and when her mother died, in 1857, she had then to assume the responsibility of manager of the house in the place of her excellent and godly parent. This position she filled with love and fidelity to the end of her days; proving to her surviving father a never-wearying companion as well as an ever-loving daughter.

Some time before her end she appeared as though she was being graciously prepared for the change which was drawing nigh. Often would she rejoice as she repeated the words: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Then she would go about her duties singing:

"O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favours are divine."

During the winter of 1870-71 she had a severe and protracted attack of bronchitis, which much impaired her physical strength; but she had grace according to her day, and bore her affliction with great resignation, because God was her daily support.

The time of her departure at length came. In the beginning of May, 1871, a distressing circumstance seriously injured her chest and deprived her of her right arm. It was the opinion of her medical attendants that though her hurt was exceedingly distressing and painful, there might have been hope of her recovery, had not her bronchial attack so deprived her of strength that the most skilful medical treatment was baffled; and in five days, during which time she uttered not a murmuring syllable, she sank under the stroke. Her mind was clear to the last. Her soul was supported in the passage through the valley, and she fell quietly and peacefully asleep. Though it was needful for her to be kept as quiet as possible, she was anxious to see her friends, and testified to them all the heavenly support she experienced and the bright assurance of her hope. When her attendants begged her to have regard to her weakness, she meekly responded, "Ah! But I must speak for the Lord."

J. H.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1871.

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

THE WICKED NOT IN TROUBLE AS THE  
LORD'S PEOPLE.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEDWORTH, BY MR.  
GRACE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15TH, 1858.

"They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men."—Ps. LXXIII. 5.

God has many fires to put his children into; but depend upon it he never puts them in but he is with them. Mr. Hart says:

"Gold in the furnace tried,  
Ne'er loses aught but dross.  
So is the Christian purified,  
And better'd by the cross."

Is it not so? The poor soul cries out directly it gets into the fire, yet has been asking God to search him and try him, to see if there is any wicked way in him, and lead him in the way everlasting; but as soon as ever the Lord comes and answers his prayer, he begins to turn back. But what a mercy it is the Lord lays the cross upon us, but does not leave us in the furnace. I often think of the words of the poet, and I will venture to say I have some amongst you that know something of his language experimentally:

"I ask'd the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face."

How do you think the Lord answered this?

"I hoped that in some favour'd hour  
At once he'd answer my request;  
And, by his love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

"Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part."

Poor child of God, you see this is the way the Lord answers prayer. Here is the furnace, and the man of God, Asaph, got into it, and said he was envious at the wicked when he saw their prosperity.



Some may be in this furnace of affliction in outward dispensations. If a farmer, he looks around at his crops; they have failed; there will not be an average yield. He looks over the hedge at his neighbour, an ungodly man, who has abundance; everything he puts his hand to seems to prosper: "But for me," says the poor soul, "I have affliction in my family, and for the life and soul of me I cannot get out of it." Probably the poor soul may have a sick wife, a sick family, nothing but poverty staring him in the face. While he is crying, praying, and wrestling with God, to enable him to stand his ground and pay his way, there is the wicked in prosperity on every hand, while he cannot see which path to take, Satan saying, "The Lord will not appear; persecute and take him; for there is none to deliver. God has forsaken him." O, my friends, this is the place to come into; that is, when the wicked triumph, while the poor soul sinks, there seems no help for him. He looks on the right hand and on the left, no man knows him, no man cares for his soul. All refuge fails.

Say some of you, "What do you mean by bringing these things forth?" Because I believe in my soul that some present have experienced them. I am not a man who speaks from a theoretical knowledge, but from what I have gone through. I have been sorely exercised and tried. Had I never known anything of this, I could not bring it out feelingly and warmly.

There is the furnace, and God often puts his people in; and one thing for our encouragement is this, that he sits as a refiner and purifier of silver; so that when in the furnace not a grain of silver will be lost. When a man puts the precious metal into the melting-pot, we should say he was unwise if, at the same time, he put along with the silver or gold a lump of lead. It would deteriorate the value of the precious metal, and be of no use whatever. When he receives the gold, it is put into the furnace to separate it from the dross, and make it more valuable. Were you to pay a visit to a refiner while the process of melting is going on, and were you to look into the crucible, you would see the scum and dross rising to the top. Is not this the case with the children of God, when put into the furnace? There appears nothing but dross, filth, and dirt, and they conclude all their religion will be burnt up. "Surely," say they, "we shall come to nothing, as the word of God says, 'Every man's work shall be tried in the fire.'" The devil comes in with this suggestion, that the work will be made manifest, plainly proved that they are nothing but deceived characters. In a great house, there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but wood and earth. What becomes of the wooden ones? They are consumed. What becomes of the earthen? They are hardened. The gold and silver are purified for the master's use.

Have I any poor sinner before me to-night in the furnace? You may depend upon this, the end and design of God is to purify you for his use. If you are nothing but wood, you will be burnt

up, and there is the end of it. Many a hardened professor will have his works burnt up. They are the worst characters in all the world to have any dealings with. I would sooner have to do with the men of the world a thousand times twice told than have to do with hardened professors, who have no feeling or the fear of God before their eyes. They can talk about religion, and are as deep in the doctrines as any man could be, but know nothing of them experimentally by the blessed teaching of God the Holy Ghost; so that when affliction comes, it hardens them. Here is the difference; the Saviour sits as a refiner and as a purifier of gold to purify his own children.

I recollect, in my early life, when God was pleased, in tender mercy, to make known to my soul his great salvation, now nearly 36 years since; by a dream he showed me what I should have to pass through. I dreamed there was a brick-kiln that I had to go through, and that there was a fire, and very strange it appeared when I had got out at the top, looking down wondering in my soul however I got out. I did not at that time know there was such a word in the Bible as brick-kiln; but I found out afterwards that David made the children of Ammon pass through the brick-kiln, and under harrows of iron, and saws and axes. Trying indeed it was to go into the furnace; there was no mistake about it. I would not wish one of you ever to go into such a furnace; truly, I thought in my soul for a period of five years that my faith and hope and all were gone. "Five years?" say some. "You do not mean to say that for five years you never had any lifting up nor any enjoyment?" Very little. I never had one sweet visit from God during that time. I will just name one very remarkable circumstance connected with this. One day, in passing down the street, I heard a man speak to another. I thought I knew the voice, though I could not see the face, and had not seen the man for some years. I spoke to him, and said, "Your name is John —." He replied in the affirmative. I said, "I thought I knew your voice." I turned away from him in deep sorrow of soul, and said, "O my dear Lord, if thou wouldst but speak once more, I should know thy dear voice from ten thousand voices." I felt a little breaking, a little softening, a little giving way for a moment. The next day I well understood what Job meant when he said, "Yet thou shalt plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

I shall never forget as long as I live, Nov. 23rd, 1848, when God's free, sovereign grace and love, by one sweet propitious look, broke my heart and brought me down at his dear blessed feet.

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

This broke my heart in a thousand pieces. I could utter these words as the very experience of my soul:

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

“Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of grace.”

How sweet to the saints, dear friends. How blessed, after being in the furnace, in the fire, and in the flood, to be brought into the wealthy place. “We went through fire and through water, and thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.” Depend upon it, there is no other way into the wealthy place. This is the way into the city. Through much tribulation the church of God enters the kingdom. There is no other way cast up. In the word of God it is described as strait and narrow. That is the highway, the way of holiness. The unclean do not go there; no lion shall be there, no ravenous beast of prey; but the poor way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. Do you know that they are fools the Lord takes such care of? He has great pleasure in teaching poor ignorant creatures, like Asaph, who said, “I was as a beast before thee.” Another cries out, “I have not the understanding of a man.” If we were all able of ourselves to get ability, understanding, wisdom, might, and strength, we should not want the Lord to help us. We should in our own estimation do “mighty well” without him. Some persons tell us we should get grace, and when we have got it, cultivate and improve it.

However, this will not do. If I am to preach from my text, I must come to it. “They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.” My brethren, truly we preachers can only preach to profit as the Lord enables us. What the Lord pours in, we pour out, and that meets the cases of his tried family.

You will see by these words I have read as a text, that there are only two sorts of people in the world,—the *righteous* and the *wicked*. In years that are past, when I have heard a man make such an assertion as this, and I was seeking, truly wanting to know something about it, I was all eyes and ears to see to which side I belonged. Which side of the line are you? There are only the righteous and the wicked. The godly and ungodly; but two. Some folks will hardly believe this. They inquire, “Are there none but these two? Are there not amiable and moral people in the world? What do you say of them?” I must come to the testimony of God's word; the standard of eternal truth. What you want to make out is an intermediate course, to take in some of your neighbours and amiable kind friends; but God has shown us, by his word of truth, that there is but one narrow path to be found that leadeth to life, and the broad way that leadeth to death, to destruction, and many go in thereat. “Nar-

row is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." I tell you this one text has often struck me. The words are the words of the Lord Jesus: "I am the door. By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." That is a blessed text. Have you entered in by that door? Bunyan describes it in a very striking manner. When Christian met with Ignorance, and asked him how he came in, that if he came not in at the wicket gate that is at the head of the way, but through that same crooked lane, he feared, whatever Ignorance might think of himself when the reckoning day shall come, he would have this laid to his charge, that he was a thief and a robber, instead of getting admittance into the city. All the answer Ignorance could make was that they were but in the way as well as he, and it was of no consequence whether he came down the green lane or any other. He was in the way as well as they. This is a solemn question, for a moment, my soul: "How do matters stand with you? Have you ever known the grace of God? Are you a righteous or an unrighteous man? godly or ungodly?" Some might answer, "I am a godly man." Others would say, "Sir, show me the evidences or marks by which a godly man may be known."

Now, though it is true the wicked have their day of prosperity here, yet it is also true that God is good to Israel. A soul made alive and quickened by the Spirit, having any idea of his being godly, it is quite the reverse. "As for me," he positively thinks, "that have done so wickedly; as for me, if not taught and led by the Spirit to make a right discrimination, when led to see within myself nothing but what is corrupt, vile, and depraved; the lust of concupiscence, wretched thoughts, dreadful thoughts, thoughts he dare not mention; as for me,

"Shock'd at the sight, I straight cry out,  
Can ever God dwell here?"

These spring out of the corrupt fountain of a vile heart, that which we brought into the world; for "out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, covetousness, thefts," and so on.

"But is this all?" say you. "Is there nothing else? This is our depraved nature." If you have anything different from this, it is by the grace of God. Remember, all real vital godliness comes and begins through the grace and love of God. Where there is a right beginning, there will be a right ending. If your religion did not begin right, it will never end right. Search the scriptures; you will there see the beginning is regeneration: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Why," say you, "what is regeneration?" The communication of divine life to the soul which was before dead in trespasses and sins. In the covenant of God's grace, God has made rich provision for his dear church, lying in the ruins of the fall, sunk in the Adam-fall transgression; elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, blessed in him with all spiritual bless-

ings, of which they stand in need; those who by nature were dead in trespasses and sins, who were fulfilling the desires of the flesh and the mind, who by nature were children of wrath even as others. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace are ye saved." Here is the communication of life. Here is the first evidence of electing grace. "For whom he did foreknow he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren." There are many professors who are not conformed to the image of Christ, who can converse about the foreknowledge of God, can go into the doctrines of divine predestination to life, can go through the whole of it; yet their walk is not straight.

Every soul born of God is predestinated to eternal life, and also predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ. The first evidence is calling: "Whom he predestinated, them he also called; whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Now this is the golden chain of salvation that begins in the foreknowledge of God the Father, and ends in the glorification of the saints of God in heaven. It is very blessed to look at this, and know it experimentally for ourselves. We here see the state of man by nature, and what he is through grace. Ezekiel speaks of what the Lord has promised: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. From all your filthiness and all your idols will I cleanse you." This is indeed the greatest work in the world; but the Lord says he will do it. "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 a heart of flesh, and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes." This is what he has purposed to do according to his word. Let us not separate what he has joined; no clipping the promise. He has determined men shall be saved by grace; but that means shall be used, and that this shall be known by the fruit. He hath determined and ordained that he shall bring forth fruit: "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

Now Asaph says, "They are not in trouble as other men." Who, Asaph? Why the foolish and the wicked. Every man is a fool who is not taught of God, though he may speak of rare things, wonderful things, have a knowledge of the scriptures, and be very apt in quoting them; yet no man can receive any thing except it be given him of God. Let men be what they will, though high in the religious world, members of churches, deacons, yea, preachers, for aught I know or care, such as may even be able to open up, adorn, and set forth the scriptures, yet natural men after all. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God, because they are foolishness to him; neither can

he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is "the Spirit that searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." Then, mark you, "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." In looking at the marginal reading, it is, "He that is spiritual discerneth all things; but he himself is discerned of no man." That man who is taught of God discerns the things of God. He discerns a work of grace in a poor sinner's heart, truth from error, and the power from the mere form or letter of truth; yet that man is never discerned by any natural man. A natural man cannot discern the work of grace in a man's heart; he cannot enter into the trials, affliction, and soul distress of which a soul born of God is the subject.

"Truly God is good to Israel." But as regards the foolish man, the wicked man, he builds his hopes for salvation on a sandy foundation. I have often thought of the word that God has spoken respecting this foolish man. "Now," said the Saviour, "he that heareth my word and doeth it not," I will show you what a man he is. He is like a man that built his house on the sand. The floods came, and the rain descended, the winds blew and beat upon that house, and down it went, because it was built on the sand. The wise man built his house on a rock, and when the winds came and the floods, it fell not, because it was founded on a rock. I have sometimes remarked to my hearers at home, what would they say to a man going down to the sands, when the tide was out, carting a lot of building materials on the sand; the natural inquiry would be, what he was doing. Doing? Why, going to build a house. Then we should say, "O foolish man! As soon as the tide returns in its strength, your house will fall and be washed away." He might contend and affirm that he could so fix it, he should make it all safe, all secure, and all right; but we should pity him, and tell him that he was building on a sandy foundation. So is every soul that has any hope in any of his own doings. Christ must be all in all,—the Alpha and Omega.

Some here may think I am a little too severe in declaring that the poor sinner can do nothing, that Christ must do all. You may say that you like Christ to make up the tale; but depend upon it the Lord Jesus Christ will be all. He will have no co-workers with him, no co-partners. No, no. Blessed be God we can say with Mr. Hart:

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

"Then," say you who feel lost, "blessed be God that it is all of grace; blessed be God for free and sovereign grace; that there should be grace to save any." All those who are feelingly lost know that but for free grace they would be lost for ever. Blessed be God, never a poor sensibly-lost sinner ever built his hopes on Jesus that ever made shipwreck of faith. As Kent says:

“Built on his Godhead and his blood,  
 She stands and hath for ever stood;  
 Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,  
 Shall e'er the Christian's hope crase.”

Here is a firm foundation, blessed standing, on the Rock of eternal ages.

These people who are not in trouble as other men have more than heart could wish; their eyes stand out with fatness. They are not exempt from trouble; because the worldling has his troubles, family troubles. Go into any part of the town, you will find worldly men, as well as professors, have their troubles; a sick or afflicted wife, a child deformed or bowed down with some complaint, from one cause or other; they have their troubles. “But they are not in trouble as other men.” Who are the other men? Wherein do they differ from the wicked or foolish? These other are those in whose heart God has put his fear. They are the godly.

“The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.” Such a text as this to a living soul under convictions, would cause deep trouble. I used to think within myself, when brought to see the awful precipice on which I was standing either for time or eternity, when the arrows of the Almighty were within me, that should I die I should go where the wicked are. I had no hope that the mercy of God would ever reach me. I remember hearing a woman, speaking of a person who had died, say, “That is a debt we must all pay.” My reply was, “Yes, it is indeed; but there is one thing that seems to touch me more than anything else; after death the judgment. How am I ever to face that God against whom I have sinned, whom I have so mightily provoked? How can I ever stand before him? I would give a thousand worlds if I had them. O that I were a beast, then when I died there would be an end of me.” But, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, there is mercy with him that he may be feared. “Let Israel hope in the Lord, for there is mercy with him, and plenteous redemption.”

(To be continued.)

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TIME was when Arminianism dare not show its head in this country; but now it stalks abroad with a whore's forehead and a brazen face, and defiles and pollutes, more or less, nearly all the pulpits in the land; and that, sometimes, under the becoming garb of Calvinism, so that few can detect it. Luther used to say, “That to separate between Law and Gospel is the most difficult point in divinity;” and how few there are who do. Mixture is the order of the day,—law and gospel, grace and works, divine sovereignty and creature power, creature work and creature doings. Under the Law no mixtures are allowed, typical of the Gospel; no linsey-woolsey; no mingling of linen and woollen allowed to be worn; no ploughing with the ox and the ass together; no sowing the field with mingled seed; and no doubt, for the same reason, we do not find that honey was ever used in sacrifice, for that might be considered a sort of *milles fleurs*.—*Gospel Magazine*.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 374.)*

## CHAPTER II.

*Verse 15. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."*

Into what states of half unconsciousness the children of God, his true children, may get at times! They never can entirely lose that principle of self-consciousness which is implanted in them by virtue of a new and spiritual nature. They have eyes within (Rev. iv. 8); but at times there is a torpor upon the soul; "they slumber" (Matt. xxv. 5); it is a day with them which is neither day nor night: "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, and he knows it not." A religious decrepitude has made sad advances, and he is ignorant of his state and condition. There are many causes for this. Erroneous opinions to some extent imbibed; worldliness; a neglect of the more secret part of religion, and an undue busying a man's self with that which is more external. Mr. Carnal Security, in the "Holy War" of Bunyan, was a very busy man. It is easier to write a volume and compass sea and land to make one proselyte than to continue one hour watching with Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, or to keep the heart, even for a short time, truthfully engaged with God in prayer. Many professors die out of the life and power of things, whilst still continuing in the outward appearance and show of correct religion: "Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways." (Isa. lviii. 2.) Who would not have thought such persons all right, yea, eminent in godliness? But no, says God. "It was as a people that *did* righteousness." There was the semblance of the person doing righteousness and walking with God, but the reality was wanting. Flesh, not faith, was in it all. "Ye fast for strife, and debate to make your voice to be heard on high,"—to be something before men and in your own estimation in religion; but this is to be nothing, or, at least, very, very little, supposing there is a remnant of grace underneath it all, in the sight of God. Paul supposes a man with the tongues of men and angels, the knowledge of an apostle, the benevolence and self-devotion to a cause which shall make him give all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned, and yet, being destitute of that divine principle of love in his heart whose proper workings are afterwards characterized, he is nothing in the sight of God.

Now, when even children of God get into the state of spiritual torpor and declension of soul we have spoken of, evils of various kinds in the heart and life prey upon them almost without being noticed; but when the Holy Spirit, who is faithful to the covenant, the blood of Christ, and the work of his own hands, comes and stirs up the heart afresh, breathing new life into it, the soul awakens to a revived sense of its spiritual condition. Now it perceives the miserable state in which it is. Now hardly-noticed



evils, things inconsistent with a profession of Christianity, begin to be discovered, and the heart sighs and cries out as in the words of this verse: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, which spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." O the pangs felt by this living soul when thus aroused up and made thoroughly conscious of its condition! O the sense of utter inability to overcome these innumerable evils, and come to a complete reformation as in the sight of God! It seems to itself,

"Bound down with twice ten thousand ties."

But here the Holy Spirit enables it to look to Christ. It conceives hope, and says,

"Yet let me hear thy call,  
My soul in confidence shall rise,—  
Shall rise and break through all."

It has been well remarked that a sow, if you wash it, goes off again and rolls in the mire, because the filth is congenial to it; but if a dove is plunged into the mire it will seek to cleanse its plumage. So carnal nature will return to folly, and loves to forget God. It likes to be undisturbed by even conscience in its ways, and continues in them; but the principle of grace is a pure principle, and, consequently, hates these things of the flesh, and aims from its own very nature after purity. (1 Jno. iii. 2.) And though the persons in whom this pure principle exists may, like Samson, lie for a season almost stupefied in the lap of sin and the world, yet the new nature must produce its effects in some degree, and will enter its protest against these evils, yea, all evils, and will at length, in the times of renewing, reassert itself, and cause the man in whom it is actively to purify himself, even as Christ is pure. All scripture proves this; and hence it is that he in whom this living principle is does not commit sin. The new nature itself, called the seed of God, cannot sin, and he in whom it is must be, in some measure and degree, at all times influenced by the operations of it.

Evidently here the approach of Christ to the child of God, "Behold he cometh," had aroused the somewhat slumbering faculties of the soul. Grace began to be in exercise, the flowers to appear on the earth, the voice of the turtle to be heard in the land, and sighs and groans to go forth unto Christ, expressive of awakened desires for close and sweet communion.

But now the condition of the soul is also becoming apparent. As sense and feeling come in, so also does a revived apprehension of the person's state. Laodicean security departs, and the man perceives himself to be wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Now the heart, conscious of its impurity, sin, and vileness, its base backslidings, wanderings from Christ, and miserable condition, shrinks away from him, considering itself not fit for his presence. Hence the dove is represented as in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, full of diffidence; but Christ speaks most encouraging words, to call it

forth to himself, and cause it to speak out its wants and confess its miseries. Then, in the words under consideration, it does this, crying, "Take us the foxes," &c.

The words are full of *consciousness, sense of inability, and prayer.*

1. *Consciousness.* The soul evidently perceives the exceedingly tender nature of the divine life, and all which pertains to it: "Our vines have tender grapes." *Truth* is a tender thing, and soon injured by the least degree of error. *Spirituality of mind* is a tender thing, and soon marred by carnality; a thought of foolishness will quickly spoil it. *Love* is a tender thing, and soon marred by a little disputing, anger, and bitterness.

"Disputings only gender strife,  
And gall a tender mind."

*Comfort* is a tender thing, and very soon changed into sadness: "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness." *Communion with God* is a tender thing; *sweet fellowship with the saints* is a tender thing. Indeed, the whole of true vital *spiritual religion* is a tender thing, and quickly injured: "Our vines have tender grapes."

The soul, too, is now conscious of the innumerable foxes, great and small, which have made their inroads into the vineyard, and perceives the deplorable mischief they have done. Sloth, worldly conformity, inordinate natural affections, covetousness, resting in high doctrinal notions, in forms, in the externals of godliness, and thousands of other things, which have been marring the true spiritual prosperity of the soul, begin to be perceived. "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ" begins to be a great word to the soul. What that gospel demands as consistent with it, what humility, meekness, lowliness of heart, gentleness, forbearance, love, forgiveness of injuries, self-denial, active laying out a man's self for the sake of others, is now recognized. Then the innumerable things inconsistent with the spirit of this gospel are perceived likewise; the man becomes of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, and in Christ's light sees light. Now little "innocent indulgences," which have crept in one after another, and grown bigger and bigger, are found to be little foxes. Vain amusements; a quiet game of cards,— "of course not for money;" a dance,— "a carpet dance only at home;" then a private dance elsewhere; then an oratorio; then a concert in which there is to be sacred music; then, perhaps, for the children's sake, a peep at the fair; and God only knows what in the long run.

Thus the soul has gone on from one little compliance, inconsistent either with the express word or spirit of the gospel, to another; for we may decline of ourselves, but almighty grace only can recover us. But now the soul is awakened up to all this, sees its folly, feels its misery, fears perhaps for a time that all its religion has died out, and it is utterly reprobate; is almost inclined to give up all efforts at a better state of things, because there hardly seems any hope of a recovery. Still, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, it arouses itself, and cries to Christ:

“Take us the foxes,” &c. It is with the soul in these cases as with persons who have been nearly drowned, but are recovered. They have declared that the sensations in drowning are even pleasurable, the pain has been when the restoring process has been going on and suspended animation is returning. So it is with sinning and backsliding; self-indulgence is pleasurable through the flesh, which loves to cry, “Spare thyself; be not righteous overmuch;” but when the soul is aroused up, as it must and will assuredly be so as not to perish, to consciousness again, then come the pangs, the agonies, the conflict of heart and conscience; but then also come the cries to Christ for more grace, more power, and a complete recovery.

2. *Inability.* As the soul is now made aware of its condition, so it is also of its own utter inability to amend it. Sin, in its guilt and power, appears a little thing to unawakened men, and it is not properly estimated by even God’s people, especially when in these carnally-secure states; but when the soul is enlightened and enlivened by the Holy Spirit, then that which before appeared but small and to be easily overcome, is found to be infinite, and unconquerable by any man or angel. It is beyond the power of all the creatures to conquer really one sin, either in the guilt or power of it. The delusion accompanying sin makes poor creatures think differently. Hence they allow themselves in evils with a secret purpose one day or other of altering and amending, just as if it was in their own power; forgetting that sin indulged becomes a fresh chain of adamant upon the soul; and thus men bind themselves faster and faster, with secret purposes of breaking loose some time or other. But O the adamant power of a man’s sins, as felt by him, when sense and feeling of a spiritual kind come into his heart. Now he is tied and bound by the chain of his sins, now he feels no power of nature can suffice to release him, and now he is almost ready to despair, and even to give himself over to sin as hopeless of a victory over it. Nature cannot help him, the law cannot help him, legal preaching calling upon nature to help and save itself cannot release him, priest and Levite pass him by and pronounce the case desperate. Thus the utter inability of a man to help himself always accompanies any true awakening, and reviving of the work of the Spirit of God in the soul. And now the child of God is led by the Holy Spirit, who helps his infirmities, to turn to Christ in a way of prayer.

3. *Prayer.* This is the third thing in our verse which is observable. Christ is appealed to: “Take us the foxes,” &c. The soul here wants two things,—*light* and *grace*.

i. *Light* is wanted in order to see these foxes, great and small; and this Christ gives by his word and Spirit. The word is the revelation of his mind and will, shows what is right and wrong, what is agreeable to the gospel and what is contrary to it; and if the written word of God is neglected and despised, what light can the children of God have to see the foxes by? Many persons

indeed set up the rule of their own wild and vain fancies in place of the word; but what wisdom is in them? Still the word will not do without the Spirit. A clear light shines in the scriptures; but unless the Holy Spirit accompanies the word we cannot see it; the word is not light to us: "The entrance of God's word giveth light;" and this is by the Spirit. And when we see what is right and wrong we want

ii. *Grace to comply with it.* A man may clearly see his duty, but have no heart to perform it; and if he has even some desire, unless the Lord Jesus Christ gives him power, he will never have sufficient strength of will and purpose and energy of mind to break through all the oppositions to that performance. Light without obedience-constraining power is rather increased condemnation than anything else. The man sees, and therefore has the more sin. Now, then, we perceive the absolute necessity for a sufficiency of grace to make the person willing in the day of Christ's power.

If, too, this is always necessary, how much more in a case like the one under consideration? Here is a poor soul entangled, preyed upon by foxes, small and great, the vines marred, energy wanting, the life of God decayed, all things full of disorder; here is a needsbe for something more than light; here is wanted what Paul calls "the fulness of the gospel of Christ,"—the gospel in the grace of it; this will be sufficient:

"It bids me fly and gives me wings."

This raises dry bones, brings them up out of their graves, clothes them with flesh and sinews of spiritual strength likewise, and thus brings them into the land of Israel, and makes them into good soldiers of Jesus Christ. All this mighty work of divine love and power the soul prays for in these words: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, which spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."

O! Blessed be God there is a power that can prove sufficient in all our worst cases, the same mighty power which raised Christ the Sin-bearer from the grave, that same mighty power is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think; to break off our chains, legal and sensual; to save us from our hearts and our habits; to bring us out of our graves, and bring us back to God; to "take the foxes, the little foxes, which spoil the vines."

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"Christ may have an interest in us, though we may not at the time be able to see our interest in him. The child of God may be cast down, but can never be cast off; for though God may lay his hand upon him he never removes his arm from beneath him. In the same fire whereby the dross is consumed, the precious gold is purified. The bitterest medicine is more to be valued than the sweetest poison. Better far to be preserved in brine, than to perish in honey. There is no room in hell for one who loves Christ; for though it may seem but a desire to love him, it shall be well; the desire itself being grace begun."—*From an old Author.*

## LOOKING FORWARD.

Very dear Friends,—Believing you are both alive to God through our Lord Jesus Christ by the grace of the Holy Ghost, my heart's desire and prayer to God is that you may both grow in grace and in the knowledge of him whom to know is eternal life.

Your kind letter of December ought to have been replied to long before; but soon after its arrival I caught a very bad cold, which almost laid me by; and before I quite recovered I was taken with lumbago, which tried me very much, and left me very weak. I have had a good deal of trouble with the deeds of our chapel, and I think more engagements in week evening services at home and abroad in preaching the word, than I knew how to stand up under; but hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and very gracious hath he been to me in supplying matter, imparting manner, and bestowing unctuous power, and that to the soul's comfort of very many hearers at almost each place; and so sweet to my soul hath been his service that I have often felt willing to lay down my head on the cushion and fall asleep in the body, and in soul awake up in his likeness, to be for ever with the Lord and never more to sin in thought, word, or deed.

O this wretched body of sin! What a bitter plague it hath been to me for 50 years, and what a poor wretch have I been on account of it, and so remain; and although I have been kept labouring to deny its cravings, and to be preserved from openly falling and becoming a disgrace to a profession of the gospel, yet the slips and falls of my heart have been so great and so many, that whilst my conscience has been void of offence before men, I have been sensible of my vile, base, and corrupt condition before God, that from my inmost soul I am constrained to say, "It is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed." And so base is my nature, and so totally depraved, that in every attempt to do good the presence of evil is visible, even to myself; and what an evil wretch before the eye of Omniscience I am, no mortal can know nor tongue describe. O how true it is that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Mortals cannot know it, but the immortal and ever-blessed God alone. Ah, dear friends, I can often sigh, and say with Mr. Hart, "I sorely feel the fall." I cannot enter the closet but sin will turn devotion into hemlock, and an attempt to sorrow for sin into ungodliness, until I fear my sorrow is only the sorrow of the world which worketh death. O how much I have to struggle against, and how weak I am in struggling. "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth."

I think I can never forget a quotation you made from one of the old divines, which was, "God be merciful to me, *sin.*" It was so suitable to my state when you spoke it, and has been so hundreds of times since; a body of sin, and that body animated by a legion of fiends, one pulling the heart back from devotion, another pushing it on to presumption, another suggesting that the way is so narrow you will never endure to the end, another

saying, "You make the way more narrow than the word," and another saying, "The word is more narrow than ever you described it." Yes, indeed, sin and Satan make such confusion by means of the old man that the new man appears so sickly, sorrowful, and sad, he seems almost overcome and ready to die, and so faint and feeble I can scarcely tell whether I have any new man or not. In this state I mourn in my complaint, and cry unto God with my voice and walk in darkness; and if not altogether without light, without the bright shining which my soul often longeth for, yet, through amazing grace, I am kept from despair, though tried with despondency. Peevish and fretful at the way of unerring providence, horrid and awful rebellion will raise its monstrous head until I feel afraid that the Lord will give me up to a reprobate mind, and that my end will be awful; and then again I am ready passionately to wish myself in heaven instead of enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Ah, dear friend, I am far, very far from being an easy, comfortable kind of sinner, a sinner not in word and tongue, but in very deed and in truth. I am a poor, miserable, *truly* miserable, sinner, yet, strange to say, that, amidst all my vileness, sovereign grace preserves a spark of living hope in my soul. Hope looks to what faith believes, and my soul falls to begging, and sometimes obtains a little welcome at the throne; and when so favoured, faith will speak out boldly and say, "He is able to keep that which I have committed into his hands;" though this is but seldom. But never since the way of life was first shown to me have I ever wanted any other priest to atone, or any other Sacrifice in my soul's stead, or any other Mediator, Intercessor, or Advocate, or High Priest to enter the holiest, to introduce my soul to the glorious presence of God and to the society of the just made perfect.

It is my grief that I live so far from him, and have so little love and gratitude to, and do not obtain more fellowship with him. O that my faith was more fruitful, my affection more fervent, and penitence more feeling; that, like the salt used in the Levitical law, all my poor services might be seasoned. O that I had spices worth his smelling and lilies worth his gathering! But I am but sin; a worm and no man, and must not expect to have my nature repaired or made any better. Redemption, and not reparation, is all I hope for. O blessed redemption! Sweetest theme! Richest of all tidings! Redeemed to God by his own precious blood, the blood of his dear Son. Our way is not to be smoothed down to creature ease, but such as will require shoes of iron and brass; and as our day, so our strength is to be. We shall be raised from the dead without sore feet, yea, without a guilty conscience, and no more to grieve for sin, but to be with Christ and like him; and should sudden death remove us, it will be but a sigh and a song. Here we tell the tale of sorrow, there we shall join the lasting song.

When I first knew you, I thought you the most happy man in the world, little thinking of the many changes you would be called

to endure, and of the lasting nature of them. May it please unerring Wisdom and the infinitely blessed God to support you under them, and sanctify each and all to your soul's profit, and also to your dear partner in the path of tribulation, and fit each of you, as well as myself, for the great and blessed change which lies before us, that it may not be a winter's journey, but a sweet, calm summer's evening; not striking our sails, being driven by the fierce Euroclydon, but the fair haven of joy and peace in believing. So prays  
 Dicker, Feb., 1856.

Your very unworthy Servant,

W. COWPER.

*WHO MAY ABIDE THE DAY OF HIS COMING?*

MAL. III. 1-5.

EACH day drops a unit, as life we are summing,  
 Christ, in his salvation thus rapidly nears;  
 But who may abide the day of his coming?  
 And who then shall stand, when in clouds he appears?  
 For as the hot flame the refiner still urgeth,  
 While cleansing his gold from the lingering dross;  
 Thus God from his saints their iniquity purgeth;  
 A purification alone through the cross.  
 When presented by Jesus at length to his Father,  
 In righteousness offer'd, the purchase of blood;  
 While round the white throne they in myriads gather,  
 The abundance of bliss scarcely yet understood;  
 What praises, untainted by sin's condemnation,  
 Shall then from his saints multitudinous grow;  
 How loud to the Author of life and salvation  
 Will their anthems of gratitude joyfully flow.  
 From the grinding oppressor's hard bondage deliver'd,  
 From the grasp of the worldling eternally free,  
 The fetters of sin everlastingly shiver'd,  
 And its guilt purged and drown'd in the depths of the sea.  
 'Tis sweet here below as 'midst struggling and fighting  
 The "battle of life," its rough surges we breast,  
 A glimpse now and then of that peace to be sighting,  
 Where, with Jesus enthroned, is our haven of rest.  
 What though imperfections, for ever abounding,  
 Bedim our weak vision and darken the view,  
 With failings unnumber'd, and frailties surrounding,  
 All this ere he chose us our Saviour well knew.  
 In the strength of thy God, then, endure, poor believer;  
 His strong arm thy refuge and confidence make;  
 Both able and willing, he still will deliver,  
 And rebuke the devourer, for Israel's sake.  
 Then encourage each other as, heavenward pressing,  
 We journey together this wearisome road;  
 Our brethren before us inherit the blessing;  
 And shall we "fellow-heirs" be forgotten of God?  
 No! In the fair records of love everlasting,  
 Writ by our Redeemer each jewel appears;  
 And they at his feet their bright crowns will be casting,  
 In bliss, through eternity's numberless years.

B. M.

## THE PRISON-HOUSE AND THE RELEASE.

My dear Friend and much-beloved Brother in the Everlasting Covenant of Grace, Mercy, and Peace,—May the Lord Jesus Christ shine upon you, and manifest his precious love to your soul, and may God the Holy Ghost sprinkle the atoning blood of Jesus upon your conscience, and that will make your conscience tender, your heart soft, your spirit meek, your mind bright, and your soul's evidences sure; and then your way-marks will be seen, your hope will be encouraged, your faith strengthened, and your confidence confirmed in the free mercy, sovereign love, discriminating grace, redeeming blood, and justifying righteousness of the Three-One God. Then Christ will be precious, the word sweet, the truth powerful, and Christ's righteousness beautiful.

My dear friend, your kind and good letter came to hand on Saturday. We were glad indeed to receive it, and to read the contents of it. You say you never received a line from me, neither had I received one from you, although we have known each other many years; and as you say that you should be glad of a line from me, I have taken up my pen to scribble you one or two. As I have never written to a gaoler before, and as you are in that dark city of Worcester, as your dwelling is in the Front Lodge of the County Prison, and as there is no experimental truth preached in that city, therefore my heart goes out towards you, and I begin to feel the divine spring of life within, because I am sure that your poor soul does not always feel that your standing in Christ is in the Front Lodge, because you cannot see your signs; and although you can unlock the great prison gates and walk out into the city, yet you cannot unlock the prison door where your soul is confined, and walk out into the city of our God. No doubt you would like your liberty to walk about Zion, and go round about her, and tell the towers thereof; and I am sure that the Lord Jesus, who told holy John, when in great distress, that he kept the keys of hell and of death, that he keeps all the keys of his own prison-doors; and when the Holy Ghost comes with his opening and loosening power, all the prison-doors will open of their own accord; and I am sure, from an experimental knowledge of the truth of it, that the Lord Jesus Christ is the greatest friend to poor prisoners that ever put his foot upon this earth. For the Lord hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose those that fear they are appointed to death. And again he hath said, for the encouragement of poor prison-bound spirits, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come up before;" and if God said "Let," who is to hinder? God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. And, again, the Lord hath said, "Bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." My dear Lord and Master puts his divine finger upon the dear spirits in prison; for Peter declares that he went and



preached unto the spirits in prison; and this my poor soul has proved hundreds of times; for when my poor mind has been as dark as midnight, my spirit shut up, my soul barren, my heart hard, all my bright evidences out of sight, the Bible a sealed book, a dark cloud over the mercy seat, no spirit of prayer or supplication within my heart, unbelief at work within, the devil let loose upon me, the pulpit labours before me, and my soul sunk under doubts and fears, then I am bound fast and firm, until the Lion of the tribe of Judah comes forth and says, "Loose him, and let him go." Then I am sure that the Lord looseth the prisoners, and bringeth out those that are bound with chains.

You, my dear friend, have had to undergo a great deal of this in that dark city of Worcester; but you must remember that the Lord in his providence placed you there; but the time is drawing on when you will be for ever freed from both the outward prison, that is built with stone, timber, and iron, and the inward prison, and your soul will for ever be free.

O, my friend, what a mercy to be one of God's elect vessels of mercy, one of God's sons or daughters, loved of God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and quickened by God the Holy Ghost, and called out from among the ungodly to follow the dear despised Jesus, who hath loved us and washed us in his own precious atoning blood, and clothed our souls in his glorious righteousness! He hath made an end of sin, as well as finished the transgression, and brought in an everlasting righteousness to beautify our souls in. And shall not we love him, serve him, follow after him, cleave close to him, and feed upon his flesh and blood by living faith, so that our souls may grow thereby?

And what is all this world to a poor fettered soul bound in chains, condemned in conscience, killed in his feelings, and under a fearful apprehension that his soul will be cast into hell? And then, again, when the blessed Jesus reveals himself to the soul as his salvation, and brings pardon and peace into his heart and conscience, to make his soul rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ, then the world is nothing to that man and woman; for they could freely die that moment and leave all below, and say with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." And doubtless you, with myself, have wished many times that you had died in your first love, as then you would have escaped the wilderness fare. But no. We must go right through the wilderness to set a right value upon the salvation of the eternal Son of God, because we must prove the strength that there is in the salvation of the Lord, to support our souls under all our burdens, sorrows, sinkings, fears, cares, sins, guilt, and shame. And not only so, but we must sink into divers temptations for the trying of our faith; and this must come upon us in the wilderness. So that here our souls must fight the good fight of faith, and war a good warfare; and in so doing we prove the power and strength that there is in the salvation of the dear Son of God. And when

the joys of salvation drop down into the heart and soul, then the new song is sung again, and the prize is in view and victory is at hand, the Lord Jesus is precious, happiness and contentedness are felt within, and the soul is sure that godliness with contentment is great gain, that he brought nothing but sin into the world, and that he shall leave his sins behind him in the world when he dies, and go to the blessed Jesus under and in a state of sinless perfection, to see Jesus as he is, and to be for ever like him.

Then, my dear friend, cheer up. The Lord Jesus has made the road good, the foundation sure, the soul safe, the mansion prepared, the crown ready, and the harp waiting for your soul and mine to sound forth everlasting praises to God and the Lamb.

Yours affectionately,

Chapel House, Godmanchester,  
March 2, 1864.

THOS. GODWIN.

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### PRESENTED FAULTLESS.

Dear and esteemed Friend,—I promised when I last saw you that I would try and write to you. It would have been no trouble to have filled many sheets of paper the day after I last heard you preach. I hope I am not deceived in saying it was a blessed time to me, particularly when you were led so sweetly to speak of the presentation of the bride, the Lamb's wife, *faultless with exceeding joy*. I saw such glory and beauty in that *righteousness* of a precious Christ in which she will be adorned that words would fail to express; and the greatest mercy was I felt a good hope that I was one of the favoured number, and could say,

"Midst flaming worlds in this array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The dear Lord sees fit to keep me mostly in a *low* place, mourning over myself, and I can with all sincerity say, mourning after him. But, blessings on his dear name, he enables me, at times, to rejoice in his unchanging love and redeeming blood. This portion has many times been very sweet to me. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. How great the mercy that he changes not; the same when we do not sensibly feel his presence, the same when our coldness and unconcern seem to say we are dead. Then he comes over all the mountains of sin and unbelief, revives us again, and restores unto us the joys of salvation.

Yours in Christian Affection,

July, 1871.

E. L. LAWSON.

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PERSONS may become members of particular churches by an outward profession, yet do not become members of the holy catholic church, which we believe, unless they are sanctified by the inward gift of grace, and are united to Christ, the Head, by the bond of the Spirit.—*Bishop Davenant*.

THE man that has least sin has not always most grace. Great grace is usually given to fight against great corruptions. Few have known more sin or more grace than David.—*Sir Richard Hill's "Deep Things of God."*

## RELIGION IN AMERICA.

Dear Brother in Jesus Christ,—On the wrapper of the “Gospel Standard” for March I find an article on the Baptists of America, in which you leave the readers of that very valuable pamphlet to infer that the Warburton Avenue Church in New York City is a fair sample of all the Baptists in America. It is not necessary to recapitulate what you there wrote, as any one interested can look for themselves. I should not have called your attention to it, perhaps, but I find an article in the Sept. No., just received, signed “W. P., Springfield, Illinois,” and also from a sister, signed “M. G., New York City,” in the latter of which a Mr. A. is referred to; which I presume is Mr. Axford, of that city.

I cannot believe that any child of God who has been experimentally taught what he is by nature and practice, and what he must be by grace, will wilfully wound a living member of that family, and therefore conclude that the remarks the writer has referred to are honestly entertained by the writers of them; and I am sure *you* would not knowingly permit a misrepresentation to appear in your work, especially when calculated to wound those that are called to travel the same road in America that the tried, tempest-tossed lovers of truth do in England. It may be well for the writer to state his opportunities for judging of what he says about the true Baptists in America and England. I am an Englishman by birth, a sinner of a very bad kind by practice, slain by the law, and left for some time apparently a *justly* condemned outcast from mercy, but made afterwards to experience the unspeakable joys of pardoned sin, through a crucified and risen Saviour.

Thus far I was brought in 1844, in Scotland, under the preaching of Mr. Samuel Oldacre. In that year I emigrated to the United States, and have resided there in different parts since. My residence is now in the City of Cincinnati, State of Ohio, though on a few months' visit to England. My opportunities for knowing the Baptists in America and their sentiments are considerable, having a large acquaintance with ministers of our order, and several of the churches; and I have met some thousands of lovers of the truth at their associations, and otherwise. I have also read articles contributed to the “Gospel Standard” by Mr. Kershaw, Mr. W. Gadsby, Mr. Philpot, and others, and have also heard a number of living ministers preach since my visit to England; and I here assert that though there are very few able men, yet there are a goodly number of God-called men of medium talents in America, who preach the same soul-cheering truths that Kershaw and the rest named preached and are now preaching. Until I heard some in England, I had doubts as to where some of the Baptists in England dated the moving cause of redemption; but they were enabled to show, and I think scripturally, that the whole family, in England and America, yea, in heaven and earth, were not only named but chosen in Christ, and safe in him before the foundation of the world, and that their calling in time is the re-

sult of that choice. The Old School Baptist ministers in America contend that this calling is a holy calling; and some of us can bless God that it is not according to our works, and that we are not kept by our own power; for we daily feel that we still carry about with us a body of sin and death, quite enough to sink us to hell if left to our own devices; and we have to begin the song on earth which, through dying love, we hope to sing in glory through eternity: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

I heard a Baptist minister in London preach that the Lord had established the preaching of the gospel to save souls from hell; and some hold that pardon is received in the ordinance of baptism and on its merits. Now, how would the Particular Baptists of England like to be judged by these? There are those who call themselves Regular Baptists in America who hold the same errors, and there are doubtless some in Illinois, and some who were formerly identified with the Old School Baptists who have departed from the truth and try to retain the name, and who would, if permitted, bring their errors into the churches, but I believe that at least some of them went out to show they were not of the truth.

As sure as Mr. Hazlerigg and others in England preach the truth, it was preached in New York City in May last. I, of course, do not speak here of the ability of the respective ministers; but I most certainly believe that both are called of God to preach his gospel, and preach with the abilities he has given them.

I do not write this for the sake of writing, or of appearing in print. I am too sensible of my ignorance and unworthiness to have my name appear where such names as your honoured father used to appear with others of like abilities; but the cause of truth demands a notice. I wish some one else had done it, but do not know of any one in the like position of acquaintance on both sides the water. For a great many years past the true church of Jesus Christ in America has suffered from the spoiling of their goods, having lost their chapels by being outnumbered by such Baptists as are fond of show, such as fine singing and the like, and have swerved in other ways; and rather than have any confederacy with them, the true ones have left all and commenced to keep house on their own hook.\* You cannot find a musical instrument or a paid singer in any Old Baptist church in my acquaintance in America. They repudiate all worldly institutions, believing that the church does not need them either for use or ornament; and yet I believe that no denomination has ministers who travel so much at their own and the church's expense as the Old School Baptists of America.

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\* Has not this been the case, too, in England? How different now are the churches of the Association Baptists to what they were when originally established! They did not fall all at once; but went gradually down, like a rolling stone,—slowly at first, then rapidly and still more rapidly till they reached the bottom. It ought to be a warning to all true churches to clip off the first approach of error.

May the Lord continue to call and qualify able ministers in England, and also in America, to preach the comforting truths of salvation by free, sovereign grace to the living in Jerusalem, and still prove that he is able to keep witnesses for the truth here as elsewhere.

Yours in Gospel Love,

West Bromwich, Sept. 4, 1871.

SAMUEL DANKS.

[Our correspondent will perceive that we have curtailed and slightly altered his letter, as we frequently have to do with letters generally.]

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*ELECTING LOVE.*

To souls enlighten'd with the light divine,  
Electing love through all the scriptures shine;  
A people chosen from amongst the rest;  
Beloved of God, in Christ for ever blest.

All these, ere they had evil done, or good,  
Were set apart, to be redeem'd by blood.  
On Calvary the precious price was paid,  
According to the blessed covenant made.

Elect, redeem'd, a favour'd special race,  
Each to be quicken'd by the Spirit's grace;  
New-born and meeten'd by a work divine,  
In endless glory like the sun to shine.

Although by nature filthy, vile, and base,  
They are renew'd and sanctified by grace;  
Wash'd from their sins in Jesu's precious blood,  
And justified from what against them stood.

God made his blessed Son their sin to be,  
And made them thus from sin for ever free;  
And more than this, God doth his people bless,  
By making Christ his Son their righteousness.

Happy the people who, through God's rich grace,  
Are favour'd thus. Yes, happy is their case  
Whose God Jehovah is, the Lord of Heaven;  
Whose sins for Jesu's sake are all forgiven.

These are the godly, after God's own heart,  
As his peculiar treasure set apart;  
They are his jewels and his special care;  
His portion and his lot they ever are.

May 26, 1870.

A. H.

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It would have been a glory inconceivably great and blessed, had Jehovah in his Trinity of Persons, when making the church one with Christ, have taken her at once to heaven with him, without passing through this world of sin and misery, or knowing anything of a fallen state. But then we should have known nothing of the sweet and gracious office-character of the Holy Persons of the Godhead, as we now know them. We should have been for ever ignorant of that electing love of God the Father, in distinguishing, reserving, pardoning grace and mercy. We should have lost that sweet and precious character of Jesus, as our Goal, our Kinsman, Redeemer; neither should we have known God the Holy Ghost as the quickener of our spirits from death and sin to life and righteousness. And heaven itself would never have rung as it now doth ring, and for ever will, with the sweet sound of redemption and the beholding of Christ as our Redeemer.—*Hawker.*

## FROM A YOUNG MAN AT COLLEGE TO A FRIEND.

Dear Friend,—Believe me, your kind and unexpected letter afforded me no little degree of pleasure, although I should have rather preferred preventing you charging me, I was going to say, with neglect. However, I feel assured you will pardon my conduct, as indeed it was not forgetfulness; but I really am so tied to time, that by hard fagging at Latin and Greek ten hours in the day, what with frequent headaches and a bad cold and cough, which I have had ever since I came up, and little or no spiritual life long together, I feel quite worn out from week to week; and I know you can better conceive the general state of my mind than I can describe it to you.

Thank you for your intelligence respecting my family. We go on apparently very well now, but the carnal mind is still the carnal mind; and although the wound appears to be healed up, I consider it only for a time, and perhaps may break out more vehemently than ever.

I think I told you I would on my return give you some little account how the Lord fulfilled his word in me, and that believing the "vision would be but for an appointed time," he evidently turned those who were in outward circumstances my enemies to be my best friends, and completely changed my situation in my family altogether. O that he had changed the heart! I was received very cordially at home. The old man cried very much. O that they had been tears unto a saving repentance! My uncle wrote me a letter which I wished to have shown you, and my father one, too, which I believe was so ordered as to make the lease. I think I told you also that my uncle enclosed £30 in his letter as a present to me besides, which I took as very kind of him, and likewise thought it was a further proof of God's providence towards me, as a *manifestation* that my conduct in the main was concordant with scripture, although many of my spiritual friends, from their conduct towards me, were of a different opinion; so that, taking it, as I think I may, in this light, it afforded me much consolation and encouragement for the time to come, that, enabled to trust in the Lord, and leaning not to my own understanding, he will direct my paths, and turn everything into real blessings in his own way and time; so that I may set up my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," even such a hell-deserving wretch as I, who deserve nothing but his just judgment and indignation against me all the days of my life. For really when I look into myself, O my dear friend, what a mercy, yea, a distinguishing mercy, it is I am out of that place whence there is no deliverance. O to see the deluge of sin, that pit of corruption my own heart, continually sending forth every impurity and sinful propensity! What is man, Lord, that thou art mindful of him.

I might dwell much longer on my dismal experience, how I go groping all the day long with a cold and hard heart, mistrust-

ing a good and gracious providence, discontented and fretful with abundant blessings; but time and paper will not admit; yet great is my thankfulness that I am called to experience anything in the divine life; for these dark trials and clouds that hang over my mind, sometimes strengthen my belief that grace has touched my heart of a truth, and that I can join Job when he said, "Now my eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes;" for I am continually doubting the cure, especially when I have a little conversation with our dear friend, Daniel Herbert.

I have been to the Baptist chapel here with some of my friends twice this vacation, but cannot say but what I was rather surprised at both the discourses. Mr. H.'s was an annual sermon for young people, from the last five verses of Prov. viii.,—a *written* sermon; and that from Mr. T., the co-pastor, from the latter clause of Nehem. ix. 17, also a *written* sermon. There were many things well said in both of them, but quite in the *Independents'* style.

I have ordered the book, and thank you for your information respecting Wallingford. The distance, I find, is 10 miles. I will go over with much pleasure any Lord's day you wish me; that is to say, when you know there is a good *market* of that which can be bought "without money and without price." I have been better off than I expected in hearing the gospel from my much-valued tutor, H., whom, I must say, I think is far advanced beyond Dr. O., and I think you would have some pleasure in hearing him; but they do not like him to be near those who call themselves evangelical.

Perhaps you have not yet heard we have had a most alarming fire in Oxford. Nearly the whole of Magdalen Hall, excepting the library and chapel, was burnt to the ground last Sunday morning, occasioned by a drunken party of young men in one of the member's rooms,—one of the wine parties which are so prevalent here. Really the wickedness of the land is so great, I mean the *outward* wickedness, that I wonder at the *great forbearance* of Jehovah that half the city has not been burnt down before this time, as a judgment upon it. The loss cannot be estimated, although very great, as nothing was saved, the rapidity of the flames was so great, until the young men whose rooms are lost arrive. A coach coming to Oxford about one in the morning first gave the alarm, as the scent of fire was great some distance before they reached Oxford; and on arriving it appeared as if the whole city was in flames. Hoping that you will not be tired in reading this unintelligible scrawl, and that you will shortly favour me with one as long, and wishing yourself and household health and happiness in the best sense of the word, joy in believing, I must subscribe myself

Your unworthy Friend,

H.

Edmund Hall, Jan. 11, 1820.

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You know that ordinances and means of grace, of every kind, are all appointed to act as channels for opening communion with the Lord. Now if those near you are not calculated to bring you near to him, be assured they will rather tend to lead you from the Lord.—*Hawker*.

## RESIGNED TO LOSS.

My dear Father in Christ,—My desire has been many times lately to send you a few lines; but many things have hindered. Fleshly things are a great burden to me; and I am led to groan bitterly in that my mind and affections cleave to the things of time and sense as they do; yet often a hope springs up within my soul that the day is fast hastening when the Lord will call me into his presence, and when I shall stand before him without sin.

“O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God.”

For this my inmost soul longs, even to see him as he is. He has given me a taste of his beauty, and caused my soul to see all glory centred in him. In his precious peace-speaking blood he has bathed my weary soul, and poured his rich anointing oil within in such glorious streams that, Manoah-like, I have looked on and wondered. With such powerful views of his love and blood did he draw and captivate my soul that the work can never be forgotten, though, from my sin and dullness, it has often been partly obscured. It was 24 years, I think, in July last, since he chained my soul in love and blood to his feet, setting it free from the yoke of bondage, and laying me, a willing captive, at his footstool.

Bless the Lord with me, my dear father and friend in Christ, that ever he drew my footsteps to your door, and gave you the very language needed for the poor sin-sick soul; and ever since he has upheld my weary feet, and many times given me a faith's view of the great things in store. Solemn times my soul has had in converse with him when he has condescended to give ear to my secret petitions, and when he has brought me low for sin, and lifted me up again by his smiles. The night before my dear child died, when trying to pray for her, the Lord stopped me with these words: “Lift up thy voice for the remnant that is left.” The words came with great power into my soul. I almost forgot my child in the solemn way in which I felt that the Lord had spoken to me; and then the question was, “Will the words come true, and how shall I bear either the child's death, or, if she lives, the Lord hath not spoken, and I may be deceived altogether?” O the agony of the next twelve hours! But on their expiration, being by ourselves, her head dropped on my shoulder. I laid it on the pillow; the soul had fled; and I blessed and praised the Lord for his great goodness manifested to my soul that he had again spoken to me; and though I had lost my dear child, I had again found my Lord.

In the strength of that meat my soul went for many days; the room was a Bethel to me, and I sat and looked at her, rejoicing in the Lord. O! Can we ever forget such seasons? At that time every murmur was lushed, every desire in sweet subjection, and my soul felt a oneness with him and a delight in his ways which I could not express.



One day after, when the sweetness of that visit was subsiding, and I was beginning to question why he took my child away, he so sweetly and kindly condescended to whisper the words, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," that my very soul was melted. O his goodness, to speak to such an unworthy worm! O Mr. Gorton, sometimes I do so long to see him without sin! My soul feels to love him so for all the paths he has led me, I cry, "How long, how long, dear Lord, shall it be before I enter into thy rest, behold thee in thy glory, praise thee as I ought, and sin no more against thee?" I love to creep to his blessed feet, tell him all my sorrows, lay before him all my cares and anxieties, see his hand unfolding, yea, feel the openings of his love, the unfoldings of his grace to my soul; and the longer I live the more I see my need of his grace, and the more also do I feel of my own helplessness. All glory and blessedness be given to his holy name for salvation felt in my inmost soul! O! Let redeemed sinners praise him in his name Jah, and rejoice before him; for he it is who has melted the ice-bound heart; rather I would say, he put grace into the dark soul, and when the set time of love was come, revealed himself as the sin-atoning Lamb.

May the Lord be with you in a feeling sense to the end of your days; and when at last the crowning time of love shall come to call you from hence, may he stand by you and go with you through the bridgeless river. This is the prayer of

Yours in the Faith delivered to the Saints,

Kingham, April 26, 1871.

M. A. P.

### A WELCOME VISITOR.

Dear Mr. Godwin,—In reply to your kind favour of yesterday, I beg to say we shall be very glad to see you and to hear you the first two Lord's days in May. I would advise you to contrive to get here on the Friday evening, to have the Saturday to rest yourself after your journey. We will expect you on the Friday evening (not to fail) by the omnibus from Gilling Station, which is five miles from Helmsley.

We wondered you never wrote to us; but you see how merciful the dear everlasting Friend of sinners is, to answer our poor feeble supplications in his own good time. All the days of our life and all the doings of our days are too few and too small to express our thanks for the freefulness and full freeness of that grace which looked upon us in our low, in our lost estate, and said unto us effectually, "Live!" Surely it was a time of love, and, as the poet says,

"When from my own vileness I turn  
To Jesus exposed on the tree,  
With shame and with wonder I burn,  
'To think what he suffer'd for me."

And it is written, where he begins his good work he will perform it to the day of Jesus Christ. Paul says we may be confident of

this very thing, notwithstanding all our vileness, perverseness, and unworthiness. Nothing but infinite grace could do this; therefore, not unto us but unto him alone be all the glory.

Mr. Tiptaft is very kind to us. We love him as a faithful servant of the Lord, and for the grace of life and love which he is in the feeling possession of. Happy man he who can say to the heart-searching God, with a good conscience, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." May the blessed Spirit work in us, as he does in him, to will and to do of his own good pleasure; and so shed abroad the love of God in our hearts that we may love him more fervently, follow him fully, and put all our trust in the shadow of his wing, till every calamity is overpast.

I shall send by this post, to give notice of your being here, to the "Gospel Standard;" and may the Lord bless you and make you a blessing.

Affectionately yours,

Helmsley, April 18, 1855.

J. SPARK.

## HISTORY OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

BY J. GADSBY.

(Concluded from page 393.)

IN Feb., 1838, Mr. Philpot wrote some remarks on a sermon entitled "The Supreme Dominion of Jehovah," by Mr. Nunn, of St. Clement's Church, Manchester. These remarks were very severe, containing such sentences as these: "A man who talks in this way knows nothing experimentally of either law or gospel, and can never spiritually have felt the one or the other;" "A man who talks so can never have felt spiritual convictions;" and so on. My father did not approve of this. I can, as it were, see him now, sitting in his rush-bottomed wooden-arm chair, attentively listening while I read the piece, now and then smiling, and at last exclaiming, "Poor dear man! If Nunn had not been in the Church, this would never have been written." And at first he objected to the insertion of the article, as he highly esteemed Mr. Nunn; but at last he said, "Let it go. It will do for him (Mr. P.) to reflect upon by and by." And most assuredly he (Mr. P.) *did* reflect upon it, and more than once referred to it with regret.

It was not, however, until 1858 that Mr. P. publicly acknowledged,—not that there was any change in his views of truth; by no means; but that he had been more deeply led into the truth, and learnt, in the Holy Spirit's school, to speak and write in a way much more savourily and with less severity. But he never gave the least quarter to error of any description. If a man "daubed with untempered mortar," which was a favourite expression of his; if he preached part free grace and part simple or duty faith, or called upon the unregenerate not to "go on and on until it was too late," but to "flee to their Saviour," he spared him not. "Truth, even in the letter," said he, "appears withered to a skeleton."

In May, 1858, in a Review of the Correspondence of Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, Mr. P. says:

"To judge of the ministry of a man of God, it is neither sufficient nor fair to take one part or period of his preaching. It must be viewed as a whole. What he was in youth, when full of life, warmth, and zeal; what he was after a longer, deeper experience, when greater maturity of life and a riper judgment had softened what might have been harsh, without impairing its strength and faithfulness; what he was in

declining years, when much family affliction was added to bodily infirmity, and, as a shock in its season, he was being prepared for the heavenly garner. No due estimate can be formed of a minister's grace and gifts, power and life, usefulness and acceptability to the church of God, by taking him only at one portion of his ministerial career. Take, as an instance, those two eminent servants of God, Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton. We only knew them personally after they had been many years labouring in the vineyard. What Mr. Gadsby was when he first went to Manchester, what Mr. Warburton was when he first settled at Trowbridge, were both quite different from what each was thirty or forty years after,—not different in doctrine, not different in experience, not different in any one vital point of the truth of God; but different, as in nature a man of sixty differs from a man of thirty. Bodily powers decline, the mind becomes less active, youthful zeal is, in a good measure, cooled, and all this change exercises an influence on both the man and his ministry. Would it not be unfair, then, to take a man of God at his first entrance upon the work, and say, 'What this man now is, he ever shall be; I form my judgment of him from what he *now* is, and I do not mean to alter my opinion of him, whatever he may hereafter be, or however he may himself alter? He is a boy now, and a boy he always shall be.' But view the opposite extreme. Take the same man forty or fifty years afterwards. He is now an old man, with many of the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. You hear him now. 'He is an old man,' you say, 'and always was an old man.' Now take him at another period,—in middle life, when naturally and spiritually he is in his prime, his youthful zeal moderated, his judgment matured, his experience enlarged, but the infirmities of old age not yet come on. Will you now say, 'I have him at last, just as I would have; he never was young; he never shall be old; he always was, he always shall be in my mind just what he is at this present moment?' But would this be fair any more than before? He might still lack much of what was beautiful in youth, when his bow abode in strength and the fresh dew rested on his tabernacle; he might still lack the softened tone and affection, the gentleness and meekness of old age. Is it not, then, unfair to take any one portion by itself; and must we not, if possible, take the whole of a man's ministry, from first to last, before we are in a position to form a right judgment upon it?"

I must remind my readers that I am writing a history of the "Gospel Standard." A history requires faithfulness. Affection would hide from itself all blemishes in its object, and inveil it with superhuman perfection; but history is obliged in truthfulness to notice those human imperfections attending the greatest and best of characters.

In April, 1838, was Mr. Philpot's celebrated reply to "A Few Wretched Men." These persons, in the preceding No., had complained of some remarks by Mr. P. in his "Answer to the Question, 'What is it that Saves a Soul?'" They considered that he had cut away all their "evidences;" but he contended that he had cut away only fleshly ones. I have been asked by a friend in the ministry to give the piece in full; but I must pass over it. I may, however, observe that it caused a great sensation throughout the churches, and an increased demand for the magazine, the circulation of which, from that time, went on for a number of years steadily increasing.

The first "Address" that I can positively assert was written by Mr. P. was the one for 1840; and this is so excellent that were it not that probably Mrs. Philpot may, if spared and encouraged, publish a volume of Mr. P.'s "Addresses," I would give it here. I perceive that in this Address, p. 3, Mr. P. says:

"The work (the 'G. S.')

 was not commenced, nor is it continued, as a matter of pecuniary advantage, but as a vehicle of spiritual profit for the family of God."

Never was a truer sentence written. Again,—after stating that if our pages contain "unsavoury pieces," though the editors get the blame, yet that the fault rests with our correspondents for not sending us better,—the Address goes on:

"The parsons, we know, love to keep all their choice bits for their own congregations, but we would say even to them, 'We can give you a larger congregation than any you can preach to. We have some thousands of readers, and our little work travels where your voice cannot come. But pray don't send us fag-ends of sermons, and what you have preached all the sweetness and savour out of. Send us something warm and fresh out of your heart; and don't sit down on the Monday to write out the cut and dry divisions and subdivisions of the Sunday. We want the showbread warm, not dry and mouldy, like that which came out of the sacks of the Gibeonites.'"

"If spiritual hearers in bondage to a letter-preacher have, through us, seen his leanness, good has been done. If men and works of truth have become wider known, profit has been communicated. If a bond of union amongst experimental people throughout England has been originated or continued through us, good has been effected. If secret encouragement has been given, through us, to champions of truth, if we have ever blown the coals or turned the grindstone so as to give their spiritual weapons a better temper or a keener edge, our publication has not been issued in vain. And if truth in our pages has stirred up and made manifest enemies, if that which has been crushed has broken out into a viper, and if experimental and heaven-sent ambassadors have been more widely separated from doctrinal preachers of the letter, our correspondents have not written, nor we published in vain. But we need every encouragement to keep our heads above water, and in the strength and name of the Triune God of Israel do we hope still to continue our publication."

After Mr. M'Kenzie's death,\* Mr. Philpot had full command of the body of the magazine, but I persistently retained that of the wrapper, without which, I honestly believe, the magazine could not have met current expenses, seeing the quantity of matter I was then giving. One year, during my absence in the East, the wrapper being neglected, the circulation fell from 9,000 to 7,000; but on my return, and resuming my post, it rose speedily again to 9,000, and gradually to 10,000.

With one exception, when some busy-bodies caused Mr. P. to believe various sorts of nonsense, Mr. P. and I worked amicably together. I have before me now a letter, dated Jersey, March 5, 1857, which was sent to Mr. P., in which the writer said he was informed that Mr. Gadsby sometimes rejected pieces that he (Mr. P.) had selected; but Mr. P. gave this a direct contradiction, and sent me the letter, with a copy of his reply.

It is true also that for some time Mr. P. and I differed as to the names of supplies to be inserted, he thinking that the list ought to be confined to men well known, while I thought we ought not to refuse any who were accepted by the churches known to us. In one case I confess I was wrong. We had a sharp contention about one name, Mr. P. objecting to

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\* Some account of Mr. M'Kenzie's last days may be found in the "G. S." for Oct., 1849. See also his "Fragments of Experience." He was interred at Vauxhall Road chapel, Preston, the pastor over which is now and has for many years been, Mr. Thomas Howarth.

it, while, from personal friendship, I defended the party; but subsequent events have made me hang down my head for very shame, and I hope never again to be left to allow personal friendship to interfere with manifest duty. Names may be omitted, and friends who know nothing of the circumstances, or the antecedents of the parties, may think we judge harshly; but we alone are responsible.

That the publishing of the names of supplies has been made an incalculable blessing, none will be bold enough to deny, and the ministers have every encouragement to send their names. True, some boast, yea, *make* a boast, that they never do send their names; but there may be far more pride in this than in those who do send; just as there would be more pride, as my late dear friend M'Kenzie once said, in a man wearing a rope to his watch instead of a gold chain. Others, I believe, hold back from a wrong view of the matter, and too much diffidence, trembling to parade, as they think, their ministerial engagements. These make no *boast* of withholding.

One thing more and I have done. In my "Memoirs of Hymn Writers and Compilers," I give a brief history of the "Gospel Magazine," which was the first religious periodical ever published in England, so far as is known. In that brief history I show that Toplady and other good men were formerly connected with the work; and this gives it a peculiar interest. So, though there may not have been anything particularly edifying in this history of the "G. S.," after generations will know who were its editors up to near the close of the year 1869, and what have been its peculiar features.

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## REVIEW.

*The Salvation of all who die in Infancy.* By J. J. Kempster, Minister of the Tabernacle, Norwich.—London: Jarrold and Sons, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THIS little work was sent to us for review nearly a year ago. We then read part of it; but, though we reflected much upon the subject, we had no thought of reviewing the work, partly because we deemed the subject unprofitable to the spiritual reader, and partly because, though we agreed with the ultimate fact proclaimed by the author of the work, we did not agree with all the arguments upon which that fact is founded.

We were induced, however, to change our mind by a circumstance which occurred last December, if we remember right. We received a letter from a friend in the west of England, stating that he had subscribed for the "Gospel Standard" for many years, but he would subscribe no longer, as he understood the name of Mr. — had been omitted from the list of supplies because he did not believe in the damnation of infants. Now, it would certainly have been a more correct step to take had that friend first written to know if the report were true; and this he subsequently himself acknowledged. The truth is, the name of the minister referred to was omitted from the list of supplies because he was not a member of any church. (See our remarks on the wrapper of the "Gospel Standard" last February.) Yet we find a so-called Strict Baptist church not only permitting him to partake of the ordinance *with* them, but absolutely to administer it *to* them,—acts which would not be tolerated

by any, either Wesleyans, Congregationalists, or General Baptists in the kingdom. And while we think little of the integrity of the church which can permit them, we think quite as little of the uprightness of the minister who can perform them, calling himself at the same time a *Strict* Baptist. But we fear this is not the only case where a man's wealth makes to him friends, even at the expense of conscience. (See Prov. xix. 4; xiv. 20. The margin of the latter passage reads, "Many are the lovers of the rich.") "Man knows the beginnings of sin," said Francis Spira; "but who bounds the issues thereof?" So we, in the fear of God, would say to the churches, "Beware of taking the first wrong step." Singularly enough, the Baptists in Norwich, the city in which the author of the work before us resides, lately suffered from what we must term spoliation, through the church not being sufficiently firm in good time. Little by little, as we believe, they gave way until the minister, if we are rightly informed, avowed himself an Open Communionist, and the church was turned into an Open Communion one. The Master of the Rolls confirmed the step, and the genuine Baptists were sent adrift.\* The minister *may* have thought he was doing right;

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\* The Master of the Rolls held that the term *Particular* Baptist did not mean what we now term *Strict* Baptist, or close communion, but simply *Calvinistic* Baptist, as distinguished from the General or *Arminian* Baptist. Whereas we maintain that whether Calvinists or Arminians, if they are Open Communionists, they are not in the sense in which the term was originally understood and used, and in which up to that time it had been understood and used universally, they are not *Strict* Baptists at all,—not *very* particular, but very accommodating. Even the term *Strict* Baptist, strong as it appears to be, would not be strong enough to prevent our judges snapping it in two, if by any process of straining they could possibly do so. Thus, because of the opinion of one man, all the chapels which have been erected as, and paid for by, *Particular* Baptists, are entirely at the mercy, not only of Open Communionists, but also of those who are in favour of infant baptism, so long as they are Calvinists, and do not exclude adult baptism; unless, indeed, the *Strict* Baptists have been in possession for twenty years or upwards. Those who are not in favour of Open Communion ought to have inserted in their trust deeds as follows:

"Art. XV. We believe that Baptism and the Lord's Supper are ordinances of Christ, to be continued till his second coming; and that the former is requisite to the latter; that is to say, that those only can sit down to the Lord's Supper who upon their profession of faith have been baptized, by immersion, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and that, therefore, what is called 'Mixed Communion' is unscriptural and improper, and ought not to be allowed in the churches of Christ."

Those who have a copy of our Articles of Faith will observe that the above is Article XV., except that we have omitted the word "scripturally," and made the article peremptory. Were the word "scripturally" retained, our judges would make a loophole to give judgment against us. Indeed, in *any* case they will do so if they can. That we believe the scriptures to be on our side is sufficiently evident throughout the Articles without the necessity of repeating the fact.

but the Open Communionists have no more right to rob the Baptists of their places of worship than the Baptists have to rob the Congregationalists.

Again we say, "Beware of taking the first wrong step," for you will find ministers who are themselves willing to go wrong not over scrupulous as to the means they will use for dragging others with them. If we *are* Strict Baptists, let us adhere to our principles.

And now to the work before us. It consists mainly of a supposed dialogue between a Parent (a bereaved mother) and a Minister. The Parent expresses a fear that her deceased infant may not have obtained salvation, and uses various arguments which she thinks tend to confirm that fear; and to these the Minister replies, assuring her that she need "not harbour a doubt respecting the safety and bliss of her child."

In this conclusion we perfectly agree, but not, as we have already said, in the arguments by which the Minister arrives at it. The only one, however, to which we shall refer is that in which he says that as Adam's sin was atoned for by the sacrifice of Christ, and as all who die in infancy can be charged with no other sin, they must be saved. Here is Popery with a witness! In the earlier part of the work the author speaks against the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and says it is "a relic of Popery." So it is; but not a bit worse than the above. It implies that Christ put away original sin from all the human race; but we maintain that he did not put away original sin for any except those for whom he put away *all* sin; so that if he put away *original* sin on behalf of all the human race, he also put away *all* sin on their behalf; and then none can be lost, for what will there be to condemn them? And as for infants not being chargeable with any other sin, we are told distinctly that we are estranged from the womb, going astray as soon as we be born, speaking lies.

The writer makes no distinction between Adam's sin as a federal head and as an individual.

There are two kinds of sin, *active* and *passive*. The latter may not be sin in the sight of man, but both are in the sight of God. Hence we find that even the sin of *ignorance* had to be atoned for under the old dispensation. (Lev. iv. 2; v. 15; Num. xv. 24-29.) So that, even if we admit that children do not commit sin willfully, or consciously, they certainly *do* commit sin, though it may be ignorantly; and *that* sin had to be atoned for. This, we believe, was that *every* mouth, old or young, might be stopped. How are we to account for the displays of temper which we have, even "from the womb," were it not for sin? It may be said that the sin of ignorance here was a sin against what might have been known. And doubtless primarily it was; and it is right also to make a distinction between a positive breach of a commandment positively enacted, with right sanctions attached to it, and which is or might be known by the person breaking it, and those corrupt workings of depraved nature in even infants and idiots, or others, as we say, irresponsible, as irrational beings. Still it may be

considered to embrace the sin of ignorance in infants; these corrupt workings being condemnable and requiring an atonement.

"But," says the mother, "Paul declares, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved!' Now infants are incapable of confessing, so that they cannot give evidence of believing in their heart." The Minister's reply to this is most absurd, being simply that Adam's sin was atoned for by the sacrifice of Christ, as we have already stated. The heart-act of believing is unto righteousness, and, therefore, unto salvation; the evidencing of this by confession and practice will result in adults, but in infants it must be, of course, otherwise.

One writer says that if Mark xvi. 16 is to be taken as a proof that none but believers are to be baptized, it must also prove that infants cannot be saved; for how can infants believe? Now, to say that infants are not capable of believing is to limit the Almighty. As a good old countryman at Manchester some years ago said, "Talk about infants not being able to believe, why John the Baptist was a believer before he was born." Yes; and, as the late Mr. Gadsby once said, "He rejoiced in believing, too; for he leaped for joy in his mother's womb." And again with Jeremiah: "Before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee," &c. (Jer. i. 5.) Indeed, to say that infants cannot be believers is, as we have said, to limit the power of the Almighty. If true faith were a *simple* faith, or a *duty* faith, in the power of the creature to receive or reject as he pleased, then we admit that infants would not have the power to receive it; but faith is the gift of God, and the mighty work of the Holy Spirit in the heart; and it is just as easy (we speak as men) for his blessed Majesty to work that faith in the heart of an infant as in the heart of an adult, as in a Saul of Tarsus, or a Mary Magdalene, or *you*, reader, or *us*.

Those who believe that none can be saved without works of righteousness must believe that all infants are lost; for what works of the kind can they do? Therefore those who charge the doctrines we profess as implying the loss of infants are themselves in that state, and not we.

"Bold Infidelity, turn pale, and die.

Beneath this turf an infant's ashes lie.

Say, Is it lost, or saved?

If death's by sin, it sinn'd, because 'tis here;

If heaven's by works, it can't in heaven appear.

Ah, Reason, how depraved!

Revere the Bible's sacred page; the knot's untied:

It died, through Adam's sin; it lives, for Jesus died."

We do not believe that infants are saved on account of their innate innocence; for in Adam all died; nor yet simply because they *are* infants; but purely on the ground of the free grace of God through the blood and righteousness of Christ,—on the very



same ground as adults are saved. Nay, we will go beyond that, and say adults can only be saved on the same ground as infants. Hence says the Redeemer, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." (Mark x. 15.) Here he positively puts the little child first, to show, we believe, that works, or man's free will, have nothing to do with salvation.

Does the *soul* of a man grow? We do not believe it does. We believe the soul of an infant is as fully developed as the soul of an adult. Hence, when that soul enters heaven, its powers are as great as the powers of the soul of a Paul. If we did not believe this, we must believe that in old age, in second childhood as it is called, the soul must go backward. In this respect, that is in respect of the soul, a child shall die as one a hundred years old, and a man a hundred years old shall die as an infant.

Christ blessed the little children, not on the ground of their innate innocence, but on the very same ground as that on which he blessed his disciples. And if he bless them, how can they be cursed? If, when on earth, he said, "Suffer them to come unto me," and blessed them, shall he, now that he is in heaven, say, "Depart, ye cursed?" Impossible!

"But did not Elisha curse little children?" (2 Ki. ii. 23, 24.) No, he did not; for they were not little children in *our* sense of the words. Isaac was called "a lad" when he was aged 28, Joseph when he was 30, Rehoboam when he was 40, and Benjamin when he was the father of ten children. Dr. Gill says, and says truly,

"The word for children is used of persons of thirty or forty years of age; and though these are said to be little, they were so well grown as to be able to go forth out of the city of themselves, without any to guide them, or to take care of them; and were of an age capable not only of taking notice of Elijah's baldness, but knew him to be a prophet, and were able to distinguish between good and evil; and, from a malignant spirit in them, mocked at him as such, and at the assumption of Elijah; which they had knowledge of, and to whom, taught by their idolatrous parents, they had an aversion. Some Jewish writers say, they were called Naarim, which we render *children*, because shaken from the commandments, or had shaken off the yoke of the commands; and *little*, because they were of little faith."

It is very noticeable that the word is changed from Naarim (children), ii. 23, to Jeladim (lads, or young men), ii. 24. Also in the latter verse the word "little" is left out. So that we seem to have a rabble of lads and small boys mocking Elisha, and the ringleaders punished. The latter title is used of Joseph at 17 (equally with the former), and of the *young men* brought up with Rehoboam, who was 40 years old. (See Kitto.)

Bethel was a city given up, at that time, to idolatry; and that will explain why the "lads" referred to mocked Elisha. It was at Bethel that Jeroboam set up a golden calf.

But some may say, "If you choose to call the little children in 2 Ki. ii. 23 lads, or young men, may it not be the same in Matt.

xix. 14, &c.?" No; because, first, the meaning of the Greek word *paidia* (children), used here, is, in the account as given in Luke xviii. 15, limited by another word, *brephe* (infants); and next, to prevent mistake, we are told that praise is perfected out of the mouth of mere babes and sucklings.

We might refer to 2 Sam. xii. 23, where David says of his departed child, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." "Ah!" say some, not unreasonably perhaps; "that means the grave." No, it does not; for the child was not then laid in the grave. David was satisfied the child was gone to glory, no Jew ever having had a doubt upon the subject of infant salvation. If the child were lost, David was lost, or he could not have gone to him. He evidently takes comfort from the thought of the reunion; so he could not refer only to the grave.

When Herod had slain the children in Bethlehem, we are told, "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet," &c. And what was that? "Rachel weeping for her children, because they were not." What then? Why, "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, for they shall come again from the land of the enemy." But would not the mothers have had great cause for weeping if they had thought their children were lost? "The land of the enemy," we believe, refers to the grave, and that their coming again from it refers to the resurrection. Here was cause for rejoicing,—the assurance that their children should partake of a joyful resurrection.

Finally. We are assured in Col. i. 18 that Christ shall have the pre-eminence in all things. How could this be if the greater number were not saved? And how can the greater number be saved unless we include infants? And in this declaration of the apostle's the *church* is distinctly mentioned. So that Christ's church is composed of both infants and adults, out of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue.

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## Obituary.

PETER ATHERTON.—On June 27th, aged 77, Peter Atherton, of Pemberton, near Wigan.

He was left without parents when only about 10 years of age, and was brought up with distant relations. They were professed Methodists, and were very strict with him in reference to his morals, and he imbibed their principles. He thought that if there were any people who must be saved, they must be the people; but the Lord was pleased to open his blind eyes and to give him to see what a sinner he was; so that he was greatly distressed and felt that he must be lost; and under a sense of his guilt and sin he was very anxious to hear if there was any way whereby God could be just and save a sinner; when, hearing that there were a few people in Pemberton who met together for prayer and reading the word, he was led there. An old man that met with them

used to speak a little to the people, and through his instrumentality his eyes were opened to discover that salvation was by free and sovereign grace, through the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ. This seemed to be what his soul desired to realize, and he felt a love to those things he heard spoken and to the people; so that he was led to open his own house for the preaching of the gospel, and also to go from place to place, where he heard of the Lord's servants that came to preach near. Under the preaching, his conviction of his state as a sinner was deepened; so that he was brought to think that it was impossible that God could save him, such a guilty, vile, polluted wretch.

One day, while walking in the village, thinking over his dreadful state as a sinner, and feeling that there was nothing for him but eternal destruction, the Lord was pleased to bring to his mind with power these words: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." In these words he discovered the Lord Jesus as the Husband of his church. This was the first comfort that he received.

But this did not last long; for fears and misgivings began to rise in his mind, and the enemy tempted him greatly that he could not be right. Despondency began to seize his mind and darkness and bondage possessed his soul; but hearing of a minister going to preach at a village called Billinge, a few miles off, he went to hear. The minister took his text: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The Lord so blessed the word to his soul in tracing out the experience that he had passed and was passing through, that he could hardly contain himself. He looked up many times at the man, thinking that he could not be a man, but an angel, or some celestial being. From that time there was a union formed with him and the minister that will never be broken up, neither in time nor in eternity. He was, however, much tried at times lest he should be deceived at last; but the Lord was pleased, through the ministry of the word, greatly to comfort and bless his soul.

He was a man of a very tender conscience, and his daily grief was that he could not live more to the honour and glory of God. I have heard him many times, with tears rolling down his cheeks, lamenting the dreadful plague of sin that he felt within. He had his trials, and one a very trying one, of an earthly nature, that so depressed his spirits that I thought he would hardly be able to bear up under it; but the Lord was pleased to appear and to apply these words with power to his mind: "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." This was a great deliverance to him; so that he could leave the matter in the Lord's hands; and very soon it was fulfilled to the joy of his heart.

He was brought to see the ordinance of baptism, and that it was right for those who did believe in Christ to follow him in that ordinance. But having a bodily affliction upon him, the enemy tempted him to believe that he would die in the water. He was so much exercised that he even asked his doctor, and

the doctor joined with the enemy and told him that he feared he would die in it. His mind was so distressed about it, yet so anxious he was to follow his Lord, that one day, as he was walking in the fields meditating about it, the Lord broke into his soul with such sweetness and preciousness that he said, "Devil, I will go through it, live or die. His mind was now settled in that matter. He acquainted me with his desire, and I baptized him at Liverpool, March 7th, 1852. There was a very sharp frost that day; but the Lord blessed his soul so that he never felt anything of the cold. He really thought we had warmed the water on purpose for him, and went home and told some of the people in the village where he lived that we had done so, he not knowing but that it was the case, his soul was so filled with the love of God; but the warmth was within his soul.

He was highly favoured in hearing the word of God. He used to be so broken down and blessed in his soul that he could sometimes hardly hold from shouting out. Yet notwithstanding all the blessing and favours he still doubted his interest, at times, not having, as he used to say, a full satisfaction that he was a pardoned sinner.

A short time before his death I heard of his illness, and hoped to see him, and he was very anxious to see me; but having to go down into Lancashire I deferred it for a week or eight days, and the morning I arrived at his house I found his happy spirit had taken its flight.

The language of his soul, a little while before he departed, was expressed in these words:

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

A friend called upon him about two weeks before his death, and has forwarded me the following particulars of a conversation that took place between them:

"I said to him, 'How are you getting on in your soul?' He said, 'I have been thinking over the way which the Lord has led me. I was thinking of my first feeling myself a sinner under the ministry of an old man who seemed to preach all to me, and I was so miserable that I could find no rest from a guilty conscience, night or day, and feared very much God would deal with me after my sins, until it pleased a gracious God to apply that precious portion to my soul: "Thy desire shall be toward thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." What a blessed change then took place in my soul. My sins were gone, and a blessed peace flowed into my heart!' He referred also to that sermon that he heard at Billinge, as he had been thinking of it, how he had been blessed then; and he said also, 'For some few days I was musing upon the Lord's goodness to me for these 77 years through this vale of sin and sorrow; and it pleased the Lord to break into my poor, hard, dark heart with such light and power, and give me such a sweet and blessed assurance of my interest in him as I never had before; so that I was sweetly constrained to bless and praise him again and again. O the

depth of the mercy and goodness of the dear Lord to such a poor vile sinner!' He said also that at another time he had that passage applied with great comfort to his mind: 'So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin!'

Another friend called to see him on the Lord's day before he died, and alluded to certain manifestations he had received; when he lifted up his hands and arms and blessed and praised the Lord that ever he looked down upon such a poor unworthy worm as he.

WM. VAUGHAN.

W. MORGAN.—On July 21st, aged 69, William Morgan, a member of Zoar, London, and formerly of Mr. Shorter's.

The Lord was pleased to call him by his grace when about 25 years of age, and to seal pardon to his soul in a very remarkable manner, very much like what dear Hart relates of his deliverance. It was in his own room, after coming from chapel, and without any words, that the Lord was pleased to reveal himself as his salvation. I have often heard him refer to this blessed time. He has told me he was obliged to throw himself on the bed and weep under the precious view he had of the Lord's mercy to him.

He was baptized by the late Mr. Bowers, of Shoreditch, about 1829. On the night of his baptism he had a remarkable dream, which seemed to warn him of the path of tribulation he had to pass through, which was indeed verified during the whole of his pilgrimage. He referred to it a few days before he died.

He had a stroke of paralysis about five months since, from which he never fully recovered, although he was at chapel the Monday night before he was taken ill for the last time, and also on the Lord's day previous. He seemed perfectly aware that his end was come; for as soon as he felt himself unable to keep about, he resigned everything that he held the management of, and emptied his pockets of what money he had about him, and said, "I've done!"

And now the blessed Spirit was pleased to shine so upon him, and to enable him to bless and praise the name of the God of his salvation, that it was really good to be with him, and see and hear him resign everything here to be with Christ, which is far better. He said to his eldest daughter, as soon as she entered the room,

"All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood."

He was enabled to look up and see a seat prepared for him, pointing upwards with his finger, and saying to those around him, "I can see my heavenly seat. There it is. I shall soon be in it. They can't do without me." He seemed as if he had a peep through the gates into the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; for he would often wave his hand and say,

"Again they strike their golden harps,  
And Hallelujah cry."

The spirit of praise and thanksgiving was indeed poured out upon him. On one occasion he sat up in the bed, and, folding his hands, said, "Blessed Lord, accept the thanks of a poor sinful worm for thy goodness and mercy until now." At another time he said, "What a mercy to have a precious Christ to lean upon in a dying hour!" During the whole of one night he was constantly extending his arms, and saying,

"' Bold shall I stand,' " &c.

He was indeed constantly blessing and praising the God of his salvation, and was enabled, by the Spirit, to see himself perfect in the blessed Head of the church, and clothed in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. His conscience was indeed sprinkled with that blood which was shed for him. He said,

" ' Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.' "

And added, smiting his breast several times, "I did it! I did it! I did it!"

But he did not remain in this blessed state to the last; for the Lord was pleased to withdraw his presence, so that he only saw through a cloud, and was left to mourn the absence of his Friend and entreat his return, calling upon the Lord Jesus in such words as these: "O blessed, blessed, blessed Jesus, do shine by thy blessed Spirit and take me home." He was cast down, but not destroyed; troubled, but not in despair; for when something was said about the faithfulness of God, he said, "The same God to lean upon. I have felt a little of that this morning, bless his precious name. How precious!"

But lower yet he was permitted to go; for the enemy of his soul came in like a flood, and was permitted to harass him to such an extent that it was painful to witness his anguish. For several days before he departed he sank I think as low as a living soul can sink. But God is faithful. He returned to his child, and enabled him again to speak to the praise of his name; for nearly at the last, and when scarcely able to speak, he said,

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

I then repeated the verse in which he had so often expressed his joy:

" ' Anon the pearly gates unfold;  
An heir of bliss draws nigh.  
Again they strike their golden harps,  
And Hallelujah cry.' "

He replied, "I shall soon be there." These were the last words we could gather.

Mr. Lovesey committed his remains to the earth at Ilford cemetery.

6, Raven Terrace, Mile End.

J. W.

EDMUND JAMES DODD.—On July 17th, 1871, aged 58, E. J. Dodd.

I knew him for between 20 and 30 years. Although he walked in much darkness and bondage of spirit, he was now and then favoured in prayer, hearing, and meditation. He painfully knew the conflict between sin and grace, the old man and the new, and felt that nothing short of sovereign mercy could reach his case.

For some months previous to his death he was unable to digest his food, and at length sank through exhaustion. His complaint was supposed to be cancer.

On July 3rd he wrote to his nephew, and the following extract is given to show the state of his mind a fortnight before his departure:

“I cannot say I am any better. Indeed it is as if I get much weaker daily. It seems to me that there must be a change within a very few weeks, either for the better or for the worse, as I do not see how my exhausted frame can hold out much longer. I confess I know not what to do for the best, and can only hope it may please the Lord to order it on my behalf, direct me right, and manage it for me, whether it be for life or death. I feel that I have nowhere to look to but to Him. I know I am in his hands; it can only be as he appoints it; and O! I trust, whatever the issue, I may find acceptance in him, through his precious blood, and that he may be glorified in me.”

The Monday before he departed to his eternal rest, I heard that the Lord had visited him, which gladdened my heart, and I went to see him; when he told me of the goodness and mercy vouchsafed to him, which caused me to think of the words in Ps. lxxxix.: “I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever,” &c. A gracious friend who visited him frequently records the following:

“Monday, July 10th, on going into his room, he stretched out his right hand to take hold of mine, and pointing upward, as high almost as he could reach, exclaimed, with much feeling, ‘O! Mr. Wilson! I have had such a blessed manifestation from the dear Lord to my poor soul. It was about half-past four this morning. He came very near to me, as if he were in the room, and became so exceedingly precious to me that I cannot describe. I embraced him; I adored him; his love appeared so wonderful to me, a poor nothing. After so much darkness and so many fears, how gracious he is! O how he drew forth to himself the very warmest affections of my poor heart; and I could not feel how he loved me, and how free, how undeserved, and beyond what my poor tongue can set forth. O! I could have sung his praises aloud! Had I a thousand tongues I could employ them to set forth his praise, his glory, his grace, and faithfulness. I do not wish to make more of it than it really was; but it seems that if I did not tell it the very stones would cry out against me. O! His love passeth knowledge, and to me, so unworthy; what a firm foundation! O! I would not part with my hope for a thousand million worlds.

I could bless him for everything. Even my present affliction seemed nothing. I could see his love in it all. His love has swallowed up everything else; the beauty of the jasper, the sapphire, &c., is nothing in comparison with the beauty there is in him. He is altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand.' He added, 'It was such a blessed confirmation of that time when I lived in St. Thomas's Street, when he applied those words with such power to my soul: 'He sent from above; he took me; he drew me out of many waters.'"

The next day, he said, "My joys are not so great. I want to behold the Lamb of God again." He exclaimed most fervently, lifting his hand high up, "I want the Comforter. He is gone." A friend said, "But your hope is still firm?" He replied, "Yes." He spoke to Mr. K. very sweetly of his hope and foundation, saying, "I want no other, I want no other! But I want the blessed Spirit to come and reveal him."

On the morning of the 17th, his breath gradually got shorter and shorter, until life ebbed away.

Released from sin, and self, and all,  
The sad effects of Adam's fall,  
He lives redeeming love to sing,—  
The triumphs of his God and King.

No more he feels the inward strife;  
His soul has enter'd into life;  
Free grace has granted this reward;  
He ever rests with Christ his Lord.

O! Happy saint, now freed from sin,  
And bless'd eternal bliss to win;  
May we be favour'd too to prove  
The power of Jesu's blood and love.

Aug. 11, 1871.

A. H.

MARIA M'KENZIE.—On June 6th, aged 49, Maria M'Kenzie, a member of the church at Zoar, Preston, and widow of the late John M'Kenzie, formerly one of the editors of this magazine.

In early life she belonged to the Church of England, but, on Mr. M'Kenzie going forth to preach the truth in Preston and the neighbourhood, she was led to hear him, and the word was made a blessing to her soul. She cast in her lot with the people, and was baptized. She was afterwards taken seriously ill in London while Mr. M'Kenzie was supplying there; but God, in his mercy, raised her up again, and she was enabled to bless his dear name for his goodness in her recovery. Afterwards she had to suffer another and a far heavier affliction in the loss of her husband; but she was enabled to look forward to the time when she would join him in a better country, never more to be separated; and, being one of those of God's family who are called to pass through much affliction of body, sometimes she was unable to attend the means of grace; but she used to say her desire and her love would go forth that God would bless the word preached; and, though absent in body, she was present with them in spirit, and



marked the time of the prayer and sermons, when the minister would be engaged.

She had a clear view of her own state as a poor helpless sinner, and of the precious truths of the gospel. She loved a living religion in the soul, and was a kind and dear lover and supporter of God's house and ordinances. She knew very well from experience that

"To him everything we owe,  
Above what the fiends have in hell."

And when the last sickness came, she said to the doctor, "Don't be afraid to tell me the worst; for I am quite prepared to hear it, whether it is life or death." We fondly hoped she would be spared.

She had two very powerful manifestations of God's love to her soul, and she was enabled to say, "Death has lost its sting. He that has kept me hitherto will not leave me at last." Hymn 468:

"Death is no more a frightful foe,"

Ps. xxiii., and Jno. xiv. were much blessed to her. She sent her last love to the church at Zoar by her brother-in-law, Mr. Ainscow, and told him to express her dying love and attachment to all of them, and that the truths she had so long professed and loved were now in death most dear to her.

She ordered £5 to be sent to our annual collection, about three weeks before her death. When any of the friends belonging to the chapel visited her, she told them how precious Christ was to such a vile, undeserving sinner, and how good he was to her in making her resigned to his will, and giving her a good hope through grace of her interest in the Redeemer's blood.

She gradually grew weaker, and quietly breathed her last.

Mr. Taylor consigned her body to its mother earth, and spoke at her grave with confidence of the glorious inheritance and the sure resurrection that awaited all the family of God, and eternal life in heaven for them.

J. H.

SARAH POWELL.—On July 9th, aged 77, Sarah Powell, Broseley. Death has taken three from our number in the short space of twelve days.

Sarah Powell was convinced of her lost and ruined state as a sinner when among the General Baptists, Wellington, Salop. In the providence of God she shortly afterwards removed to Broseley and joined the church at Birch Meadow, more than 30 years ago. She was a poor woman, and cleaned the chapel many years, but was deeply taught in divine things. Her complaint was rheumatism, from which she walked lame.

In Oct., 1869, she took to her bed, and did not leave it again. The Lord was very gracious to her, and visited her soul with his presence many times. In Feb., 1870, she said to me, "Samuel, one night this week I had such a view of Jesus that this room was to me lighted up with his presence; and he said, 'Fear not;

I will never leave nor forsake you.' O what could I do now without the Lord to cheer my soul?" Like many more of God's children, she had times of darkness and soul-trouble; and she would often repeat hymn 295, Gadsby's Selection:

"I ask'd the Lord that I might grow," &c.

She was able to sit up in bed and read God's word, which was a great comfort to her, and she would tell the different portions that were blessed to her soul, and would say, "If the friends forget me, I have this blessed book to read, and God has promised he will never forsake me." When I or any of the friends visited her, we learnt much. She was very fond of her old pastor, Mr. Jones, and would often speak of the sweet seasons she had under his ministry, and of his kindness to her.

In the early part of June she suffered much pain in body, and the Lord hid from her the light of his presence. She said, "I am dark in my soul, and fear the Lord has forsaken me." I answered, "You have proved the Lord's faithfulness many times, and he won't forsake you now."

On June 24th she was very ill part of the night. Her son and daughter-in-law sat up with her. Towards morning she got a little better; and truly it was a Sabbath morn to her; for the Lord so graciously revealed himself to her soul, that different portions of scripture flowed into her mind one after another as fast as she could repeat them, for nearly two hours; more particularly the words of Jacob: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

On July 2nd, as I entered the room, she said, "I am come nearly to my journey's end, and long to be gone. I said, "What is your hope now for heaven?" She answered, "All in my dear Jesus." "A blessed change for you," I said. "Heaven for earth; a glorious body for a poor suffering one; the company of angels, and just men made perfect instead of ours." "Yes," she replied, "and my dear Jesus too!"

During the week her sufferings were great, and she cried to the Lord to give her strength to bear, and patience to wait till her change came.

On the 8th her son gave her a little stimulant, after which she never spoke again, but lay in a dozing state till a quarter to two on the 9th, and then awoke, looked at her son, and closed her eyes on this world of suffering, to be present with her Lord.

S. BULLOCK.

Mrs. EARLHAM.—On Sept. 9th, 1869, aged 72, Mrs. Earlham, of Lymm, Cheshire.

My dear mother had for many years been one who was hungering and thirsting after righteousness; but, being of a very close, reserved disposition, was not heard to say much of her experience until the last few years of her life, when the solemn realities of eternity pressed heavily upon her. She was often heard to be mourning over her own sinfulness, and fearing she would never

enjoy a full assurance of her interest in Christ, which she panted after. She had many times proved the Lord to hear and answer her prayers in a way of providence; and at one time, when passing through a heavy trial, the Lord gave her this portion to rest upon: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." This was applied with such power to her mind that she was enabled to rest wholly upon it until the promise was fulfilled.

She was a hearer of the truth for upwards of 50 years, and a praying soul for more than that time; yet she never joined the church militant. For several years previously to her death she expressed a desire to follow the Lord in the ordinance of believers' baptism, but wished to have a clearer evidence of her interest in him before she did so. She related to me a short time before her death a portion of the word of God which she appeared to derive great comfort from: "Fear not; I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." She said, "I have had promises before, but not so clear;" and now she spoke of the ordinance of baptism as having been much on her mind, and as having a strong desire to go through it, saying,

"The watery grave I pass,  
With Jesus in my view,  
And through this howling wilderness  
My hasty way pursue."

At this and many other times she spoke sweetly of the Lord's goodness to her, but often appeared to be much in the dark.

She had not many hours' illness at the last (being heart disease), but was quite conscious. The first words she uttered, after speaking of her bodily pain, were desiring a felt interest in Christ, "which," she said, "I was seeking for at a very early hour this morning." She said, "I have a hope, but I want it brighter;" and she repeatedly expressed a desire to see Christ and know she was his. Her bodily pain was very great, but this she bore with great composure.

She passed away rather suddenly at last.

M. E.

MARY HOWELL.—On July 31st, aged 65, Mary Howell, of Sutton Benger, Wilts.

My dear mother was for more than 36 years a member of the little church at Clack.

Upon being asked a short time before she died if anything troubled her, she replied, "O no! It is all taken from me." My sister said, "Do you feel peace within?" "O yes," she said; "firm upon the Rock. Nowhere else to go but to the foot of the cross, the vilest of the vile." She said, with a heavenly smile upon her face, "'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'" And thus died one of the best of parents.

Aug. 10, 1871.

ANNIE M. HOWELL.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

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

THE WICKED NOT IN TROUBLE AS THE  
LORD'S PEOPLE.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEDWORTH, BY MR.  
GRACE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15TH, 1858.

(Concluded from page 408.)

"They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men."—Ps. lxxiii. 5.

Now, how it is the Lord's people have trouble above the wicked, or how it is greater, as the Lord shall help me, I will endeavour to show. 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." God has chosen us in the furnace of affliction. I believe the meaning of this is, God makes known his choice to us in the furnace.

Besides this, there are other troubles. In the first place, when God takes a poor sinner in hand, calls him out of the world, quickens his soul, he then begins to know something about the justice and holiness of God, of that righteousness his law demands. This enters into his conscience in its spirituality and power, he finds it to be what the word of God declares it, and what I heard friend Gadsby speak of when he preached from this text in this place: "The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing asunder even to the joints and marrow, dividing asunder even soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." He said, "When God comes to enter into judgment with a sinner he sets his secret sins in the light of his countenance, and brings his holy and righteous law in its spirituality and power into the conscience. Then the soul trembles before God, as the poor gaoler trembled before Paul and Silas. He has a troubled conscience and a troubled heart; sin is a burden indeed to him." Now I was in such trouble in that way that I never was before. This knowledge was too wonderful for me. My path had been smooth. I thought I should have plenty of time to think about religion. I said and hoped I should die in a consumption, so that for a time I could go on in pleasure, and when I got old I should have a consumption. Being laid by I should have plenty of time to make my peace with God, make matters all right with him. But the

Lord did not leave me in this delusion; he made me to know that if I lived to 70 years and then died in a consumption, left of him and in my natural state, I should be damned, as sure as I was a man.

Blessed be the Lord, he does not wait for us; he himself waits to be gracious; and when the set time is come, that is the time the poor child of God experiences to be the blessed time:

“There is a period known to God,  
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,  
Turn to the fold, and enter in.”

That verse of Mr. Brewer's hymn is very striking:

“But thus the eternal counsel ran,  
‘Almighty love, arrest that man!’  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.”

Should it please God to send the arrow of conviction into the hardened conscience of some poor sinner to-night, I shall not miss my aim in coming to Bedworth; but shall bless and praise God for bringing me into the pulpit. Who can tell but this is the very set time God intended some poor sinner should be brought from his high and lofty state to bow to the sovereignty of God's eternal grace, to know what it is to have guilt charged home upon the conscience. Thus it was with me. I wandered in the fields away from every one. There I cried and begged of God to spare me, not to cut me off, or send me to hell. I pleaded with him that he would have mercy on me. Sometimes I had a little hope spring up, a peradventure, a “Who can tell?” Then all seemed of a sudden gathered up. When I looked around me at the people of God, those in whom I concluded a real work of grace was begun, they had been called; they had the grace of God in their heart; they were as holy as the angels, I thought; not a movement of evil in their heart, not a sinful thought like I had. I was full of nothing but envy and rebellion against God. After a time I was brought to what David experienced when he said, “I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long. For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh;” “My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness.” “For mine iniquities have gone over mine head, as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me to bear.” This is indeed trouble, and the soul that is thus exercised is doing business in deep waters. Those wicked empty professors of the day know no more about this than I do about Hebrew; nor yet so much. A flimsy religion is what they admire, that which sits so nice, light, and clean, as bright as a new penny. The professors of it have such power they never dirty their shoes. Everybody's eyes are upon them. There they are, in their own estimation, as upright as you please. God's law never takes them by the collar, saying, “Pay me what thou owest.” The rod of God was never laid upon them. He never chastens them; they

are not taught out of his law to know the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Being dead in soul, they know nothing of the fountain of the great deep being broken up. Thousands have such a religion as this. They never know whether it began right, and if they never knew how it began, you may rest certain it will not end right. Do not suppose I have any one of you in my eye. I know not any of you; and as you are all strangers to me, I must draw the bow at a venture. May God send the arrow of conviction into your soul, if it be his blessed will, that it may never lose its effect until the blood of Jesus is applied to your conscience. There is nothing like a good beginning, to know something of the application of the law to your conscience. I will venture to say, as dear old friend Gadsby said, for I loved him well, and can say it is the truth, "At the beginning, the awakening of the conscience by God the eternal Spirit brings the soul into deep distress—into deep trouble, real trouble. It is not an imaginary trouble, nor one that he can shake off. It cleaves, as it were, to his very loins. That text in Jeremiah is applicable to him in a spiritual sense: 'Wherefore do I see every man with his hands on his loins, as a woman in travail, and all faces are turned into paleness? Alas! For that day is great, so that none is like it. It is even the time of Jacob's trouble, but he shall be saved out of it.' Why like a woman in travail? I will tell thee, poor child of God. With a woman in travail there is sometimes a cessation of pain, and then they think it is only a false alarm, that it will not prove real. So with a soul in trouble. It sometimes has a little cessation, a little breathing time, and then it is fearful it will not prove right, as the trouble seems leaving him; therefore the cry of his soul, again and again, is, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner! Save, Lord, or I perish!' Some of you know that, when in such circumstances as these, had there not been something underneath, you would have sunk. Had there not been a little hope, a little support to buoy up the mind, have sunk you must. But, blessed be God, sometimes there is a little hope, a little light cast there in the soul. The poor child of God hangs on it, clings to it; a secret support upholds the soul. So says the text, 'He shall be saved out of it.'" (Jer. xxx. 6, 7.)

So said my friend, and so say I.

There are times when everything appears dark, as dark as midnight; then comes on trouble and trial. Then the soul cries out as the mariners in Ps. cvii.: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses." The Lord is a sovereign in these things.

I met with a young person a little time back who knew very little of God or vital godliness, though she had been in a profession some time, and was as well pleased with her religion as others in a profession. God, in the riches of his grace, fastened a word upon her conscience, sent his word into her soul with power, cut down all her false confidence; and in a moment all her religion was swept away; so that she was as a tree bereft of

its branches, or as a beacon upon the mountains, only the stump left. In this deep distress of soul she had not a person to speak to who understood her case. She had, as Mr. Hart says, to work it out with God. Some most awful temptations passed through her mind, some of the most awful ever heard of; but the Lord delivered and blessed her soul. One very remarkable circumstance connected with this took place. As her health was not good she was recommended to go into the country for a change of air. She begged of the Lord that she might not be sent to the house of a carnal person. Her mother, opposed to her, was determined she should go. In her distress she besought the Lord to prevent it; but she was compelled by her parent to go. When she arrived at the station, the Lord laid his hand upon her; she was struck down, quite helpless; her strength seemed all gone; she could proceed no farther; she was obliged to be carried to lodgings. When I visited her, and heard her account, how the Lord had blessed her soul, her inquiry to me was, "What shall I do, Sir?" "Why, you shall come to my house for a month; and as God blessed the house of Obed-Edom because of the ark, and as I am convinced it is a work of grace in your soul, so the Lord will bless me." That was so. The Lord blessed her in bringing her soul from hell's dark door to heaven, and I was blessed in my soul, when I heard her statement, and remembered the words of the Lord: "As much as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Cheer up, desponding soul. Though you may be in darkness and in trouble, this is what comes of the darkness and trouble,—the good of the children and the glory of God.

I once thought Mr. Hart had made a mistake in one of his hymns, and a good man I knew was of the same opinion. It was in that hymn headed "A Paradox:"

"When all this is done, and his heart is assured  
Of the total remission of sins;  
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is procured,  
From that moment his conflict begins."

My friend said if he was a rich man he would have every one of the books called in, and have it corrected. He was certain it was a misprint, and that it was a pity persons should labour under such a mistake. The poor man had received his pardon and was triumphing and rejoicing in the Lord. How, then, could there be a beginning of the conflict when his pardon was signed and his peace procured? Some time after this, darkness came over his mind, and he came into temptation. "O," said he, "it was a good thing I had not the means to call in the hymn books. They would all have to be put back again to the original, as I find from experience Mr. Hart was right and I was wrong." Blessed be God, it is so. It is a warfare begun, not a warfare ended; a fight, a mighty fight; but the victory is not uncertain, for we all shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

Now, then, poor child of God, having been brought to know what it is to have trouble, soul anguish, labour, sorrow, and temptation, and the Lord having brought you out, and set your feet on the Rock, putting a new song into your mouth, say not this is a good reason for you to go all the journey singing, that you may now finally bid adieu to all troubles, that you will never be moved; but let it come in any shape, you are well prepared to meet it. Ah, indeed! Let the Lord withhold or withdraw his presence; let the Holy Spirit withdraw his heavenly influence, and cover his throne with a cloud, you will then speak very differently. Now, when you have sweet access to his throne, only to ask and to have, you may labour under the mistake that it will always be so while in this lowland.

I can recollect the time and place, when I came into any trouble, I used to go like a child to his parent, and tell the Lord all my sorrows, and get redress directly. Anything that perplexed me, I went to him and obtained relief, had sweet communion with him, and went away from his throne doubly blessed. Since then I have found the difference. I have carried my griefs to his throne, but have come away with a double trouble. "Alas, alas!" I have thought, "What has come upon me?" It has fallen out to me, as Mr. Kent says:

"He'll cause thee to bring thy griefs to his throne,  
But answers of peace to thee shall send none;  
Then sorrow and sadness thy heart shall divide,  
Because he's determined his grace shall be tried."

I have thought, and so have others, that if these foolish, besetting thoughts were taken away, the evil of my heart subdued, I should never be plagued with them again; but I have learnt by experience it is not so; for after a short time, I have found these Diabolians in the town of Mansoul have again been showing their heads; they have come out of their holes, that they came to distress me and destroy my peace. I well recollect once when this was the case, that this verse of Mr. Hart's came with sweetness and power:

"How sore a plague is sin,  
To those by whom 'tis felt!  
The Christian cries, 'Unclean, unclean!'  
E'en though released from guilt."

I cried out, "Thou man of God, didst thou know this,—'Even though released from guilt?'" It was such a relief to me that I ran out that evening and prostrated myself before God, and his love and mercy flowed into my soul. These words came with some degree of power:

"Sin's filth and guilt, perceived and felt,  
Make known God's great salvation."

And again:

"Sinners can say, and none but they,  
How precious is the Saviour."

This made the trouble sit easy.



Another time of trouble, which made it so bad to me, was the hidings of the Lord's face. David said in his prosperity, he should never be moved. But, said he, "Thou hidest thy face, and I am troubled." I believe in my soul there never was a hypocrite or mere professor that ever knew what it was to have trouble because of the hidings of God's face; never had this trouble.

"They are not in trouble like other men." I have sometimes felt awful rebellion of heart rising up against the sovereignty of God in his wise dispensations. To a living soul what a trouble this is, who desires to feel submission to his will. But you find and feel you have a nature opposed to these things, proving the truth of that scripture, that the carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God. The child of God knows what a trouble this is to him. He also knows another thing, that he feels dissatisfied when hearing if he cannot feel so comfortable as he did; therefore finds fault with the preacher. Says he, "The man does not preach so well as he used to do." He attributes all to the poor parson, not considering the fault is in himself. It is in the parson, who has not the power of his own free will to make the man feel. We say to such, if there be any present, "Do you think we can do as we please, that we carry the power about with us, that it is merely at our own disposal? No. All power belongeth unto God; and if it is his blessed will that the whole church should feel the unctuous power of the Holy Ghost, to make the word acceptable to the souls of the people, so it would be, I am certain." What are we? We have this treasure in our earthen vessels, that the excellence of the power may be of God and not of us. So, you see, it is not in our power to alter it. If it was in my power, do you think I would ever have a barren Sabbath? When I came to the chapel, I would always have a fruitful time. "When I am shut up," says the soul, "it is a trouble to me." The language of the soul is:

"Where is that blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is that soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?"

You say, "I want to feel that power I used to feel under the word." Know this, that God can make the word effectual, and in this way he puts the parson into some downright hot furnace. Then he preaches according to the feelings of his soul. Now you say, "I have had a feast. This preaching just suits my case." So that we are obliged to preach that into which the Lord leads us. It then meets the case and condition of the sinner. The man knows what it is to have various trials and afflictions, at the same time, no access to God, the Lord hiding his face, and the man in trouble. This is a painful dispensation for the child of God to get into, this furnace.

Another thing that torments us is self-pity. Self-pity is the quintessence of rebellion, thinking you are dealt more hardly

with than any other in this affliction. "Mine," say you, "is not a common thing. Show me one tried like I am." But when the Lord comes with a sweet visit of his love, then the soul is melted down, and says, "Dear Lord, these light afflictions are but for a moment; but they work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Shall guilty man complain?  
 Shall sinful dust repine?  
 And what is all our pain?  
 How light compared with thine!  
 Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;  
 Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

"They are not in trouble as other men; they are not plagued like other men." A minister came to Brighton who preached here the other day. He preached at a distant part of the country. He was asked if he knew me. His reply was he did not think much of me; he did not have a very high opinion of one who preached so much about experience; that did not constitute any part of his preaching. He probably spoke the truth for once. He might also have added that preaching of the trials and afflictions of the people of God formed no part of his ministry. This gentleman must have been a very smooth preacher. Those who preach out heartfelt experience from what they see and feel of the evil that is in the heart, according to his doctrine, are corruption preachers, and make corruption the life and best evidence that a work of grace is begun. We do not say so,—that our doubts, fears, and corruptions are the best evidences of a work of grace. I will give you what I consider one of the best evidences; that is, life to feel, and to cry to God under it then. Had I no evidence of the dreadful corruptions of my heart, or if I had only this, it would be a miserable sort of religion. But, blessed be God, salvation from that, and the application of the precious atonement of Christ brought into the conscience, delivering my soul from the power of corruption, that is the religion for me, the only religion that will stand in the day of trial. If you never feel the malady, you will never want the remedy. If you are never in debt, you will never want a surety. If you never were confined in the prison-house, you never cried out from a feeling heart, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Every one who shall know his own plague, and his own sore, the plague of his heart, and spreads forth his hand towards this house, "then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and forgive."

How the child of God is tried by Satan that he is not in the footsteps of the flock, "Because," says Satan, "they that fear the Lord hate evil. Do *you* hate evil? How often are you overtaken, and what enmity you feel within; you, therefore, would flee from all this if you feared and loved the Lord." This is the accusation of the devil. We feel sin a plague and a torment, and every soul quickened knows this and hates it. If you are a living soul, sin

is a plague; if not a quickened soul, sin will be no burden to you. Some people want to hold the world in one hand and heaven in the other; but, could this be the case, they would not want to stop in heaven. The place would not do for them. By this I would test them. Let them get into the company of several savoury unctuous souls; after hearing their conversation for an hour, they would pull out their watches, begin to move off, pleading as an excuse an engagement to meet somebody, when the truth is they wanted to leave such company; it did not suit them. "If, then, the company of the saints of God on earth is tiresome," as dear Gadsby said, "how could they bear it in heaven?" There would be no change in the company, only in the place. If they could not bear the company of the saints on earth, do you think they could bear it in heaven, where it would be the same society? If there is no union to them here, there would be no union there. They are of the world, and love the world. But those who are dead to the world and alive to God, though sorely tempted and tried, have no communion or fellowship with worldlings. Be thankful, then, that God, in the sovereignty of his grace, has brought you to see you are a poor guilty sinner, and that as such you are seeking salvation by Jesus Christ. He who made you to know that sin is the plague of your heart, and from a felt sense of your need of salvation, you have cried mightily to God, he will surely answer your prayer.

Had time permitted, I would have shown how the poor children of God are plagued,—those who walk after the Spirit; that they are plagued with fleshly pride, which makes them cry out with Paul, "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin that is in my members;" "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The saints of God know what it is to be plagued with sin; they know that, in spite of all their zeal and anxiety to love God, at times they have such awful, filthy thoughts hurled through the mind, such dreadful suggestions against God and against the Holy Ghost, that it bows them down mightily, so oppresses them that they are obliged to cry to God for aid and help. If it is not so with you, that these things are not a plague and trouble, no cry will ever come from your heart. A poor woman I once knew whom the Lord met with, and brought out in a most extraordinary way. Her calling was similar to a gipsy's, going about with a basket, selling various things. She was brought into deep trouble. It was so great that one day she got over a hedge into a field, went down upon her knees before God, and cried out in the bitterness of her soul, "O Lord, have mercy upon me!" A gentleman passing that way, went to her and said, "If the Lord never intended mercy for you, he would never have caused you to cry and groan in the way you have done." He put 2s. 6d. into her hand, and went his way. She did not know who he was, and never saw him afterwards. Her distress still continuing, she

went out one day with a full determination to destroy herself, but was kept from it. Three or four times she was tempted in this way. At last she was determined to go out, and never return to her home till she had found the Lord, and obtained deliverance. It was in the autumn she said to her husband she would go out and get some acorns. Off she went, with a bag. When she arrived in the wood, she poured out her petition to the Lord, beseeching him to have mercy upon her, to give her relief from her trouble. There she was, crying and groaning, till it became nearly dark, and fear took hold of her. She was just upon the point of giving all up, when the Lord broke in upon her soul with these words: "Woman, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. Go in peace." She said she was obliged to sing and dance, and praise God for his mercy vouchsafed to her. She went home with an empty bag. Her husband said, "Where are the acorns?" She replied, "I have not found any, but have found that which is far better,—a precious Christ for my poor perishing soul." He said, "You have found the devil." She knew better; she knew she had found that upon which her soul had been set for a length of time, that for which she had longed, prayed, and earnestly entreated; that the Lord had answered her to the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

Now, dear friends, I have exceeded your time; you must forgive me. I may never come into this pulpit again; that I must leave to God. You and I are bound for eternity. Before we part, how stand matters between God and thy soul? Is Jesu's blood thine only plea? Is he thy great Forerunner, entered into the presence of God for thee? Can you answer, in the presence of God, that you have no other hope, or expectation of salvation, but through the mediation, the blood-shedding, and precious righteousness of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God?

May God command his blessing. Amen.

"**THE** father himself loveth you." (Jno. xvi. 27.)—This is that which the Comforter is given to acquaint us with; even that God is our Father, and that he loves us. A sense of this is able not only to relieve us, but to make us in every condition to rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorious. It is not with an increase of corn and wine and oil, but with the shining of the countenance of God upon us, that he comforts our souls. (Ps. iv. 6.) The world hateth me (may such a soul as hath the Spirit say), but my Father loves me. Men despise me as a hypocrite, but my Father loves me as a child. I am poor in this world; but I have a rich inheritance in the love of my Father. I am straitened in all things, but there is bread enough in my Father's house. I mourn in secret, under the power of my lust and sin where no eye sees me; but the Father sees me, and is full of compassion. With a sense of his kindness, which is better than life, I rejoice in tribulation, glory in affliction, triumph as a conqueror; though I am killed all the day long, all my sorrows have a bottom that may be fathomed, my trials bounds that may be compassed: but the breadth and depth and height of the love of the Father, who can express?—*Owen*.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 413.)*

## CHAPTER II.

Verse 16. "*My Beloved is mine, and I am his. He feedeth among the lilies.*"

We have in these words the language of assurance, and also of explanation. It is not a mere bold proclaiming of the soul's interest in Christ; but the secret of the possession of this assurance is unfolded. It is no mere high unassaulted confidence; no mere dead doctrinal assurance; no persuasion of all being right, kept up in an unexercised heart, by means of notions of grace, and a benumbed conscience. Here is life, and exercise, and tenderness, and godly fear, and communion with Christ, and the witness of the Holy Spirit, and a divine ability to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his. I can use these words truthfully, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. I can make my boast of the Lord, and say I am his; but I can also explain to you the secret of the possession at this time of this sweet assurance. He has taken for me the foxes, the little foxes; he has revived his gracious work in my soul; renewed my days as of old; he has put my sins under the foot of grace; I have got disentangled from amongst the thorns of carnal-mindedness, worldliness, sloth, and sin; he has made me and keeps me now spiritually-minded, and he feedeth amongst the lilies. My Beloved is mine, and I am his."

In connexion with these words, we shall only notice two things:

- 1, The language of assurance: "My Beloved;"
- 2, *Whence* this assurance arises.

1. There are various *presences* of Christ with the soul, and various *degrees* of those presences. We will notice the following:

i. There is the *quickening* presence; and this may be in different degrees, as we know from the Lord's own words: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This presence is never entirely taken away; for

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,  
But loves him to the end."

ii. There is the *upholding* or *supporting* presence. This, too, is never taken entirely away; so that, though the poor soul may sink beneath the power of sin, Satan, and despondency, it shall not quite sink into despair now any more than into hell hereafter. In this upholding presence there are also degrees. And we would here observe that these degrees are not to be measured merely by sense and feeling. There may be great degrees of both life and upholding grace in a soul which, nevertheless, may feel very dead, and dreadfully sinking. We have to this point the examples of Heman and others. Much real life and grace were in them, accompanied with sad complaints of death and desertion, with consequent sinkings into feelings of a despairing nature.

iii. There is the *assuring* presence of Christ, as in the word of the text: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Here the Lord enables the soul, by the power and grace of his Holy Spirit, to blessedly realize its interest in him, and to utter the language of persuasion that it belongs to Christ and Christ is its possession. Now this may be with greater or less degrees of sweetness and delight; so then,

iv. There is the *joy-giving* presence of Christ, as when he brings into the banqueting-house, and his banner over the soul is love. He stays with flagons and comforts with apples the soul sick with desires after him. And the believer now sits down under his shadow with great delight, whilst his fruit is sweet to the taste. Assurance may be without this, though, of course, where this is there is the sweetest degree of assurance.

It is well to distinguish these various presences of Christ, and also to notice the degrees of those presences, as well as to apply scriptural tests to all these things; for sometimes children of God sink lower than the case itself properly leads to, through a mistaken unspiritual judgment. My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge is a word applying to this as well as other divine matters.

2. But how is this assurance of interest in Christ wrought for the most part in the soul? Or how is the soul brought to a blessed persuasion of its interest in him? This may be in two ways.

i. By what we may call the *direct actings of faith*, or when the Lord more sweetly and fully discovers himself to the soul; shedding abroad his love into the heart, and giving it a blessed taste of the sweetness of his grace. This, of course, may be in greater or less degrees; for in the very dealings of the Spirit there may be differences in the degree of the divine communications. Paul was at one time caught up into the third heaven, heard unspeakable words, was filled with the glories of God. Now, of course, his soul at such a time was in the fullest assurance of its interest in Christ. Thomas thrusts his hand into Christ's side, and cries, "My Lord and my God." Here, again, was, no doubt, a high degree of assurance; but all may not have even assuring manifestations in the same degree, and yet quite sufficient to overpower doubts and fears, and still the voice of all objections; so that they shall say with love and delight as in the words of the text: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." But assurance of a very firm kind may come.

ii. In a more *indirect* way, by what is called the reflex acting of faith; or, in other and simpler words, by the believer's consideration of marks and evidences whereby he is enabled to distinctly perceive that he has the characteristics and experience of a true child of God, and concludes accordingly that Christ is his and he is Christ's. On fair and honest examination he perceives that the Lord certainly has been dealing with him in a special manner; has heard his prayers, taught his soul, convinced him of sin, and revealed to him Jesus. Then he properly concludes

from these things that God remembers him with the favour he bears unto his people, will not destroy but save his soul; that Christ is his, and he is Christ's. We have such a process of spiritual reasoning in the case of Manoah's wife, who rightly argued that if the Lord had meant to destroy them he would not have dealt with them as he had done; and if not to destroy, then to save. John also shows us the same process in his first epistle, where he dwells much upon evidences, and declares that by a due consideration of what spirit we are of, we may assure our hearts before God.

But here we must throw out a remark or two; we must not suppose that this assuring work can be accomplished without the power of the Holy Spirit. Even where there are abundant and excellent evidences, the Holy Spirit is absolutely required to enable us to see and judge rightly of them. Reasoning is one thing, spiritual reasoning is quite another. A divine power is wanted here. The Holy Spirit, who writes the living epistle, must seal it likewise. In God's light we see light. In vain, without the Holy Spirit's aid, shall we set about this reflecting, reasoning work; and therefore, if the Spirit is grieved, as we shall more particularly see a little further on in our remarks, the soul will be unspiritual, feeble, and broken in judgment, and quite unable to satisfactorily assure itself of an interest in the Lord Jesus. Dead assurance, accompanied with carnal security, founded upon mere doctrinal notions and barren recollections of the past, with hard dry reasonings, may exist with any amount of worldliness, sin, folly, and grieving of the Holy Spirit. Living, lively, tender, blessed assurance is entirely dependent upon that blessed Spirit's leadings, teachings, and operations in the soul; for he, and he only, is the proper witness with our spirits that we are the children of God. Now, then, we see the two different ways in which the Lord ordinarily assures the soul; by the present sweet discoveries of Christ and love to the soul; these are by the Holy Spirit as leading the soul into the secret things of God; and by a reflective operation, or consideration of the Lord's work in and towards us; this, too, is by the Holy Spirit, who shows unto man his uprightness, and enables a man to form a right and scriptural judgment of his state before God. The former of these may be with the most sweetness and delight; but the latter may be quite as confirming in the sweet truth: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his."

Further, remember here that the Holy Spirit is distinctly promised to those who ask for that blessed witness. A due consideration of our Lord's words in Luke xi. 13: "The Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," will lead us, I think, to see that it is more especially in this very character of a witness, an assurer of the heart before God, that the blessed Spirit is promised. "Ask, and ye shall have," says Christ, a little before; and one thing, at any rate, the children of God more particularly ask for is assurance of interest in the Lord Jesus,

"That all God's precious promises  
May be for them and for their good."

And this assurance being entirely, where right, a fruit of the Holy Spirit, "the Father," says the Lord Jesus, "will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask." "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you," by this grace, admission even now into "the kingdom." Assurance, then, may be obtained and blessedly possessed; provision, in the gift of the Holy Spirit, is made for this very thing; it is entirely his fruit; we cannot have it in a proper way without him; he produces it by his operations in the heart,—by bringing faith into its varied exercises, its direct or indirect actings.

But it is a very tender plant, hardly gained, easily lost; therefore a cautionary word is added: "He feedeth among the lilies."

"*He feedeth among the lilies.*" What a blessed thing is this true godly assurance of interest in Christ. It is one of the things the Lord's people eagerly desire; and yet sometimes they forget and neglect those things which are essential to it, and expect to possess it rather by some sudden impulse of the Spirit and a marvellous manifestation than by being made and kept spiritually-minded. The fact is that assurance of interest in Christ may be in a poor child of God's soul under very varying circumstances, and may, therefore, be either sweet assurance or accompanied with much bitterness and sorrow of heart; assurance with sweet comfort or assurance without it; assurance on the mountain of God's enjoyed love, or assurance in the agonizing conflict or on the cross. This may be easily seen by considering the Lord Jesus himself as the great pattern of the soul's experiences in the children of God. We must never forget that, though the Son of God, he is also the Man Christ Jesus, son of man as well as Son of God, and was in all things tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Now we find it said of Jesus: "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, Father, I thank thee;" but it is also recorded of Jesus that in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross he used the same word, still calling God his Father. Thus, then, the Lord Jesus was able to call God his Father not only in joy but in sorrow, not only during life, but in the bitter conflict and agony of death on Calvary. We see, then, that the spirit of adoption may be in a child of God under varying circumstances, sighing and crying, "Abba, Father," or singing in a foretaste of glory.

Now, of course, where the spirit of adoption is there is the essence of assurance, and where the spirit of adoption is there is also spiritual-mindedness. Our text shows us the same things: "He feedeth among the lilies." Feeding implies here presence and communion. But where is Christ present? With what does he hold communion? The answer is, "Among the lilies." Lilies may represent to us two things: 1, The dear children of God as adorned with Christ's righteousness, which makes them all fair in the eyes of the justice and holiness of God; and, 2, Christ's Spirit and graces, which give them an inward spiritual beauty in the



eyes of God. "The king's daughter is all glorious within," as well as "her clothing is of wrought gold." She is glorious inwardly in respect of the graces of the Spirit, as well as arrayed in the robe of Christ's righteousness before the throne.

Thus, then, the child of God is a lily for beauty, lowliness, and fragrance, having Christ upon the soul as a robe of righteousness, and in the soul as the source of inward beauty.

But the emblem may lead us, of course, to consider this inward beauty more particularly as the various graces of the Spirit in the soul; all, indeed, that is of the Holy Spirit answers to this figure of a lily. Thus the faith of a child of God is an inward lily, as Jude says, "Your most holy faith;" and Paul writes, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." His hope is a lily, because it is a good hope, through grace, produced by the God of hope. His love is a lily, for it is a pure love. Love to God and love to the brethren, in the heart of a child of God, comes from God himself. Ye are taught of God to love one another, and the love of God is shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto you. Then there is sweet humility. A true lily of the valley in the child of God, planted there by the hand of the Holy Spirit. Paul gives us a list of some of these lilies when he recounts the fruits of the Spirit in Gal. vi. 22: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" and Peter gives us another though a similar list: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

Here, then, we see what is intended by the emblem of lilies,—all the dear saints of God, blood-washed, adorned with righteousness, and having the inward graces of the Holy Spirit. Also all these inward graces of the Spirit themselves, all that is immediately of the Holy Spirit about the child of God. Now, then, we see a little further into the expression, "He feedeth amongst the lilies." Christ is present amongst his people: "Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Christ is present where the graces of his Spirit are. He holds communion with his saints. He holds communion with what is of his Holy Spirit in those saints. He is in his gardens, not in the wilderness,—in his churches amongst his people, not in the world amongst the ungodly. He is where the graces of his Spirit are, not where the flesh is; where faith, and hope, and love, and humility, and patience flourish, not where the things of the flesh and mere nature are present.

Now, then, this properly leads to one or two practical reflections, and shows us the bearing of this last part of the verse upon the former words, "My Beloved." We want more of the presence of Christ, more communion with him, more assurance of interest in him and persuasion that it is all right with our souls for life, death, and eternity. But are we seeking these things among the lilies? Or are we seeking the living amongst

the dead? We shall not find Christ or assurance in worldliness or in sin. "He that will have too much of this world," one says, "shall have more to do with the devil than he likes." Of course men must carry on the necessary business of this life, and in so doing have contact with the men of this world; but a Christian may take Christ into any necessary things or places, though he is not properly to be found or gained there. But, then, if he goes into unnecessary things and places, he is pretty sure to lose Christ. He gets on the mountains of the leopards and amongst the lions' dens, misses Christ, nor recovers what he has lost till he gets again among the lilies. Christ, again, is not present in our pride, worldliness, angry tempers, and things of this kind. These are thorns; and when we indulge in these carnal things and in sloth, self-indulgence, shunning the cross, and other works of the flesh, it is utterly in vain to hope to keep anything like godly peace and divine assurance. These depend upon the presence of Christ, and he feeds among the lilies. We see, then, clearly what is the case, that, if we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption, loss of Christ's presence, godly assurance, and a divine peace; but if, by God's grace, we sow to the Spirit, diligently and spiritually seek Christ in means, associate with his living and lively people, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is; if we endeavour, God working in us, to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man, mortify sin, and aim at maintaining spirituality of mind, then, at least, we are in the place of assurance and blessedness, for Christ is in these things. "He feedeth among the lilies."

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*"GATHER NOT MY SOUL WITH SINNERS."*

Ps. xxvi. 9.

O GATHER me not with impenitent sinners,  
 Who slight thy free mercy, thy grace, and thy love,  
 Yet boast that they are of salvation the winners,  
 But know not thy ways nor thy chosen approve.  
     With such sinners to dwell  
     Would indeed be a hell  
 To one who has tasted the sweets of thy grace,  
 And knows that in thee  
 Salvation is free,  
 And banquets, at times, in the light of thy face.

O gather me not with the empty professor,  
 Who rests in the form but feels not the power;  
 Who hates a meek-hearted and tender possessor,  
 And laughs him to scorn in a sorrowful hour.  
     Though they boast of their light,  
     They see not "that sight,"—  
 A crucified Saviour reveal'd to the heart;  
     They boast in their shame,  
     But they know not his name,  
 And soon he will bid them for ever depart.

- Gather me not with the awful blasphemer,  
 Who impiously dares on his Maker to rail,  
 And blaspheme the name of the Holy Redeemer;  
 O let not his curses my spirit assail.  
     I would not be there  
     With wretches who swear,  
 Whose tongues are on fire with the malice of hell.  
     I cannot endure  
     Their language impure;  
 O send me not with them for ever to dwell.
- O gather me not with the drunkard and liar,  
 Or those who are coveting unrighteous gain;  
 The doom of all such is unquenchable fire,  
 The undying worm and the terrible pain.  
     All the children of pride  
     Will be there by the side  
 Of Satan their father, their god, and their king;  
     With him they must stay  
     In a night without day,  
 While their dark gloomy prison with howlings shall ring.
- O gather me not with the vile unbeliever,  
 Who scoffs at the scriptures, and makes them his jest;  
 O gather me not with the wicked deceiver,  
 Who cruelly tortures the sensitive breast;  
     The hateful betrayer,  
     The wicked manslayer,  
 The murderer red with the blood of the slain.  
     O save me from hell,  
     That I never may dwell  
 With those who in sin's dreadful fetters remain.
- O gather me not with vile spirits infernal  
 (Who even in glory, through pride, did rebel),  
 To share in their torments through ages eternal,  
 Blaspheming thy name in a horrible hell.  
     O God! To dwell there,  
     In eternal despair,  
 Not a gleam of sweet hope to enliven the soul;  
     What a torturing pain,  
     To ever remain  
 Where the fierce fiery billows unceasingly roll!

C. SPIRE.

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But that which should mostly affect us, and make us take heed of immoderate *worldly* sorrow, is, to consider that this kind of sorrow of heart is God's curse, imprecated on God's enemies (Lam. iii. 65): "Give them sorrow of heart, they curse." As *godly* sorrow is God's blessing, a grace of God's Spirit, a fruit of the covenant of grace, and a fruit of faith (Zech. xii. 10), so *worldly* sorrow is God's curse, and a bitter fruit of unbelief. They that sorrow for sin shall be comforted; but they that mourn immoderately for outward losses, there shall be none to comfort them.—*Bunyan*.

THERE is no mercy but in Christ. Everything which can be called mercy must have Christ in it, or it is no mercy, be it what it may. It must have its very nature from Christ, its sweetness from Christ, and its everlasting continuance from Christ.—*Hawker*.

## FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF AMERICA.

Dear Friend,—For over forty years have I been living in this city of New York, having landed here, from England, on April 20th, 1831. The first year or two were spent I scarcely know how; better for me could that time be blotted out. But no; that cannot be. It remains, if I am what I hope I am, as an evidence of the truth of that blessed portion of God's word: "Sanctified by God the Father, *preserved* in Jesus Christ, and called." Kent was right when he wrote:

"There is a period known to God,  
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,  
Turn to the fold and enter in."

Though I was mercifully *preserved* from bringing a public disgrace upon myself and family, yet I was suffered in a measure (to my shame be it recorded) to prove the other lines of the poet true:

"At peace with hell, with God at war,  
In sin's dark maze they wander far;  
Indulge their lusts, and still go on,  
As far from God as sheep can run."

I was brought up in England under the sound of the glorious gospel, as preached by that man of God, the late John Warburton. I remember, though then only four years old, accompanying my mother to hear him when he went to Trowbridge at first; and it seems as if I could see him now, standing in the water at Lady-down Mill, addressing the crowds who were gathered around, on a Sunday morning, to witness him administer the solemn ordinance of believers' baptism. When, with his stentorian voice, the dear man, at the commencement, spoke the word, "Silence," every tongue was hushed, and an almost reverential stillness followed.

About the first thing I remember, which caused me to think seriously of my state as a sinner in the sight of God, was on hearing my dear father pray. He made use of this language: "O Lord, remember our children, and visit them with thy salvation, if thy blessed and holy will." This prayer of my honoured parent I have never forgotten. It seems to have been fastened in me as a nail in a sure place, and I trust it was so fastened by the Master of assemblies. Indeed, many a time has it been a source of a little comfort to me since. A "Who can tell?" has arisen in my mind that perhaps the Lord, for his own mercy's sake, heard and answered that petition of my father's in my behalf. I would mention this as an encouragement to praying parents to continue to bear their offspring in the arms of their faith before the Lord; and though it be not manifested unto them during their lifetime that their pleading has been successful, yet it might be made known to others after their heads are laid beneath the clods of the valley by their children being raised up as a seed to serve the Lord, and brought in to fill *their* places in the church of Christ below.

“Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
 ’Twill not deceive their hope;  
 The precious grain can ne’er be lost  
 Where grace ensures the crop.”

Thus I was gradually led along, and used to love to hear the truth preached; but when I came to America I could not find it, and got into a downright (or rather downwrong) careless state. It was only through the matchless mercy and boundless love of a gracious and long-suffering God that I was not left to rush headlong to hell. I as firmly believed then that salvation was of God as I do now, and could not go to hear the Arminians preach that which was opposite. I thought I would rather turn infidel than that; and I did for a while attend the meetings of infidels which were at that time held in this city, to hear their debates on the authenticity of the Bible, &c.

In 1832, that awful scourge, the Asiatic cholera, broke out in this city, and in the providence of God I was called to work a few miles away the very day the first cases were officially reported. There my wife’s health became somewhat impaired, which made us feel dissatisfied with the place. Consequently we returned to New York city, and I again obtained a situation in the printing office I had left, having been mercifully preserved for about three months during the worst of the epidemic.

The latter part of 1833 I heard there were a few people meeting for worship in a room in a neat building in a narrow street, and a man was preaching to them who had lately arrived in America from England. The following Sunday I went, and there I heard the old sound again of salvation by grace alone; which made me feel glad. Soon, however, the question was raised in my mind, “Is it for me? Is it for *me*? O! What evidence have I that *I* am interested therein? I went again and again, and continued to attend, for I could not keep away, but could gain no satisfactory witness in my own soul that I was saved; which I was now earnestly seeking. Often, as I passed along, on my way to the meeting, the cry would go out of my heart, “O that this might prove to be the time for the Lord to speak peace to my poor troubled soul! Do, dear Lord, appear for me while hearing thy word to-day. Let thy blessed Spirit bear witness with my spirit that I am born of God. That hymn of Newton’s:

“’Tis a point I long to know,”

was much on my mind, and for a long while I adopted it as my prayer. I used to change the last verse to suit my case, either morning or evening; in the latter my heartfelt cry was, time and again,

“Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all” *aright*;  
 “If I’ve never loved before,  
 Help me to begin” *to-night*.

Wherever I might be, at home, in the street, at my work, going to meeting, or whatever else, morning, noon, or night, still may desire was to have Jesus manifested to me as my

Saviour. Somehow or other I had the idea that this must occur while I was hearing the gospel preached; and this made me pray, and look, and wait, and hope for it specially at such times. But no; this was not to be so. God has his own time and way to bestow his favour.

After a long while going on in this manner, labouring, being burdened under the load of my iniquity, transgression, and sin, hoping and fearing, begging and entreating the dear Lord to deliver me, one Sunday morning, on my way home from meeting, the Lord was pleased to answer my petitions, by powerfully applying to me the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." O what light, love, and liberty I felt in my soul! "What? *All* sin? *All* sin? For *me*? For *me*?" Yes; "cleanseth from *all* sin." O how I went along, blessing and praising his holy name for his delivering mercy manifested to unworthy me!

The sweetness and comfort of this visitation continued with me for some time. Often since then, however, has the enemy come in and caused me to doubt the reality of it; and when I feel the workings of corrupt nature, sin, horrid sin, boiling up within, causing me to hang my head like a bulrush, I am indeed ready to give up, and fear it was only a delusion of Satan; but the Lord has ever been more than a match for him; for when he has appeared with his hellish temptations, I have proved the lines of the poet to be true:

"Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
And as thy days, thy strength shall be."

Many a hard struggle have I had with him, but he has never been permitted to entirely beat me out of the reality of my deliverance. The nearest he ever came to it was some few years ago. I had a singular dream one night. I dreamt that I was in a very strange place, where there was something looking like a large boiling cauldron at one end, and all of a sudden a man appeared, took me up, and carried me along to throw me in; but just as he reached the spot, and was about to cast me off, I awoke. I had been labouring and struggling in my sleep, and on awakening the blood seemed to turn cold in my veins. O what awful feelings I had all that day, and for a part of the next! I feared I had been altogether deceived in the profession I made, and that the cauldron represented hell, with the enemy telling me that was to be my portion after all. A "horror of great darkness" seized me, and I went moping about, not able to attend to my business. "A day and a night was I in the deep," mourning my wretched condition, and could find no rest. The next day my mind felt a little relief from a friend calling to see me, to whom I communicated a little of what I was experiencing, when he replied, "It is only for the Lord to speak a cheering word to you; that is all you need to make matters right with you again. You are not in as bad a state as you might be, for you feel it, and are enabled to cry for deliverance from it." Soon my heart was a little softened, hope sprang up, and I was led to beg to be brought out

of that fearful condition. I trust the Lord the Spirit enabled me to reason thus: "Can it be that I who have been so long a member in the church, can it be possible that I have been all these years in a deceived state? I am, the Lord knoweth I am, honest in what I have professed. I abhor hypocrisy in every sense, and in soul matters especially it is of the utmost importance to be right. What has made the difference between me and so many others to what there was once? Surely the devil would not do it; the world and wicked men would not; my own evil heart *could not*. Then who hath made thee to differ? And what hast thou that thou hast not received?" The only conclusion I could come to was, it must be of the Lord. Hope revived in my breast that after all my doubting, and fearing, and misgivings I should be brought off conqueror at last by the mercy of God. Here that sweet hymn of Beddome's came in:

"Great God, to thee I'll make  
My griefs and sorrows known,  
And with a humble hope  
Approach thy awful throne.  
Though by my sins deserving hell,  
I'll not despair, for who can tell?"

Thus the Lord again appeared for me, and "brought me out of that horrible pit and miry clay, established my goings, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise to his holy name." Many a time have I been encouraged and comforted by that hymn (622), written by the late Mr. Gadsby, when reading it to be sung in our meetings:

"Poor fearful saint, be not dismay'd,  
Nor dread the dangers of the night;  
Thy God will ever be thy aid,  
And put the hosts of hell to flight."

I have proved its truth over and over again, to the honour and praise and glory of the covenant-keeping God of Israel. But let me return.

The Lord was graciously pleased to call my wife out from the Wesleyan Methodists, and bring her to see the truth of his sovereign grace in the salvation of elect sinners; so that we could see "eye to eye" in the doctrines of the gospel. This was a very great comfort to me, and we were both baptized and united with the church on the same day, July 5th, 1835.

Passing a number of trials and difficulties, experienced during the next few years, I come to two very severe ones. In 1839, I was out of a situation; and, not finding anything else to do, I opened a small place for the sale of newspapers and other periodicals. Succeeding very well in this, an entirely new business in America, I gradually added stationery, &c., and everything appeared to be prospering with me temporarily; but little did I think what the Lord was about to bring on me and mine. My daughter, four years old, was taken very ill, and my son, about three months old, was taken down with scarlet fever; neither, to all outward appearance, was likely to recover. At that time

there was a greater fear and dread here of that disease than there is now; consequently, when it became known that the scarlet fever was in the house, almost every one forsook us. Even the woman hired to assist in household work became frightened and fled; so that I had to shut up my little shop in order to wait upon my sick family. What a strait I was now in! For several days I knew not what I should do. The Lord, however, manifested his goodness to us by mercifully blessing the means used for their recovery, and also preserved me from taking the disease; so that I was enabled to go on with my business. But O how little, little gratitude did I at that time feel toward him for his sparing mercy!

Things appeared to be prosperous with me for the remainder of that year; yea, they were so, and I was, humanly speaking, in a fair way to obtain a good living for myself and family. On the night of Jan. 7th following (1840), we all retired to bed as usual, my wife's brother being with us. Soon after one o'clock the next morning, my wife awoke me, saying there was smoke in the room. Perceiving the light was out (we always kept a light burning through the night), I arose, and tried to get another, but found the smoke was so dense it extinguished the light immediately. I then opened the door, thinking to go down stairs, but the smoke rushed in, closing up the avenue down, and the only way we could escape was out of the window. There were no fire-escapes here at that time. I raised the window and gave an alarm, which soon brought some of the neighbours round, who called on me to jump down. I informed them my family were there, and I must have them out first; but how I could not tell. At length some barrels were procured and placed one upon another, forming a foothold for me while being held up by those below; so that we were enabled to get out, and were lifted down in safety from the devouring element, although we were all nearly suffocated; and it was several days before the effects of it were removed from us. The weather on that morning was very severe; rain, hail, and sleet were falling, and freezing as they descended. As we could only put on a part of our clothing, my wife and infant being wrapped in a blanket, it was through abounding mercy that our lives were spared. My family were necessarily separated, my wife and babe being in one place, my daughter in another, my brother-in-law somewhere else; and myself almost bewildered, so that I scarcely knew where I was. The flames had made so much headway before the fire was discovered that we were not able to get anything out, and it was all destroyed, with no insurance, as then I had hardly thought of insuring against loss by fire. We had 83 dollars of silver coin in a bag, which my wife handed to me at the window. I laid it down on the sill, while we got her and the children out, but what became of it I never knew, not having heard of it since.

Then I had to begin business anew, and nothing to do it with. On the following Friday, when the weekly papers were generally



issued, I went to the different publishers and asked them to let me have some papers to sell, and I would pay for them when they were sold. To my astonishment, with one exception, they told me to come and take all I needed for that week, and they would not charge me anything for them. I thankfully accepted their kind offer, took my stock-in-trade, obtained some old boxes, and used them as a counter in the ruins of the burnt building, and opened shop there the next morning. The editors of the papers gave "a first-rate notice" of the same in their publications of the day, my bountiful Benefactor having gone before me in the way. O the goodness of God manifested to unworthy me! My heart softens when I think of it, and my eyes are well up with tears while I write of gratitude to Him for his providential mercies. He sent me customers from all parts of the city and suburbs, and nearly all paid more than the regular price for the papers, some throwing down a silver half dollar, others a silver 25 cent. piece, taking up a paper, and passing along without taking any change. Thus I was supplied gradually with funds to go on with my little business.

The fire was at No. 170, Broadway, which was entirely burnt down. No. 168, the next house, was much damaged, but still left in such a state that it could be repaired, which was done, and then myself and family moved into it, and there we were sustained for 20 years.

In 1844, I left my family and went on a short visit to England, and while in London effected an arrangement with the late Mr. Paul, of Paternoster Row, to have the "Gospel Standard" and other works sent to me. I returned, having been absent 12 weeks, and through mercy found all well, my business having been properly attended to by my wife and her brother. Before leaving, I had hoped while in England to have the privilege of hearing some of the gospel ministers in that highly-favoured land. But ah! How was I disappointed! By the time I arrived there, a spirit of carelessness and indifference came upon me, so that I lost all my longing desire for the things of God. It is true, while there I did attend once to hear each of those highly-esteemed men of God, the late Mr. M'Kenzie and Mr. Philpot; but "so foolish and ignorant was I," I know not now even the texts they preached from. O what a barren time was it to me.

On my return I endeavoured to introduce the "Gospel Standard" to my Christian friends, and any whom I could prevail upon to read it. I commenced the agency with about half a dozen copies, if I remember rightly; but what up-hill work it has been to circulate the number I do now,—150 monthly. Many times, from the difficulties I have met with, yes, from both friend and foe, have I been tempted to abandon it, and give it up as a hopeless case; but when a new number has arrived, and I have sat down and read it, perhaps in the hearing of my wife, and its precious contents have been blessed to our souls, we have enjoyed it so that thankfulness and praise to God flowed from our hearts

for the glorious truths with which it has been filled. Again and again have I been encouraged to endeavour to circulate it, and thus am enabled to do to the present day, notwithstanding all the opposition to the here much-despised doctrines of the gospel it advocates. My heart's desire is that the work may be sustained, and that for all time the dear Lord may in mercy raise up one champion for the truth after another to conduct it, so that the "Gospel Standard" may ever be unfurled, and every "feeble Christian" into whose hands it may fall prove it to be indeed a "support" while in this wilderness below. While so much emanates from the press, under the guise of "religious publications," "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," contrary to the word of God, may that continue to be a standard around which the Lord's people can rally without any fear of being led astray. We who are brought to believe, and therefore obliged to contend, that salvation is all of grace from beginning to end, are charged by the enemies of the truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, with being careless and indifferent to those who are without; but, if I may be allowed to judge in such matters,—at any rate I speak for myself,—when I can hear, even though it be faintly, the bleatings of the lambs of Christ's fold, I tell you, friend —, it makes my poor heart ready to leap (as John the Baptist did in his mother's womb) for joy. The hearts of the Lord's people are indeed glad when they witness his power made manifest in bringing sinners to a knowledge of themselves, as they stand in the Adam-fall transgression, to seek for life and salvation through a once crucified but now risen and exalted Prince and Saviour,—and especially when they give evidence that Jesus "Christ is formed in the heart the hope of glory." O with what warm hearts and open arms do the children of God receive them into their fellowship and affection! Thus the charge of our enemies is ever proved to be a false charge. How very seldom is this privilege granted to us here in America! No doubt you sometimes read very glowing accounts on paper of what the *religious folks are doing* here; but I want to witness the *Lord's work*, and pray that he would raise up and thrust forth faithful labourers, those who will prove to be indeed "sons of thunder," and also "sons of consolation" where needed. May our all-conquering Lord

"Gird on his sword upon his thigh;  
Ride with majestic sway;  
Go forth with power triumphantly,  
And make his foes obey."

O send out thy light and thy truth with life and power in *our* midst, and cause stubborn sinners, both professing and profane, to bow to thy sovereign sceptre, and acknowledge thee as their God and Saviour.

The little church with which I first united did not exist long, and I was soon thrown as it were into the world again. I wandered about hither and thither for some time, seeking for truth, and at length joined the Old School Baptists. Here I hoped I

had found a home, as they hold the prominent points of the doctrine of the gospel as I understand it; and there is every reason to believe there are many, if not the most, of the manifested children of God connected with them. I continued there until 1850, when troubles arose in the church, which time and space forbid me to enter on further here. It ended in a division, and another cause was commenced, a church was formed, myself one of the number, and the late Mr. James Manser was chosen as pastor. That cause continued only about two years. Mr. Manser died, the little church went down, and the few members were again scattered. (Some account of Mr. Manser's death appeared afterwards in the "Standard.")

Soon after the death of my friend Manser, the Lord, in his inscrutable wisdom, saw fit to severely afflict me again in my family, and in March, 1854, removed by death, after a few days' illness, my second son, twelve years of age. This was another very cutting stroke, but in much mercy I was sustained under it by those words of Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." In the same year (1854) my wife was also taken very sick, and for some time her recovery appeared very doubtful; but the Lord graciously heard prayer, and mercifully restored her to her wonted health. However, I have proved the truth of Bunyan's couplet:

"The Christian man is never long at ease;  
When one plight's gone, another doth him seize;"

for it was only a short time before another severe trial came upon me in the sudden illness of our infant daughter. I was from home at the time she was taken, in the state of Virginia, when I received a letter informing me that, if I wished to see her again alive, I must return immediately, as the child was very low with the *cholera infantum*. I had between 300 and 400 miles to travel, and could not leave until nine o'clock next morning. I commenced preparations for the undertaking at once, but my poor mind was so much agitated and restless that I scarcely knew what I did. At the stated time I started, with my soul led out to the Lord that he would in mercy be graciously pleased to hear my cry, and spare my child at least till I arrived home. "O! What shall I do?" thought I. "How shall I be able to bear it, if the little one is taken before I get there?" Many were the petitions put up by me during the 22 long hours I was on that journey, that whatever he should see fit to call me and mine to pass through to try us, he would bless us with resignation to his divine will, and then all would be well, come life or come death. The Lord mercifully granted my desire, and preserved her life for three weeks after I returned. She breathed her last Sept. 13th, 1854.

"The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now  
To be repaid anon;"

and, therefore, I wish to hold them with loose hands, so that I may be ready to resign them to the sovereign Giver, when called for, without a murmuring word. Nothing but the Spirit and grace of Jesus, I am fully persuaded, can enable any to do so. My dear wife, the partner of my joys and sorrows, had as much as she could well endure, it being so soon after the death of our boy and sickness of herself; and were it not that the Almighty was better to us than all our fears, we should have both sunk. While in tribulation, I find it to be very hard work to feelingly say, "Thy will be done," yet I would bless his holy name for giving me the *desire* to do so. Thus, you will perceive, in that year, 1854, I had trouble upon trouble roll over me. What a mercy, —I often am led to think of it,—that the God who keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps; and to his honour and glory alone would I state it, though I have been many times "cast down, but not destroyed," and though oft the following suits me:

"My soul, with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end,"

yet, through the abounding mercy of God in Christ, I have been hitherto sustained, and once in a while am mercifully blessed with a good hope that if the "earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

David says, "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine." Here I am also encouraged; for, if the question were put to me, "Do you fear the Lord?" I dare not answer, "Nay." And if the other, "Do you hope in his mercy?" I must say, "Yes." He certainly did, literally, deliver me and mine from death during the late civil war in this country, and especially when the awful riots occurred in this city in that war-time, when the wicked were let loose here, with blood, and carnage, and destruction surrounding us. Scarcely any rest could we have for three dreadful days of reigning terror and sleepless wearisome nights of fear,— "three days of terror" indeed were they for us,—houses within our sight being ransacked, their property taken away or destroyed, and the owners obliged to flee for their lives, and we fearing every moment it might be so with us; yet we were providentially preserved, no depredations being made upon us.

Again. Spiritually, many of these forty years in America have been years of famine, "not of bread nor of water, but of hearing of the word of the Lord." O, how often have the lines of Watts been mine during those times:

"With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints,"

but I could not find those assemblies. It has been a famine to me indeed, in this respect; but the Lord has verified his precious

promise, and I have been and still am kept "alive in famine."  
My prayer is,

O THINK OF ME.

O gracious Father, God of love,  
Descend from thy bright throne above,  
And draw my mind from earth to thee;  
For this I cry, O think of me.

O blessed Jesus, now on high,  
Clothed in thy robes of majesty,  
My feeble voice I raise to thee,  
And humbly say, O think of me.

O Holy Spirit, "Paraclete,"  
Come thou and guide my erring feet  
From this wide wilderness to thee,  
And do, I pray, O think of me.

Almighty, glorious, sovereign God,  
Whose power extends to all abroad,  
Thou great, mysterious One-in-Three,  
I humbly pray, O think of me.

When I am dark and feel cast down,  
And on me all things seem to frown,  
My voice then let me raise to thee,  
And steadfast cry, O think of me.

But should the Lord hedge up my way,  
And heavy troubles on me lay,  
In every trial may I see  
That thou, my God, dost think of me.

When in affliction's path I tread,  
And cannot rest my aching head,  
Weary and sad though I may be,  
I still would pray, Remember me.

If call'd to bear the cross and shame,  
Still let me trust in thy dear name;  
And to that tower of strength then flee,  
With this request, O think of me.

The situation of this city (New York), naturally, is pleasant, but (spiritually) the water is nought and the ground barren. O for some messenger of the Lord of hosts, with a new cruse and salt therein, to go forth to the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there, with a "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters." I feel satisfied there are, in and near here, enough individuals who love the truth, and who are willing by their means to sustain it, if there were a Spirit-taught minister of Christ's gospel to go in and out before them. The Beulah Particular Baptist church was organized here in June, 1858. Since then we have passed through many difficulties, troubles, and afflictions, in a church capacity; and though we have been divided and subdivided, a little "people scattered and peeled," there are still a few of us left to keep up meeting together on Sundays and Thursday evenings; but we have no pastor. We assemble, and endeavour to worship God, in singing, prayer, reading his word, and sometimes have a sermon of some man of truth read; and

often, though very few in number, we have found it good to wait upon the Lord.

Now, my dear friend, I must conclude. I feel, after all, that the language of Jacob to Pharaoh suits me: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." All my springs are in Jesus; when he says with power, "Seek my face," then it is I do seek; when he in love draws me, then it is that I can run after him.

"But if he his strength withhold,  
I faint, I droop, I sink."

I am, Yours in Hope,

New York, June 30, 1871.

JOHN AXFORD.

### HE WILL SHOW HIS FACE.

Dear S.,—I was glad to receive your letter, and to find the old proverb yet true: "Necessity is the mother of invention." I am thankful that the Lord has taken you in hand; for none teacheth like him. He teacheth to profit; and now he has begun he will never leave you.

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,  
But loves them to the end."

And he will keep leading you on till he brings you to that place where his righteousness shall go forth as brightness to justify you freely from all things, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth to save you with an everlasting salvation, and to shine into your heart, to give you the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Then he will say, "Arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; and thou shalt be called by a new name which the mouth of the Lord shall name. But this will not take place while the old veil of self-righteousness and legality has possession of thy heart, and until thou hast done encompassing Mount Sinai about with thy vows and resolutions, and thou art beaten out of every refuge, and come to Mount Zion, where the Lord has said shall be deliverance. And here thou must come with weeping and supplication; and "he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" for "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

The Lord says all his children shall be taught of him, and they shall all know him. He first appears with terrible tidings, and in majesty and holiness makes himself known; and as he appears and comes near to us to judgment we exceedingly fear and quake, lest sentence against us should be executed, and when we are brought to the light, and our sins are made manifest to be sins against a holy God,—sins that call for vengeance, sins that make us wonder at the long-suffering mercy of God, sins that make us tremble lest divine anger should come down as a blast upon our guilty heads, and hurry us down into everlasting woe, to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire; when this is the case, guilt stares

us in the face, and conscience testifies against us. Then we fall at his feet as guilty sinners to supplicate his gracious Majesty to have mercy upon us. This the dear Lord in mercy to your soul has brought you to, and has encouraged you, at times, to seek his face, and given you a hope that he will appear. "The humble shall see this and be glad, and your hearts shall live that seek God." "The Lord heareth the poor and despiseth not his prisoners." It is the Lord that brings his people to seek him with their whole hearts, convincing them that in him is all their souls can need for time or eternity. In his favour is life; but out of him all is empty vanity and destruction. This you know to be true; but before you knew this you had none of those sinking fears; you never felt the hardness of your heart, and your want of gratitude to the God of all your mercies, neither did you mourn over your wretched state as a sinner before God; nor were you ever tempted and harassed that you should never know the Lord, for you desired not a knowledge of his ways, being without God and without hope in the world; but now you are often sinking with fears that you shall never find the pearl of great price; you are now tempted that your prayers are in vain, and that all is in vain, for you are yet in your sins; but Satan knows eternal life has entered your heart, and, therefore, he now tries to sink you in despair. But the lawful captive shall be delivered, and the prey shall be taken from the mighty; and this you are encouraged, at times, to hope will be the case, though you soon lose it, and all your fears return again with many temptations that you are wrong, and shall never hear the Lord say, "I am thy salvation." From these strange feelings, too, you are ready to think, surely you can never be born from above. You think it is something very great, something that is undiscovered yet; but the Lord leads the blind by a way that they knew not, and in paths that they have not seen, and he is leading you in a path that you were a stranger to when dead in trespasses and sins. Now life has entered your soul; you feel your darkness, deadness, blindness, and ungratefulness; and under these you sigh and groan; and then, at times, you feel a little light and life, and peep out of obscurity, and feel your hard heart made soft, and a spirit of meekness is felt, though but for a short time. At these times you feel a little gratitude and thankfulness of heart that the Lord has not dealt with you as your sins deserve; and have a hope that in the midst of deserved wrath he will remember mercy. These things are not found in those who are destitute of the grace of God. The Lord will regard the prayer of such destitute sinners as these; therefore seek ye the living God, for

"These pinings prove that Christ is near,  
And testify his grace;  
Call on him with unceasing prayer,  
For he will show his face."

With kind love to you,                      Yours affectionately,  
Rotherfield, Feb. 10, 1860.                      THOMAS RUSSELL.

## THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST.

Dear Friend,—Having been laid aside from preaching a few weeks, I feel as if I were living to no purpose. Will you allow me to address a few words to your great congregation, scattered throughout the world?

All the spiritual readers of the "Standard" I would address as gospel sinners; that is, sinners quickened to life by God the Holy Ghost; sinners taught out of God's law; who have seen an end of all perfection in themselves, and that his commandment is exceeding broad; who have seen that by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified in the sight of God, for by the law is the knowledge of sin; who are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that they might be married to another; and when this marriage took place they could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his;" and enjoying the sweet kisses of his mouth, they could say, "He is the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." They could then say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; for he hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness, he hath adorned my soul as a bride is adorned for her husband."

Now these sinners having seen such a beauty in the glorious Person and finished work of Christ, how tenacious they are of his honour and glory, and an attempt to rob him of his eternal power and Godhead seems to them an unpardonable offence, not only against him, but against the church; for take away his Godhead, you take away my Saviour. Mary said, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Thomas said, "My Lord and my God." And so say all God's spiritual family. Hence says the poet,

"That Christ is God I can avouch,  
And for his people cares;  
For I have pray'd to him as such,  
And he has heard my prayers."

Take away his Godhead, you take away my Redeemer; for none but an almighty Being could have redeemed us from the curses of a broken law, from death, hell, and sin, and redeemed us to God by his blood. Speaking of men, the Holy Ghost says none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.

Again. Feeling myself to be a poor, weak, helpless worm, and having no righteousness but filthy rags, if you take away my Lord you take away my righteousness and strength; for surely shall one say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." If you take away the Godhead of my Lord, you take away my sanctification; for the Lord has made him unto the church "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." You also take away my eternal life, which is hid with Christ in God. Hence he says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

But, dear reader, though I have thus written, I am persuaded that nothing can ever separate the church from Christ, for they are united in a bond that can never be broken; so that "neither



death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Amen.

Dunham, Jan. 3, 1871.

M. G.

## SINNERS, AND NOT THE RIGHTEOUS.

My dear Friend,—I have been long silent, and you may have had some strange suggestions from the adversary, but you are not ignorant of his devices. Sometimes letter writing seems almost an impossibility with me; yet I know Satan has much to do in hindering it; for I have found it profitable to myself, and it is his to make whatever is so as difficult as he can. It engages thought, and leads to the word of God, helps observation, which, Mason says, is the life of understanding.

I quite intended writing to you when at B., but having nearly each day to go out, I was unable to make the calls in the place which seemed needful, and four evenings in the week I had to preach, which kept me well occupied. I hope, and have some reason to believe, my labour was not in vain in the Lord, though so utterly unworthy in myself to be honoured of the Lord as a servant of his to carry tidings in his name. I have often felt so much more like Ahimaaz than Cush, and in times of temptation have felt much afraid whether I was in my right place when in the pulpit. Luther said, "Temptations, meditations, and prayer make a minister." If so, we should not be surprised though hosts of temptations beset us. The Lord said, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation;" and the apostle says the Lord only knows how to deliver the godly out of them. And did not the Lord prevent, restrain, and deliver? He only knows where poor tempted souls would be driven in that dreadful hour.

What a mercy salvation is of the Lord, and like himself perfect, everlasting, and his own rich, free, sovereign gift to his people in Jesus Christ before all time, according to his eternal purpose and counsel. So that nothing in time,—Satan, the world, nor sin, can alter that purpose. "I change not." Though sin sadly surprises the Lord's people, and grieves them at heart, strengthens their bonds of unbelief, and causes them to fear the Lord hath forsaken them, and that their hope is in vain, it is that our legal hopes and self-righteousness may die, and our life be received as the free gift of God by grace in Jesus Christ, through his righteousness, and not for our sakes; and we are the more assured it is so when death is felt on all beside the promise of life in Christ Jesus.

A great mercy it is that it was sinners Jesus came to seek and call, and the lost to save. I have been long learning, and know very little. My foolishness, ignorance, and pride make me much ashamed, at times, and cause me much self-loathing when the

Lord draws near, or casts a look upon me. But what a mercy to know self, and what a mark of grace to abhor self, to be humbled before God, to renounce our own conceit of self, put our mouths in the dust, and cry out of a humbled heart, "Unclean! Be merciful unto me, O God!" I hope I feel more and more with increasing years the emptiness and vanity of created things, and my sinfulness in having been so much deluded and deceived by them. The more I observe in my own nature and in man generally, the more I feel the force and solemnity of the word of God concerning man: "Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie. To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain." And I believe there is more wisdom than most allow in being taught to know our own days, and considering how frail we are.

With all Christian Affection and Esteem, Yours truly,  
Walsall, May 27, 1871.

J. MOUNTFORT.

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## REVIEW.

*Letters by the late J. C. Philpot, M.A., with a brief Memoir of his Life and Labours.*—London: Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street.

WHEN the Lord called Jeremiah to a particular work, overwhelmed with a sense of his own unfitness, he cried, "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child." It is with some such feelings we attempt to write a Review of the work at the head of this article. But how comforting it must have been to the heart of the poor prophet when the Lord said to him, "Say not, I am a child." What has thy natural capability or incapability to do in this matter? I send thee; I will be with thee; I will be thy help and sufficiency; "thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." So, with a single eye to the Lord's gracious helping hand, we will attempt to perform that which is now imposed upon us.

But here it may be asked, "Is there any necessity for a Review at all?" We have asked ourselves this question. Our dear departed brother's praise is in all our churches. To commend his well-known writings, therefore, seems superfluous. To find any faults, or even what we might think deficiencies, may appear like detraction; and yet in a Review something must be said, and also a faithful expression of the Reviewer's opinion of a work is necessary. Elihu said, "I know not to give flattering titles. In so doing my Maker would soon take me away." We have, too, the example of him whose memoir and letters are under notice before us; and certainly a sober, wise estimate of things, and honest expression of his thoughts, were amongst his characteristics. Well, then, with such difficulty besetting the work, is there any need of it? We are obliged to believe there is, as to

omit any notice of this memoir in a periodical so ably edited for many years by the subject of it, would appear like a slight, and not as the fruit of humility and diffidence.

We do not think that any apology is necessary either for sending forth this interesting memoir and accompanying letters, or the way in which the work has been done. At the same time we cannot help feeling some regret that it could not be an Autobiography, or, at any rate, in parts in the form of a diary. We seem, at times, to want a closer view of those workings of the mind under the experiences of the sweet visits of the Holy Spirit, communicating light and gladness to the broken heart, of which we rather get the results than have the warm freshness of description which is to be found in a diary, penned under the present feelings produced by such visitations. Still we consider that the method adopted gives us as near an approach to this as possible, and enables us to form a just and sweet estimate of the work of God. We think, therefore, the church of God owes Mrs. Philpot and her kind assistant, Mr. Clayton, a debt of gratitude for this labour of love, and we would breathe out a prayer that they may reap a blessing from it in their own souls.

The work before us is separable into two parts,—a Memoir, and Letters. The Memoir itself is principally in the form of letters strung together by a few explanatory or introductory remarks, these letters being designed to give us a view of the subject of the Memoir's spiritual career.

It is always very pleasing and profitable to have clearly set before us a decided work of the blessed Spirit upon the soul. In many of God's people there are quite sufficient marks and evidences to indicate whose they are; but there is a confusedness in the work which rather perplexes the mind. We believe these persons to be children of God; but they are not, as the psalmist expresses it, like "plants grown up in their youth," of which we can trace the steady progress from one stage of the spiritual life to another.

We believe that in our brother's case there was a definiteness of experience, though perhaps lacking the strong features to be found in a John Bunyan or William Huntington, a William Gadsby or a John Warburton. We trust this remark will not be considered one of disparagement. We are quite satisfied that the Holy Spirit makes no mistakes. He selects for a particular work the exactly proper individual, and gives him just precisely those experiences and teachings which shall qualify him for his own work. This particular work he shall thus accomplish, and God's people will own it too; for "wisdom is justified of all her children." We believe our dear brother was himself too wise and well instructed and sober minded not to see the character of his own experience; and therefore, in a letter to one of his friends, he writes: "I have not had your depths or heights." This may be set down to that sweet humility, so much displayed in some, especially of the earlier letters; but we think it ex-

pressed also a degree of truth, and certainly of what was felt to be such by him who penned the words.

How very instructive is that part of the Memoir in which we have the good hand of a covenant God providentially leading our brother to Ireland! How little could he divine the meaning of the Lord! How little did he expect to be thus brought into the furnace of affliction, and chosen there by God! How we can hardly help shedding tears of sympathy when he describes himself as wetting the pommel of his saddle with tears of mingled natural grief and spiritual conviction! How this, too, answers to the experiences of the dear children of God! What blighted hopes, what providential trials, what beds of sickness, and all that God might thus draw us aside and talk with us as without the city. At this time our brother considers the work began upon his soul. We dare not dispute this; but in reading the account, we could not help wondering whether the grain of mustard seed was not dropped into the ground when (page 13), walking in Burley Woods, he read, with such evident appreciation of their beauty and truthfulness, the hymns of Mr. Hart. We believe that it is not always clearly discerned, even by the receiver of the divine principle of grace, when that seed of immortal life is first sown; but whether the work began in Burley Woods or the solitudes of Ireland, we find it in the latter place beginning to make itself manifest, and amidst afflictions, under the fostering hand of God, to declare itself.

We can a little enter into the feelings of the Fellow of Worcester College, when he sat as a sparrow alone upon the housetop amidst his former companions,—with them, but no longer of them,—having meat to eat they knew not of, and pains and struggles within with which they could not sympathize. Cold looks and passing sneers, but a joy at times coming from God, a power upholding, and enabling to hold on in spite of all. It is at this point we should have liked a fuller discovery afforded us of the secret transactions between God and the soul, because shortly we find such a remarkable degree of boldness and authority in divine things manifested in the pages of the Memoir relating to his ministry at Stadhampton and the letters to Mrs. Rackham. We cannot help conjecturing that the Lord granted him in his trials, at the time of leaving Oxford, sweet intimations of his love; but at the same time we feel that there was, perhaps, a little of the premature growth, a little of the harvest before winter, reversing the title of his own publication, about his zeal, and authoritative and assured way of writing. The assurance, accompanied with very great ignorance of ourselves, which we have in earlier days, and that which proceeds from maturer knowledge of divine things, repeated experiences of the Lord's goodness and love, and which can exist in spite of a profounder knowledge of how utterly lost we are in ourselves, are two very different things. Indeed, our brother himself, about the year 1831, according to his own account, began to have his eyes fur-

ther opened, and then there was a necessity for coming down from the previous high standing. But how interesting to trace this work, and to see so distinctly in our brother the common characteristics of a work of God on the soul. Already, too, we discern that honesty before God, that godly fear, that divine wisdom and intellectual power which afterwards were so blessedly manifested.

We now come to a very interesting period in the Memoir, when the work of grace was to be greatly deepened in the soul, and the weapon which afterwards cut so sharply was to be prepared for its work in the furnace of spiritual affliction. The commencement seems to have been in the year 1831, when laid aside by sickness upon a bed of affliction, and very possibly, as it appeared, of death. Then the balances were used, and the weighing-up work went forward. The prospect of death caused the foundation of confidence to be well examined, and then the superficiality of the former religion, in many respects, was discovered. The chambers of imagery began to be opened, and the word continued henceforth to be, "Turn again, son of man." This was how the Lord made what man has styled the corruption preacher; but, as he himself described it in one of his excellent letters, God searched him, and he then began to search others. The candles were brought into his own heart that he might, as God's instrument, bring them into some of the darker and undisturbed corners of Jerusalem. What a change now comes over the tenor of the letters! This is observable in the very form of the commencing address. It is not now "Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God the Father and Jesus Christ *our* Lord;" but "Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you through the experimental, soul-humbling, soul-melting, soul-rejoicing knowledge of the gracious and living Immanuel." (Page 38.) Again on page 40: "Often do I seriously doubt whether I was ever converted at all, so much darkness, corruption, and infidelity do I find in myself. And as to the ministry, I feel myself more and more unfit for it, as having so little light, life, and power in my own soul, and knowing so little how to deal with the souls of the heaven-taught family." Then (page 42):

"I have been kept from writing to you sometimes from occupation, sometimes from sloth, and sometimes from the feeling that I could write nothing profitable. Every day, indeed, I seem to see more and more that I have little or no grace. And at these times, when I can draw to the throne of grace and ask the Lord to work in and upon my soul, I seem to have less grace than ever. At such times, and I have been occasionally favoured with a little earnestness, I feel everything in me so shallow, so unreal, so little like the mighty work of the Spirit on the soul. The fountains of the great deep are not broken up, and all my religion seems to consist in a little natural light, just as I know any point of history or language. These are my best seasons, at least in private, when, feeling I have no grace or religion, I ask the Lord to work on my soul. At other times, what with the workings of infidelity, unbelief, carelessness, pride, evil temper, and conceit, with all the silly, foolish, filthy, lustful imaginations which crowd in one upon another,

my soul seems like the great deep, 'without form and void' (in the original, 'confusion and emptiness'), before the word of God said, 'Let there be light.' In my ministry, if I am shut up and cannot come forth, I care more for my own failure than the want of profit to the people. And if I am favoured with a little liberty, my proud heart takes all the glory, and gives none to God. So that what can you expect profitable to read from so silly and graceless, so earthly and carnal, a creature as I am? When I am in my right mind I would gladly feel something—law or gospel, conviction or consolations, cries or praises; anything of God would seem better than my present dark, blind, earthly, graceless state. I feel I shall run on so to perdition, unless sovereign grace interpose, and lift me up out of this fearful state. And yet at times only do I feel this, and at other times am as careless as if all was a fable from beginning to end. And then infidelity, with all its subtle doubts and questions, will creep in, and turn my prayers into mockeries. Your heart, I dare say, will echo all this; but what evidence is that to me? I shall perish in my carnal state unless sovereign grace step in; and from that nothing can shake me. But I will not detail any more of my complaints. Only picture to yourself the proudest, hardest, most unbelieving and carnal person you can, and you have my picture."

We see here the soul going deeper and deeper into self-acquaintance; but though for the most part feeling its dullness, deadness and vileness, at times crying out for the Lord with fervent and inexpressible longings. Now the honest soul cannot help speaking as it feels, so that in another letter to a friend he writes, "I am on the dark side of things, and more for confusion, guilt, and bondage, than liberty, assurance, and freedom. Not that I object to the *realities* of the latter, but to their counterfeits, so universally current."

We seem to discover, at this period of our friend's experience, the intelligent and admiring reader of Mr. Huntington's works. He commends them to his friends, and refers to them with evident admiration. Thus (page 71), in his letter of advice to the Allington friends: "Let them hear Huntington or Webster, I believe they will hear no such preaching as the former, let them go where they will." "The immortal Coalheaver" was a frequent form of expression in after years, and (page 83) in the excellent portraiture of his inward conflict, how we are reminded of the lively resembling writing of Huntington as in his praise of the Bible. We cannot forbear giving an extract from this letter to Mr. Parry; it is so admirable, and suited to the feelings of the living, exercised soul:

"I love it, I hate it; I want to be delivered from the power of it, and yet am not satisfied without drinking down its poisoned sweets. It is my hourly companion and my daily curse, the breath of my mouth and the cause of my groans, my incentive to prayer and my hinderer of it, that made a Saviour suffer and makes a Saviour precious, that spoils every pleasure and adds a sting to every pain, that fits a soul for heaven and ripens a soul for hell. Friend Joseph, canst thou make out my riddle? 'Is thy heart as my heart?' said one of old. 'Then come up into my chariot.' We shall quarrel by the way unless 'as in water face answereth to face, so does the heart of man to man.' Black men will not form a good regiment with white ones, and clean hands will not do to show

dirty hands with. I believe I shall never live and die a Pharisee. I must come in amongst the sinners, the ragged regiments of adulterous Davids, idolatrous Manassehs, swearing Peters, persecuting Sauls, fornicating Corinthians, railing thieves, and self-abhorring publicans. Pardon, to the innocent, is a word of six letters—and that is all. Redemption, to the self-saved, is a Bible term—no more; and some of them say it is a universal term, and others a particular term; and the one quotes an Arminian, and the other a Calvinistic text, and with these sticks they belabour one another's heads; whilst a lost, sin-bitten, bulrush, howling, half-desperate, ditch-plunged, black-hearted wretch, up to the neck in guilt, cries for its individual application as his only remedy and only hope.

"I at times quite despair of salvation, and then again am as careless as if hell had no wrath, and heaven no love; as if sin had no wormwood, and pardon no sweet; as if there were no God to mark evil, and no devil to tempt to it. So my friend you must not expect to find your winter fireside companion much grown in progressive sanctification and creature holiness."

We are afraid some friend, jealous of our dear brother's reputation, will here be inclined to find fault with the Reviewer, and say, "Are you not making out Mr. Philpot a plagiarist?" We believe not in the least. Mr. Huntington was a master in Israel, deeply taught in the things of God, and marvellously gifted as to the expression of them. Such a writer must have an influence upon a mind like Mr. Philpot's, so intelligent, and a conscience so tender and God-fearing. Hence, he was sure to be, in some degree, moulded under the instrumental hand of a teacher like Mr. Huntington. But then he never in the least lost his own individuality; as an old author says, the grass was not returned as grass, but as flesh, and fat, and wool. We believe that some less original minds than our friend's almost lost their own identity, absorbed by that of Mr. Huntington; at least, so it has seemed to us from their writings; but our friend's mind was far too powerful to thus lose itself in that of another. It is one thing to merely be a reproducer of the thoughts of others; it is quite another to feed upon, and digest, and profit by them, so that they become a part of our own spiritual being, influencing but not slavishly ruling it.

But to return. How admirably did this deep work of self-discovery, which was being carried on in our brother's heart, adapt him for his work amongst the churches! It has been well said that the Reformation was wrought out in the bosom of Martin Luther. So a minister's work without is first carried on within. He is to others what God makes him, and as God makes him by an inward teaching and divine experience. O how God is all in all in this matter! In these places of self-discovery, natural and fleshly religion must be burnt up; for beauty there will be ashes, that in due time these ashes may be exchanged for a more true and spiritual beauty. In these circumstances the man who is to be instrumental in making a clear line of division between the true and the false in profession, and separating chaff from wheat, is himself separated from his own fleshly self unto the living and true God. Here creature power and fleshly re-

ligion, with its false holiness and fancied merits, dies away in the man's own soul; the Spirit of the Lord breathes upon the grass and the flower of it, and it fades away; and now the man cannot urge that upon another which he finds impossible in himself, or imply in his ministry that poor fallen human nature can do anything to recover itself from the dreadful condition in which it is. But now, as the man becomes the real Calvinist, to use a term, or real believer in free grace, he becomes also the man suited to "feed the flock of slaughter." The bands are broken between him and the fleshly generation of natural professors (Zech. xi.); but the poor of the flock that wait upon God, and depend upon him, know that this is the word of the Lord. We believe, then, that this deep plunging into the depths of his own corrupt nature, so characteristic of the present stage of his experience, was invaluable to our friend, both as a Christian and a minister, and therefore invaluable to the church of God.

Let us take a further view of our brother at this period, as we have it afforded in his own letters, discovering to us the inward conflict and battle with sin. "I am daily more and more sensible of the desperate wickedness of my deceitful heart, and my miserable ruined state by nature and by practice. I feel utterly unworthy of the name of a Christian, and to be ranked among the followers of the Lamb." "I cannot but confess that I have a dreadfully corrupt old man, a strange compound, a sad motley mixture of all the most hateful and abominable vices, that rise up within me and face me at every turn." (Page 52.) "I have not found many sinners at —; they talk about trials and deliverances, but so few seem to have had a battle with sin, or to know what a giant he is. All seem to have buried him, and preached his funeral sermon, and, like giant Pope and giant Pagan, he seems only able to grin at the pilgrims, and abide in his cave; but he and I cannot keep so far asunder." "I like one of the friends here, but it is young days with him, and he and giant Sin have not fought many battles." (Page 80.) "Tekel and Ichabod have been written in my conscience upon scores of things set up by hundreds for religion. I cannot build up the things that I have destroyed, lest I make myself a transgressor; and thus naked, empty, and bare of creature religion, *human faith*, fleshly righteousness, and outside sanctification, I stand often in my feelings devoid of religion altogether."

We have made these copious extracts, in reference to this deepening work of self-discovery, which now went on in our brother's heart, because we believe it is the grand explanation of the character of his ministry, and, to our mind, beautifully displays the wisdom of God in thus fitting him for his work. Besides, here we believe is the grand deficiency in many who are preachers and professors. There is apparent life without a corresponding degree of death. It is not life out of death; the new man rising up out of the sepulchre of the old; the true beauty of the risen spiritual life coming forth from the ashes. It has not



the cross of inward discovery of the deadly plague of indwelling sin upon it. The mark of Paul is sadly wanting: "We which live are alway delivered unto death, for Jesu's sake." Death without any rising in faith and hope, together with Jesus, is to be found in some; life without any death with Jesus is to be found in others; a due mixture of dying and living is found only in those who, like the subject of this Memoir, are under the teachings and powerful workings of the Spirit of God. Our friend himself has indeed illustrated these things, or the twofold experiences of a truly God-taught person, in a letter to Mr. Tuckwell, in page 149, to which we must refer our readers.

(To be continued.)

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## Obituary.

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JOHN WILLIAMS.—Mr. Williams attended both services at Gower Street chapel, on Sunday, July 16th, and died on the following Friday afternoon, aged 63.

On Sunday night he said that his poor frail tabernacle was fast breaking down. That night he heard Mr. Freeman preach from Ps. cxix. 16: "Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live; and let me not be ashamed of my hope." Mr. W. was much refreshed and comforted by the discourse, and said, "This will do to live by and to die by." On the Tuesday following, the disease with which he was attacked began to make rapid progress. On the following Thursday evening I received a short note from him which I here insert, as it is so characteristic of the man:

"Except those whom nature cannot cast out, I want none around my dying bed but the quickened, law-wrecked, manifest-pardoned, Satan-hunted children of God. Pray come and see a poor sinner in a dying state.

"Yours in love,

"J. WILLIAMS."

I immediately went, and found him extremely ill and in great pain. But he seemed to gather up all his strength as he sat up in bed, and in a clear full voice said, "I am glad you are come. I wanted to see you to tell you of the glorious power, grace, and love of our Lord Jesus Christ. O that I had all the election of grace around my bed at this time, to set forth before them the glories of Emanuel: O! I have had a fearful combat! The powers of darkness seemed let loose upon me. O what fiery darts were shot into my poor soul! But, glory be to his precious name, two days ago the Lord spoke again those words to my heart which were so blessed to me 30 years ago, when I was in deep distress: "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto you, but my Father which is in heaven." O what a change I felt! The assurance, joy, peace, and praise which filled my soul were greater than I experienced at that memorable time, or at any time since. All my darkness and misery fled in a moment, and perfect peace flowed like a river into my soul. Now I am waiting for the end;

I am longing to go to be with Christ. O! I have a blessed assurance! Not the shadow of a doubt! I want no presumptuous assurance. I value not that assurance that is not obtained in the *battle-field*. Such an assurance will not stand the trial. An abstract Christ will not do for me. It must be a vital union with the Person of Christ, a manifest Christ to my soul, a living by faith upon his precious Person. Ah! There is a great difference between the Person of Christ and our graces derived from him. We must live upon *Him*, and not upon our graces. Give my love to all my friends. Tell them at Gower Street that I die in the sweetest, closest union with all that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and in truth. Ah! There is a church within a church. If any in the world have injured me, I freely forgive them." I said to him, "That is because Christ has so freely forgiven you." He replied, "Ah! That's it! I shall enter heaven as one of the vilest and basest of the family of God." Thus he went on in a continuous discourse, intermingled with praises to his Lord with a calm intelligent energy, saying much more than I can now distinctly recall to mind; but thus much I clearly remember.

Seeing him much exhausted, I pressed him to cease awhile. He then desired me to read Jno. xvii., and said, "That verse has been precious to me: 'Father, I will that all those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.'" When I had read the chapter, he said, "Now offer up prayers for me. But I have one thing to request of you; that is, don't ask the Lord to restore me. Ask him to give me a little ease from my pain, to cut his work short, and take me home." After I had prayed, he also prayed in broken accents, appearing in great pain. He said, "Lord, let me not dishonour thee. Blessed Lord Jesus, thou knowest every throbbing pain in my poor body. Lord, be with me to the end." When he had ceased praying, seeing him quite exhausted, I took, as I then felt assured, my final leave of him in this world, saying, "May God Almighty be your safeguard. May Christ, as a Shepherd, accompany you through the valley of the shadow of death." He replied, "Amen."

Next morning, Friday, the day on which he died, Mrs. Greenway and her daughter saw him. To them he said that scripture had been precious to him: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." It was with difficulty he could speak; but he was calm and collected; full of peace and joyful anticipation of seeing his Lord. He said, "This is *no fancy*; this is *no excitement*;" and he expressed a wish that if Mr. Hemington or any other minister spoke over his remains, they would not speak of "poor Williams," but of his glorious Lord, of true gospel assurance, and of the sealing of the Spirit.

A friend, Miss Hall, from Gower Street chapel, saw him later in the day. He spoke to her of the "ineffable peace" he was enjoying, and said it exceeded all he had ever before experienced. But it was with great difficulty he could now converse.

During the few hours immediately preceding his death, he was much engaged in mental prayer, and longed to depart. About 5 o'clock he suddenly became worse, gently bowed his head, and his released spirit mounted up to his much-loved and extolled Lord Jesus Christ.

July 24th, 1871.

BENJ. ANGEL.

Mr. Williams's dying expression reminded me of a letter he wrote to me on Feb. 3rd of the present year, accompanied with a few lines of poetry. I think I shall not do wrong to give an extract from the letter and a copy of the verses:

"I was one with you in that holy, childlike, reverential, contrite assurance, better felt than described, and which is as distinct from that arrogant, self-wrought, Satanic, deluded confidence, as heaven is from hell. I am quite sure that right assurance has in it the spirit of victory. What a fool the warrior would be thought who shouted victory, who had never been in battle and never knew feelingly what wounds and death meant. Ah! Christian fellow soldier! I find indeed that 'true religion is no plaything,' as that veteran in tribulation, Mr. Bourne, found it. Captivities and deaths oft are appointed me. But O! How many times have I blessed the Lord the Spirit for the manner in which he has written his soul-saving truths; this, for instance, 'Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at last.' Those who have realities burnt into them by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, will never have them burnt out by their enemies. The enclosed verses were written after the Lord had fulfilled the latter part of his word about poor Gad, in my own soul this morning; or they never would have been written at all. I know our friend knows both sides—defeat and victory. The Lamb and his blood, with the bitter herbs, he will never get tired of. And I know another in Israel who loves it right well. May you all be partakers of that precious word this evening (a few friends who had met together), 'Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father which is in heaven.'"—JOHN WILLIAMS.

GOOD night to death! I hear my marriage bell;  
I hear the shouts of victory above;  
They are ringing out thy everlasting knell;  
They are ringing out Christ's everlasting love.

Good night to pain! No more the aching head;  
No more sad panting of the labouring breath;  
No more the palsied feelings, cold and dead;  
No more the tremblings of approaching death.

Good night to cries! No tears can enter there;  
No sorrow, sighs, or groans are found within;  
Its cloudless sky undimm'd by one sad tear,  
Its golden streets unstain'd by one dark sin.

Good night to helmet, breast-plate, shield, and sword!  
Good night to Satan and the powers of sin!  
No need for armour when my glorious Lord  
From every enemy shall shut me in.

Good night to earth, with all its gilded toys!  
Christ tore the mask from off its painted brow;  
Points to his own immortal endless joys;  
And gives the earnest of them even now.

Good night to self, the bitterest foe of all!  
 This is the crown, the crowning act of grace.  
 This vile body for ever to let fall,  
 Never again to see Delilah's face.

Good night to loving friends in Christ our Lord!  
 We part a space; we part to meet again.  
 Hear the sweet music of his precious word—  
 We suffer with him, with him we shall reign!

Good night to all! My coronation day!  
 No wrath, no anger, not a single frown;  
 Christ on his bosom bears my soul away;  
 I lose his cross to grasp his blood-bought crown.

This piece is enlarged and somewhat altered in Mr. Williams's book just published, "A Paraphrase of the Pilgrim's Progress." I give it as he sent it to me. B. A.

ROSEANNA SMITH.—On Jan. 23rd, 1871, at Bishops Cannings, Wilts, Roseanna Smith, for 17 years a member of the church at Allington, aged 44.

About 17 years before her death she went in a most dejected state of soul to the old Baptist chapel, Devizes, to hear the late Mr. Philpot. While there she was favoured with a very blessed testimony of the Lord Jesus dying for her sins. She heard with great delight, and went home very happy. This she told me on her dying bed; but, as is often the case with others, as time passed on, her love grew cold, and she was much concerned about the things of time, though she was often reproved in hearing the various servants of the Lord at Allington.

But she was not to remain at ease long. The Lord was pleased to afflict her with tumour for 10 years. In the former part of her affliction she used to sleep much, even under the word preached by Mr. P. and others that she was once all eyes to see and ears to hear.

For some years before her death she could not attend the house of prayer; but truly it may be said the Lord attended her, and proved he was an everywhere present help in time of need. The Lord was pleased to try her by hiding his face from her, and she was left to call every part of her experience into question. As her affliction increased for a long time, her fears increased as to how she should stand the trying hour. Many times she paused, and asked her soul the solemn question, "Art thou ready to meet God?" but was obliged at all times to come to the conclusion, "Unless Jesus smiles upon me, I cannot look the monster in the face. When thou hidest thy face, I am troubled. My soul is bowed down; I cannot look up." This was her state; doubts and fears alternately rising; but a little comfort being mingled with her sighs.

About three weeks before she died, the Lord appeared and blessed her soul, and took away her fears. I went to see her. She told me how the Lord had blessed her. The world was gone. She

could leave child and husband, and could tell the poor of the flock she had found him whom her soul loved, and tried to assure poor, fearing, trembling ones they would find him too, when they came to the place where she was. She said, "I was once tried as you are. How I feared death; but it is not death to die. Mine will be the death of a sinner saved by grace, and so made a saint. I only want patience to wait my appointed time. I do not think I shall ever doubt any more." I said I feared she might; but she did not. Her faith was granted to the end, and it was truly blessed to hear her proclaim the joys her soul, now in the article of death, knew and felt.

I continued to visit her till a short time before her death, and it was good to be with her and hear her speak of that bliss her soul was so favoured to enjoy.

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

About an hour before her death, she repeated the following lines:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away."

She then said hymn 100 was hers:

"Jesus, with all thy saints above," &c.

She then put her hands together, and said, three times, "O Heaven! How sweet!" and breathed her last, entering that rest which will truly make amends for all the sufferings of the saints of the Lord.

I have felt constrained to write the above account, for the encouragement of the tried and afflicted who may read it.

Allington.

E. PORTER.

MARGARET COLLINGE.—On Aug. 6th, 1871, aged 46, Margaret Collinge, a member of the church of Christ at Rochdale Road, Manchester.

She had been very poorly for a long time, having a poor weak body; and, combined with this, she was one of those whom the apostle Paul describes as "being through fear of death all their lifetime subject to bondage." She was blest some years since with a full deliverance; but afterwards left to sink almost in despair. To the honour of him who began the good work, he again blessedly manifested himself to her nine days before her death by applying to her heart Ps. ciii. 14: "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." This completely resigned her to the Lord's will, either for life or death. It was a long affliction, and she was often told that the Lord would appear for her; but she derived no comfort till the Lord did appear. When he came, she often said, "It is all right." On one occasion she said, "What it is to be separated from a husband and four children, none can tell but those who come to prove it."

She has often told me that the first time she felt concerned

about her soul was when the late Mr. Gadsby was speaking to the children of the Sunday school, when she was only 12 years of age. The word which Mr. G. dwelt on was "Eternity!" And often afterwards was that blessed man's ministry made useful to her, especially when describing the Spirit's work in a sinner's heart. But the Lord's ministers each have their own work to perform. She was very much helped under Mr. Gadsby's ministry until the time of his death, which was a great loss, and his memory was sweet to her. Mr. Taylor's preaching was also a great help to her.

Her first real gospel deliverance was under Mr. Collinge, while preaching from Luke xii. 32. For a fortnight afterwards she was blessed indeed, and then again she was desponding, until the Lord laid her on a bed of affliction, and once more set her soul at liberty by applying Ps. xxxii. 1, 2.

The last hymn she spoke of not long before her death is in "Gadsby's Selection," 284.

JAMES COLLINGE.

WILLIAM FREEMAN.—On Oct. 11th, of bronchitis, after five days' illness, at Brighton, Mr. William Freeman, minister of the gospel, aged 57.

He had been preaching for five consecutive days before he was taken ill, though he always had bronchitic symptoms. He was engaged to supply at Galeed, Brighton, Oct. 1st and 8th, and on the morning of Oct. 1st preached what is called a funeral sermon, from Rev. xiv. 13, for our friend, Mr. Joseph Banfield. In the evening he preached from Jno. vi. 56, 57, and administered the Lord's supper. Many of the friends felt it good to be there. On Monday evening he preached from Ps. cxix. 107; and again many of the friends felt it to be a good time. He seemed to be truly in the Spirit. On the following Tuesday evening he preached at Skayne's Hill, on Wednesday at Handcross anniversary, and on Thursday evening at Ripe, where it appears he took cold, and on his return to Mrs. Grace's, at Brighton, on Friday, was seized with cold shivers, and became somewhat delirious. Then followed a heavy attack of bronchitis, from which he never rallied, but gradually sank, and died at Mrs. Grace's, on Wednesday, the 11th.

He was blessed with sweet peace in his soul all through his illness, and said it was the sweetest affliction he ever had.

To a friend who was with him on Sunday morning (8th) and about to leave for the chapel, he said, "I have had a sweet time with the Lord this morning. Give my love to the friends, and tell them 'I feel as *full of peace* as I can hold.' Good-bye. May the Lord bless you."

In the evening he spoke of feeling restless, and then referred the friend to the blessing he had had in the morning.

On Monday, the 9th, he spoke of the disappointment it was to him being unable to attend the anniversary at Ebenezer Chapel,

Tunbridge, which was to take place the following day, where he had hoped to meet several of his brother ministers. A friend said to him, "You have fought the good fight together." He replied, "Yes, *shoulder to shoulder*." The same day Mr. Littleton called to see him, and remained with him as long as he could. He then seemed to be in a sweet state of mind.

The final change appeared to take place about 11 o'clock, A.M., on the 10th. Mrs. Freeman, who had arrived on the 6th, went down for Mrs. Grace, who kindly went with her up stairs. On being told some of the friends had sent their love to him, he replied, "I appreciate it very much;" and he then spoke of feeling more sweet peace in this affliction than in any other he had ever passed through, and that he could say, "Sweet affliction!" Mrs. F. asked him if he had any trouble on his mind. He replied, "O no! No darkness! All is sweet peace!"

A friend said to him, "The things you have preached will do to die by; will they not?" He replied, "I believe they will." "Then," said the friend, "you are not afraid to venture into the river with such a religion?" In a firm tone of voice he replied, "No, I am not;" and sweet peace beamed in his countenance. He then quoted some lines; but we could not catch all he said, but two of them were as follow:

"And leap in the fulness of joy  
On the wings of unutterable love."

And again: "I have been

"Encompassed with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign;"

but now

"I pant for the light of his face,  
That I in his glory may shine."

He was buried on the 14th, at the Extramural Cemetery, Brighton, followed by his family, several ministers, the deacons of Galeed, and numerous friends. Mr. Hull, of Hastings, and Mr. Bourne, of Deptford, officiated. One of our friends kindly paid all the funeral expenses, and yesterday we announced that our boxes at the chapel doors were open for a collection on behalf of his bereaved widow and family, and we obtained nearly £30, which we hope to increase. Mr. Covell suggested that we should send a statement to other churches what we had done, hoping they would aid us in our undertaking to raise a little fund for the widow; and he (Mr. C.) thought it would be best for such collections and subscriptions to be sent to our treasurer, Mr. D. T. Combridge, 26, Western Road, Hove, Brighton, to concentrate all gatherings into one fund. However, we wish to leave this to you and the numerous friends and churches, feeling assured you will use every consistent effort on her behalf.

EDWARD STENNING.

[Our invariable rule has been not to insert cases of private subscriptions on the cover of our magazine; and, though strongly tempted to do so, we feel that we dare not depart from that rule on the present occasion. We may, however, say that the widow is left entirely destitute.]

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1871.

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

THE POWER OF GOD.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT CRANBROOK, JUNE 4TH, 1871,  
BY MR. SMART.

"That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."—1 Cor. i. 31.

THE apostle says in this chapter, by the Holy Ghost, that the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto them that are called it is the power of God. Some are to be lost, some to be saved. What is likely to become of *us*? I have been thinking much in the past week of the awful consequences of sin. Nothing could atone for it but God in our nature. He must die in our law-place, room, and stead. He must suffer the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. He must satisfy divine justice, endure the curse of the law, pour out his heart's blood, and his soul unto death, before you and I could obtain eternal redemption. It is a solemn thing to think about; and if you are taught of God, the matters of eternity will be solemn things to your soul. If Christ had not been delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification, how would it have been possible to escape the damnation of hell? What a solemn thought!

The prophet, speaking by the Holy Ghost, says, "The sinners in Zion are afraid." (He says nothing about the poor carnal world that does not meddle with religion.) "Fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites." Think of that, white-washed Pharisees! As Bunyan says, "God will damn hypocrites because they are hypocrites." You may deceive yourselves and your fellow-mortals, but not God. If you expect to go to heaven, you must not expect to have the best of it here. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" See what the Lamb of God suffered, see what transgressors have to suffer, and then think of sin. What a hateful, abominable, and damnable thing it is, and yet where do you find many people afraid of sin, troubled because they have sinned against God, and exposed themselves to his wrath? You can hardly find a professor afraid of sin; and yet none can make atonement for sin, but God in our nature; and if that atonement be not extended to thee, thou must perish. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?"



I have been surprised again and again how God in his word sets forth the effects and fruits of the fall; and it is no small mercy to be brought to feel the truth of it. I want to know how we can do without His blood, to be delivered from it. The groundwork of all false religion is self-ignorance, or ignorance of self. For 45 years I have known myself as a sinner; and how can such a poor sinner do without salvation by Christ? For "the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us that are saved it is the power of God." Man's proud nature looks upon Christ crucified as the low, despised mystery of a crucified man, but unto you, his saints, it is given to believe in Christ. You know the mystery of iniquity, and how can you get along without the mystery of godliness? You deeply feel the fall, and how can you do without the fountain? If you can, I cannot. "Unto you it is given;" and if it is given to thee to know the mystery of iniquity, God designs to open up to thee the mystery of godliness, "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." I say, Man, know thyself. If you know nothing of sin, you may be deceived by the father of lies. I tell thee, the living soul will hunger for the bread of life, will long for Christ; and "he satisfieth the longing soul."

Reprobation implies to be passed by of God; and what a miracle that he has not left thee in thy sins. It is not that thou art any better than those that go into hell: "What have we that we have not received?"

"The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness." What foolishness they set up instead of it. Look at their worship. What lies, what mocking of God! And yet they fancy this is the way to glory. I tell thee, sinner, that there is nothing so unreasonable as God's way of saving sinners. Reason says we should do our best, and to turn the scale in our favour there is Jesus Christ. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." But that will not do for a man that hath his eyes opened; you cannot wrap him up in such nonsense. "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness;" and the worst of it is that you and I should have a reasoning mind to side with the devil and with lies. There is the misery of it. You look at it. "One shall be taken and the other left." "Why," says the man, "I won't believe that, that one shall be chosen before the foundation of the world, and the other left." I tell thee, nothing can truly bring thee to the place of stopping of mouths but to feel the fall. Then it will appear a wonder that God should adopt any, and especially a monster like thee; but reason will cavil while ignorant of the fall. Sinner, come to the place of stopping of mouths, if so be there may be hope. Come into that place where nothing can reach thee but the blood of the Lamb; no salvation but by the degradation, death, and suffering of God in our nature; no other escape from hell; no other admittance into heaven. Nothing but Christ

cursed in our stead, and he our Righteousness, and he our Advocate above, can save from hell and bring thee to heaven. Bold reason; Martin Luther said you must dash its brains out; but no sinner can do that. I believe the stronger the faith in the incarnate mystery, the more the devil and reason will oppose it. You may have it in your judgment, and what does the devil care? But a grain of faith in the Son of God, and the devil will oppose it. It does bring such cloudy days to have reason cavil at God's eternal truth. "What!" say you. "To be washed by another, to shine forth in borrowed robes? What! To have all my good deeds go for nothing, and no way but by being washed in the blood of Immanuel?" O sinner, you must be taught of God if ever you believe in these things savingly; and carnal reason will oppose it; but "grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

Now in few words. There were two disciples going to Emmaus, and they talked together, reasoned, and were sad. (And if ever a believer begins to reason and cavil it will make him sad; it will indeed.) What did that sadness prove? It proved the love of God, it proved union to the Lamb, because they feared their hope was removed. Reason stumbled, and it made them sad. They were loth to let Jesus go. How often reason makes you and me sad. Tom Paine was an infidel. What he went into hell with, you and I are grieved about. Now look here,—one wallowing in it, and in hell, and you and I grieve about it. Why? Because we are loth to let him go. Reason says, "Is it likely that God saves sinners alone by Jesus Christ? Is it likely that the Babe of Bethlehem is the Son of God?" And then we are sad. "To whom shall we go? For thou hast the words of eternal life." And how often it comes into the mind that religion is all a fudge; and thus reason will get thee to look at the infirmities of the saints. And so, poor sinner, when reason gets the better of thee, and baffles thy faith, it makes thee sad. That is the time for Jesus to join thee. He wanted to know what the two disciples were talking about; and they said, "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people; and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him; but we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel; and besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done." "We trusted it should have been he that should have redeemed Israel;" but now their hope seemed rooted up. Jesus says, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken; ought not Christ to have suffered?" If he had not suffered, where had we been? And then he begins to open the things concerning himself. What did that do? It kindled love and union and fellowship to the Redeemer of men, and they said, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" Have not you and I had the heartburn? Miserable one minute, and happy

in Christ the next? And then they were loth to let him go. "He vanished." How he will sometimes appear and refresh us as he does not the world, and by and by he vanishes. We can only see him as he anoints our eyes with eye-salve. What a mercy to know these things.

O, sinners, sinners! "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness;" and it will be foolishness to thy reason, and the devil will tell thee many lies about it. "But to them that are saved it is the power of God." And you may depend upon it, people that know the power of unbelief and temptation, know something of the power of God, and I will defy them to deny it.

"Unto them that are called it is the power of God." Have not you and I been wretched and miserable, with everything dark around us, and ere we were aware hath he not made our souls like the chariots of Amminadib?

Look again at the two disciples. What a pitiful tale they tell! But Jesus comes, and as he preaches, faith in their soul embraces what he preaches, and by and by they would have held him and not let "him go;" but "he vanished."

O, sinner, sinner! "Twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." All saving religion begins in the power of God, is maintained by the power of God, and the soul is landed in heaven by the power of God; and nothing is done in thy soul savingly but by the power of God. "I give unto my sheep eternal life." And, as Hart says,

"Though damp'd, it never dies."

Reason,—what can you do with this? "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful. He cannot deny himself." These words once turned my captivity. Let God put forth power, and it will revive every grace; and nothing short of the mighty power of God can ever quicken thee; and amidst all the hurricanes and terrors, why, poor sinner, "having obtained help of God, you continue unto this day." And what have you to say? Why, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Think of the power of God, that he should quicken thee when dead. Nothing but his power could ever have convinced thee of sin, and where God puts thee thou canst not get away from it. You could not make me believe that I am anything but what God sets forth in his word. The fact of what I am is burnt into my soul. And O, sinner, think of it; what but the power of God could make thee long, pant, sigh for the blood and righteousness of the Son of God?

My object is to encourage living sinners. Can you pant for him and desire to know him without the power of God? "No man can quicken or keep alive his own soul." And the most blessed, most established Christian in the world, the most established in the truth, knows this: "Without me ye can do nothing." You cannot set your souls panting after him without his power;

and when he puts forth his power you cannot help yourselves. If I could come to the point that there is nothing in religion, I would never preach again. Once I almost came to that point. Well, do you know, when I could see nothing, and believe nothing, and almost came to the point that I was an infidel, you cannot think how the blessed Spirit revived his work in my soul, and I felt such longings as I do not often feel; and I said, "Devil, there is a God, and I am born of God." But what is the use of my talking to you unless God apply it? "Twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." What can we do without it? What God does he will have the glory of.

Poor sinner, dost thou know anything about being saved? It will be a horrible thing to be lost. Is it from time to time thy prayer, couched in a sigh, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation?"

"Unto them which are called it is the power of God." When it pleased God first to reveal his Son in me, I felt in a ready-to-perish state. I now deeply feel the fall, and that is why you hear so much about it; and the most powerful thing that has ever rejoiced my soul has been God revealing his dear Son in me. Thanks be to God for Jesus Christ, and for power to believe in the atoning blood of his dear Son.

"Well," say you, "after this, then, it is a great shame ever to doubt him again." I tell thee, I have been more ashamed of my unbelief than of anything else. I loathe and abhor myself more than a toad.

There is no perishing if you know anything spiritually of the power of God in saving you. You cannot desire the sincere milk of the word without the power of God; you cannot have strength in your jaws to take the breast without the power of God. All you can do without the power of God is a job of your own; and what does the devil care about that? There is no case so monstrous, so weak, as my case; and I have been sensible of it for 45 years, and cannot get away from it. I am thankful to be kept tender in word and deed among men, and I would rather die than bring reproach upon God's name; and yet to see the infamy that goes on in my heart; it is enough to shock any one. Seven years this month I had, but not for the first time, the blood savingly applied to my soul. What is it saves? Why, the extension of the atonement. Not that the atonement ever extends beyond the church; but it was extended to save a wretch like me.

But perhaps I had better leave it.

MAY we only think to be exempted from chastisements, whereof all God's children are partakers? And must God make a new way to heaven for us? Or, do we think it best for us to live here for ever, in ease, in plenty, and honour, and never see a change? No, surely it is in vain to think so. It becometh us betimes to prepare for crosses. None so strong, lively, and brisk now, but they shall shortly wither and decay. None hold their heads so high now, but they must shortly lay them down in the dust. We and our dearest relations must part.—*Bunyan*.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 459.)*

## CHAPTER II.

*Verse 17. "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 Bethel."*

He that is born again of God is born *for* God. The child of God is not his own. He is bought with the price of the blood of Christ, that he should be for him who died for him and lives again. Hence it is that the really living soul can never find any satisfying rest out of the Lord Jesus :

"His heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in thee."

All creatures have their proper rest; the new creature in Christ finds none short of the Lord Jesus Christ: "When I awake up after thy likeness," says the heaven-born David, "I shall be satisfied with it."

The words of the verse under consideration contain the same truth. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so the soul of the child of God is here represented as panting after God, the living, life-giving God in Jesus. The words contain four things:

1. The *night* and *shadows* which may still be on a child of God.
2. The *day* he expects.
3. The *hindrances* to peace and communion he now meets with.
4. The *remedy* and *relief* he looks for even now.

1. The *night* and *shadows*. During the Old Testament dispensation, no doubt, the time of the law, with its ceremonies and shadowy representations of gospel truths, would be as a night to the child of God. Not, indeed, to those taught of God, a night season without some light; but still, compared with the day of the New Testament, a kind of night, with moon and stars of promises and prophecies, but a time of comparative darkness. This period is called the "cloudy and dark day" in Ezekiel, and the Old Testament saints earnestly desired the first coming of Christ, which would be as the day-spring from on high visiting the benighted nations.

But in what respects can we who live in gospel times, with such a very full light of God's gracious truth shining in the word and even ministry upon us, speak of nights and shadows?

In the first place, then, there may still be a very *legal* night-time on the spirit, even though this gospel day is shining. If a man is of a legal spirit, the law remains in its authority as it respects him. (Rom. ix. 1.) He judges of himself according to that rule, and expects God to deal with him in accordance with it. And so far as the legal spirit, even if in some degree broken, prevails over a child of God, so far this night prevails; and as the legal spirit, being a part of the old nature, is never completely rooted out in this world, we see how even a Christian may,

at times, be greatly benighted in his soul. We know that "the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth;" therefore, if there is no faith in Christ, the Law-fulfiller, the law retains all its authority; and when there is little faith it retains much power, and can only be cast out by bringing into the conscience again and again the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus. Faith is the only victory over this legal night, the power of this darkness, since to faith only the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in his wings.

Again. There is a night of *sin*. Indeed, these two nights go together, though they may be distinguished; and the same faith which brings in Christ as the Law-fulfiller to remove the night of the law, brings in Christ the Sin-subduer to drive away the darkness of the night of sin. It should never be forgotten that this is the victory which overcometh the world in all respects, and as it regards everything pertaining to man's condition as first created under a covenant of works, even our faith. Every exercised soul will be sure to know more or less of this night of sin. He will too often find that the psalmist's confession must be his: "Iniquities prevail against me;" and he will readily own that when this is the case his iniquities separate between him and his God. If they prevail in their guilt, they separate from a just God; if in their filth, from a holy God; and if in their folly, from a wise God. The natural and inevitable tendency of sin, in its various forms, of everything contrary to the mind of God as revealed in his word and the pure truth as it is in Jesus, of all that grieves, therefore, the Holy Spirit of God, is to bring death and darkness upon the soul, and thus to plunge the child of God into a night season. Pride, covetousness, lust, worldliness, angry tempers, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness,—all these varied forms of sin, with unbelief their fruitful parent, will surely as they prevail bring a dark night upon the mind.

Again. There is a night of *temptation*. Satan's hands are not bound, and though he is chained from destroying, or carrying out the designs of his own wicked heart as he would desire, still permissively, as under the overruling power of the Lord Jesus, he goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. He has a ready access, as far as allowed, to our hearts as a tempter, both in a seducing and terrifying form; and seems to have a special capability of acting upon the imagination, presenting thereby to the soul seductive or terrifying fancies, according as he sees his opportunity for leading into sin, puffing up with pride, or driving into distraction and despair.

Now when Satan is allowed to have his own way in any great degree with the poor believer, let him before have been ever so well established or rejoicing, he will soon have to complain of a dark night, and use his Master's language: "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." Blasphemies against things sacred, yea, the most sacred, accusations of the fiercest or most plausible kind, questionings and disputings as to the truth itself, are

all injected, and with the force, too, of a devil; so no wonder they appear, at times, to overwhelm the soul.

“ Buts, ifs, and hows are hurl'd,  
To sink us with the gloom  
Of all that's dismal in this world  
And in the world to come.”

This, then, is another night the believer may have to pass through.

Again. There is a night of *persecution*. And though in the present day men are not allowed in this country to imprison and kill as formerly, still there may be a persecution of the tongue in slander, detraction, and blasphemy. “Say we not well thou hast a devil?” Or even a persecution of a legal kind as to property and temporal well-being which may constitute a very dark night to the soul.

Again, to be brief. There is a night of *temporal* and *circumstantial distress*; of poverty, sickness, loss of friends, which may sorely afflict the child of God, and make old Jacob's words expressive of his feelings: “Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.” Such, then, are some night seasons the true child of God, who has even been espoused in soul to Christ, may have to go through.

Indeed, in one sense, as compared with the world to come, the entire condition of the child of God below, the whole of the day of his vain life upon earth, whilst still subject to corruption and vanity (Rom. viii. 20–21), may well be styled a night season, and seems to be so here, though with a further regard to the various dark things we have mentioned.

As to the *shadows* which may be on the same person whilst in this world, we will only allude to those of *ignorance*, *partial knowledge*, and *error*, all of which more or less affect the mind during the present imperfect state. What child of God will not confess his extreme ignorance in the things of God? Surely he will take up Agur's confession, and cry, “I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.” His ignorance of God, his word, his law, his gospel, his Christ, will deeply, at times, trouble him, and cause him, too, to have some entrance into Paul's feelings when he wrote those words, expressive at once of his sense of ignorance, yet panting desire after the knowledge of Jesus: “That I may know him.”

Then, at best, how partial is our knowledge. “We see,” says Paul, “through a glass darkly; we know but in part. We walk by faith, not by sight;” and even faith is feeble. But in addition to this there is much of error, false conception of God, mistakes, vain imaginations exalting themselves against God and Christ. (2 Cor. x. 4, 5.) Our hearts are with the greatest difficulty subdued to truth, cast as in the gospel mould, and then with the same difficulty kept in the true gospel fashion. How seldom have our spirits that sweet mixture of “awe, delight, and shame” which would indicate their subjection to the blessed truth of God, not only in the notion, but the living light and power of it.

2. If such is the condition of a child of God whilst upon earth, what is his expectation as to the *future*? O, he has a glorious day coming:

"The day of glory bearing  
Its brightness far and near,  
The day of Christ's appearing  
I now no longer fear."

Thus he can sing, at times, when faith is in sweet exercise, and his evidences of an interest in Christ are made clear. This is a day with no shadows attending it, no night to follow it. As John tells us in Rev. xxii., "there is no night there;" and no shadows; for there we shall see Christ as he is, and be like him; and as David writes, "Christ shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." Christ has no clouds about him to those who shall see him as he is, "full of grace and truth." This is the true description of him, and so shall his people behold him in glory.

This is a day without sin. Our best days here below have more or less sin about them. We can never be or do as we would the things which we would: but up in heaven, as John writes, "his servants shall serve him." Sweet promise, sweetly suitable to a saint's present feelings. We now in our inmost spirits want to serve him; we cry unto him to make us be and do what is pleasing in his sight; but O how failing! But in heaven we *shall* serve him; God says it; *fully* serve him, *completely* serve him; serve him and only him, and to eternity. How the heart longs, at times, to put off this mortal and put on immortality, to have the name of God fully written upon the forehead, to change self for Jesus, death for life, hope for the enjoyment of what is in store for God's people.

"But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best;  
Whilst here to do his will be mine,  
And his to fix my time of rest."

This is a day without temptation. Satan can no more approach the happy citizen of heaven with his seducing or terrifying temptations. Then is fulfilled the sweet promise, "God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." The world, too, has been overcome and left behind, all its powers finally and eternally vanquished, and the happy victors stand upon the sea of glass mingled with fire, with harps of gold and palms of victory, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. They look down into those depths of trouble and temptation and fiery trial through which they have passed; they now stand above them all, and see how every trial has only tended to lift them as in Jesus up on high. Now the trials are over and the victory gained, and the fruits enjoyed, and they joy as men who after a victory divide the spoil.

This is a day which has no death to end it, no tears to mar it:

"For not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across the peaceful heart."

The soul has entered into the joy of the Lord; the body is raised



again after the likeness of Christ's glorified body, capable of entering in companionship with the soul into the joys and glories of heaven. "And they shall go no more out." Death is ended, all death swallowed up in the victory of Christ. God wipes away tears from off all faces. There are no sources of tears or of grief up in heaven. The glory of God in Christ fills every eye, the love of God in Christ fills every heart. O what is heaven, where all is peace, all is life, all is love, all is God; where Christ lives, and loves, and smiles, and his saints see him as he is, and fear no separation from him, but are fully satisfied when they have awakened up in his likeness! This is the day they even now expect; the hope of this day supports and cheers them in their pilgrimage. Now they have clouds and shadows and night seasons to distress them:

"It is of Christ they little know,  
And, ah! Still less enjoy."

But their day is coming. When the worldling and self-righteous man's day ends in a dark, dark night at the period of Christ's second coming, then the night season of all the saints shall end in a sweet and glorious day, and they shall see to eternity the goodness and glory of God in the land of the living.

3. We next come to the *hindrances* to communion and comfort the child of God now meets with, called here mountains of Bether, or division. These mountains represent things which seem to the soul not only to stand between it and Christ, but to be in the way of its going to Christ and apparently of Christ's coming to it. We will mention four:

i. In the first place, there are *legal* and *fleshly thoughts* about God. By *legal* I mean views of God as not only a just and holy God in the law, but as dealing with the sinner according to that justice and holiness; and this, of course, produces distance and apprehensions of wrath. By *fleshly*, I mean all views not in harmony with the sweet revelation of God in Christ by the gospel, wherein he is declared by the Spirit to be a God of free and full grace. "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Persons may be prevailed over by these legal and fleshly conceptions of God and Christ darkening the glory of his free grace, and standing between God and the soul as mountains of division.

ii. In the next place there are *unapplied notions of the doctrines of free grace*. We must explain what we mean by *unapplied notions*. The judgment may be settled as to the truth of the doctrines of grace, but the heart not correspondingly affected by the grace of the doctrines. Election may be fully recognized as a truth, but a man's own election entirely at an uncertainty; special redemption and the final perseverance of saints by the grace of God distinctly perceived to be agreeable to the word of God, and yet the man's own redemption and perseverance by no means sure to him. Under these circumstances, these great doctrines, instead of yielding comfort, may do just the reverse, and appear like so many

mountains of division in the way of the soul's approach to the Lord, and, therefore, of its peace and consolation. If the sweet grace of these doctrines is perceived and relished in the heart, then it is very different; they are full of strength and consolation.

“ Though God's elction is a truth,  
 Small comfort there I see,  
 Till I am told by God's own mouth  
 That he has chosen me.

“ Sinners, I read, are justified  
 By faith in Jesu's blood;  
 But when to me that blood's applied,  
 'Tis then it does me good.”

Thus unapplied notions may be like mountains of division.

iii. *Past sins* may appear like high mountains between the soul and God. These sins may be apprehended in two different ways by the sinner. He may see them as breaches of God's holy law and provocations of his anger, and may fear greatly that the anger of God will come upon him on account of them. Sin by the law is exceeding sinful, and also works in the conscience the fear of wrath. David cries, “ Remember not the sins of my youth and my transgressions.” He feared God's remembering these things in the way of dealing with him according to the due deserts of them. But a sinner may see even in a greater degree the evil and demerit of his sin, and may remember the sins of his youth and past follies, either before he was exercised about divine things or afterwards; but then all this may be so sweetly connected with a sense of mercy and pardoning blood that all fear of wrath is done away. The sin is remembered, but the guilt is removed, as it was in Paul: “ Which am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted;” but “ by the grace of God I am what I am.” So David at length sings, “ Who forgiveth all thine iniquities.”

Now, in the former case, sins are as mountains of division; in the latter, the mountains, according to the words of Israel, are melted in the blood of Christ and removed out of the way. (Isa. xxxiv. 3.)

iv. Present corruptions may be such mountains: “ Your iniquities”—inbred sins—“ have separated,” through their prevalence, “ between you and your God.” Every child of God learns that God is a holy God; “ our God is holy;” and he knows that as sin inwardly prevails it necessarily becomes as a barrier between him and his God. It must be so. God can have no fellowship with evil. Light cannot dwell with darkness; the one must expel the other. Either God removes sin, or sin excludes God. Of course, we know that faith, when in exercise, brings the sinner and God into union, though God is holy and sin remains in the sinner; but then it does this in a way of bringing the soul into a state of perfect righteousness and holiness as seen in Christ, and also as it produces a resisting, prevailing against, and overcoming his inbred corruptions. Thus Paul writes: “ The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free; there-

fore there is union and not separation. But now when worldliness, pride, covetousness, sloth, angry tempers, unjust feelings, or other forms of the flesh are prevalent, they surely bring in a distance between Christ and the soul; and unbelief strongly prevailing also, they become like mountains of division, at times rising to the very heavens, shutting out all the sweet light of the heart, apparently impassable, dark mountains of division.

Such is a specimen of the mountains. They may be higher or lower at different times to our apprehension, as in a former verse, mountains or hills; but whether high or low, they are between the soul and God, and seem to intercept his blessings, and do so, until removed by grace, as to the enjoyment of them.

4. We come, in the last place, to consider the *remedy* the child of God asks for and expects. "Be thou like to a roe or young hart," &c.

We have already seen that the child of God has been awakened to a sense of his condition. (Ver. 15, 16.) Now the shadows and the night season are perceived and felt, and now these mountains of Bether are beheld likewise. In the blessed time to come there will be no night, no shadows, no mountains of division. In this life they will still remain. These mountains have a strange facility in building up themselves or rising again and again in experience. On earth we travel much by night. But whither shall we look for relief? A child of God by faith only looks in one direction: "My expectation is from God." The psalmist, in his trouble, cries, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee;" "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;" "Thou wilt preserve me." The child of God here expresses the same hope and desire: "Be thou like to a roe or young hart upon the mountains of Bether." Nothing but the presence of Christ can really do the sinner any good. He comes to the heart in a way of believing. Christ dwells in our hearts by faith. When he brings faith by his Holy Spirit's power into lively, sweet exercise, then he comes like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether. He is the Sun of Righteousness, and as he rises upon the soul with healing in his wings, so proportionally the shadows flee away. And if he comes to the soul over these mountains, they cease to be the mountains of division any longer. Legal views of God and Christ give place to sweet apprehensions of free grace and eternal love. Even Mount Sinai itself is moved at the presence of the Lord God of Israel. The blessed doctrines of the gospel become mountains of spices, delectable mountains unto the soul. And then God makes all these mountains a way to God, to heaven, and to assured peace. The past sins that before seemed not only so heinous but so threatening are now seen and felt to be more heinous than ever; but their condemning power is gone. Now, too, the inbred corruptions of the heart, though still there, are sweetly controlled by grace, and no longer as mountains of separation. Unbelief has passed away before the power of faith, or,

as a mountain, is surmounted by it; and, as Bunyan represents in his "Holy War," Captain Credence and Immanuel have met in spite of Incredulity and more than five-and-twenty thousand doubters.

Such, then, being the sweet effects of Christ's visits even now, well may the child of God cry, as in the words of the Song: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my Beloved;" yes, turn and turn again unto me; turn, though my sins so provoke thee to depart; turn, though I am vile and worthless in myself; turn as thou didst to Peter:

"Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break this heart of stone."

"Turn, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

### THOU SHALT NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

"O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me."—ISA. XLIV. 21.

No! Israel shall ne'er be forgotten of God.

My soul, keep this promise at home and abroad.

Yea, bind it as tightly as coil round thy heart,  
And never till death with the priceless gem part.

Remember who makes it,—Jehovah Most High;  
Of infinite power on earth and in sky.

He speaks it moreover to weaklings like thee,  
"Yea, Israel shall ne'er be forgotten of me."

He did not forget thee, though long years had seen  
Thy wand'rings, perverseness, indulgence in sin;  
But follow'd thy footsteps with billow and storm,  
And crush'd thy fond hopes, as with Jacob the worm.

He did not forget thee. The seed he had sown  
Has not to the fowls of the desert been thrown;  
His hand and his power that seedling shall keep,  
Till angels with sickle earth's harvest shall reap.

He will not forget thee; for death as a friend  
Shall use his soft fingers, humanity rend,  
And peacefully place it beneath the green sod,  
To rest as a treasure, well guarded by God.

Forgotten! No, never! Engraved on his hands  
The name of each member eternally stands.  
Jehovah remembers the deed of his Son,  
And reckons the Head and the members as one.

In life and in dying, in weal and in woe;  
In sunshine or tempest, which meet thee below;  
In sickness, in changes, at home or abroad,  
No, never shall saint be forgotten of God.

Penzance, Sept. 3.

ANN HENNAH.

As the covenant of grace disarms all the afflictions of believers of the only sting by which they wound them; so it alters the very nature and property of their afflictions, and turns them from a *curse* into a *blessing* to them; and in so doing, it becomes more than a *remedy*, even a choice benefit and advantage to them.—*Flavel*,

## THE LATE MR. PHILPOT.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to keep, guide, uphold, teach, instruct, comfort, and encourage your soul to press on in the path of tribulation.

Many thanks for the books. We received them last evening; and as we have 13 poor members at Brampton, I shall send one of the books there for each member to keep it for a time; and as we have many poor members scattered round about in many villages, we shall make the best use of them we can. And may the Lord bless the reading of them to the good of the people's souls, and also return a hundredfold into dear Mr. E.'s own bosom.

I am sure that I never had a more dear friend on earth than the author of that book; and what a close union there was between our souls, and how I do miss his communications, with those of my dear departed friend Mr. Parry, of Allington. The second delivery often used to bring letters from both of them. The first friend I ever attempted to write a letter to was my dear departed friend, J. C. P., in the year 1840, in the month of November, during the time I was supplying at the Old Tabernacle, in Exeter; and the month of May in that year will not soon be forgotten by me, because I first began to make an attempt to try to learn to write in that month; and I thought sometimes during the first week up in my bed-room that I should have gone mad. My dear Lord of lords told me to write 11 years before the way was open, because I had to work hard with my hands for nearly 10 years after the Lord opened my heart and mouth to speak his truth. The people were very poor that I was settled over at Pewsey. I often walked 22 miles on a Saturday, preached three times on the Lord's day, and was off early on the Monday morning, and walk about 16, and sometimes the 22, home again, and then off with my coat and on to work again until the next Saturday; and my days had used to be about 18 or 19 hours long; and sometimes I did not see a bed at all.

But here I am, a poor old helpless sinner, saved by free and sovereign grace; and notwithstanding the plague of sin in my devilish heart, and the temptations of the old serpent, I hope to reach the shore and be landed safe in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, although I feel it to be hard struggling with sore conflicts and powerful temptations which almost blow my hope off of its anchorage. But the dear Pilot that sits at the helm guides me through every storm; and when sin and Satan are almost my little faith's masterpiece, then the Lord Jesus rebukes the devil for me, and makes a way for my soul to pass through.

The Lord bless you and yours. This is the desire of my soul.  
Our united love to yourself and wife.

Yours affectionately, T. GODWIN.  
Godmanchester, Nov. 2, 1871.

## AFFLICTION OF BODY; HEALTH OF SOUL.

My dear Elizabeth,—I duly received your letter. Tell Thomas I am much obliged for his prescription for rheumatism; but on the whole I am better. My knee is stronger. I can now get up from a common chair without help. A few months past I walked about three miles in two hours, and since that time I have walked to a friend's house about two and a half miles, and bore it very well. The worst affliction now is in my arms and hands, especially my right hand. Three fingers are quite fixed; so I am obliged to write this with one finger and thumb. It is a wonder to many how I can do it so legibly. Indeed, I am a marvel to many who saw me last March, and a greater marvel to myself. I am as one raised again from the dead. I have been in deaths oft, but God who delivered me from so great a death, spiritual death, he doth still deliver; in whom I trust, he will yet deliver. My dear wife is much better than last year; a marvellous interposition of a merciful God in answer to prayer. I had a very painful affliction in my neck for about three years. Many remedies were prescribed; but nothing was of any service. I was afraid I should have my head entirely fixed. It gave me much pain to turn it or to lean forward to look in a book on the table; and when all failed, I endeavoured to carry it to the Lord in prayer that he would remove it, and not suffer my head to be fixed; and now, to my great comfort, and to the honour of a most precious and gracious God, I can turn my head comfortably, and sit and read for two or three hours together. I have been obliged to live by prayer for these 40 years past; and what should I do now but for the privilege of prayer?

My dear girl, I am much pleased with your letter in regard to yourself. I hope you fear God; the Lord be praised for it. It affords me much more pleasure than if some one had left you a legacy of £20,000. You say you are seeking the Saviour whom your mother found. Yes, poor dear woman, she found him indeed; and he is the same Saviour still, and will be found of all them that seek him when they seek him with all their heart; and though he often tarries long and keeps them in great suspense, causing them to seek him sorrowing, until their hearts are ready to faint, he will help them with a little help, he will put in his hand by the hole of the door and touch the handle of the lock, leaving a sweet perfume behind with which the soul is enamoured, and is quickly about to open the door; by which I understand the Holy Ghost revealing to the mind and understanding of a poor sin-oppressed and self-despairing sinner the excellence and sufficiency of Jesus Christ to save him, the efficacy of his blood and righteousness to atone for his sins and justify his person, and produce some little hope and expectation of personal interest in him; by which the soul is much meekened, the heart broken and made very contrite, and the desires and affections run out after him. He appears the chiefest among ten thousand and the alto-

gether lovely. O that he would come now and take possession of my heart, that I could clasp him as my own. There is nothing I so much desire as Jesus Christ; after him the heart breaks forth in longings, groans, and ejaculations, saying, "Do come, Lord Jesus, do come and save me;" and this ever-blessed Lord Jesus, whose eyes are always upon the righteous, and his ears open to their cry, responds and says, "Lo, I come quickly, and my reward is with me." And what is his reward? Eternal life. He came that they might have life. But while the heart is opening for his reception, he withdraws the comfortable sensation, and then, like poor Mary at the tomb, the soul seeks him weeping, saying, "The Lord is gone, and nothing can fill up the vacancy." "Thou hidest thy face, and I was troubled." But he says to all such whose hearts are sorrowful, "I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. I will come again unto you, and fill your heart with joy and peace in believing, that your hope may abound by the power of the Holy Ghost."

These little things, my dear girl, if I may call them little things, are certain tokens of better things to come. "Because I said I saw thee under the fig-tree," or in some other place, bemoaning thy lost condition, seeking earnestly for the revelation of the Saviour, "believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these."

If what little I have said is what you feel or have felt, you will most certainly say some day, "I have found the Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets spake;" and should they say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" you will tell them to "come and see," assuring them this Jesus of Nazareth is the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, who only hath immortality and eternal life, who still saves the broken-hearted, sets at liberty the captives, opens the prison to them that are bound, satisfieth the longing soul, fills the hungry soul with the bread of life, and grants the desires of every living soul. You have his character more fully described in Ps. lxxii.; and he is the same now as he was then. He is the Surety for poor insolvent debtors who owe ten thousand talents to law and justice, and have not one mite to pay, and are often afraid their great Creditor will hate them and send them to prison for the debt, and they know there will be no release then. He discharged the vast account of such poor creatures when he hung upon the tree, and endured infinite wrath to put away infinite sin, by which he removed transgression in one day, and brought in everlasting righteousness.

The Lord grant, my dear girl, you may find a shelter and a hiding-place in the blood and wounds of this precious, precious Saviour. There is no safety elsewhere. It is this blessed God-Man, and he only, that can be a hiding-place from the storm and a covert from the tempest in that great and terrible day that is fast approaching. But whoever really flies here for re-

fuge shall find a safe dwelling. If you can find out his barn floor where he winnows his corn, and where his heart is merry and he lies down to rest, here it is he reaps the fruit of his labours, and sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied. Get, if possible, at his feet, and ask him to spread his skirt over you; for you are naked. You are a poor widow, being divorced from your first husband, and he will do the part of a kinsman. He will redeem the inheritance, and raise up the name of the dead. Yea, he will do worthily for you in Ephratah, and be famous in Israel; for there is none like him in heaven or on the earth. The Lord help you to take a fast hold of this blessed Kinsman, and it will be well with you, both in time and to eternity. This godliness which flies to, and by faith lays hold of, Jesus Christ, is profitable for all things. It hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

It is a path of tribulation that leads to glory, and we cannot escape it. You have had some already, and you will be sure to have more if you live long in this wretched world. He hath told his poor saints, for their encouragement, to call upon him in the day of trouble, and says positively, "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

The Lord keep us watchful, and help us to be thankful for his manifold mercies that have already been bestowed upon us, and help us to run to him for help and deliverance in all times of trouble, whether national, family, or individual. Our trials are as yet but small, compared with what the poor saints have passed through before us. Look at Paul, a valiant champion for Jesus Christ, who thought nothing too dear to part with, or painful to suffer for his Master's sake and the salvation of poor sinners. See him walking about on the earth with a patched if not a ragged coat, his back bleeding from the scourges of his cruel enemies, wandering from city to city, having no certain dwelling-place; and at last laid his head on the block to be taken off. The Lord grant to you and me the same peace, that we may be patient in tribulations and afflictions of what kind soever they may be, and also continue constant in prayer, and watching these events with thanksgiving.

And now will you allow your poor old decrepit uncle to give you a few words of counsel? In all your ways acknowledge the Lord, and he will direct your paths. Take nothing in hand but what you can ask his blessing upon. He hath said, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Ask him for everything you feel you need and what he has promised to give; and, with all other blessings, ask him to give you himself. You cannot ask for more; he can give you nothing greater, nor can you send one desire beyond it; and this he has promised: "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." He said also to Abraham, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." And if he gives us himself and claims us for his own, who can hurt us? "I lay down my life for my sheep, and none shall pluck them out



of my hand. My Father, who gave them to me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Beware of this evil and bewitching world, which lies in the lap of the wicked one, and is going as fast as time can waft it along to the fire appointed to burn it and all who belong to it. The Lord, in his great mercy, deliver us from it.

And now may the Lord bless all my friends at the Wells, and help them to say, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given;" then you will have cause for a merry Christmas.

From your affectionate Uncle,

The Dicker.

ISAAC DUNK.

### AMERICA.

Dear Sir,—After reading the letter in the "Gospel Standard" for September, I felt as if I should like to write and tell you that God is not without his witnesses even in dark America. I know a few men that preach the same glorious truths that Mr. Philpot, Mr. Kershaw, and others did. There are a few people who formerly belonged to the Old School Baptists, but were separated a few years ago, who now meet in Bennett's Hall, Middletown. Mr. F. P. Walker, formerly pastor of Beulah church, New York, but now residing in Middletown, preaches for them every Lord's day, except occasionally, when he preaches in New York, for a few that left the Beulah church with him. I have heard others as well as myself remark, who have read Mr. Philpot's sermons, that Mr. Walker preaches more like that dear man of God than any we ever heard or read of. He contends that true religion must begin and be carried on in the power of God; and because he is a sound searching preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus, he is accused by some of making the path too narrow.

ELIZA CLARK.

Middletown, Orange County, New York, Sept. 29, 1871.

### MR. KEYT TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

My very dear Friend,—As it was not my lot and privilege to spend a private hour in conversation with you when in town, I feel constrained to send a few lines by the first conveyance, in order to communicate a little account of my inward consolations and outward tribulations; not with a desire to trouble or burden your mind, but rather to obtain that counsel and advice you are capable of giving; and likewise to receive your judgment respecting the steps I have been enabled to take in the dark path in which I am now called to walk.

I feel myself deeply interested in every subject and every message the good Lord sent you to proclaim among the disciples here during your last visit. My peculiar situation and exercises are quite sufficient to keep me not only awake but watchful. The heavy pressure upon my spirit and the darkness in my path, fur-

nish my heart with matter for prayer all the day long; and the chief relief I get is in my lonely retirements when pouring out my soul unto God and showing him my trouble. Here it is that the Lord the Spirit oftentimes condescends to help my infirmities, and enables me to plead many exceeding great and precious promises exactly suited to my case, and to embrace them in humble confidence as my own. Here I have been enabled with sacred energy to cry, "My Father, my God, my Refuge, and my Rock." Here I have found the sweetest fellowship with God my Saviour in his unexampled sufferings, in his poverty, and in the reproaches and contradictions he endured in the days of his humiliation. I have likewise felt the inexpressible sweetness of his blessed words: "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations;" and, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me;" "I know thy works, and tribulations, and poverty; but *thou art rich.*" When thus indulged, my beloved brother, my soul is quieted as a weaned child; my burdens are all cast upon the Lord; I feel such meekness, submission, and entire resignation to all his holy dispensations that I would not exchange my lot with any one under the sun, nor feel the least desire to have any alteration made in my present state; but when these blessed visitations subside, and the plague of leprosy again appears, down again I sink as wretched as ever, until the propitious High Priest of our profession condescends again to look upon me.

Thus I go on, in and out, up and down; and you know that there is not one interpreter in a thousand that understands my case, or who can speak a word in season to such a weary soul as mine; but of a truth many good words and comfortable words were spoken to my heart while you abode with us. In one of your sermons there was a sentence dropped with great power upon my spirit; and I have since thought the Lord sent it to me exclusive of the rest of the assembly. It was this: "The elders of the daughter of Zion *sit upon the ground.*" There was thy poor brother at that time, sitting upon the ground, low, lonely, and desolate; but the good Lord sensibly lifted me up from the dust, and sent me home among the princes of his people. The sermon from Ps. cxix. 127, was to me inexpressibly precious, and I could adopt the prophet's words as my own: "Thy words were found and I did eat them. And thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." I consider it as no small mercy that the Lord should send you hither at such a juncture as an instrument to comfort and confirm my feeble soul. Blessed be his adorable name! I have hitherto found him a refuge and strength; yea, a very present help in every time of trouble. I often feel strong consolation flowing in from the consideration that all these trying things with me will shortly come to an end; and I sometimes wonder how it is that in the fore views of future rest I am so comforted, when, at the same time, I can see no way of escape from present tribulations. Yet so it is. But you know when

Ziklag was burnt, and everything was gone, David encouraged himself in the Lord his God.

I hope this will find you and family in health, and the King's plantation in a thriving condition. Kind regards to all friends.

Please to excuse the length of this letter; and should I be favoured with a short one in return, it will be accounted a great kindness.

Your most affectionate Fellow-Pilgrim,  
London, May 8, 1828. J. KEYT.

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*"WITH GREAT MERCIES WILL I GATHER THEE."*

(See last No., page 459.)

O GATHER me, Lord, with thy own chosen nation,  
Who, call'd by thy Spirit, have tasted thy love,  
Rejoicing in hope through thy finish'd salvation,  
While travelling on to their mansions above.

O gather me, Lord,  
By the power of thy word,  
From sin and from Satan, from error and pride.  
From a world that hates thee  
Set my foolish heart free,  
And cause me more closely to cleave to thy side.

O gather my spirit in secret communion  
With thee, Holy Father, and Spirit, and Son.  
Let a poor worm of earth feel heavenly union,  
With the Holy Three Persons the Sacred One.

To me, Lord, impart  
A meek contrite heart,  
And cause me in secret to fall at thy feet,  
Confessing, adoring,  
And mercy imploring,  
And feel that such gathering truly is sweet.

O gather me, Lord, where thy people assemble,  
In spirit and truth to adore thy great name.  
O suffer me not, gracious God, to dissemble,  
But meekly attend while thy word they proclaim.

To feel thou art there,  
While uniting in prayer,  
And humbly adoring unite in thy praise;  
With heart and with voice  
In thee to rejoice,

And solemn hosannahs with pleasure to raise.

Remember me, Lord, when thou com'st in thy glory,  
Thy chosen to gather from every land.

When thy loved ones, transported with rapture, adore thee,  
O gather my soul with the glorified band.

Through ages eternal,  
In rapture supernal,  
To feast my glad soul on thy beauties divine,  
To gaze on that face,  
So resplendent with grace,

And feel that for ever my Saviour is mine.—C. SPIRE.

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TAKE my yoke upon you, &c. Man wants to take his own yoke, and keeps snapping a link and mending it; snapping another and then mending it again, until it snaps altogether.—G. Drake.

## REVIEW.

*Letters by the late J. C. Philpot, M.A., with a brief Memoir of his Life and Labours.*—London: Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street.

(Concluded from page 482.)

By degrees we find the subject of this Memoir apparently feeling more firmly his standing in the things of God. His letters, though still speaking of the inward conflict and cutting discoveries of the plague of his own heart, and the dreadful enmity to God in his own nature, appear to us to breathe an air of more confidence and greater authority about the time when, leaving Allington, he takes the pastorate over the churches of Oakham and Stamford; and this continues, we think, to grow. Here is, we must confess, another of those places in the Memoir which we cannot but wish had been filled up with a fuller discovery of the Lord's appearing in a way of gracious manifestation to the soul. It is, perhaps, hardly right to say this. We have so much that perhaps we ought to be fully satisfied. But the tracing of a work of true divine experience is so profitable and edifying an employment that there is a sort of spiritual greediness in the matter. We want to be more fully enabled to trace the steps of this more assured and authoritative condition of mind, and we hardly seem to have as much material as we should like. Still we can easily perceive that our brother's privacy could tell us of many sweet visits from the Lord in prayer, in reading, and meditating upon his word. Then, again, the Lord's evident using him in his work, opening doors, giving him utterance and blessed acceptance, must have tended to the confirmation of his own soul in its interest in Christ, and also persuaded him that the Lord had raised him up for a particular work in the churches.

But indeed there is, though at a later period, one more special and extraordinary discovery of the Lord to his soul given in the Appendix, upon page 549, which must have had a powerfully assuring influence, even after the present sweetness and sensible power were passed away. It must have been meat for many days. It is an extract from the preface to his own work on "The True, Proper, and Eternal Sonship of Christ;" and who can help admiring the wisdom and goodness of God in thus more especially qualifying our friend for the defence of that at one time endangered doctrine? God thus put the sword upon the thigh because of a fear foreseen in the night. This was one of those near approaches of God in Christ to the soul which make the heart cry out, as in the case of holy Job, "Now mine eye seeth thee" (xlii. 5). They fill us at once with awe, delight, and shame. Nothing, as our friend says, is visible to the bodily eye; nor do we understand him to signify that anything was pictured to the imagination. But it is a faith's view of Christ in his Godhead, manhood, and infinite mediatorial glory, which teaches a man more true divinity in a few moments than can, without such a divine discovery, be obtained by reading folios of divinity. We som-

mend the extract itself to the prayerful, solemn consideration of our readers, and only could wish that, as in the case of Mr. Tanner, we had had the blessed vision pictured to us by our brother's pen, dipped, if we may use the expression, in the heart feelings produced about the time of the manifestation.

To our mind, the spiritual life of our brother still progresses, and there are further developments as years roll on, and he ripens not only for the church, but for glory. We see him in this Memoir, first, as the clever, able student and fellow of a college at Oxford, full of life and worldly ambition, but without God and Christ in the world. We next see him falling down beneath the sharp arrows of King Jesus, and crying for the mercy of God, amidst the valleys of the Wicklow hills, in Ireland. We then find him, somewhat suddenly, the authoritative teacher and letter writer of Stadhampton. We next have him—we must say to our intense satisfaction—plunged into the ditch until his own clothes abhor him; the pride of nature stained, fleshly power and fancied pharisaical holiness withering away like grass; questioning his state, his standing, the reality of the work upon his own soul, and his qualification for the ministry; infested with infidelity, plagued almost to death with his own evil heart, led into the chambers of imagery, and from a saint turned—as we believe all God's real saints are—into a vile, lost, miserable sinner. Now he examines and feels for some sure ground to stand upon, flounders for a time—as he pictured it in his "Answer to a Few Wretched Men"—like a poor benighted traveller plunging into the Chat Moss, in Lancashire. But at length he finds firmer ground; becomes by degrees more established; escapes, by means of his temptations, from being a learned, able Calvinistical preacher of dry doctrines and a dead letter—a feeder, in fact, of goats; receives these doctrines, as he expresses it in his writings, in a feeling and exercised, as well as believing heart, and is qualified to feed the flock of slaughter, maintain the truth of God, and edify the living in the churches.

In the course of this experience, and in what, perhaps, we may style the vigorous manhood of this career, we may, perhaps, detect, at times, a little that was objectionable, a sort of contemptuous audacity in handling followers of Dr. Hawker and others. We may sometimes think that in plucking up the tares of false assurance, and a dead reliance on doctrines, the wheat itself was endangered; but we cannot help admiring the evident singleness of eye and honesty of purpose, in the midst of any mistakes, and that sincere desire to feed and benefit the true and living family of God, which were so abundantly characteristic of our brother.

At length he ripens into the father in Israel. If the fig-tree at one time yields fruit with some greenness, this at length blessedly ripens. Some, perhaps, thought the sword lost a little of the keenness of its edge; but if this was so in any degree, is not the softening down of even ministerial character a thing to be admired as years pass on, experience enlarges, and time is fast sinking

into eternity? One thing we can safely say, our brother never deviated in the least degree from the truth which he so ably defended. The sword, too, was still upon the thigh, and could, when occasion required, be as ably used as ever. But our brother seemed to principally delight in those "Meditations" which were so acceptable, when embodied in words, to the people of God. And at length, when the appointed hour came, he was ready to depart and be with Jesus, which was far better for him than even to meditate upon him on earth, and toil for his blessed name's sake amongst the churches.

It seems quite unnecessary for us to add any further remarks in our Review upon the Memoir before us. We now, then, turn to the Letters; and here we shall be very brief, fearing that already our writing may have proved tedious, or perhaps, from its frankness, not agreeable to our readers.

We cannot help fearing that the age of excellent letter-writing may have received a serious blow by the penny post. We believe when persons had to pay heavily for the letters they received, unless they were franked, correspondents felt in honour bound to write good long letters. We cannot say that this would always prove either very agreeable or very edifying; but when we have such letters as those before us, we should not like them curtailed through the indirect influence of the penny postage. We hardly think some of the later letters even of our friend equal to the earlier ones. This may be the fault of our judgment; but we express our opinion.

In all God's works, we know, there is an admirable variety, as well as an essential unity. Thus all God-taught ministers will have an essential similarity; but then, being all originals as from the divine hand, there will be a beautiful diversity. This, according to the divine goodness, adapts them for particular works, and makes one man more suitable for one hearer who is a child of God, one for another. It is the same in letter-writing; and our wisdom is not to disparage one in setting up another, but to acknowledge, reverence, and admire the hand of God in all that is of his own blessed Spirit. In the letters of a John Newton we perceive a sweet sobriety of spirit, in those of a Romaine a fulness of the Lord Jesus; the very name Jesus seems to pervade them all, and shed a perfume upon them; they breathe, therefore, like a Garden of Eden to the spiritual senses. In our dear friend's letters we don't exactly perceive this, any more than in his ministry we perceived that exceeding fulness of Jesus Christ which we think we have found in some of Bunyan's writings, such as his "Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ."

We hope we shall not be misunderstood in these remarks. We conceive that we ascribe glory to God in noticing these differences, and pointing out the admirable peculiarities in each of his dear God-sent servants. To suppose that any man absorbs into himself all the gifts of the Spirit, would not honour God or profit his people; for then, when such a one is taken away, we should

have cause not only for sorrow, but also despondency. The Father gave not the Spirit by measure to Jesus; to us then is given of the Spirit according to the measure of the grace of Christ.

In our brother's letters there are abundant beauties. We notice the following. In the first place, what an extraordinary fulness of wise reflection we find in them. How many deep and edifying sayings. I think it is impossible for a child of God, who is given an understanding by the Spirit, to rise up from reading them without having received some solid instruction, and profit to his soul.

In the next place, we notice the facility, beauty, and clearness of expression. The meaning is always obvious; he that runs may read. The same clearness of thought, embodying itself in clearness of expression, and we believe they go much together, made his sermons and make his letters at once pleasant and edifying. The meaning of some men is so hidden in their words that it is labour to get at it. This could never be said of the writer of these letters.

Then we have that fertility of illustration which was so conspicuous in his sermons; more, we think, in these than in the letters. Indeed, we sometimes have thought that by means of illustrations and figures the spiritual was a little overpowered and lost sight of, buried beneath the natural. Our friend was a keen, intelligent observer, and a firm grasper of knowledge even as it respects natural things; and this appeared in his sermons and writings. And as we believe a good many of his hearers cared more for the natural information and figurative method than the spiritual truth, so we think sometimes these figures almost diverted the minds of God's people from the weightier matters of the divine truths illustrated.

Through all these letters, to say no more, what a vein there is of blessed, gracious experience. How the fear of God, how vital godliness pervade them! What a valued correspondent to his friends! How loving to them, how gentle, how humble, and how wise! But we must say no more; merely, in conclusion, giving a few more extracts:

"O, when tarred and feathered, I was a delightful young man,—so sweet and holy and spiritual; but when sickness and temptation, and doubts and fears, and gusts of infidelity, and boiling corruptions, and a deep, growing conviction of the worthlessness of all but divine teaching and heaven-sent religion began to scrape away the feathers and show the naked skin,—and as I was scraped myself, began to scrape others,—O then I was of a bad spirit, and in the eyes of some a very devil. And what is my trespass and what is my sin that they so hotly pursue after me? That I make the creature nothing, and Christ all in all." (Letter 6.)

"I cannot throw aside my religion, and yet how hard to keep it. To think, speak, act, and live as a Christian; to be one inwardly and outwardly; to be a true follower of the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; to walk daily and hourly with godly fear in exercise; to conquer sin, master temptation, and live a life of faith in the Son of God,—if this be true religion, how little I seem to have of it." (Letter 51.)

In these two extracts we see the man exercised with the plague

of his own heart; we now give one which will astonish those who have heard him in his pulpit ministrations:

"I can assure you that when I was laid aside I seemed to have lost completely the power of preaching, and felt as shut up spiritually from a door of utterance as I was naturally. This made me a better hearer; for so far from thinking I could preach better than the ministers who supplied for me, I actually felt that I could not preach at all, and according to my feelings had not ten words to say upon any text, good or bad." (Letter 52.)

In the same strain of humble estimate of his pulpit gifts he writes in other places, and speaks, after hearing others, as if his powers of edifying his hearers in the pulpit were far inferior to theirs; and in the same way he also mentions that when reading Mr. Huntington, that great man of God seemed to knock the pen out of his hand.

We now give an extract showing that, though so well acquainted with the malady, our brother did not rest in that acquaintanceship or wish others to rest in it. He well knew that the spiritual leper must feel the touch of Jesus, the serpent-bitten Israelite look to the Son of Man lifted up for the perishing, or there could be neither health nor peace:

"I was much pleased with what you said about having your mind more fixed upon our blessed Lord, as having died and risen from the dead, and gone up on high. I have long seen and felt that our faith, if it is to work by love and purify our heart, must have an object,—a divine and heavenly object,—to whom it can look, on whom it can hang, and with whom it may have to do. There is a great tendency in the mind, and one, I must add, often encouraged by the ministry of the day, to look too much at our evidences instead of looking to Christ. It is a delicate subject to handle. . . ." (Letter 185, to Mr. Tanner.)

Some may see in these remarks an inconsistency with, and condemnation of, the declarations of earlier days; we rather discern the ripening of the mind in the truth of God, and the youth of Christianity passing on into the mellowness of age. The fact seems to be that in our earlier days and seasons of first love, during the kindness of our spiritual youth, or the love of our espousals, accompanying much that is true and excellent there is also much of the flesh. The end of all perfection is not clearly seen, the utter helplessness of man fully perceived and felt, creature wisdom, ability, and glory are not thoroughly, as afterwards, appreciated. Then comes the hour of desertion and fierce temptation:

"Our dead foes rise with dreadful power,  
And drag us down to hell."

The fountains of the great depths of enmity to God within are broken up, and at the same time, God's sensible power and presence being withdrawn, nothing but helplessness is felt, and we learn the deep lesson of divine wisdom,—that we can be nothing, do nothing, think nothing but sin, except as the Lord works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. In these places we are even over suspicious as to others. If, like Dr. Hawker, they are



abiding in sweet daily communion with Christ; if, with Mr. Romaine, they are greatly enabled to look to and rejoice in Jesus, and walk with God; if, with Mr. Toplady, they have hardly a doubt of interest, or, with Mr. Huntington, they are able to maintain their confidence that they are of God, the poor, tried, tempted, deserted man is apt to go a great deal too far, become somewhat captious, and think that there must be something wrong in the matter. (Rom. xiv.) But as time goes on he is himself, after being well versed in the lesson of creature nothingness and inability, brought into a more settled state; not an untried and unexercised one, but one in which he has a far greater experience of the Lord's presence and supporting and helping power. Now he too can read his Morning and Evening Portions, and find them suggest divine thoughts and meditations. Now, whilst still maintaining the truth, attacking a mere notional religion, and a resting on doctrines in a fleshly manner; whilst insisting upon a religion of life, exercise, and power, he will allow that there is such a thing as becoming a father in Israel, and that not only must we learn that without Christ we can do nothing, but may in due season also learn that we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us.

We thus bring our Review of this excellent and edifying work to a conclusion; only adding two or three words in, we hope, the fear of the Lord and brotherly love to our readers.

We address ourselves more especially to the "Gospel Standard churches," meaning by the expression, not churches over which the "Gospel Standard" exercises a lordship; but those, the members of which are in sympathy and union with the truths of God which have been, and we hope are, and will continue to be, with varying degrees, not of faithfulness, but ability, enforced in its pages.

Remember, brethren, that a little leaven leavens the whole lump. Nothing is more likely than that Satan, who is a most subtle spirit, will try, now that the able, beloved, and respected subject of this Memoir is laid in the grave, to introduce error amongst us. The pen, he will argue, that gave me so many keen and cutting strokes is fallen from the hand which used it. Where is the Elisha upon whom has fallen Elijah's mantle? Now is my time. He then will probably raise up error in some newer form, adapting himself to the state of our churches. We complain that there is little doing amongst us, in the way especially of conversion. Now, then, is the time to say the preaching has all been defective. Sinners should be not only addressed and warned, but told to repent, believe, and perform spiritual and saving acts. But let us weigh things well, and see whither this will inevitably, pushed to its proper and logical conclusion, lead us. If spiritual saving acts are a part of a natural man's duty, where is the doctrine of election? Where is special redemption? And where Paul's declaration that in Christ Jesus neither circumcision avails anything, nor uncircumcision, but a

new creature? If any man is in Christ Jesus, Paul writes, he is a new creature; or as it may be rendered, there is a new creation :

“Dry bones are raised and form'd afresh,  
And hearts of stone made hearts of flesh.”

We are created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, and this is the work of God that we should believe. Man by nature, in his first and unfallen state, was but a living soul, and could not be required, as a part of his duty, to perform *properly* spiritual actions. These must have their basis in a nature of a higher order and qualified to produce them. That which is born of the flesh can but be flesh. Natural religion can go no farther in its imagination than Nicodemus,—that a man should return into his mother's womb, and come forth afresh. But Christ cuts all such carnal remedies up, root and branch. The man would still be flesh; yea, let him return to the innocence of Eden, and he is but a living soul, under the law, and incapable of superhuman, because spiritual, thoughts and actions. How, then, can it be right to call upon unconverted persons to do those things which are founded upon the reception of a new and diviner life into the soul than Adam in innocence had. The Second Adam is made a quickening Spirit; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit; and from this new creation in Christ Jesus alone can flow saving and spiritual thoughts, feelings, words, and actions. We must not confound Law and Gospel; Adam and Christ; the old creation and the new; or all sink into inextricable-confusion. Where, too, is the Spirit's work? Does he not reduce the sinner to a conscious self-nothingness in the things of God? Does he not convince a man that he is naturally

“Quite powerless to repent, believe, or pray?”

Does he not do this that the poor sinner may put his mouth in the dust, feel his need of the full free salvation of a Three-One God;—and at length, when the time of power and refreshing comes, rejoice in Christ Jesus, have no confidence in the flesh, and adore the infinite goodness of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit?

Now then, brethren, if addresses to unconverted men, in which they are told to perform saving spiritual acts, are right, throw both our Review and the book reviewed into the fire; both are wrong. In these Letters man's utter ruin and impotency are insisted upon in every page, and the implanting in a believer's heart of a new creation is insisted upon likewise. (See the letter to Mr. Brown, 29, page 182.) These things, and the doctrines of grace, cannot really stand in the long run together with such addresses. It is the thin end of the wedge; and what matters it if Satan uses even good men to insert it? The beginning of the departure may seem small; disregarded, it will certainly carnalize and ruin our churches. If these addresses are right, let us at once in consistency say, “A confederacy,” and own, too, that we have been wrong, and diminished the truth of God; that the subject of this Memoir was misled, and has been misleading us, and that we are now brought back into harmony with what we thought

the fleshly general religion of the day. But if these universal addresses are wrong, let us stand by one another in the rejection of them, and not blame the watch-dog, who, perhaps contrary to the ordinary rules of the family, and to the annoyance of the slumbering portion of the household, and certainly of the robbers who would break in, faithfully gives the note of warning. To those who are under the law, and in a natural state, the law speaks. Ministers are perfectly justified in addressing the unconverted according to it; in telling them what it demands of man, what it forbids, and what it threatens; in warning them of their danger, declaring to them their lost condition, and if they feel it, pointing them to the Lord Jesus; but all living spiritual acts flow from a supernatural fountain, a new creation.

With these, we trust, well-meant remarks, and our hearty commendation of this Memoir and the accompanying Letters to our readers, we lay down our pen.

May the blessing of God rest upon what has been written, and the dear children of God accept with consideration and forbearing love our attempt in this Review to serve and benefit them, and glorify the divine Author of our brother's flesh-abasing and God-glorifying experience and service in the churches.

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## Obituary.

MARY WEST.—A short account of the experience of Mary West, widow of the late Thomas West, of Icomb, near Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, whose obituary appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for Feb., 1871.

She was born at Great Rissington, on March 23rd, 1795, and died at Icomb, Sept. 22nd, 1869. Her parents were members of the Church of England, and she attended with them during the early part of her life, till, in the providence of God, she went to live with an aunt at Clapton; and here the Holy Ghost met with her and convinced her of sin through hearing Mr. Coles, the Baptist minister, of Bourton-on-the-Water, read a portion of the word of God and engage in prayer at the bedside of a sick friend she was visiting. This was in 1821, she being then about 26 years of age. She now began to go to Bourton to hear Mr. C., and continued to go till 1825, when she married, and removed from Clapton to Icomb, where she spent the remainder of her life.

I have collected the following notes from the family diary written by her husband, and which can be proved by living witnesses to be true in every sense of the word.

"She has been a prudent wife, both in temporal and spiritual matters. She has been the mother of four children, two of which the Lord was pleased to take in their infancy, and the other two are still alive. I can say with confidence that my dear wife has answered the description given in the Proverbs of Solomon of a virtuous woman: She hath sought wool and flax, and worked

willingly with her hands; she has arisen while it was night to give meat to her household; she has laid her hands to the spindle, and her hands held the distaff; her hand was continually stretched out to help the poor; yea, she reached forth her hand to the needy, and it never could be said of her that she ate the bread of idleness, for she spun linen and knit stockings for her family, and always attended to her dairy and cheese-making herself. Yet during all this time she was labouring under a spirit of bondage in her soul, and was continually tried lest the Lord had not called her by his grace, lest her spot was not the spot of the children of God; but the Lord would not leave her.

“In 1835 she, with her husband and several others, was baptized at the Old Baptist Chapel, Stow-on-the-Wold; and though 10 years had rolled on, still she was in bonds; so much so that she could not join the church, lest after all she should prove to be nothing but a hypocrite.

“It was about this time that she became acquainted with Mr. Roff and Mr. Gorton; and as there was a little church formed under the care of Mr. Roff, she occasionally went to hear the word amongst them, as she told me herself, they seemed to draw her likeness best; and as Mr. R. and Mr. G. were so much in union with one another in the ministry, they often supplied one for the other, so she had the privilege of hearing both. In a letter which she wrote to a cousin in London, in 1842, it will be seen how the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty, after 17 years' imprisonment in soul matters, proving, without all contradiction, that what the Holy Ghost begins in the soul, he will perform, unto the day of Jesus Christ. The following is an extract: ‘My dear Cousin,—It is with pleasure I now take up my pen, hoping to renew our correspondence after the silence of three years. No doubt you have set me down as an ungrateful creature; and so I am; I know it, I feel it, and am constrained to plead guilty! guilty! O my dear cousin, you can have no idea what my trials and troubles have been as it regards my eternal state for many years, but more particularly for months past, so that I had no inclination to write to any one. I have been so tried and exercised, fearing lest I had no interest in Christ, as I never could prove my calling as I could wish. I have felt sometimes that I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, if I could do so. I have thought hundreds of times that I was nothing but a professor,—a shell without the kernel; but the Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Satan would tell me I was nothing but a hypocrite in Zion. I felt there are some dreadful woes pronounced against such characters, and I seemed to believe anything that Satan said, but scarcely anything that God said on the other side. I could neither hear the word, nor read, nor pray with any satisfaction. Sometimes a promise would come and give me a little encouragement; then Satan would come and tell me that it did not belong to me; I had no business with such promises; they were only for the children of God, and I could

not believe that I was a child of God. Then I thought, Surely it is all a delusion, and I cannot have any part or lot in the matter. Then I wished I had never been baptized; for I felt afraid lest I should bring a disgrace upon the cause. But blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord's dear name; he has kept all my bones, not one of them is broken,—such a worthless creature as I am who deserve nothing but eternal banishment from his presence. O my dear cousin, I find it impossible to tell you half my trials and temptations; but this much I must say that our extremity is God's opportunity. I could find that the sore distress of my mind was bringing diseases of the body; for I began to feel severe pains in my left side, &c., and I felt so low and weak that I could not attend to my family affairs as I ought to do; and I began to think that surely death and judgment were fast approaching. And added to this a guilty conscience. I never could look at death as a friend, but as an enemy. O the horrors of a guilty conscience! No tongue can express it, I am very sure; yet certainly at times I seemed to have desires going out after the Lord, and this prayer was often given me, "Dear Lord, remember me." And it came from my very soul; yet I could not believe he would answer me. Still I believed all power was in his hands; yet I doubted his willingness to hear me.

"O that cursed sin of unbelief! What a bar that has been to my happiness all my days. Many times I have tried to pray to the Lord for more faith, more grace, and more love; but the heavens appeared as brass, and I have thought of what Jeremiah said: "When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." Sometimes, when on my knees, these words have come, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and it seemed as if I said it from my very heart and soul. Then I thought this must be prayer; for I felt myself to be a miserable sinner. Then the thought would come that Christ is a merciful Saviour, and surely he will answer me in his own time. He hath said he will not despise the prayer of the destitute; yet for all this, my burden remained just the same, almost too much for me to bear.

"At length the time to favour my poor soul came; yes, the set time came on Thursday evening. I thought I would go once more and pour out my complaint before the Lord; for I had been often tempted to give it all up; but when I entered my room the following portions of the word of God were applied with very great power to my soul: "Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee." (Ps. xxxviii. 9.) And then: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Ps. l. 15.) This came with such power it is quite impossible for me to express my feelings at the time; the joy was, indeed, unutterable. The change was so great, so wonderful, that took place in me from that moment, I am not able to describe it. My burden was gone, and I felt as happy as if I had been in heaven. I seemed to be quite swallowed up in the glory and love of God. O! How I loved him! I could see

and feel it too, that my sins were all washed away in that sea of love, in that river the streams whereof make glad the city of God. O! How I longed for my dear husband to come home from market, that I might tell him the great good tidings; and I trust I can say that we blessed, and praised, and magnified the Lord together. I felt so overpowered in my feelings that I thought I must be going to heaven that night. I seemed too happy to live here. O! How I longed to be gone, everything in this world appeared so little. I could get no sleep that night, neither did I wish it. I was too happy to sleep. I could with assurance say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The poet spoke out the feelings of my soul:

"Now I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies;  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

"Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Now I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world."

Surely if the dear Lord meant to destroy me, he never would have shown me such things as these. The joy which I have experienced for many days together is beyond what tongue or pen can describe.

"I hope you will favour me with a long letter, to let us know how you all are. No doubt you find your natural strength fast abating; but the Lord has promised not to leave you nor forsake you in time of old age; and my prayer for you is that you may be enabled to find for your comfort and consolation that the eternal God is your refuge, and that underneath are the everlasting arms, to support and bear you up under every trial and difficulty while passing through this world of sorrow."

"After this great and blessed deliverance from bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God, she has often said that she wanted no more to rove about to hear the word preached by men of different opinions. She therefore settled down a regular attendant at Ebenezer Chapel, Stow-on-the-Wold, and in the following November came before the church, and was cordially received a member; Mr. Roff being the stated pastor."

For a few years we find this child of God enjoying liberty in her soul, prosperity in her family and in her business. She was often known to bless God that her lot was cast within the reach of the means of grace, as she has often said the blessed truths proclaimed by Mr. Roff and Mr. Gorton were such as her soul could feed upon; and she has often gone to chapel with a heavy heart, and returned on her way home rejoicing.

In 1857 she was again brought low in her soul. The enemy tried hard to make her believe it was all a delusion, and she sank very low, and her body, being very weakly, sank down into affliction. Now clouds surrounded her soul; horrors and darkness

seized hold on her; she found trouble and heaviness. Nevertheless, the Lord did not let the enemy triumph over her; for early one morning, when she was meditating on her low state, the Lord broke in upon her soul with these words: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God; believe also in me;" and she often said it was another such a visit as she had when the Lord set her soul at liberty.

But now storms begin to come. Her husband is laid aside by affliction; and she mentioned several friends whom the Lord had been pleased to take by death. Then the Lord was pleased to call home our late pastor, Mr. Roff, which was a very great blow to her, as she was a great lover of the ministers of Christ. Then it was my lot to be appointed by the Lord and chosen by the church to be their pastor. Before I had been among them long she complained to me of a pain in the left breast, which she had kept very secret for some time. At last we prevailed upon her to have medical advice; but she got little or no relief. After using all the means she could, she was advised to go or send to Devizes, to Dr. Marston; and when he came he told her it was a cancer, and would prove fatal. She often felt pleased that the Lord had called her husband before it was fully understood, as he was a very nervous man.

The last two years of her life were one continual scene of affliction and pain, day and night. And now the enemy would say tauntingly, "Where is now thy God?" And again he would say, "She trusted in the Lord; now let us see whether Elias will come and save her." I have gone sometimes and found her in all her sufferings calm and tranquil; and her general desire was that I would pray the Lord to give her strength not to murmur or repine.

One time when I visited her, I said, "Yours is a heavy burden." She exclaimed, "My precious Redeemer had to carry a cross, and mine is only a cancer;" and when able to speak, she said, "His friends forsook him and fled; but mine are as kind to me as they can be." At another time she said to me, "Do help me to bless God for giving me such a son and daughter and such kind friends to be with me in this great trial." Another time, when we had been to hold a meeting in the cottage, which her husband had set aside for that purpose, we called upon her and found she was very much depressed, because she could not be at the meeting. She said how much she missed the public worship of God, as sometimes the hymns would come so sweet to her soul. A friend asked if she could bear up long enough to have a verse or two sung. She said, "Yes." I then mentioned that there was a hymn entitled, "A Day's March Nearer Home." She said she had never heard of it; but would be glad to hear a verse or two; so three verses were sung, and the Lord so brightened up the feelings of her mind that she often repeated afterwards, "A day's march nearer home."

As the cancer proved to be a bleeding one, she kept continually sinking from pain and loss of blood. Such a scene of suffering

was this that the hardest heart would almost move to pity at such a sight; but the Lord would not leave her, and his merciful hand was most blessedly seen in giving her just strength enough to endure the pain; and he did not permit the enemy to harass and perplex her soul, as he had done on some occasions. When I called, she would frequently say, "Just strength enough."

The last time but one that I saw her she said, "This is the place to come to to prove what Election, Redemption, and Salvation by Grace is!" And as soon as able she exclaimed, "What but loving-kindness could have drawn me to his gracious feet? and who but God himself could have kept me till now?"

The Monday before she expired I and my dear wife visited her. We found she was just on the brink of the river. Her poor head was bowed down into her bosom, the cancer having spread itself around the breast, and its strings being entwined about in such a manner as is impossible to describe. Another cancer was also found under the arm. Indeed, the sight was such that would make the strongest nerve of man to shake; but with all the fortitude of a conqueror she bore her sufferings, and, as well as she could speak, said to me, "I have finished my course." To which I replied, "And kept the faith." To which she assented. She then tried to speak, but could not for a while; but as soon as she was able, her eyes being all the while fixed upon me, she said, "Be thou faithful unto death;" and then added, though only a sentence at a time, "Preach free, sovereign, electing love to poor sinners;" and, after labouring awhile for breath, she added, "These things will do to die by." It seemed as if she had now nearly done with me; but on resting for a minute or two, she said, "I have spoken to Thomas (her son), and he won't forsake you when I am gone." She then called my dear wife to her, and entreated her to seek proper advice, and said, "You are young, but I am old." She then gave my wife half a sovereign, and said, "Take this as a dying token of my kind love to you." My poor wife promised her that she would seek advice; which she has done, and hers did prove a cancer, but it was drawn out by the treatment of Dr. Turnbull, of Cheltenham. Therefore, for the benefit of others, we just drop this hint, if you have any dread of a cancer have it examined in time, before it gets too large, as, with the blessing of God, it may be removed if seen to soon enough.

After this, I said to her, "Yours has been a path of pain and sorrow." She said, "Yes." I said, "It is a right way." And then, as well as she could, she said, "My Jesus," laying a great stress on the word, "*My* Jesus has done all things well."

We left her that evening to return home by rail to Cheltenham, and from that time she scarcely spoke; only if the friends said, "Is Jesus precious?" she would say, "Yes," in a low whisper.

She thus continued all night, gradually sinking, but very sensible; and on the morrow she knew all those who were with her,



and for everything they did for her she felt thankful. She now and then tried to lift her eyes to heaven, although not able to speak, evidently showing that her treasure and her heart were there; and, about five o'clock on the Wednesday morning, she very gently closed her eyes in death.

She is interred in the village churchyard, and the following written on her tomb, as composed by her husband:

"A sinner saved by grace  
Lies near this stone in dust."

RICHARD LOVESEY.

THOMAS BROWN.—On May 29th, aged 72, Thomas Brown, a deacon of the Strict Baptist church, Attleborough.

He was a lover of a free-grace gospel, and travelled many miles to hear anything sound. He was apprenticed at Hinckley to a stocking weaver. His master was a gracious man, and he attributed his first convictions to him as the means in the hand of God of stopping him in his mad career. He attended the preaching in the barn after Mr. Gadsby left, but it had no effect upon him, for, as he said, he lived a vain life. He was very fond of dancing, which has been the ruin of many a poor mortal. He had been to a dance, and was returning home late one night, when, upon entering the house, he heard his master engaged in prayer. Some words in the prayer took hold upon him like the arrow that sped from the bow that a man drew at a venture, and entered between the joints of the armour of king Ahab. These words took such fast hold that he saw and felt himself a guilty sinner. The burden of sin was so heavy that he was near despair; so much so that he concluded his sins were too great to be pardoned. This conviction was greatly increased by hearing a minister of the name of Griffith. Such was the state of his mind that he was tempted by the enemy to commit suicide. He actually went so far as to write a note, and then set off to drown himself; but when he came to the place he was powerfully arrested, and could not do it, but returned home to his parents at Attleborough; and was subsequently raised to a good hope through a minister who was visiting his mother, who, when he heard him relate his distress, put his hand upon his head, and said to his mother, "Thy son liveth."

He used to wander about to hear the truth, as in his own village, Attleborough, there was no truth preached. There was a Baptist chapel, and though the minister professed to hold the truth, his walk and conduct were not in accordance with his profession. Mr. Brown wanted him to let a man of truth come into the pulpit, but he refused. So Mr. B. went with Mr. Lester, whose obituary was in the "G. S." some years back, and Mr. Pope, to hear men of truth, frequently to Bedworth, Hinckley, and Leicester, to hear the late Messrs. Gadsby, Warburton, Hardy, Tiptaft, Thomlinson, Philpot, Smith, and others.

After a time they met in a room for reading and prayer. At last, as their number increased, they came to the conclusion to

take a place. The Lord was with them, and they increased, and then wished to have a minister. Mr. J. Orton, of Longford, had commenced speaking. He was a member of the Baptist church at Bedworth. They invited him to supply, and they being poor people, and he being able to go freely, the Lord having blessed him in providence, agreed to take the oversight, and the church was formed in 1858, and Mr. Brown was chosen one of the deacons.

He was a quiet, unassuming man, a lover of good men, and had taken the "Gospel Standard" from its commencement.

A few months before his death it was noticed that he appeared to be going the way of all flesh. The last time he attended the prayer-meeting, on the Tuesday before his departure from this world, he gave out hymn 377, Gadsby's Selection:

"My soul, take courage from the Lord," &c.

He noticed how the Lord had taken one and another, and the time would soon come for them to be gone. He prayed for the prosperity of Zion.

During his last illness he enjoyed great peace of mind, and said, though nature seemed to shrink at death, yet his mind was firmly fixed on the Rock. He thanked the Lord that he was dealt so mercifully with, Satan not being permitted to harass him; so that, amidst all, he could trust his all in Christ alone, and the faithfulness of Jehovah to his covenant.

Friend Pope called upon him just before he died, and asked him how he felt; if the truth and doctrines he had loved and professed would do to die by. He said, "If they will not, nothing else will," remarking how kind the Lord was to him, how merciful to such a poor weak creature, in not permitting Satan to harass him in his last moments; that he was quite resigned; that he was going to see all those good men whom he had heard and loved, Gadsby and others; that he should be with Jesus, and see him as he is; that he felt the Lord's goodness and loving-kindness to him, as he was so weak in body, and that he should soon be gone.

A short time before his death, a friend took a young person up to see him, who had lately been baptized and joined the church. He expressed his gratitude that she had been inclined to pay a visit to such an unworthy creature. A few hours before he died he had his children up, and prayed that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would bless them.

The next day, like the patriarch Jacob of old, he gathered his feet up into his bed and departed, without a groan or struggle.

T. PLAYER.

ROBERT CAPSTACK.—On Oct. 6th, aged 56, Robert Capstack, of Flaxmoss, Lancashire.

He was born of poor but honest parents, who feared God, and are, I believe, yet alive. He was by nature fond of mirth, and used to join in scenes of revelry with great delight; but when about 20 years of age, as he was returning home from a merry-

making, which he had greatly enjoyed, he was suddenly and powerfully seized with the conviction that if he died in that state he would be lost in hell for ever. This for a time made him shun his former associates and their usual haunts; but a horse fair coming on he felt a great desire to go, and eventually did go, although with a burdened conscience. At the fair he met with some of his old companions, who invited him into a public-house and a dancing-room; but God applied these words to his soul with such power: "What doest thou here?" and they added to his burden and horror so much that he was glad to get away from that place, and he bade a final adieu to all such places.

As his light and knowledge of his state as a sinner increased, he found to be true what Solomon says: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." (Ecc. i. 18.) This distress of soul went on for many months, until he was almost in despair; but that most gracious God who had wounded him appeared for his poor soul, and broke into his heart with such light, love, and power, that he felt his sins blotted out from his conscience; light shone into his understanding, love filled his heart, and his guilt and burden rolled away. "Old things passed away, and all things were made new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) The jubilee trump had sounded, the year of his soul's release had come, and he blessed and praised the dear Lord with a grateful heart, and delighted to hear Jesus exalted and the sinner laid low. The place where this change occurred was in the west of Yorkshire, I believe.

He enjoyed this sweet frame for about three months; and as the Lord withdrew his sweet, sacred, devil-feared, old nature-hated, and soul-securing presence, Satan and the old man drew near, and his poor soul was led to feel that nothing short of a God-begotten new creature, nothing short of a new creation, and a sustaining God can ever keep a poor soul when floods of lust and fires of pride and blasphemy are felt within, and nothing but darkness and unheeded petitions without. He saw how needful the admonitions and blessed injunctions in the gospel are: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation;" "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" but he also felt how utterly unable he was to do anything spiritually except the Lord appeared, and feeling also the truth of the Lord's own words to his disciples: "Without *Me* ye can do nothing."

He joined the church at Thornton Rust, I believe.

Having been much exercised about preaching, yet having said nothing to any one about it, he was surprised to hear the minister ask him if he had not been impressed with the feeling of being a preacher; which he could not deny. After this conversation the church held a meeting, and desired him to speak; and after speaking to them they sent him out to preach anywhere where the Lord might open a door for him.

Sometime after this, he commenced to speak in his own house, and his employers attended his ministry, admiring him as a faithful, diligent, peaceable servant; for he always laboured for

his own bread, never being settled over a church. His faithful preaching soon tired his Fullerite employers, who wanted him to smooth down the truths of the gospel to suit their Arminian palates; but God enabled him to preach, as the Holy Ghost had taught him, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Robert Capstack was, no doubt, a "help" to the church of God. He did not legalize the gospel, as a certain legalist lately did, who said that a sweet and blessed admonition was a "command." Robert loved all sound and free grace ministers, and he also loved the fruits of the grace of God in the heart. He had no human learning, nor shining pulpit qualities, nor missionary zeal to boast of; but was an honest, sincere, faithful servant of God, and a diligent student in his own heart, and the incomparably rich mine—the word of God. The churches of Oldham, Chorley, and several others in Lancashire had him engaged almost every Lord's day. This promise was given him, when he removed from the west into Lancashire: "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." He was much grieved at having to leave the few he met with in the west; but he was constrained to remove to obtain a livelihood.

In his last illness, which no doubt was brought on by going to preach at Oldham, on the last Lord's day in September, when he got very wet, and came home with a pain in his side; and as the ordinary means did not seem to remove it they sent for a doctor, but his means proving ineffectual, he died on the Friday, and sweetly fell asleep in the Lord.

The last two texts he spoke from were Ps. lxxii. 12 morning; evening, Ps. l. 15. He read in the morning, Acts xx. This was at Oldham, and that church, with others, deplore the loss of his services; but "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Several letters of sympathy have been sent to the widow, who is a godly woman, and is left with a poor and large family. One of the dear fatherless children is in a consumption; and I believe the only likely one to do her any good in a temporal way is on the point of marriage; so that she is quite destitute.

THE COLLIER.

JANE BRAITHWAITE.—On Oct. 15th, 1871, aged 30, Jane Braithwaite, a member of the church in Shaw Street, Liverpool, and one of the last members baptized by Mr. Freeman.

She was a sincerely humble Christian, and one to whom I felt much union of soul. I remember asking her how it was she came to Liverpool; when she replied, "I heard it was a good place for making money, and I came here determined to make money; but I have found we could not; for as sure as we have got a little forward there has been a pull backward." Once, after many losses, the Lord took from them a very valuable cow. This so stirred up the rebellion of her heart that she got into poor Jonah's path, and said she did well to be angry, even unto death. She laid all her losses before the Lord, and told him he was dealing hardly with her, but she was determined yet to succeed.

She was left to a hard spirit for a long time, and she thought she must give up religion altogether; but at once the Lord broke her hard heart with these words:

“Sovereign Ruler of the skies,” &c.

“Then,” said she, “how ashamed I felt on account of my rebellious heart, and to think I should so sin against the Lord.” I must confess I have found few who have walked more carefully, or have been more fearful of presuming.

During her last short illness she was often much perplexed; but still hope would at times spring forth. But her general complaint was, “I am so dark!” A friend was reading out of Bunyan’s “Grace Abounding,” when she exclaimed, “O! If I could but feel the Lord’s presence, then I could bear anything; for I find no access. It is as if I had nothing in me right.” After this, on being reminded of Jesus Christ as a Saviour, she replied, “Bless his precious name! Bless his precious name!” And then, after a short pause, burst forth with, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.”

When told the doctor was bringing in a physician, she said, “It is our duty to do all that we can; but he is not the physician I want;” and on hearing the doctor’s opinion that there was still a hope that she might be spared, she replied, “If I do get better I shall be disappointed.

“Let worldly minds the world pursue;  
It hath no charms for me,” &c.

Her father, to whom she had felt much union of soul, arrived, which much overcame her. She said, “Father, I am unworthy your coming so far, but I thought I should like to see you once more. Your letters, father, have often given me ‘a lift;’” and she repeated part of this hymn:

“A sovereign Protector I have,” &c.

Her sufferings being so great she was only able to speak at intervals. When they ceased a little, she said, “O Lord, have mercy, and give me patience.”

Seeing her husband, she said, “My lad, thou and I must part. Take care of my boy. When I have come home from chapel with tears in my eyes, and running down my cheeks, he has never reproached me for my religion.”

On Friday, the 15th, she repeated this hymn:

“Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,” &c.

Her father asked her if she felt the Lord to be with her. She answered, “Yes, father, yes. Bless his holy name! Lord, I am waiting at the gate. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! I can trust him, I can trust him, father! I am so unworthy of the least of all his mercies; but I can trust him.”

These were her last words of consciousness I have recorded. After this she became delirious, and continued so until she breathed her last.

15, Belmont View, West Derby Road, Liverpool.

S. G. SPENCER.

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