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THE

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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1877.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

Dear Friends in the Lord,—Days, months, and years are rapidly passing away. We must soon have done with time and time things. But when our heads are laid in the dust, there remains one thing we would leave behind us, so far as we are able, and so far as we are concerned, uncorrupted; and that is the Truth of God as contained in his holy Word. We well know that the Word of God, his precious truth, is in itself incorruptible; but what we desire is so to hold it forth, so to defend it, in our day and generation, that it may not, through any fault or remissness or half-heartedness in us, be obscured or injured to God's people.

The church is the pillar and ground of the truth. There it has its resting-place in the power of the Spirit of God; there it should be held forth in all its purity and sweetness. There are many strifes and contentions upon earth; even God's people sometimes strive unnecessarily. Too much of our own selves will come in. One thing, and one only, seems really worth striving about, and that in love,—the pure Truth of God as it is in Jesus. It matters little what men think of us whilst we live. "He that truly and finally judges us is the Lord." It will not much signify, so far as we are concerned, what men think of us when we are dead. The praise or blame of man cannot affect us in the unseen world. Man's praise cannot mitigate the pains of hell; man's blame cannot detract from the joys of heaven. May the Lord, then, enable us to cease from man, and do his will, contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, whether men approve or whether they reprobate our conduct.

It may be well, at the beginning of another year, in our Address, to call to your mind some of those great truths on which our soul's hope is built, we trust, for eternity, and also to consider how, in a way of experience, we have been led into and settled in those truths of God.

Let us, then, first go back and consider the rise and spring of all the blessedness we hope to enjoy in time and to eternity. This we believe to be the freely gracious nature, the essential goodness of our God. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, had no need of us to add to their essential blessedness and felicity.

God is not only self-existent but self-sufficing. But, then, God, in his infinite boundless goodness, determined to communicate to creatures, whom by his Almighty power he would call into existence, of his infinite fulness and blessedness. Thus, in Rev. iv. 11 we have glory ascribed to God as Creator: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." This pleasure was the good pleasure of his goodness, which led him to will the communication of his blessedness and glory unto those creatures of his hands concerning whom the elders are speaking.

But to proceed. In carrying out this, the good pleasure of the Divine will, we have the Lord sovereignly determining to call into existence the various creatures of his hands, animate and inanimate, the heavens and the earth, angels, beasts, and men. But, further, we have the Lord sovereignly choosing some of these creatures, some angels, and some men, to be the special objects of his love, in whom he would eternally show forth all the riches of his goodness. We read of elect angels and elect men. We are more especially concerned with the latter. Now Scripture most distinctly informs us that, without any reference to works, good or bad, as the moving cause of God's election, God did, of his free sovereign will and rich and free grace, choose some of the vast multitude of mankind whom he would bring into existence, to everlasting glory. These he chose before the foundation of the world, before they had an actual being. These he chose freely, absolutely, irreversibly, to be partakers of his glory. This choice is usually ascribed primarily to the Father; but in this choice the Son and blessed Spirit are of one mind and will with the Father.

Now, further, in the pursuit of the sweet good pleasure of his will, the Father, we read, gave the church, the great body of the elect, unto Jesus before the world began. As Watts writes:

"Christ be my first Elect, he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head."

Christ, as we know, was set up from of old, from everlasting, to be the Christ of God, the great Head of the church, the Second Adam; and the members of his mystical body were all written in God's book from eternity; so that, as Christ himself says (Prov. viii.), his delights from eternity were in these sons of men. Thus we have Christ and his people all as one in the mind, purpose, and good pleasure of God from all eternity. One of our poets beautifully represents this:

"Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primæval shades of darkness drove,
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.
Then, in the glass of his decrees,
Christ and his bride appear'd as one;
Her sin by imputation his,
Whilst she in spotless splendour shone."

The same sweet truth is set forth in Acts x. There, in the great sheet let down before Peter, were all the elect of God. *All were clean*, all let down from heaven; though some were then in heathenism and the ruins of the fall, and some unborn. They were in heaven in the mind of God, before being on earth by actual creation. They were *clean*, individually and collectively, as seen in Christ, though at present uncleansed as to their manifested and experimental condition, being yet, in many cases, dead in trespasses and sins.

When David was about to leave this world, and considered the state of his family, and probably had a prophetic view of some of the future generations which would spring from him, he could find little to comfort him; but, then, here he found a sweet relief, that God had made with him "an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." This, for the substance of it, is the covenant made between the Three blessed Persons in the Godhead in Christ, before the foundation of the world. This is the sweet covenant of his grace and love. This is the covenant made on behalf of the elect, revealed in the Word of promise, and sealed by the blood, as well as administered by the hands of the Mediator,—Jesus. To this covenant the Three blessed Persons swore, confirming it by an oath, that thus by immutable things, those persons might have strong consolation who have fled to Jesus.

"He swore but once; the deed was done;
'Twas settled by the great Three-One."

So sings one of our poets. Another, with equal sweetness, says:

"Before all worlds, the glorious plan,
The bless'd eternal deed,
Was settled by the Eternal Three,
That Christ for man should bleed."

Again. One describes this covenant as

"Sign'd by the sacred Three in One,
In mutual love, ere time begun."

These testimonies we believe to be true. We consider each Person in the blessed Trinity to have been a party to this eternal covenant. Its stipulations have a reference to each of those blessed Persons; to the Father as accepting his people in the Beloved, and blessing them with all spiritual blessings as seen in him, washed in his blood, and clothed in his obedience; to the Son as taking upon him their nature, standing in their law-place, fulfilling all righteousness for them in his spotless obedient life, and bleeding for them in his atoning death on Calvary; to the Holy Spirit as coming into their hearts, being sent by the Father and the Son to lead them into all truth, glorify Christ to and in them, and shed abroad in their hearts the Father's eternal boundless love.

"Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore."

Seeing, then, that the Holy Spirit is a Co-equal, Co-eternal Person in the Godhead, we cannot suppose for a moment that a covenant was made between the Father and the Son to which that blessed Spirit was not a party, when in that very covenant he sustains so great and sweet a part. In fact, the covenant is the covenant of Jehovah; that is, of Jehovah,—Father, Son, and Spirit. There is only One Jehovah; though in that One Divine Essence there are Three Co-equal, Co-eternal Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit. Thus the Scripture says: "Hear, O Israel; the Lord [or Jehovah] our God is one Jehovah."

Dear friends, what great and sweet truths these are! It would be well if we could more stand upon the shore of this infinite ocean of grace; or, to apply the words in the Song of Solomon, if with doves' eyes, fitly set, we could look more steadfastly into these rivers of water of eternal life and love.

But now let us turn our attention to our own experiences. It is well, not only to know God's truth, but to know from whom we have learned it. All God's children are taught of the Lord. We know nothing properly but what we have learned under the teaching of the Spirit. He guides into all truth. The unction from the Holy One teaches us all things, and to profit.

What a picture we have in Ezek. xvi. of the experiences of a child of God! What wanderings, what pride! Yet God brings good out of all this evil, and thus establishes his people in his everlasting covenant. We do not preach the necessity of backsliding, much less do we preach the propriety of it. We well know that a backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways; but we do feel persuaded that it takes a great deal to break down man's naturally self-righteous, legal, proud heart, and bring him experimentally into the bonds of the covenant. We also know that God frequently deals with others as he did with Hezekiah,—leaves them, to a certain extent, that they may by experience know what is in their hearts.

" Proud Peter in the dust of vice
 Fell down exceeding low;
 His towering pride, by tumbling thrice,
 Thy Husband humbled so."

We also believe that hardly one of God's children, after some lengthened experience, will be inclined to say he has never backslidden in heart, if not in life, from the Lord. Nay, we will go one step further. We are more inclined to listen to those who deplore their base backslidings than those who, like the elder son, proclaim their virtue, and say they have never thus transgressed at any time. We would dread backsliding; we would warn against it and its consequences; we would take counsel of David's broken bones and Peter's sorrows; but, alas! wandering, backsliding hearts we have. We only stand as God upholds us, and run as he draws us. Good Mr. Toplady wisely and truly writes of the Spirit:

“ Shine, then, thou Uncreated ray;
 If but a moment thou withdraw,
 That moment sees me go astray,
 That moment sees me break thy law.”

We confess our own wandering, backsliding hearts, and therefore frankly declare that the never-transgressing elder sons are rather too good for us. We sympathetically turn from them to the flock of slaughter.

Now for a moment let us consider what we were, before the Lord visited us with his special grace. In the substance of things, how well represented by the poor miserable outcast infant of Ezekiel's words, lying in our blood. “ Your father was an Amorite,” says God, “ and your mother a Hittite; and your birth and nativity of the land of Canaan.” What misery and wretchedness! As Mr. Watts puts it:

“ Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race and taints us all.”

Born into this evil world, under the curse of God as in Adam, without one good desire after, nay, haters of, God, with a carnal mind, only enmity against him, and impossible to be subjected to the law of God. No education, no careful training, could alter the case. No eye pitied us; or if, being born of godly parents, with godly friends, they did in degree pity us, they could not so pity as to help and save; they could not atone for our sin, nor pity grace and life into our souls.

“ When we lay in sin polluted,
 Wretched and undone we were;
 All we saw and heard was suited
 Only to produce despair.
 Ours appear'd a hopeless case;
 Such it had been but for grace.”

But all this time God's love, as Erskine writes, was running underground towards us. Christ lived and died for his elect when they were without strength; and having redeemed them by his death, and justified them by his obedience, in his own proper time he quickens them by his Spirit into the life of God. How sweetly this is recorded in Ezekiel: “ And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live.” Now takes place the great change. Whatever there may have been previously of the Lord's dealings with this person's soul, there was no distinct actual manifestation of the secret of God concerning him. He was a child in God's purpose, one of Christ's people, a member of his body, written in God's book, a vessel of mercy ordained to glory, a sheep, an object of eternal love. All this he was as seen in Christ in the eyes of God. “ Other sheep,” says Christ, “ I have, which are not of this fold.” But there is no clear manifestation of this until the Lord says unto the soul, “ Live.” No sinner dead in trespasses and sins is warranted to conclude or speak well of his state. Secret things, until revealed, belong unto the Lord our God. No

man, no minister, would have been warranted in encouraging this unquickened man to think well of his condition; but now when Christ has said, "Live," there is a wonderful difference. Christ is now really in the man; the kingdom of heaven is there, if only as a grain of mustard-seed; the Holy Ghost has entered as a principle of a new, diviner, and eternal life into the man's heart. The secret of God concerning him has begun to be made manifest. Life and righteousness are linked inseparably together. As it is written: "The just shall live by faith." So, then, the saying to this man, "Live," is virtually a proof of justification, an indication of his righteousness, though the poor man, for a time, it may be, can by no means see this to be the case, but is much more inclined to utterly condemn himself, and conclude that God condemns him. Nevertheless, this quickening of the man is in reality a declaration of love, mercy, pardon, and righteousness, however much he may misunderstand the voice of God's dealings.

We must be careful not to make mistakes upon this point. The least degree of the new life which the true child of God receives has its rise and spring in the eternal electing grace and love of God the Father and the sweet finished work and mediation of the Lord Jesus; indeed, it is a fruit of the man's eternal union to Christ; for to such only the Second Adam is made a quickening Spirit. It also has its rise from the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of grace and life in Christ Jesus, who comes into the heart as a new-Creator in Christ, in accordance with the eternal covenant. Thus, however weak and feeble this life may be, it is something never to be found in the most showy of natural men. It is *spirit*; so like its Author, so diverse from anything to be found in man as first created, much more as fallen, that it is called by quite a new name; it is "*spirit*."

We believe this truth to be of the greatest importance. It seems to us to be one lying at the root of all due discrimination, and prevents the confounding together of natural and spiritual things. The least of grace is grace; the greatest of nature is nature. Hence the groans of these persons are more precious than the triumphs of hypocrites. "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." He that hath this implantation of a new life is marked by it as an object of God's special love and Christ's special favour. For a time this new life may only act in sighs, groans, tears for sin, longings after Christ and mercy; but

"New life from him we must receive,
Before for sin we rightly grieve."

And where this new life is, God despiseth it not because only a day of small things. Mr. Watts beautifully writes:

"With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies;

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew."

But the work begun in weakness is carried on. The beginning is this implanting of a principle of new life; from this proceed various results; an inevitable one being true genuine spiritual conviction of sin. The Spirit, as the Spirit of Christ, a Spirit of truth, of light, and of life, is now in the man; and what makes manifest is light. Now, according to the degree of the Spirit's work, the man begins to see and feel his lost and ruined state, his evil life and evil heart. He sorely feels the fall. He believes God's Word, and sets to his seal as to the truth of its testimonies concerning his natural state as a sinner. Now he begins to long as he never did before for mercy, for pardon of his sins, for the righteousness of God, and for the blessed Spirit; in fact, he becomes more and more a lost, ruined sinner in himself, and sighs for mercy and pardon in the blood of Jesus. Well, in due season the time of love comes; the time when not only shall he see that Christ shed his blood for sinners, but that it was shed for him. Before this time comes, this poor mourner in Zion, this hungerer and thirster, is neither a Pharisee nor a dead sinner; he is not really under the law, for he is sighing for mercy through Jesus Christ. The law, indeed, through the legality of his heart, sadly troubles him, and that legality of his old nature darkens the counsel of God concerning him, and often fills him with fears, and produces, at times, great despondency, yea, even well-nigh despairing feelings. He can hardly suppose that God loves him, or that Christ has a purpose of mercy concerning his soul. But his actual state, as before God, is very different from his felt condition; his state, as it is pronounced upon by the Word, from that which it is pronounced to be by his fears. There is a new eternal life really in the man's soul. Through this life there are actings of various kinds of a living nature. It is not all death, nor all dead work. Bunyan calls this man's sighs, groans, tears, golden sighs, golden groans, golden tears. We say this is true; for they are, as to the root of them, living, spiritual, gracious things, and fruits of a degree of fellowship with Christ in his resurrection life. They prove the man to be a child of God and a righteous person; for as Christ was raised from the dead in token of the justification in him of all his people, so, when God quickens an individual, it is connected by the apostle Paul with the forgiveness of his sins. "And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses." The apostle's words indicate that the communication of life is a grand token of forgiveness, just as the release from prison of a man justly sentenced to death naturally is a grand evidence of pardon. Throw open the gaol doors, in such a case, and it says the criminal is forgiven. So the deliverance from the grave of trespasses and sins, the dominion of Satan, and the power of death, by the communication of a new spiritual and eternal life (Eph. ii. 1) is one

grand evidence of the pardon and justification of the person. In saying unto a man, "Live," Christ virtually says, "I love and have redeemed you." But at length arrives the time of love in sweet experience. There may have been many touches of love and grace, and glimpses of Christ before, many springings up of faith and hope, many goings forth of vehement desire, as Christ stood behind the wall or showed himself for a brief interval at the lattice; but this is a time of sweeter, fuller, clearer manifestation; a time of betrothing the soul to Christ in everlasting love. The time of need becomes to the child of God a time of manifested love.

"Deep floods of everlasting love and grace
That, underground, ran an eternal space,
Now rise aloft. . . ."

For this time the child of God has in the spirit waited; for this he has prayed. He could not thoroughly rest until this time came. He had before, at times, some sweet rest in hope; but now the desire granted is a tree of life; and this comes frequently after hope deferred has made the heart at length very sick.

Now Christ, as in Ezek. xvi. 8-14, betrothing the sinner sweetly to himself, does thoroughly wash the conscience from the guilt and filth of sin. The child of God comes up from this washing in the fountain of Christ's blood as clean in the sight of God. Now in the Spirit he can stand before the throne of God, having by faith washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Now he sings with the psalmist: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;" and enters feelingly into the blessedness of the man "whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." Now he can say with the poet:

"Forgiveness! 'Tis a joyful sound,
To malefactors doom'd to die."

All this blessedness he is now in the conscious possession of.

"He tastes the sweets of sin forgiven."

But there is another mercy also bestowed upon him. Christ experimentally covers him with the robe of righteousness, as in Ezekiel: "Thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and broi-dered work." Or in Ps. xlv.: "Her raiment is of wrought gold." This is the imputed righteousness of Christ,—his obedience unto the death for her; so that he has become "the Lord her Righteousness." Now in her conscience she stands before God not only a pardoned sinner, but an everlastingly-justified person, clothed as before the Lord in the garment woven for her sake in everlasting love. Now she is indeed, as in her own eyes, clothed in the righteousness of Jesus, all fair before the throne of God; for

"Lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

Now, too, she enjoys, in full and blessed measure, another sweet gift of grace. She is richly anointed with the Holy Spirit of God. "I anointed thee with oil." This is that oil of joy given her for the spirit of mourning which, before this time of love, was so much with her. Now the blessed Spirit in great abundance is with her. As Paul writes: "Which he shed on us abundantly." And as the Holy Spirit is thus sweetly given her, for there is now a great pouring out of the Holy Ghost upon her heart, since Christ is now glorified in her, and his salvation revealed in its fulness and freeness and brought nigh, so she is greatly enriched with his gifts and graces according to the measure of the grace of Christ. "I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain upon thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears." All these expressions are designed, we believe, to show how richly the child of God is in this time of love adorned with the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. How sweet now is obedience in newness of life unto her! She runs in the way of God's commandments. Her Father's name as a fair jewel is upon her forehead, and the law of her God is in her lips, life, and heart. In fact, the child of God is now made both a priest and a king unto God. Christ says, "I put a beautiful crown upon thine head." O what a sweet and blessed time this is to the poor sinner, who, perhaps, a little before has been trembling as at the very gates of hell! For usually in our feelings the darkest hour precedes the sweetest morning.

Well, dear friends, we hope many of you have enjoyed this time of love; then you well know that no words can really express its blessedness. But you can do this,—sweetly, at times, say to poor seekers, thirsters, hungerers after Jesus, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

"Now will we tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour we have found;
We'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"

But, alas! that ever there should come upon all this blessedness so sad a change as many have experienced. Dear friends, in this time of love did you want to continue in sin? No; you were deadened to it at the cross of Christ. Did you want to wander, to backslide? No; you dreaded the thought of a declension as to your present state of mind and feeling. Had any one told you that you would get into the spots and places you have since been in, would it not almost have broken your hearts? Would you not have said to Jesus, "O Lord, rather take me out of the world than leave me in it to wander from thee, and sin against thee so grievously again?" But how has it been? While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. Must not many of us confess that Ezekiel's description of wandering Israel is, in the spirit and substance of things, too true of us? Mind,

these wanderings in Ezek. xvi. are not *before*, but *after* a time of love. The truth is this. Though in such a time the old man of sin in a child of God gets a dreadful blow, he is not really destroyed. We are said to be dead to the law by the body of Christ, and our old man is crucified with him. We are completely dead to the law and crucified to sin in the death of Christ for us; but we are only deadened to the law and sin by the effects of the cross of Christ in a time of love in us. Indwelling sin still remains in us as a nature, and a complete body of sin and death, fully organized against the work of God in our souls. What, then, results? By degrees, as novelty wears off, the deadly wound in experience becomes too much healed; Satan watches his opportunity, and the world is ever at hand to regain a power in some degree over the child of God. Legality and self-righteousness begin to gather strength, and work and prevail to some extent again. "Thou didst trust in thy own beauty." Pride insensibly begins to swell. We begin to think of ourselves, our grace, our experience, our Christian walk, above what we ought to think. We are inclined to say of those who walk much in the dark, who are beset with strong temptations, who are more inclined to speak of their sins, infirmities, low estates, deficiencies, than of their joys and consolations, who go mourning much without the sun, and whose good and sweet times are sadly like some oasis in a wilderness of hidings of God's face, weariness and sorrow, that this low condition must proceed from some fault in them; and then, like the Pharisee, we secretly indulge in a self-complacent "God, I thank thee." As Job says to his friends, "He that is ready to slip with his feet is as a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease." So it may gradually be with those who have enjoyed a time of love. We have much of the Pharisee about us. Then what follows? "God beholdeth the proud afar off." And when pride begins to swell in his own people, he begins to withdraw from them and hide his face. Carnal security, too, may gradually take the place of good confidence; and, as Bunyan has it, Mansoul may feast in the house of Mr. Carnal Security. The doctrines are retained in the judgment, but cease to be graciously influential as before upon the heart; and there is a settling upon the lees of a past experience and notions of sovereign grace, whilst the power of godliness is very deficient. What then follows, more or less? Why, a sad prevalence of various other corruptions. Self-righteousness, pride, and a notional, doctrinal, carnal security, have broken down the wall, and the foxes, great and small, of numberless evils go up upon Mount Zion. We do not speak here of outward sins. These too often, in some respects, also prevail. So it was with David, Peter, and others. But a man's walk may appear little blameable before men; yet what is it before God? What says conscience as to heart sins, secret sins? "Backsliding Israel hath justified herself more than treacherous Judah." Perhaps conscience will make some who appear blameless before men cry out, "Tamar is more righteous than I."

But what a baseness there is in all this! Never does the intensity of the evil of the human heart so display itself as in the sins, especially the declensions and backslidings, of a child of God. None break through such oppositions, for they sin in spite of the inward resistings of the grace and Spirit of God in their own hearts. None sin against such light, such mercies, such love. Well may God say, "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel, —a land of darkness?" No; God has been a Father, Redeemer, Sanctifier, Comforter. But sin never is anything but sin; the carnal mind never anything but enmity; and, therefore, through the flesh the Lord's people in substance and degree may say, "We are lords; we will come no more unto thee." But sooner or later the Lord visits his people again, and says to the backsliders in heart or ways, "Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you." He usually makes them first reap as they have sown, and causes them to find that their evil ways bring nothing but trouble upon their heads. Like poor sinning Israel of old, they find that the Midianites and Amalekites, in one form or other, are raised up as a scourge to them for their wandering ways. They are thus brought very low; but then the Lord returns in mercies to them. He is grieved with their afflictions. Now he makes them sensible that their own ways have procured these troubles for them. Now they sigh again for his presence and a better state of things. Thus he says in Jeremiah, "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. Turn thou me, and I shall be turned." And again they say, "Behold, we come unto thee; for thou art the Lord our God." For a while, indeed, they may have to bear the manifestation of the indignation of the Lord, and sometimes their anguish is very great, fearing a backslider's hell; but the Lord sustains them in the midst of all, until at length the returning prodigal falls into his Father's arms, and dwells again in his Father's house. Jesus brings back in triumph his wandering sheep. And the Father seats in the highest place the poor wanderer restored by grace. Now what is the result that grace, triumphant grace, brings out of all this wandering and sin? Why, a fuller, firmer establishment in the covenant.

"And by such means, though strange to tell,
The Lord will teach them Jesus well."

Now their pride is more deeply laid in the dust, their own wisdom, strength, goodness, righteousness, more completely proved to be worse and less than vanity. Where is now a boasting of superiority to others? Where is now the Pharisaic "Or even as this publican?" No; such things are much more completely than before brought into the dust; and the promise is greatly fulfilled that God's people should remember their own evil ways, and their doings which were not good, and should be confounded and never open their mouths any more because of their shame, when God is pacified towards them for all that they have done. O

how increased sweet is Christ and the everlasting covenant to this poor restored backslider's soul! How much more fully now he can set to his seal that God is true, when he pronounces the heart to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked! This man has no stones to throw against the vilest. He must disapprove of sin in himself and others; he would more and more abhor it; but his heart is now much more moulded into a gospel frame of tenderness, pity, and prayerfulness for others, than of censure and resentment. These are sweet fruits, but we must not think the work ends here. O no! Old nature still is there, and still as vile as ever.

So then, many, many wanderings, many, many restorations, will be the usual pathway in which the man goes forward to heaven.

"To-day with a taste of his love
Jehovah his soul may expand;
To-morrow he'll give him to prove
The Canaanites still in the land."

Nevertheless he goes onward to his home above, to Jesus, sweetest Jesus, the Crown of his hope, to the land that is very far off, but which faith espies, with the cross of indwelling sin upon his shoulders, and daily infirmities, deficiencies, sins, snares, temptations, and sorrows to groan under. Trials from without, at times, press him sore; trials strange and unexpected in their nature and their origin. Where he looks for peace he often finds bitterness. The roses upon earth have thorns. But God brings him still further good of a spiritual nature out of everything, and makes him more than conqueror. His comforts and crosses, his friends and foes, in a sense, all bring tribute to him. He gains by everything, and, at times, he sings upon the road almost like those in heaven. He triumphs over all by faith, and sweetly cries,

"To that bless'd realm of bright repose
Thou wilt conduct my weary feet,
Where peace no interruption knows,
And where my Sun shall never set."

Thus he is a blessed man in the midst of everything. He is blessed on the way, for all works for his good; he is blessed when he comes to die, for Christ's rod and staff comfort him; the sting of death is gone, and the grave has lost its victory. He is blessed indeed when the hour of death is past. But O! What mortal tongue can describe the felicity of the soul in glory? One of our poets seems to have had some little foretaste when he wrote as follows:

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee;
 Ah! Strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free."

Dear friends, may your hearts and mine catch a little of the poet's heavenly fire. O for a heart to love Jesus more and to know him better that this may be the case; for to know him truly is to love. Well, we shall quickly pass this vale of tears. Our eyes, we trust, shall see him one day as he is. There will be no more sorrow, no more perplexity, no more anguish of spirit, no more sickness, no more death, and no more sin.

"One view of Jesus as he is
 Will strike all sin for ever dead."

What lies before us in this life we cannot tell. What is coming upon the earth is more than any of us can decide. The nations seem sharpening their swords for the tremendous battle. If it begins it will be no trivial one. Their ambassadors go armed to a peaceful conference. Will it be peace? We cannot say; but the child of God may, in his right mind, triumph! "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Euphrates, in the figurative language of Scripture, may be dried up; vials of wrath may be poured on earth and sea; the seat of the beast may be invaded and filled with darkness; but "there is a river, which makes glad the city of God," a river of God's life and love, which dries not up to eternity. The Lord will be unto his people an everlasting light, and the tumults and troubles of the nations are but the sound and dust of the wheels of his chariot. The church may appear in a low place, but it is safe in Jesus. What, then, remains? Let us contend valiantly for the truth whilst we sojourn here below,—contend in love. May the Lord show us that we are his witnesses, and make and keep us faithful. Truth is before men's persons. Paul in love reproved his brother Peter. We would keep our swords upon our thighs because of fears in the night, and our hands upon their hilts. Not brandish them uselessly, but wield them faithfully when the circumstance requires it. And when we come to die, O how sweet it will be to say, "I have fought the fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day."

Dear friends, we have done. The Lord be with you, and the Lord keep us in his fear, and enrich us with his love, and guide us in his ways, and in all our sorrows, temptations, and trials here below make his truth,—his pure, sweet truth, our shield and buckler.

THOUGH sinners herd together in sin, yet in judgment they wish to separate. No one helpeth his fellow. Like the first transgressor in the garden, they rather accuse than soften each other's crime. They stand afar off.—*Dr. Hawker.*

THE PERSONALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I SHALL at present confirm the Divine Personality of the Spirit with only one argument, which I will not say is such that no man can offer the show of an answer to it; for what will not the serpentine wits of men attempt? But I will boldly say it is such as the gates of hell shall never prevail against in the hearts of true believers, whose establishment in the faith I chiefly design. And if it does not evince the Personality of the Spirit to all unprejudiced readers, it must certainly convince all men that nothing which is taught in the Scripture can possibly be understood. †

Argument.—If a wise and honest man should come and tell you that in a certain country where he has been there is an excellent governor, who wisely discharges the duties of his office; who hears causes, discerns right, distributes justice, relieves the poor, and comforts the distressed; would you not believe that he intended by this description a righteous, wise, diligent, intelligent person? What else could any man living imagine? But, now suppose that a stranger, or person of suspicious character and credit, should come and say that the former information which you had received was indeed true, but that no man or person was intended, but the sun, or the wind, which by their benign influences rendered the country fruitful and temperate, and disposed the inhabitants to mutual kindness and benignity; and, therefore, that the whole description of a governor and his actions was merely figurative, though no such intimation had been given you; must you not conclude either that the first person was a notorious trifler, and designed your ruin, if your affairs depended on his report, or that your latter informer, whose veracity you had reason to suspect, had endeavoured to abuse both him and you? It is exactly thus in the case before us.

The Scripture tells us that the Holy Ghost governs the church, appoints overseers of it, discerns and judges all things, comforts the faint, strengthens the weak, is grieved and provoked by sin, and that in these and many other affairs he works, orders, and disposes all things according to the counsel of his own will. Can any man credit this testimony, and conceive otherwise of the Spirit than as a holy, wise, intelligent Person? Now, while we are under the power of these apprehensions, there come to us some men, Socinians or Quakers, whom we have just cause to suspect of deceit or falsehood, and they tell us that what the Scripture says of the Holy Ghost is indeed true, but that no such Person is intended by these expressions, but only an accident, a quality, an effect, or influence of the power of God, which doth all these things figuratively; that he has a will figuratively, is sinned against figuratively, and so of all that is said of him. Now, what can any man not bereft of natural reason as well as spiritual light conclude, but either that the Scripture designed to draw him into fatal errors, or that those who impose such a sense upon it are corrupt seducers, who would rob him of his faith and comforts? Such will they at last appear to be.—*Dr. Owen.*

ADOPTION.

“Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will.”—EPI. I. 5.

How great the privilege, unspeakable the blessings, and glorious the future, revealed, opened up, and set before us in the glorious gospel of the blessed God! Without it we must have groped in the dark, remained in midnight gloom, and have been for ever lost. The light of nature must have failed utterly to show us our true state and condition, to make us acquainted with ourselves, or to communicate the saving knowledge of the God of grace, as he reveals himself in the gospel of his Son. All scientific research, literary attainments, and worldly wisdom must have utterly failed. There is no spiritual life, no divine and heavenly light in these things. They might have inflated the heart with pride, and led us to look down with contempt upon our fellow-creatures; but these things would never have humbled our hearts before God, wrought true spiritual repentance, taught us the way of salvation experimentally through faith, or inspired sincere love to God or genuine charity towards men; but, apart from the saving knowledge of the truths of the gospel, must have left the soul, with all its capacities and powers, in that state of degradation and death in sin in which by nature it is found. “The world by wisdom knew not God.” “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” Hence the work of the Spirit is necessary to the communication of spiritual life, conviction of sin, the belief of the gospel, the reception of Christ by precious living faith, the saving knowledge of God, and the personal, experimental enjoyment of the privileges and blessings of the covenant of grace. Thus blessed, all our attainments are made subservient to the divine glory and our spiritual interests and usefulness.

The text presents before us a great doctrine of the gospel, and a blessed privilege, which is conferred upon the dear children of God. May the blessed Spirit aid us in our meditations.

Divine Adoption. This wonderful grace had its birth in eternity, has its development in time, and its maturity awaits eternity again. It first existed in the eternal mind, and originated in eternal love. It is everlasting in its nature. It is enjoyed by the favoured and distinguished objects of it in their present state of being, and will be consummated in their glorification with their already-glorified Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Adoption, literally, is an act by which an individual takes another into his family, confers the privileges of a child, and constitutes him his heir. Divine adoption is that act of free and unmerited favour by which God puts poor sinners into the estate, and brings them into the relation of children, confers upon them all spiritual blessings, and makes them heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. This, I think, may be considered to imply

A Fatherless and Forlorn Condition.—How graphic is the description given by the apostle of the natural state of the children of God! “That at that time ye 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.) Our state by nature is most deplorable, pitiable, and distressing; and those who are spiritual are made deeply sensible of this. As our first parents were cast out of Eden when they sinned, and were made to feel something of the awful consequences of sin, and must have perished for ever but for the mercy of God, which beamed forth in the first promise of a Saviour; so we, fallen with them and in them, in our natural state may well be regarded as poor outcasts, as sinners by everything which is equitable and just, cast out of all knowledge of, desire for, and enjoyment of the divine favour; and must have been for ever lost, with none to pity, none to save, but for the marvellous mercy and distinguishing grace of God in Christ, so signally displayed in wonderful adopting love.

Distance is likewise implied; for in adoption there is a bringing near. God is in himself infinitely holy and happy. Reverend is his holy Name. We are naturally depraved, wicked, far off from God by wicked works. God is light; we are darkness. In a word, we are ignorant, polluted, lost, ruined, and undone; and by reason of the blindness that is in us, the fear of God is not before our eyes, and we have no pity on ourselves. We are by the holy law condemned as sinners, and adjudged to death and hell; and yet, till arrested by mighty grace, we pursue the downward road. This distance is truly awful. The glorious grace of adoption meets the case; and to the subjects of it the apostolic language will apply: “But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.” (Eph. ii. 13.) The precious truth of the text is fulfilled in our experience.

Exposure.—A child without a father, without a friend or protector, how is he exposed to poverty, want, ignorance, vice, oppression, cruelty, and ruin, with none to guide, protect, or undertake for him. And in what an awful state of exposure is the poor lost sinner! His heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. He is surrounded by and associated with sinners like himself, fallen, depraved, deceitful. He is led captive by the devil at his will, his worst enemy, who seeks his ruin. God is angry with the wicked every day; and, unsaved by grace, hell must be his portion. Is not the danger imminent? In divine adoption, we are brought into a state of safety and peace, brought out of that sad state, brought under the paternal care of our heavenly Father, our forgiving God, placed under the protection of our redeeming Lord, and are made the happy subjects of the new-creating power of the Holy Ghost. We realize his gracious indwelling and effectual operations, participate in all the glorious privileges of the children of God, and enter by faith into the enjoyment of the great salvation.

Adoption is based upon and governed by the sovereignty of God. It is according to the good pleasure of *his* will; plainly not our will. Our will is depraved and vitiated, averse and opposed to God and godliness, to holiness, truth, and grace. Men by nature neither understand nor desire the privilege of adoption in its high and spiritual nature. They are carnal, and the will and all the powers of the soul are enslaved by sensuality and sin. Were it dependent on or ruled by our will, could it be less than a failure? But it is not. The will of God and his sovereignty rules, both in the selection of the individuals and the bestowment of the grace. And if any ask the reason why, how it is that so high a privilege is conferred upon any of the fallen race, who, let it be remembered, are all in the same condition by nature, the answer is to be found in the text. It is according to the good pleasure of the Father's will.

But, then, it is necessary that *we* be made willing, in order to our enjoying the privilege. No spiritual privilege can be enjoyed while the will is perverse or opposed. But, then, it is not our will that governs, any more than it originated the grace. The will of God is its origin; and the will of God governs ours. And by the effectual operation of the Spirit, we are made willing in the day of his power, born again, and thus made the subjects of the first mark of adoption. We are led to see and feel our fatherless and forlorn condition by nature, distance from God by wicked works, and our exposure to danger and to the awful consequences of sin. The living cry for mercy is generated in the heart. The soul is greatly exercised, ready to conclude that the God of holiness cannot show mercy to so vile a sinner as he feels himself to be, that his case is an exception, and that there can be no hope. But, in the Lord's time, the gospel word comes with light and power to the heart. The sinner sees Jesus by faith. Pardon, peace, and salvation are made known. The glorious grace of adoption is apprehended; and with deep humility and contrition of spirit, yet with thanksgiving and praise, he bows before his Father's throne, rejoicing, from a living experience that it is a throne of grace.

The grace of adoption is bounded by the purpose of God. The adoption of children appears to be one end, if not the great end, of predestination or election; and methinks in it are included all spiritual blessings and privileges, and all eternal good. Here are the Father's love, the Father's paternal care, and heirship to the paternal inheritance, the Father's gift, and meetness secured by grace. Children of God, they are born of God, believe in Christ, and follow him. Their sins are all forgiven. They are saved from sin. The Spirit witnesseth with their spirits that they are the children of God. The Spirit of adoption cries, "Abba, Father," in their hearts. They have free access to their Father's throne. They love God, and delight in God. His service is their delight. Jesus is gone to prepare a place for them; and there is no spiritual blessing or privilege from which they are excluded.

All are secured in Christ. True, they know that in their flesh there is everything contrary and opposed to this; they know it to their grief. They groan under it, and cry to God for help; and, blessed be his Name, his grace is sufficient for them; and in the Spirit they find it so.

The grace of adoption is in the Person and through the merits of the Son of God. Hence it is characterized by righteousness, justice, truth, and grace. It is in and through the glorious Law-fulfiller, the sin-bearing and sin-atoning Lamb of God, the great Redeemer of his people. In him and his perfect work the divine attributes meet and harmonize. In him all fulness dwells and all grace is treasured. Through him spiritual blessings are bestowed, privileges enjoyed, and everlasting blessedness secured. By him we draw near to God, receive the Spirit of adoption, and with humble confidence cry, "Abba, Father." The Father draws near to us and makes known his wondrous love. The blood of Christ takes away our sins; the Father, through the Son, casts them behind his back. By the righteousness of Christ we are justified freely. The Father accepts us in Jesus, acknowledges us as his adopted children, loves us with an everlasting love, and saves us by his grace. The perfect ransom of Jesus frees us from the penalty of the law, the dominion of sin, eternal death, and all evil. He has bought us with his own blood. The redemption is eternal; and in him and by him life eternal is given and secured to the adopted children of God.

The grace of adoption, in its development and manifestation, is individual and personal. There are the inward, secret, but effectual operations of the Spirit, carrying out the purpose of adoption. The soul, before dead in trespasses and sins, receives spiritual life. The new-creating power is felt; signs of life follow, small, it may be, in their beginnings, but under divine influence increasing in their manifestation and strength, in the midst of all opposition from within and without, infallibly tending toward maturity. There are the experience of personal and individual union to Christ and the union of living faith. The perfection, suitability, necessity, and majesty of his work are apprehended and felt. The soul clings to him. Oneness is enjoyed with the glorious Son of God, and the privilege of adoption experimentally bestowed. In Jesus, through faith, there is freedom from a servile spirit, the spirit of bondage; and it is personal and individual. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father." (Rom. viii. 18.) There is the purgation of the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. (Heb. ix. 13, 14.)

The purpose of mercy will be fulfilled in the individual experience and the eternal salvation of the election of grace. As we increase in the knowledge and experience of the grace of God in Christ, we shall in the spirit become increasingly like Jesus; and, according to the purpose of our heavenly Father, be con-

formed to the image of his Son. We shall be glorified with him.

In conclusion, a solemn and important question presents itself: What evidence have we that we are numbered among the adopted children of God? Are we alive from the dead, or dead in a profession? Or are we in a state of indifference? May it please the Lord the Spirit to lead his exercised children to a satisfactory conclusion with respect to the solemn and important matter, to the glory of his own great Name.

P. T. H.

“FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER.”

Thy mercies, my God, O how great is the sum!
 How exalted thy goodness to me!
 Each day brings new mercies; yet still, as they come,
 My heart is unfaithful to thee.

Like the heath in the desert, all barren and bare,
 So dry and unfruitful I'm found;
 Yea, the fig-tree that wither'd can scarcely compare
 With my heart, that most desolate ground.

But thy rivers and streams in the wilderness flow,
 And the desert will blossom and bear;
 And no little flow'rets that flourish below
 Are too small for thy provident care.

And wilt thou not water the soul that relies
 On thy love and thy mercy alone,—
 That to thee in its deadness would lift up its eyes,
 And seek to thy blood to atone?

Thy love and thy mercy in days that are past
 Encourage me still to draw near.
 And wilt thou, and canst thou forsake me at last,
 Or let me depart from thy fear?

Ah, no! My dear Jesus, thy love is too great;
 Thou hast proved thyself mighty to save;
 Thou wilt raise me again from this wilderness state,
 For thy loved ones thou never wilt leave.

My soul shall yet praise thee, again and again,
 For thy marvellous kindness and love;
 Though awhile in the wilderness here I remain,
 I will shout thy sweet praises above.

C. SPIRE.

FAITH is so great an artist in arguing and reasoning with the soul that it will bring over the hardest heart that it hath to deal with. It will bring to my remembrance at once both my vileness against God and his goodness towards me; it will show me that, though I deserve not to breathe in the air, yet that God will have me an heir of glory.—
Bunyan.

LAST DAYS OF WILLIAM READ.

WILLIAM READ, of Biddenden, died on May 30th, 1865, aged 61. The following account of his last hours is written by his widow:

These words dropped upon my mind, and abode with some degree of power in the morning: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" My partner was taken ill two hours after with pining sickness and wasting. I felt, Will the Lord take away my all? What shall I do? These words came solemnly over my mind:

"Give the Saviour, without grudge,
The purchase of his pains."

At another time I felt, Should it be, I shall feel rebellious, groaning under the dread of bereavement. These words brought a sweet submission: "Be still, and know that I am God." The feelings of my heart were calm. I felt, as one of old, It is well, come life, come death; the Lord's hand is in it.

Notwithstanding his enjoyment, I looked for conflict, from these words being much on my mind: "And he had horns coming out of his hands; and there was the hiding of his power." I believe in wisdom he was left in Satan's hands for the trial of his faith three days. It was his custom to read a chapter and a hymn of Hart's, of which he was especially fond, and spend a few moments in prayer. Could his shop tell, many a desire has he there poured out on my behalf, and for a blessing on his own soul, and that God would be pleased to bless the preached word to some poor sinner's soul. He would say, "How little we hear now of God's quickening work going on. I should be glad to see God's power put forth, and some poor soul quickened in this place, if it were his will. I often mourn to think we do not hear of one in this place."

On the Tuesday on which he was taken ill, he had his Bible and Mr. Hart's and Mr. Beeman's books on the bed, looking at them as strength would allow. I said, "Do you enjoy God's presence in reading the Word?" He said, "No great ecstasy of joy, but a quiet resting on the Lord. I have been asking him to manifest himself with more feeling, if about to take me out of the world. I have no wish to be raised up again." After reading, he said, "O may my willing spirit take her flight to the realms above!" Hymn 130, Mr. Beeman's:

"Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own," &c.

was very sweet to him.

After this, he was much harassed by the enemy telling him he would be lost; but he was relieved by these words:

"Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

He felt a quiet resting on what the dear Redeemer had done, feeling the witness within that he had an interest therein. He was stayed with these words:

“These holy longings in thy breast
Are not for mockery meant;
He has prepared a royal feast
To give thy soul content.”

Jno. xiv. was sweet to him. When I read a part, he smiled, and said, “I have an interest therein.

“I feel this mud-wall’d cottage shake,
And long to see it fall.”

In the first part of his illness, he said, “My mind seems perfectly taken from all things below, as though they never had a being; but it is hard to give you up. May the Lord enable me.” The day after, he smiled, and said, “I feel now I can give you up, believing the Lord will support you, and that himself will raise you up a friend when you need. May he give you faith to look to him. He is a true Friend when all refuge fails. I have been begging him to be with you when called to part. Fly not to creatures. May you be kept and guided by his Spirit. You have done beyond your strength for me, and not despised my infirmities. You will, I doubt not, have the buffetings of the world; but they do but fill up the measure of their iniquity. Your trials are but for a time.”

Thursday, May 25th, I saw symptoms which betokened death. On Saturday he was still tried about his interest in the covenant. He looked up and said, “All my comforts and hope seem removed.” After pouring out my soul for him, I said, “Do you think the blood of Christ has less healing virtue in it now than when you first felt its preciousness in pardoning and delivering you?” “O no,” he said; “but I have been longing and desiring these three days, and get nothing.” I said, “You say your body is a mass of pain, and you seem to all appearance near death; but with all your spiritual complaints, I cannot see them more than those who have gone before. We will give your case up when we cannot find it recorded.” I repeated that hymn:

“I hear a righteous man complain,” &c.

to try him. He said, “It must come from Jesus, or I am lost and deceived.” I replied, “Your soul cannot be lost till God’s Word of promise fails. Your complaints are like those recorded. You are now left to do business in great waters. It is the time of Jacob’s trouble, where creatures avail nothing. Satan has permission to try you, knowing he shall soon lose you. Your Head has conquered, and your feeble faith shall conquer too. Were not the Lord on your side, you would fly to the creature. You are painfully saying with one of old, ‘My hope is perished from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God.’ You feel, as David, ‘All thy waves and billows are gone over me.’ It is Satan’s last struggle with you, and though he is mighty, your God will come and deliver, or you would not be

kept cleaving and looking to him. He is answering the promise he gave you:

“Go on my name and cause to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.”

The Lord give you faith to see that Jesus will give the crown he holds for you. It is safe and sure in his hands.

“Leaves may languish, fruit decrease,
But more shall grow again.”

My soul for yours if you are lost. God's promise cannot, will not fail, though heaven and earth pass away.”

He said, “My breast is raw with longing and waiting, and my head is a mass of pain. I can seek no more. I am exhausted. All is exhausted.” Here I must have sunk, had not my pained desires been answered. These words bore me up: “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

I had to leave the room. On my return he took no notice. I sat by the bedside, bathing his head, and moistening his mouth. He was almost fainting. During his conflict with Satan, he in broken language kept pouring out his soul to God till the Lord appeared and turned his captivity. Then his countenance was no more sad, but bespoke calm peace and joy. He turned to me and said, “God will be waited for. We cannot hasten his time and work.” I said, “You feel better.” He said, “I feel calm and quietness. Satan is conquered.” I said, “Your faith was sharply tried.” His countenance was heavenly when he said, “May Jesus support you, strengthen you, and provide for you. Look to him. May you have strength. It will soon be over.”

At seven o'clock on the evening of the 29th, death was evidently drawing nigh. He to all appearance enjoyed much of God's presence all the night. His voice was low, and my hearing bad. I heard in broken words: “Come, dear Lord; quickly come. Farewell, earth! Welcome, death!” He looked at me many times, smiling in token of farewell. He turned to me, smiled, and kissed me three times, asking the Lord to support and comfort me. These words dropped on my mind with sweetness: “They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.”

Sensible till his last breath, he tried to kiss me as I laid my hand over his eyes to close them, as he wished me to do when I saw the death-skin; but once more he opened them and smiled on me. Three gentle breaths, and all was over. I could not weep, but fell on my knees in gratitude to God, feelingly saying with David, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.”

Thus I have given some account of what passed, as my poor impaired memory serves. I, his afflicted widow, pray that Almighty God may bless the same to his children's good, and get to himself a great name.

THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH ROBERT LURING, OF BRENTFORD.

“AND thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no.” (Deut. viii. 2.) Yes, he has led me 60 years, in his mercy, to humble me, to prove me, and to make me know what is in my heart. And this he has done in part, and let me prove whether I would keep his commandments or not.

No one can in reality know his heart till circumcised by the Holy Ghost; and all I know I was made to prove by the power of God. Yes, I was *made* to do it,—made to search his Word. “Whoso is wise, and will observe these things.” (Ps. cvii. 43.) Reader, those whom the Lord makes to observe, *will* observe these things; and no others will. They whom the Holy Ghost makes will and shall. The creature has nothing to do with it. No; it is the dear Lord's pleasure to bestow this blessing on whom he will. And so, it appears, he makes his chosen observe the loving-kindness and tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God in a precious Christ by the Holy Ghost applied to their souls. They are made wise, and are obliged to observe these things by a secret working in the disposition or inclination. This seems to be the kingdom of heaven, or the Spirit of Christ, set up in the souls of these chosen, who are called by the Holy Ghost, and made new creatures in Christ. They, even they, shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

My brother; if you be a Bible Christian, you know well you would never have understood these things if you could in any way have resisted it. I would not; but I was made to observe them, and to remember nearly all the way the Lord has led me, almost from my cradle to the present time. And the thought has come to my mind to pen a few of the Lord's blessed and merciful goodnesses to unworthy me, to show how wonderful and great his mercy and goodness have been to me. I would say, “Praise him, all ye saints of his; for his mercy endureth for ever.”

Now, reader, I will, as God the Spirit enables me to remember, and brings to my mind, tell you a few merciful deliverances. I cannot tell you all, for they are so many.

When I was about seven years old, I was with my father in the barn; when he put me on the mow, or bay, as it is called, out of the way, as I was too young to work. The sheaves were nearly as high as the beam that goes across the barn. I busied myself for a time. At last I laid myself along the beam, and, rolling the wrong way, rolled right on to the naked barn floor, a depth of about eight feet. My father expected I was killed, or my bones broken; but the dear Lord brought me round again, without a broken bone, scarcely hurting myself. There was a great and narrow escape from death.

About two years after, I was playing in the stack-yard, when I got upon a straw stack, or heap, to have a good jump on to a frame where a wheat-stack had been taken off a few days before. So I jumped exactly at the corner; and not jumping far enough, the pit of my stomach pitched against the beam of wood that formed the corner of the frame, with all the weight and force that I could obtain in my spring to jump on to the frame. Down I fell senseless, and there I lay for a long time, but do not know how long. As soon as I was a little sensible, I felt great pain, and could scarcely get my breath. I thought I must die, and I was all alone. As soon as I could, I crawled under the frame, where it was drier ground, and there I lay till I was able to get up. After several trials, I got indoors, and told my mother I had hurt myself, but not how much. I was often hurting myself, and I used to be blamed, especially by my father. He said I should kill myself, and he would flog me if I did not mind and take more care; so I did not say any more than I could help, as my father was in. The dear Lord restored me to my right state again, though the hurt had been very severe. I was sore inside for some time. But what a mercy I was not killed! The Lord preserved me, and delivered me from death. Bless his holy Name! He is good. I see it now, though I did not then. "Ye shall remember all the way;" but I cannot write half. I was preserved from being drowned many times when a boy, and in many so-called accidents.

When I was grown up, I was once loading sheaves on a waggon in harvest, when the man turned too short, and turned the waggon, the load, and me all over. I was thrown beyond all, and was unhurt, though rather stunned and frightened at first. I soon helped to get the waggon and load up, as though I had not had the fall. The man, seeing me fly off the load, was frightened; for he thought I must be killed. Here was another blessed deliverance, through the love and mercy of my Lord. Praise him, all ye saints of his. I cannot as I wish I could; for he has delivered me from the like several times.

When young, in 1817, I had been out with a lime cart, as I often was, with four horses, all alone. As I was going home after my day's work it rained, so I rode in the waggon till I thought I would get out over the head-board of the waggon on to the shafts. They being slippery, I fell down before the wheel, and so I had to roll over and over, as fast as ever I could; for I could see nothing but death for me, the wheel was so near. But my rolling brought me a little nearer the ditch, and farther from the wheel, or it must have gone over me; for I could not roll fast enough to keep out of the way of it, for it was down hill, and the horses were walking fast. But, by and through the dear Lord's mercy, my head was just out of the way of the wheel when it passed me. I was soon up. Then O how glad I was! How I thanked God! Here was another wonderful escape from death; for, if the wheel had gone over my head, it would have

split it. But the dear Lord ordered it otherwise. He sat at the helm, and in his love and mercy delivered me. Is it not wonderful to see how good the dear Lord has been to me in delivering me, so many times, from apparent death? Is he not worthy of all my praise and thanksgiving? Yes; 'tis all due to him.

At another time, years after, I had loaded, and I thought one corner stuck out too much; so I took the long fork to knock it right, and I struck it so sharp that the fork stick broke near the tines, and they fell on me, straddling my left shoulder. One tine stuck in my neck, close to and just above my collar-bone. It pricked deep, and grazed a blood-vessel. The doctor said that, if it had gone through *that*, I should have bled to death in a few minutes, and no help for it whatever. Here was a narrow escape from death. I bled very much, the blood running out at my waistband, and the knees of my clothes. I had a quarter of a mile to go home; so I left my mate, and walked there by myself. My mates at home, seeing me coming slowly, and all my front covered with blood, were frightened; and I was so weak that I could not tell them what was the matter. One ran one way, and one another, and one to my master, who sent his groom on his horse and told him to gallop for the doctor. He had four miles to go. The doctor, being at home, was soon with me. They could not stop the bleeding, and they expected I should be dead before the doctor came. Here was a confusion, and all in less than an hour. Another ran after my wife, who was gleaning. Others of my mates led me to my house, which was not five minutes' walk from my master's. By the dear Lord's pleasure, in blessing and instructing them, my life was kept in me till the doctor came and stopped the bleeding. The dear Lord raised me again, in his infinite mercy, from the gates of death, and from going down to the regions of eternal woe. I knew not the Lord then; but that was a great and narrow escape. O, what a mercy! The psalmist says, "O, Lord, how great are thy mercies!" And so Jehovah has made me prove. O for a heart to praise him for his loving-kindness and tender mercies to the unworthy writer.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." These things have remained unnoticed by me till the last half year or so; but lately I have thought about them, that they were wonderfully great, and felt I must pen them down to show how good and kind the Three-One God has been to one of the chief of sinners, the very one that is writing.

Some time after this, I was going from plough with three or four others, some before me and some behind. I was sitting sideways on my horse, as I often did. Well, it so happened that my horse just touched the one in front, when he kicked and caught me just at the right length for me to receive the full force of his kick. He kicked me on the hip, and sent me into the road; and there I lay. My mates thought I was dead, and all the breath kicked out of my body; so they fetched the doctor, who quickly

came. The dear Lord revived me after a little time, and then I felt in great pain. It happened close to the farmyard, so they went and told my mistress, my master not being at home. She got a little brandy down me, and they put some straw in a spring cart, and took me to my house in great pain. But the dear Lord preserved my life; and after a long time, restored me to my health, so that I could fill my place again. Here is another deliverance from death. My mates all thought I was dead. I did not know anything; but I was spared through the Lord's mercy, and that alone, for I had no hand in it. There I lay in a helpless state, at the Lord's mercy; and so I do now.

Reader, you may be a free-willer, as I was at that time. But what could I do *then*? I could not help myself, and never shall; but the Lord, in love to my soul, did help me, and delivered me from death's door all these times. But he did not bring me out from a free-will profession till some time after. Bless his dear Name, he has done it since; not because he had a respect for any of my goodness, or because I was better than others; for I am one of the worst, as he has shown me. I can see it clearly, and feel it too; and often with sorrow. The Lord had mercy on me, and continues to have mercy on me; because he will show mercy to whom he will. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

Another circumstance I must tell you. This was in hay-time, years after; but I do not remember the dates exactly, so I say nothing about them. I was bailiff, and had been for years. We were getting up hay, and I had just topped up a stack, and was covering it up. I, being in haste, set my foot on the straw. It slipped, and let me down; so I fell about ten feet on to the hard ground. Here was another mercy. I was not killed, nor were any bones broken; but I had to lie in bed for some time. This was another blessed deliverance from death.

At another time, I went on a journey for my employer on his saddle-horse. Coming home, I went to get down off the horse, and my foot hung in the stirrup, my shoes being heavy ones, with nails in them, and I fell down backwards. The horse, being a good young one, was frightened; but it so happened that I had hold of the bridle-rein in my left hand, so that I was able to keep him from running home. But he kept jumping and kicking round me, as it were, with his head next to me, dragging me by the stirrup with my head on the ground. I pulled his head with the bridle, and he jumped and kicked. I expected he would be on me every minute, or that I should catch his kicks; for I expected I should get mischief or be killed. Reader, you must judge my feelings, for I cannot describe them. Well, after he had plunged about as long as he thought proper, or rather as long as the dear Lord saw fit, he was a little steadier, and seemed to mind a little what I said. I kept making every attempt to release my foot, which at last I did, and was soon on my feet. How I felt you must judge. I was not hurt, but frightened, yet

rejoicing. I got on him and went home full of gladness to think I was not hurt, and that no one saw me to make a talk. O! How thankful I felt that I was all right! I did not tell any one for some time, not even my wife. If I had not had hold of the bridle-rein, there is no knowing where I should have been drawn to. I must, dead or alive, have gone with the horse till my foot came out of the stirrup, or the girth broke. How good the Lord was in so graciously ordering it, and delivering me in the time of my trouble! And how wonderfully good and gracious the dear Lord has been to me in many more instances than I have penned.

I and another were felling timber, when the tree came down over the saw. It so frightened us we did not know which way to go. I ran nearly the way it fell,—a little on one side. The boughs knocked me down, and a large arm broke close to me and stuck in the ground, nearly a foot deep. If I had not escaped that, I must have been killed; but the dear Lord preserved me as before. Naturally speaking, these are narrow escapes. My companion was clear, and he came and got the boughs off me, wondering I had escaped that arm and had not been killed. O what wonderful deliverances from death I have had! And how the love and mercy of God in a precious Christ have been made known to me by the power of the Holy Ghost! As Christ said, “The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.” This is the Spirit of truth. When he comes he makes us see, and guides us into all truth.

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.” So I would declare his goodness and mercy to me, making them known to others, and say, “How good is the Lord, because his mercy endureth for ever!” Yes, his saints shall bless him. As the psalmist says: “Come, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul,” and body too. He has made me prove that he is good, and a stronghold in trouble, and that his grace is sufficient. “Praise him, all ye saints of his.” Amen.

(*To be continued.*)

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren,—May every covenant blessing rest upon you, through the tender mercy of God, whereby the day-spring from on high has visited us.

I arrived home safe to my family and friends on Friday, April 14, at 10 o'clock at night, in good health and spirits, conscious of this, that rest does me more injury than labour. How kind, how gracious, how merciful has my God been to me! But still, what base ingratitude do I feel. I long to feel otherwise, but it is not so with me. The good that I would, I do not, and the evil

that I would not, that do I. When I look back at my testimony among you, I desire to bless my God upon every recollection of his abundant grace, in enabling me to declare among you the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to point out that path which the vulture's eye has not seen. Surely God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the mighty, and base things, yea, and the things that are despised, hath God chosen to bring to nought things that are. Well, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellence of the power may be of God, and not of us."

I hope the Lord continues to cause his goodness to pass before you, in comforting, enlarging, and in building you up in the faith of Jesus. These are days of great darkness, horrid confusion, and awful error. On every hand Zion's calamities are increasing, her watchmen (so called) are blind, and those that have the most artificial light are the blindest. But what is a greater calamity is that those preachers who, we have reason to think, are sent of God, cannot be content to differ from a fellow-labourer, and stand aloof, but must labour by every dishonourable means to pull down his reputation, and to render him contemptible in the eyes of God's church. For these things God will visit; nevertheless in all things Zion is a gainer. All things work together for good to those that love God. I am at present much perplexed with cursed errors in my church. I have some who would swallow Pearse and Falkner by wholesale; yea, and Evans too. I am more and more convinced that Bradford sowed the seeds of Sabellianism in my church (though ignorantly, I would hope); and whenever I have seen that error stir, I struck at the beast with the sword of the Spirit, and am determined so to do so long as the Lord shall see fit to keep me here, which I imagine will not be long, for various reasons. Last Sabbath evening I was attempting to show how the Lord distinguishes his sons from the many bastards who infest Zion, and, among other things, that he distinguishes them by his sensible rebukes and chastening rod. This gave offence to a few, who, I fear, have been at ease from their youth, never emptied from vessel to vessel. These have many times clogged my wheels, both in prayer and in preaching, and have sent me groaning to God with many a burden.

Thus you see, my brethren, that bonds and affliction meet me in all directions. But I have greater troubles than these. The plague of sin is worse than the plague of leprosy; and though I know that my sin is put away, yet the being of it remains, and I painfully find it all alive, operating in a thousand different ways, frequently to my amazement, though I know from the Word of God and in my judgment that it must be so, and I am more than ever persuaded that it is for the benefit of the church of God. But for these things experimental preaching would soon be laid aside by God's servants; at least, by me. But I am kept empty and poor from day to day; yet not without times of

refreshment from his blessed countenance, who turneth the shadows of death into the morning; and without his most blessed countenance I find his Word a burden, preaching a burden, prayer a burden, conversation with the saints a burden, and writing on spiritual subjects a burden; yea, domestic trials and church trials a double burden, and life itself an insupportable burden without the kind smiles of my most adorable Saviour. Those that are fat and strong would smile at this description, and contemptuously say, "Poor fellow! He is not established." Away with their establishment, say I. I would sooner have my crooked lot than all their vain confidence and fleshly boasting.

Mrs. F. joins in kind love to all friends with, dear brethren,

Yours at Command,

April 25th, 1820.

HENRY FOWLER.

CLOSE UNION.

BLESSED union! "For ye are the temple of the living God." God hath said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them;" and "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Poor child of God, God the Holy Ghost must enable thee to lay claim, as being one of those so closely united to the Head. It takes a greater power than thou hast of thine own. It needs the blessed Word of truth applied by the Holy Spirit. And thou needest encouragement and strength given thee, to leave those things which are behind, and to lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset thee. How often might our Lord say to us, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" But, bless his holy name, he knows how to humble us. He knows how to prepare our hearts to receive the good things he has in store for us.

The poor soul, at times, says, "I am as a hunted partridge on the top of the mountains, with no cover to run under." But when our Beloved comes skipping over the hills and peeping into the lattice, he whispers, "I am thine." The very touch of divine power will call forth the response: "Thou art mine." Then there is union, which man never created. No; it was the will of God the Father, the fulfilment of God the Son, and the application of the things of Christ to thy poor soul by God the Holy Ghost, which enabled thee to lay hold by faith of the precious promises. It is a great thing to say feelingly from the heart, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and every soul that is enabled to say that is a living soul, and shall live for ever. The second death shall have no power over him.

May God, who has power over all created power, bless him who was preaching from Rev. xx. 6 last Sunday night, Nov. 3rd, 1872.

E. B. MERCHANT.

WE can never be truly easy and happy till we are enabled to trust God for all things; and the more we are enabled to trust him, the more gracious and faithful we shall find him.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

For some years, in my chequered path of trials and troubles, have I been a reader of the "Standard," and not without some little liftings up by the way, finding a crumb from my Master's table satisfying the longings of my soul, causing me to exclaim, "It is enough." Blessed be his dear Name. He knows the isolation of all his dear people; and they would have it so, because, seeming alone, they are not alone, for there are seasons of walking and talking with Jesus.

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

I send you the following epistle, sent me from a poor and afflicted orphan. May you abound in the work of the Lord, to the glory of his dear Name.

Yours in Jesus,

Aug. 21st, 1876.

D. T.

Dear Friend,—May grace, mercy, peace, and love be multiplied unto you and all the beloved brethren, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear friend and brother in the Lord, I received, through our dear brother C., your truly kind note, which indeed was unlooked for, but gratefully accepted, as it shows me there is still a kindred spirit and union. Your labour, dear friend, with the meditative mind given you by the Holy Spirit, would thus often draw your mind to spiritual things. We find so much in the sacred Word of God of what the heart of man is by nature. How we need the Word, which is like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces, to break these hearts of stone, yea, even breaking up the fallow ground. Like trees, that need the spade and knife, the Almighty Creator of all things, the great Husbandman sees his church and people often need to be pruned; and our branches are lopped off to make the tree bear fruit. May we through grace and mercy become more and more fruitful, as poor weak branches of the true Vine. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

May you, dear friend, be abundantly fed out of the fulness of him which filleth all in all. May you be strengthened day by day with all spiritual grace in Christ Jesus. Wherever the opportunity is given, the Lord grant you a word to speak, in season and out of season, to many poor wandering ones, to many who are weary, worn, and sorrowful, and enable you to strengthen the weak hands of some poor seeking souls, who have been brought out of darkness into light.

Your note, dear friend, tells me that, like myself, it grieves and saddens your heart to see the coldness, the distance, the want of Christian love, union, and charity, among those who bear the name of Jesus. O that more of the spirit and mind of Jesus were poured out upon his people, that they might be drawn by the Holy Spirit nearer to a precious Saviour and Redeemer!

Then should we be like each other in that holy bond of Christian love and union. Forgive, my brother, if I err. But what a mercy for one so unworthy to be the object of such love and mercy, which so long, so mercifully, so graciously, so wondrously, has been leading us through the wilderness. We need not fear the frowns or curses of man, for greater is the Lord Jehovah who is on our side than all that can be against us. I am not exempt from snares, and evil speakers, and, it may be, the curses of those who by the ties of nature I am bound to pray for and to constantly seek for help and guidance to bear with. In this spirit, I humbly trust I can follow the dear Saviour, who has bid us learn of him. May he be pleased to have compassion upon their never-dying souls. May his voice be heard speaking to many poor dead souls, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Through grace and mercy, I have but the one source of happiness. My hope above is in him who first loved me and gave himself for me. He is indeed the Helper of the helpless, the Friend of the friendless. All my hope, all my trust, all my comfort is in Jesus, who strengthens, guides, and supports me under all the changing scenes of this fleeting life. Soon the work will be over, soon the warfare ended. Soon we shall hear the Master's call, calling away the weary worn traveller to rest from sin, pain, and sorrow. When that solemn hour arrives, may we die in the Lord. May Jesus say of each of us, as he said of the poor trembling penitent at his feet, "She hath done what she could." Like her I would desire to sit at his feet and learn of him. I have much cause to bless him for all his love and grace abounding towards you. To his loving care I leave you and yours, my brother in the Lord. Yours unworthily in Him,

Aug. 1st, 1876.

A. S.

My dear Friend,—I hope, after much tossing about in the late storms, you are now favoured to enjoy a little quiet in that sweet position: "Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven." Where is so blessed a spot as to lean on the bosom of Him who once had waves of wrath divine roll on his soul, and pour their solemn and dreadful contents there? To be so indulged is indeed a favour that none but favourites know; and, I trust, base as we have been and are still, you and unworthy I have some blessed reason to believe we have tasted the bliss to be enjoyed here. What a contrast between the child of God and those that have no changes! 'Tis a thing known to but few. How the heart sometimes feels full of every evil working, burdened under its awful pressure, feeling ready to conclude 'tis all sin and no grace within! And when the Lord comes and speaks peace once more, and grants a sight and sense of his love through what the glorious Son of God endured, and that by his blood, the soul is cleansed. Well might Hart say,

“ Much we talk of Jesu’s blood,
 Yet how little understood !
 Of his sufferings so intense,
 Angels have no perfect sense.”

Amazing grace, that ever the Holy Spirit should be pleased to make known to vile worms of earth what they are, then show the greater glories of the Father’s sovereign love in choosing that his dear Son should bleed for them. Though in many cases it is many a long and trying year before the poor guilty sinner finds out that it was for him he died and shed his blood; but, however, when it is made known, it is better late than never, and everything is perfectly right. It has not been a minute too long to wait.

I often look back and see how I have been deceived by my own heart. For I never dreamed of trial, doubt, or fear; no, nor sin either; for I fully thought all soul-trouble was ended for ever. And though many days have passed since then, and many changes I have seen, yet now, at this moment, my soul looks back with pleasure on that hour, that day, that spot, that factory. Never shall I forget that solemn scene where love broke my heart with pardon sealed. I had for many a weary month been looking forward to eternal death, with fearful anguish of soul. But O! Precious 10th of May, about ten minutes before four o’clock in the afternoon, 1844! O sacred spot in Pudleigh Cloth Factory, in the parish of Coombe St. Nicholas, near Chard, Somerset! My poor heart knows a little of what you passed through in the wilderness. O how my heart is at this moment melted under a sense of the great mercy of God in Christ Jesus, in watching over me when dead in sin, when brought in guilty before his solemn Majesty, and then giving joy and peace in the Holy Ghost in the much-longed-for Immanuel’s love and blood, to the Father’s smile in him! But

“ Their pardon some receive at first;
 And then, compell’d to fight,
 They find their latter stages worst,
 And travel much by night.”

And so it has been with me. But, blessed be the name of God, we get nearer to our journey’s end every day. And there are seasons in which we do not wish our hours to be more slow than they have been. And ’tis no small mercy to have a good home to go to, at least to have a good hope that such is the case, whenever death shall come; to be enabled to rest upon the promise that has been given again and again, not like many, rest because it is in the written Word. But when the substance has been written in the heart, it is then it does the soul good; and only at those seasons can the soul of the believer be very comfortable under his feelings. But the God of Jacob is of one mind, and none can turn him, therefore are we not consumed.

O, my friend, how much grace we need to keep us in the right way and right frame of mind! For, alas! We have still the old

man dwelling with us and in us. But hitherto the Lord hath helped us; therefore we hope to have his help down to the grave.

With sincere love for the Truth's sake,

I remain, Your Well-wisher,

Forest Hill.

JOHN BENNETT.

My dear Friend,—It will not be in my power to come round by Godmanchester on my return homeward, as I hope (D.V.) to go to Nottingham next Wednesday, and preach there on the next evening and the following Lord's day. I was unable last year to fulfil my engagement, and, therefore, when Mrs. Henry Abel wrote to ask me, I felt bound in some measure to go there, if my health admitted; and, as I have a vacant Lord's day, it seemed hardly worth while to go for one evening.

I came here *via* Leicester, and spent a day or two at Humberstone. On the Thursday evening I took tea with Mrs. Hardy, and went to the chapel to hear Mr. Hazlerigg, having previously declined speaking that evening, as I felt weak and unwell from my London labours. Mr. H. went into the pulpit, read and prayed, and, to my great surprise, came to me suddenly as I was sitting in the pew, and begged me to preach, as the friends would be so disappointed to see me there and not hear me.

It took me very much by surprise; but, after a few moments' consideration, I complied with his wishes, and got into the pulpit, where I was helped through, somehow or other. I never was taken so by surprise before, and, under ordinary circumstances, would not have consented.

I found the friends here much as usual. Mr. and Mrs. K. looking better than I expected, though I see Mr. K. much aged every way. We had a very full chapel on the Lord's day, and I hope, on the whole, we had a good day, as I felt at home with my old people, and some of them, I believe, felt at home with me.

It is a very nice chapel, much more easy and comfortable to speak in than the old,—better ventilated, and with more accommodation every way for the people. The day was sadly wet after the morning, which seemed to mar the enjoyment of the day, especially considering the crops upon the ground still unharvested.

Through mercy I am pretty well, but rather wearied with my labours; and, like a tired soldier, am looking out for home and winter quarters. You have probably heard of poor Mrs. R. Healy's affliction. She is now in London under medical treatment. May the Lord mercifully bless the means. She heard me two Lord's days at Gower Street, and was in the lodgings, as I did not occupy them, which she and her husband thought very comfortable. I drank tea with them there, and thought them a great improvement upon the old ones, both in point of situation and size. I hope to leave to-morrow for Stamford, and shall be at Mr. Michelson's, where I expect to remain till

the following Wednesday. I cannot now add more, except that we all unite in love to Mrs. Godwin and yourself.

Yours very affectionately,
The Wharflands, Oakham, Sept. 20th. J. C. PHILPOT.

GRACE and peace be plentifully enjoyed by my dear friend. Amen.

I am glad to find you are craving more of Christ, and desiring to get more into the "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace;" longing for the Spirit of supplication to draw you on, and that he may more fully direct your heart into the love of God. You desire a greater knowledge of it; more faith in it; by it to be more crucified to all other things, and more alive in delight in God. You long for the heavenly flame more to melt and enlarge your heart, that compunction and contrition may dissolve in repentance, and that love and gratitude may flow forth in the song of thanksgiving and praise. You desire more of the rays of his presence, to win and enlarge you in the sweet work of glorifying him. I know you feel as I do, that, although he is very gracious to us, although he gives us much, we retain but little to give back to him. We feel like broken vessels; he poureth in, but, O How little we pour back to him!

Here we deeply experience the truth of that word: "Praise is due;" also how far we are in arrears. This we shall find more and more in this life; but heaven is sure to us. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Then we shall have no obstruction. If a taste now that makes us lisp a little is unutterable joy, what will drinking from the fountain head, basking in the full sunshine, melting to free enlargement without obstruction be? This is the end of our faith: "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." A little while, at most, and all the clogs and annoyances will be gone. While here below we are but sojourners, going to the city of habitation. We are in a strange land, an enemy's country, and must expect to meet the consequences, darkness, corruption, deadness, hardness, coldness, barrenness, wanderings, temptations, assaulting. The spirit of the world is an enemy to true faith. Satan is an adversary against us; our own wicked hearts pull the contrary way; corrupt nature loves ease, false peace, and quietness. It loves not to be jugged from the world, or from pleasing and soothing lethargy. Questioning, carnal-reasoning, doubts, and fears will crowd in, and make doleful work.

These are some of the things we have to cope with; but "*hitherto*" shall they come, and no farther. God hath set bounds to them all. They shall do us no more hurt than is for our good. They are among the all things that are *now* working good; but we must lay our account with them. We must not expect all sunshine. There is a *needs-be* that we are in heaviness for a season. The day of soul-adversity cometh as well as the day of prosperity; but the faithfulness of God who hath promised is both

a stay and consolation for the soul. His promises are firmer than the heavens and the earth; and they are for us, for we are the characters to whom they speak.

That cleaving to the Word of God, and hungering for more of Christ which you have, at all times greatly satisfies me; for he is the All of what is needful, the All of what is desirable. So to covet him is not only to covet the best gift, but the best gifts; for every good gift is in him, and cometh from him. You express a wish for a fuller knowledge of him. This must come from him; for he is the Fountain of all wisdom and knowledge. The way to attain is to search after it at a throne of grace. "If thou cry aloud for wisdom, and lift up thy voice for understanding, if thou seek her as silver, and search for her as for hid treasure, then thou shalt understand the fear of the Lord, and shalt find the knowledge of God." We know more of him as he draweth nearer to us; for his enlightening presence unfoldeth himself. O! What encouragement doth his Word give us to expect him when we seek him! "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh unto you." Now to draw nigh to him is mentally to cleave to him. "Exhort them that they cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart." "A willing mind is accepted." The purpose of the heart being towards him is accepted; even when there is no power to get on as we would. "When I would do good, evil is present with me. The good which I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that do I." Outward exercise availeth nothing; it is to the spirit and affection of the mind God looketh. True worshippers worship *in spirit*; wherefore, you may lie quietly on your bed, and diligently wait on the Lord, and sweetly worship him in spirit and truth; which I believe you do. I know you feed, because you grow. The way is straight; Christ is the Way, and he is the End,—the Object before you. Go on, whether dark or light, dull or free; all is well and shall be well.

You wish me to write touching the case of some one who, as you state, is anxious to walk in the way of salvation, but fears it is knowledge without the power. He acknowledges his former path to have been striving at labour in vain. He desires to be led in the strait and narrow way. He has also desire to cleave to God, as revealed in his dear Son, and for repentance for sin.

Consider that salvation is presented in the gospel to certain characters, and not to all mankind in general. Salvation is for the *lost*, and none but convinced sinners feel their need of it. Those who are convinced of their sin by the Spirit of God, from that conviction will feel their need of salvation in the way in which God saveth a sinner. They need a righteousness to justify them, mercy to forgive them, grace to supply the wants of their souls. They need light, life, faith, hope, repentance, and every grace. Now, salvation is for such. "The poor [in spirit] of the people thou wilt save." For such it is preached, and to such it is presented in the gospel. "The poor have the gospel preached to them." But there can be in such no receiving what is pre-

sented except by faith, and that faith by the *power* of God. But then, that faith is hid in the soul in the sense of want, and, at first, is not known to the soul. Only the sense of want is found. Nor needs there anything else found to warrant me that the character to receive salvation, as preached in the gospel, cannot enjoy salvation but by the power of God. But, then, that power is, like faith, hid in the sense of need; so that nothing but the sense of need and the desire for what is needed are found within. And that is enough. The sense of need is the true appetite and hunger. The desire for what is needed is the mouth.

True receiving a finished salvation is like a hungry man feeding on suitable food. Such cannot feed too much. Or, salvation may be revealed in the Word and in the understanding to be suitable for the need felt within; and there may be a persuasion in the desire, in the sense of need that could gladly crave it, and enjoy it, but thinks that power must be sensibly felt so to do. If not felt, it seems receiving would be only an assent. Now, to such I would say, feeling your need of Christ revealed, and of salvation by him, is a sure evidence that Christ is yours. The word declares that salvation is yours; and you need not fear you shall receive and enjoy that which is your own too much, or conclude your interest in it too much. Whether you feel power or not, the sense of need is sufficient proof that power is present. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." It is by the true fear of God that we renounce our legal course, and wish to be set right. None truly wish for genuine repentance but the Lord's people. Such as desire to be found in the strait and narrow way will surely, by and by, find the way they are in to be strait and narrow.

Yours affectionately,

July 12th, 1822.

D. FENNER.

To Mr. ——.—My dear Friend,—I just enclose two letters, —one showing that the blessed Spirit has not ceased to encourage to baptize; and the other that, whatever he does to others, he does not cease his precious operations in blessing Baptist ministers and Baptists. I am so glad at your working so hard with your weak body to establish truth and dissipate error. It is true, there are many who approve of infant sprinkling who will go no farther from God's Word; but why go so far?

The dear Lord spare your health and life, and bless you indeed, and guide you aright in his truth.

Yours affectionately,

T. C.

Dear Sir,—Excuse my troubling you with this short note; but I felt I could not let you go away without letting you know what a blessing your ministry has been made to my soul by the power of the blessed Spirit. Every sermon this time of being amongst us has been a time of refreshing; but last night was indeed the time of love. I felt such a sweet melting of spirit as I have not known for some time. O the fears and doubts that

we are subject to when left to ourselves! But when the dear Lord speaks home one of his "Fear nots," how they all vanish away!

Last night, I trust, I could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Well might the psalmist exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" I felt as if I could have called on all present to praise and exalt a precious Redeemer for his great goodness to one of the vilest and most unworthy of sinners. Such seasons make one say,

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

May the dear Lord keep you resting in the bosom of his love, and drinking abundantly of the water of life, and give you health and strength, if his blessed will, that you may continue to exalt his dear Son to the building up and strengthening of all his own dear children.

Yours unworthily,

To Mr. Clough.

E. M.

Dear Mr. Cl—., —I was greatly surprised to see a letter from you this morning, and the one enclosed. O how unworthy I felt of your noticing me! I do feel so much sin about me. It made me say, "O Lord, surely he must be deceived in me, to call me a daughter in the faith of the gospel." Your letter tells me that you know still what it is to be tormented with sin, self, and Satan; and that gave me hope that I am in the footsteps of the flock. I have thought lately that no one can be so bad as I am. O that I could get rid of sin! Then I should hope more in the mercy of God. But, instead of getting better, I feel myself worse. O that the blessed Spirit would help me to look to the Lamb of God, and give me to feel that he shed his precious blood for me! O how my soul longs to say, as the person speaks in her letter, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his!" I felt my heart drawn towards her; and, to speak the truth, I felt a little jealousy rise in my heart, and could not stop it. But I hope it was not with envy; but I believe you know what I mean.

I was truly glad to hear that you were made a blessing to her. It brought to my mind the time you were made a blessing to my soul, if I am not awfully deceived. I had been longing to hear some of the Lord's sent servants speak upon baptism; for I was so exercised about it, and yet I could not believe I was right in it. Satan tried in every way to keep me back; and I listened to all his objections, till at last I was brought to cast myself on the Lord Jesus. All I could say was, "Lord, help me!" I felt I could leave it or go through it, as the Lord should see fit. The day before I heard you I could not think about it, and I thought that all my exercises were wrong. I felt no desire that the Lord would lead you into my case, and went to chapel unconcerned about it. To my shame I confess it, I could not desire a blessing upon you; but when you read 1 Cor. xi., there seemed a little hope arise that the dear Lord would help you to make the way clear to my mind. And bless his dear

Name, he did help you to bring forth the exercises I had passed through. When you read your text, which was so suitable, I could not help believing that the dear Lord had heard my faint cry. The words were: "This do, in remembrance of me." And as you were showing the characters that were right in the sight of God to partake of such a solemn ordinance, I could look up to the Lord and say, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest I feel what thy servant is speaking." I felt as though I could have spoken before all the people what the Lord had done for my soul. O how wonderfully the Lord works with his people! He truly gave me at that time a blessing unasked for. O how ashamed I felt of myself, to think I was so sinful against such a good God! I could not abhor my wretched self enough. But how many times I have done so again, and feel so destitute of a real desire! I feel, if the Lord were not long-suffering and full of compassion, I should sink at last into hell; and, at times, I have many fears about it. At other times, when I see his goodness towards me, I am obliged to believe he has begun the work. And I am sure his Word is true, which says he will never leave them or forsake them. And if I have faith as small as mustard seed, that will be enough; but I long to have more. I wish I could feel more thankful to the Lord for all his mercies to me. O what a mercy I feel it is to live with his dear people! How many times he has been pleased to soften our hearts together when meeting around his mercy-seat! I do indeed feel it a great mercy to live with praying people.

But I must stop, or I shall weary you in reading this. I hope you will look over all mistakes, and forgive all that you see wrong. I did not think of writing so much, but a better scholar would have put it shorter.

An unworthy Mourner,

Oct. 25th, 1875.

R. J.

Obituary.

Dear Friend,—I believe the following will be read with great interest by many known and unknown friends who read the memoirs from time to time in the "Gospel Standard." The person I am about to write of was well known by all the old ministers who used to preach at Allington, Devizes, and all places of truth round for very many years, as will be shown.

THOMAS BAILEY was born in Aug., 1794, at Bishop's Cannings, near Devizes, and died at Horton, near Devizes, March 19th, 1876.

His father was by trade a carpenter, and Thomas learned the trade in some measure, but was inclined to be very wild; and the sins of youth, in all its follies, were lived in. At the age of 18 he enlisted into the 4th Light Dragoons, and served as a soldier in that regiment 16½ years, five of which were spent in India. I heard him relate as follows: While in India, there was an awful thunderstorm, such a one as he had never been a witness of. Himself and two others went to some secret place to pray. He was to be the one to pray, by the desire of his comrades. As they were going to the spot chosen, the earth trembled. They were all

in a dreadful state of mind, and thought the world was coming to an end. Poor Thomas said his poor soul was now everything. His sins, great and many, in their true colours, were shown to him; and "Lord, have mercy upon me!" was his heart's cry. When he, with the others, arrived at the spot where they were to pray, Thomas knelt down and began to pray; and, to his astonishment, the thunder ceased. He was convinced that God heard and answered prayer. This was soon after he arrived in India.

His conduct was from this time much altered, and it was observed by his superiors. He was made clerk and sexton, and put in charge of the library, for which offices he had considerable extra pay. Being steady, he saved his money, and many of his comrades brought to him their watches, &c., to sell, that they might get drink with the money. Thomas became at this period very anxious to get back to England, that he might seek for such companions in religion as he now had some desire to find. But, dear readers, mark what follows. One night, seven of the natives, knowing that Thomas had valuables in the library, broke into it. Thomas was not aware of their presence till, springing from his bed, he saw two men, one at each end of his wooden chest, carrying it away. No one could be called, and no time could be lost. Being tall and strong, he pursued them as he was, without sword or musket, and with his own hand knocked down one man in the rear; he then sprang forward and knocked down the two with the chest, and again a fourth in front. Then began a struggle for the chest, and he believed he should have held his own had not three more come up to help the four natives, one of whom had a sword, which he raised up, and was bringing it down upon the head of poor Thomas, but the latter raised his left arm, and his hand and arm took the fearful blow. Thomas's life must be spared, and he must return to England, you see. He, with undaunted courage, sprang ahead, and with his other hand wrested the sword from his opponent, and became master of the scene. The whole seven ran away; and but for the pain and loss of blood, he believes he should have had blood for blood, on or near the spot. However, he returned. An alarm by himself and another person was given. A tracker was sent for, who took the sword, and went to a place where the seven men were, and asked, "Who owns this sword?" One man claimed it. He gave it into his hand, and went to the authorities. The seven men were apprehended and tried; three were hanged, and the other four transported. Thomas's hand was taken off, as it hung only by skin and bruised sinews.

Now the way was made for him to return to England, a rough one to flesh and blood. He was discharged, came across the deep, and arrived with a good sum of money in his pocket. A pension of 1s. per day was settled upon him. He saw a waggoner (there were no railways then; and coaches were expensive), and Thomas agreed to come home with him. The waggon arrived at the first stage, and Thomas treated the waggoner and another man whom the waggoner took up. After this, poor Thomas fell asleep, and the companion he had treated picked his pocket, and made off. Thomas, without a shilling, awoke up. In this case he arrived home. No father or mother met him. He told his woful tale, but no one seemed to believe it, or have pity upon him. No good Samaritan took him in.

Thomas now wanted his God, to whom he prayed in India. But he hid his face for a season, and Thomas sank with dismay. There was no pension till pension-day came, and no one to advance him money. Indeed, he was without a friend, and without a home.

"To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his powers."

His cry was, "Lord, what shall I do?" No comfortable answer came; but the Lord was working in another mind, secretly from Thomas. He came to such a state of desperation that he looked out the spot to drown himself in the canal, and went thither for that end. But God over all, and blessed for evermore, so laid this poor, desolate, despised, forsaken one upon the minds of an uncle and aunt, who then lived at Horton Bridge House, that the uncle arranged to go and see for some lodgings; and the aunt agreed to find food till pension-day arrived. Therefore, the uncle started for lodgings. His aunt became so much impressed that Thomas would drown himself before he heard of their decision, that she went out of the house; and, to her terror, she saw the poor, unhappy man at the very spot to which Satan had thus far the power to lead him. She at once cried out, "O, Tommy! Tommy! Come here. I know what thou art about to do. Come here! Come here!" O my dear readers, when he told me this, how my poor soul did bless the dear Lord for rescuing his dear child from the hand of the destroyer!

Thus far, dear friends, you see Zion's God reigns over all. I might enlarge upon it, but I know I must be brief. Thomas was provided for. His heart was made soft, and he wanted every one to love God and serve him. His feet, at this time, were better guided than his mind, as regards the way of salvation. He went to the Established Church, but was not satisfied. He heard of some very curious people worshipping at the Old Baptist chapel, Devizes, and heard that such called themselves the elect. But he hated the very thought of God having a chosen or elect people. Yet he would go and hear, and did. The minister read and spoke from Rom. viii. "Ah!" said Thomas, within himself, "I thought thee must go to that chapter, because thee canst not find it anywhere else." He declared to me that his envy was such that he could have kicked the minister out of the pulpit. In that state he left the chapel. The Lord's hand was now soon heavy upon him. His sins, his weakness, his inability to think a good thought or frame a good desire toward the Lord were so felt that he did, indeed, sink in deep mire where there is no standing; and he was brought to his very wits' end.

In this condition he was working in a field, which he showed me. Here his heart was brought down even to be taught by a skylark, which began to flutter and rise, and sing into his ears and heart, as it ascended. The bird seemed to say, "Salvation! Salvation! Free salvation! Free salvation!" I remember the dear old man's tears of joy when he told me of this. "O!" said Thomas within himself, "the very larks know more than all the church parsons I have heard."

Thomas's heart and ears became circumcised. He went to the Old Baptist chapel; and no more enmity about the doctrines. The preaching of such gospel as he heard there was his meat and drink. He received the word gladly. The Lord blessed him beyond many with the manifest pardon of his sins. He gave in his experience, was well received by the church, and was baptized.

All things went on well for a season. Thomas was at length married. A family came in due course, and hard times had to be experienced. Sometimes he worked with his one hand in his trade as carpenter, and sometimes in the fields. But Thomas fell into temptation, and became a backslider in heart and ways. The Lord laid his rod upon him. He sank into a very despairing state, and was much tempted to end his life. The Lord humbled him, pardoned him, brought back his wandering feet, and brought him to his chosen fold.

He joined the church at Allington on Mar. 9th, 1851. Up to the time of his death I never heard of any inconsistency. He was a most useful

member, a praying man indeed, and always at service when the doors were open, as long as he could walk either to Allington or Bishop's Cannings, to the room of which he was the staff and stay. For many years his heart was in it. He carried out, as far as he had ability given him, the spirit of love. He had more zeal than many. He was truly a lover of good men, open-hearted and free. He was a good clerk, and used to be much admired by many in that office. He never showed to me an ill-favoured face.

He gradually got weak in mind and body for two years before his death; and often he did not know his best friends.

But the hour of death drew on. He was very happy and very sensible. His dear wife asked him if he would hold up his hand as a sign of happiness at the last, if he could not speak. He did hold it up strong, for full five minutes. He dropped it, and life was gone. His spirit is with the just made perfect in heaven, with their King and their God.

Many can subscribe to what I have written, and much more. May the Lord bless the account to many souls, and he shall have the praise.

Allington, Oct. 14th, 1876.

E. PORTER.

RICHARD HOWSE.—On July 23rd, aged 79, Richard Howse, of Durham.

I am informed by his dear wife that he received his first impressions of truth from an aged minister, above 50 years ago, while preaching at a village near Thame. The name of the minister she cannot remember; but he afterwards preached at Devizes. My friend's occupation being that of an officer of Inland Revenue, he was, in the providence of God, located in and near Devizes for some years, where he was well known to the friends of truth. About this time, it pleased the Lord to open my eyes, through which means I became acquainted with him; and a union was formed which has survived these many years.

About 40 years ago he was removed to South Shields, and afterwards to Sunderland, where he heard that good man, Mr. Turner; and last to Durham. He was a man of good understanding and sound judgment in the things of God.

I subjoin some few of his letters, showing how much he was supported in his latter days in the midst of great afflictions. The promise was made good: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Godalming.

A. WELMAN.

"Dear Friends,—Since I last wrote to you, the Lord has been pleased to afflict me with a stroke, which for a time took away the power of speech and the use of my right hand. Yet my mind, blessings to his dear Name, was preserved. And so far has he been pleased to hear my cry, that I am enabled to write to you this day. Truly I can safely say, although unworthy and undeserving, that his mercy and goodness have attended me all my days. Yet how blind, many times, I have been! My dear friend, we want the heart to be continually kept in tune, so as to sing of his praises in the night season, as well as in the day.

"I can further pray for you and yours to be blessed in your going out and coming in, and that, amidst the ups and downs and the turmoil of this vale of tears, you may be looking forward to that rest that remains for all who love the dear Saviour in sincerity and truth. This world is a world of confusion; but I trust that you and I are, through grace, looking for that world which is all joy and rejoicing, through him who has loved us. We want him here; we shall want him in passing over Jordan.

"Nov. 2nd, 1869."

"My dear Friends,—How good and gracious is our Almighty Friend! He says that the bruised reed he will not break, nor quench the smoking

flax. Yes, he has spoken to my heart by the late Mr. P.; and although he has gone home to his final rest, I trust my feeble prayer is that, although he is pleased to afflict, yet his loving-kindness will not leave me in the hour of Satan's devices.

"How dark is the road, at times! I really fear, at times, to be thought a Christian. Your letter gave me much comfort; for it contained the very feelings of my heart's cry to the Lord for life and liberty of soul.

"I have been supported far, far beyond my deserving. My cry has been heard, for I have my speech again; and my hand is another token of the manifest goodness of the God of all grace; so that I can truly say, 'Not unto us, not unto us.' When I am able to reflect, what a subject for thought,—*me*, a poor sinful worm, yet to be loved with an everlasting love, to receive mercy, yea, many mercies, although so undeserving! Yes, what a mercy! We have known each other upwards of 40 years; and desire yet to love each other for Christ's sake, who we hope died for us.

"April 22nd, 1870."

"My dear Friends,—Through mercy, I am still in the land of the living; but I want to realize that am I a living man. If feeling my daily want of the bread of life is a true sign, then I do sincerely hope that I am not a vessel of wrath. Satan and self are all against me. Satan wants to reign master; but I want a better Master. I want to feel myself bound to the Man of sorrows, and he who was acquainted with grief. I want to feel that he is mine, and I am his. I would live through him daily, hourly; but, alas! what opposition we meet when desiring to approach a mercy-seat!

"Oct. 19th, 1870."

"Dear Friends,—May grace, mercy, and peace in Christ Jesus be with you all. The Saviour has never forsaken us, though we so often forget him. The world, the flesh, and Satan often ensnare us. Then we cry out, 'Our leanness;' mourn over our ingratitude, and pray for forgiveness, through the bleeding Lamb. We want the sincere milk of the word. We want to be found like Hannah, David, and all the Old Testament worthies, with the New Testament saints. We find that, like them, nothing can hold us up but free, distinguishing mercies in Christ Jesus. Such poor sinners we are, we have not so much as one good thought to give in return for such matchless love.

"Jan. 11th, 1871."

"What a mercy for a poor lost sinner to have a Friend indeed, who sticketh closer than a brother! I find that our wants are the same. Jesus is more than ever precious. He is ever faithful. He lives for ever and ever. I trust he is all that we desire. And do we not mourn when we lose sight of our great Captain?

"Jan. 6th, 1873."

"Dear Friends,—My mind is so often wandering with the things of time and sense, even in the night, that I often have to cry for mercy. Mercy is what I want to subdue this wandering heart of mine. Often, when I am reading the blessed experiences of the family of God, they cheer my heart and I feel encouraged; but the things of time come in so often, though I am growing old and infirm, I often have to cry for a crumb of mercy. Mercy is all I want. Without this blessed gift Satan would prevail. I want as much as ever I did the crumb of mercy. Does not this show that we are still in an enemy's country? May we be enabled to defeat Satan, who goeth about as a roaring lion. He is always on the alert; but may we be found crying for mercy.

"March 19th, 1874."

"R. HOWSE.

NOAH NYE.—On Aug. 12th, 1876, aged 28, Noah Nye, of Ashcombe, near Lewes.

The subject of this memoir was a poor shepherd boy. At the age of 12 the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon him, which resulted in scrofula, and confined him to his bed 16 years. The first year his sufferings were very great, and all hope of his recovery was given up; but the Lord had mercy on him, and spared his life for his own glory.

I spoke to him often about death, and of what a solemn thing it was to die unprepared, but all to no purpose. He turned a deaf ear to all I said. But, after about 12 months, the Lord was pleased to lay his hand upon his eldest sister, Naomi, who sank into a consumption, and died in sweet peace, aged 15 years. This was the means, in the Lord's hands, of awakening poor Noah to his state as a sinner. As she drew near to her end, I tried to persuade him to see her before she died. This he refused to do; but I took him in my arms and carried him to her bedside. The poor girl spoke to him in a very solemn way, and said, "My dear Noah, I am afraid you never pray; and if not, do you begin to-day." This sank deep into Noah's heart; and from this time he felt himself a poor, lost sinner.

He was now (1861) about thirteen years of age. From this time he became a lover of the real truths of the Bible, and of the dear people of God. But I think I can do no better than let him speak for himself, from a letter he wrote to his sister, a partaker of like precious faith.

"Jan. 7th, 1866. My dear Sister,—I am rather changeable. Sometimes I can feel a sensible nearness to the Lord; sometimes I feel far away from the Lord, cold, hard, dead, frozen in my feelings, careless, and do not seem to have any more religion than a block. But I trust I have tasted that the Lord is good. I know and am sure that he has shone upon me, and melted me, and anointed me with oil, and made my cup run over in praise and thanksgiving to his holy Name for all his mercies to me, a poor, vile, base, and sinful creature. At such times I have seemed to bathe in the sunbeams of love; yea, I have sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. I know what I am writing about. It is no fancy, but a blessed reality. I am not delivered from doubts and fears; for when the dear Lord is pleased to withdraw his presence, I am full of fears again, and often tempted to believe it was all delusion and fancy.

"Some time ago I had a blessed time. I was so favoured that I have not had such another; but I have had some little glimpses sometimes, but not like that. I could speak of many such love-visits which I enjoyed before that.

"But ah! When these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

Very often I think I have no part or lot in the matter; for when I feel and see what an awfully wicked heart mine is, it casts me down, so that I am often afraid to look up to God and to read his Word. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' This I know by experience. At one time I thought I was not in trouble enough; but since my heart has been opened, I have seen what a wicked thing it is. I have wished I had never prayed for trouble. May the Lord bless you with some of his love-visits."

I find, by searching some of his writings, that he knew something of a soft heart before this time: "June 6th, 1864.—Much blessed in hearing father read the account of T. H. in the 'Standard.' My heart was

sweetly melted, and my soul's prayer was: 'Let me die the death of the righteous; and may my last end be like his.'"

Many such short pieces I find at different times; but these I must leave, and come to his last days.

In July, 1870, we removed from Kingston to Ashcombe. Noah was able to be removed in a hand-chaise. We took him to chapel twice. He took Mr. Philpot's sermons for several years. This dear man of God was a great favourite of his. His writings were his soul's delight, especially "Winter afore Harvest." This blessed little book he always called Mr. Philpot's *crowning piece*.

Noah was always very reserved; but if the precious truth was at stake, he was as bold as a lion. Being a real Bible lover and reader, he always could and did defend the truth with a "Thus saith the Lord." Through his long affliction he had many enemies to contend with; but he always stood firm as a rock. He always rejoiced to see any whom he believed to be the real children of God. In fact, he was a real lover of good men, and a great light in my house. But the greatest comfort he ever had was a good and gracious mother, who greatly mourns her loss.

Last March he took a severe cold, which broke up his health. He gradually sank into a weakness, which eventually brought him to his end. About the end of July he had a severe bleeding from the nose, which we thought would lead to his end; but the Lord's time was not come, as he lived about three weeks from that time. But as the outer man decayed, the new man was renewed day by day. He had a daily desire to depart; and said several times that he had been looking for the sting of death, but could not find it. He was continually asking the time, and how long we thought it would be.

On Aug. 10th we thought he was going. He asked me, "Is this death?" I said, "I think it is." But, to his great disappointment, his time was not come. To his sister he said, "I wish the Lord would give me one smile, and let me slip out of the body." To his mother he said, "I wish one thing. I wish the Lord would say to me, 'To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise.'"

Afterwards I came in and said, "This hymn just suits when we come to this place: "Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly."

He then put his dear arms over his head, and added, with an earnestness I never shall forget:

"While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high,"

We thought he was going; but after about an hour he revived again. I said, "You want one sweet smile, don't you?" He said, "Yes, like good Charles Wesley:

"O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

I do not want much; only one smile. Do you think this is death?" I said, "Yes." He said, "No sting; no sting. I felt very ill yesterday and all night; but now I am perfectly easy." His sister said, "All is done *well*, Noah." He said, "Yes; I would not have one thing altered. All is right." He then shook hands with us all, and bade us farewell.

After this his weakness returned. He was much disappointed, and said, "I thought I should have been home before now;" and cried for patience. His sister said, "You are back in your old place again." He replied,

"How long, O Lord, how long,
Deliverance must I seek,
And fight with foes so very strong,—
Myself so very weak?"

To another sister he said,

“There we shall see his face
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.”

On Aug. 12th his sufferings were very great, and we saw a change for the worse. He laboured very hard for breath, and cried out three times, with all the strength he had, “O Lord! Deliver me, and give me a good end.” Once he said, “O Lord! Receive my spirit.” I said, “My dear boy, do you feel it is all right?” He said, “Yes. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.”

I now saw very plainly that his end was near. His happy spirit left the poor afflicted body, to enter that glorious place he had so long wished to enter. His body is laid with that of his sister Naomi, who was the means, in the Lord’s hands, of bringing him to a knowledge of himself as a sinner.

Ashcombe, near Lewes.

JAMES NYE.

JAMES HOLT.—On July 30th, 1875, aged 63, James Holt, of Goodshaw Fold.

My dear father was the subject of many fears. In Jan., 1873, it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon him. He suffered great pain. A friend asked him how he was. He said, “Very dark.” Like Job, he could say in the morning, “O that it were night!” and at night, “O that it were morning!” He said that, if it pleased the Lord, he should like to see his way clear before he left this vale of tears.

He had a desire to stay a little longer amongst us, which the Lord granted. His days were lengthened two years. His sins were brought before the eyes of his mind, even from his youth, and lay with a solemn weight upon his mind. Many were the petitions that ascended for him, which, I believe, were answered; for the Lord raised him to a moderate state of health, for which he was very thankful, though not to the same health he had enjoyed before.

He attended Rehoboth Chapel, and was much blessed under Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Forster, Mr. Eddison, Mr. Hinchliffe, and others of the Lord’s servants. The ordinance of believers’ baptism was much upon his mind, though fearing to walk therein. I remember witnessing the baptism of a believer. When we got home, he broke out, and said,

“‘If you tarry till you’re better,
You will never come at all.’

Is it not speaking to me?”

In July, 1875, he was laid aside with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of the half of his body. This was a great trial to him and us; but the Lord’s ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. He said he had considered his latter end, and wondered how it would be with him in the hour of death. In the week before he died, one night he told two relatives that he was going to meet my dear sister, who died seven years previous, and then he said he would sing to the top of his voice. He tried to sing, but his strength failed him.

On another occasion, he broke out, and said, “Sweet to lie”—“Sweet to lie.” He could get no further. My sister repeated to him two lines of that ever-beautiful hymn:

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

He said, “That’s it; that’s it.”

On another occasion he said, "The gates are open. The victory is won. They are bidding me to the tomb." A friend called to see him, and asked him how he was. He said he had many battles to fight; but if Christ was on his side he could conquer them all.

On the Lord's day before his death, he had a desire to follow the Lord in his commands, as the ordinance of baptism was to be attended to on the Lord's day following. He wished he could have been fetched there to honour his Lord.

After this he seemed to be much in prayer. Hymn 283 being read, he said that that was just where he was, and had been for 20 years:

" 'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

"Ah!" he said; "that's mine."

At another time he told my mother that Christ was first. So died my dear father, without a struggle or a groan. The Lord's will be done. None can stay his hand, or say unto him, "What doest thou?"

"He's gone in endless bliss to dwell;
And we are left below
To struggle with the powers of hell,
Till Jesus bids us go."

Goodshaw Fold.

M. H.

JESSE CHANTLER.—On Sept. 15th, aged 63, Jesse Chantler, of Egerton, Kent.

"When very young, I used to go with my mother to hear Mr. Beeman; and even then I felt convinced that the doctrine of election must be right. When about twelve years old, a sister came home ill with the typhus fever. She was in great distress of mind to know what would become of her soul. The Lord appeared for her, and blessed her; and she repeated these words: 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' &c. She called her mother up stairs, and sang those words with all the powers of her soul. From that time I felt sure there was a power in religion; but years passed on, and I felt careless and unconcerned about what became of me.

"After I was married, I went regularly to hear Mr. W. Burch, at Staplehurst. I began to feel very uneasy in my mind about what was to become of me; but the fountain of the great deep was not fully broken up yet. I spoke of it to a friend at Marden, and she replied, 'Never pray for trouble; you will have enough without that.' And so I have found it.

"After going on like this for some time, with nothing decided in my mind, knowing I could do nothing of myself, I prayed the Lord to help me. One Sunday I put up a petition to the Almighty to make it known to me that day if I were one of his children. I felt a persuasion in my mind that he would; and I looked for it. Mr. Burch had nearly got to the end of his sermon, and I began to despair of my expected blessing; when he said, 'It is impressed on my mind to give the babes a little milk. I think there are babes in grace here.' He then went on to say what a babe in grace was in the exercises of the soul. He so entered into my feelings and the things that I had passed through that I wept like a child, and my heart went out in love and gratitude to the Almighty, and to the minister, an instrument in his hands. I thanked the Lord, believing that it was impressed on his mind for me. I felt great comfort for a time after that.

"Years passed on, and my family increased. I was taken up with the cares of the world and the anxiety of providing for a large family, and

got into a cold, indifferent state. Still, at times, the Lord softened my heart with a whisper of his favour. About the time Mr. Burch died, I became, like Ephraim, given to idols, and the Lord let me alone. When Mr. Smart came to Cranbrook, I went to hear him. He often traced out the way the Lord had led me. I often felt the sweet dawns of his favour on my soul. What he says about man in his fallen state I know to be too true.

“One night I begged of the Lord to have mercy on me; and these words came to me with sweet power: ‘Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.’ ‘Chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world.’ I thanked the Lord, and was enabled to say,

“Give glory to God, ye children of men,’ &c.

This I could do with all the power of my soul. I have received great comfort, from time to time, under Mr. Smart. One thing is a great grief to me. It is said that they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and be in bitterness, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. I never can get this to my soul's satisfaction. If the Lord would grant me this one favour, I feel that I could leave everything, and should be glad to go.”

The following few remarks were made during the last two days of his life: “I can understand it all now. God says he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. I do not wish to be weary of the world; but I long to go. I can say that I long to sing the song of the redeemed.” “Where are all my doubts and fears gone? After such sweet promises, how can I doubt? And yet I did doubt.

“With all my doubts and fears removed,
Dear Jesus, let me rest.”

The last words he spoke were: “Washed in a Saviour's blood.”

Lee.

H. PIPER.

BLANCH MARY HANDFORD.—On Sept. 26th, aged 64, Blanch Mary Handford, of London.

My dear mother was brought to a knowledge of her condition as a sinner when among the Wesleyans; although by what instrumentality I do not remember to have heard her distinctly state. She frequently referred to the feelings she experienced when she first heard a free-grace gospel. She attended frequently with me at Gower Street during the latter part of her life.

I think, from what I have heard my dear mother relate, that in her case the work of grace was not very deep at the first. The Lord gradually led her on by a series of afflictive dispensations, instructing her with “line upon line, and precept upon precept,” until he finally received her to himself as a shock of corn fully ripe in its season.

My mother was greatly tried because she had not the gift and ability to tell out as some are enabled to do what she felt within. She frequently through life lamented her deficiency in this respect; and it is a source of regret to me likewise that she could not do so, as I believe she was highly favoured, at times, and had most blessed sensible nearness to and communion with her covenant God in Christ.

Hers was indeed a chequered path; for she seems to have had a taste of almost every kind of affliction. Left a widow with a young family, she was exposed to great straits in circumstances; but the Lord mercifully appeared for her in every time of need. She also suffered the loss of children, being bereft of all except myself. In addition, she had a large share of bodily afflictions; for, in part from frequent severe attacks of illness, she for years scarcely knew what it was to enjoy one day's good health. And, as a climax to all, she suffered much from spiritual

darkness, which was no doubt greatly enhanced by a peculiarly sensitive and nervous temperament.

A few months before her death, she was deeply tried as to her state and standing for eternity. One night in particular, she scarcely had any rest, as she felt certain that hell must be her eternal portion. With uplifted hands in her bed she implored mercy; when the Lord graciously condescended to whisper peace to her soul.

She appeared for some months to have a presentiment of her approaching end; and, indeed, I could not help feeling myself, from the expressions that she from time to time dropped of her desire to see face to face her beloved Lord, and of what she anticipated it would be to gaze for the first time, after her spirit quitted the body, upon his blessed face, that the Lord was fitting her for the mansions above. And, although I endeavoured to hope that she might be spared a few years longer, yet it was but too evident from daily observation that her tabernacle was being gradually taken down.

She suffered greatly in her last illness; but, although her bodily sufferings were great, the Lord graciously supported her and cheered her as she passed through the dark valley. She frequently exclaimed, in the intervals between her paroxysms of agony, "What should I do if I had to seek the Lord now?" The Lord mercifully granted her request in maintaining her reason to the last, so that she was enabled to testify, only a short time before her departure, of the happiness and peace she felt. Her beloved Lord was thus better to her than all her fears, as she experienced that, when heart and flesh failed, he was the strength of her heart, and that he would be her portion for ever.

T. J. HANDFORD.

THE soul is capable of having to do with invisibles, with angels, good or bad; yea, with the Highest and Supreme Being, even with the holy God of heaven. I tell you that the soul of man is capable of communion with him, when the darkness that sin hath spread over its face is removed. The soul is an intelligent power. It can be made to know and understand depths and heights, and lengths and breadths, in those high, sublime, and spiritual mysteries that only God can reveal and teach; yea, it is capable of diving unutterably into them. And herein is God, the God of glory, much delighted and pleased; to wit, that he hath made himself a creature that is capable of hearing, knowing, and understanding his mind when opened and revealed to it.—*Bunyan*.

SURELY they that seek the Lord can want no good thing. (Ps. xxxiv. 10.) For, seeing the earth and all its great fulness is the Lord's, both in the point of creation, possession, and disposal, it is not possible for reason to suppose that the frequent low condition of the godly can arise from any other cause but the divine wisdom and love, consulting their real good. It is evident that it can neither be lack of treasure, nor want of good will, God having not spared his own Son even unto the death for them. But if reason want satisfaction about the discouraging ordinary mean condition of many of the people of God, consider that a principal part of man's corruption consists in a carnal bias, loving the creature more than God; and, therefore, as a most wise and proper antidote against this insinuating and ensnaring evil, great things in this life must not be the ordinary allowance even of the favourites of heaven. (Prov. xxx. 9.) A little true holiness, conforming us to God, is a greater good than great temporal happiness. The advancing of the former must argue the greatest love. Ps. cxix. 71 is a truth, to which true and solid reason must and will assent, whatever carnal reason, corrupted by the sensual appetite, murmur against it.—*Blackwell*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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

WHO MAY ABIDE THE DAY OF THE LORD'S
COMING?

A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE HENRY BIRCH, FEB. 7TH, 1855.

"But who may abide the day of his coming? And who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."—MAL. III. 2, 3.

THESE words appear, at first sight, very terrible; and sufficient to deter any one, who feels his sins and sinful nature, from approaching the Lord. Yet, when properly considered, there will be found nothing terrific in them. The person who is here spoken of, you well know, is the Lord Jesus, called the Messenger or Angel of the Covenant. He is so called because of his office, not of his nature; for he is the Son of God, and, therefore, God; but, as sent of the Father, he is called the Angel, or Messenger of the Covenant. You read frequently of him by that title in Genesis, Exodus, and elsewhere. The Angel of the Lord spoke to Jacob in a dream, and said, "I am the God of Bethel." Jacob afterwards said, "The Angel which redeemed me from all evil." No created Angel could redeem a man; and, therefore, it must have been He who came to redeem his people. Moses was bid to say, "Behold, my Angel shall go before thee, who will not forgive your iniquity, for my Name is in him." The Angel of the Lord appeared to Moses in the bush, who is immediately after called Jehovah. He is "the Angel of the Lord's presence." And here he is called "the Messenger, or Angel, of the Covenant."

The day of his coming was the manifestation of God in the flesh. This day was generally looked upon as most desirable by every carnal Jew. But they who had spiritual eyes knew that his coming would be a very trying dispensation; and so it proved. For this reason Amos says, "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. Shall not the day of the Lord be darkness, and not light? even very dark, and no brightness in it?" And it proved so. This day was a trying one. The gospel to this day tries men's spirits, what they are. It discovers the thoughts, intents, and purposes

of man's heart. He kicks against this stone of stumbling; he falls upon it; and it in return falls upon him.

Let me, first of all, ask who *cannot* abide the day of his coming; and, next, who *can*. I think the character of the persons who cannot abide the day of his coming is set down very plainly in iv. 1: "All the proud." These are the persons who cannot abide, sustain, suffer, or bear. And why? Because human nature cannot endure to be thought destitute of all goodness. The spirit in man is naturally haughty, proud, and self-righteous. It hates the very name of Saviour or Surety, and hides itself under its fig-leaf dress, and endeavours, in a thousand ways, to avoid the name of an insolvent debtor, unable to pay a single mite of an immense debt. Nature spurns the thought. She says, "I have as good a heart as a man need wish for. Don't tell me that I have a bad heart. Woe to me if I have!" says nature. "I will never believe it." That is true. God must convince you, and then, and not before, you will acknowledge that what God says of your heart is true. The pride of man's heart is inconceivable. It rises up against God with the utmost effrontery and hardness; and, in so doing, acts as wise a part as stubble fully dry in exposing itself to a consuming fire.

The gospel is intended to pull down the pride of man. It sets itself against the works of men, and despises them, and burns them up, root and branch. "The day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts; that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." The root was Abraham, in whom, not in the Lord, they boasted; the branch was their own good works and obedience to the law. "God resisteth the proud;" and man is nothing but a bundle of pride and self-importance. Pride is most opposed to the dear Son of God; and, therefore, Satan fills the sons of men with it. Hence we read that the great end and design of God, in his tender love and pity to his children, is "to withdraw man from his purpose, and to hide pride from man." (Job xxxiii. 17.) "The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God." (Ps. x. 4.) Here lies the opposition to the Son of God. The god of this world holds man fast in his pride, blinds his eyes, and makes him an admirer and lover of self. These will not hear the testimony of a crucified Saviour; it is reckoned foolishness. These foolish ones despise the wisdom of God in a mystery, and pride themselves on the wisdom of the flesh, which is foolishness with God. Nothing is so opposed to the righteousness of man as the righteousness preached in the gospel of the grace of God. All these "hold fast deceit," and will not let it go. (Jer. viii. 5.) A heart deceived by Satan, which can feed on the dust and ashes of human performances, will never admit the Lord Jesus, or feed on his incomparable food, or see any beauty in his incomparable righteousness and excelling fairness.

Such as these cannot and will not abide the day of his coming, or stand when he appears; for he comes to destroy all flesh who

stand out and stand against the Lord's Anointed. The gospel, both in the power and in the letter of it, sweeps away at one blow all the wisdom, strength, and righteousness of man, and opposes all the pride and lifting up of self, which is found even in the saint. It stains all the pride of man (Isa. xxiii. 9); that is, all that is excellent among men, and to bring it into utter contempt. None can form any just idea of the unalterable self-sufficiency of man but they who have seen it in the Lord's light, and felt it in the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit.

Now, on the other hand, let me ask, Who *will* abide the day of his coming? Who *will* stand when he appeareth? I answer, The self-condemned, the sensible sinner. The Lord says to all such, "I will strengthen thee; I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isa. xli. 10.) He has righteousness in his right hand to bestow, and he has strength for the weakest. He takes pleasure in the poor, the needy, and the lost; for they are sure to magnify his grace, his mercy, his truth, and highly to prize them. And when the Lord takes away the bridle of pride (Isa. xxx. 28), and the muzzle of unbelief (Hos. xi. 4), then poor souls can feed on his righteousness, having lost their own; and can gladly lean on his arm when their strength is all gone. Nothing is so suitable to the sinner's case as the Lord Jesus. The utmost display of divine wisdom is found in him; and the poor helpless sinner sees it and owns it. And does this poor man, this insolvent debtor, this houseless, hopeless wretch, meet with a frown, rebuff, or rebuke from him whom the Father hath sent? No. "The poor heareth not rebuke." The great offence is to scorn the feast, the plentiful provision which our God has made for the poor and needy, and for them that are ready to perish. The poor in spirit were dear unto him when he was upon earth; and the poor and needy are as welcome to him at this day as ever, and are sure to meet with a hearty reception at his hands. None but the full and the rich are sent empty away. Did we wisely consider him, we should see all to admire, and our eyes would continually feast upon him. But we are blind; and we have powerful enemies, both within and without, and these war against our peace. Here I may observe how different is the dispensation of the law from that of the gospel. The one says, "You cannot stand before me, for I am holy." "Who can stand before this holy Lord God?" (1 Sam. vi. 20.) The other says, "If you come not before me filthy, unclean, and condemned, I will not look upon you. I am sent to none but to the lost. None need to be washed but the unclean. You are in your blood, all over polluted; and I am a fountain, opened to your spiritual eyes to see it, and for you to wash in it."

"But," say you, "I find it, after all, very difficult to come to him." If you did not, the Scripture would be false; for that says, "No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." You must know that you cannot come before he enables you to come. The Pharisees could not stand

before him, because they had no wounds to be healed, no blindness to be removed. "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin." (Jno. ix. 41.) They had no sin to be forgiven, no sickness to be healed. To these self-righteous ones he says, "I will not feed you." (Zech. xi. 9.) "My food will not suit your proud stomach. My flesh is meat indeed; but such as you cannot relish till your taste is changed." (Jer. xlviii. 11.) Therefore, for your comfort and mine, I will endeavour to open up what is couched in the next words, which may suit you.

"For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap." I own that once there appeared to me in these words nothing but terror; but I am not of that mind now. I think them very encouraging indeed, ever since I felt the difficulty of coming to Christ; for I have proved the gate to be strait and the way narrow. Now, there is here set forth to my mind the all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ to bring sinners to himself. He has received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, through whose powerful agency alone any sinner was or ever will be enabled to come to Jesus Christ. By nature "pride compasses us about as a chain." (Ps. lxxiii. 6.) This is a sore, hard, and strong chain, which you and I cannot break. But there is One who can do this great work; and on him we must wait to do great things for us; that is, to open the prison, knock off the fetters, and take away all obstructions which are found in your heart and mine which prevent us coming to Jesus Christ. It is very hard to come to him; but he is all-sufficient. "Well, but," say you, "may we come to him to do so great a work for us?" I answer, Yes. Did he not come to destroy the works of the devil? If you could do that, what need of a promise? But when he promises to do a thing, you and I must look to him, and pray, and cry, and call upon him to do it. And here I will bring in a passage of holy writ, which may both instruct and comfort you: "And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you; and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you." (Isa. xxxviii. 18.) This word "exalted" signifies to me that he will be exalted in your estimation; for you will be compelled to wait upon him. And the longer the blessing is delayed, the more will its value be enhanced when it comes. He will be waited upon and waited for; and why? Because he has something to do for you and for me. He has ascended on high to receive gifts for the rebellious; and can he not do great things for you? Expect great things at his hand. Petition him earnestly to subdue the pride of your nature, and to make you to receive Christ as a little child. None but he can do it. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel." (Acts v. 31.)

"For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap." A refiner's fire, or the fining-pot (Prov. xvii. 3), is meant to separate the dross from the ore, and to consume the dross. For this end the Holy Spirit comes as a spirit of judgment and a spirit of

burning. (Isa. iv. 4.) He is very powerful in his operations, discovering the pollution which, like dross, comes to the top when the fining-pot is put into the fire. "I will bring the third part through the fire." (Zech. xiii. 9.) Now, note, it is not meant, nor is it true, that any good thing is found in man by nature, as there is gold found in a piece of ore; but the reason why the elect are called gold and silver is, first, because they are vessels of mercy, prepared, ordained, and predestinated to glory; and, secondly, because when put into the furnace there is secretly conveyed by the Holy Ghost that which maintains them in the severest trial. He who knows how much dross and tin he has will not object to the refiner's fire. And, blessed be God, it is not left to his option or choice. The Lord says, "I will do it. I will work, and who shall let it?" (Isa. xliii. 13.) The Lord is omnipotent. The church of old said, "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned." (Lam. v. 21.) "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; for thou art my praise." (Jer. xvii. 14.)

Do you feel your need of this refining? He makes all his children feel their need of it; and they know that it will come. "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." (Isa. xlvi. 10.) God, in the furnace of affliction, purges a man from self-confidence. Can he deliver his soul from guilt, fear, and shame? He tries to do it; but he cannot effect it. He tries what he can do, but all in vain. The furnace of affliction is intended to make a man see that he hath destroyed himself, but that in Christ is his help found. Help is laid on One that is mighty to save from all evil and all enemies, to subdue the native hardness and impenitence of the human heart, and to remove the blindness of it. Welcome, then, the refiner who comes, not to destroy the soul, but for the destruction of the flesh; to destroy that which would destroy us.

Now, although this furnace or refiner's fire is not welcome, yet it is profitable. We choose it rather than carnal ease, for we are profited by it. "The afflicted people thou wilt save." (Ps. xviii. 27.) "He delivereth the poor in his affliction, and openeth their ears in oppression." (Job xxxvi. 15.) When they are in affliction and oppression he opens their ears and causes them to hear why he afflicted them. This operation of the Holy Spirit is compared to the cold north wind, which nips the bud and withers the grass, and makes the man desolate. (Ps. xxv. 16; Mic. vi. 13.)

In the text this process is compared to a refiner's fire, to purify from self-confidence. "I will purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin." (Isa. i. 25.) He reproveth, rebuketh, and softens the spirit. He shows the equity of his dealings with his people, and shows them that, had he not loved them, he would not have taken them in hand and dealt so hardly with them, as they think. "The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death." (Ps. cxviii. 18.) Though he wounds, it is not with the wound of an enemy; nor is it to death,

but to life. "I shall not die, but live." All who are alive were once killed by the law; and they received life when they became dead men. We never live to God until the law has done its office. The first husband must be dead, and we dead to it, if ever we live to God. He will have no partners with his dear Son. He is our life; and without him there is nothing but death. The law is the ministration of death and condemnation; the gospel is the ministration of life. "From his right hand went a fiery law for them" (Deut. xxxiii. 2); that they might for ever acknowledge the goodness of God in providing One who fulfilled the law, magnified it, and made it eternally honourable (Isa. xlii. 21), and who applies the righteousness of it to the soul of the sinner, in which he stands on a level with the holy righteous law. This causes him to rejoice, because he has found solid rest, peace, and quietness as the fruit of it. "The fruit of righteousness shall be peace." He who has made you sore can alone bind up. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." (Ps. cxlvii. 3.) You must wait on him who has torn, that he may heal; he who has smitten, that he may bind us up. (Hos. vi. 1.)

He is indeed a Refiner. And it is moreover added, much for our comfort, that, as continually throughout our life we need refining, he will *sit* as a refiner. Now, the idea of *sitting* signifies a constant attention to a work. A man sits down, we say, to his work in earnest. So it is with him who knows how to perfect his work. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver" to the end. He is constantly at work, caring for his vessels of mercy, who were of old ordained to glory, and who, when called, were called with the express design of their coming to glory. "The God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus." (1 Pet. v. 10.) These vessels of mercy he takes great pains with; and the rest are left in the hand of Satan and of their own counsel. But Israel is his peculiar treasure. (Ps. cxxxv. 4.) He takes peculiar care of such; and we have reason to bless him for such constant unwearied care. He who is above all cares for sinners. He looks down from heaven, and beholds and visits the poor, the destitute, and the forlorn, and condescends to dwell with such as are of a broken and contrite heart. He takes care of them, so as to bind up their bleeding and broken hearts. He looks after them as his sheep. And, more, he looks after them as vessels which need purifying and cleansing, which he will not withhold because they need them. He has undertaken to withhold no good thing from them. (Ps. lxxxiv. 10.)

Now, can you, in your right mind and in your sober judgment, object to being the subjects of this Refiner's fire, knowing, as you do, that if you are not the subjects of it you will be cast into hell, a fire that will never be quenched, in all your sin, filth, and deformity, and that your bodies, when raised in all the deformity of human nature, in which you left this world, will be the sub-

jects of everlasting torments? If you say from your heart that you prefer to suffer affliction with the people of God, that you are willing that he should take you in hand, and deal with you as he has invariably dealt with all vessels of mercy, this is good language. Jeremiah says, "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing." (x. 24.) Here Jeremiah, well knowing that all who are saved must pass through the fire, prays, rather than miss of the mark, to be visited as God visits his people. The Lord says, "Then will I visit their transgression with the rod." (Ps. lxxxix. 32.) "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." (Lam. iii. 26, 27.) We are naturally like an untamed heifer. Our necks need to be plied, for there is an iron sinew in them; and God will have us submit to his will. He will not leave us until we can say, "Not my will, but thine, be done." "Brethren, submit yourselves, therefore, to God." (Jas. iii. 7.) "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God." (1 Pet. v. 6.) The soul says, "Do as thou wilt with me, only save me from my sins; and fulfil in me those precious promises which are declarative of thy eternal good will and pleasure. This vessel of mercy endures, abides, sustains, and suffers this coming of the Lord; for he is in his severest chastisements upheld by Omnipotence, secretly, but powerfully. Consider, then, these things; weigh them in your minds; ponder them in your thoughts.

In the next place, the Lord of the house is compared to fullers' soap. They who have witnessed the art of fulling cloth have told me that, were I to witness the process used to cleanse the cloth from all impurities, by washing and beating it with pieces of wood, to compress it and render it what we call "superfine" broad-cloth, I should suppose that the cloth would be beaten to pieces, so violent a process does it undergo. But the fuller cannot make cloth suitable for wear unless it undergo this process. I once saw a piece of cloth which, for fineness of texture, softness, and pliability, exceeded any which I recollect to have seen. It had been a court dress for some one in the king's court. Now, none of you will appear in the court of heaven, in the presence of God, unless you have passed through the fuller's mill. You may please yourselves with an outward profession, and at the same time hold the truth, not lies, in unrighteousness; and if only so, you had better never have professed the truth. Search and look, and beg of God to look for you; for there is a very loose profession abroad, and nowhere more, I fear, than in this place.

None of the Lord's family are exempt from this fullers' soap. The dear Redeemer himself did not escape this mill; for, although he had no sin, he underwent the powerful bruising of Satan, and then proved that he had no filth to wash away. But, as Surety, he must sanctify himself from his people's sins. He learned obedience by the things which he suffered; and, as a

voluntary Surety, endured the deep waters and the bruising-mill. And, having suffered both from God and from Satan, having tasted of the wrath of God and the malice of Satan, he knows in his own experience, as man, what his poor children feel, who are laden with sins and death, cursed by the law, condemned by conscience, and cast out seemingly by God himself. He feels for them when taken in hand by the Lord. He knows their sorrows. You have read that it was ordained that the spoil taken in battle (Num. xxxi. 23) should be dealt with thus: "Every thing that may abide the fire, ye shall make it go through the fire, and it shall be clean; nevertheless, it shall be purified with the water of separation; and all that abideth not the fire ye shall make go through the water." This law is in full force to this day in the congregation of the Lord, the church of the living God.

Now, let me ask you, Do you object to the fullers' soap? Or would you rather lie in all the extreme filthiness of your nature, like the child spoken of in Ezekiel, cast out to the loathing of its person, upon the open field, that is, before holy men, holy angels, and a holy God, exposed to everlasting shame and contempt? If you truly feel and can say, "I am a polluted creature; O that he would wash me;" if this be your mind, there is good hope of you. You choose the better part, though it is the worst part of Christ, as his reproach is counted or esteemed. (Heb. xi. 26.) Say you, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."

Washing is frequently needed by sinners. "When the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion." (Isa. iv. 4.) There was in the temple a brazen vessel of large dimensions for the priests to wash in; and there is, in these gospel days, a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. But here soap is also spoken of. Job said, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make myself never so clean;" that is, if I use all the means which human reason can suggest, yet I shall be condemned in my sight; "yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." (ix. 30, 31.) "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." (Jer. ii. 22.)

Fullers' soap is always in use in the royal household of faith, but nowhere else. There it is in constant use; for the Lord daily washes his people. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." (Jno. xiii. 8.) "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." (xv. 3.) He cleanses his church with the washing of water by the Word. (Eph. v. 26.) The Word tries them, purifies them, pulls down all refuges of lies and deceit, and disquiets them, until they come to the Lord, whose testimony, when received in the conscience, cleanses or purifies the heart, as Peter declares: "Purifying their hearts by faith." (Acts xv. 9.) We read (Mark ix. 3) that the raiment of the Lord Jesus on the Mount "became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." You must

endure this cleansing process first, before your garments can be washed in the blood of the Lamb; and your souls will be exceedingly white and fair. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 13.) Without this washing you can never stand before God; for he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. He must see no iniquity in you; and this comes only by faith in the blood of the Lamb. If you come thus, you will offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, that is, in the faith of that one perfect sacrifice of the ever-blessed Son of God.

If private believers need this refining and purging, much more public persons, who are called to the ministry of the Word, need it. They are especially bid to be clean: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." (Isa. lii. 11.) This is a necessary caution. They are to be free from things which disgrace their profession and their station; for they are public men. They are conspicuous characters, and all eyes are upon them. (Mic. iv. 11.) "The oxen, likewise, and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan." (Isa. xxx. 24.) The shovel and the fan answer the same end as the refiners' fire and the fallers' soap. Righteousness and love are the aim and end of all God's chastisements. As they are sent in love, so they return back to the Giver of all good in love. I think the present state of things in the world, in the nation, in the church, and in our congregation, calls upon us to consider our ways. Let each one consider his own ways more than he has done, and not another's, except it be in love. Many eyes are upon us in general, and upon me in particular; and, therefore, if you have any love to me for the truth's sake, you will pray for me. They that look for perfection in the flesh in me will never find it; and I hope that they who look for my destruction will, through the mercy of God, be disappointed.

The Lord grant his blessing on the Word, and his Name shall have all the praise. Amen.

[Mr. Birch seceded from the Establishment, and was for many years minister at Dane House, Cranbrook. Mr. Philpot highly esteemed him. He died May 31st, 1857, aged 76.]

THE same power which opens the *heart* also opens the *hand* to receive the blessings that God has to bestow.—*J. C. Philpot.*

THE greatness of the soul is manifest by the greatness of the price that Christ paid for it to make it an heir of glory; and that was his precious blood. We do use to esteem things according to the price given for them, especially when we are convinced that the purchase has not been made by the estimation of a fool. Now, the soul is purchased by a price that the Son, the wisdom of God, thought fit to pay for the redemption thereof. What a thing is the soul! Judge of the soul by the price that is paid for it, and you must needs confess that it cannot but be of great worth and value.—*Bunyan.*

THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH ROBERT LURRING, OF BRENTFORD.

(Continued from p. 31.)

Now, reader, whoever you be, or of what profession or denomination, I must tell you that, if you think of going to heaven, to be for ever in glory with Christ, he must take you there himself, without the least of your help. He is the only way, and that he has made me prove. He is my Way and my everything else. And all the elect of God, who are in heaven, went this way; and all who are to go will go this way. The Holy Ghost has shown me that there is no other way but by the love and mercy of God in Christ; so, if I have not this given me, I cannot go to heaven to be for ever with Christ in glory. So this is my way; and if I am permitted to go, it will be through the free sovereign grace and mercy of God in Christ, applied by the Holy Ghost to my soul, causing me to realize that Jesus Christ died to pay my debt for all my sins and transgressions, which I could in no way do; but Christ did it, and then arose the third day for my justification. Christ has done all this for his elect. Now, *am I one?* I hope so; and if I am, this is the way in which I shall go to heaven. So this is *my* way, because God, for Christ's sake, will have mercy on me, and take me, as I cannot go by myself. No; Christ must take me, and all because of the love of God in Christ towards me. Neither I nor others have any claim on the Lord's mercy; and all the taught of God have lost all hope of going to heaven by their doings, or of gaining God's favour by their works, so that he might look on them in love and mercy, and save them. Some think they can; but they know not themselves nor Christ. But those made acquainted with their true state have lost all hope but in Christ.

Well; I know I cannot do the least thing to obtain favour from the Lord, in and of myself, for I am all black and helpless; and, therefore, if I do anything pleasing to Jehovah, it is his Spirit within that doeth it, and that is no merit of mine. I am made to look alone to the Three-One God to have mercy on me, and to save me through the love, blood, and righteousness of Christ, my only Way to glory. Here lies all my hope, for there is none in myself. I am lost, ruined, and undone for ever in myself only.

Reader, is this your way? It is mine, and I want no other; but I want, at times, to feel more sure than I am in this true way, by feeling Christ's hand having hold of mine, leading me and drawing me on in this way to glory. When I do I am happy. There is a great deal of talk about the way to heaven; that if you seek you will find. Well; all will find if they truly seek. All that are made to seek will find, and none else. Well, I will, as the Lord the Spirit shall enable me, tell you a little of my former seeking when I was a natural man; and I often fear I am nothing else now. But I must only give you a sketch, or I shall tire you.

After the Christmas holidays, I was taken ill, and was so very ill that all thought I should die; and I thought so too. I do not remember that I thought anything about it before, and I became a little concerned when I was told I was not fit to die. Some of the Independents and other Dissenters talked to me concerning my state; and I thought and said that if I should get better, I would lead a better life and prepare for heaven. So they persuaded me to go to their chapel, which, as the dear Lord was pleased to raise me up, after about five months, I did. They talked to me about my soul's salvation, and said it was a good thing I was spared, and not cut off without repentance. I had only a little natural sorrow,—fearing I should die and be cast into hell, as I have been made to know since. But by their talking to me, and saying it was a mercy that I sought the Lord and that he was found of me, and that I had forsaken my sins and turned to the Lord, and walked circumspectly and followed after holiness, which I did, as I thought. They soon thought me a fit candidate to join their church, which I did, for they said I was a converted man. But I was not, as I have since been made to prove.

Well; I was a strict member, and was outwardly upright, no one being able to lay anything to my charge naturally. A free-grace man used to come and see his brother; and sometimes I used to ask him if he did not like our minister. "O!" he would say, or to this effect, "You are all out of the way at present." That used to make me very angry, so that I wished there were no such people as he on the earth; and if I could have abolished them I would, for I hated those who were converted like "little children" unto God.

Now, reader, it is written: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee," &c. I well remember I have had convictions ever since I was a boy; that, when I did wrong, such as break the Sabbath, or commit any outward sin, I felt sorry, and thought I would not do so again. This is the way I went on, more or less, up to the illness before mentioned, sinning and reforming. Now I see the Lord was working in me, and watching over me, keeping me from running into the same lengths in sin that some are left to run into. But I thought I kept myself; and said that others were fools to go on so, stealing and doing everything that was bad. I little thought it was the Lord that kept me from going the same lengths, but took all the praise and glory to myself, instead of giving it to him. Now I see, and am made to know, it was all due to the Lord; for he it is who keeps all those he chose in Christ before time began. He keeps them from their birth to their death. This is what the Holy Ghost has taught me since then, that Jehovah has kept me, and led me. Bless his all-glorious and most precious Name, for he has made himself more precious to me than thousands of gold and silver.

Now, reader, just look and see how good, kind, and merciful God was to me, in preserving me when I made haste to hell as

fast as time could carry me. But I am spared, through the loving-kindness and tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God in a precious Christ, up to this moment, a monument of Jehovah's mercy. These blessings I have been made to learn.

I am made to look back to just before the illness I have spoken of, when I was a free-willer and a singer. We used to go, after service, to a parlour in the public-house to drink, sing, and play our music, till very late sometimes; but we thought we were all right, and that, if we did get a little too much liquor, we did no harm. We thought and said so. I and all the rest could go on without feeling any convictions. This was our religion, and we were well pleased with it, being kept so by the devil, he being permitted by Jehovah to keep his goods in peace. I am made to see now that Satan doth not care which way a sinner goes, so long as he can keep him from going right. After our Christmas feast, as I said, I was ill. Well, I was, by being talked to, made to feel convicted; and I feared I should die and go to hell. I well remember I was persuaded to seek for pardon, and I did; and I wished I was as good as those people who came and prayed by me. I said that, if I got well again, I would lead a better life. I did get better; but I did not know then what God was going to teach me. I have seen a good deal since, though I believe I shall be a learner all my days, be they few or many.

Well; I was convinced I was a sinner, and I felt convicted, which made me feel concerned about my soul's salvation. I made all the reformation I possibly could. The Independents got me to their chapel to hear their minister. He was accounted a very nice man, and I liked him well. So I became a chapel-goer, and my former companions called me a runaway, and said I was above them, and laughed at me. As I have said, I was concerned about my everlasting state, they telling me how awful it was to die in sin, and be lost; and I trembled at it, and became very strict and attentive to religion. They soon made me believe I was fit to join the church, which I did, thinking I was all right, as they said I was a converted man. They took conviction for conversion, and reformation for regeneration, and said I was translated out of and from the power of darkness. "Yes, you have been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son," said they. "You sought and found; no one will seek in vain, you see. What a blessed mercy you did not die in your sins." You see how I was buoyed up. I was, as I may say, talked into this profession, and caused to believe I was in a converted state, and born again of the Spirit. This is sewing pillows under all arm-holes, and taking all the promises; but only as long as Jehovah permits. Only till the time appointed, and no longer, will they try you, and say, "Bring in the lambs for whom Christ died, and encourage them to come and love Jesus. Mind you do not hinder them, or be the means of turning one back, for fear he should die in his sins through you. How awful to think that one of these little ones should be lost through you, to be for

ever in hell!" This is what they would say. "By all means, bring them, and cause them to love Jesus, and tell them if they do their part, Christ will do his; but if they refuse to do theirs, he cannot save them."

This is how I was taught in that chapel; and I believed it. This shows how man turns the point. They preach that man can be saved if he likes; but that if he does not like, Christ cannot save him; thus taking the sovereignty of Jehovah away from him, and placing it with the man, who is but clay in the hand of God, and less than nothing and vanity. He cannot fetch one breath if God do not please; and yet he is so blinded by the devil as to think he turns the point of his salvation. This is what I call free will; and here Satan will keep them as long as he can. All such are out of the secret of gospel and spiritual godliness, find them wherever you may. And all such as can gather the lambs, or can keep them back, as they think, are stronger than the Holy Ghost; and they, instead of the Holy Three-One Jehovah, would have the sovereign power. But the psalmist says, "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee." And the Lord Jesus Christ himself says, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." They cannot be kept back. God is a Sovereign. But my free-will teachers gathered me, a lamb, they said, into their church, to love Jesus; and then told me, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." "O! What a mercy," they said, "you sought and found salvation!" They would say all this, and built me up, crying to me, "Peace, peace," where there was no peace. They made me as proud as the devil with my heart full of natural religion. They kindled a fire, and I compassed myself about with the sparks, and walked by the light of the fire these people kindled in my heart. But, as the Holy Ghost has it, I had to "lie down in sorrow." (Isa. l. 11.) I had to prove the truth of this. All such will lie down in sorrow, for they are enemies to the cross of Christ. Reader, I have proved this, so know it for a truth. All who die in that state cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. God's word declares it; and so I am made to know; and I bless the dear Lord for showing me it, for no one else could.

After many years in this free-will church, I had to leave them, and go some miles away. My new employer said I should not go to chapel, and, if I did, I must leave. What to do I did not know. But, however, I thought I was so strong that nothing would alter my religion, after being so zealous for the truth, as I thought. But I soon became cold and indifferent. My zeal vanished away like dew, and fell to the ground. So I went on for years without being disturbed about my religion, and not going to chapel or church. Sometimes my wife would say, "This does not seem like Sunday." (She was not much of a professor.) "So strict as you have been, and now to neglect it altogether." She would tell me of my being so careless about

going to a place of worship, as she called it. This used to make me hang my head down. I felt convicted; so I said I would go another Sunday.

Now, reader, what caused my wife to say this to me? She did not care about going herself; so why should she care about me? I will give you my opinion, and that is: I do not know if the Holy Ghost or the devil induced her to say it; but I do believe the devil is not satisfied if his subjects have not a religious appearance; and he is well pleased if he can but induce them to have an outside religion. I believe he employs many in the work of being outwardly religious, and he has some of the best scholars in the world, in the letter. He makes preachers of all sorts, sends them to preach, and makes them believe it is the Holy Ghost working in and on their hearts. So they go, affirming for truth, some free will, and some free grace, and so on. All sorts but the right, and these he cannot dress up quite as he likes. But I believe he uses all his subjects just as it is most to his will, from the highest learned gentleman to the lowest unregenerate person on earth; any one in whom he can induce a slight conviction to bring them to an outside religion. If he can but do that, he thinks his goods are in peace; and so they will be if the Holy Ghost do not disturb them. The devil will tell them to love Jesus; and he uses every effort to gather the poor sinner on to this ground, out of the world of sin and woe. He wants his converts to wash and keep clean the outside; he cares nothing about that which is not seen. This was the way he and his entrapped me, till Jehovah's appointed time that the work they wrought on me should fall down. I was left naked and bare for years, without any outside religion. This caused my wife to take me to task; and not being born of the Spirit of God at that time, I think the devil employed her, being afraid lest I should go on in open sin, and that I should be convicted and converted, and be eternally saved, so that he should lose me altogether.

Well; I said my wife condemned me. So to church I went; and there I was condemned, so I did not go often. Some time after, I went to an Independent chapel, not the one where I used to be a member; and I was condemned there also; but it had not much effect. One morning, I was going to work by myself, and this thought rushed into my mind: "The way you are going leads to hell." It seemed to be a word of such weight that I felt stunned,—that my way was going down to hell! These words created a fear in my heart and conscience, and brought gloomy thoughts and feelings on me. This was as I was on my way to work, before daylight. These words of Dr. Watts's came to my mind very soon after:

"If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost."

They seemed to cheer me, and they came often. When I got to my work, that took some of those gloomy thoughts away; but only a little, and for a short season. So I went on for two or three

months; but could never get rid of this fear and dread of hell. I tried all I could; but got worse instead of better. Dr. Watts's hymn kept coming into my mind, and cheered me a little for a long time; and although I had been so used to Dr. Watts's hymns, I could not find those words anywhere. You see, my fine religion was all gone, and I was naked and bare, and on the way to hell, as I began to be forced to believe. I had a fear of hell put into my soul, which I could not get rid of. Now, there is a great deal said about this fear. Some say it is faith. So it is, for I was forced to believe; and that made me fear I should go to hell. But I had no love to Jehovah, but only the fear of his wrath being poured out on me in hell. This is, I apprehend, a slavish fear. I had not a filial fear. I read "that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and so it is. And this is the beginning, —to see that the way you are going leads to hell.

(To be continued.)

CIRCULAR ADDRESS.

[We have been requested to insert the following:—].

The Siloam Association of Regular Predestinarian Baptists, now (1874) in session with the New Hope Church, Washington County, State of Oregon, to the churches composing her body, sendeth Christian salutations.

Dear Brethren and Sisters,—As you will expect a Circular Address from us at this our annual meeting, we will endeavour to comply with our former custom, that you may not be disappointed. When we take a review of the subjects embraced in our former Circulars, we can hardly see any new ground to occupy; for almost every subject relating to the Christian religion has been treated on. Therefore, we hardly know how to interest you at this time, any better than by calling your attention for a short time to the amazing love of God to us poor sinners, and how we in return should honour and adore him for all his marvellous love toward us, by obeying him in all his commands. We read, in the Scriptures of truth, relative to this love of God: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Also: "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 6, 8.) And, still to confirm the subject stronger, that salvation rests entirely upon the love of God, and not on any thing which we have done or could do, the apostle further adds, ver. 10: "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." Thus the apostle argues the question, and plainly establishes the ground upon which our salvation rests. And as we hope we have thus been reconciled by the death of Christ, we hear him saying: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." (Jno. xv. 9.) And again, in ver. 12: "This is my commandment, that ye love one

another." O, what a blessed injunction this is! Dear brethren and sisters, do we heed this commandment of our dear Saviour, who loved us so that, while we were sinners, wretched, miserable, blind, and naked, he condescended so low as to take upon himself our nature, sin only excepted, became united to us even in our fleshly relation, being made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law? Dear brethren, this was our situation, under the law, under its curse, vastly in debt, and nothing wherewith to pay. Yet Christ's love for us was such that he cancelled our debt, by dying in our stead, shedding his own precious blood, and set us free, and said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And he also said, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Then we should love one another. Our Saviour's teachings abound with injunctions of this kind, as well as the teachings of the apostles. O, if we could only live up to this rule, how much more cheering would be our pilgrimage here below! How it would strengthen that bond of union, could we live up to our Saviour's command: "That ye love one another!" Our enemy is often placing obstacles in the way, raising up prejudices, getting up some little petty strife to catch our unwary feet; and before we are aware, we are caught in the snare of the fowler. These snares, delusions, and follies, like Eden's fruit, tempt our unguarded hearts. Therefore, we have need to watch and pray, and to search our hearts as with a candle to see by what spirit we are actuated. Is it of Love, love for Christ, love for his cause and people? Do we fear to pray for the peace and prosperity of Zion? Or are there lurking some evil surmisings, jealousies, mistrust, and a want of confidence in our brother or sister, or any feeling of wanting to be greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And if so, do we follow up the law of Christ in this matter, which is designed to heal the wound and to restore peace?

Dear brethren, it is now ten years that we have been living in the bonds of peace and union. Can we not all say, like the psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity?" This is necessary, not only for our comfort, our peace and happiness, but also for our protection from the enemy. The nearer we can live together, the more formidable will be our strength. For, while thus united in one solid, loving band, following our invincible Leader, all uniting under his banner of love, what a tower of strength! We can say then, as did the sweet singer of Israel: "For thou hast been a shelter for me, a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever; I will trust in the covert of thy wings." (Ps. lxi. 3, 4.) Also the wise man saith: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." (Prov. xviii. 10.) Then while in this position we have a sure defence. A tower signifies strength, but it gives us an idea of height, for while in this tower we are placed so high above

our enemies that their darts and weapons of war cannot reach us. All their efforts cannot do us any harm while we remain in this tower of love, the bosom of our Saviour, whereon that loving disciple loved to lean; and that feeling of rest and safety followed him all his days, for he loved to recline on the breast of his Saviour; and he left a living token of that love, when shortly before his death he could say unto the saints around him, "Little children, love one another." Then, dear brethren and sisters, be often praying for the peace and prosperity of Zion. Those who love her gates, her walls and palaces, will desire often to be there bathing in that fountain of love. 'Tis there our Saviour dwells; 'tis there he loves to meet his saints, and to lead them through the gardens of spices, where those sweet perfumes of heavenly love flow on and up to the throne of God. 'Tis there we love to meet and long together dwell. While there, no evil beast can come to mar our peace or cause interruption. 'Tis while there we can have a foretaste of that blessed mansion of rest which Christ has prepared for all those that love him. But when we get cold and wander from this tower of strength, how like one whom Solomon represents, who said, "I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer. The watchmen that went about the city found me; they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me." While in this situation, we lament our sad state; the archers shooting at us, and wagging their heads, crying, "Where is your Beloved now?" While in this state we are anxiously inquiring, "I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love." But we are answered by those daughters, for they are many, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?" We may go on to tell of the beauties and graces of our Beloved, but the enjoyment of his presence is gone until he puts his hand by the hole of the door, and our bowels are moved for him. 'Tis then that he leads us again into his garden of spices; 'tis then we can say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his."

How sweet it is to be under the influence of divine love, to love Christ, to love his laws, his church and people! May this be our happy lot through life, that we may always feel to be at the feet of Jesus, and at the feet of our brethren, praying for the peace and prosperity of Zion. And when we have served out our time here on earth, as we are fully aware many of us have now nearly done, O that we may all be prepared to say, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! What gratitude we shall then feel to our heavenly Father, to know that he has enabled us while here to love our brethren, and to be humble at their feet, learning of him. May the Lord bless you all. Farewell.

JOHN STIPP, Moderator.
J. T. CROOKS, Clerk.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—Your kind letter, dated April 25th, came duly to hand. It has been read to the Committee on two Thursday evenings. If you knew our feelings upon it, we doubt not your mind would be particularly exercised in our behalf.

Since the commencement of this cause, we have had many and various circumstances to consider, many difficulties to encounter, many dispensations to try our faith; and the Lord alone has been our Helper. It has pleased him, in covenant mercy, to make us his special care, and to be our Leader, Protector, and Reward. But no occurrence, according to our present feeling, seems to have transpired of half the weighty concern as that now before us, from the contents of your affectionate letter; and we feel the difficulty the greater, because we know not how far it would be right to open our minds to each other. If this be the case amongst ourselves, what must be the strait in opening our minds to you? We are sensible, however, of one thing; viz., the greater the strait, the greater the cause of deliverance; and also that the vision is for an appointed time, and that at length it will speak.

There are certain things which exercise the children of God, at various times, which the fear of the Lord constrains them from declaring at the first impulse, only to his blessed self. To this recourse we are often obliged to appeal. What a mercy it is that here, on this hallowed, holy spot, we that are agreed in feeling can all meet and commune freely, confidently, and efficaciously too! Here we can meet our dear brother Fowler; and if the Holy Ghost influences us to agree in asking the same things, and to expect the same answer, in his own time our desires must be accomplished. Neither men nor devils shall prevent it. You will say this is writing in mystery. Be it so; we dare not write more plainly, until our wishes are in some measure accomplished; and then we can declare them with boldness.

Your message during your last visit has left an odour amongst us that time cannot deface, and a union that will not easily be dissolved. You must, therefore, expect that we have keen feelings towards you, under the exercises you mention. And how thankful ought we to be that it should have pleased the Lord to enable us to abide by a plan for the choice of a stated minister that will give him an opportunity of considering who and what his members are, before they are admitted into church fellowship. There was a plan laid among some of the friends here a little time back which, if the bait had taken, would have subjected a minister to the same things here that you now experience at Birmingham; but it was over-ruled. And really a recollection of so many deliverances of this kind, so conspicuously wrought just at the proper moment, constrains us, at times, to join in singing the song of Moses. Nevertheless, we still feel our helplessness

condition; and we hope you will be induced to intercede powerfully in our behalf, that we may proceed in what lies before us under the fear of the Lord of hosts; and that the time may be hastened when an under-shepherd shall be appointed over us for good, and not for evil, one that shall rule and manage us under Divine control, and have a real love and regard for the flock of Christ, to supply them with nourishment and instruction.

Please to remember us kindly to your friends at Birmingham, and thank them for sparing you to come to us.

Yours to serve,

THE COMMITTEE OF CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

London, May 11th, 1820.

[To rightly understand the above letter, Mr. Fowler's, last month, should be read in connexion with it.]

A PRAYER FOR PROVIDENTIAL GUIDANCE.

LORD, my need would now implore thee;

May I all to thee commit;

Let me spread my case before thee,

Though thou knowest every whit.

I'm a weak and foolish creature,

With a heart in league with sin;

This is why I need a Teacher

Strong and wise, to dwell within.

Keep me, Lord, from paths forbidden,

Pleasant though they seem, and fair;

And when deadly snares lie hidden,

Show thy great salvation there.

What is granted or denied me

In the wilderness below,

May thy presence ever guide me;

Let me thy protection know.

If a peaceful habitation

Crown me with content and food,

Add thereto the blest persuasion

All is working for my good.

If a rougher path I travel

(Such the wisdom of thy ways),

Thou art able to unravel

Every dark, mysterious maze.

When the angry tempest rages,

In thy mercy hold me fast;

Hide me in the Rock of ages

Till the storm be overpast.

May I live by faith contented,

Having all my wealth above;

Let me die to Christ cemented

By his everlasting love.

THE LATE MR. THORNBUR.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—I have had, for a great length of time, a strong desire to write a few lines to you respecting the late Mr. Thornber, of Bedford, and how the Lord made his ministry, I trust, a special blessing to my soul.

The Lord was pleased, in his rich mercy, about seven years ago, to call me by his grace, by showing me what a sinner I was in his sight. This indeed made me tremble, and surely to feel that I deserved to be banished from his presence on earth, and sent to the bottomless pit. In this state of soul I read Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and his "Pilgrim's Progress," in which I found there was such a blessed reality in real religion, without which I must be lost indeed. I felt like Christian about this world being the City of Destruction, and that if I remained in it without grace I was undone. I felt such love flow out of my heart to dear Bunyan, that I felt I should like to live at Bedford, go to Elstow, and walk over that green where the Lord shot an arrow into his heart. This may seem simple, yet it was just how I felt. I began to cry to the Lord to open up a way for me to go; which he did in a very remarkable manner. I started; and took, as I then thought, and now believe, the best three books that were ever written; which were the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Gadsby's Hymns. I could say I loved them, or their contents, though I felt lost in my own soul.

I was told by a person who knew Bedford to go and hear Mr. Thornber, which I did. But I must frankly own that, although I had sat under the letter of truth from my childhood, and had a tolerably sound judgment of doctrine in my head, Mr. T.'s preaching was so out of my reach that I thought I never heard such things before. He seemed like one speaking another language, until he came to speak of a child of God under the law; and then I understood him.

Here I must make a remark or two. There were many who, I hope, were God's children, who said they could not hear Mr. T. I believe the reason was that his preaching and experience were too deep. This I have proved by my own experience. I have just said I could not understand a good deal he preached, until he spoke of the exercises of a child of God under the law. The reason was that I had never been then, nor even now, where he often was led; but while it was so with me and many more, yet I have been a witness, at the same time, of the tears that rolled down the cheeks of those from the power that attended the word to their souls, and who, I have proved since, were deeply tried and taught.

But to return. I kept close to the means of grace at Providence Chapel. As the Lord by degrees opened up his holy law and my own sins, his blessed gospel and my own wicked heart and depravity, so he opened up to my understanding his dear servant's preaching; so that I began more and more to love him

and God's discriminating truth. This the dear old man found by my constancy and feeling under the word. He asked me to his house, and began asking me about soul matters. When the Lord enabled me to speak, I have seen the tears roll down his large cheeks, believing a work of grace was begun in my soul, and that his ministry was made a blessing to me. He began to show me the precepts and commands of the dear Lord. "Follow me." "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

These things were laid with weight upon me. I could get no rest till I was enabled to attend to them. I soon was proposed and accepted as a candidate for baptism. But O! The cries and groans that went out of my poor heart, lest I should be deceived; for up to this I had never realized the pardon of my sin, although I had little revivings. It was indeed a time never to be forgotten by me in this world. The Sabbath came when it should take place. I was there, with every nerve, as it were, shaken with my load of guilt on the conscience. With these feelings, Mr. T. led me into the water; but as he offered a short prayer and repeated the names of the Trinity of Persons, my load gave way. And O! The solemn, sacred, sweet anointing that came upon me as he let me down into the water. My dear Jesus, I felt, had sunk under the waves of wrath for sinful me; and love, joy, and peace entered my breast, while by faith I viewed the solemn scene. O sacred, solemn spot! O glorious hour! O happy day! The dear Redeemer was bathed in sacred blood for me.

I went on after this for nearly twelve months in sweet peace, love, tenderness, and joy, till it pleased the Lord to withdraw himself, which I afterwards found was for the trial of my faith. The Lord and myself only know what I have had to pass through since. Now I found Mr. T.'s ministry meat and drink to my soul. Now I could travel a little with him; and when I have heard his enemies speak disrespectfully and slightingly of his ministry, I have felt for their ignorance.

I found his counsel to me, after I entered the ministry, excellent, and his kindness in many ways great. I felt his death more than I did my own natural father's. This shows that a spiritual bond is stronger. At the time of his death I was living in Norwich. About four days before he died, the case of Elijah being taken from Elisha was continually upon my mind, and these words were sounding in my heart: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he said, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace." And as Elisha felt the loss of Elijah, so did I that of dear Mr. Thornber. The very night in which he died I had a dream concerning it, and expected a letter to inform me of his death the very morning I received it. Although I was nearly 100 miles from Bedford, I felt I must follow the mortal remains of my beloved father and faithful pastor to his grave, which I did, considering it an honour to do so. No one knows what my feelings were that day.

Of course he had his infirmities; but my object in writing this note is to show what God's grace was in him, and what a blessing his ministry was to my soul.

Your unworthy Friend and Brother,
Norwich, Dec. 5th, 1876.

ALFRED DYE.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 492, 1876.)

CHAPTER V.

Verse 1. "*I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*"

THE spouse, the child or church of God, having sighed for the presence of Christ, the Lord, in the words under consideration, signifies that her request is granted. "I am come into my garden." He was present in those sighs, groanings, and longings after him. "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?" said the two disciples, though, at the time, when their hearts thus burned, they did not perceive that it was Christ's presence which set them on fire, for their eyes were holden. God must not only give us grace by his Holy Spirit, but more grace to reflect upon his work, and perceive that it is the true grace of God which he hath given us. The Spirit is the Spirit of grace, and also the Witness; he writes the epistle and seals it. It is one thing to be of God, another to know it. "By this we know that we are in him." "We are of God."

But these words not only indicate that Christ was present in the desires kindled in the child of God's heart, but that in answer to those desires he is come with more grace, a fuller discovery of himself, a more abundant supply out of his fulness. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "He giveth more grace." He comes, then, here, not only to produce desires, but to grant fruition, and to give a sweet enjoyment of communion. "Truly our fellowship is with . . . his Son Jesus Christ."

Of course, we all know that God, as God, is always and everywhere present. We also know that Christ, as Christ, is always in the midst of his church. He *walketh* in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." He never leaves or forsakes his people. But, then, there are various degrees of his presence. Indeed, so much is this the case, that he is sometimes said to go away and to be absent. His upholding, preserving presence in grace is one thing; his comforting joy-giving presence is another. He may be present with the arm of his gracious power to support, when he may withhold the sweetness of communion. It was a choice spot to be in when the spouse could say, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me." Here is the

support of his power, and the embracing of his love. "Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm."

Here, in our text, Christ is come to hold with the soul awakened to earnest desire the sweetest communion. "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." This signifies that he is come into the midst of his people, and is present in their hearts to cheer and bless. But a question may be asked here: How do we know when Christ is thus present? He is not present to any of our bodily senses. What, then, is the evidence of his presence? How can we know he is here? His presence is known in this life by its effects: The demonstration and certain evidence the child of God has of this, as well as of other things of Christ, is not that of natural sense or reason, but of the Spirit and of power. Faith is the evidence of things not seen. He manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed in him.

When Christ comes in a way of gracious power to the heart, as in the words of our text, we are assuredly conscious of his presence. We do not see any bodily appearance, or hear any audible voice; but we know he is with us by the inward workings of his Almighty Spirit upon our hearts. The psalmist Asaph well represents this in Ps. lxxv.: "Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks; unto thee do we give thanks; for that thy Name is near;" *i.e.*, for that thou thyself art near according to thy Name, "thy wondrous works declare." In Isa. xxxv. the same thing is shown. The scene is a wilderness; the persons in it are in distress, necessity, and fear, weak and trembling. But now One comes into this wilderness, and all is changed; the desert blossoms as the rose. This One who thus comes is God the Saviour. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." The desert has become a paradise; joy and gladness have entered, and sorrow and sadness have fled away. When John wanted to know whether Jesus was the Christ, or whether they were to look for another, Christ pointed to the effects of his presence,—the dead raised up, the lepers cleansed. These things were the proofs of his presence as the Christ of God.

So it is now. Christ's presence is known by its effects, and we dare not say, Who art thou? knowing in our own selves that it is the Lord. The motions of our own hearts, the effects produced within, are a certain and infallible evidence that the Lord is there. "She knew *within herself* that she was healed of that plague." When Adam was first created, and retained his innocence, he had not to go through a long process of elaborate reasoning to prove that there was a God, and himself a creature, and that He who conversed with him was the God who made him. No; all this necessity for reasoning proves the loss of that consciousness of the divine presence, being, and glory which man was created unto at first. "The foolishness of fools is their folly." All this elaborate reasoning about that which Adam at first was too wise to question proves the folly of poor fallen man, though he often

counts this foolishness to be his wisdom. Well; God's people are new-created unto a knowledge of God, renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created. They are as sure of the divine things that they are thus new-created into a knowledge of, as ever Adam was of those he knew when in Eden; and surer too. And when Christ comes to them in the sweetness of his grace, he comes with those divine workings of his gracious power upon their hearts, those communications of his Spirit, and a hidden life unto their souls, that they need no other evidence. I know in myself that I live unto God, and am healed of that plague; and I know that he who heals me and is with me is the Son of God. Bernard has beautifully expressed this: "His presence," he writes, "was living and powerful. It awakened my slumbering soul; it moved, softened, and wounded my heart, which had been hard, stony, and distempered. It watered the dry places, illuminated the dark, opened those which were shut, inflamed the cold, made the crooked straight, and the rough ways plain; so that my soul blessed the Lord, and all that was within me praised his holy Name." This is beautiful truth and sober godliness. The whole passage, as found translated in Milner's Church History, is well worth reading; it so well distinguishes between fanaticism and sobriety. Here are no visionary fancies, but the presence of Christ, with a divine self-evidencing power in the heart, manifesting both his presence and his glory by a gracious, sanctifying, humbling, and joy-giving working in the soul. This, we trust, we know something about this; we desire to wait for when we have it not. In this life we ask not for visions, or the demonstrations of natural senses and carnal reason; but would cry, in spirit, with Isaiah: "O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down" in grace; and, with Bernard, would say, "My soul must be sad till he return, and my heart is again inflamed with his love, and let that be the evidence of his return." "Nothing is pleasing while he is absent who alone is pleasure." Still, then, may my heart, when he is absent, cry out, "Return;" "Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

Communion is giving and receiving. It is having things so in common that there is carried on this kind of interchange in the freest manner. Thus friends in conversing hold communion with one another, there being a free communication to one another of their inmost thoughts. Christ, when he comes to hold communion with his saints, comes in grace to both receive and give. The child of God desires both these parts of communion, and finds delight in them.

"With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me."

This is real communion. Only we must always remember one thing,—that it is of his own we give unto him. The pleasant

fruits are really his, not ours. If he sits at table with a leper who makes him a feast, Christ himself must spread the table. So, then, even in receiving, Christ is the Giver. O! Thou dear Son of God, we owe thee everything, and love to owe it. We owe thee thyself and all thy sweetness; but, worthless wretches as we are, we owe thee the hearts to love thee. We would not owe thee less; nay, if our abject poverty endears thee to us, we will say, O happy poverty, that makes such a Jesus so altogether needful to us! How can we praise thee? How can we glorify thee? Ah! Lord, it comes to this,—we would use to thee thy own words: “Saviour, glorify thy own name;” for thou art far above all blessing and praise. Of thee, and through thee, and to thee are we, and all that is pleasantness about us.

Our text gives us a sweet example of perfect communion. First, Christ is the Receiver, and we, by his grace, the givers; then, secondly, Christ is the Giver and we the receivers. But from first to last all is of God. The fire of the sanctuary enfolds itself. (Ezek. i. 4.)

We notice in the text three things:

I. *The names by which the Lord Jesus designates his people.*

II. *That he himself partakes of their pleasant fruits.*

III. *That he communicates more fully of his inexhaustible riches unto them.*

I. *The names by which he designates his people.* We have already written about three of these names; and, therefore, only design here to make a few remarks.

In the first place, what a variety of endearing titles he uses! One of our poets has well described the feelings of every deeply-taught child of God when he says,

“For sure I need entreating much,
So fearful is my heart.”

When a man knows in some good degree what God is, how holy, just, and good, and also what a poor vile lost sinner he is in himself, it is hard indeed to believe that such a God loves such a one as he feels himself to be. Nature says of Jesus, that dear Son of God, “He hath no beauty, no form nor comeliness that we should desire him.” But faith brings in a different report, and cries,

“He is of heaven the comely Rose;
His presence makes it fair.”

What, indeed, is heaven without Jesus? “Fair earth, fair heaven, but most fair Lord Jesus.” But now the thought arises: Does this fair One, the blessed Lord Jesus, love a wretch so black as I am? And it is only as the Lord himself assures us of it by a word of power that our hearts can be brought into a sweet satisfaction, rest in his heavenly love, and say, “He died for me.”

Here, then, observe that the Lord, designing a sweet and blessed communion, assures the heart of his love by the use of a number of the most assuring and endearing expressions. A garden is a place of delights, separated and cultivated for the owner's

enjoyment and pleasure. So Christ says, "I am come into my garden." A *sister* is a blood relation; so Christ, to show that he is a Brother born for adversity, bone of his people's bone, flesh of their flesh, a near Kinsman, and a proper Redeemer of their persons, and Avenger of their cause against sin, world, and Satan, —Christ says, "My sister." A *spouse* is one brought into a legal union, taking her husband's name, sharing his honours and possessions. So Christ says, not only "My *sister*," but "My *spouse*;" a bride for eternity, for he hates putting away.

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves him to the end."

Thus, when he comes to partake of the pleasant fruits of his Spirit in the spouse, he begins by assuring her heart of his love, that she may not suppose, because there is so much of evil in her heart, and so much poverty about her best things, so little really about her that can please Christ, that he, therefore, despises her. Christ despiseth not the day of small things, but owns the very smallest things of his Spirit in the hearts of his people. As one has well expressed it:

"My Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes."

We cannot but reflect upon ourselves with much dissatisfaction; for, in comparison with what it should be, how feeble is our love to Christ! And, as proceeding from us, how poor and defiled are our prayers and praises! But Christ despiseth us not. This love, these prayers and praises, are acceptable to him. The saints' hearts are harps and golden vials; their songs are pleasant to Christ, and their prayers are sweet odours. One has well described the child of God's actual condition in the following lines:

"Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.
"Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me,
Alas! Impatience is its name
When it returns to thee."

But, in spite of all this mixture of evil, Christ assures his spouse that her prayers, praises, and desires are acceptable to him.

That which comes immediately from the Holy Spirit is like its Author,—spirit, and is only good. But, then, there is the old nature also in us, always present: "Evil is present with me," and always acting: "Warring against the law of my mind;" yea, bringing me, through its successful acting, into captivity. Hence nothing, if you consider the Christian as a whole, part flesh and part spirit, is perfect in him or as proceeding from him; and sin is mixed with all he does. Now, the spiritual mind perceives this mixture of evil, this "spiritually-discernible principle of corruption," as one well styles it, coming into everything. Therefore, he is like an Israelite always in contact with a dead body (Num. xix), and always in a tent full of corrupt things. O! What

a sense of perpetual defilement in ourselves, only removable by a continual acting of faith upon Jesus Christ and his precious blood of cleansing and separation!

Thus, then, we see the need of all these endearing expressions, to enable the child of God to entertain the sweet thought that Christ is pleased with his person, and all that is of his Spirit about him, burying, as in his own sepulchre, out of his sight, all that death and evil he sees and feels, and perfuming and filling up with his own merits all the remainder, and accepting all in love, well pleased to hold communion with his spouse, spite of all her infirmities, deficiencies, and corruptions.

Again. We observe that as the titles Christ uses are varied, so they are suitably used in another respect. When Christ signifies that he is come to his children, and designs to accept and does accept of them and their love, prayers, and praises, he says, as we have seen, "My garden," "My sister," "My spouse;" but when he is going to unfold the depths of his love and the secrets of his grace more fully, he says, "O friends," "O beloved." As has been well observed by others, one great mark of friendship is to unbosom a man's self to a person. We do not tell every one our secrets. Indeed, it is a foolish thing to go and tell things to persons with whom we are not so intimate that we can wisely make them the repositories of our secrets. Now, Christ has secrets. "The secret of the Lord," says the psalmist, "is with them that fear him." And he reveals his secrets, not to persons generally, but to his friends. "Ye are my friends," says Christ to the apostles.

Now, then, we see the fitness of the expression: "O friends," in that part of Christ's address where he is going to unfold unto his people more of his truth, and feed them more fully upon his Person and his Word.

Again. When he is about to shed abroad in their hearts the rich communications of his love, he declares to them his unchangeable affection in the expression: "O beloved." But we will dwell no longer here upon these things.

A GOOD WORK ABROAD.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—Love, mercy, and peace be to you from him. Though a keener sense of unworthiness, and a deeper feeling of weakness, sink me low, yet I do still rejoice in him who loved us and gave himself for us.

In my last, I informed you of the greatest loss we have ever realized in our home,—our eldest saved and never-to-be forgotten daughter Martha's decease. The Lord, by grace, mercy, and love, has very much endeared himself to me in this trial, so that I have tried to praise him.

In my lecturing tour the other week, I found something which made my heart leap for joy,—a found sheep. He is the master of the Lodge to which I was called to lecture in the country, and

came to the steamer to meet me. He told me that the Lord had been teaching him great things for some few years past; first that he was so lost, so undone, so entirely ruined, so vile, and so helpless, that he could not understand any person, and that no one could understand him in his part of the world, until some strange man, a long way off, lent him some "Standards," and some books of William Gadsby's. These he could understand, and they could understand him. Well, I did not know whether to dance in his cart, or jump out of it, and dance in the road. My heart was so full of joy, and my eyes so full of tears, that I did not know what to do for a time. But, however, my host went on to tell me, secondly, how the Lord did manifest his mercy to him, in the pardon of his sins, by a very powerful application of these words to his soul: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He said his old friend let him have a second lot of "Standards," &c., and that he wrote to him to say that he must not ever expect to get them back, as he really could not do without them. So it was agreed that he should keep them. He shall have them to his heart's content; he shall, dear fellow. How I love him!

Thus we must send our books flying, money or no money. We cannot tell where they will go, nor what the Lord will do with them. Thus while I go about, lecturing for an open Bible in all the nation, as the sworn duty of England's throne, I find some in whose hearts the Lord has placed his holy Word.

I. To my nation I desire to preach Christ as "King of kings, and Lord of lords," which some, who think they are wise, are too ignorant to understand. By their ignorant protest, they seem to justify the reproach that we Particular Baptists have no care for the welfare of the nation,—only the elect. This is false; and this our labour proves that we wish the nation well, and to be saved from Rome's infernal powers.

II. To my brethren in him, I strive to preach the Lord, as the God of all grace. This is where our care is for his elect. This, the inward work of God in Zion, does not make void his work in the world, where, by him, kings, princes, and nobles reign.

III. To saints glorified and angels we aim to proclaim him "King of glory" too. But I come so short. I seem but a very poor pretender—

"The theme surpasses angels' tongues;
And Gabriel's harp despairs."

Permit me to add, relative to my new-found brother, that this divine teaching has been going on for some few years, during which time he has been in the Church of England, and is now. He assures me that the minister who preaches at his church is an afflicted man of God, and can only preach once a week, and that he then preaches the same truth he read in the "G. S.," and in the works of William Gadsby, and that his soul feeds under the Word. He says this good man has been only lately sent into his part of the country, to die, he fears, soon; he is so

ill. I went to see him, and had every reason to believe this is true. Also he declares to me that he has been led to see that believers' baptism is right, and that he hopes soon to walk in it, if the Lord will. Thus the Lord gathers his own by the arm of his strength; the means are also by him appointed.

I desire the blessing of the Lord to rest upon your many labours in England, unto your comfort, Zion's benefit, and his own glory. I entreat you to pray for me, when you have access to the throne of grace.

We are going on as usual in the house of the Lord and in the Protestant world, and have much cause to praise the gracious Lord for his very many mercies towards us.

I am labouring hard just now to have the Bible in our public schools and all State institutions, as our national right. Large numbers seek to cast it out.

Now may the Lord bless his people, and have mercy upon the nation.

With fervent Love, Yours in the Lord,

Sydney, Sept. 22nd, 1876.

DANIEL ALLEN.

[If our friend would like some back Nos. of the "G. S." for gratuitous distribution, we shall be glad to send him some. Sydney is overrun with Romanists; therefore it is that Mr. A. speaks and lectures on Protestantism and the Bible in the schools.]

THE BITTER CUP AND THE CUP OF SALVATION.

My dear Friend in Christ Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, through the mediation of the Son of the Father in truth and love.

I am now in my little cabin, on board the Providence, bound for the Cape of Good Hope and the Fair Havens. In this little delightful cell I have spent many sweet and many bitter hours; and have experienced sweet indulgences and cutting desertions. But so it must be. The paschal lamb was eaten with bitter herbs. John's little book was sweet and bitter; and so was Ezekiel's roll. And all the garments of the Son of God smell of myrrh and aloes; and with myrrh and aloes was the Son of God embalmed at his burial. The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and the stranger intermeddleth not with its joy. The latter is a day of prosperity, in which we are bid to be joyful; the former a day of adversity, in which we are to consider. God has set the one over against the other. It is well known that nothing is so salubrious, nothing so strengthening to the stomach, nothing promotes appetite, like wholesome bitters or bitter herbs. The believer goes in and out, and finds pasture.

How sweet is the cup of salvation, after a taste of the bitter cup, in which is sin and fear, guilt and shame, wrath and death! But this bitter cup, with all its dregs, fell to the share of the Surety of the better testament. Our sipping of it gives us a fellowship with him in his sufferings; it is planting us together in the likeness of his death; it is a crucifying us together with

him; it serves to furnish us with sympathy. We look at him whom we have pierced and mourn; while a sense of his dying love, mixed with a sense of his sufferings, this, this melts us down in love together, and joins us to him, and makes us one with him; while the soul-transforming power and influence impress the image of the heavenly Adam on the soul. "Changed," says Paul, "into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." And the more we look to him the more this transforming work goes on. Enlivening rays and refreshing dews descend; while humble acknowledgments and grateful praises ascend.

The Fountain of life furnishes the river of pleasure; and the streams water the little hills of Zion, and make glad the city of God. "I will water them every moment," says God, "and make their souls like a watered garden." And when the countenance of the Sun of righteousness is lifted up upon us, it exhales all the moisture, and draws it back again in acts of spiritual devotion. God is the Fountain of living waters above, and grace is a springing well below; and as the Fountain feeds the spring, so the spring rises up, and sends back to God its overflowings. "The heart of the wise is a well-spring of life; and the words of wisdom as a flowing brook." "Spring up, O well! Sing ye unto it."

Farewell. Grace and peace be with thee and all friends. So prays,

The Sinner Saved,

W. HUNTINGTON.

Cricklewood House, Edgware Road, London. (Postmark 1805.)
(To Mr. Andrew Fisher, Helmsley Blackmoor, Yorks.)

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

Now in thy praise, Eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employ'd;
Whilst I this precious truth shall sing:
"Cast down, but not destroy'd."

In all the paths through which I've pass'd,
What mercies I've enjoy'd!
And this shall be my song at last:
"Cast down, but not destroy'd."

Oft the united pow'rs of hell
My soul have sore annoy'd;
But still I live this truth to tell:
"Cast down, but not destroy'd."

When I with saints in heaven appear,
My Saviour I'll adore;
Destroy'd shall be my sin and fear,
And I cast down no more.

T. L.

A REPLY.

WE have noticed some rather curious remarks about Popery and Puseyism in reference to what was written in the "Gospel Standard" Review for December. The French have a proverb that for a man to excuse himself is to accuse. To vindicate our words from the wrong construction put upon them seems to us quite unnecessary, and would imply that we thought they were fairly susceptible of such a construction. It would also imply that we thought our readers might possibly understand us to signify, by the expression, "An act of justification," that God justified a man on account of quickening him, instead of, in quickening him, giving one evidence of his previous justification; putting, in fact, the cart before the horse.

We believe our readers will have clearly seen that our object in writing has been no love of controversy and disputes; for

"Disputings only gender strife,
And gall a tender mind;
Whilst godliness, in all its life,
At Jesus' cross we find;"

but from a desire to set forth the true condition and real present blessedness of the spiritually-quickened, seeking, thirsting sinner, as evidenced and declared by the acts of God in, as well as the words of God concerning, him; the present blessedness, and, therefore, righteousness, of the man who has faith only as a grain of mustard seed, as well as of the man who, through a stronger faith, is able to say, "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

If the truth, which, we fear, has been endangered by certain expressions of the writer who has so altered our meaning, is established, we are contented, and can readily pass by and forgive both misrepresentations and hard names. We wish never to contend for a barren victory over a brother; but for the truth of God.

 EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—What a mercy it is to be seeking a better country, where rest and peace are promised! The end of the journey, and a safe arrival to that land where the inhabitants shall no more say they are sick, depends on the right start on the right road. There was a time when we had no spiritual light, nor any spiritual desire after the things of God. But that was an important moment when the word of God entered the heart, giving light to the understanding, by which we saw spiritual things, though very obscurely. We saw we had no God. What a sight for a poor mortal to see for the first time! O the terror and dread this puts into the soul!

Now, the seeking of God's face in truth depended on seeing our true position; and as soon as we began to seek in earnest, then we began to see somewhat of the holiness of the character of God, and our own unfitness to approach him. This caused us to try

to alter our condition, and amend our ways. Godly sorrow for sin flowed into the heart, and confession of sin, and a forsaking of it, flowed out. This was the effect of the word of God coming with power. It was the word of truth; and it told us our true state and condition. The Scriptures confirmed it, and experience bore testimony to its truthfulness. No works of righteousness could change the condition thus discovered; and this led us to feel we were lost for ever on law grounds. Solemn moments! Fearful time! We were lost, and destitute of power to help ourselves. But how sweetly this harmonizes with the mission of Jesus, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." And ere long he found us in our sad plight. There is a right start on the right road.

It is 40 years since this first took place with me, and nothing has altered the truth of its first discoveries,—that is, being unfit for God's notice by nature. We may doubt whether the beginning was right; but we cannot doubt the truth of what was discovered. For the longer we live, the more it becomes confirmed that we are wretched sinners against God. The helplessness continues; the unprofitableness and the ignorance keep close to us to this day. Hence it is the same road we first entered upon, but getting narrower and narrower every year. For as we found at the beginning none but Jesus could save us, and that without him we must be lost, so it remains a truth to the present period. Some begin with a reformation, and a seeking to escape hell; but having no true discovery of their own sinfulness, the holiness of God, and the exceeding broadness of the commandments of God, they arrive at peace without the atonement. These are on the wrong road for heaven; for, not discovering their own weakness, they soon get strong. How many a child of God has envied them! But they are on the wrong road; for in the right road there is a notice put up which reads thus: "Without me ye can do nothing." You have observed this waymark, I know.

There are, indeed, several notices along the road, which only those who are travelling therein see. One says, "Thou shalt have no other gods but me." And there is a furnace kept in Zion in which the worshippers are tried and their idols burned up. You know the furnace, and this strict rule: "To us there is but One God." The people on the right road lose their idols, and are obliged to confess: "Other lords have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name."

Another notice runs thus: "He that trusts his own heart is a fool." It is only those in this road that see this notice, and feel its truthfulness. But there is one remarkable feature connected with the right road and its travellers. They become so ignorant that they cannot direct their own ways; and then they earnestly beg to be led. After begging for a time, they go blind; and ignorance and blindness place them in a sad dilemma. Now they can only see light in God's light; and, when a flash of light comes, they can see a notice something after this fashion: "I

will lead the blind by a way they knew not." So if we have got thus far on the road, we shall stand in need of a guide all the rest of the way.

But, strange to say, there is a place to which the traveller comes, where he loses all his strength. Iniquities prevail against him, and Satan buffets him; and the poor traveller gets the worst of it. He tries to get the Lord to send all these enemies away; but he will not; but whispers, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." Now he feels persuaded that the successful issue of the battle rests with Jesus.

But there is also a certain place where he loses the use of his legs, and has to be held up, or fall, carried, or stay where he is. A very great many fears and doubts abound in this neighbourhood. But there is a place where many stumble, called wits' end. This is a passage across some water that lies in the way and must be crossed. (Ps. cvii. 29-30.) And the Master generally sleeps on board in this passage; but none ever crossed without having to awake him, and confess they were going to the bottom, and that they should never see land any more without his help. The helm is generally delivered up to him at this place, for the poor bark has been so battered, that the sailor never can spread a sail or strengthen a mast to any purpose afterwards. But "the lame take the prey."

The latter part of the road becomes rather bad travelling. The road gets rougher and more rugged. There is much more fire and water to pass through, and a worse traveller. But there are many encouraging notices in this part of the way, which are generally supposed to belong to the beginning; such as, "I will never leave thee." "Trust in me." "Blessed are all those who hope in him." This is the right road; and "safety is of the Lord." The victory is given, not won.

The Lord be with you, and bless you. Believe me to be,

Yours in the Hope of the Gospel,

Red Hill, Dec. 14th, 1876.

J. HATTON.

My dear Friend,—I hope you will not think I felt no interest in your case, as I certainly was much moved to desire the Lord to appear and bring you up out of your low state, and grant you that sweet deliverance and liberty you need and desire. I now write a few words, hoping by this that the dear Lord, if his blessed will, may have appeared to the joy of your heart, or, at least, have given you some encouragement and strength in your soul to wait the time of his appearing.

You speak of being greatly troubled concerning your having made a public profession of the Lord's name, and not yet having had a satisfactory assurance of your being a child of God. This, I believe, is the case with many of the Lord's people, who have to walk much in darkness and in doubt, but of whom I should be sorry to say they had taken a wrong step in following the Lord in his ordinance. I know it is much more comfortable to be

favoured with a full satisfaction; yet, if the Lord brings a poor sinner to hope in his mercy through Christ, and to feel

“My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,”

and as a poor needy hell-deserving soul, like the poor woman who wanted to come at him, but was much hindered by the crowd while pressing after him, with, “If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole,” they are brought feelingly to exclaim:

“Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;”

such have a need and desire which none but the Lord Jesus can satisfy. They are so drawn by the savour of his good ointments that they would love and serve him with all their heart if they could; and if, as they look upon and admire him, in his Person and his work, so far as they are favoured to view him by faith, though not blest with the full assurance of faith, they desire to follow him in the way he has led, and, therefore, for his sake, feel a love and desire to the ordinance of believers' baptism, I should wish to encourage them, believing them to be the characters whom the Lord would encourage. “If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted, according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” And while such will meet with many thrusts from the enemy, and have many fears, yet the Lord, who “takes pleasure in them that fear him, and in them who hope in his mercy,” is on their side; and he is more than all who may come against them. He says, “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to *give you* the kingdom.”

May the Lord shine upon you, and bless you with a clear testimony, if his dear will. But if you are still shut up in prison, *wait upon him*; for “the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners.”

“Still look to Christ with longing eyes,
Though both begin to fail.”

There is a set time to favour Zion. The Lord be with you.

Yours in Hope of Eternal Life,

Hastings, Sept. 29th, 1874.

THOS. HULL.

My dear Brother,—It appears you would like me to say how I at first came to wish to be baptized. I think I have told you that I was reading that blessed man of God's sermon (Mr. Toplady) on “Jesus seen of Angels.” I felt it very instructive to my soul. He was speaking in one place of the Lord Jesus going through the ordinance of baptism; and I had this feeling come over me: Why should we at W. stand out so against it? The good man said that Jesus did not need it himself, but that it was for his people. And we read in his Word that he has left us an example, that we should follow his steps.

Then I looked, in my mind, at the late Messrs. Gadsby, Warburton, and Kershaw; and I thought they were blessed men, and

they saw it to be right. Then I began to beg of the Lord to teach me and lead me to understand his truth, and, if his gracious will, to lead me into the truth as it is in Jesus. I found my mind gather strength. Several years ago I asked our friend Mr. L. if the deeds of our chapel could be remade, to make it a Baptist cause; but he said they could not. I told him if they were, the ministers are nearly all Baptists who come to supply us, and they would administer the ordinance to us without any obstacle being in the way. Since his death I have tried to get them altered, but cannot. All the trustees are willing but one; and I am very sorry to say he does not wish them to be altered. So I told them that, if they did not move, I must move myself; but I feel very sorry, as I have been united to them in church fellowship 37 or 38 years. They think it is not necessary to be attended to; so did I for about 35 years. About this time the Lord, I trust, began to exercise my mind differently from what I had felt before. You know, dear brother, I lost my wife, and then my eldest son, which was a great trial to me. Then I feared the next eldest, who was ill 15 weeks, would be taken. These things cut very close; but the Lord brought me through, and sanctified them to the good of my soul, and made me willing to be anything or nothing, so that he was glorified.

A few friends that knew me, members of Mr. C.'s particular Baptist church at L., were very glad to hear me say I thought I should come over and ask Mr. C. to baptize me. I went before the church and told them the feelings of my mind; and they received my testimony very feelingly. I was baptized on Oct. 22nd.

I think I have told you all that is needed. May the dear Lord lead you, if his gracious will, into the same truths; and they will prove to your soul a great blessing. O my dear brother! To feel a good conscience before the Lord is better than gold and silver.

Your affectionate Brother,

1876.

J. U.

[The trustees would betray their trust if they consented to the above chapel being made a Baptist cause.]

My dear Friend,—I hope the Lord is amongst you, manifesting the sweetness of his love and the power of his grace, working in you according to the exceeding greatness of his power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead. (Eph. i. 19, 20.) I believe the life and soul of all real religion is described in Isa. lxi. 1-3. And where there are these sorrows and joys, imprisonment and liberty, heaviness and mirth, experienced under the Spirit, these will be trees of righteousness, plants of the Lord's right-hand planting (Ps. lxxx. 15), that he may be glorified as the God of their salvation, and also in their walk and conversation. I am weaned, and desire to be still more so, from all religion short of divinely-manifested power in the heart. Everything short of this I believe to be, more or less, a delusion. This I want and desire; but, alas! I cannot get it when I would,

how I would, nor in what measure I would. I have often to grapple and fight with the workings of vile nature, unbelief, and worldliness, and to mourn an absent God; at the same time grieved with constantly fresh-contracted guilt of some kind, more or less. And I sometimes wish the conflict was near an end, that my soul might enter into rest, where all these conflicts will cease; but we must bear the heat and burden of the day, just according to the will of God.

Yours in the Truth,

Preston, July 17th, 1843.

JNO. M'KENZIE.

My dear Brother,—It is only in the Lord that any of the children of God can rejoice; for in him are all our springs. I see your soul still yearns Zionward. David wept when he remembered Zion; and there is no difference in the Lord's family now, for we are all one in Christ Jesus.

I see by your letter that you have been much tried in your mind. But remember the exhortation of Peter, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." You see, God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways. I hope what has taken place among you will work your good and God's glory; for, depend upon it, if we think we can do anything for the glory of God, and take hay, wood, and stubble to do it with, we deceive ourselves. Sooner or later, the Lord will sweep it all away. O that you may be kept from seeking the living among the dead, that you may be found waiting upon the Lord, and that your strength may be renewed! It is good to wait for the Lord. We have the promise of our God: "I will never leave thee."

May you see his hand in all that has happened, and hear his voice, saying, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Dear brother, living some distance from the household of faith, I feel very often to long for a crumb that falls from the Master's table. Sometimes I go to see if I can get one; but what do I get? A conditional salvation. They bind heavy burdens, grievous to be borne. They wear fig-leaf aprons, or self-righteous garments. They speak of the world, and the world heareth them. "Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." A true gospel sermon will separate the precious from the vile, the living from the dead. The living child hungers and thirsts after spiritual meat and drink. O that we may be fed more and more with that living bread that came down from the Father, for his Name's sake! Sometimes I fear whether I have ever been fed in reality with that living bread; for I have such a foul and corrupt heart. Yet a hope, at times, springs up

that one day I shall be free from it, and be with him who, my soul can say, at times, is the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.

May the dear Lord abundantly bless and sanctify all his dispensations, and keep you by his Almighty power.

Yours in the Lord,

St. Mary's, Ontario, Nov. 14th, 1876.

M. MANSBRIDGE.

Dear Father in the Gospel of our precious Jesus,—Through the Lord's tender pity, I am much better, and hope soon to be able to go to work again. I have been very low in this affliction, feeling keenly the hidings of the Lord's face. Yet I know it is in faithfulness; and although it is in a little wrath for a small moment, yet there is a sense of darkness felt. With iniquities prevailing against us, unbelief, Satan's temptations, bodily pain, loss of work, a large family depending upon us, debts increasing, my soul refuses to be comforted. Thus have I been driven up and down, tossed with the tempest, and not comforted.

My soul tried to find anchorage ground, and at last felt something. On examining, I found it to be this: "Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee." I found it ground that would hold; and I had a little time for examination, to see what damage I had come to in the storm. On examining the hold, I found the cargo shifted, but not much damaged; and that part called *desire* had been so well stowed and, I believe, held by an invisible hand, that it suffered no damage whatever. I then went aft to the Captain, fell down before him, and praised him for his wisdom in the knowledge of the billows, his skill in steering the vessel between them, bringing it to anchorage ground, and the preservation of that part of the cargo that is now found so valuable, thus saving me from a total wreck.

I desired not this night or this storm; but I desire the light even of the blessed Spirit. I desire not the world, but the Lord's presence, and to live a life of faith upon the Son of God. I desire to cast all my care upon him, body, soul, family, and the church of God; to lean upon him, look unto him, live a life of faith upon him, have fellowship with him in his sufferings, bear his cross, learn his truth, and declare it. And I can assure my dear friend that there is no portion so sweet to my poor soul as feeding upon this bread of life, when led by the Good Shepherd into green pastures. And if all the world run after the beast, I desire to abide by his crib. And I still hope that some day all my desires will be granted; for the Lord is not only King in Zion, but Judge too. "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne; mercy and truth are sent before his face." And when the Judge shows me that all this was necessary, I find it is good to be brought by the Lord out of distress. And I do believe the Lord and I are of one mind. I am no more anxious to be saved than he is determined to save. He will save, and has saved from storms, fire, floods, tears, enemies, legions of devils and of men,

plucking the sting from death, and swallowing it up in victory. We shall have Satan under our feet shortly.

Yours in Love,

West Hartlepool, Nov. 17th, 1876.

W. HALL.

My dear Sir,—Pardon a poor worm for taking the liberty of sending this. I have wished to do so many times, but have trembled at the thought of doing so.

I was preaching on Sunday last from these words: "Blessed are they that mourn," &c. At night my wife took up the "Gospel Standard," and read to me that sweet letter signed "J. S." The dear person there speaks of a wicked heart, and the workings of sin therein, and of the deep trial she underwent in speaking to her mistress in the honest way she did respecting card playing and the mockery of reading prayers afterwards. I was telling the people in the afternoon how many could bend the knee in church, and say, "Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," who had never felt their misery.

After reading the letter, I felt I must send to you to tell you the sweet times I have had in reading such letters. May the Lord give you a full reward for all your labours. I could not bend the knee in prayer last Sunday without praying for the person before named, that the dear Lord would bless her, keep her, guide her, and at last take her to himself. It made my soul glad to see how the Lord helped her. I have proved him to be a God that answers prayer. I can enter into her feelings where she speaks of the many frowns she had; but when the Lord smiles, it puts all right. May the Lord shine into her soul sweetly and blessedly. He has said, "Them that honour me, I will honour." As to the many frowns and sneers she may meet with, we must expect nothing else from the professors of the day. Our heaven is not to be below. The dear Jesus had more than frowns. They spit on his dear face; they smote him; and then they nailed him to the tree. But he bore it like a lamb.

May the Lord bless you in your labours, and encourage you much, for you need it. A Sinner saved by Grace,

Warminster, Dec. 11th, 1876.

JOHN SMALL.

My dearest H——,— * * * This has been a dull day with my soul. I seem left to myself, and when that is the case cannot possibly feel anything good. How great must be the kind forbearance of God to bear with such a poor lifeless wretch, and to manifest himself, at times, to my soul, sweetly causing me to feel that he is my life, and will still from time to time revive the life he has bestowed. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me," saith Jesus, "shall never die;" but we have to prove most painfully that the Lord alone can maintain his life in our soul. I can look back now on many things that at the time I thought quite right, which I am now compelled to beg of God to pardon and deliver me from, because I feel they are an abomination in his

sight; and yet I trust I have a good hope that I am his, and led by his Spirit. But O! I do feel more and more the need of being led by him, and the certainty of going wrong if left to myself. O for a closer walk with God! is often the feeling of my soul, and I long for it for you. I value the ministry that has in it a freshness and power, which causes searchings of heart, and looking well to one's ways, often bringing one to cry, "Search me, O God, and try me; bring me out of every evil way,"—a desire to be stripped of everything which is not right in the sight of God, whether in spirit or conduct; and how much I see needs stripping off that the name of the Lord may be glorified in us and by us.

Accept my warmest Affection,

M. BLYTON.

Obituary.

ELLEN GERTRUDE MUSK.—On June 27th, 1876, in the 18th year of her age, E. G. Musk, of Bury St. Edmunds.

She grew up, as all do, in a state of nature, but was loved by all who knew her.

In Feb., 1875, she left Bury to take a situation in Brixton. She had laid out her plans for future prosperity, but these were frustrated; for at the end of three weeks she returned home with a very bad cold, and was never well after. In a short time she was taken to a physician, who pronounced her case hopeless, being rapid consumption. But, in the course of a few months, she seemed to get better and stronger, and could walk about with some degree of comfort to herself. At Christmas she seemed to be losing strength again, and gradually became worse. At this time she had no thought of a soul that must live for ever, either in bliss or woe. Many a heartfelt prayer was put up to the Lord on her behalf, that, while reading the great and good things the Lord had taught others, she might be led to cry, as one of old, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." She was a very nice reader, and as the "G. S." and "Friendly Companion" were taken by her uncle, she could, at any time she felt inclined, see them.

For some months before her death, I wanted to speak to her upon that all-important subject, death; but could not, for fear of putting my hand to the work that did not belong to me. I wished my sister to speak to her, as she was always with her. She said she could not, and that I must. I could not rest, as I believed for some weeks something had been very heavy on her mind. She would, at times, look almost distracted.

On the evening of April 23rd her uncle and aunt went to chapel, leaving me at home with her. I hope never to forget the season. I said, "This is the evening of another Sabbath." She with a sigh said, "Yes." I then said, "Do you think you will get well?" She said, "No." "Then," I said, "this is evening with you. Have you any thought of death?" I was sitting by her side. At once she clasped her arms around my neck, and said, "O! I feel such a sinner. I don't know what to do. No one seems to care for my soul. No one speaks a word or comes to pray with me. What shall I do?" I said, "There are prayers going up to God for you, daily and hourly, that he would manifest himself to you as your Saviour, but first making you feel your need of him." She said, "O aunt! You don't know what a relief this has given me. I can't express what I feel, only that I want to pour out my whole soul before the Lord. But I cannot, I am such a sinner." I said, "I must be faithful.

Is it because you fear hell and are afraid to die?" She said, "No. I don't fear them. I deserve all. But it is my sins that I have committed against a holy and a righteous God. What shall I do?" I said, "There is mercy for the vilest of sinners who feel their need of a Saviour." She answered, "How can there be mercy for me? I sit here, and can see nothing but sin in and around; in all that moves in the house I can see sin; even those trees that are waving in front of the house seem to blow with sin. I can see nothing but sin, look where I may." I said, "To hear you speak so rejoices my soul more than all the riches of this world would; not that you are a sinner, but that you are made sensible of it. How long have you had these thoughts?" She said, "Before the doctor was called in the last time." (That would be about three months.) I said, "But how was it when you were so ill last year?" She said, "When my aunt took me to Dr. S., I knew he said I should not get better. I felt cross and angry; and when walking up town, and seeing young people about in health and strength, I wondered why I was so afflicted as not to be able to walk and work as they did. I was vexed, and said, 'What have I done more than they that I am so afflicted?'" I said, "Can you say so now?" "No. It's *my sins* that are like mountains." I said, "Have you never had a thought or word upon your mind till the time you have named?" She said, "The first Bible I bought, my teacher at the Sunday school wrote my name in, with a verse of Scripture: 'Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father, thou art the Guide of my youth?' I had never thought anything about God being my Father; but from the first of my seeing it, which is about nine years, it has been almost always on my mind. Let me be where I might, or doing what I might, I have had to repeat it to myself." I said, "That has been the cry, though you knew it not; and he has been your Guide and Preserver from a thousand snares that others have been left to fall into."

I spent the night with her, and, for the first time, heard her implore forgiveness for all her sins, in language I cannot describe. It was indeed a *pouring out* of soul. She seemed like a bottle that wanted vent. It was past three in the morning before we slept. She felt such liberty in hearing and asking questions, that I several times felt lost in wonder at the goodness of God, and had to give vent to tears. At one time she said, "What do you cry for?" I said, "It is not for sorrow, but for joy, that we have cause to raise an altar here for God."

The next day she was greatly comforted by reading Ps. l. 15: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Most of the week after was spent in reading Isa. xlii. to xlv. She said, "I have never read such things before, to see and understand them. The work is all the Lord's. These chapters are full of 'I's.' 'I the Lord do this,' and 'I the Lord do *all* these things.'" In reading Isa. xliii. 1, where the Lord is speaking to Jacob, she said she could see it did not matter about the name being Jacob; the Lord would speak to his own in the same language. She said, "It is not needful that we go down on our knees always when we pray; for I always want to be praying. I cannot live without. Nothing can give me comfort like a little talk with him. I am such a sinner, and want a great Saviour."

For a few days after she was very much cast down, and felt at such a distance from God, she could not pray as she wanted. To be like Christ was all her desire, but felt so sinful and so unworthy to attempt to approach so holy a God. Sin lay like a heavy burden on her soul, which none but Christ could remove. The hymn:

"Why, drooping saint, dismay'd?"

gave her great relief. Her uncle invited a good brother in the Lord to come and speak to her, as she expressed a wish to see him, believing

him to be one who had passed through much soul trouble. He came; and continued his visits twice a week almost till the last. When asked what he thought of her case, he said, "She is a vessel of mercy. It is more like the language of one who has been in the way 40 years than of a babe. I do feel it to be indeed a season of refreshing to my soul, and a privilege to hear the lisplings of his called one."

On May 2nd her uncle H. spent the evening with her in reading, expounding the Word, and prayer. She said, "I can see such beauty, and am so lifted up in my feelings." When she got up to her bed-room, she said, "I feel as though Christ is in the room with me. I want to be alone with him. I am not afraid." Being told that a person said she was too good to live, she said, "I don't want to see any one who says a sinner like me is too good to live."

On another occasion she said, "I wish, when the friends who come to see me have done speaking of Christ, they would leave the room, for I want to hear nothing else. He has told me that he has pardoned my every sin, and that he will come and receive me to himself. But it is my every day and every minute sin that seems such a load, such a burden, that I cannot bear. I must have Christ. I cannot live without him; nor would I if I could. He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food. He is altogether lovely. None can with him compare. He is the chief among ten thousand. He is the fairest of the fair."

She read the Word when she was able; but her cough, at times, was very distressing, and she suffered much with her head. She wanted to know of a friend what the commands of Christ were. On being told, she said, "If the Lord would give me strength to get to the chapel, I would, if permitted, pass through them. I can see so much beauty in them, as Christ has said, 'Do this *in remembrance of me.*' I only want to follow and be with my dear Lord."

One evening, being asked what portion should be read, she answered, "I don't mind where; only let me hear the name of Christ. I think it's more plain in the New Testament." One morning, being asked how she felt, she said, "Very comfortable. Almost all night it has been as if some one were repeating, 'Everlasting and sure, everlasting and sure.'" On another morning, she said, "I feel stayed upon Christ. No great joy, but comfortable. 'Sister spirit, come a way,' seems to be always in my hearing."

On the Sunday week before she died, my sister and I helped her to dress, and led her down stairs. As soon as she was set down on the sofa, she burst out crying, and said, "I am so wretched in my feelings, I don't know what to do, nor how to bear myself. I feel so sinful. I want such great things from God, but feel so burdened and so full of something, and don't feel that I can ask for anything, yet want everything for my soul. Mine is not prayer." I said, "These are the suggestions of Satan. You will again rejoice in Christ." In the evening she was more comfortable, and when asked how she felt concerning the affliction, whether she wished to live or die, she said, "The Lord's will be done. If he takes me home, I shall be glad; if he spares me, I don't know how I can live in this world of sin. That's the greatest trouble to me at the thought of having to live." She was told she would be spared that trouble, as her time here was very short. She said, "I am so afraid I shall be left to murmur. O Lord! Do keep me." When told of some that were gone, and others that were following, she said, "I cannot think about them now. If I can but gaze upon the beauties of Christ, I shall be satisfied." When one said to her, "I would, if I could, bear a part of that cough for you," she said, "My sufferings are nothing. I can bear them; but sin I cannot bear." When asked if I should read a

little, and what, she said, "I don't mind where. I love every word." I said, "Sometimes one portion is more precious than another." She said, "Then read Jno. xiv. Every word of that is precious to me." After I had read, I said, "Do you feel now that you would put on Christ by baptism if spared?" "O, yes, if I could but get to his house. I did not, when well, understand them. I was so blind that I did not know what they meant. I often read of the woman sweeping for the piece she had lost, and of the light being put under a bushel, and could not think what such things meant. The Lord will forgive me. I know what they mean now by experience. It is he, through mercy, who has opened my eyes." She then implored a blessing from the Lord, that he would give her more of the Holy Spirit's teaching, for she wanted to live to Christ and to be more like him, but felt so sinful and so unworthy to approach so holy a God. The atmosphere she breathed seemed to her as if polluted with sin. It was indeed a pouring out of soul. She often expressed that she could not feel satisfied with her prayers; it must be a *pouring out* of soul, as it were.

She could talk but little after this. On her aunt asking her what she thought her employment would be in heaven, she said, "Praise."

When two friends visited her for the last time, on being led again to her bed-room, she said, "Aunts, leave the room. I can manage. I am so full. Christ is so precious. I want to be alone with him." Later in the day, she said, "O that beautiful psalm! (cxvii.) That comprises everything."

On Friday, she lay very still, but was sensible. In the earlier part of the evening, she said she wanted to see us all, to bid us good-bye. I said to her, "You feel that you are going?" She said, "Yes." "Can you give up your hope?" "No. It is Jesus, my Lord and my Righteousness."

I sat up with her that night. About one o'clock in the morning I saw a visible change. She took hold of my hand, and pressed it hard. I said, "I see the change, and feel that I want a word from you with the last breath. Do you feel that you are safe?" With a smile, she said, "Yes; on the Rock, and that Rock is Christ." I said, "Can I ever cease to give thanks to him who has done such great things for you?"

She continued sensible, and several times lifted her arm, sometimes waving it, and sometimes beckoning, as we had wished her to do, if sensible and happy in the Lord, but not able to tell us. She then lay quite still from Sunday till Tuesday afternoon, when she opened her eyes, and looked at my sister and me. I then said, "You are about to go over the Jordan of death. That God who has shown you such great and precious things will not leave you now. Do you feel that the sting of death is taken away?" She nodded her head, and breathed three times, and the spirit took its flight.

Bury St. Edmund's.

EMMA HOWELL.

EDWIN HUMPHREYS.—On Feb. 2nd, 1876, aged 53, Edwin Humphreys, minister of the gospel, Cheltenham.

My dear husband was the subject of very early impressions. When a boy, he frequently left his companions to seek some retired place to beg the Lord to have mercy on his soul. So great was his distress of mind, at times, that he feared to close his eyes in sleep, lest he should awake in hell, such a vile sinner he felt himself to be. But those feelings were like the morning cloud and early dew, which passed away. He was not permitted to go into those lengths of sin into which some run; yet there was the same old Adam nature working within. He would often exclaim in after years,

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

As he grew up his convictions grew deeper and stronger, so that he was led to cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." For months he continued in this dark state of mind, until one day he had a little hope that the Lord would appear for him and reveal himself to him as his all-sufficient Saviour. And the dear Lord did indeed speak peace to his troubled soul. He attended the means of grace, and felt a delight in them.

He afterwards left his home; and, while in another town (Swindon), he was induced to go to the Wesleyan chapel. After a time he joined them, and became superintendent of the Sunday school, and soon began to preach for them. At this time he was eighteen years old,—so young that some of the people used to say, "Come, let us go and hear the boy preach."

Two or three years after he came to Cheltenham, and joined the same people, still going out to preach. But a disturbance arose amongst them, which caused him to leave them. After a time, he joined the Baptist church called "Salem," Cheltenham, and there remained until the pastor, Mr. L., resigned. Soon after, he felt very dissatisfied with the man who came to supply. There was so much doing and free-will in it. He said, "Christ must be All and in all to my poor soul, or nothing at all. I know that if there is anything left for me to do, there will be nothing done. Free grace and free grace alone for me." At this time, when he was sent for to supply, he would say, "They will not send for me again; for I cannot preach their doctrine now. I have long felt dissatisfied with it. It is by grace I am saved, through faith; and that not of myself, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." Soon after, he sent in his resignation, and was led in the order of providence to attend the rooms in Bath Terrace, Cheltenham.

About this time his mind was most deeply exercised concerning the doctrines of grace. He frequently conversed with one and another, and begged the Lord to open them up to his mind more clearly. One day, while pondering over them, these words came with power to his mind: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you," &c. He was fully satisfied it was from the Lord; and from that time he was enabled to adhere to those blessed truths.

After a time he joined the church worshipping in Grosvenor Street, over which the late Mr. Gorton was pastor, and supplied for Mr. G., and at other places.

About four years ago, it pleased the Lord to afflict him with a most painful disease, so that he was brought very low in body and mind. He was in great darkness of soul, so that he cried out with the psalmist, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Will he be favourable no more?" Then the Lord appeared to him, dispersed the cloud, and brought some sweet promises to him, such as: "I, even I, am he which comforteth thee. 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."

Many were the petitions offered up to the Lord for his recovery. We all had great hopes the worst was passed, as he was able to get about, and seemed less fatigued. In the last six months of his life, the disease made its second appearance; and then all our hopes were blighted. The constant pain he was in was very distressing. At one time he said, "O! If it is the Lord's will, I would sooner die than live in this state." The kindness of the friends to him was very great. He would often say, "How good the Lord is to me, such an unworthy creature! He puts it into their hearts to think of me sometimes."

One afternoon he was in great pain. All means seemed useless to give him any relief. After some time he said he seemed a little easier. Ps. lxxiii. was on his mind: "Truly God is good to Israel," &c. He repeated the whole of the psalm. In a few minutes he fell forward. I caught him, and found he was in a fit, in which he remained all night, and next day until evening, when consciousness returned.

A day or two afterwards a friend called to see him, and said, "Are you in much pain? Your sufferings are very great." He replied, "Don't talk of *my* sufferings. Talk of the sufferings of my blessed Saviour." He then exclaimed,

"My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis glory below."

To another friend he said, "This is the place to be brought into to test one's religion, of what sort it is."

From the nature of his complaint he was not able to converse much. I said to him, "How is your mind? Are you happy? Or does Satan harass and perplex you?" He replied, "Before I had the fit, he did tease and torment me; but not now. It is all gone." A friend coming in, he asked him to read the Word of God and engage in prayer, to which he responded very heartily. Before we retired to rest, he pleaded with the Lord very earnestly for his family, that his dear children might be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, that not a hoof might be left behind, but that he might meet an unbroken family in heaven.

On one occasion he was asked to take the service at our rooms in Grosvenor Street. It seemed quite impossible, but he said he should go if it were the Lord's will. He went, and spoke from Ps. lxi. 2; which was the last time he spoke in the Lord's name. A friend said to him, "What a mercy it is that you are in that covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure!" He replied, "Yes, it is." A few minutes after, he said, "Ah! He will take me home by and by. I shall soon be numbered with the clods of the valley."

A few days after a dear brother in Christ called to see him, and read and prayed with him. He read Jer. xlix., and spoke to him from verse 11: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." His friend said, "What a mercy it is that my dear brother can leave it all in the Lord's hands!"

On the Sunday before he died several of the friends came to see him. He was very pleased to see them, but was not able to converse with them. From the little we heard it was clear that he was on the Rock Christ Jesus. When unable to speak, with his hands clasped and his lips moving in prayer, I heard him say,

"This he gives us;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

He gradually sank, and his breathing became shorter, until he ceased to breathe, and fell asleep in Jesus.

His path through life was one of tribulation and trials. He was very much tried in providence, but the Lord always appeared for him. Time after time he exclaimed, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him."

M. H. HUMPHREYS.

ANN PARKES.—On March 24th, 1876, aged 66, Ann Parkes, a member of the church at Zoar, Dicker.

She was baptized by Mr. Cowper on July 11th, 1847, and was a very humble, quiet, and consistent member of the church till the day of her death. I do not know anything of the former part of her profession;

and knew but little of her till about 1869, beyond seeing her regularly at the chapel, and occasionally speaking to her there.

I became more acquainted with her through her last affliction, which commenced seriously in the winter of 1874. The first visit to her in that affliction I shall not forget, and felt sorry that we had not known more of each other previously, for she was able to converse on the deep things of God, and of the Lord's blessings to her soul many times, and how precious the Word of God and the preached gospel had been to her. She said,

“The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.”

She was evidently in the enjoyment of the blessing of so blessed a foundation; and then she said, “Underneath are the everlasting arms.

“How can I sink with such a prop
As holds the earth and all things up?”

It was truly good to hear her speak of the blessings of God to her soul.

Her affliction was of a very trying nature. There was water in her body, and her breathing was very bad, which soon affected her eyes, and she lost her sight for many weeks. Being accustomed to read the Word of God, she felt the loss of her sight exceedingly, and it was a great trial to her indeed. But she said on one visit, “I am thankful that I have had my eyes so many years, and for the knowledge I have of the Word; and it is wonderful how the Spirit brings and applies portions of that Word to my remembrance, and brings it into my possession, so that I feel I am not without hope in his Word. The Lord greatly favours me in the dark. I often lie upon my bed, and cannot discern an object, and don't know if it is light or dark; but my meditation of him is sweet. I often lie and have sweet communion with the Lord. Very often a verse of a hymn comes to me, and is very precious. But when I get up, which I like to do if I can, my body gets weary. I cannot walk; I cannot work; I cannot read the Word; I cannot see a letter; and time hangs heavy on my hands. I cry

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

Then, again, I think of my husband, and my very afflicted family, and I feel a desire to be spared to be a kind of stay to my family. I sometimes feel in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Then, again, I feel a sore conflict with the enemy, and prove again the trial of faith. I seem then so far off and so unbelieving. Prayer a task and burden proves. ‘O wretched one that I am! Who shall deliver me?’”

On one occasion she had been passing through great trial, with a darkness that might be felt upon her soul. Everything had been brought into question, and everything weighed up and turned over in her soul. She had a solemn feeling that she was weighed in the balances and found wanting. “But still,” she said “my prayer was, ‘Search me, O God, and know my heart, &c.’” The Lord graciously delivered her by applying these words: “Be not dismayed; 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.” (Isa. xli. 10.) She felt as delivered out of the power of the lion, and was favoured again with nearness to the Lord. She felt that perhaps the Lord was about to take her home. She then spoke of her family, and of the heavy affliction in her family. At times

she felt she could not leave them, crying, "O! My husband and my children, and the peculiar affliction in my family, is such a weight, at times, that I feel I cannot leave them." She had three grown-up daughters deaf and dumb. She said, "If I can just get up and down stairs, although I have lost my sight, I am *mother*, and I am a kind of stay to them." It seemed to us to be desirable; but the Lord says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways."

The Lord's ways were evidently higher than our ways, for the bounds of her habitation were fixed, and she could not pass. She gradually grew weaker, and we felt that her time was short. Affliction was bringing down the tabernacle; but the Lord was still precious to her soul. Several friends visited her, and all felt she was upon the Rock, and found her conversation savoury.

About a week before her death she had another fit, and she never seemed to come out of that. Her mind became impaired, and she could not hold conversation. She would say just a few words, and then seemed gone again. She breathed her last on the 24th of March, and entered that abode where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

We may say of our sister that she died in the faith of God's elect. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."

Whitesmith, Hawkhurst.

WILLIAM VINE.

ELLEN THOMPSON.—On Nov. 19th, 1876, aged 65, Ellen Thompson, member at Zoar Chapel, Preston.

Our sister was brought to see her position as a helpless sinner, and was led to see that sovereign grace was just suited to her case, about the time when Mr. M'Kenzie preached in the room in Cannon Street, Preston. She wished to join the church, but had many doubts and fears as to whether she would be accepted, such was her felt unworthiness; but she was unanimously received by the church, and baptized by Mr. M'K. in the Ribble at the age of 26.

She was of a very quiet and peaceful disposition. Her love to God's house and family, and her desires for the welfare of the church, were very sincere. The Lord's people were to her the excellent of the earth. Through a feeling sense of her unworthiness, she could often say,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?" &c.

She often exclaimed, after the services of the Lord's house were ended, "How precious was the gospel! What a privilege to meet with the Lord's people!" And many a time, when sickness came, we have seen her slowly walking in great weakness of body to the chapel, to attend the Lord's ordinances and to hear the gospel preached.

When writing to a friend, she said, "I have felt something of the hardness of my heart,—more than I can express. I have known what it has been to groan, and sigh, and grieve, because I could not grieve aright, and because I could not 'read my title clear to mansions in the skies.'"

During her sickness, she had a quiet and sweet resting on the Rock of her salvation. She knew that her Saviour, on whom alone she rested, would do all things well. As she came towards her latter end, she said, "Sing me those sweet words:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

At the last she was asked if Christ was precious; to which she answered, "Yes," and quietly departed this life.

T. CHARNLEY.

SARAH JENKINS.—On Nov. 17th, 1876, aged 53, Sarah Jenkins, of Blackburn, daughter of the late Mr. Thornber, minister of the gospel, of Bedford.

In her youth she attended the room at Sabden, built by her father, where he ministered many years. Nothing remarkable took place in her mind at this period, save that she often wished she was like her father, whose countenance glowed with joy while setting forth the good things provided for needy, helpless sinners in Christ, the covenant Head of the church; and wondered why she could not feel the happiness her father felt, and about which he so sweetly spoke. She knew not that such joy was in store for her.

After leaving a parental roof, settling in Blackburn, and entering into family cares, the means of grace became neglected by her for many years. One day, in the providence of God, the writer took the liberty of calling upon her, having learned whose daughter she was. The conversation soon turned upon spiritual things. Her past feelings and exercises were told; and divine things were set before her, to which her heart responded, though feebly and faintly.

After repeated visits, she was induced to attend the means of grace. A growing concern as to her spiritual condition became manifest in her manners and conversation. The good work already begun in her soul was deepened. She cried out for mercy at the footstool of divine grace, under a feeling sense of her lost condition. The Bible and Gadsby's Hymn Book became her constant companions. Her lost state was her whole theme.

But let it be recorded, to the honour of a Triune Jehovah, in due time he who had put the cry for mercy in her soul, answered that cry in the communication of peace and joy in believing. Many remember the joy of her countenance, the glow of her heart, and the tears, not of sorrow, but of gratitude and love, that flowed down her cheeks as she entered the church meeting to offer herself as a candidate for believers' baptism, repeating the first line again and again, of Hymn 408:

"O! What shall I do my Saviour to praise?" &c.

But the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity; and this truth she found in the trial of that faith which was God's own gracious gift. Bodily affliction brought on mental depression, which was Satan's opportunity, and in which he presented death to her view, with all its horrors. Oftentimes she was seized with this terror in the night; and, rising up in bed, she cried, "I am dying! What shall I do? Lord Jesus, save me!"

The Lord was pleased to restore her bodily health and mental vigour, until about ten months ago, when she was seized with a paralytic stroke, which greatly prostrated her, but which was sanctified to the strengthening of her spiritual hope. She waited for death, desiring, and freely expressing the desire, with a longing anticipation of its fulfilment, "that Jesus should soon be the eternal rest of her soul, while the grave would be a temporal bed for her body."

On Nov. 15th she was, like Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord. The neighbours were astonished to hear her speak of her interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ Jesus, quote several portions of Scripture, and dwell upon their sweetness and suitability with intense delight, besides portions of hymns, particularly 143, which she recited from beginning to end.

The following morning she was completely prostrated by a second paralytic stroke; after which she neither spoke nor moved, being quite helpless. She continued so until the next evening, when, with a placid smile upon her countenance, she breathed her last, and her released spirit entered into that rest which remains for the people of God.

Blackburn.

W. KING.

THOMAS ASHLEY.—On Sept. 17th, 1876, aged 82, Thomas Ashley, a member of the Baptist Chapel, Bedworth.

He was baptized by Mr. Parsons in 1817, and was an honourable member for many years. He and several other members of the above place of worship had to struggle hard to get the truth preached there, and the chapel doors were once locked against them. But, with the dear Lord's help, they gained the victory. Before that time, the greater part of the church were Fullerites; and I much fear that they will go back to Fullerism again.

In a few years the Lord prospered the deceased in this world's goods, which was a great snare to him. He was in a backsliding state for many years, till the Lord took him in hand, brought him down to nothing, and made him as a little child. The Lord saw fit to take his wife to himself a few years before him. I have seen him lament his loss, and cry out for mercy, fearing the Lord would never pardon him, as he had been such a vile transgressor.

But he was brought once more to attend chapel on the Sabbath, and also the prayer-meeting. He never had a gift to pray in public, about which he has been very much tried. This has caused him to say that he feared the Lord had never truly called him by his grace. At the same time he would say, "I know the Lord *has* spoken to my soul. I have been blessed scores of times, and have rejoiced, and blessed and praised his holy Name for tokens of his love and mercy to my soul."

About four years ago he came before the church, and was accepted again as a member; and I believe he was brought to real repentance for his sins and backsliding. He said, at times, "O! What have I been? How I have sinned against so good and gracious a God, who has kept me, and not cut me down and sent me to hell as a hell-deserving sinner! I *am* deserving of it."

When upon his death-bed, several of the friends went to see and pray with him; and I believe they found it good to be there. He was very glad to see them, for he wanted no other company beside them and his relations. I was sitting up with him through the last night of his life. His agony was very great. He asked me to spend a few minutes in prayer, and to read Hymn 319. He responded to it. My own soul was comforted while reading it. I then read the 9th Hymn. He told me how he had been blessed, at times, under that hymn. He repeated the second verse after me, and added,

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death."

He then became a little easy from pain, and lay for a time. He then put out his arms to be raised up, and breathed his last.

"He's gone in endless bliss to dwell,
And I am left below
To struggle with the powers of hell,
'Till Jesus bids me go."

WILLIAM ASHLEY.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1877.

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

COVERED WITH THE ROBE OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT ZION CHAPEL, LEICESTER,
JAN. 7TH, 1877, BY MR. HAZLERIGG.

“He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.”—ISA. LXI. 10.

IN the beginning of this chapter the prophet speaks as in the person of Christ, and declares what great and sweet things the Lord will do for his people. Christ says that the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, the Father having anointed him as his Prophet, Priest, and King to do certain things, accomplishing his divine will. Now, what things were these? This Christ goes on to unfold. To preach good tidings to the meek, to such persons as the Lord had made, by divine teaching concerning their ignorance and sin, of a teachable disposition, ready, with thankfulness, to receive the glad tidings of a full and free salvation.

IN this way, with words full of the sweetest and freest grace for the ruined and the lost, Jesus goes on to describe his mission from God. Amongst other things, he says that the Father sent him to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion all sorts of blessings suitable to their states and conditions. And as they principally mourn over their want of any righteousness of their own in which to appear before God, and feel their natural guilt and wretchedness, to give them the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, or to clothe them, as before God, in his own obedience wrought out for their sakes.

IN the last two verses the prophet personates the church, and speaks as in the name of those children of God in respect of whom Christ has fulfilled these gracious promises, and comforted their hearts. Thus, in the words of our text, the church is represented as expressing her triumphant gladness in what Christ has done for her: “He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.”

There is no question of greater importance than that of Job: “But how should man be just with God?” Just he must be to stand before him with acceptance. How can this be accomplished? Our text answers the question. Happy is the man

whom God in this matter has shown what is good, and who triumph in the Lord his righteousness. O! How sweet have these words been to our own souls:

“Without one thought that's good to plead,
O! What could save us from despair
But this, though we are vile indeed,
The Lord our Righteousness is there?”

But we proceed to our text. In speaking from these words, we shall notice five things:

I. In order to stand before God acceptably, a man must appear before him in a sufficient righteousness.

II. No man, naturally, has such a righteousness of his own.

III. These truths God's people are deeply convinced of by the Holy Spirit, and made, therefore, to seek after a righteousness adequate to their wants.

IV. Such a righteousness is provided for them by God.

V. And, in due season, the Lord will enable them to so powerfully lay hold of and embrace this righteousness in their hearts, that they shall be enabled to say, in the words of the prophet, “He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.”

I. *In order to stand before God, we need a righteousness.* This is plain, both from the express declarations of God's Word, and also from what the Scripture teaches us concerning the perfections of God. It is positively said in the Word that “the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” And in Ps. i. 5 it is written: “The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.” These are plain, positive statements, and exclude in express terms every man who is destitute of righteousness from the presence and kingdom of God.

But if we consider the Scripture declarations concerning the perfections of God, this becomes yet more manifest. God is an infinite Being. He is light without darkness. All his perfections are infinite. So it is and must be with his righteousness. He is not only a just God, but Justice itself; not only doing what is righteousness, but Righteousness itself; essentially, necessarily, eternally righteous. It is no dishonour to God, but the ascription to him of infinite perfection, to say he cannot lie, he cannot be unjust.

Now, then, how can God, this infinitely holy, this necessarily just God, pronounce a man who appears before him without a righteousness a just man? What should we think of the justice of a judge who would pronounce a convicted criminal to be a righteous person, and worthy, not of condemnation, but of praise? Here, then, we see the absolute necessity of appearing before God, if we would be accepted by him, as righteous persons, not as sinners; as having on an adequate righteousness. O the folly of thinking without a righteousness to pass through the pearly gates into the holy city, or of hoping to stand in peace before the great white throne of God!

But here it may be asked, What, then, is righteousness? In man it is a perfect coming up to the standard of the requirements of God's holy and just and good law. Nothing short of this is a righteousness sufficient to clothe a man before the throne of God. There must be no failure, no imperfection, no short weight, no balances of deceit. No; the standard is the holy law; and that law will never pronounce the man a righteous man whose fancied righteousness is spotted with sin, and fails of completeness. Here we must make no mistakes. Remember, God is infinitely just; his law infinitely perfect. Can God be satisfied with partial instead of perfect obedience? With reverence we say it,—God himself would not be a just God if he could. What should we think of the tradesman who gave us short weight or measure? Could we count him a just tradesman, and his dealings just? Should we ourselves be just to call him so? No. Will God, then, take our partial service for full measure, and call it justice? Assuredly not. He were not the just God he is to do so. But let us pass on to our second part.

II. *No man has naturally such a righteousness of his own as God's righteousness requires.* Here, again, the Scripture is express. "There is none righteous, no, not one." God, looking down from heaven upon the children of men, could not find one amongst the posterity of Adam who was in himself a just man. Solomon says, "God made man upright." So he assuredly did; for he made him in his own image. "But they have sought out many inventions."

What a picture Paul gives us of all mankind, Jews and Gentiles alike, in the first three chapters of Romans. He therein charges all men with sin, and declares every man, without exception, to be in himself guilty before God. A moment's consideration concerning the nature of God's law makes this more abundantly evident. The law briefly requires three things, and these three in perfection:

1. A correct knowledge of God in respect to his Being, so far as this is revealed in the Word. Now, God has plainly revealed that in the Unity of the One Self-existing Essence there is a Trinity of Persons, Co-equal and Co-eternal,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. As it is written: "Hear, O Israel; the Lord thy God is One Lord." This truth must be received in the heart, and embraced and held fast there in a living, powerful, practical manner, or the man is an idolater; and the law is broken, and not fulfilled. But, naturally, "there is none that understandeth, that seeketh after God." So all are naturally destitute of a legal righteousness.

2. The law demands for this One only Lord God, in a Trinity of Persons, who is the sole Creator and Upholder of all worlds, the perfect love of his creature man, and his perfect service. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." That is, with every power and faculty of soul and body, in a per-

fect degree. No failings, no falling short. Every faculty, every passion, all of every faculty and every passion, and all the powers of mind and body, all must be devoted to the love and service of God who gives all, and to whom a man owes his own self, and all he is, and all he has.

3. The law says he is to love his neighbour as himself; and this love is to be a part of his obedience to God. No mere un-sanctified affection, such as may be in man naturally for certain objects in a very strong degree. No. The second commandment is like unto the first, is united to and depends upon it. Thus then, service to God is to be all in all.

It is sufficient merely to thus briefly notice these truths to prove our second observation,—that man has naturally no sufficient righteousness of his own to stand in before God. We pass on to our third part.

III. *All God's people are taught these truths, and thus made to seek after a sufficient righteousness.* We read in Scripture that all God's children are to be taught of the Lord; and we know that, to fulfil this promise, the Lord not only gives his word, which declares the solemn truths already briefly insisted upon, but sends forth his Holy Spirit also into their hearts, to make them learn these truths in an effectual manner. When the Holy Spirit thus comes, he convinces the people of God of sin. And he does this by creating in them a new nature, as well as teaching them the meaning and truth of God's Word. If he did not come as a New-creator, in vain, we say it with reverence, were his teachings. The old nature learns nothing properly, nothing to profit. The blessed Spirit must give the faculty as well as the instruction. This he does. He is not only the Spirit of truth, but the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. He leads these children of God to God's holy law, not to make them undertake to do, or seek a righteousness by it. No. This is a working of the flesh which may, and generally does, take place in opposition to the Spirit's real instruction. He teaches a man out of God's law, to make him despair of keeping it in himself, or standing before God in any legal righteousness of his own. The right teaching out of the law is to die to all legal hopes of appearing before God in any righteousness but that which God has provided for the law-lost sinner.

Such, then, is the Holy Spirit's teaching, and this in due season he will make his scholars to understand. They have in them naturally a legal nature, and a great deal of self-righteousness. This makes them frequently, like Israel of old, undertake to do; and this fights mightily in their hearts against the righteousness of Christ, and against their own true peace. But the Holy Spirit is an almighty Teacher, and he breaks down the stout heart of nature, and makes the man despair of any righteousness of his own, and sigh and cry for the righteousness God himself has provided. This teaching, in the substance of it, is common to all God's people. It may be carried on in diverse

ways and degrees in various individuals; but all are at length brought by it to the same spot,—the place of stopping of mouths, and to hunger and thirst after the righteousness of Christ, that blessed righteousness which God has provided for them, and of which we will now speak.

IV. The robe of righteousness mentioned in our text, we need hardly tell our hearers, is *the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ*, wrought out when upon earth for poor lost sinners. But let us go a little more fully into this subject.

We read that, in the councils of eternity, the Second Person in the glorious Trinity, the Son of the Father in truth and love, was set up as the Christ of God, the Mediator of sinners. It being necessary, according to the justice of God, that man, to stand before him acceptably, should appear before him in a perfect righteousness, and his people, in God's infinite foreknowledge, being in the wretched, miserable condition we have represented, destitute of righteousness, and, therefore, exposed naturally to wrath, the Lord Jesus undertook for them to present them faultless before the throne of God in such a righteousness as should answer all the requirements of justice, and make even the law of God perfectly honourable, yea, magnify it in the sinner's freedom from condemnation, and entrance into the heavenly places.

But how is this to be accomplished? In carrying out his sweet undertakings, the Lord Jesus Christ must be made man. The only Redeemer must be one in human nature; and not only this, in *our* nature. He must not only be man, but our near Kinsman. He must be bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. But behold the difficulty. How so near to us, and yet not partake of our guilt and sin? This is solved in the wisdom of God by the miraculous conception of Christ in the womb of the Virgin Mary. He was never like we were federally in Adam. He was that new thing, as well as that holy thing, which should be born of Mary. On this account a virgin must conceive and bear a son. The power of the Highest must overshadow her; and that which is born of her being thus miraculously conceived was without Adam's guilt or Adam's corruption. Here we have, then, a Brother born for our adversity, and one without our sin.

“For he who will for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.”

We have put this, to the best of our ability, in scriptural language; and must say, as to this sublime mystery of an Incarnate God, Immanuel, God with us,

“Bow down, sense and reason;
Faith only reign here.”

“No nearer we venture than this
To gaze on a deep so profound;
But tread, while we taste of the bliss,
With reverence the hallowed ground.”

But Christ, being made of a woman, must also be made under the law, if he will provide those under the law with such a right-

teousness as shall magnify the law and make it honourable. This he was; and in token of his voluntary subjection to the law, he was circumcised the eighth day. Here, then, we have One under the law proper to fulfil the law for us, because truly and really man, one in our nature; and able to fulfil it because God, and by his obedience to bring in for all his people an everlasting, law-fulfilling, and law-abiding righteousness. Accordingly, we read that in his holy spotless life he acted as his Father's Servant for his people. "Behold my Servant, whom I uphold." He in everything fulfilled the law his people had broken. "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." In him the Father was always well pleased. He did always those things which were perfectly well pleasing to God. And all this he did for his people, to provide them a robe of righteousness.

On this robe there is no spot, for he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. In this robe there is no deficiency. It was woven from the top throughout with one continuous perfection of obedience. It is amply sufficient to cover millions of naked unrighteous sinners; for it is the righteousness of God, as wrought out by a Person in the Godhead. It is suitable and fitting for these persons to clothe them before God's throne; for it is the righteousness of a Man as well as a God; for "God was manifested in the flesh." It knows no change.

" This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new."

Thus the Second Adam stood where the first fell. We are raised up under the apple tree. By one man's disobedience, as an old covenant head, all were made sinners, as seen in him naturally; by the Lord Jesus Christ's obedience, as a new covenant Head to those who were put in him, and counted to be in him eternally, many were made righteous. Christ, their Second Father, walks in the heavenly places in garments dyed in blood; and the believer may say that his righteousness is always in heaven.

This obedience, then, of Christ, as made of a woman, and made under the law for their sakes, is the robe of our text. Properly speaking, his active obedience for them is this righteousness. But, then, we must remember that righteousness is never counted where any sin is found; therefore it was necessary for Christ not only to live for his people, but to suffer and die for them also. Thus his spotless robe must be dyed in his own blood, as he himself appeared to Isaiah, and to John in Patmos. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his [saving] strength?" So writes Isaiah. And in Rev. xix. we read of Christ: "And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood."

Here, then, we have the wondrous all-sufficient provision of God for his people. Man needs a righteousness, perfect and

complete, to stand before God. Man naturally has none. This all God's people see and feel; and, therefore, sigh for a remedy. The great provision of God is set before us by Isaiah: "The robe of righteousness." We now come to the last part of our subject.

V. God, in due season, not only reveals this righteousness to his people, but he strengthens their faith, so as to enable them to consciously wear it before his throne, and cry with Isaiah, "*He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.*"

We have already seen that the Word of God sets forth plainly the state and condition of every man as in our first parent, Adam. Beheld in him, every man is exposed to the curse and wrath of God, as chargeable with sin, and destitute of a law-sufficing, justice-satisfying righteousness. Of this we have also seen that the Holy Spirit convinces all God's people. He shows them effectually their natural condition, and causes them by his teachings to look about for a remedy. Such a remedy is provided in the righteousness of Christ. There is no other. His obedience imputed to the sinner as a righteousness is the only robe which can cover him, and hide him from the judgment and wrath of God. This blessed provision the Holy Spirit reveals to God's people in due time. He covers them experimentally with the robe of righteousness.

Let us now, then, consider how this is done. In the first place, there is the revelation of this righteousness in the gospel. On account of this very revelation of the Saviour's righteousness it is called "the Word of righteousness." And the grand distinction Paul makes between babes and others in Christ is that the former are unskilful in the Word of righteousness, and, consequently, easily overcome by the temptations of Satan; whilst the others are better able to fight the fight of faith, pleading the righteousness of Christ against all law charges and satanic accusations. They overcome Satan more successfully by the word of their testimony. Paul tells us, too, how he himself gloried in the gospel on this very account, because it was the Word of righteousness. He was not ashamed of it; he triumphed in it because therein was the righteousness of God; *i.e.*, the sweet obedience of Christ for the sinner, revealed from faith to faith,—from one degree of faith to another.

But, then, there must not only be the revelation of this righteousness, this blessed obedience of the Son of God for sinners, in the Word; but it must be also revealed according to the Word in the heart. As Paul says: "To reveal his Son in me." This is the work of the Holy Ghost. He convinces of righteousness. He explains to the heart the nature of Christ's righteousness; how sufficient, how freely bestowed upon those who are taught by God to feel their need of it, how received into the heart only by faith, and how it must be kept distinct from all works of our own, from all that is even wrought in us by the Lord himself, even from faith itself; yea, from the very faith which receives it.

How infinitely glorious of itself, how precious, how divine! Now, this teaching makes the soul long after this blessed gift of righteousness with unspeakable desires. O how the man wants to be able to see and say, This robe is mine. "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Nothing will thoroughly satisfy this man but an assured persuasion of his possession of the righteousness of Christ. He knows without it, as seen only in Adam, as clothed merely in the worse than filthy rags of any righteousness of his own, or by nature, he must be lost. He is not without a hope in Christ; he is not really destitute of this very righteousness which he so longs after. Just as the man who truly prays for the Spirit has the Spirit already, and as the man who truly longs to know his election is elect, so the man who hungers and thirsts for Christ's righteousness really possesses it, really is righteous; but what he wants is the assurance of this, the enjoyment of the blessing, the sweet satisfaction of being able, with the Spirit's witness, to say, "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Now, for this he must wait God's time. He cannot force himself into an assured state; he cannot, must not, be forced into it. The place for the man is the waiting-place. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." And, says the Lord, "they that wait for me shall not be ashamed." God has blessings indeed for those who wait for him. One of the choicest actings of a true faith is to bring a man into a patient waiting for Christ.

"All-kind and all-wise, thy time is the best,"

says waiting faith. "Give me children, or I die," cries rash impatience.

Now, what encourages this man to wait is really hope in God. He is not now accursed; but what he wants is that which God alone can sovereignly bestow,—the sweet joy and peace in believing which flow from a triumphant wearing of the robe of righteousness. Sometimes, nay, not unfrequently, before this blessing is given, the man sinks into a very low place; perhaps ready to give up all in his feelings, and to conclude that the blessing in enjoyment never shall be his, and, therefore, to fear lest his state after all cannot be that of one already blessed. "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Usually a dark hour precedes the dawn of the fairest day,—a dark night of many fears before the bright day of the Sun of righteousness arising with healing in his wings. But the Word and Spirit alike encourage the man to wait; and ministers seek in their preaching to do the same, pointing out the evidences of life, testifying spiritually of the present blessedness of the man's condition, not seeking to force him forward, or to lead him to force his way into the Ark, but to bring him

"To humbly wait at Wisdom's door,
Till mercy lets him in."

In due time this shall be done.

Now, when this sweet day of triumphant deliverance comes, the Holy Spirit gives to the soul a more full, clear, and powerful discovery of the finished work of Christ. He shows, in accordance with the Word, more plainly and gloriously the righteousness of Christ. Accompanying this clearer discovery will be a stronger acting of faith; for faith acts in accordance with the degree of a divine revelation. Now, then, faith becoming strong, hope in this righteousness will be strengthened likewise; and the sinner, enabled to reflect upon his own blessed state and condition with a divine consciousness of its goodness, can say, "This righteousness is mine. 'He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.'" Now is given to the man in conscious possession and enjoyment the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Now he shines, for *his* light is come. It was his before; now his in delightful enjoyment. His righteousness has come forth like brightness, and *his* salvation as a lamp that burneth. Now is fulfilled upon him the sweet word of Isaiah: "Drop down, ye heavens, from above; and let the skies pour down righteousness." This is the righteousness of Christ, revealed and bestowed from heaven; revealed in the Word, and freely given by God. "Let the earth open;" that is, let the heart open to drink in the heavenly showers. When this is done, righteousness is enjoyed in the heart, which now becomes sweetly fruitful in peace, joy, obedience, and love. Then the soul cries, "This is our God; we have waited for him." Ours before; now ours in enjoyment. "We will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

"Tis he adorns my naked soul
In robes prepared of God,
Wrought by the labour of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood."

How blessedly is all this illustrated in the case of Joshua the high priest in Zech. iii. There, in the vision, stood Joshua before the angel. Thus the living man really stands in his conscience before God. But, in truth, it is God as in Christ he has to do with. Joshua stood, not before abstract Deity, but the Angel of the everlasting covenant. He stood there at first as in filthy garments. Such was his conscious feeling state as before God. Nor could he disrobe himself of these filthy garments. There Satan stood at his right hand, plying him with fierce accusations drawn from his feelings of his state, and from the holy law of God. "You are a sinner," he would say, "and destitute of a righteousness, and clothed only in filthy rags. You know that such is your state and condition as a sinner; you feel it; and as you feel, you are. Well, then, you are one whom God will punish and send into hell. He is angry with you, and will destroy you for ever." Happily for Joshua, he had One stronger than Satan on his side; One who had already plucked him as a brand from the burning; One who knew and could testify of God's choice of and love to him; One who could effectually rebuke Satan;

One, too, who could, by a word of power, make Joshua's iniquity pass from him, and clothe him with change of raiment. This One was Jesus. Christ had loved him, died for him, risen again for him; Christ had wrought out for him a spotless, changeless, eternal robe of righteousness. We speak, in a scriptural way, of things which then actually were not as though they were. Christ now, in a time of love and power, comes to give him the enjoyment of the blessing; or, according to the words of our text, rejoice the heart of Joshua by enabling him to say, "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

WHAT FRUIT IS THERE?

THE royal psalmist saith, "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory." Jesus, who is himself the true and living Vine, his people being the branches, declares, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

The state of professing and possessing Zion is very sad, dark, and dismal, look almost wherever we may; and that in many aspects. What errors abound in and surround her! What strange mixtures are enunciated both from pulpit and press! What false teachers the professing church is pestered with, who are deceiving thousands of immortal souls by their lies and errors and rotten faith; some of them denying that great, grand, fundamental, and necessarily important and soul-establishing central truth, the Eternal Sonship; others labouring hard against the doctrine of the everlasting future punishment of all the wicked, or not elect, who live and die in their sins; forgetting, or determined not to believe, that the Eternal Jehovah is equally as just as he is merciful, and as holy and pure as he is gracious, and that it is utterly impossible that one single attribute of the Almighty can suffer or be in the least tarnished or set aside at the expense of another.

"A God all mercy is a God unjust,"

says one of the poets; and he is right in that sentiment, because it is scriptural.

Many other gross and awful perversions of the Word of God are set forth and spread abroad in our land by other blind guides; and many of the professed followers of Jesus Christ take it all in and love to have it so. But what will they do in the end thereof?

Then, again, to come nearer home, among the "living in Jerusalem," those in whose hearts God has been pleased to put his holy fear and grace, who are really born again of the Spirit, and will ultimately get to heaven, what strifes, discord, disunion, bickerings, backbitings, coldness, worldimindedness, sloth, self-seeking, pride, and other evils and fruits of the flesh, are found among them! How much there is of sowing to the flesh and of the fruits of the flesh to be seen among the various grades of religious professors! And not a little among the dear people of

God. O that it were otherwise ! And what a small amount of denouncing and protesting against this fearful crop of corruption do we find from the pulpit by the Lord's ministers ! They are not nearly honest and faithful enough in their ministrations ; do not use the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, nearly so much as they should in cutting at these evils in Zion ; and are not nearly so searching, separating, and discriminating as they ought to be in their ministry. God has been pleased to raise up, in this England of ours, some bold and honest champions in his righteous cause of truth, men evidently set on the walls of Zion for the defence of the gospel, who by tongue and pen have been made very useful and a great blessing to thousands of the saints of the Lord. God made and kept them honest, firm, sound, and faithful in their heavenly calling and labours. They led a godly and consistent life, adorning the doctrines they professed, loved, and taught, by an upright life, walk, and conversation ; and O that many more such might be found in our land !

Red Hill, Surrey, Dec. 18th, 1876.

B. B.

"HOLD THOU ME UP, AND I SHALL BE SAFE."

Ps. cxix. 117.

LET me thy love, O God of grace,
Find hourly in my heart a place ;
Let me its power constraining find
To rule my will and sway my mind.

O let me never, never stray
From Christ, the true and living Way ;
But may thy mercy daily keep
A silly, wand'ring, straying sheep.

Hold thou me up ; be thou my Shield,
And give me strength to keep the field ;
And grant that I, who weakness am,
May boast of vict'ry through the Lamb.

Thy grace into my heart distil ;
With peace and joy my vessel fill ;
That I on earth thy praise may sing,
And glory to thy honour bring.

Then when to earth I bid adieu,
The same in heaven may I pursue,
And see in that unfading place,
O God of love, thy unveil'd face.

July, 1825.

WE may safely go as far as the candle of God's Word goes before. The gates of heaven fly open before the righteousness of Christ, as certainly as the door of Lydia's heart flew open under the hand of God's regenerating Spirit.

THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH ROBERT LURRING, OF BRENTFORD.

(Continued from p. 67.)

It is Jehovah's love to his children which causes him to send his Holy Spirit into such rebel sinners as we, while we are going down to hell as unconcerned and as happy as the devil can make us, without having the least fear of hell or thought about it, as I was when going to work that morning.

This fear and dread came to me in real love, by the 'Holy Ghost, being the time appointed of the Holy Three before time began. It was the Holy Spirit's quickening power which entered into my dead soul, and put light and life into it, in which, five minutes before, I had no fear or dread of hell. Here was a change. This fear astonished me, for the Holy Ghost came and quickened me into life and light, and I saw, and felt, and feared the wrath of God, in part. This was the beginning of my wisdom. All this came on me, and I had no hand in it, nor could help it. No man was with or near me; so no man or minister taught it me. It was the Holy Ghost, and so I felt it. He reproved me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

I was made to go on under condemnation for many days. The devil left off bringing the hymn to comfort me, and all his enticings and encouragements; and raked up all and every sinful accusation against me he could, and more, too. How is that? you will say. Well, if you know yourself, you know the devil is a liar. Our dear Lord told him so; and I proved him so. He had no need to add to my sins, there being plenty without; but he did, and told me I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and that it never could be forgiven, for it was unpardonable, and that I could not be saved, as it was impossible. This made my burden heavier. But Satan, you see, was proved a liar, bless God, though I was greatly troubled at that time, not knowing but that I had committed that sin. But, bless and praise the Holy Three for keeping me from it; for it is all of his love and mercy I am not in hell, and that I have a hope I never shall be there. This cheers and affords me great comfort, at times; and I beg I may not be deceived with a false hope at last.

As I was not then delivered, I must return to fear and dread, for it would come on me, though I did not send for it, and did not want to be in a fearing and dreading state, feeling hell would be my eternal home. I was made to fear and tremble more than ever I had done before; for the devil did not tell me I had committed the unpardonable sin at first, or that I was so bad and wicked. He, it appears, tried to heal the breach the Holy Ghost had made in me, a poor sinner. And I am of opinion this is Satan's way, and that it was he who brought the before-mentioned hymn of Dr. Watts to my remembrance, because it came so often at the first part of my soul trouble, when I was sad and gloomy.

I attended chapel, as formerly; but could not get rid of this fear and dread of hell either at chapel or anywhere else. I could learn that it should be well with the righteous, and that all the precious promises were theirs; but I knew I had forsaken the Lord's commandments, and neglected to worship God, though I thought I did so when I was a member at the Independent chapel before spoken of. Then I was happy, though I was deceived; for all these promises made to the righteous I took for my own. But now I could not do that, for it was not with me as in years that were past; and the promises seemed gone, never more to return. I knew nothing about the elect then.

Well, I had to bear the burden wherever I went, fearing and trembling under condemnation. My sins came and appeared more and more. My going to chapel gave me no ease; for I could not take comfort as I had done; yet I could not stay away. The minister and his hearers tried to get me to believe, and to come to Jesus by faith, with my whole heart and soul and strength. "He that believes shall be saved," they said. "You must believe that Jesus is the Son of God. Yes, you do believe," they said. But I could not, so as to get any comfort. You see, reader, the difference there was in me. When I first went among them, they could persuade me to believe and get comfort; but the work was only a natural one then. I do not know that I hate anything more than to hear a minister calling on people to love Jesus. Reader, are you like that? If so, that is the way I thought I was convicted and converted years back; but it is a false foundation, it is building on the sand, as I was then told by one who knew exactly where I was. I would not believe that he knew, but he did by the fruit I bore; and I know now, bless God for it. But my friend heard me speak words as are never used by that people who pass through Conversion Gate and New-birth Gate into the city. He could see that my eyes were very thick, or that I was blind, for I went quite in an opposite direction to the true citizens. It showed him that I had not come right, or had not been taught right, or I should not have been so foolish. He saw some of my ways were good, and some so very bad that, if I did not give over, hell would be my eternal home; for I robbed, stole slyly, and took the poor little children's food away, and cast it to dogs. He could see all this and a hundred times more, and he knew it was all true.

Reader, do you not think I ought to be punished? You will say, Yes. Well; do not be offended with me. This is the real state of all free-willers, and of all others who are not brought through Conversion Gate, and New-birth Gate; brought through, not come through themselves, nor by their own power or skill. All who are brought through can speak the same language as he, and sing the same song. I, at that time, could not. I was a free-willer, and could not understand him. He told me the truth, as I have been made to see since then, bless the Holy Three for it, though I thought him too narrow-minded. I have heard our

minister say that, if any one had a mind to be religious, and a little desire to seek the Lord, he could, and that it was the Lord who inclined him. A natural man may do so, as I did, and go a long way, shed many tears under a sermon, and make a great profession, so that it may puzzle many of the poor children of God to know if they are grace-taught or not; but such a one as he who talked with me would soon tell it was only a natural profession. It is not so smooth and easy a path to become a Christian as is stated by a great many preachers. Such appear to have only a religion or a profession of the devil's cultivating and putting on, for they are only carnal; and "to be carnally-minded is death;" and "the carnal mind is enmity against God." The carnal mind is "not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." These professors have not the Spirit of Christ; and so are not yet made manifest to them that have the Spirit of Christ as the temples of the Holy Ghost. They do not bear the fruit of the Spirit yet. Such may be chosen ones; but at present they are not known.

Now, reader, this I have been made to learn. This is a lesson the Holy Ghost teaches his scholars. But to heal slightly, and cry, "Peace, peace," where the Lord has not spoken peace, is bad, very bad; or to try to make a person feel he is safe when he is in great danger. The Holy Ghost pronounces a Woe on such as lead astray. The man I speak of was an honest man. He told me we were all on the sand; and that made me hate all such and wish they were dead. I said that, if I could abolish them I would, for they were real enemies to religion. But since my eyes have been opened to see where I was, I have felt more love to that man, and to all like him, than to any others; yea, more than I can express. I do love honest people, those whom Christ makes so.

Well; to return. I was under condemnation; and this caused me to groan, being heavily burdened. Satan set in upon me; and neither he nor any of his could cause me to have faith and be healed slightly, as I was years before. Then I could believe, having only a natural conviction; but no one could help me get rid of this burden, though they tried hard; and so did I. I would gladly have got rid of it; but it got worse, the devil telling me that I had committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, and that there could be no forgiveness for me, and that hell must be my everlasting home. O! The sorrow I had! No one can express all I felt. But, reader, if you have been there, you know what it is. I cried, and the tears ran down without my trying to cry. I could not conceal them. To think I had neglected my chapel and my religious duties, as I called them. O! Had I kept on, I should not have had this sorrow. O! How I repented. O! How I wished it were with me as it was then. "But now," I said, "it is too late. It is all over now. There is no hope in my case. I am lost, lost to all eternity!" And all my sins came up against me like an army of soldiers, and I saw

no way by which I could escape the torments of hell; and the devil told me it was all over with me. O! The horror that filled my soul none can express but those who have felt it.

This is the way I had to go for two or three months. I used to attend the Independent chapel, but got no comfort at all. It was all condemnation to me. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." I saw I was under the curse, and felt it too; and it kept continually sounding in my ears. I was wretched, and could scarcely kneel down to pray; it seemed to be mocking God, as I felt I must be lost. The deacon of the chapel said, "Simply believe in Jesus, and you will be right. I have been in the way for 95 years, and I was never in the state you are in. You should pray, and seek the Lord, and believe in Jesus, and come to him." But I could not do as he told me. I did all I thought of, and tried with all my might to go on under my burden, crying at times, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" but as to believe that Jesus would save me, any one might as well have tried to make me believe I could fly into heaven. But I did believe I must be lost. This was the faith I had, and could get no other. I wanted to believe I should be saved; but no one could heal me, my wound was too deep; though as Satan had made me believe years back that I was a converted man, so he tried to do it now. Not succeeding, he tried to drive me to despair; but that he was not permitted to do, bless God; but he brought all the accusations against me he could. He persuaded me to go to the public-house to drive it away; which I did, but of no use, and I got worse and worse.

I still kept going to the same chapel, thinking that, if there were any peace to be found, I should get it there, for I thought it was the only chapel that was right. I said, "O that I had never left it! But now my sin has found me out, and hell must be my portion." I could not get peace to my guilty soul day or night; and I became so weak that I could scarcely attend to my work as a ploughman, though there were at one time but few better. I could scarcely get money; for my master said, "I have seen you do it so well that no one could beat you; but I think I shall be able to beat you if you do not get better." I was subdued and ashamed of it; but I could not help it, for I could not work without the staggers from weakness. I was drunk, but not with wine; and what with my body and soul, I was in a very unhappy state. "A wounded conscience who can bear?" My master did not know anything about my soul trouble. One day I had to go home from work in the middle of the day. My complaint was an affection of the heart, and I could only walk about a little slowly.

Well; I got worse in soul trouble; but after a little time I was enabled to pray with my wife. I think it was prayer, too, if ever I did pray. Then was the word of the psalmist fulfilled where he says, "They shall call, and I will answer." And so the dear

Lord did answer; but not yet. I still had to labour under a very great and heavy burden of sin, for it appeared to me that my sins were more in number than the sand of the sea. I felt I was one of the worst of sinners, and that I must be turned into hell with the nations that forget God. No help, no way of escape appeared. I cried to God to be merciful to me, a great and miserable sinner. I could go no other way, though I tried with all my might. A free-grace believer called to see me, and read Hos. ii. I seemed to see I was stripped of all help. He read and prayed with me, and told me he hoped the Lord would bring me clear out. Others had told me to do it myself; but this man hoped *the Lord* would bring me clear out. It is of no use if the Lord doth not do it. I have been made to prove there is no good in a natural setting at liberty; and I have been made to see the Lord's bringing out since then, bless his all-glorious Name for it.

I was just well enough to go to chapel, but could get no real comfort. At one time, Gal. vi. was read, and I got a little help from ver. 1: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness," &c. I thought I might be restored, and hoped I might. As I was going home, a man who had been to the Baptist chapel overtook me, and asked me where I had been. I told him. He knew something of my state; and said, "I know what they preach for 30 miles round. It is nothing but free-will and the like; and that will not do. I tell you," he said, "the axe is laid to the root of the tree; and every tree that does not bring forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. There must be good fruit, or the tree must be cut down." He left me with just as much sorrow as I felt I was able to bear. I thought he was not much of a comforter; but I have been made to see since that he was right, and I have always felt a love to that man for his honesty.

Reader, I was, at times, in great sorrow, and I wanted comfort. I had no rest. I was afraid to go to sleep at night, lest I should awake in hell. O the pain in my soul! I was in pain, and labouring to bring forth. I did labour, but all in vain. I did not then know I was a child of Zion, but I have a hope I am now. "For now thou shalt go forth out of the city." What city? Why, that which holds all refuges of lies, in which I had dwelt so long, and been so happy. Well; the Holy Ghost by Micah says, "And thou shalt dwell in the field;" as much as to say that I should have no house, or anything to protect or defend me from any weather or danger, but be exposed to all enemies. This is just where the dear Lord, in his love to my soul, brought me; but at that time I did not know there was such a scripture.

Well; it appears that my sins were my enemies, and that they were to bring me to Babylon, which appears to be the mouth of hell; for this is just where I seemed to be, expecting to be hurled in every moment. He says, "Thou shalt go even to Babylon." But here is the blessing; he also says, "Thou shalt be delivered.

There the Lord [not man] shall redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies."

Reader, this is a blessing beyond expression. Do you feel it so? Have you proved this? I have; but I was not yet redeemed. I felt I was brought down to Babylon; and I was in a sad state. I knew not what to do, nor where to go, being so weak with my affliction, and so very much troubled with my sins. I was at my wits' end. The free-will Independents kept telling me to have faith, and to believe in Jesus, which I could not do, any more than I could fly. I was in a helpless state, and felt I was a lost, ruined, and undone sinner, with no hope of anything but hell. This was sorrow.

Several passages of Scripture came to my mind. One was Ezek. xx. 43: "There shall ye remember your ways, and all your doings, wherein ye have been defiled; and ye shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for all your evils that ye have committed." This did me good, for I saw it was like me. I read from ver. 33 to ver. 45, and hoped that I was the very one that should be brought into the bond of the covenant; for I did loathe and abhor myself, and I certainly was a miserable sinner. "I will cause you to pass under the rod." This was just where I was, and so I hoped that I should be brought into the bond of the covenant. At other times, I was very sad, wondering when I should get rid of my burden.

(To be continued.)

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel most heartily do I wish grace, mercy, and peace to be multiplied, and wisdom, fortitude, and charity to be communicated in abundance.

I this morning received Mr. Gautrey's letter. It was forwarded to me from Sunderland, as I visit this place the first Sabbath of every month. I sincerely thank you for the expressions of affection and the good wishes it contains. May the Almighty fulfil them, not only for my good, but for the benefit of his beloved church.

I am sorry that my last should have given you the concern it did, or that I should have been the means of deranging your plan. I assure you that yours received this day gives me not a little concern; and especially not being at Sunderland to consult my friends. However, I will give you the best reply I can, and let you know how I stand. June 25th and July 2nd are our sheep-shearing days; and without a little wool I should not be able to come at all. And if the master is out, the shearers do not succeed so well. Another thing is that a very dear friend, who, I have not a single doubt, is a sincere seeker of the God of Israel, and who, with two carnal partners, keeps a boarding-school at a distance from us, who has been frequently blessed under my ministry, and whose heart God has inclined to educate and board two of

my children free of expense,—her heart is set upon the Midsummer holidays to come to Sunderland to hear me; and she would be sorely disappointed. These things, with a dread of preaching at Conway Street in summer, are all that I know of to hinder me. I find that from Whitsunday to the first Lord's day in July will be six Sabbaths. Could you obtain a supply for that time? If God permit, I would be in London by the second Sabbath in July. But if it would be more suitable to you for me to come in August, September, or afterwards, I have no objection to defer my coming till after the chapel is opened. I must just add that I should be glad of a reply as soon as convenient; and conclude this part of my subject with your own words, which, through mercy, express the desire of my heart: "May the good Lord direct both you and me to act in his holy fear."

You kindly express your hope that the Lord is with me, giving testimony to the word of his grace. I trust I can say that he is and does; and yet, comparatively speaking, I may say, and with distress often do, I have laboured in vain and spent my strength for nought. There are very few who receive my testimony, though I believe in my heart it is the testimony of Jesus, which I have received from him, being witnessed by the Holy Spirit. But those who have received it have set to their seal that God is true. God is exceedingly gracious to me. He has supported me under all my trials, still furnishes me for his work, and has wonderfully strengthened my tabernacle; and he still mercifully teaches me my weakness, both in soul and body, that I may not trust in myself, but in Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength. May a covenant God in Christ, who is the Hope of his people, and the Strength of the children of Israel, be your Director, Protector, your Provider, Shield, and exceeding great Reward. May he bless you and make you a blessing to his people, and incline your hearts to pray for an unworthy helpless sinner, but, through grace,

Your affectionate Brother and willing Servant,

Helmsley Blackmoor, May 9th, 1820.

SAMUEL TURNER.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Brother and Sister,—I have just entered upon another year. I have been here nine years. Part of the time has been very trying, and some of it very sweet.

"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."

Now, I will try and tell you a little of the Lord's dealings with me for this last thirty years or more. This much I must say, that, had not grace superabounded over all my sins and transgressions, I must have been sent to that place where hope never enters; but here I am, through sparing mercy. When the Lord was pleased to visit my soul, and show me what I was

in his sight, and to bring all my sins to my remembrance, I could not see how it was possible for God to be just and yet to pardon me; and I walked in that path for some time. But one day, as I was at dinner under a tree, these words were applied to me very powerfully: "Come and welcome to Jesus Christ." It had such an effect upon me that whether I was in the body or not for some time I could not tell; neither can I express in words what I felt. Again, on the Sunday after, as I was at dinner, the same words were applied to me, and I was obliged to leave my dinner and go into the garden and weep for joy. The first of these visits was the most powerful that I ever had.

Some little time after this, these words were also applied, very powerfully: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee;" and a blessed time it was to me. To feel the love of God shed abroad in my heart, I believe there is nothing equal to it this side heaven; and it is enjoying a foretaste of heaven. The word spoken was personal—"thee;" and at that time not all the people in the world nor all the devils in hell could have made me believe that I was not a child of God. Afterwards these words were applied to me with much encouragement: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And when I have been at chapel, some of the texts have been very much blessed to me. One was: "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love;" which was very precious to me. The words were part of Mr. Tiptaft's text when he was preaching at Chippenham, in 1845.

The first time that I went to the Baptist Chapel, Devizes, was at the time that Mr. Handsforth lay dead, and Mr. Warburton was about to preach. Mr. W. spoke from this passage: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." The text did not come home to me to take any effect; but before he finished his sermon he told us as follows: He was preaching once in London, and before he had concluded his sermon, the words "Feed my lambs" burst into his mind. That led him to speak something to lambs, which was blessed to the soul of a young woman then present. "Therefore," he said, "I have made it a point to say something to lambs." The word "*lamb*" was so blessed to my soul that from that time to this, at times, I have believed I am a lamb.

At the time that I was much exercised about leaving the Church of England, these words came with encouraging and sustaining power to my soul: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." One Sunday these words were blessed to me: "Kept by the power of God." It was very sweet to me to feel that I should be kept by that power.

Once, when I had to go to Brighton with a horse, there was a great change in my feelings. When I left home, my faith had sunk to such a low ebb that I could not trust the Lord that he would take me safely there; and I never left home on a journey

so depressed as I then felt. But the Lord was pleased to be better to me than all my fears, and I arrived there in perfect safety on a Saturday afternoon. On the Sunday morning I found out a Baptist chapel. The text which the minister spoke from, both morning and evening, was, "For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our Guide even unto death." What I felt under those sermons I cannot describe to any one. I was led to look back at what I had been brought through, and to believe he would be my Guide, even unto death. I had such a blessing that I was vain enough to think that I should never doubt the Lord again; but O! I have done so many times since then. The poet truly describes my feelings in the following lines:

"But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is."

Though it is said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," yet there are times when, according to our feelings, it appears to us as though the Lord had forsaken us. Yet I can set to my seal that God's love to me has been everlasting, and I believe it will be, otherwise he would not have shown me what he has.

I remember some verses of hymns that have been very sweet to me. One is,

"Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair."

I remember once, in the vestry of the Baptist chapel, Devizes, Mr. Pontin quoted these words: "My sheep hear my voice. And they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." The words, "never perish," kept following me about for a long time afterwards. When you feel the power of such words in your soul, it is of no use for either men or devils to want to persuade you that you shall perish. There is nothing that a child of God can feelingly rely on, except that which is brought home with power to his soul.

I have now sent you a few things that I experienced before I came to L., though they are only a small portion.

But I will try and send a little of what I have had since I came here. There have been very sweet times here, though sometimes I have had to travel a long time before the Lord has been pleased to bring home a word with power. Some years ago, as I was going to Chippenham on a Sunday morning, the following was applied very sweetly to my soul: "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." The words followed me to chapel, and remained with me for, I suppose, half an hour after I got there. Nothing that the minister said was anything to me, for I had had my sweet visit from the Lord before. The sweetness of it I cannot describe.

Many times these words of the poet have been blessed to me when in my great trials:

“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,” &c.

The following have also been precious portions to me: “I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely; for my anger is turned away from him.” “For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.” These have been blessed times to my soul. I have a little of it in my feeling while writing. Some years ago, when at breakfast, these words were greatly blessed to my soul: “Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee.” I believe I was in the enjoyment of that for nearly three hours, which is a long time for me.

I shall be glad to hear a little of the Lord's dealings with your souls. I believe there are two spots that all the children of God must come into. The first is, to be brought to see themselves as sinners; and not only to see it, but to feel it; and the other is, to see Christ as a Saviour; and not only to see Christ as a Saviour, but to be brought sooner or later to feel that he is their Saviour. And I believe that some have to travel a long time before they are brought to this spot. The Lord bless you with the best of blessings.

Your ever-loving Brother,

Lackham, Nov. 17th, 1850.

JAMES ABRAHAM.

My very dear Friend,—I wanted to speak a little to you yesterday; but, having no opportunity, I feel a strong desire to write a line to you. I seldom do, but, oftentimes, feel no inclination; and, for the most part, when I do, I have nothing but complaints. And, at other times, such self and sin,—rebels, traitors, and robbers of my dearest Lord's glory and my poor soul's peace, that I am most reluctant to write at all.

If graciously helped to write, as I most ardently desire, in the realization of a sweet stream of mercy, you will see that at this time I have no complaint to make. Sweet peace, which passeth all understanding, enjoyed in the soul, from the God of all grace, through Christ Jesus, banishes all complaints, and makes, at times, a poor, vile worm of the dust feel little else than a receptacle of precious streams of mercy and showers of blessing. Truly, I can say that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and at the present moment I would make

“Mercy all my theme;

Mercy, which, like a river, flows

In one continual stream.”

My dear friend, did you not know a little of the sweet blessedness of the mystery of a gracious Three-One God, you would wonder at my writing in such a manner as this. I feel 'tis holy ground. But O! To taste a little will help a vile atom of dust, with solemn awe, holy reverence, and sweet soul-dissolving confidence, to contemplate, admire, adore, love, and try to praise the

mighty deeps of everlasting love, flowing from the great Ocean Source through heaven's and my poor soul's most precious Centre, whom the King delighteth to honour. O that I could honour him too, vile, lost, poor, rebellious me, by the incoming stillness, bedewing and Christ-endearing power of God the Holy Spirit! "Bow down, sense and reason." This is solid ground; this is real substance; this the sweet reality of the unexplored mystery of a gracious Three-One God.

Do bear with me. I would not write a word in a wrong spirit, or in an authoritative way; but I cannot help writing thus. No; I can hardly see through sweet tears. My little vessel is soon full, although, at some times, it is with me as if I should never feel another drop. But, bless the Lord, O my soul! "His love no variation knows." I trust I can say that I really have had, through richest grace, many sweet tastes of the Lord's goodness and mercy to my most unworthy soul; but none more sweet or so unpeakably blessed as this, which I want to try to tell you a little of. And though I must fail in the attempt, may the blessed Spirit convey the sweet substance to your soul; and then the attempt will not be altogether in vain.

I heard well at Gower Street last Sunday morning and evening, from Isa. xiii. 12, and Mic. vii. 18, 19. It seemed to me that the minister was not so sweetly led into the fulness of either precious subject as my soul really desired for him; but I had my sweet sip and view on the Friday before, in secret silence of the mind, at home, in attempting to come near a throne of grace, at first with much darkness and confusion of mind, which I so often feel; but enabled still to wait. Trying and struggling hard, through my helplessness, to feel a little liberty, which I cannot properly describe, how sensibly I felt help come into my poor soul from this precious text: "Let thy hand be upon the Man of thy right hand, upon the Son of man, whom thou madest strong for thyself." My dear friend, these two last words, "*for thyself*," brought heaven into my soul. I cannot tell you what passed, or how, as it were, it enabled me to press through the dear Centre, to the precious Source and Fountain of eternal love. How with sacred emotions of soul I told the adorable Majesty of heaven that I never saw and felt it thus! I endeavoured to tell him that Jesus, his dear Son, had been for a long while most precious and needful to my poor soul, and that I had been enabled, at times, in measure, to bless his Name and love that he had laid help on one that is mighty to save, and strong for me, vile unworthy me. But O! These words, "*for thyself*;" they overcame me. I could pray no longer; but remained on my knees before the heavenly revelation in the blessed contemplation of the sweet wonders and methods of everlasting love.

The deepest mystery is that it should please the Father to bruise his own dear Son, in whom is all his delight, for vile rebellious me; but I had a very precious sight of the exaltation of the dear Lord Jesus, and of the way he takes to make himself

precious to his own dear people. O the glory of God in the face of Jesus! There he will have it to shine. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." How he points to him in heaven! "Let all the angels of God worship him." How the blessed Spirit points poor redeemed sinners on earth to him, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily! And how sweet and precious it is to see, feel, and know that even the withholding of that sweet sense of adoption, for which the soul has so intensely longed, is from no lack of a gracious Father's love, but that he will make his own dear Son the one thing precious and needful. There God's glory centres. There, I trust, I can humbly say, my soul's hope and faith centre; and I hope and believe that, through plenteous redemption, and set free from all iniquities, I shall ere long be owned and claimed as part of the purchase of his most precious blood.

My dear friend, I wish to be very guarded in what I say, lest I should convey a stronger sense of assurance than I have really enjoyed. My soul knows a sweetness in sincerity. After a while, thus sweetly contemplating, my soul felt filial awe, reverence, and love to God, as "*my* Father, God;" not so clear as I would feel, but blessedly near. Lovingly and tremblingly, I could and did, several times, say, "My Father, God," and, as it were, put in my claim. There was indeed no rebuke, but much sweet drawing and nearness felt, and blessed sweetness too. I was loth to leave; but it fell on my soul exactly like this,—that I should wait in sweet expectation of the full blessedness of the relation through learning more of the inestimable value and preciousness of Jesus Christ. This is the Man the King delighteth to honour. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

That I may know him, and be a willing subject of his reigning power in my soul, bringing every thought, wish, feeling, and desire into sweet captivity to the obedience of Christ, is the ardent prayer of

Your unworthy Friend,

Holloway, Dec. 12th, 1871.

J. G.

My dear Sir and much-esteemed Friend in the Gospel of the Grace of God,—May every blessing be multiplied unto you, according as it is written, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Dear friend, this little word "*my*" often makes me falter, and fear takes hold upon me lest I should be presumptuous, and so claim more than my right. But the Lord knows I do not want to do so; and yet I cannot be content without some manifest tokens that he is my God. I think I have felt many times a sweet persuasion in my soul that he is mine and I am his, although I cannot maintain that confidence, as some of the Lord's people do. One good man seems to speak my feeling when he says,

“O my distrustful heart!
 How small thy faith appears!
 But greater, Lord, thou art,
 Than all my doubts and fears.
 Did Jesus once upon me shine?
 Then Jesus is for ever mine.”

Now, if it be so, I must be his; for I cannot, I dare not deny that I have felt something of the healing beams of the Sun of righteousness chasing away the darkness from my mind, softening and warming my hard, cold, unfeeling heart. A sweet sense of his love has broken my spirit down at his feet. I have confessed my sins, and said, with one of old, “Behold, I am vile; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” I blush, and am ashamed of myself because of my sin and foolishness; and the good Lord so seems to magnify the riches of his grace over all the abounding evils of my heart that old unbelief cannot keep its hold. Then I am enabled to sing,

“Unchangeable his will,
 Whatever be my frame;
 His loving heart is still
 Eternally the same.
 My soul through many changes goes;
 His love no variation knows.”

I have thought of you many times since I last saw you at Hebdon Bridge. I had a comfortable time in hearing, although a wet journey home; but I must say that there is nothing so desirable to me in this world as to be favoured to sit under the sweet sound of the everlasting gospel, when it is brought home with power, savour, dew, and unction, by the sweet bedewing influences of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, whose office it is to take of the things of Jesus and show them unto us. When such is the case, how good is the word of the Lord! How it suits a poor insolvent debtor like me! My debts are infinite; and none but an Infinite God could have paid such an infinite price to save and deliver such rebels as we from going down to the pit of endless woe. I hope I have had a little taste of this bliss; and it is only known by tasting. O that I had a stronger faith, to give full credit to his word who cannot lie, and who says, “Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away.” And although even while I am writing something says, “Don’t be too confident,” yet I must say that the word of the Lord has searched me, condemned me, brought me in guilty, stopped my mouth, shut me up, made me sigh and cry, “Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips,” and made me tremble. My comeliness has turned into corruption; I have retained no strength; my hope has been removed like a tree, and lost to all appearance. And yet, in the midst of all these feelings, the word of the Lord has raised me up, comforted my mind, liberated my spirit, and brought a measure of joy and peace into my soul which I cannot here describe.

The good Lord be with you and bless you amongst his dear people. And may he bring us finally through all the storms of life, and preserve us unto his everlasting kingdom and glory. So prays

Your unworthy Friend in the Bonds of Love and Truth,

Halifax, Jan. 2nd, 1877.

AVM. BUTCHER.

Dear Friend,—I feel grateful there are still inquiries after my health. Through mercy I am much as usual; but feel my frail tabernacle gets weaker, and I suffer every week from the exertion of Sunday. But it is a labour of love that seeks no merit. I can merit nothing but wrath. All besides are good gifts in providence, and perfect gifts of grace. And where he giveth grace, though in a small measure, he will give glory; “and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.”

A deep knowledge of the fall preserves the soul from Pharisaism; and the filial fear of God in the heart preserves from Antinomianism. As you say, few enter into the after trials and temptations of the saints. If they were known and felt within, they would burn their way out; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It is confessions that meet the cases of the saints. How many have felt encouraged by Paul’s confessions in Rom. vii. . When he was a Pharisee, he was spiteful against Christ and his followers; when convinced by the entrance of the law of the concupiscence of his nature, he felt the chief of sinners, and was determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

When I felt the revival of sin, I thought there was not such a monster in the world. And when 19 years of age, on Marlborough Common, I thanked God because he had not sent me to hell from my mother’s womb. I have been getting worse and worse in myself ever since; but it was a mystery to me how a soul regenerated and born again of the Spirit of God could possess so vile a principle as to wallow and delight in the vilest imaginations and the basest desires that ever polluted the heart of man. But, through grace, from time to time, I loathe and abhor myself on account of these things.

Last Sabbath morning, from what rioted in my heart, I felt a monster in the sight of God; and *then* to get a sense of his goodness and mercy is a good preparation for the pulpit, and enables a pardoned sinner to down with self and sin, and glorify God and his Christ.

True repentance is love to the Saviour and hatred to sin. Peace with God by the blood of sprinkling is a proof of interest in Christ’s righteousness. Love is holiness; and a soul that possesses an atom of it to Jesus and his is born of God. None feel the flood but those built upon the Rock. Strong faith, if true, will be strongly tried. It is not only given to the believer to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. I have suffered much from that hellish temptation against the Deity of

Christ. Take away his Deity, and my hope goes with it. The top of Jacob's ladder rested in heaven. If he be not God, the ladder falls to the ground, and the church's redemption with it. The foot rested on the earth. Take away his humanity, the ladder cannot reach sinners. Being God, there is efficacy in his blood, and merit in his obedience; and being man, he is the near Kinsman of his people to redeem, and a fountain opened in his atoning blood to cleanse his people from all sin. What a suitable, acceptable, and precious Saviour is Jesus Christ the righteous to all favoured to believe in him to life everlasting! And God's greatest glory will for ever arise out of the salvation of the vilest of men.

All errors in religion arise from ignorance of self. To grow in grace is to need it, receive it, and bless God the Author of it. I thought I loved free-grace fifty years ago; but I know I do now. And all who love it will be in heaven. The longer I live, the more suitable is the publican's prayer to my soul.

Yours truly,

DANIEL SMART.

Cranbrook, Feb. 13th, 1877.

My dear Sister in the Lord and in the Path of Tribulation,—I received your letter, and am very sorry to find you in so desponding a state of mind. And yet I am not sorry; for I know that if you were as you fear you are, still dead in sins, you would not be so troubled about it, for the dead never feel. And though, in your feelings, as you express, you are almost in despair, bless God that being *almost* is not being *quite* in despair. "And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I," saith Christ, "will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice."

You say, my dear sister, that it is ten long years since you cast in your lot with God's dear people, and that the dear Lord has never revealed himself to you as your Saviour. Perhaps not so clearly as you could wish; but have there not been some seasons, and such manifestations of his love to your soul, as you would not give up for all the world? Now, you know that ten years are not 38, which was the length of time the poor man lay waiting at the pool for the moving of the waters. But in the end the blessing came to him; and so, I believe, it will to you. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted," said he who cannot lie.

Since I received your letter, I have been looking into the Word of God; and I find that David was tried something like yourself, and God's dear children also. In Ps. xiii. David asks the question, "How long?" four times: "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? For ever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? How long shall my enemy be exalted over me?" Then, again, I find the church (Song. iii.) making the same complaint in her distress. She says, "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not."

But not finding him there, she says, "I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not." But she could not give him up then; but goes off again to inquire of the watchmen, God's sent ministers, to whom she said, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" And it was not long after this before she found him. May this be your case, my dear sister; and may the dear Lord enable you to trust him and fear not; believing that, though he tarry, he will come. You know that a promise deferred is not a promise broken.

But perhaps you feel that it is more easy to *give* advice under such feelings than it is to *take* it; but if the Lord will speak to your soul, it will be all right, and not till then. The Lord enable you to pray and watch; and he who shall come will come, and will not tarry. The Lord bless you, and make his face to shine upon you. When it is well with you, remember me.

Yours to serve in the Gospel,

Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 7th, 1871.

W. SMITH.

My dear Friend,—No doubt you will wish to hear how I am in health, as I was so very ill when I wrote to you last. I thank God I am much better, or I could not have filled my engagement here. With many fears I reached here on Saturday last, very weak, low in mind, and suffering much pain. The Lord was very gracious in helping me through the services on Lord's day, and attending to the ordinance of the Lord's supper.

I must admit that what David said I found to be true in my case: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." We never find him praising God for his greatness, riches, elevation, power, or honours; while he does for affliction. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Sanctified affliction,—how near it brings the soul and God together!

What work my soul was in on my bed! What cries, groans, sighs, and prayers! How condescending was the Lord in applying his Word with sweet power! On one occasion these words were made very sweet: "So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty." I instantly replied, "My beauty, Lord?" Then followed a sense of my ugliness as a sinner. I was all corruption, filth, baseness, vileness, and wretchedness. "My beauty?" I cried. The reply was as quick: "Through the comeliness which I have put upon thee." "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

Feeling by faith to stand washed in the blood of Jesus, and clothed in his righteousness, this wedding garment of the saints, is the third heaven the soul can be raised to in the wilderness. What peace, joy, comfort, and delight the soul feels! This is the fruit of sanctified affliction.

On another occasion, these words came with sweet power: "For he is *thy* Lord; and worship thou him." I kept saying over and over in my mind, "*Thy* Lord; *thy* Lord. What! *My* Lord?" Faith had its full hold. I felt the time, the day had come. I "wanted nothing."

"If Christ be mine, I want no more;
What can I want beside?"

I felt my mind saying, "Then, if my Lord, he is also my Husband, Father, Brother, Salvation, Righteousness, Glory, and my All and in all." I had many great and sore troubles, but the dear Lord blessed my soul indeed. I have told you a little. Let us bless his holy Name for ever and ever.

Dec. 7th, 1876.

Yours affectionately,
JNO. FORSTER.

My dear and much-afflicted and greatly-bereaved Brother in Hope of Eternal Life, throughour Lord Jesus Christ,—My heart's desire is that the Lord will comfort your soul abundantly in this heavy and sore trouble. It is truly trying to nature to be thus bereaved of one so near and so very dear as a helper in this vale of sorrows and conflicts with the threefold enemy, one who has been made partaker of like precious faith with you in both spiritual and temporal trials. You have worked and worried together; and no one on earth can, in the above matters, take her place. But, dear brother, there is a Jesus, a Saviour, a Benefactor in heaven, who is able to save in all troubles and in every danger and strait. He can give you help, and bring you forth from affliction to praise him and say,

"I know, in all that has befel,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

May the Lord bless you with resignation to his holy will. He cannot deny himself. He will give you all that he has that is needful for you, whatever he takes away. Our dear Lord said, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," &c. (Jno. xvii. 24.) He will gather his lilies out of his garden; he has a right to them. He created and made them; and having formed them for his praise, he claims them. And what a mercy it is that he will have them! And wondrous it is indeed

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity."

Give my love to your dear child, and all that are with you and dear to you as children. May the God of their father and their mother be theirs; and may they be led to seek him, and to follow after her and all who have entered into the joys prepared for every suffering saint. So prays

Your very unworthy but truly sympathizing Brother in the Gospel of Christ Jesus, our only Hope,
Allington, July 17th, 1875.

E. PORTER.

My dear Friend,—I am, through mercy, brought on thus far. Since my letter has been on the wrapper of the "Gospel Standard" I have had several letters to sympathize with me. Many are glad that the Lord has favoured me at this particular time. Hymn 11 suits me. The work is revived and

"I weep to the praise of the mercy I've found."

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

I meditate upon the goodness and mercy that God has bestowed upon me, and that his consolations should be enjoyed when needed. Trials and crosses we must have. The real gold is to be tried in the fire. If we are destitute of that we are poor indeed. "Take away the dross from the silver, and there cometh forth a vessel for the finer." If we are to go to heaven we must be made fit for heaven. Sanctified afflictions are great mercies; and all things work together for good to them that love God.

"O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought."

I have not been to chapel the last fortnight. My voice is no better, my throat very sore, and at times my cough is very troublesome. May the Lord give me patience.

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away."

At present I have no hope of coming to see the friends at Abingdon. Give my love to the deacons and any inquiring friends, especially to the afflicted.

Yours affectionately,
Oakham, Nov. 6th, 1863. W. TIPTAFT.

My dear Friend,—I should be sadly lacking in both spirit and manners if I were to delay to reciprocate and echo your kind greeting. At the same time, if I must express myself unreservedly and candidly, it must be in the language of lamentation, though it is painful to me to do so. It has been my lot, for some time past, to "walk in darkness, and to have no light;" that is, comparatively.

"I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,
And am but barren still."

Barren in prayer, in reading the precious Word of God, in speaking in his holy Name, though the friends speak of being comforted, while I am comfortless. Although favoured temporarily with every needful blessing, and supplied with food, raiment, health, strength, and the use of every natural member and mental faculty, I feel, painfully and sorrowfully feel, the

present lack of that which can alone make me happy,—the sacred presence, love, and blessing of Christ in my heart.

“The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.”

But enough of this. I do not wish to make you or any one else sad by the doleful rehearsal of my sadness. My prayer is: “Thy will be done. Lord, give me patience and submission. Keep me from murmuring, fretfulness, and repining. Make me and keep me humble, meek, and lowly; and help me to wait till the day shall again dawn, and these shadows shall have fled away.”

Salford, Dec. 25th, 1876.

S. A. S.

ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.

DEAR Lord, and can it really be
That I have *now* a part in thee,
And that I shall, when call'd to die,
For ever dwell with thee on high?

Ah! When of thy dear saints I read,
I ask, Can *I* be one indeed?

O! Can I be of God beloved,
In Christ accepted and approved?

O! Is it true that Christ did die
A cursed death for such as I?
Were all my sins, that vast amount,
Put to my Surety Christ's account?

And is it so, that Christ is made
My Righteousness which cannot fade,
Which in God's sight will glorious be
Through time and in eternity?

For ever be thy Name adored!
What shall I render to thee, Lord?
Take me and make me wholly thine,
And let thy image in me shine.

April 1, 1876.

A. H.

HE wants no company who hath Christ for his Companion.
—*Sibbes*.

THE soul is immortal. It will have a sensible being for ever. None can kill the soul. If all the angels in heaven and all the men on earth should lay all their strength together, they cannot kill or annihilate one soul. No; I will speak without fear. If it may be said, God cannot do what he will not do, then he cannot annihilate the soul; but, notwithstanding all the wrath and the vengeance that he will inflict on sinful souls, they yet shall abide with sensible beings, yet to endure, yet to bear punishment.—*Bunyan*.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—Two or three Christian friends have lately pointed out to me a difficulty in David's words in Ps. xviii. 21–23. I should like a lucid and satisfactory explanation.

According to the dates in the marginal references, these words were uttered many years after David's great fall, and, in fact, not long before his "last words." (2 Sam. xxii. margin.) If so, how can verse 21 be true? But the *heading* to the psalm rather intimates that it was penned *earlier*. In that case even, in what sense might such language be employed by a man truly convinced of sin? It seems hardly admissible, either, that David is here typifying Christ. (Ver. 23.)

I trust I do not make this inquiry from a critical motive, but for edification.

London, Jan. 15th, 1877.

W. W.

REPLY.

When you ask for a lucid and satisfactory explanation of certain expressions of the psalmist in Ps. xviii., we fear that you impose upon us too great a task. We will do our best to give our own opinion in as clear a way as we can, but are afraid of being too positive, lest we should expose ourselves, like the scribes of old, to the rebuke, "Ye fools and blind." Alas! There is so much stupidity, ignorance, and misconception as to divine things about us that we feel it becoming, even when we express a somewhat decided opinion, to do it with humility, rather seeking to help our readers to form a judgment than to impose ours upon them.

We certainly believe that at whatever period Ps. xviii. may, as a composition, have been written, it expresses the feelings and represents the condition of the psalmist as lately delivered from the hand of Saul, and confirmed on the throne of Israel. It is *as if written* before his great fall. We read of David's first ways; a cloud fell over him in his latter years. He prays in Ps. li. that God would "renew a right spirit within him." A right spirit is a steadfast one, such as he was given when he "kept himself" from his iniquity, probably the very kind of iniquity into which he afterwards fell. The psalmist in his latter days went more halting than in his earlier ones, as we see from the Scriptures. The sins of youth, a solemn warning, tripped up the heels of ripened years. Grace preserved the youth of David; lust for a season overpowered the older years. David, too, in adversity shone more brightly than David in prosperity. The wilderness was a better school of godliness than the palace and a throne.

When the psalmist uses the above expressions, we understand him to write the truth, and to signify what was really the prevailing bias of his mind, the ordinary posture and condition of his soul before God, and the general course of his conduct as be-

fore men, during the period of his life referred to. Such was he through the upholding, prevailing, governing grace of God. We also consider that, even in these respects, he principally refers to himself as a public character. Thus in Ps. xxvi. he evidently vindicates himself from the false charges, made against him by Nabal and others, of being a factious, rebellious man, instead of having, in reference to Saul and the people of Israel, conducted himself with the greatest integrity. Thus it might be consistent with deep self-abasement before God to repel, with a sort of holy indignation, the false charges of men, and to maintain in various respects his integrity and upright dealings.

We do not, then, understand David to refer here to what he was in a legal sense before God, or to use language inconsistent with a deep conviction of sin, and a sense of inbred corruption. Similarly Paul who, in 1 Tim. i., styles himself "chief of sinners," and in Rom. vii. groans under the burden and power of indwelling sin, appeals to the Thessalonians, and says, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." There had been nothing in his spirit and conduct, as manifested toward or before the Thessalonians, that they could properly point to and say was inconsistent with his profession as a Christian, or office as an apostle. So it was with Daniel as before Darius. But now let these men go before God; and how they will abase themselves there! "Enter not into judgment with thy servant;" "Though I be nothing;" "My comeliness is turned in me into corruption;" are the expressions before God. False accusation may sometimes warrant self-assertion and self-vindication before men, even from those whose expression before God is,

"Dust and ashes is my name."

Well, then, we consider

1. That the psalmist did, by the great grace of God, particularly as a public character, and in reference to his dealings with Saul, walk greatly as in the fear of God, and with very great tenderness and uprightness as before and towards men.

2. That such a course of conduct was necessary for the carrying out, with what we may call a divine propriety, God's purposes and promises as to this world concerning him. So it was with Abraham. (Gen. xviii. 19.) Because, so far as this life is concerned, a certain conduct may necessarily involve certain consequences. The elect thief must suffer on a cross the human penalty attached to his crime. David's great fall could not destroy his soul, but it brought great temporal adversity. God's justice and holiness must to some extent be thus vindicated before men. Thus there may be a too-late, as to the law and time, though there can be none as to a timeless eternity.

3. We believe that it is more especially in reference to himself, as the future king of Israel, that the psalmist writes in this psalm. Though even as to his general state of soul, we believe

it was most healthy when he was most tried, and considerably decayed when he had more outward prosperity.

4. It appears to us that the psalmist was a great type of Christ, particularly in respect to his public character and position. He seems in his career of adversity and conflict, and then of triumph, to point to Christ as first in humiliation, and then in glory. Therefore, the language of this psalm, though really referring to David, rises, at times, in such a way as to plainly point to Christ. It was as anointed king that David was peculiarly the man after God's own heart, and typified the Lord Jesus.

5. We may add that, as to David's great fall, it seems to have been permitted of God to lead him into a fuller and deeper acquaintanceship with the depravity of his heart, and more plainly to prove that only One can be called "That Just One;" even the Lord Jesus. Thus, too, the work of grace was carried forward in his soul; and though, in a gospel sense, the description of his former state in Ps. xviii. was true, and might seem to contrast even sadly with his latter, still it shows a real progress when, in heart feeling, "Behold, I am vile," is a more congenial expression to us, and more represents the state of our minds, than "I will maintain my integrity."

6. Observe, too, that God's people are trees of righteousness which bring forth their fruits in their season; seasonable, suitable fruits, according to their states and conditions. David, having kept himself from his iniquity, and walked by God's grace so uprightly before God and towards man, could write Ps. xviii.; but David having sinned so grievously in the matter of Uriah's wife, has to write in a different strain, and pens Ps. li. Cain, born in the image of fallen Adam, would still be as if unfallen; Abel, through the grace of God, came to him with a lamb for a burnt offering, a bloody sacrifice.

7. Lastly, we would just observe, in reference to a former remark, that it should never be forgotten that this psalm is an absolutely inspired composition. The psalmist did not write when and how he liked. He did not sit down, as we do, to pen just the present feelings of his mind in words chosen by himself. Consequently, the Holy Spirit of God may have caused him to write as if he was carried back into a former period of his life, and thus both the title to the psalm and the date assigned in the margin for its composition may be brought into harmony.

We know not whether our remarks will prove to the inquirer lucid and satisfactory; but perhaps we may in them prove a helper of his joy, if not a lord over his judgment.

WHEN a child of God wants peace, he can have no peace till God speaks it.—*Goodwin.*

THAT one particular man should represent all the elect in himself, and that the most righteous should die as a sinner by the hand of a just and holy God, is a mystery of the greatest depth.—*Bunyan.*

Obituary.

ALFRED SAUNDERS.—On March 24th, 1876, aged 45, Alfred Saunders, a member of the church at Zoar, Dicker.

Not knowing much of the early life of my friend, I asked him, on one of my visits, to favour me in writing with a little of the Lord's dealings with his soul in his early life. The following is his letter to me:

"My dear Pastor,—I believe I became a solitary one early in life. I can remember, when five years old, what fears I had of dying, and that the house would blow down. If my head ached, or I heard of death in the neighbourhood, it filled me with terror and fear. I was called the stillest boy that went to school; but, being left by my parents, and left to profane the Sabbath and run about or do just as I pleased on the Sabbath, I soon began to go from bad to worse, and went on sinning and repenting, and kept my trouble to myself. I remember I once thought that if I could pray and do better, how happy I should be. I tried; but still I was only more miserable. If a dark cloud arose, I was so afraid it would thunder, and that I should be struck dead with lightning. I often promised to do better, and then my trouble went off; but I soon went into sin again. Still I had many checks of conscience, or I had gone much further into open sin than I did.

"I came along in this way till we were great rough boys, and minded little what was said to us. I well remember, one Sunday evening, mother wanting us to read a chapter, which she very seldom did; my father never took any book to read himself, and, therefore, these things were sadly neglected by us. When bed-time came, there was I, distressed and afraid to go to sleep, lest I should awake in hell. O! What a sinner I have been, none but God and my own soul know. I sinned against light and knowledge. I had been to play all that day when mother asked me to read a chapter. I shall never forget that solemn time. This was the first time that real spiritual convictions seized my mind. As soon as I sat down, I had such a feeling sense of being a lost sinner that I burst out crying; and then such a sight of that horrible place prepared for sinners, and my just deserts to be sent there, I felt I was sure to be sent to hell for all eternity. I could not read. I cannot describe my feelings. My father and mother wanted to know what was the matter with me; but all I could tell them was, 'O! I shall be judged by this Book.' I felt the earth would open and swallow me up. I felt more and more daily, 'O! I shall be lost, lost! I shall be lost.' This was now my chief trouble.

"I now tried to amend my life; but I was always failing in every attempt, my conscience accusing me in this and in that. I knew nothing of the way and plan of salvation. I thought it must be by good works; but, as I failed in every attempt, I became distressed beyond measure, and roared out, 'O that I had never been born!' I am sure there is no trouble like soul trouble.

"My father, at this time, used a little land, and I had to work with him on the land. These things working on my mind made me very particular to do that which was right to my father. I now began to go to chapel; but this caused quite a separation between my father and me, and caused things to work very uncomfortably. But I could not give up going to chapel. I tried all I could to please him. I went quick if sent; I took all the care I could; and I tried to keep everything up to the mark. He did not find fault with my work; but it was my religion now, and my chapel-going. This made me more and more particular in my work, and to try to please him. The fear of the Lord in my heart

prompted me to do all that I could for him and to please him. I had to go out to work, at times, for farmers; and this fear of the Lord in me always kept me from getting behind in the morning, or from idling away my time. It made me do what was just and right. I was always expecting that persons were watching for my halting; but I was not an eye-servant; I was working as in the sight of God.

"I do hope that, at these times, I felt a little of the precious love of God shed abroad in my heart, and a good hope, at times, which seemed a little earnest of that inheritance that is prepared for them that love God. How precious these things were to me! If a man has the fear of God in his heart, enjoying an earnest of that inheritance, you may trust him with untold gold, or whatever you like. He will give in the right number. What a swift witness is a tender conscience! And how it will lash a poor mortal for a wrong word or action of the minutest form! These things have abode with me; so that I have not done these things to be seen of men, but to try to keep a conscience void of offence, and to do what is right before God and man. I always felt that I should receive my wages, and that I must be careful to do enough. And I always feel I would rather do a little *more* than come a little *under* what is right before God.

"I may tell you a little of the warfare between the flesh and the spirit; for my flesh was always fighting against being so particular. Others were not; and why should I be? But the fear of God taught me to be honest in my labour. I would rather be imposed upon a little than take the least advantage of my employer. It will not make any difference if an employer is 50 miles off or at home. O the fear of the Lord! How many evils it keeps one from! Read that precious hymn:

"'Mercy is welcome news indeed.'

It has been a very precious hymn to me many times.

"I then took a job of draining,—another man and I together. Our agreement was such a depth, and so much per rood. He would often complain of me because I was so particular about the depth. He said, 'No other man would be so particular; and we shall not get on with it if you are so particular.' But this passage kept coming to me: 'A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.' And this: 'He that loveth father or mother, &c., more than me, is not worthy of me.' So that I felt the Word of God hedged me in on all sides. And the Word of God used to strengthen me also, and make me willing to labour for the bread that perisheth, and to provide things honest in the sight of all men.

"I often feel that, if ever I shall land in glory, I shall have cause to sing the loudest of free and sovereign grace. But there seems to be a peradventure. I have so many fears. I am not satisfied; the way is so narrow. Mr. Hart says,

"'Deep quagmires choke the way;
Corruptions foul and thick;
Whose stench infects the air, and makes
The strongest traveller sick.'

Notice the words: 'Corruptions foul and thick;' and all in a man's own heart. Sometimes I have felt full of rebellion to think that the Lord should elect some and leave some. How hard, I thought, it was! And to be a Christian and a poor man seemed impossible. To think the Lord should make such laws, and the way to heaven so narrow, a man might as well give up and not trouble about it; for if he is to be saved he will. You see how the corruptions rose up. O! What things we cannot quell nor rout, and blasphemously obscene! I have not a stone to cast at the vilest sinner.

“With my very kind love to you, I remain, yours sincerely, Alfred Saunders. Aug. 5th, 1875.”

He came before the church, and was received, and baptized by Mr. Cowper in 1856. He told me on his death-bed that he wondered what Mr. Cowper could say about him as he led him down into the water. When Mr. C. took his hand to lead him down, he said, “Now, friends, here is a young man that cannot say much for Jesus; but he feels he can die for him.” He said the words broke his heart. He continued a consistent liver of the profession he had made, and an honourable member of the church till the day of his death.

The first alarming symptoms appeared early in the spring of 1875. He was shooting sacks of wheat. He was a grinder in a windmill. He had a little cough, and spat a good deal; and then he thought he tasted blood. He got a light, and went to see, and found he had lost a quantity of blood. He said, “I never had anything give me such a shock before. Truly any one could have knocked me down with a feather. I shook from head to foot; and my heart swelled up so that I could scarcely speak.” Then Hymn 469 came to him:

“My soul, this curious house of clay,” &c.

He read the hymn down till he came to verse 4:

“I feel this mud-wall’d cottage shake,”

and said, “I could go no further. I could not say the next line; but I know it must soon fall. I feel the walls are getting thinner, and the flesh is wasting upon my bones, and I feel and believe the inside is in a bad state. O! How I try to beg for patience and resignation, to be kept humble, and to put my trust in the Lord alone! I want to feel more of the spirit of prayer poured out upon me, and to be helped to live more to the glory of God. I often wonder how it will be with me when I come into the swellings of Jordan; but, at times, I have a hope that my sins are pardoned and put away through the precious blood of Christ, through rich, free, and sovereign grace alone. But I feel I cannot exalt and extol him as I would, I am such a shortcoming creature.”

His bodily strength now began to fail him; and pastor, people, wife, and family, saw that the Lord was about to take him from them. His tabernacle was quietly taken down.

He lived about two and a half miles from the chapel, and this distance was as much as he could manage. I believe he often came when really not able; but he loved the house of God and the Lord’s people.

On July 22nd, he wrote to me as follows:

“My dear Pastor,—I hope I had a little of the love of God shed abroad in my heart this morning. I was awake about three o’clock this morning, mourning over my sad state. I poured out my heart before the Lord. ‘O that it were with me as in months past!’ This seemed my earnest desire, when I felt a blessed hope spring up in my soul, and tears of love and gratitude flowed freely from my eyes. I felt as glad and thankful for this as a drowning man would be to take hold of a rope. These blessed words were spoken softly to my soul: ‘My soul, hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him.’ O! What a blessing these words were to me! How I did wish the dear Lord would stay with me! The visit was short; and I felt my case described in Song v. 5, 6; but still I do feel a little softness on my spirit this evening. It has strengthened my soul, and sharpened my appetite for spiritual things. I feel a longing in my soul. I thought of the redeemed souls in glory:

“‘Once they were mourning here below,’ &c.

“I had been ready to give up all for lost, at times; but now I felt I would not part with my hope for all the world. I wish I could feel more grateful for his great and unspeakable gift.”

I went to see him a few days after this. He said, "I think my religion never seemed at so low an ebb before; I am waiting for the Lord to appear. I want another manifestation of his love to my soul. I fear, after all my profession, I shall come to nothing." But as we got on a little in conversation I hope the Lord appeared a little. The Spirit brought a few things to his remembrance, and we found the last precious visit was not quite forgotten. We remembered him from Mizar's hill and Hermon's mount. I left him desiring a new manifestation from Jesus to his soul.

On Nov. 2nd, 1875, I received the following:

"My dear Pastor,—It has been on my mind to write you a line, to ask you to call upon me. I want to see you very much. I am afraid I shall never be able to get to the Dicker again, to meet the friends in the solemn worship of God, a privilege I have loved and esteemed. And I believe I can say that my soul has been fed with the Word of God, and the precious gospel under your ministry. You will say this is strong language. I am aware that it is, and I have been looking at it to see if it is presumption. My conscience does not accuse me; so I dare not deny it. I want to see you, that we may once more give each other the right hand of fellowship in love and union. I feel there is a real union of spirit that will never be dissolved, being interested in that blessed covenant of grace. You will, I think, be surprised at my writing so confidently; but I have had a little sweet feeling this afternoon, so that I am not afraid to speak. My hope is revived. The Lord will appear. How precious to the soul after long seasons of darkness!"

I went to see him the next day; and with weeping eyes we gave each other the right hand of fellowship in love and sincere affection. We wept together, we read the Word together, we bowed the knee together, we conversed on the things of God together, with a spirit of real union. He was still very comfortable in mind, though very ill in body, and suffering much pain and extreme weakness. The fear of death was taken away. He said, "I can leave my dear wife and my two sons in the hands of the Lord. I am only waiting for the Lord to take me; but I wish to lie passive in his hands, and to be the clay and the Lord the Potter."

I called again in a day or two, and found him longing to go home, but grieved because the church knew but so little of him. He said, "When I came before them, I could not say anything, and I was surprised they received me." He wept, and said, "I wish I could give my friends a better account of the Lord's dealings with me." I said, "Well, what shall I tell them?" He said, "They don't know, many of them, how I came by my religion, or whether I have any or not. But tell them I am a poor sinner deserving everlasting punishment, but that I have a blessed hope, through the sovereign grace of God, that I shall reach heaven, and join with all the redeemed in the everlasting song of praise to him who hath loved me and washed me in his blood. To him be all the praise for ever and ever." He now felt a little relieved in his mind; but it was too much for his body, being quite overcome with feeling, and weeping with the goodness of God to him. I left him bathed in tears.

The last letter I received from him was dated Dec. 3rd, 1875. I called soon after and found him in bed, gradually coming down, and the flesh wasting fast upon him. He showed me his limbs, from which the flesh was wasting, and said, "This is death; but I am not afraid to die. I am longing for the time. I can leave all here,—wife and sons, in the hands of the Lord. The Lord will provide."

He lasted longer than any of us expected, but bore it very patiently, becoming weaker very gradually. I called as often as I could, but he

could not bear much conversation at a time. He was much kept alive in soul till the last. His mind was altogether exercised upon spiritual things, and time things seemed to leave him.

I called upon him on Jan. 26th, as I was going to Trowbridge for a fortnight. We then took what we thought was our last farewell of each other, not thinking it possible we should ever meet again. The tears rolled down his cheeks as we rose from our knees to take the hand for the last time; and while he desired the blessing of the Lord on the pastor and church, and on his wife and family, it seemed more than we could bear.

Feb. 11th.—Still in the body, and both surprised. He said, "I thought I should have gone home before now. I am only waiting. No fear of death. Very comfortable." I called several times; but he could not hold much conversation, but was always pleased to see me, and very warmly shook hands in a very expressive manner.

He was tried, more or less, to the end; but still the Lord gave him strength equal to the day. He arranged about his funeral, chose his bearers, committed his wife into the hands of the Lord, feeling they were called to part for a little season, but that they would soon meet in heaven, and committed his sons into the Lord's hand, to preserve and keep them.

March 11th.—I called to see him, and found him very ill indeed. The thrush was upon him, which continued till the end. His mouth and throat were in a very bad state. Conversation was too much for him. He said, "I have got a hope. I am not afraid to die. It will be well." But the enemy did not leave him till death. He was very much tried, at times, to the end. I can truly say that he did indeed sink very low, and rise very high. Many very precious things he said in very short sentences.

About March 20th he said to his wife (he could now only speak in a whisper), "I have got that full assurance now that all is right." But, thinking she might not quite understand, he repeated the words; and his eye seemed bright with joy. After this he said but little, for nature seemed quite exhausted. He took nothing for the last week. This was the sealing of the Spirit of promise, as the earnest of his inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession. (Eph. i. 13, 14; iv. 30.) On the 24th he fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Thus died a loving husband, a kind father, a quiet, consistent member of the church, a praying man, and a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Whitesmith, Hawkhurst.

WILLIAM VINE.

WILLIAM TOWNSEND.—On July 18th, 1876, aged 75, William Townsend, of Blunsdon.

I received, some short time ago, several letters, sent to me for the purpose of gathering from them a little account for the "G. S." of the late Mr. Townsend, a deacon of the Strict Baptist church, Blunsdon, Wilts. Having heard so good an account of him from various friends, I was willing to comply with the wish of those who forwarded me the letters, as well as other friends of the departed, in putting together a few particulars of Mr. Townsend's call by grace, and his subsequent experience. But in reading over the letters, I have regretted that they furnish no particulars about his call by grace. It does not appear that any of his surviving friends are able to give any information about the Lord's dealings with him at the commencement of his spiritual life. In the absence of

such information, I have thought it best to omit altogether such particulars sent me as merely refer to his character as a natural man, and when a stranger to God, and forward the few particulars only which have reference to his character as a believer in Jesus, and to his last affliction and death, which took place some time during the past year.

A surviving deacon at Blunsdon, in writing of Mr. Townsend, says:

"I cannot give any information as to the means of my dear friend's call by grace; but I remember that he, with four others, used to come from Castle Eaton to hear the late Mr. Shorter, who was then pastor of the church at Blunsdon. The word was very much blessed to him, particularly on one occasion. I have heard him say he felt he could leap over the stiles on his way home, which lay across the fields.

"He was amongst the first who joined the church when it was formed by Mr. Shorter, in 1834, some time before our dear friend came to live at Blunsdon. He continued a consistent member till his death. He was chosen deacon several years ago.

"He was the most humble, childlike man I ever knew, and very highly favoured of the Lord. Very many times I have heard him speak of the goodness of the Lord to him. We have often had some sweet conversation together on the things of God. Indeed, it was his element to be talking of a precious Christ. He was a kind man, ever willing to communicate to the necessities of saints, and greatly beloved by all. The loss of such a good and gracious man is much felt by myself and others.

"I cannot say much of his last days, as the nature of his complaint prevented him saying much. At times he said some precious things. Some of the friends saw him occasionally, and he much enjoyed a chapter or hymn read to him, sometimes commenting on it a little."

Another friend writes:

"Our dear departed brother was glad to see God's ministers and children at his house, and would say, 'This is company I do love.' His countenance and actions also bespoke the same. He was also particularly fond of the company of the young of the Lord's flock, and had a nice way of speaking a word in season to such."

One of his children, in referring to his last affliction, says:

"During his illness, his mind was much impaired for three months, gradually getting worse. It was not my privilege to be with him much during that time, but some of the friends speak of having some sweet seasons with him. At one time, I remember being with him. Mrs. G. was there also. I had read a chapter to him before she came, and he leaned up in bed and prayed. Then she read a hymn, and he prayed again. She spoke encouragingly to him, as to how many had felt lifted up and encouraged through hearing him pray in public. After she was gone, I said, 'Father, Mrs. G. has gone to the prayer-meeting.' He said, 'We have had a prayer-meeting here.' He seemed in a good frame of mind, though at that time his sentences were much broken.

"His affliction was a very trying one. After he was removed to Highworth, it sometimes took three or four people to hold him in bed. But, all through his illness, the dear Lord was very merciful to keep him from uttering bad language. Friend T. says that, of all men living, he was the one he thought to have heard many good things from when he came to die. But it shows that the Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts.

"On the Friday before he died he said, 'Good hope—Light—Light—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' My sister said, 'Dear father! The victory's won. You are going home.' He seemed to nod, but never spoke or was sensible after, though he lived four days, but continued convulsed. He had some most distressing fits on the last day, till within ten minutes of his death, when he said, 'Quiet, quiet,' and breathed his last!

“He was a most tender and affectionate parent, and I have no doubt our loss is his gain.”

Devizes.

C. HEMINGTON.

FANNY NICHOLAS.—On July 23rd, 1875, aged 39, Fanny Nicholas, of Cuckfield, Sussex.

I believe my dear mother was brought to see herself a sinner before a holy God some years ago, although it was not until her last illness that I heard her speak of anything particular. At the commencement of her illness, she said she had no desire to get better if the dear Lord would grant her what she wanted.

One morning she said, “Bless his holy Name for giving such a sinful wretch as I feel myself to be the least hope in his mercy! I hope I shall crown his precious head in heaven.” At another time she said, “If the dear Lord should be pleased to raise me up again, I feel I should need his presence every moment of my life, I feel so utterly helpless in myself. I could no more raise one heartfelt desire to heaven than create a world. Satan tells me it is all a delusion, and that I am a hypocrite; but if the Lord never intended to bless me, surely he never would have shown me what he has. I have proved Satan to be a liar, and yet I am often believing what he tells me. What a burden this poor weak body is to me! How it clogs my soul! How prone am I to depart from the dearest Desire of my heart!”

At another time she held out her hand, with tears running down her cheeks for joy, and said, “I am much weaker, but was never more happy. Bless the Lord, O my soul! He is come! Bless his holy Name!” This most blessed frame lasted for two days. Her mother said, “I am afraid you will talk too much.” She said, “I must talk.” When her mother was about to leave her in the evening, she said, “If we never see each other again, you will not sorrow as those without hope;” as she thought her time here would be very short.

She used often to remark the goodness of God as a God of providence to her, as everything came that she could take just when she needed it. She said the Lord always knew what was necessary for her, and she felt grieved because she had not a more thankful heart for his many mercies.

On asking her one morning what sort of a night she had had, she said she had had no rest on account of a conflict with the enemy. But she said the Lord was always better to her than her fears, and gave her strength enough and none to spare.

Some time before she died, she had a very blessed manifestation of the Lord to her soul. On asking her how she felt, she said, “I cannot tell you half what I feel. I was begging of the dear Lord to come and bless me in the night, and he came. And O! What a sight it was! I could see that my sins were all put away for ever when he cried on Calvary’s cross, ‘It is finished.’ It seemed more than I could bear, and I was obliged to cry out, ‘Lord, stay now thy hand; it is more than I can bear.’”

Throughout all her sufferings she was never heard to murmur, but bore everything with the greatest patience. She often said, “I want to go home. I hope the dear Lord will give me patience to wait his time.” For some time before she died she could speak very little, but said she felt a firm resting on the Rock of ages, saying, “Surely he will never leave me now. If I perish, it must be at his feet; and surely I shall not perish there. He never would have given me such love to his dear self if he did not intend to take me to be for ever with him. When I do get safe to glory, I think I shall sing the loudest throughout the countless ages of eternity.”

A few days before she died she said she felt quite safe. On the evening before she died I took her something to refresh her. She said, "I shall soon be feasting on Jesu's never-ending love. Do not grieve for me. I long to go." She tried to say something more, but was quite exhausted; and I never heard her speak again. In about two hours a great change was visible. I asked her if she was happy. She could not speak, but pressed my hand twice, as she had promised to do if she could not speak, and then was gone to be for ever with the Lord.

Cuckfield.

J. NICHOLAS.

RICHARD LEWIS.—On Nov. 22nd, 1876, aged 82, Richard Lewis, of Woodcot, for 41 years a consistent member of the church of Christ meeting at Goring Heath.

Our late dear friend was well taught the desperate wickedness of his heart by the Holy Spirit. Though he had, by reason of his years, grown weak and childish, yet in him was seen what sovereign grace can do, as superabounding over the decay of nature; for truly he was strengthened with might by the Spirit to enable him to make a good end in the Lord.

When in his natural state, he drank into all the vanities and pleasures of the world, and ran with the giddy multitude to do evil. His first convictions seized him while in the Church of England. He was brought to a solemn conviction that he was in a natural state. This brought him into great distress about his never-dying soul. He was brought to feel that, if he died in his natural state, he would never go to heaven. The Lord gave him godly sorrow for sin; and with humility of mind he was taught to deny himself for the sake of Christ. In this way he was brought out of the world, and separated from it.

He used to speak of the way in which he was brought to discover the majesty and justice of God's law, and how it demanded strict obedience. The dreadful sentence sounded in his ears: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them." He thus discovered that he needed a better righteousness than his own. In the Lord's time the Saviour was revealed to him, and the Spirit blessed his soul with a felt interest in his blood, so that he was enabled to rejoice and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and receive him as his atonement and only hope of getting to heaven. He could never speak of this time without tears. He would say, "Ah! When God's law entered my heart, I dropped like a bird shot." And then he would recount his wondrous deliverances.

Richard came before the church at Goring Heath, and was baptized, with six others, on June 14th, 1835.

I took the opportunity of visiting him on Sunday evening, Nov. 19th, and found him confined to his bed. I could see that he was fast closing his mortal career. I asked him how he felt in his mind. He shook his head, and said he did not feel as he should like, that Jesus was gone, and he felt dark. I reminded him that Jesus said, "I will see you again," and spoke of his going away that he might send the Comforter. I then read Jno. xvi. He requested me to kneel down and pray that God would manifest his presence. I did so, and tried to ask for fresh applications of the blood of atonement. Richard joined his voice with mine, saying, "Amen. Ah! That is what I want." A violent fit of coughing came on, which required for his position to be altered to relieve him. So I took my leave, feeling that I had given a final farewell to him in this world. On my way to Pangbourne, I was enabled to plead with the Lord that he would light him safely through the river of death, and give him an abundant entrance into the realms of bliss.

The next day he was visited by Mr. Winkworth, one of the deacons of

the church, who found him still dark in his mind. The enemy was worrying him about his temporal concerns. He said to Mr. W., "The Lord has shone into my soul; I can testify *that*." When Mr. W. was coming away, Richard said, "I want four of my brothers to carry me." He then named them. Mr. W. said, "Well, Richard, where the Lord has begun a work, he will never leave it." He replied, "I am sure of that; and I know that the Lord *has* shone into my soul, and that he will again. The devil much tried me yesterday. I thought he would have overcome me." His strength would not permit him to say more. His concern about his temporal matters was very great. It was as if the enemy was having his last tug at him.

For some hours before his death, a calm sweet expression settled on his features, and he did not want any one to disturb him. His lips moved, as if talking with some one near; and I am told that an expression of happiness and satisfaction beamed in his countenance. And no wonder; for I believe Jesus was folding and fording his happy spirit safe over the Jordan of death. Thus he passed away; and I bless the Lord that my poor cry was answered.

Reading.

J. D.

ELIZABETH MANSON.—On Sept. 7th, 1876, aged 23, Elizabeth Manson, of Manchester.

Elizabeth Manson was from a child of a gay and wilful disposition, so much so as to be a source of great anxiety to myself and her mother. Many were the prayers offered at the throne of grace on her behalf, and many admonitions she received, without any apparent effect, until soon after her marriage, in 1874. In the providence of God, she then had to leave Manchester to live in Glasgow, where, it appears, she first became anxious about her soul. The first intimation we had of a change in her was her telling us of the visits of an old man, a Scripture reader. The visits and conversations of this person made her think seriously of her father's home; and, like the prodigal, she wished to return, for she began to experience a want the world could not satisfy.

Very soon her desire was granted; for, her health failing, she had to return home. It soon became evident to us that a change had taken place. She did not seem to care for her former company, and asked many questions about soul matters, and seemed very anxious about her future state. Being very close-minded, she did not often speak; but the time came when she was compelled to speak out.

She became very ill in body, and eternal realities pressed heavily upon her mind. Then she confessed that she felt herself to be a poor, helpless, miserable sinner, and that, if Christ did not save her, she would certainly be lost. On one occasion she seemed very low in mind; and I felt constrained to speak to her about the better things. I endeavoured to point her to the Saviour of sinners; but she said, "I feel too worthless for the Lord to look upon." I brought to her mind the thief on the cross, and his prayer: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." She said, "Ah! The Lord enabled him to pray that prayer; but I feel I cannot pray." She then begged me to pray for her. I reminded her also of the poor publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." She said "Yes, that suits me better."

On another occasion, she was visited by a neighbour, who pressed her earnestly to believe. She said, "I cannot believe; I wish I could." He said, "If you will do as I tell you, you will be saved." She answered quickly, "Why! That would be man saving me. Don't you think, if a man could save me, my father would? No; that won't do for me." At this time she was very ill, and we all expected her death; but

she told her sister afterwards that these words came forcibly to her mind: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." She felt satisfied the Lord would not let her die in her sinful state, which she lived to prove in a wonderful manner.

She now began to have a ray of hope that the Lord would appear for her in his own time. On another occasion she had a severe attack of spasms, and was very dark in her mind. On recovery she said, "O father! Pray." I told her I had prayed for her 23 years. She said "O! Sing." I asked, "What shall we sing?" She answered,

"When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me;
Weep not for me."

Astonished, I asked, "Can you say that from your heart?" She answered, "I can. He never will forsake me. I am not afraid to die now." This blessed frame of mind lasted several days. From that time she was able to leave parents, husband, child, and all below, willing and anxious to depart.

On the following morning I asked her if she had any particular words applied to her mind whilst she was so ill. She said, "These words came with great comfort: 'I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'" She said,

"O what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love?"

After this, for a considerable time, she lay as if she had no care, blest with wonderful patience in her protracted sufferings, made willing to go, or wait the Lord's time. However, she revived so much as to get down stairs for a short time, to her great disappointment, and was left to sink very low in her mind.

She took to her bed for the last time on Aug. 18th, 1876. Being very low in body, I asked her, "Can you say, 'Christ is mine; he'll not forsake me?'" She answered, "Not at present; I wish I could have that blessed feeling again." In the morning, after passing a very restless night, she said to her mother, "It is come; it is come. Bless God for me. Help me to praise him." In a short time she said, "It is gone; I could not bear it long. I feel too weak to bear much. O! How I should like to see Mr. Taylor! I could tell him something now; I could not tell him anything before (referring to a former visit from Mr. T.), and I was quite afraid of him asking me any questions. I had nothing good to tell him; I felt so vile and worthless." Her mother asked her if any particular words had been applied to her which caused her to say, "It is come." She said, "Yes; 'This people have I formed for myself.'" Her mother said, "Yes; and 'they shall show forth my praise,' as you are doing now."

One Lord's day, about this time, she was again very low in mind. Whilst I was at chapel, I took particular notice of the hymns and text, and could not help thinking that she must be laid on the minister's mind, for the hymns and text seemed to be so applicable to her case. He read and spoke from Isa. xlii. One of the hymns was,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," &c.

It was the last line of this hymn that was so blessed to her at first. In the afternoon I read the hymns and text over to her, from which she seemed to receive great comfort.

In the following week, Mr. Taylor came again to see her. She was able to tell him of the great change that had taken place, and how she

had been blessed with the pardon of her sins, though she was not enjoying the sweetness of it then. He spoke very encouragingly to her, and she was much comforted by the visit. She said afterwards,

“I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight may take
To Him who is my All.”

Sometimes she was quite impatient to be gone; and whilst feeling so, these words came to her mind:

“Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bid I cannot die.”

She repeated it to her mother. Her mother said to her, “Do you feel you can wait the Lord's time now?” She said, “Yes; I do. ‘O death! Where is thy sting? O grave! Where is thy victory?’” She sank lower in body daily, and it was evident to all around that her time on earth was very short. As her outward man decayed, the inward man grew stronger and stronger. One day, during much bodily pain, she said,

“‘Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!’”

Again Mr. Taylor called to see her, and she told him, as well as weakness would allow, of several portions of Scripture that had been very sweet to her since his former visit. He read several hymns for her, which she enjoyed much; and before leaving he prayed that the enemy of souls might be kept at a distance from her. This prayer was answered in a blessed manner; for I do not remember her being so much harassed with doubts and fears after. She was longing to depart and be with Christ. Hymn 482 was especially sweet to her. Very often she held up her hands as long as she could, repeating, “Come, Lord Jesus, come.”

At another time, feeling very low in body, she said, very slowly, and with much feeling, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” She said, “Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.” Many times did she repeat this verse:

“The Saviour, whom I then shall see
With new, admiring eyes,
Already has prepared for me
A mansion in the skies.”

We could see that she felt the sweetness of what she was saying.

We shall not soon forget the last Lord's day she spent on earth. Several of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday school (Rochdale Road, where she was a scholar for many years) came to see her. Being so low, we were afraid to let them all up stairs at once; but when she knew they were down stairs, she desired that they should all come up together, for she wanted them to sing for her. They came, and wished to know what they must sing. She said,

“‘Yes, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.’”

They were too much affected to do anything but try. She did her best to help them, holding up her hands towards heaven, while a heavenly smile lighted up her countenance. She continued in this blessed frame of mind until the following Thursday morning, when she quietly fell asleep in Jesus. The last audible words she spoke were, “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord.”

Openshaw.

EDWARD BAILEY.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1877.

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

CONSCIENCE.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. HEMINGTON, AT THE OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL, DEVIZES, ON SUNDAY, JAN. 21ST, 1877.

“Having a good conscience.”—1 PET. III. 16.

“FOR 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 world.” If the outward life and practice of any who make a profession of religion be not according to the gospel, we have no scriptural warrant for believing that they are *in character* what they profess to be. The outward practical life is the only rule of judgment. That Christ gives. “Ye shall know them,” he says, “by their fruits.”

There may be, and no doubt there often is, a good outside appearance in a religious profession. The outward life and practice may be irreproachable; *i.e.*, according to what professors seem to be to us. There may be nothing, in fact, in a professor's external deportment to cause the least suspicion about his Christian character. The outside of the platter may be carefully wiped over every day; but the conscience may be defiled for all that. The more secret life and walk, as before God, may be anything but morally blameless; yea, there may be positive practical evil,—real practical inconsistency. Secret sin may be indulged in. Some evil habit may be yielded to, which, if known as openly to circumspect godly walkers as the secret sin or evil habit is known to God and to the inconsistent professor himself, would be a sufficient cause for laying character under suspicion, notwithstanding any amount of external consistency of life.

For the maintaining, then, a right walk, as before the Searcher of hearts, we need grace, and that grace in daily exercise, to enable us to look to conscience, and to watch against the conscience being defiled. Conscience is that mysterious faculty that bears its witness both for good and evil. It does this even in the bosom of the natural man. “Their conscience,” says the apostle, “also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing, or else excusing one another.” (Rom. ii. 15.) But with the real believer

in Christ it is a godly conscience, and is guided in its operations by the Spirit of God; and will commend or condemn, and bear its testimony either *for* or *against* the believer, according to his life, walk, and conduct both towards God and towards man. So that much of our peace of mind and liberty of spirit in the truth will be according to the favourable testimony of our conscience; and much of our legal bondage, and fears, and distress of mind, will be according to the charges of wrong-doing which conscience lays against us.

If we judge of the character of one another, it is the outward life, and the reason given of the hope that is professed, that is, for the most part, our rule of judgment. But if we judge ourselves personally, it is our own conscience that is our rule. Our judgment of one another, according to the rule of our outward life, might be a favourable judgment. But our personal judgment of ourselves, according to conscience, might, at the same time, be most unfavourable. If, then, we are real children of God, the favourable judgment which others may entertain of us will bring no real godly peace into our minds, unless we have the testimony of a good conscience towards God.

Real religion begins with convictions of conscience. We may succeed in conveying, by our preaching, notions of truth into people's minds; and their natural minds may be impressed with the truth they hear. But God only can reach the conscience, and fix convictions therein of a man's lost and ruined state as a sinner. Neither is a sinner ever spiritually convinced of sin until he is convicted by the Holy Ghost in his conscience.

When the Pharisees came and told Christ about the poor woman taken in adultery, Christ stooped down, "and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not." After which he said unto the Pharisees, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then we are told what followed upon Christ making this statement. The Pharisees, "being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one." They knew that they were not without sin; their *natural* conscience bore witness that they were guilty.

So it is when a sinner is spiritually convicted by the Holy Spirit of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. His conscience bears its witness against him, and testifies to the truth of Scripture, which declares that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." And the sinner, being thus convicted in his own conscience, and condemned by the law, will act and speak according to what he *feels* his state to be. Feeling his state to be sinful and damnable, and knowing that none but the just and righteous God, against whom he has sinned, can show him the least mercy, he will be in deep distress about his soul. He will be concerned about being saved; he will confess his sins to God. His cry for mercy will be urgent, and *real*, and *sincere*; and he will have no rest until some hope is raised up in his soul that God, for Christ's sake, will save him.

Again. Conscience works in the same way with the believer in all after-stages of his experience. It condemns him for what is wrong, practically so, in his life. It bears its witness in his favour when his walk and conduct are according to the rule of the "new creature," which rule is the gospel. "As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." If there be any one thing in the believer's life that is really and practically contrary to the gospel, conscience will condemn for it; and such believer will be kept in more or less bondage through it. So long as the practical evil remains, so long will the liberty of the Spirit be hindered in that believer's experience.

But bear in mind that it is real practical evil, and such as would bring a believer under the censure of the church, that we more particularly refer to here. Not but what conscience will condemn for heart-backslidings and sins of omission, and for a cold, barren state of soul, and for unprofitableness in profession, and a thousand other things; for "who can understand his errors?" These are sins and defects in profession which all real children of God have to mourn over and confess to God. Even the great Apostle of the Gentiles had to confess that he could not do the things which he would, and to cry, "O wretched man that I am!" So, according to the rule of gospel precept, we have, even the best of us, to plead guilty, and a thousand times more so than Paul the Apostle.

But, then, what did the Apostle mean when he said before the council, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." Why, that he could defy the whole council to substantiate a single charge of positive practical moral evil against him,—such moral evil as would affect his reputation as a Christian man in the church of God. "Herein do I exercise myself," as he says in another place, "to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men."

Now, as I said before, there are many things in our life which conscience condemns us for, and which we are made to confess to God, and which we are led to confess, too, in our public prayers before our brethren in Christ. But is there, either in your life or mine, any secret, allowed, practical moral evil, which, were it to be publicly confessed, would affect our Christian reputation in the church, and cause our brethren to stand in doubt of the truth and reality of our religion? It is a mercy indeed to have, so far, a good conscience,—that our conscience cannot condemn us for such secret departures from God in practice as would, if known, affect our character in the judgment of other believers in Christ.

Again. When there is no such evil in practice as we have been speaking of, yet there may be things in our life less gross. Our secret walk before God may be marked by him as being attended with great irregularities. We may be guilty of an accumulation of little wrongs and unscriptural acts, for which our consciences may bear an honest witness against us, and may

point to such defects in our Christian life as being, to a great extent, the cause of much of our habitual darkness and distress of mind, our low, depressed state of soul, and our little faith and little comfort and joy in the Lord.

Dare every Christian man in business in the present day make a clean breast of it, and confess to all the ways and methods in which he conducts his business? If he dare not, if he conducts his business in ways that he would be ashamed to confess to a Christian neighbour, then he cannot have a conscience void of offence, not even towards men, much less towards God.

Again. To take another view of conscience. We read of a "*weak conscience.*" Some children of God are but little established in the truth. They have but little light and understanding to know what would be right, as in the sight of God, for them to do, in reference to some matters in religion, about which there might be a difference of judgment between different Christians; and their conscience being tender, they might, through fear of offending God, be in bondage about such things, whereas the more established would be more free. The apostle refers to matters of this kind in writing to the church of God at Corinth. (See 1 Cor. viii. 7-12; x. 25-29.) He gives his judgment about eating or not eating meats "offered unto an idol," and to do which some at Corinth thought that their consciences would be defiled. "But," says the apostle, "meat commendeth us not to God; for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse."

Here, then, was a matter about which the apostle was himself free, and in reference to which he gave the church at Corinth to understand that it mattered little whether they did eat such meat or did not eat it, that they would be neither better nor worse by eating or abstaining. But, then, knowing that all the children of God had not "*that knowledge,*" he gives a word of caution to those who had, and guards the more established against a rash use of their liberty, lest they should bring their weaker brethren into bondage. "If meat," says Paul, "make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

According, then, to the principle which the apostle lays down for our guidance in reference to such things in religion as often cause a difference of opinion between different believers in Christ, but in reference to which God has given no positive command or precept, and in the absence of which the more established children of God, who possess what the apostle calls "*that knowledge,*" would be free in their consciences to either regard such things or not to regard them at all, we need grace to enable us to act towards our weak brethren in that way, lest our liberty "become a stumbling-block to them that are weak." There might be things which an established believer might be free to do, without the least fear of defiling his conscience; but if he knew that doing such things before weaker brethren would,

through their weak conscience, put a stumbling-block in their way, then he would need to exercise Christian forbearance, and guard against a rash use of his liberty in Christ.

Lastly, the apostle, in his epistle to Timothy, speaks of "holding the faith, and a good conscience." And what a blessing it is to be helped of God to do so! To be savingly taught the discriminating doctrines of grace, and to be kept, in such a day as this, steadfast in our profession of those doctrines, is a mercy for which we shall never be able to thank God enough. We need, especially in this day, to "hold fast the form of sound words," without modification or alteration. But what additional sweetness there is in the truth we profess when the conscience is undefiled by inconsistency in practice, and when the conscience bears its witness that the truth we profess before others is the truth we honestly believe before God who searches our heart! To hold the faith, to hold it with a good conscience, and for such conscience to bear its witness in our breast that we have some vital saving experience of the truth, is the spot I pray God in his mercy to keep us in.

If these few observations on conscience should be a means, through God's grace, of making us look more to conscience, with an honest desire that the conscience may be kept right, and that we may have a "good conscience," with regard to both truth and practice, it will be a mercy. The Lord exercise our minds more on the subject of conscience, for Christ's sake.

WHEN the heart is cast indeed into the mould of the doctrine that the mind embraceth, when the evidence and necessity of the truth abides in us, when not only the sense of the words is in our heads, but the sense of the things abides in our hearts, when we have communion with God in the doctrines we contend for, then shall we be garrisoned by the grace of God against all the assaults of men; and without this, all our contending is, as to ourselves, of no value. What am I the better, if I can dispute that Christ is God, but have no sense or sweetness in my heart from hence that he is a God in covenant with my soul? What will it avail me to evince by testimonies and arguments that he hath made satisfaction for sin, if the wrath of God abides upon me (Jno. iii. 36), and I have no experience of my being made the righteousness of God in him (2 Cor. iii. 9); if I find not, in my standing before God, the excellence of having my sins imputed to him, and his righteousness imputed to me? Will it be any advantage to me in the issue, to profess and dispute that God works the conversion of a sinner by the irresistible grace of his Spirit, if I was never acquainted experimentally with the deadness and utter impotence to good, that opposition to the law of God which is in my own soul by nature, and with the efficacy of the exceeding greatness of the power of God in quickening, enlightening, and bringing forth the fruits of obedience in me? It is the power of the truth in the heart alone that will make us cleave unto it indeed. Let us not think that we are anything the better for our conviction of the truth of the great doctrines of the gospel for which we contend, unless we find the power of those truths abiding in our hearts, and have a continual experience of their necessity and excellence in our standing before God, and our communion with him.—*Owen*.

THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH ROBERT LURRING, OF BRENTFORD.

(Concluded from p. 117.)

THIS passage did me a little good: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." I knew I trembled at his word, for it condemned me in all points. I did not then know where to find the passage, but it caused me to hope for comfort. But my burden pressed me sore, my sins were so great. I did not think there was any peace for me.

One morning I was thinking very deeply about my state, not knowing but I might soon die, and then be in hell for ever and ever. I went out, crying, "God be merciful to me, a wretched sinner, undone for ever." These words came with power to my soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I thought, If it cleanses from all sin, it will cleanse me. The words were applied again, and they came with such power to my soul that they made all my burden drop off my back there and then. I felt all my sins were pardoned, every one, though I had so many, and that they were all washed away in the blood of a precious Christ. Here the love of my blessed and all-glorious Saviour broke into my soul, and delivered me from the great and heavy burden of my sins. "O my precious Jesus!" I could say then without fear. I said, "He has done great things for me indeed, to come and deliver me from hell." This made my soul melt with love; for my joy was more than my sorrow. I was so astonished that I could scarcely think it true that I was a pardoned sinner, and sure I should go to heaven. This is the peace that passeth all understanding.

I turned back, and went indoors and told my wife. I took my Bible. It was a different book to me, for it comforted me to see that all the precious promises were mine. Now I felt full of praise and thanksgiving to him who had poured out his soul unto death for me. I could not praise him enough, and was calling on all to praise. "Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth. Break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob." It mattered not now where I read, for it all gave me comfort. I blessed and praised the Three-One God. I was full of heavenly joy. I could not help singing. I could not help telling all who came near me what a blessed deliverance I had had from my burden of sin and sorrow, blessing and praising God for taking away all my fears of death, hell, and the grave, and making me feel sure heaven would be my eternal home. I went on my way rejoicing.

Reader, this is how I came by my religion. I have shown you how I was a free-willer, and how my burden came on me. I have told you how I was delivered; and now I am nothing at all. Christ is my All and in all. He is all my Hope of glory, and my Righteousness.

I am now lying in bed, where I have been for the last fifteen months, resting and relying on my God; yes, *my* God; waiting and watching his blessed hand towards me in all things to see if I can experience answers to my unworthy prayers. I dare not say I do not have answers; for the Three-One God is good to me. O the loving-kindness and tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God in a precious Christ, by the Holy Ghost, to me, one of the chief of sinners, one that expected a short time ago to drop into hell! But, bless his glorious Name, he in love to my soul sent the Comforter, and applied his precious blood to my soul, and took all my sins away instantly, although I was in so much sorrow.

“God moves in a mysterious way;” and so I experience. O the love and mercy of God in a precious Christ, made known by the Spirit, the Comforter! At times, he fills my soul with love and praise to him, as at my deliverance from the fear of hell. Yes, I was full of love, the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart, and it constrained me to love him for my great deliverance. It won my affections, and bound my soul fast to him.

I went on for some time, in peace and joy, believing I was a sinner saved by grace, through faith. This made me love Christ; the Father for choosing me; and the Holy Ghost for quickening me into life, and leading me to Jesus. I love Jesus, the Son of God, who was rich with the Father in glory, and equal to him, for engaging to lay all his riches by, and become as poor as any man in order to make known his love to sinful man, and, after a life of suffering, to die that ignominious death of the cross, to redeem the chosen of his Father. This great love of Christ makes me love him.

I must now return to my deliverance. I was all joy, and praise, and thanksgiving for the Lord's goodness and mercy to me. I told the deacon, and he told the minister. I had little to say about my experience, for I was not asked; the deacon knowing all about my soul trouble and my deliverance. I could not have spoken much, for my heart was so big with joy and love to my precious Jesus. I was melted down with tears of joy.

Well; I joined the church, and I was all peace and joy in believing that I was a saved sinner, through grace. So I went on for a time, but not for long, for they did not preach such things as I had experienced. I could not agree with their preaching. The dear Lord intended I should prove the difference between spiritual calling and natural calling, which I had not altogether at my deliverance; for had I known these people's was only natural calling, I dare say I should not have joined them. But who would have thought such good people, as they appeared to be, only natural? I did not. The Lord had planned that I should learn the truth of his Word. How I searched God's Word to see if they or I were right! They tried with all their might to beat me out of what I had so lately proved to be truth; but they could

not do that. As they called on me to engage in prayer, at times, I was obliged by a feeling within to go in a contrary line to them. I had to say what I felt. I was very ill in body then; but I searched the Word whenever I was able. I was sure that what I had proved was true, as it accorded with God's Word.

One day I thought if they should call on me to pray, which I hoped they would, I would give them a lesson. They did call on me; but I had scarcely a word to say. I had thought I should always be able to speak and pray just as I liked, and feel no more sorrow or trouble, but be happy, praising the dear Lord at all times. But I had to learn that I could do nothing in and of myself, but only as Christ gave me power by his Spirit. I was shut up, showing them what a fool I was. They could do it beautifully their way; but my mouth was shut by God, to show me my weakness, so that I might ask him for strength, which I have had to do up to this moment. When I went again I was the other way, fearing lest I should be asked; but when I was, the Lord opened my mouth and gave me liberty. But they did not like my way of praying, and so did not often ask me.

We could not agree in our principles, and I was enabled to stand to the blessed principles that were engraven on my soul at the first. There was a Baptist chapel near; but I was afraid of that people. Being unable to work, I used to walk about a little; and once passed where one of the members lived. We had some very comfortable conversation. We could talk together on the same line of the Word of God. This led me to hope I was on the right foundation. I had felt pretty sure before; but this conversation strengthened me. I was no longer afraid of these Baptist people. He lent me some "Gospel Standards," and they were just according to my views; but being so ill, and never likely to get well, and having just lost my wife, I had trouble upon trouble.

My son, living in London, wished me to come to Brentwood, it being more convenient for him to see me there. This I did, and went to the Independent chapel there. They got me to sit down at the table with them; and for a short time they were very kind to me; but they were like those I left, contrary to my views. I was obliged to tell all that cavilled with me that the Lord is first and last with the sinner; that the Holy Ghost puts the fear of God into their hearts; and that they are made to seek for ease, which they would not do if they could get ease by carnal means. Those whom the Holy Ghost quickens into life cannot do with natural persons.

They were all highly offended with me; so that I was starved out from that lot, and had no one in the whole town to speak with me on spiritual things. Some said, "Do you think every one in Brentwood is wrong, and only you right?" "Well," I said, "if I am not right, all free-willers and the like are wrong."

Reader, if you have the Spirit of Christ, you will see that God is first and last with his chosen. He will call every one of them by his grace at the appointed time.

Well; I had to fight with some of these weapons; and I have always been enabled to fight with this armour ever since I was delivered; and my Captain has preserved me in every battle, and brought me off conqueror. I have said that I was starved out from among these free-willers. I should have said that these free-willers took a liking to me at first, and behaved pretty well to me, as I was poor. I was everything with them for awhile; but I could not falsify myself when they asked me how I liked them. I soon missed the favours I used to have; so that I could get nothing for my soul or body. I was robbed of my soul's food, and missed many things I used to have for the comforting of my body. But I kept to my Captain's colours, and fought under his flag. I was like the people the prophet speaks of in Isa. xlii. 22. I saw and felt too that I was robbed and spoiled, and that I had been snared years back. But my God had broken my chain, and was about setting me free; but those they fed and clothed, making them fat and flourishing on stolen goods. I could do it years back, when I was in my natural state, but now they were robbing me as I had before robbed and despised the free-grace ones; in appearance only, for none can hurt them, they having meat to eat others know nothing of. I was in a very unsettled state, nearly everybody thinking these people to be good people, and no one but me finding fault with them.

I was so ill that I did not know where I should get a lodging to suit me, but a person told me of a man who he thought would suit me, for he was a Baptist. On the next Sabbath, as I was walking along the road, meditating about this false preaching, it came to my mind that I might be wrong. Well; I met a man, and said to him, "Are you going to chapel?" He said, "No; it is of no use going there; they are nothing but free-willers." I felt a little secret comfort spring up by that word. I said, "I wish there was some place where a few meet, if they are only a few, who hold the truth." He said, "There will be a gospel minister at my house to-morrow, and you can call and see him."

I went to see the man I heard of, and we had some conversation, and made proposals, which ended in my removing during the week. I told my landlord all; and as this minister was to be seen the next Monday, I and my landlord met him. It was agreed upon that this minister should speak at my new lodging. He came; and there were several to hear him.

Reader, you see that God moves in a mysterious way; and he has so moved with regard to me. Who would have thought it was Jehovah's will that I should begin to build an altar to the honour and praise of his great and glorious Name? But I was the very one who should begin a little cause at Brentwood, where he should have all the praise and the creature none, by showing that salvation is a free, unmerited gift. These are the principles that I wished to build on; and so did some of those who came to hear this minister. There were a few of us who could build on no other principles; because we had tried all others and they had

deceived us. Some came who were satisfied with a form without the power; and these liked this minister. But we few could get no food for our souls. His word had no power. He preached a free-grace doctrine, but it was only in the letter; if he knew anything else he did not bring it out. We found we could get more food for our souls by reading the sermons of gracious men than by such preaching as this.

We did not have that minister long; so we went on reading sermons of good men, and gained more from them than from those ministers who were so eager to preach, and who appeared to run without the Lord sending them. Several came who professed to be free-grace preachers, but it did not appear the Lord sent them; for there were no meltings of heart and tears of joy, as we often experienced under the reading of sermons. It was just as the Holy Ghost saith: "They shall not profit my people at all. I have not sent them; yet they run." Here is a proof; for they did not profit us few; and it was seldom we could get a minister of the right sort, being so poor. We were encouraged by the Lord to keep on meeting at my lodgings in that little way for a year or two; one coming from one part and one from another. So we went quietly on.

After a time I married a woman who attended the meeting; and the meeting was moved to my house, and it has been there ever since. With the exception of one Sabbath, we have always been able to keep open doors. Sometimes we have had only a few, for some left Brentwood; but if only one, or if no one came, my wife and I had our service, reading, singing, and trying to pray. We have had blessed seasons, and times of refreshing, from the presence of the Lord. We were not kept on by the great number of friends we had; so our joy and comfort must have come from the Lord himself. I do not think the devil did it; for I believe he hated our proceedings. Sometimes we had several; but there were not many lost, ruined, and helpless sinners. But we were enabled to hold on our way. A great many who professed Baptist principles would not come with us. If we had a minister, then generally several would come; it did not appear to matter who he was, so long as he was a Baptist. But we preferred reading the sermons of gracious men to hearing carnal preachers.

I was taken ill in November, 1862, and have kept my bed ever since November, 1863, till now, 1865; and know not when I shall get up. The Lord only knows that; but, blessings on his dear and holy Name, he keeps me generally in peace, far more than I deserve; though when I am down low, and my hopes weak, I seem as though my hope was a false one; and then I cannot enjoy peace, and no one can give it me; and I cannot get it till the dear Lord sends the Comforter; then all is peace again. I am always in perfect peace while my dear Lord keeps my mind stayed on him; and, blessings on his Name, he generally does. He is good, as I have said before. Though he has

seen fit that I should be an afflicted one, he has always appeared for me, and not suffered me to want. He sends me friends as he sees meet and good; he did to-day beyond my expectation. I hope he will still do so, and enable me, though black, to say I am complete in my precious Christ, moulded and fashioned for his honour and glory, now and through a never-ending eternity. This is what I want to be enabled to say from the feelings of my heart, implanted there so firmly by the Holy Ghost that I can say it without any doubt; then I think I should be happy. Here I lie on my bed, resting on the goodness and mercy of Jehovah, begging him to grant me this unspeakable mercy; and unto his Name I must ascribe all the glory for ever and ever.

The dear Lord doth deal bountifully with me, or I must have been in hell; but through his mercy he has spared me to put down a few of his mercies, to let you see if he has not been good to me. As Jehovah has enabled me, I have told you, and showed you what a perfect bad one I am in and of myself. I hope that God will bless both writer and reader with the bright shinings of his pardoning love, and all them who love the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in reality; and he shall have all the praise and glory. Amen.

LEAVE ME NOT.

LEAVE me not, my gracious Saviour;

Leave me not when troubles roll,

Lest the billows of affliction

Overwhelm my feeble soul.

Lest impatience or rebellion

Rise and rage against thy hand,

Leave me not, but kindly hold me;

Hold me up, and I shall stand.

Leave me not, my dearest Saviour;

Leave me not in carnal ease,

To forget thy precious favour,

And my sinful self to please.

Leave me not to seek for pleasure

In this world's delusive toys;

Fix my heart on thee, my 'Treasure,—

Thee, the Source of all my joys.

Leave me not to mere profession,

To have nothing but a name;

Give me, Lord, the sweet possession

Of thyself, though clothed in shame.

Leave me not again to stumble

On the lofty hills of pride;

Dearest Jesus, make me humble;

Keep me near thy wounded side.

C. SPIRE.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER V.

Verse 1. *"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice: I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."*

II. Christ accepts and expresses himself as well pleased with those things of his Spirit which his children are enabled to come unto him with. There is nothing really perplexing about the figures in which these things are set forth. No doubt, by myrrh and spice, honey and honey-comb, wine and milk, we have various graces and actings of the Spirit in the child of God set forth. And in making a few remarks upon these figures we want to be very simple, and avoid what is fleshly and fanciful. Nothing is more distasteful to a spiritual mind than to have fleshly feelings and carnal fancies introduced into the interpretation of these sweet and heavenly portions of God's Word. The Israelite was neither to mix honey nor leaven with his meat offerings; and we should study a grave simplicity in our words and writing, avoiding what may be merely pleasing to the flesh, but corrupting as to the simplicity of God's Scripture.

Now, by myrrh and spice we understand more especially the following things. Myrrh, we know, is a bitter herb, and yet its blossom is fragrant. We read of sweet-smelling myrrh. No doubt, in some places, myrrh, therefore, represents the sufferings of Christ, which yet have a sweetness to God's people. Here myrrh seems to signify the godly sorrow for sin, the contrition of heart, the penitential feelings, produced in the hearts of the godly by the near approaches of Christ.

*"A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be ashamed."*

Godly sorrow for sin, a broken and a contrite heart, are things in no great esteem with professors generally, but with God they are of great price.

*"Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesus' eyes."*

Therefore, he here represents himself as gathering this myrrh. It is *his* myrrh, the fruit of his Spirit, and pleasing to him. "I have surely," he says, "heard Ephraim bemoaning himself." The sighing of the turtle is as sweet to him as the singing of birds.

By spice we understand divine desires going out after Jesus Christ. The south wind, as we have seen, blowing upon the garden, causes these divine desires to flow forth. Such desires after Jesus are very acceptable to him.

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

These he gathers; he perceives their real meaning; and separates them from all that is merely fleshly and natural.

“He understands a sigh divine.”

We may hardly ourselves recognize them as true and divine desires, think them very weak, and fear their rejection; but Christ thinks differently of them from what we do ourselves. Mercy, when fainting, knocked so loud at the wicket-gate that Christiana thought she had never heard such knocking in her life.

Thus, then, Christ holds communion with his saints in respect to the graces of his Spirit in their hearts, and gathers his myrrh and his spice. Observe, too, they go together, showing how, in divine experience, a godly sorrowing for sin and for ourselves accompanies a longing desire after Jesus.

“None but the wounded patient knows
The value of his cure.”

And no one rightly sighs after and longs for Jesus, hungering and thirsting after Christ and his righteousness, but the man in whom the Holy Ghost already is as a Convincer of sin, as well as a Convincer of righteousness.

“*I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey.*” O the sweet grace of our Lord Jesus Christ! He not only hears our words when we come to him with confessions of sin, prayers, and praises, but gives us the very words which we should use before him, and which suit our cases, and will best take his heart. How can we ever sufficiently adore him? Nay, in adoring him at all, we are debtors to him for the very desire and capability of adoration. All things in the kingdom of grace, that new kingdom, are of God. When Christ is calling back to him his poor backsliding Israel, he says, “Take with you words.” But fallen, desolate Israel may say, “What words, Lord? Sin and guilt have stopped my mouth, and struck me dumb.

“I sigh, but dare not talk.”

Therefore, Jesus himself gives the words: “Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously.” So shall we praise thee. “So will we render the calves of our lips.”

Thus it is in the words of the Song under consideration. By honey-comb we understand those words in which the poor soul is expressing itself to the Lord. Now, we all know that the honey-comb is remarkable for its symmetry and its wonderful formation. Thus in Christ's estimation is it with the words of his spouse. But how can this be? To us they seem broken, incoherent expressions. This is especially the case, at times; and probably the best prayers are the most broken, the least endued with a very correct word-formation. But God sees not as man sees. In these words of Christ we have the estimate of love. Broken words from contrite hearts have to him the perfection, the symmetry, of the honey-comb. Observe, it is *his* honey-comb. He himself inspires the prayers and praises of his saints. He regards only that which is of himself, of his Holy Spirit, about them. What is incoherent to man is a thread of scarlet to Jesus; and broken, unformed expressions have the symmetry of the honey-comb. O! It is the heart that God principally regards

in prayer. Men may admire the perfect phrases of the lips; but God accepts the broken expressions which proceed from the hearts of his children. A crying "Abba, Father," has more of prayer about it to God than the long prayers and neat expressions of a Pharisee or head religionist.

But, mind, these prayers of God's children are not merely styled Christ's honey-comb. No! He says, "My honey-comb *with my honey.*"

"Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own;
Nor will the souls, by grace restored,
Return the Saviour words alone."

Honey-comb by itself, and empty of honey, is symmetrical indeed, but dry; only so much wax in an orderly form. Poor, very poor, eating. So it is with prayers, praises, confessions, if only words, and if merely fashioned out of ingenious brains, instead of proceeding from God-taught, living, and feeling hearts. That was a really good matter which bubbled up out of David heart. (Ps. xlv.) Sensibility, feeling, divine desire, want of Christ, and admiration of him, filial affections, with sweet confidence towards God as a Father to us in the Lord Jesus,—these are the honey in the honey-comb. These give a life, a sweetness, in the estimate of Christ, to the prayers and praises and words of the saints. They take with them words; they fill, at times, their mouths with arguments. But they are not mere words or brain-spun arguments; but they come from God-taught hearts, and have Christ's Spirit in them. Therefore, they are acceptable to him; and he eats his honeycomb with his honey.

"*I have drunk my wine with my milk.*" Here, again, we have the graces of the Spirit set before us, and a combination of figures to give us a correct view of those graces. The property of wine is to exhilarate and make glad. "And wine that maketh glad the heart of man," writes the psalmist. And the vine in Jotham's parable is made to say, "Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man?"

Milk, on the other hand, is sweet, wholesome, and nutritious. The combination, then, of wine and milk, will give us a correct view of gracious feelings and affections, as distinguishable from fleshly ones. Take, for example, joy. We read of the joy of the hypocrite; the joy, also, of the stony-ground hearer; but this is a very different thing from the true joy of the child of God. In the one case we have wine, indeed,—an exhilaration of the feelings, perhaps even to a very high degree; but there is no milk, nothing really wholesome, sweet, and nutritious. As the poet writes, and alas! it is sadly true:

"Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to mount above the stars,
Are plunging into night.
Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice."

But in the children of God, and in the case of spiritual joy, it is very different. There is milk with the wine. There is tenderness of spirit mixed with the joy of salvation. There is strength to serve God mixed with the joy of the Lord. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," says Nehemiah. Spiritual gracious affections have not about the merely them tumult and the false triumph which may be produced by wine; but they have a sweetness, a depth, a tenderness, a wholesomeness also about them, even in their highest degree. They are, in fact, Christ's wine, and at the same time Christ's milk.

"Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's power;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.
'Tis joy enough, my All in all,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

This prayer we would desire to echo from our very hearts. May we have such joys as come from Christ and please him. May our wine be Christ's wine; and, that it may be truly his, may it be wine with milk.

III. We have to notice, in the last place, that the Lord, as in the text, communicates more fully of his inexhaustible riches unto his people.

The Lord Jesus has, we well know, a bountiful eye. To him, in the Spirit, the proverb of Solomon evidently points; for all Scripture, directly or indirectly, testifies of him. O! What were a Bible without Christ? A field of Sharon, without the rose that beautifies and makes it fragrant. Well; Jesus has a bountiful eye. He, too, has a liberal heart, devising liberal things, and a liberal hand dispensing them. So it is in our text. "Eat, O friends," says Christ; "drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

Observe, here, in the first place, the fulness of Christ. He who can say, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly," must have an inexhaustible supply for those he calls upon to satiate themselves with it. He does not mock them. He says not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. It pleased the Father, yea, the Three Persons in the Trinity, that in Him, as the Christ of God, all fulness should dwell; and it pleases him to dispense of that fulness, even in the richest freest abundance, unto his people.

But here comes in a question. How is it, if Christ is so full of blessings for the poor, so rich, so free, too, in the dispensing of his riches, that his people enjoy, comparatively speaking, so little of him in this life as they do? We may feel sure it cannot arise either from indigence or unwillingness in the most blessed Lord Jesus. To what, then, shall we trace it? To our sins? Scarcely so. The Jews had a vain idea that their sins hindered Christ's coming upon earth. But, then, we read, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." This

was God's due time, if not man's. Again. We know that God commendeth his love to his people, in that, whilst they were yet sinners, Christ died for them. He came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. In a certain sense, of course, it is true that our iniquities separate between us and our God; more particularly our sins of legality, self-righteousness, pride, self and creature dependence, sins of heart uplifting, and idolatry. As Mr. Hart says,

"Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back."

But, after all, we must look further. We must beware of darkening the freeness, riches, and glories of the grace of God. We must beware, even in thus looking at these causes, lest we really increase, so far as we can, the evil of them. The false prophets saw false causes of banishment for the people. Sin, in its dominion, necessarily separates the soul from a just and holy God. In its prevalence, too, it must separate from him as to comforts and the sweet enjoyment of his presence; but a sovereignly gracious and almighty God can at any moment come into our hearts and separate us from our sins as to the dominion, the prevalence, and the guilt of them. The fact is that in one day, one minute, if he pleases, the Lord can break down all the oppositions of our hearts, and fill us with his sweetness, make us feel ourselves a wilderness, and cause us in his grace to blossom as the rose. He can come to us at any moment. Mountains and hills are nothing to him. He comes leaping upon our mountains, and skipping upon our hills. He can meet him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness; and he can come to us even just at the moment when we have again been very provoking, humble us into the dust, and fill us with the sense of his pardoning love, free grace, and rich and undeserved goodness. In fact, God really acts, as to his elect, from first to last upon a different foundation from the covenant of works. He has made in Christ for his people an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. He acts according to it at all times; sometimes secretly, sometimes more openly. His rods, his frowns, as well as his smiles, come to his people according to it. The righteousness he requires from them, and has provided for them, is always in heaven, at his right hand, in Jesus. He looks on him, and loves, and smiles, and acts. Even when in our sins he loved us. Now he has brought us back to himself, he loves neither more nor less.

Well, then, after all, we trace, as to their ultimate cause, our fulness of joys and our senses of destitution, our felt delights, and mourned-over indigence, to the eternal love of our Father which is in heaven. Is it good for us? He hides his face, and we are troubled. Is the set time come? He breaks forth from the cloud, and fills our hearts with joy, and peace, and blessedness. He in a brief interval humbles, blesses, and takes a dying thief into heaven. He turns upon a denying Peter, and breaks his heart to pieces with one look of his love. Or, if he pleases,

he is taken up into the arms of a Simeon, who can then say, joying, triumphing, adoring before God, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

We must, therefore, here not mistake. On the one hand, it is good for God's people to search and look diligently into their hearts and ways, and to cry to the Lord, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts." Sometimes, in this way, the evil which, as a more immediate cause, may be said to intercept God's blessing and the rich enjoyments of his love, may be discovered and condemned in the conscience, and peace regained. On the other, it is good to remember that all must ultimately be of God. God is greater than our hearts. Christ is higher than our sins. If God never acted to bless us till we acted to move him to it; if man has to begin and God to follow, woe were indeed unto us. But, blessed be God, it is not so. He pours "upon the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem," not when in a good state (see Zech. xii.), but just the reverse, the "spirit of grace and of supplications." And though, in a subordinate sense, our sins may seem to turn his face from us, and shut his liberal hand, they cannot really and ultimately do this. There may be bounty in a rod and a chastisement, as well as sweetly-enjoyed bounty in drinking abundantly as his beloved.

In short, a fulness always dwells in Jesus. This fulness is for his people. His eye is always bountiful; his hand is always liberal. If he seems to shut his hand, as to the sweet communications of his love, his bounty is not altered; his mind of love and good will are unchanged. For instruction, for discipline, for exercise, for preparation, he withholds; and then, when this part of the actings of his loving-kindness is fulfilled, and his people are brought low, and thus more especially fitted for the enjoyments of his love, he comes, spite of every obstacle, inward or outward, of sin or of any other kind, to their hearts, and cries, with a voice of life and power, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

Suppose a prince, or some great man, should on a sudden descend from his throne, or chair of state, to take up, that he might put in his bosom, something that he had espied lying trampled under the feet of those that stand by. Would you think that he would do this for an old horse-shoe, or for so trivial a thing as a pin or a point? Nay, would you not even of yourselves conclude that that thing for which the prince, so great a man, should make such a stoop, must needs be a thing of great worth? Why, this is the case of Christ and the soul. Christ is the Prince; his throne is in heaven; and, as he sat there, he espied the souls of sinners trampled under the foot of the law and death for sin. Now, what doth he but comes down from his throne, stoops down to the earth, and there, since he would not have the trodden-down souls without price, he lays down his life and blood for them. But would he have done this for inconsiderable things? No, nor for the souls of sinners neither, had he not valued them higher than he valued heaven or earth besides.—*Bunyan.*

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Brethren,—Grace and peace be multiplied. Your letter came safe to hand. I feel a difficulty in writing an answer, lest my thoughts should not lay straight with God's thoughts. I felt rather sorry after I wrote you my last that I should have burdened you with the perplexities of my mind relative to dangerous errors deeply rooted in some of my people. I have been aware that those errors existed in a measure among my people; but I am now convinced that those errors extend further than I had a conception of. But this is not the only thing that made me say that I imagined my continuance in Birmingham would not be long. No. Errors in the church have been and are common, and are not a sufficient ground for God's servants to think they are to remove. I am convinced that wherever the truth is faithfully preached, multitudes will flock to the standard who have not the badge of the sons of God. As it is written: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind; which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." So will it be when the dispensation of preaching is finished, and all the elect brought in.

I feel, brethren, much obliged to you for your sympathy for me in my storms and tempests; but your statement that my testimony was blessed among you, and that it left a savour on the minds of many among you, overcame me with thankfulness and gratitude to his blessed Majesty. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name give glory." I find that a combination of circumstances has awakened a train of thoughts in your minds, as the managers of the most important of all causes,—the cause of God. I think I can enter into some of your feelings at the present juncture. May the Lord grant you prudence, caution, and spiritual wisdom. Be much at a throne of grace, as I trust you are, and there I have met you, and shall meet you again.

You have many things to attend unto, and so have I. First, the directions plainly laid down in the Word; secondly, the leadings of Providence; and thirdly, the motives and impressions in your own breasts. You are well aware that whatever we do contrary to God's Word will bring on us a deserved scourge. Providence frequently unfolds the meaning of God's Word in a variety of ways; and then we can read many dark lines and impressions that may have long lain upon our minds unexplained.

I think it now highly necessary to give you an outline of the things which, after observing, have led me to think that I shall remove from Birmingham. My coming here was, I believe, by the directions of God; and I think the event has proved it. God has, by his blessed testimony, comforted many of the saints, and pulled many out of the dark places of will-worship and confusion, to whom I feel a sweet union, and ever shall, and they

to me. Then why think of leaving them? First, because I have no regular church. I took them as I found them,—upon too broad and general a plan. And such is the mind of the leading persons, that I find it impossible to alter the plan without breaking up and dividing the place; and this I cannot do consistently with my feelings. These things have made me get upon my watch-tower and look up higher, and pray that God would alter the present plan, or remove me wherever he thought proper among his people, that I might know my flock as well as they know me. These things, indeed, have been in agitation several years.

Secondly, the place I preach in is low, damp, and cold, and is enough to kill the people and me too; and is, also, a bad place to speak in, because of the vibration through want of a gallery. And sometimes there are not two hundred people to hear in a town that contains one hundred thousand inhabitants, and no truth in the town besides. Added to these things, many of my pretended friends, and the old props of the chapel too, run hither and thither, or sit at home on a Sabbath day to enjoy a friend too often. As for week nights, I have not fifty hearers. Sometimes these things make me sick. I have made many attempts to get another chapel in the town, on account of the things before mentioned, and other things of a black cast, relative to the trustees of the chapel, who have no connexion with the chapel; but all my attempts have been frustrated.

Thirdly, I am in a part of the country where no doors are open for the preaching of experimental truth. I preach once a week at Walsall; but there are very few among them who can either taste, smell, or see. They are like a sponge; they can hear and approve of either truth or error. This has made me sick. And there is scarcely a place within a hundred miles where I can be received. I except Manchester and Leicester, where I am not wanted, as they have faithful men. I covet not popularity for the sake of popularity; but I certainly wish to make known the riches of grace more extensively.

Fourthly, and the settling-point of all is this: Since I first preached at Conway Street, and God made it a Bethel, I have scarcely ever had light or liberty at home; and such have been the death and indifference of the people, and the distress, want of liberty, and bondage of my own soul, that I sometimes found it hard work to preach at all. Do these things speak anything? I have much more to say, but cannot now. Are my views and feelings fleshly? Do I labour to conceal and keep back the truth from those whom I love in Jesus? What comment can I put upon these things? Say in your next.

I remain, yours to serve in Truth,

Birmingham, May 17th, 1820.

HENRY FOWLER.

MAN is the most noble by creation of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin he has made himself the most ignoble.—*Bunyan*.

THE PROMISE SURE TO ALL THE SEED.

Dear Friend,—I thank you for your letter, which to me is quite satisfactory. God hath blessed you with an honest heart, and taught you by his blessed Spirit; so that you are brought to feel the desperate wickedness of your own heart, that it is deceitful above all things. This being the case, you are brought to hate both sin and yourself on account of it. You have also come to Christ as a sensible, self-lost, self-despairing, and hell-deserving sinner. Your thoughts are completely brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ in the matter of salvation, so as for ever to renounce all confidence in the flesh. This is the work of the Holy Ghost upon the souls of the elect of God. (2 Cor. x. 4, 5.) At this gate of life you have found, amidst all your fears, doubts, and misgivings of heart, sweet encouragements. The free unconditional promises have, at times, afforded you comfort and consolation; under which blessed feelings you have found a lively hope in exercise in the mercy of God, and a humble confidence that the good Lord had thoughts of peace towards you. And here, at times, the Saviour has appeared so precious, and the loving-kindness and tender mercy of God towards sinners in Christ so free, so full, and so glorious, as for the heart to be enlarged to receive Christ, and the soul to be full of expectation that the Desire of all nations would suddenly come to his temple, and fill the house of your earthly tabernacle with his glory. At these times you have felt such humbling, meekening, self-abasing, God-glorifying sensations, as for the time to produce a little heaven upon earth, and to encourage a humble, steadfast belief that you certainly were not appointed unto wrath, but to obtain the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, and that with eternal glory.

Under these precious discoveries of the Saviour and these blessed sensations, you have found your burden lose much of its weight, and your bondage and fears so dispersed and weakened, that you thought they were going to take their flight for ever. But, lo! the Sun of righteousness has disappeared, and apparently nothing has been then left but Richard Morgan, his sins, corruptions, and fears, with redoubled temptations, and evil suggestions of Satan. Under all this sorrowful fare, you have been left to call everything into question, and to fear whether the whole was not a delusion of Satan; and here you have remained until God has favoured you with another visit. Then for a time you flourished again. And I am sure that a million of worlds, and all the glory of them, would be nothing in your esteem when set in competition with a satisfactory manifestation of Christ, so as for faith to hold him fast, and to feel that he is yours, and that you are his.

Now I am sure you know by experience the truth of what I say, and that it is true in your own experience. If I were at your elbow, you would be ready to say to me, But I want a still

fuller discovery of Christ, a brighter manifestation, such a one as to feel my pardon more sensibly in my conscience, and the enjoyment of that peace, and the effects of it, in a fuller degree than ever I have done yet. Well, then, I am confident that this you shall have, sooner or later, by some means or other. God would never have shown thee, nor caused thee to feel such things as he has, if he meant to destroy thee. God's promise to these is: "They shall be satisfied with my goodness." "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him." "I will pardon them whom I reserve." If you "follow on to know the Lord," you shall know "his goings forth to be prepared as the morning." He shall come to you as the rain, as the early and the latter rain which come in their season. "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall." This health is sensible pardon, which God hath promised in his Word to all that fear him. And can you say that he has not planted his fear in your heart, even that fear that is a fruit of the Spirit? No; that you dare not. I know, therefore, possessing the grace the promise is made unto, it shall be sure in all its glorious effects to all Christ's seed; of which all such are as have the fear of God planted in their hearts. And this you know, in your own conscience, in the sight of God, that you do possess. No hypocrite, my friend, ever trod the path which you so ably describe in your letter. What you declare is the fruit and blessed effects of God's work in the hearts of his own elect, and in none other. God himself has taught you with a strong hand, and hath led you on safely for many years; though in some paths hitherto that you knew not, nor do at present quite understand; but has displayed his sovereign and almighty power in all this. "Be not faithless, but believing" that, ere long, he will so make darkness light and crooked things straight, as that his promised everlasting righteousness shall go forth as brightness, and his full and free salvation as a lamp that burneth. Then Japheth shall be enlarged, so as sensibly to dwell in the tents of Shem. Then the sacrifices of joy and praise shall be heard in the tabernacles of the righteous; for the right hand of the Lord shall do valiantly. Your soul shall say, in perfect love that casteth out all fear and torment, with wonder and astonishment, "What hath God wrought?" This is before thee. I believe that neither time nor eternity will prove me a false prophet in this expression of my faith.

I am afraid I shall have tired you; but, being unusually at liberty in my soul in writing it, I hope the Father of all mercies will bless it to his glory and your soul's welfare; and that this may be the case, it shall, God willing, be followed with my poor prayers. His eyes are ever over the righteous; and his ears are open to their petitions. O that we may be enabled to strive more earnestly together with God for our mutual prosperity, and his glory, as manifested in the salvation of poor sinners! If blessed with an increased diligence in this, I have no doubt we shall be

more prosperous in soul, and that we shall see Zion's cords lengthened and her stakes strengthened, and the glory of God in greater measure in our land, the chief seat of the church of the living God.

Farewell for the present. May the Almighty bless thee with the fulfilment of all thy desires and petitions, so far as shall be for his glory and thy benefit. This is the prayer of, my dear friend,

Yours very truly,
Gunnerly Lodge, Oct. 1st, 1823.

CHRISTOPHER GOULDING.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am quite satisfied that your soul loves savoury meat; and, therefore, I have sent you this, to my mind, very excellent letter. If you think it suitable for the pages of the "G. S.," I shall be most happy to read it again in that magazine.

Yours most respectfully,

66, Malvern Road, Prahran, Melbourne,

WILLIAM COOK.

Dec. 27th, 1876.

My dear Brother in the Hope and Consolation of Israel,—I have for some time past felt a desire to send you some of my thoughts and musings, such as they are; but have been hindered in so doing by feeling that what I say will, perhaps, not be acceptable, and may bring back a reply which will add to my low estate of feeling, rather than lift me out of it. I know your gift of discernment; and I must beg of you to be sparing of the rod, much as I may, by my littleness, deserve it at your hands.

The following remarks are some heartfelt thoughts which gathered around my mind in the contemplation of Song viii. 5: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"

"Who is this?"

"This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint."

She has the seal of God in her forehead. (Rev. vii. 3.) And the Lord her Beloved knows that seal well, that private, life-eternal, covenant mark of his, which can never fade away or be obliterated from his remembrance. The Beloved knows them that are his. (Jno. x. 14.)

She has the power of a divine life in secret possession in her soul and affections. Hear what the Beloved saith to her: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and *I will* be their God, and they *shall be* my people." O! My Beloved, seal home this sweet and precious promise more sweetly in my soul and affections!

She has, as it were, the company of two armies within, a spiritual mystery; the old and new man; the power of grace, and the power of sin; an upward and homeward desire and heart-love to her Beloved, and to his and her inheritance, and a

downward grovelling to earth, sense, and sensual things. Without are fightings, within are fears. When she would do good, evil is present with her.

Let us look at the going down, and the coming up out of the wilderness, in a spiritual way. There can be no doubt that this world is, more or less, a wilderness to all; but it is specially so to the spouse of the Beloved. God told Jacob to go down to Egypt (Gen. xli. 3); and he went down; but it was that his posterity might know and feel the bondage and sufferings of that state. The Beloved sends most of his chosen ones here, even through "a land of deserts and of pits, through a land of drought and of the shadow of death, through a land that no man passed through (but a Christian man, as Bunyan hath it), and where no man dwelt." (Jer. ii. 6.) This is a mystery; yet I know you will understand the order of this testimony. And yet this is the homeward pathway. Hear what the Beloved saith: "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt." (Hos. ii. 14, 15.) We know that the children of Israel did not return into Egypt; but most of the Lord's people, if not all, know and feel what deliverance means, in more than one instance in the wilderness. If not, the book of Hosea is shorn of most of its meaning.

Now let us draw near and listen to the conversation between the spouse and her Beloved, as they are coming up out of the wilderness, inasmuch as she is evidently leaning somewhat heavily upon his arm and Person. I do not think that either of them will scold, or be angry with us in thus intruding near to them. Listen to the voice of the spouse: "O my Beloved! My heart is bowed down within me, because of thy words, 'Yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me, and, as I said to to the Jews, 'Whither I go, ye cannot come;' so now I say to you.'" Listen to the Beloved's answer: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." And again: "Be comforted; yea, be comforted to the heart, O my spouse; for your warfare is accomplished, your iniquity is pardoned, and you have received at my hands double for all your sins. Behold, thou art fair, my companion, my love; behold, thou art fair, my beloved; yea, pleasant."

The last words of the Beloved to his spouse, while I look upon her, seem to impart fresh vigour and life to her soul. Methinks I see her looking up to her Beloved, and brightening in sweet confidence, to ask him other questions. Now listen to her voice: "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet let

me talk with thee of thy judgments. O my Beloved! I have some deep exercises of soul, some heart questions to ask of thee." Now hear the voice of the Beloved: "What is thy petition, O my spouse; and it shall be granted thee? And what is thy request, and it shall be performed, even to the half of my kingdom?"

First question. "Tell me concerning the choice and calling of thine to thyself, O my Beloved. I long to know and realize my election of thee, my vocation of thee, to thyself."

Answer. "I have loved thee, O my spouse, because I would love thee. Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. My election and choice of thee to myself is an act of distinguishing grace and divine sovereignty. It is eternal, absolute, and irrevocable. Thou art mine elect; I have called thee by thy name. Yea, further, listen to me, O my spouse, to my own recorded testimony concerning thee and myself: 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord.'"

"Thou who hast kindled my intense desire,

Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,

And let me my election know."—*Toplady.*

"We cannot heartily love the distinguishing truths of the gospel without experiencing them; and we cannot experience them without loving them."—*Toplady.* O! What a cluster of precious experimental truth! Truly may it be said, "We love him because he first loved us."

Second question. "Grant me, O my Beloved, to sweetly know and feel the grace of a justified state, and of a sanctified state, with some heartfelt assurance that I shall persevere unto the end, even unto a glorified state."

Answer. "What aileth thee, O my spouse, in asking these questions? But I know that thou lovest me; and for thy comfort and consolation will answer thee, inasmuch as thou art leaning upon my arm and near my heart. Now, listen, my spouse. Thy justification before the presence of my Father and thy Father is a three-fold act. First, as an act of grace. (Rom. iii. 24.) Secondly, by my obedience, blood, and righteousness. (Rom. v. 9.) Thirdly, by precious faith. (Rom. v. 1.) The two former are the groundwork of thy justification; the latter is the power I give thee to receive it. Again. Thy sanctification is alone in myself; and the more chaste and pure thy love is to me, the greater is the evidence of thy sanctification unto eternal life. And as to thy perseverance unto eternal glory, that depends upon the strength of my arm, and not thine; for thou shalt never perish, neither shall any pluck thee out of my hands."

"O my Beloved, upon the contemplation of these sweet answers of thine, 'Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm.'"

Third question. "Tell me, O my Beloved, how will it fare with me in that great presentation day of thy bride to thyself?"

"How can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?"

Answer. "Hast thou not known? Hath it not been told thee? Hast thou not heard my voice? Hast thou not felt its power? Now listen again to my words, O my spouse: 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.' And again: 'Come, thou blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world.' And again: 'Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me.' And again: 'Accepted in the Beloved.'"

Fourth question. "But there is that dark cloud of past offences against thy holy law, Person, and work; the sins and follies of my youth and of my riper years; and methinks, although I am now privileged to lean on thy arm, I sometimes hear the thunders of Sinai against me. What if that cloud should sever me from thee, O my Beloved?"

Answer. "It is true, O my spouse, that thy sins against my holy law, my Person, and my finished work, have been many; yea, thy neck has been as an iron sinew, and thy brow as brass; yea, I know thou hast been feeding on ashes, and a deceitful heart hath turned thee aside. Nevertheless, it is well for thee, O my spouse, to remember with shame and confusedness of face these things. Yet thou art now my servant; I have formed thee; thou art my servant; thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee. Thy sins and thy iniquities shall be sought for, and there shall be none; they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve. Yea, I will forgive all thine iniquity, and I will remember thy sin no more. My blood has paid the mighty debt thou hast by thy sins contracted; and further, my payment of thy debt hath been accepted.

"Payment God will not twice demand;
First at thy bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at thine."

Fifth question. "Let not my Beloved be angry, while I would ask him other questions. O! I feel the plague of sin, the death-spot of iniquity, the mire and filth of transgression and guilt cleaving to me; and I cannot cleanse it away. Yea, the more I try, the deeper the stain becomes. My sore runneth in the night, and I cannot find relief or comfort. Ah! Tell me, is it possible that such a one as I feel I am can be cleansed and find permanent relief and comfort?"

Answer. "My blood, O my spouse, cleanseth from all defilement and sin,—past, present, and to come. I know that thy earthly garments are defiled; they are spotted by the flesh, and they are alike displeasing to me and to thee. But be comforted,

O my spouse. The time is coming when thou shalt walk with me in white raiment; yea, the garment I will give thee shall be worthy of the Giver. In this thou art now mystically clothed. Arrayed in this, I see no sin or defilement in thee; for thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

Sixth question. "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, how it is that the objects of thy love, thy choice, and care, meet with so many trials, obstacles, difficulties, and persecutions in the wilderness; for it seemeth with many as if they drank more deeply of the cup of sorrows than others."

Answer. "It is my pleasure, although a mystery now to thee, that in the world they shall have tribulation. This is not their rest; because it is polluted. It is also my will that trials shall assail and encompass them round. Yet my wisdom and power make these trials (they may be fiery ones) work together for their good. It is true that I sometimes place obstacles in their pathway, or permit others to do it; but it is to prevent them from wandering in the pathway of the destroyer. It is also true that many difficulties gather themselves around my Hephzibah; but this is ordained to try her faith and constancy. But, remember, O my spouse, that crosses and losses are the portion of thy inheritance in the wilderness, and that persecutions, even unto death, are all under my control, and take place by my permission. I know that these and many other things are mysteries to thee, and it is my will they should be so now; but be comforted. What thou knowest not now thou shalt know to thy full satisfaction hereafter. Thou wilt then find no fault with the way by which I have led thee to thy permanent home and final resting-place at my right hand for evermore."

Seventh question. "O let not my Beloved rebuke me, and I will speak but this once. I see, as we near the end of the wilderness, two ways; one is broad, but the end of it grows dark and dismal. Many there are that are in this way, who seem to be impelled forward by an irresistible power, which they vainly try to resist, for their efforts are fruitless. The darksome end of this way absorbs and swallows them up. The other way is a straight and narrow one, with here and there a traveller. Yet I see, that the end of this way is occasionally lit up with a beautiful refulgent light. Nevertheless, clouds and darkness sometimes gather about it; and while some rejoice therein, others have but little light, and pass on with trembling and sorrowful steps, and are in bonds for fear of the issue. O my Beloved, bear with me, and pardon my importunity; but tell me how I shall stand this trying day. What will be the issue of my hopes and fears concerning this dark, and to me, at present, gloomy day? O tell me whether it will at eventide be light in my soul?"

Answer. "True; it is a way of trial, even to the strongest. Well may anxiety fill thy fearful breast. Yet, cheer up, my spouse, my purchased one. I have for thy security and deliverance been through this way, and know it well. Terrors may surround thee,

and the powers of darkness try to obstruct thy pathway; but I will not leave thee to sink or be cast away therein. Not one of mine was ever lost in this way; neither shall thy soul be lost there; for I will give my angels charge concerning thee. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' And, further, my spouse; the arm that now supports and defends thee in the wilderness will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Thou art mine. Thou shalt never perish, neither shall any pluck thee out of my hand."

"He that hath made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich I can't be poor;
What can I want beside?"

Amen and Amen.

I am, my dear Brother, truly yours in Christ Jesus,

J. F. MATTHEWS.

45, Swanston Street, Melbourne, Aug. 28th, 1876.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—Some weeks ago you kindly inquired after my health; but at that time my head was so bad that I could not write you a proper answer. My affliction, being on the brain and spinal cord, has deprived me of all power to write as I would. Rest and quiet were the great requisites; but how to obtain these in the midst of troubles and cares I knew not. The mind, if naturally active, even when much weakened, cannot leave things so easily as a comparatively inactive mind may in health. Besides, my eyes have been so dim that I could not discern objects properly, and to attempt writing only made them worse. Every fibre and muscle of my body felt contracted. So weak was I that it was quite an effort to speak, and a trial to see any one, even of the people of God.

The physician under whom I have been for some months lately told me that, when he first saw me, he looked upon my case as being a very serious one, all the symptoms indicating that a form of disease had set in in the nervous centres that threatened to prove of a troublesome nature. Now he is persuaded that that disease has been arrested, and that the nervous centres are free from, and that I have no organic disease. I have been laid aside 28 weeks, except that I preached one Lord's day in a case of emergency.

I could not describe the weakness that I have passed through. I am sure that persons in health can only be poor incompetent judges of the movements and steps of those who may, from affliction and necessity, be compelled to act for themselves. When Job was in deep affliction, his friends were in health; and having only a shallow though real religion, they argued what they in such a case would do. These, pretending to administer medicine and counsel, made Job say, "Ye are physicians of no

value." And what was worse, they were, through their false accusations, forgers of lies.

My doctor, who prescribed for me not long before I left Birmingham, is persuaded that my affliction was coming upon me then,—the result of too much labour and anxiety of body and mind. When any, in prospect of future steps, seek direction from God, having earnestly entreated his blessing, if counter providences arise and troubles ensue, it does not leave those persons under distressing guilt, though it may entail upon them inconceivable trial and temptation. The much exercise, trials, and correspondence which I had before going to Brighton may partially account for my weakness; and perhaps, had I remained at Brighton, my health might have been restored there; but this I wish to leave.

Some time ago, I was met in my reasoning with this portion: "Why dost thou strive against Him? For he giveth not account of any of his matters." And, again, with this Scripture: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

We must pass through trials to know what they are, and to fit us for sympathy with God's tried and afflicted people. Of late years especially I have had to pass through much tribulation, and things which I looked not for have come upon me. God has so many and such singular ways of bringing his people into trial that sense and reason are lost. The time was when I scarcely knew what it was to spend a day without the joy of God in my soul. Sometimes the sun hastened not to go down for a whole day. Since then, for a long time together, I have not spent a day without sorrow and trial. O what an evil is sin! I could sometimes wish there had never been a devil, as then there would have been no sin. Not long since, I had in my trials such a sight of my state by nature, also of my sins, and God being at a distance, that the rebellion of my desperately wicked heart rose up, and I wished I had never been born, and almost or quite cursed the day of my birth.

After experiencing the grace and kindness of God, being indulged with peace, life, and love, and permitted to find access to God for months, and almost for years together, and privileged to enjoy the Spirit of adoption, the Word of God made sweet, and the dew of heaven resting on one's branch, so that either by prayer, praise, or thanksgiving, the soul was more or less constantly engaged; then to lose all, go mourning without the sun, be exposed to temptation, walk in darkness and have no light, have no power to pray, thirst, long, or desire, to be as barren and in one's feelings worse than those who have never made mention of these things, for God to be so far away as to be to one's view quite out of sight, and the Comforter, who should relieve one's soul, far off,—all this great change, with many outward trials, makes one feel that there are two sides to real religion, and that God alone can help and perfect that which concerns the soul. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Then sense and reason begin to work; and not

being able to find out or understand the wonderful ways of him who is perfect in knowledge, infidelity joins the host of carnal reasonings, and whispers in the scul that there is no God, no hereafter, neither heaven nor hell. Conscience being too honest to be purchased, and too vigorous to be overcome by all the sophistry and reasoning of the carnal mind, even though it be backed by all the powers of hell, rises up and testifies that one's very existence proves these things a lie.

No one man ever passed through all the trials of the church except the Man Christ Jesus. He was made perfect through sufferings. Hence he is a perfect Head to the whole body, and thoroughly understands the case and difficulties of every member of his mystic frame. Some years ago, when travelling to Burton-on-Trent, the Lord sweetly drew near and gave me a time of love, assured my heart, and so made known his love that I blessed and praised his Name. He brought several scriptures with sweetness and power, and said, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Ever since then, from that very week, trials have followed me; but they have been mixed with much kindness, forbearance, mercy, and long-suffering, and sweet meltings of heart through his love. During the last few months, through cross providences, temptations from the devil, darkness of soul, the absence of a precious Christ, with a weak body, my brain being in such a state as to prevent sleep for a long time together, he has prepared me to say honestly, with David, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."

About two months ago, in the night season, when thus tried, the Lord Jesus seemed to draw near. He calmed my mind, and with pity and compassion said, "Even now, if thou wilt look unto me, wait upon me, turn unto me, serve me, and trust in me, I will help thee." I was immediately helped to do so. I turned unto him, told him all my troubles, and committed my way unto him. I confessed my sins, and was led to look back upon my past life, and see there was not one thing that I could rest upon. I was led to see that I was shapen in iniquity, and that my conception was in sin. I was in mind taken to the garden, to see how pure I once stood in the loins of my first parent, Adam, and how, through his disobedience, we were made sinners. I stood there as guilty as he, exposed to the justice and wrath of God, and deserving condemnation and endless misery. I confessed that he would have been just in sending me where hope and mercy never come. But I turned unto him, pleaded mercy, confessed my original sin, the sins of my life, and my present need of help; and the Lord turned unto me, sent peace, life, and forgiveness into my soul, and brought his Word with comfort. I wept tears of joy and praise at the goodness of God, and could say, "Who is a God like unto thee?"

"By these [mixed] things men live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit. So wilt thou recover me, and make me to live." The weeds of sin, pride, vain-glory, selfishness, covetous-

ness, self-importance, deadness, coldness, negligence of the throne of grace, and many other things that dishonour God, grow so fast and become so rampant that hot furnaces, deep waters, a voyage to the bottom of the sea, a journey to the ends of the earth, the frowns of God, his rod, with crosses and disappointments, the messenger of Satan to buffet, are needful to humble us, correct us, and put us into our right minds. How little is Christ sought when there is no case, no trial, no deep sense of sin, no hungering nor thirsting felt! We hide, as it were, our faces from him. He is despised, and we esteem him not. Two or three times lately I have felt willing to be entirely led by the Lord, so that he would be with me, and bless his word through me, whether here or elsewhere. It is blessed to have a passive feeling, if only for a moment.

I hope I can say I am gradually improving in health, and sometimes hope I shall be better than I have been for several years; but I still feel my brain will not bear too much, and that it will require time to restore me.

Yours sincerely,

18, Albion Street, Birmingham, Feb. 1st, 1877. J. DENNETT.

My very dear Friend,—I have no doubt you will wonder how I can have delayed so long to send you a few lines. I have no other reason to give you but this,—that it has been my intention to write for the last three or four weeks, but I have been waiting for Mr. Bensley's coming down to Oxford to settle my matters; which he has, I believe, settled for the present. He is exceedingly kind to me.

The matter was this. We have a Baptist minister in Oxford, named Hinton. He does not preach the truth, neither does he know it even in the theory, and much less has he an experience of it in his soul; which all gospel ministers have. Now, my speaking against his preaching to some of his people, and circulating Mr. Huntington's books, together with some of his people leaving him and coming out from amongst them, the Lord being pleased to open their eyes, has caused no small stir amongst them; and all the revenge the poor creature could take is to vilify Mr. H.'s character and mine by calling us Antinomians; charging his congregation, with tears, to read none of his writings, assuring them they are erroneous; and as to me, to shun me as they would a lion; and he told them he would use his interest to turn me out of my place of work; which he would have done, speaking after the manner of men, if Mr. Bensley had not been made an instrument in the Lord's hands of so far preventing him. I know not how it will be determined. But, however, I do believe that there are three men, if not more, effectually wrought upon by the Holy Ghost, and they have separated themselves from the people. We meet on a Sunday and read some of Mr. H.'s books, and speak to encourage one another in the way. We read a chapter and pray the Lord to bless it. And, bless God, we find it good and profitable, far more than to go to

hear a parcel of contradictions, neither one thing nor the other; which I am fully satisfied God will never own or honour. We are in the Lord's hands, and he knoweth them that are his. I shall see, with the blessing of God, how it will go with me in the course of the ensuing summer; and if I do not go up for good and all, I will do my best to run up to London for a week to see you.

Mr. Bensley informs me Mr. Huntington has been very indisposed. I hope God will sanctify every affliction to his soul's profit and the good of the Lord's children.

By your letter I find my friend wants to get in a smoother path. This is what I expected when God manifested his love to me, and assured my soul of a part and lot in the atonement of Jesus Christ. I thought I should go on in a more even path. And so we do, blessed be God, when we have the enjoyment of that love which casteth out all fear and torment. But there is something else to be experienced, as we travel through this wilderness world, besides joy and comfort. O my friend! I know it is a hard lesson to learn the abominable deceitfulness and wickedness of the human heart; for I think, at times, instead of Jesus Christ dwelling in my heart by faith, the devil and sin seem to reign there; and it is no strange thing to me to hear your complaints of your dreadful rebellion and enmity being stirred up; for there are none of God's elect upon earth, when they get into legal bondage, and under the hidings of God's face, who do not have a feeling sense of their own corruptions. And then the enemy begins to buffet, which makes us impatient and fretful, and rebellious too. Yet, notwithstanding all this, you know and feel there is a secret something which, at times, sweetens all; for you have this persuasion that every man upon this earth is in the same state, though few know it. You know, my brother, what it is to labour under the burden of sin, the wrath of God, and the dread of hell. These things I have heard you express; and I do believe the truth of them. Yet, at times, Jesus has been precious to your soul. You have had many foretastes of his love and mercy manifested to you; sometimes sweetly rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, till your soul has caught the flame. Then, perhaps, it has suddenly all gone. "And then," say you, "I sensibly feel his absence; for, when this is the case, never was such a poor, barren, sinful creature, I think, as I am." True. "Without me," saith the Lord, "ye can do nothing."

May the blessed Holy Spirit bring these things to your remembrance! It was he who first showed you your danger, and made you feel your sins. It was he that prompted you to pray for mercy when you had no hope of any; and it is he that keeps you at it to this moment, in spite of all that oppose. It is he that applies the word of promise, that raises your soul to hope. May that faithful word of promise appear conspicuous in your behalf.

My love to my old pastor, Mr. Huntington. Yours,

Peer's Buildings, St. Giles's, Oxford, Feb. 11th, 1810. T. Toms.

My dear Friend,—These little afflictions are not very pleasing to the flesh; but no doubt they are all right; ordered by infinite wisdom, and tempered with infinite love. And though we cannot now pry into all the intricacies, and observe all the bearings of God's providences, yet the promise stands firmer than the everlasting mountains: "All things work together for good," &c. Our insight into divine things is, at present, very imperfect. We see through a glass darkly. And even the little light we have we too often apply to wrong purposes. We are too apt to think that if we were in such a situation, or in such and such circumstances, we should be much more happy, and feel ourselves much more devoted to God; but we forget that the bounds of our habitation are fixed by our heavenly Father, and that his heart is too full of love not to appoint to us that situation which will be most for our good, and those circumstances which will be most advantageous. At least, so I find it continually to be the case.

But what should all these imperfections and infirmities teach me, but my total depravity and entire helplessness? And what effect should they have upon me, but that of leading me to a constant dependence upon the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and an ardent longing after another and better world, where we shall see Jesus as he is, and know even as we are known? I really am daily more convinced of this,—that nothing can render life desirable unless it be the prospect of glorifying Jesus; and that nothing can render it happy, unless it be living upon his fulness.

I have lately been very much delighted with an instance of the Lord's loving-kindness in revealing himself to one of my friends, living at Magdalen College, who has been under very strong convictions of his own sinful and lost state, and unable, in the least degree, to embrace the Lord Jesus as a Saviour for himself. However, I took him to see a sick person whom I am in the habit of visiting, and she related to him exactly what he then felt from her own past experience, and told him she was much relieved by reading Dr. Hawker's tract on the "Bruised Reed." She lent it to him; and it has been very much blessed to him.

Your unworthy Brother in the Bonds of the Gospel,
Nov. 23rd, 1820.

I. H.

Dear Martha,—I wish you the best of blessings, as you seem to be so very poor; blessings which none can give but the God of heaven. I believe he has blessed you; and you cannot deny it. "O that thou wouldest bless me indeed!" is the feeling of your poor soul, is it not? I am sure, if the Lord had not done something for you, you would never ask him to bless, satisfy, and save your never-dying soul. I believe you are in love with Jesus. There is none you desire like him.

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

There are beauties in him which cannot be found in any other. You love him who was dead, but now liveth for evermore. You

are looking for him; you expect his coming; you want him to come; and he is welcome to come. "Come, Lord Jesus," is the desire of your heart sometimes. I know you would rather have him than ten thousand worlds. He has drawn your heart and affections to himself; and you will never be happy without him. Is it not so? You are of age; speak for yourself. Meet your accusers, and tell them it is Jesus Christ you need, and that without him you mourn, pine, and sigh.

I will leave you and him to it; but I know how it will end.

"He'll come to set thy spirit free;

And as thy days thy strength shall be."

Blockley, Manchester, March 14th, 1868.

T. COLLINGE.

My dear Friend,—I hope you will attribute your not receiving an earlier reply to my slothfulness, sluggishness, and neglect, to which I am so basely prone. Indeed, it is a wonder that the Lord has not shut up all communications and correspondence in such a poor, empty, barren, withered, and dried-up thing as I so often feel myself to be. O my brother! How sin has marred us in every part and in every power! At least, I feel it has me; and that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." It must indeed be matchless grace and love that prompted God the Eternal Son to become a Surety for such a stranger, beggar, bankrupt, yea, insolvent and nothing-to-pay wretch; and then to frankly forgive all my sins, having drowned them in the Red Sea of his own most precious blood; so that if the sins of Israel be sought for, they shall not be found: "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." "He that believeth is justified from all things." God help you to believe; so that, being justified by faith, you may have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Your unworthy Friend in the Gospel of Jesus,

Laverton, March 13th, 1865.

W. SPIRE.

The Church of Christ meeting for the Worship of God in Hope Chapel, Rochdale, under the pastoral care of John Kershaw,

Unto the Committee united to form a Strict Baptist Church at the West End of London.

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you. The Lord direct you in all your counsels, and crown your efforts with abundant success.

Dear brethren, your letter has been read to us, requesting us to let our minister come and serve you in the ministry of the word. When we were given to understand your state, we felt ourselves in a great strait, not knowing what to do in your case. Our minister being so much from home is a great drawback upon our own interest, as our chapel is not so well attended when he is

from home. He has been a great deal out this year and last. On the other hand, as our old friend Mr. Gadsby cannot come and help you, because of his health and age, at this unfavourable time of the year, you, of course, want help from some other of the Lord's sent servants. As your eyes are upon our minister to come if Mr. Gadsby could not, we found ourselves at a loss to know what to do, to do right. It was agreed that we should all kneel down and lay the case before the Lord, and ask his direction. One of our old deacons called upon the Lord to direct us what to do in this case. He told the Lord that he knew our hearts, and that we wished to do that which would be most for his honour and glory, the furtherance of the gospel, and the welfare of Zion.

After prayer, we sat down again, with great humility and solemnity of mind, and had a little more conversation upon the subject; when one of our old members said, "I feel it in my heart to make a proposition: 'That our minister go to help the brethren in London beginning their new cause.'" This proposition was seconded, and put to the vote by a show of hands; and the result is that the London Committee got their request granted. So, God willing, you may expect our minister to be with you on Lord's day, Nov. 13th. May the Lord go with him, and make him a blessing to you in the beginning of your new cause.

Brethren, you have our hearty best wishes and prayers that the Lord may be with you, and make you the honoured instrument in his hands of establishing a church in every way in accordance with the mind of the Lord as revealed in the New Testament, and that the Lord may appear amongst you in his beauty, and build up Zion. May peace be within your walls, and prosperity within your palaces. And may the Lord, in his own time, send you a pastor after his own heart, to feed you with knowledge and understanding, one that the Lord will keep faithful to his truth in all its parts and branches, and that he will make an example to his flock in every good word and work. This is the prayer of your brethren and sisters in the Lord at Hope Chapel, Rochdale.

Signed in behalf of the church,

JACOB WOLFENDEN,	} Deacons.
THOMAS FIELDING,	
SAMUEL LORD.	

Rochdale, Oct. 31st., 1842.

WITHOUT a real vital union to the Lord Jesus Christ there cannot be any communion. It is, therefore, of the greatest moment to know our union to Christ.—*W. Gadsby.*

How a poor man will toil, and sweat, and weary himself for half-a-crown, just to get a pittance to maintain himself and his family! And yet, in spiritual matters, how little is there of that labour that we see in the labouring man striving to earn his daily bread! In spiritual things, there must be a labouring of soul, as there is a labouring of body; and yet it is all a free gift. Though the Son of man should give it unto you, there is no claim upon him. It is all his free gift.—*J. C. Philpot.*

DESIRING ASSURANCE.

LORD, will it ever be
 That thou wilt call me thine,
 That I shall plainly see
 That thou art really mine?
 Then only will my spirit rest,
 When with assurance I am blest.

Hope sometimes rises high,
 That I the day shall see
 When thou to me wilt say,
 "Yea, I have loved thee;"
 When thou wilt draw me to thy breast,
 Cause me to lean thereon and rest.

Then, through delays, I grow
 Fearful and sick at heart;
 Anxious I am to know
 That thou my portion art;
 Because I feel I cannot rest
 Till with assurance I am blest.

Again, I hope I see
 I in thy Book am named;
 My feelings so agree
 With what is there proclaim'd;
 But though I hope, I cannot rest
 Assured, till with assurance blest.

Encouraged often, too,
 When in thy courts I meet;
 There, with a praying few,
 Sometimes the season's sweet.
 This raises hope; but ah! Not blest
 With confidence, I dare not rest.

And sometimes, too, in prayer,
 (I would 'twere oftener so)
 I feel that thou art near
 To cause desires to flow.
 Thy promise cheers and warms my breast;
 Yet not assured I cannot rest.

Lord, on my pathway shine,
 And sweetly say to me,
 "Thou art a child of mine;
 Yea, I have loved thee."
 Speak faith's assurance to my breast;
 And then, dear Jesus, I shall rest.

R. F.

TRIALS and afflictions are the appointed lot of the family of God; and if we belong to that favoured number we shall certainly have our share of them.—*J. C. Philpot.*

Obituary.

ELIZABETH BARNES.—On April 22nd, 1875, aged 60, Elizabeth Barnes, of Christian Malford.

Being at an early age surrounded by those who feared God, she was brought up under the sound of the truth; but she openly avowed her enmity to it, and said that no one should ever make her believe election. She carried her hatred so far that once, finding that my late dear father was to preach, she turned back, and went home. But thus far and no farther was she to go. The Father's set time came when this enmity was to be slain, these high looks brought down, and this haughty heart humbled. She fell before God as a poor guilty hell-deserving sinner, if so be there might be hope. Instead of thinking now that God dealt hardly in not giving all a chance, she was brought solemnly to feel it was of his mercy he saved any. Humbled at his feet, she was made willing to learn of those to whom before she had scorned to stoop.

The means the Lord took to bring about this change was the sudden death of a person of the village. From a child she had many stings and qualms of conscience, and many resolves to amend her life were made only to be broken; but now the Lord had laid hold of her effectually, and she began to fear what would become of her. Her sins were a burden of which she longed to be eased. Now her heart was set to find the way to Zion's gate, with her face thitherward. She longed for the time when the Lord's house would be open, feeling much drawn to it and to the Lord's people. The words: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," often gave her a little hope in after days of darkness and doubt. This Scripture she was enabled to cling to; neither the devil nor unbelief being able to make her question her love to the people of God.

For some years she was doubting and fearing; but still her hope was in the Lord. Cast down very much, at times, fearing she was deceived and knew nothing aright, yet she was still enabled to struggle on, with now and then a faint hope in the mercy of God.

She was at length raised to a comfortable hope through a sermon of my father's, from the words: "Because in him there is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel." His preaching, with that of others, had often been a help to her. Then began a union which was never broken; for ever after she had a most tender regard for him whom she had before openly turned her back upon; and it was a burden to her that she had persecuted the saints of God.

She was at length constrained to cast in her lot with the few despised people in this place. The Lord had put it into her heart, and she felt constrained to follow him in his blessed though despised ordinance.

She lived to prove that there was a daily cross for her to carry. Her path was a rough and rugged one, for the most part, with many heavy losses in business, the care and anxiety of a large family, and the painful trials connected therewith, besides a heavy share of affliction of body, which in her last years much increased. But God was with her, and brought her through all.

I often visited her in her last illness. She was a woman of few words, but there was weight and solemnity in what she said. If she made any reference to her sufferings, it would be to compare them with what she deserved, or to those of others, or more especially to what her dear Jesus suffered for her.

Finding her once in tears, I said, "Are you weeping 'to the praise of the mercy you've found?'" She replied, "Yes. Sweet tears! Sweet

affliction, thus to bring me home to God!" At another time, when suffering extreme pain, she said, with sweet composure, "'Tis well. I am in the Lord's hands, and feel willing for him to do with me as seemeth him good. I am willing to live or die; to suffer a little longer, or depart and be with him, which is far better."

On her last Sabbath on earth she had a foretaste of the eternal Sabbath. She said, "Perhaps I may spend my next Sabbath with dear uncle (the late Mr. Jacob Burchell, who died the January previous); and what a Sabbath that will be!" Seeing her husband weeping, she said, "Why do they wish to keep me here? What a release it will be for me to be taken from this vain world of sin and woe!" To a friend she spoke very sweetly, how she felt the everlasting arms to be underneath, how she was borne up, and how firmly she felt fixed on the Rock, and that nothing could shake her sure repose; quoting the passage: "On this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." She also wished the hymn beginning,

"A fulness resides in Jesus our Head,"

to be read, and said that it had many times been blessed to her.

I saw her in the evening, and asked her if she thought she was going home. She said, "I thought so this morning," and spoke of what a blissful exchange it would be to her.

The day she left her trembling house of clay, when I saw her, she could not say much, but spoke a little very sweetly of the love and affection that had always existed between us. The next morning we heard she was gone. Death had often been a terror to her; yet how it was removed, and in what sweet peace she died.

Mrs. Barnes was buried by our dear friend, Mr. H. Hammond, in the little spot of ground at Clack, where sleeps in Jesus the precious dust of many of the dear saints of God, waiting the resurrection morn.

Her Bible was her chief companion, though often complaining how little she read it, and still less understood and fed upon it. There was something sterling about her, yet simple and unassuming. She was much beloved and esteemed by the few who knew her. I felt a great knitting of soul to her, and the union had much increased of late. She was a mother in Israel, one who feared God above many. Blessed with a tender conscience, she was enabled to walk much in his fear, and adorn the doctrines she professed. She would be in God's house when scarcely able, and often found food for her soul. She dwelt among her own people. I often heard her speak of the good she found at the prayer-meetings, and how the broken petitions of her fellow-mortals have flowed warm out of their hearts into hers. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Clack.

EBENEZER MORSE.

W. PATCHING.—On Dec. 27th, 1875, aged 77, W. Patching, of Faversham.

The following account was written by himself:

"In 1830 it pleased God to stop me in my way of sin. One Sunday evening, my wife and two children having gone to chapel, I was at home alone. I walked down my garden to smoke my pipe. When I returned a Bible lay upon the table. I opened it; and the passage I read condemned me. Surely that was the Lord's work; for no human means was made use of. He was pleased to pull down and to build up. 'I was brought low and he helped me.'

"My mind being so wrecked with terror, I felt I could have pulled God from his throne. I did not know how to work, as my body was brought so low. I was afraid to go to sleep at night, for fear of awaking

up in hell. Seeing a black dog, how I envied that dog! I arose from my seat, ran through the house to my shop, and fell on my knees, and wanted to pray; but, being ignorant, I quoted these words: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' What to do I did not know, as it so increased my misery that I felt I should go into despair. The Bible still condemned me. One day I took the 'Pilgrim's Progress' to read. When I came to Worldly Wiseman, I was seized with horror; for I felt that I was the man. I closed the book, went out, and tried to cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner;' but could not utter a word.

"Some time after this, a Mr. T., of Ashford, came to preach. His text was Eph. ii. 8, 9: 'For by grace ye are saved,' &c. The Lord was pleased to give me a lift. I wept and rejoiced in turn.

"The great distress of my mind brought me into a low state of health. My dear wife, seeing me so low that I could scarcely take my food, wished me to go to see the doctor; but I knew it was the great Physician I wanted. I thought I would go and see my mother, who then lived in Faversham. I sat and talked to her till nearly noon, and when I left was as full of trouble as when I went. About ten minutes after, I fell on my knees, and the dear Lord saw fit to take away my burden by the following words: 'Christ in you the Hope of glory.' I went out empty, and came home full, blessing and praising the Lord for what he had done for my poor soul. That joy lasted for some time.

"Soon after, the friends wished me to join the church; but I was obliged to wait, as I was afraid I had not on the wedding garment. Some time after, I was baptized, and went amongst them."

For the last three or four years of his life his health gradually declined. In Feb., 1872, he had an attack of paralysis. When he was confined to his bed, one day he said to me, "I have been wrestling with the Lord, and begging of him for a token for good. After a little time, he comforted me with the following words: 'Upon this Rock will I build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' These words followed: 'The righteous hath hope in his death.'" He frequently begged of the dear Lord not to leave him, saying, "Do, dear Lord, shine on my poor soul." "Jesus came to seek and save the lost; and I know I am lost without him. He cannot have shown me what he has to destroy me."

About a fortnight before his death, he said to me, "O! What a time I have had during the last 24 hours with the enemy! But I trust the dear Lord has now shone on my poor soul. I find the path very narrow, but trust I am in it." A few days before his death, a very old friend called to see him. On asking him how he felt as death approached, he said, "I want nothing but Christ; and trust I am ready for him when he is ready for me."

On the Friday before his death, he said, "The Lord has been good to me to-day. He has assured me that I am his, and he is mine. Tell the friends that what I have had in life will do to die by." Shortly after, he spoke a few words in prayer very solemnly; after which, he scarcely spoke. He quietly passed away.

R. PATCHING.

Faversham.

SOPHIA NYE.—On March 20th, 1876, aged 59, Sophia Nye, of Hadlow, Kent.

Miss Nye was brought up by godly parents, and instructed in the ways of God. She was convinced of sin when about 12 years of age. This went on till she was 23. After this she became much distressed about her eternal state. Her sins lay with great weight on her mind, so that she was compelled to go much in secret, often with tears, beg-

ging mercy of the Lord, crying in earnest, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The following is her own account: "I confessed my sins with shame before a holy God, who I feared would cast me off as a guilty wretch. Here the Lord showed me I was standing on a precipice near to hell, in feeling. I felt naked, and stood before a holy God, full of fears and trembling before so just a God. I felt not one string tied me to the earth or earthly things. I felt condemned and cast down. I thought I never should or could be happy again upon the earth. This brought me to my wits' end.

"After this a minister came to the long room in Tunbridge. He took for his text Mal. iii. 16. In speaking of those who feared the Lord, I felt an interest in it. In speaking on the part of those who spake often one to another, then I felt cut off. But when speaking of those who thought upon his Name, I felt he had told me all things. I left the room as I never had before, not lifted up with joy, but melted into tears of contrition before the Lord, and felt the dear Lord had saved my soul from hell. I felt so overcome with a sense of the Lord's goodness to me that I wept much. I did not speak of it for three months after it took place. It entered my mind that I did not well in keeping it so close, for it was a day of glad tidings. As my father and mother often prayed for us, I felt they ought to know a little of what the Lord had done for my soul. I began to open my mind to them and some friends. My tongue began to be loosed, and I gained strength.

"Soon after this, some friends thought of forming a church, and spoke to my sister, who fears the Lord, about joining. She talked to me upon it. Through this, my mind became much exercised about baptism for some months. One Sabbath, a minister spoke upon baptism, the subject being blessed to my soul. I could plainly see my way through it. I had no rest in my spirit until I passed through it in 1848. Satan suggested to me that I should not be accepted by the church. I sought the Lord often to know his will upon it, that I might not take a wrong step. I went before the church, and was enabled to speak a little, although it was a great trial. They received my testimony. The day I was baptized, I felt calm and peaceful; also I felt the Lord was with us. It was truly a good time; and I had the answer of a good conscience for some time after. I was much favoured with his endearing presence by the application of some portions of his blessed Word; such as: 'I have redeemed thee.' 'Come, thou blessed of my Father.' These were sweet.

"Soon after this, darkness overspread the mind. All comfort was gone; so much so that I was afraid to look up, yet sighing in my soul for mercy. This lasted many days; when these words entered my soul: 'He brought me up also out of the horrible pit.' How sweetly I could sing and praise the Lord! I went on some time, rejoicing in Jesus as my All in all."

Our dear friend with her sister had built a nice comfortable chapel for Strict Baptist communion. I am sure it was an act of sincere love to God and his people. The chapel is quite free. Their kindness to the cause and poor has been very great.

Twelve months ago our sister was taken ill, and kept getting weaker for many weeks. Her mind was very calm and quiet almost to the last. A few days before her death, the enemy suggested to her that she would not hold out to the end. Through this she was brought very low indeed; but the Lord heard her cry, and delivered her out of the enemy's power by the power of God felt. I saw her a few hours before she died. I asked her if she had any fear of death, or any pain or trouble. Her clear answer was, "O no! Not any. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all

that is within me, bless his holy Name." She continued till she breathed her last, blessing the Lord.

It may be truly said of her that God's poor have lost a friend indeed. We have lost a valuable member, a kind and affectionate friend. Her end was what the Word calls sleep. It really did appear a sweet sleep in the arms of Jesus; not a groan or struggle. She is gone to be for ever with the Lord whom she loved and served below.

THOS. CLIFFORD.

MYRA COLE.—On March 28th, 1876, aged 72, Myra Cole, of Whetham, Calne.

My dear wife was the daughter of the late Mrs. Wiltshire, of Studley, whose death was recorded in the "G. S.," Sept., 1858. She stood a member at Studley for 52 years. I can say I have often been thankful to the God of all grace for such a partner. I found her, by the grace of God, a gracious, God-fearing, good help-mate, in temporal and spiritual trials and blessings, during the 49 years we were in wedlock.

She often complained of weakness of body during the last two or three years of her life; but her faculties were good up to the last night. She often feared how it would be in the last struggle. Generally, at night and morning, when she lay awake, she wished me to read her a portion of Scripture, and of ten found a blessing with the word. She retired to rest as usual about 10 o'clock. I wondered at her sleeping so soundly through the night. When I arose in the morning, I called her. Receiving no answer, I called louder; but no answer. To my surprise, she was dead. It appeared she had died without a struggle. I wept and mourned, but yet rejoiced to think she was taken from an afflicted body and a variety of family trials, to be for ever present with her dear Lord, where no more pain nor sorrow can approach.

She was a very tender, feeling mother to her children. In my young days I was led earnestly to pray that the dear Lord would give me a king's daughter for a wife, adorned with the grace of God, which is durable riches. She many times expressed how well she heard Mr. Fowler in London, the late Mr. Warburton, and other ministers who often preached at Studley.

The following, written by her, was found after her death: "Aug. 8th, 1824.—Mr. Eacott spoke from Nahum i. 7: 'The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.' That day I attempted to tell him and the little church what the Lord had done for my soul. O that I may be united to them in spirit and in truth, and ever have the glory of God in view!"

"Sept. 5th.—A day much to be remembered by me. Mr. Dymott spoke in the morning from Acts viii. 12. Dear Mr. Eacott baptized me and three others, and spoke in the afternoon from Isa. xl. 14: 'and they shall call thee, The city of the Lord.' I trust I shall enjoy many such days as that. My soul's desire is to be led in the footsteps of the flock, and to be kept humble at the feet of Christ, begging to be guided and directed by his unerring counsel. May I ever be kept from bringing a reproach on the cause of Christ; and may the few remaining days I have to spend here be a life devoted to him."

She many times told me of many passages of Scripture which had been brought to her by the Holy Spirit with such power in times of the greatest need, that she went on her way with fresh rejoicing in the love and righteousness of Christ Jesus, her Beloved. She was particularly fond of joining in and hearing the high praises of the Three-One God. The last hymn she heard sung in chapel was the 483rd;

"Yes, I shall soon be landed," &c.

She owned how good it was, and with what power and blessing it was attended to her soul. From the many witnesses of the Spirit I have had, it rejoices my soul that her name is written in the Lamb's book of life.

J. H. COLE.

GEORGE GORTON.—On June 19th, 1876, aged 77, Mr. George Gorton, minister of the gospel, Cheltenham.

My esteemed friend and brother was born into this vain, sinful, and dying world in 1798, at Swell, Gloucestershire. His father, being a God-fearing man, undoubtedly offered up many prayers on behalf of his son, as well as gave him a godly example, and took him to the house of God. I believe they then attended at Stow-on-the-Wold. Mr. G., losing his esteemed father in 1842, writes of him: "The stroke was a trying one to me, yet it was a glorious exchange for him; for I have not a doubt of his safe arrival in glory. He has been a traveller in the ways of Zion for about 50 years."

When or by what means the dear Lord was pleased to make known his ancient purposes towards my esteemed brother, in quickening, convincing, and bringing him to a knowledge of himself and his God, I know not; but about 1823, he and the late Mr. Roff were both under the sentence and condemning power of God's righteous law. Both of them travelled together, fearing and dreading the consequences of their guilt. After many trials and conflicts of mind, his soul was set at happy liberty in reading a work by the late Mr. Gadsby, called "The Perfect Law of Liberty; or, the Glory of God Revealed in the Gospel." This glorious deliverance enabled our friend to run in gospel commandments. He was baptized with Mr. Roff at the General Baptist Chapel, Stow, in 1824, in the 26th year of his age. They were thought much of by the church and its ministers, but in process of time, through reading Mr. Gadsby's works, the Holy Spirit's teachings and the testimony of God's word gave them to see the inconsistency of the preaching, which was sometimes free-will and sometimes free-grace. They began to speak of these things, which caused a great stir, and brought upon them a storm of persecution. In 1830 six were excluded from this church for nothing more than advocating the doctrines and precepts of the gospel.

After this, they took a room, in which they met for worship. Here the truths of the gospel were preached; and the dear Lord blessed the persecuted, and gave testimony to the preached word. Thus began the cause of truth at Stow, which continues to the present time. And although those shepherds are gathered home, may the dear Lord send such amongst them as shall be made a blessing to those sheep already gathered, and clothe his word with his own power, to the gathering in of many of his sons and daughters, who are as yet blinded by the god of this world. May those walls long echo with the sound of the glorious gospel of the grace of our covenant Jehovah,—Father, Son, and Eternal Spirit.

About this time, Mr. Gorton began to tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour he had found. Fired with love to souls and the power of the precious truths he had felt in his own soul, he travelled from village to village, causing, in those days, no small stir amongst the people. Many of the old saints at Milton well remember his coming there the first time, over 40 years ago, his first sermon being fresh in their memory. His first text in that village was: "Thy brother is come." Here the Lord owned the word spoken by him to the hearts of many now gone home. Several that are tottering upon the borders of the grave have spoken to me of the many sweet times they have had together.

Here my beloved brother laboured for many years, the Lord honouring the word spoken by him. O that the Lord may long continue his gospel in its purity amongst this people, and make his house the house of bread to the souls of his hungry poor, and the birthplace of immortal souls! And fast as sheep are removed, may lambs be flocking to the fold. Not only did the dear Lord own the word spoken by my brother here, but also in Manchester, London, Bath, Trowbridge, and other places. As I have been amongst the churches, I have heard many speaking of being blessed through him as an instrument, especially at Zoar, London.

It was in 1859 that I first became acquainted with him. He was at Bath supplying at that time, and came up to Corsham, and spoke in a cottage on a weak evening. We had no chapel at that time, but were passing through much persecution. The word was made a blessing to many. The text was Isa. xxv. 4: "For thou hast been a strength to the poor." From that time an attachment was formed, and a union sprang up which continued through the remainder of his sojourn in the wilderness. In 1860, he, with Mr. Ferris, opened our chapel; and many times afterwards came to our anniversaries and helped us, both with ministerion of the word, and in temporals. Many times after the services, he would sit at my house and talk of his younger days, when he frequently walked nine miles from home on a Lord's day morning to preach the word, and then after the evening service home again in the rain, snow, and mud, often with his feet blistered and bleeding, and sat down by the side of the road to take his shoes off to ease his feet. He would then go hobbling home, at eleven and twelve at night, weary and worn, and sometimes get a scolding from his wife instead of sympathy, she in bed and the door locked. But no more bleeding feet now; for the former things have with him passed away.

In July, 1875, he went to Zoar, London, for two Lord's days. Being very weak, his daughter accompanied him. Returning by way of Milton, he wanted to preach to them once more, though very ill at the time. He entered the pulpit, and, with the assistance of the deacon, who read for him, he was helped to preach his last sermon. He had hard work to get into the pulpit. Several thought he would have died in the pulpit. His text was Col. i. 12: "Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." The chapel was full on the occasion, all feeling persuaded it would be the last time they would see him in the flesh, or hear that voice they had with pleasure heard, more or less, for over 40 years. "Never shall I forget," says a dear friend, "the affectionate sight of the parting, with sobs and tears. Some were unable to say Good-bye; and to give the hand a hard press was all that many could do, all seeking and reaching to shake hands with their beloved pastor."

He was taken from the chapel to the house of his son-in-law, and went to bed, where he lay for some time, his friends expecting that he would there die. After a while, recovering a little, he was anxious to be taken home to Cheltenham to die. A chaise was brought, and he was taken from his bed and laid in the chaise, his daughter fearing he would die on the road. When they arrived at Cheltenham, he was carried at once to his bed, and never after left his room till brought out a corpse.

In March last I went and spent a week with him, and found him very comfortable in his mind. Several times he said, "If it were the Lord's will, I should like to go round and visit the churches, and tell them of the goodness of the Lord to me in this affliction." When I left him, it was with the conviction that I should not again see him in the

flesh. After leaving, I received several letters from his daughter, informing me of his rapid declining and apparent dissolution.

Some little time before his death, he spoke to his daughter respecting his death, and gave her a text, which he wished me to speak from to the friends at the room after his death, by way of a funeral sermon (1 Jno. i. 7): "We have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." He also spoke of that land where he should soon be.

His daughter requested him, at the last, if he felt happy to raise his hand. "On the evening of June 18," ¹⁸⁴⁸, "I went to lie down, being worn out with fatigue, not thinking that his end was so near; but just after midnight the nurse came, saying that I was to come at once, as there was a great change in him. He had before several times spoken of his desire to go to his better home." As his daughter entered his room, he being perfectly conscious, as she was looking on him, he tried to raise his hand as a token of being happy. Taking hold of one with the other, he tried again to raise it, but drew it being too weak to raise it up. On the morning of June 19th he yielded up his redeemed spirit into the hands of his glorious Redeemer. Thus ended the conflicts, trials, sorrows, and afflictions of my beloved brother, and he went to be where he had longed to be, in the 78th year of his age. He was buried by Mr. Farvis, of Tetbury, on June 24th. As I was lowered into his last resting-place, I felt a spirit of joy and sorrow,—joy to think of the blessed estate of those who die in the Lord. "They rest from their labours." His truly had been a life of labour. I felt that friend after friend was removed, and that his kind advice I had lost.

Being engaged at Alvescot for baptizing on the Sunday following, it was arranged that his funeral sermon should be preached on July 2nd. The friends at Bethel Chapel had kindly offered their place for the occasion, thinking there would be many more who would be anxious to hear than would get into the room in Grosvenor Street. This kind offer was accepted. A large congregation gathered together to hear the account of one they loved and esteemed for the gospel's sake. On the following Tuesday evening, I went to Milton and spoke to the people who were formerly under the pastoral care of my beloved brother. There was a large congregation. I was helped to speak from 1 Thess. iv. 13: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." I believe it to be a time long to be remembered. Many were weeping and sobbing through the service.

Mr. Gorton often related the circumstance that after he had read Mr. Gadsby's work, "The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Conduct," he had an increasing and immovable desire to see Mr. G. He spoke to the late Mr. Smith, Baptist minister [Association], Cheltenham, about it; but Mr. S. said, "He won't see you; or, if he does, you will find him a gruff, austere, and disagreeable man." This stopped him from going for a time. But it was of no use; so eventually he had to start. He got to Birmingham and slept at a coffee-house. He had very little more money in his pocket than would carry him to Manchester, and often wondered how he was to get back. In the evening he had some conversation with the coffee-house keeper, and had his supper, and in the morning his breakfast. To his surprise his host would not take a farthing from him, but, on the contrary, gave him half a crown. On arriving at Manchester, he made for Mr. Gadsby's chapel, as he understood it was preaching night (Wednesday). He called at a watchmaker's, to inquire where the chapel was; and was answered, "I attend there; but the service

was last night. Mr. Gadsby, however, is to preach to-night at Pendlebury, about five miles from here." Mr. Gorton started off, walked to Pendlebury, and went to the room. The people waited, and waited; but Mr. Gadsby came not. At length they said to Mr. Gorton, "You are a preacher; you must preach." He objected; but was at last compelled to give way. When service was over, they said, "Now you have done Mr. Gadsby's work you must have Mr. Gadsby's bed." In the morning, a friend went with him to Mr. Gadsby's house. He was sitting in his arm-chair, very poorly. The friend introduced Mr. Gorton, and then mentioned what had occurred at Pendlebury. Mr. Gorton then gave an account of the Lord's dealings with him, and how Mr. Gadsby's writings had been blessed to his soul. "Instead of finding him that gruff old man that had been represented to me," said Mr. Gorton, when relating the circumstance, "the tears rolled down his face; and he said to me, 'Now, mind; while you stop in Manchester you must make my house your home; you must not go anywhere else.'" Of course Mr. Gorton had no difficulty in finding the means to return home.—How persons could say Mr. Gadsby was a gruff, austere man, would be unaccountable, if it were not known that many say the same of all who are enabled to stand firm for the truth. Mr. Gadsby, as Mr. Philpot once said of him, "was benevolent and kind almost to a fault."

D. KEVILL.

On April 11th, 1876, accompanied by my wife and Mr. Eden, I went to see Mr. Gorton. We found him in a good, *resting* frame of mind. Amongst other things, he said, "When I came to Cheltenham, I came in a carriage and pair. I have no carriage now; but when I leave I shall leave in a chariot of fire, paved with gold, and lined with purple; the way the King's sons travel."—J. G.

MARY HAWORTH.—On June 24th, 1876, aged 71, Mrs. Mary Haworth, of Blackburn.

When it pleased the Lord to quicken her into divine life, to see her state as a poor perishing sinner, she went from one place of worship to another, seeking to satisfy the desires of her soul. She was at length led to hear the late Mr. Horbury, who was a great comfort to her in the things she was exercised with. For some time she was strongly opposed to believers' baptism; but the Lord was pleased to speak to her heart with power and unction: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." These words wrought such a blessed change in her soul that, shortly after, she joined the church, being unanimously received by the members. Her declaration was that she had wandered about, but that now she felt at home, saying, as the language of her heart,

"Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

Not many years elapsed before her troubles began, first losing one daughter after another by death. Through this she learned many painful yet profitable lessons. At the death of one of her daughters, she had that memorable hymn of Newton's:

"I asked the Lord that I might grow," &c.,

so impressed on her mind, that she often quoted it as the very expression of her inmost soul. This was about 1854.

From this time up to her husband's death, which was ten years after, Mary grew under the sound ministry of Mr. Horbury, in an experimental knowledge both of herself and her precious Saviour.

After the death of her husband, she gradually began to decline in health. The Lord had bereaved her of her husband and all her offspring, except her only son, the youngest, who was then about thirteen years old. Her anxiety about him was very keen, thinking that her time might be very short; but she lived to see him learn a trade. He proved to be to her, to a very great extent, her support up to her last. I often told her that he was as the cruse of oil to the poor widow. "Bless his precious Name," she would say, "he knows our needs, and is faithful to his precious promises."

About the time of the expiration of her son's apprenticeship, her bodily infirmities began with chronic rheumatism, which was a very sore and trying affliction for about nine years. I can say but little of that blessed soul's joys and sorrows, ups and downs, during that period; but suffice it to say that the portion was fulfilled which she had applied: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." Her pains became so excruciating that all her joints were so distorted as to appear like double joints, until she became utterly helpless. At last mortification set in, and ended her suffering. Her happy soul left its tenement of clay to be for ever with her precious Lord and Saviour, for which she had longed.

It might be said of Mary that she was a mother in Israel. Although utterly helpless in every member of her body, her soul seemed young and in full health. She was sound in doctrine, and gloried in a free-grace gospel. Nothing pleased her so well as to be talking of her precious Lord and Saviour, in all his suitable characters to a poor, needy, and helpless sinner.

It was Mary's request that, before her remains left the chamber, Hymn 143 should be sung:

"Rock of ages, shelter me," &c.

It was also her request that certain brethren should carry her remains to their last resting-place. She was committed to the earth in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

Blackburn.

W. M.

FRANCES ILETT.—On Sept. 2nd, 1876, aged 42, Frances Illett, of Grea Stukeley.

The following letter, written by herself, gives some account of her experience:

"I have many times longed to open my mind to you concerning the Lord's dealings with my soul. One thing has much harassed my mind, at times; which is, that I did not begin right, and that I did not feel that sorrow for sin and fear which others do before I felt some hope of my interest in Christ. The sorrow I afterwards felt was much deeper, that I had sinned against a holy and just God, till I was almost in despair. I had many convictions, and often was resolving to alter my course of life; but my goodness seemed as the early dew, and soon vanished away. I knew not what to make of myself at the time, as I was so ignorant of Christian experience, with the exception of one thing,—that there must be a change of heart, as the Word of God declared, and my own experience proved. Heaven would have been no heaven to me in the state I was then in.

"I cannot think a child of God can live in habitual sin. It must be bitter. I have indeed felt it so; and it is my daily grief and burden. There must be a fear to commit it where it is made bitter. David felt it so when he penned Ps. xxxviii. Many times has it been a sweet psalm to me; and that verse in particular: 'Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.'

"I will now tell you some of my consolations. The fear of the Lord has preserved me many times when nothing else could. I believe I have been blessed with assurance; but there I cannot rest, as many empty professors have the greatest assurance. But sin brings me into bondage, and I find all legal strivings vain till Christ appears. I know from experience that nothing but a fresh application of the blood of Christ will give my guilty conscience peace. The very name of Jesus has many times been a cordial to my drooping spirit, and has made my heart leap for joy. I feel, at times, my heart burns with love to him who is the altogether lovely. That is the foundation of my hope, after all. Had he not shed his love abroad in my heart, I never had loved him. I have been constrained to cry, 'My Lord and my God!' 'I love him, because he first loved me.'

"Without the imputed righteousness of Christ I must perish. I cannot appear before a holy God in any other way. But I thank God for his unspeakable gift. With Christ in view, I can appear before God with holy boldness. I can then no denial take. But often is it the reverse with me. My heart has been full of unbelief; and more so this last year. Many times have I looked back to the time when I could plead the promises before God. At other times, many have been my fears lest I should bring a reproach upon the cause of Christ. This has led me to cry, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Leave me not, neither forsake me. Leave me not to my own heart.'

"I cannot but adore, at times, the riches of God's discriminating grace. He has in many things preserved me. He has delivered; he does deliver; and I trust he will yet deliver. I can, at times, exclaim with Toplady:

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

There were times when the Lord favoured her in her affliction. Although her sufferings were very great, in the midst of all she could say,

"If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?"

I read to her a great deal on the last Sunday she was on earth. The language of Isaiah was much upon her mind: "Set thy house in order; for thou shalt die and not live." If I asked her what I should read, she would say Jno. xvii. She felt the sweetness of that chapter. She would often say, "Read me Hymn 469;" but we were all so overwhelmed that we could not read it at first.

As the night came on, she was taken with convulsions. After that her speech began to fail; yet, to our astonishment, she lasted till the following Saturday. Oftentimes the Lord dropped a sweet and precious word into her soul. She would then put her hands together, and say, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!" She longed to be with Christ, which is far better.

I cannot tell you much; but I assure you that she died firm upon the promise of God.

CHARLES LETT.

HANNAH GERRISH.—On Oct. 28th, 1876, aged 79, Hannah Gerrish, of Broughton Gifford.

She was a member here for 44 years. She was convinced of her lost state as a sinner from very early days, though she could never tell the

exact time. But I have heard her say what a blessed day she enjoyed when she was baptized. Such was the state of her soul at this time, that she could have left husband and all things to be with the Lord; and she thought, with many others, that she should not live long. But her thoughts were not the Lord's thoughts; for she had to share in the path of tribulation, and that to a great extent.

She was sorely tried in providence. She was the mother of seven children. The eldest, at eleven years of age, was accidentally killed upon the spot. In process of time ~~for~~ others went to America, two of whom died in the American war. I shall never forget the state of her mind at this time, as it was stroke upon stroke. She had a letter to say one son was dead, and in a few days another to say another was no more. Yet still the Lord was good, as she many times said, and "a stronghold in the day of trouble."

She had a very tender conscience; and, as far as in her lay, she trained up her children in the right way, and carried them to a throne of grace hundreds of times. She loved a tried experimental ministry, and none other.

She was, at times, cast down as to whether her religion would do to die with, knowing that nothing but realities would do there. For the last few years she suffered from heart disease, till at last dropsy took place. For about five months she suffered great agony, but was mercifully kept submissive to the Lord's will. She could not see her way clear till about three weeks before her death, when she said, "I am sure I shall not live long; for the Lord has so blessed my soul." As far as I can remember, she said that Satan had not been permitted to tempt her afterwards. I can truly say I never found her speak of having the least doubt or fear respecting her eternal safety after this.

I called to see her on the evening before her death. She was quite sensible, held out her hand, and said, "It is all well. I am on the Rock." I mentioned something about the church to her. She caught the word, and with all the power she had began to tell that she felt just as when she was baptized, so many years ago. She said,

"Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,

For I must go with you."

She lay in a sweet frame of mind until she passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

ALFRED WEST.

ANNIE MARIA CHAPMAN.—On Feb. 11th, aged 20, A. M. Chapman, of Aylesbury.

Though always very moral in her outward deportment, she remained a stranger to the power of divine things till 1871. I believe it was in the latter end of that year that my attention was arrested by a very marked seriousness in her manner in the house of God. I could not resist the impression that she was the subject of convictions of sin. I took an opportunity of speaking to her; and found that she had been labouring under convictions for months. She told me that her convictions were first occasioned by attending the funeral of an old man. While at the funeral, this thought suddenly seized her: Suppose it had been me, where should I have been? The answer in her own conscience was, In hell. She tried to get rid of the disagreeable feeling thus produced; but in vain; God's time was come.

She now felt the terrors of a guilty conscience, but could find no relief. Sometimes a little hope would spring up that God would show mercy to her; and then again her hope would be dashed. I remember, on one occasion, she looked me in the face, and with an agony visible in her countenance, exclaimed, "I shall be lost! There is no mercy for me, I

fear." I tried to encourage her to look to the Lord, telling her I believed God had mercy in store for her; but she could get no comfort.

On another occasion when she was unusually silent and depressed, I said, "Well; if the Lord has opened your heart, he will open your mouth another day;" and so it proved. One Sunday evening she came to my house after the service, with her face radiant with joy, to tell me that, by means of the discourse that evening, God had set her soul at liberty, dispersed all her doubts, and revealed himself to her as her God and Saviour. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. She walked at large, and rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Soon after this she became anxious to profess her faith in Christ. She was accordingly proposed to the church, received, and baptized.

After this, my young friend had to learn something of the wretched vileness and deceitfulness of her heart, of which as yet she knew comparatively little. Often did she pass through darkness that might be felt. Yet, in the midst of this, there were some seasons of gladness. From this time her path was the old well-trodden one,—light and darkness intermingled; often cast down, but not destroyed.

About last Christmas she was obliged to leave her place unwell. Her parents called in a doctor, who flattered them, saying there was no disease. Hopes were entertained that she would soon be well again; but she got worse. On Lord's day afternoon, Feb. 11th, a friend went in to see her. She wished to get out of bed for a little time. When the friend helped her in again, she suddenly changed, and breathed her last, her ransomed spirit entering, I doubt not, into everlasting rest, to be with Christ, which is far better.

Great Gidding.

T. COLSELL.

WE need not fear anything but sin. Nothing else can do us any real injury. But sin can and will make God hide his face, will grieve the blessed Spirit, will darken our evidences, and give room to the accusations of Satan.—*J. C. Philpot.*

SATAN is more especially versed in this great question and dispute: Whether a man be the child of God or no, more than in any other. All other controversies he hath had to deal with in particular ages, as occasionally they were started; but this hath been the standing controversy in all ages since God hath had any children on earth. With every one of them, more or less, Satan hath, at one time or another, had solemn dispute about it. He knows all the advantages, windings, and turnings in this debate; all the objections, and answers, and discussions in it; and as other controversies, the longer they are on foot, and the further they have been carried along, the more they are enlarged, improved, and grow more subtle; so must this needs also, especially in this latter knowing age of the world, and by reason also of that seeming near similitude which hypocrisy holds unto the truth and power of grace, which hath foiled and entangled this controversy. The objections and difficulties which a believer meets with in beating out a right judgment of his estate are greater than in any controversy the world ever knew, and afford stronger knots, and indeed such as, did not the Holy Ghost sometimes cut, sometimes untie them for believers by witnessing with our spirits that we are the sons of God, bare reason alone could never determine it. Now Satan, through long experience and observation, hath all these at his fingers' ends, and hath reduced them all to common-places long since. He hath still observed and laid up what answers have relieved the spirits of believers in such and such a doubt cast in by him, and then studies a further reply against the next time, or for the next believer he shall have to do with.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1877.

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

THE RICHES OF GOD'S GLORY.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CRANBROOK, ON SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 28TH,
1876, BY MR. SMART.

"And that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory."—ROM. IX. 23.

IN the past week I have had blessed meditation upon the saints' employ to all eternity in everlasting bliss. And what makes it so sweet is a humble persuasion in my soul that that will be my employ. O sinner! Think of it,—to love, thank, and adore the Trinity in Unity as the Author and Finisher of our eternal salvation! Saints in heaven will be capable of enjoying God more than they possibly can in this lower world. And who can tell God's enjoyment of the saints? I have said for many years that if there were no God in heaven to glorify, it is no heaven to me.

"Himself my heaven, himself my joy."

How sweet are love and gratitude, even for a few fleeting moments, at the Saviour's footstool here! But "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." We have it in some measure revealed to us by his Spirit; "for the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God." But who can love him before he loves us? Who can thank him till he manifests mercy to us? Who can adore him but the soul lifted up through mercy from the lowest hell?

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Now he has shown me that among the "all things" that shall work for my good and his glory is a deep knowledge of the fall. "Where much is forgiven, the same loveth much." What has kept me sober to God's truth? A deep knowledge of the fall. What enables me to meet the cases of poor sensible sinners? Self-knowledge. What made

"Mercy sweet, salvation great,
And all God's judgments right?"

His divine compassion and everlasting mercy, manifested through the blood of Christ to the vilest of men. His glory to

eternity will arise out of the salvation of sinners. What are we redeemed from? What are we redeemed to enjoy? And what is the price of our redemption but the heart's blood of Jesus Christ?

“ Give to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honours done.”

How the psalmist heartily renounced self! All divine teaching tends to two points,—a hearty renunciation of self, and a hearty glorification of God. Now, do you feel these things? I do bless his holy Name for a hearty renouncing of self. “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.” O sinner! Think of it, that ever it should please Almighty God to remember us in our low estate with the mercy that endureth for ever!

“ Grace all the work shall crown
To everlasting days.
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.”

Some thirty-eight years ago, I went to hear Mr. Vinall at Brighton. The poor old man had said very bitter things against the Baptists. I thought him never the wiser for that; and it created a prejudice against him. You read in the latter part of Matthew's gospel: “Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Now, with such a Scripture, what man hath any right to rail against believers' baptism? Well. I went to find fault with Mr. Vinall, and got where I could watch him. He had lost the use of one side, and sat like a great lion in the pulpit. But I was struck with the man's prayer; he had such a humble, godly, blessed gift in prayer. I had never met many men so favoured in prayer as he. When he came to his sermon (I shall never forget it), he said, “The joy of the saints could not be complete except God were glorified in their salvation.” I had been brought to love the same divine truth; and I loved the man that spoke it. After that, I could bear with him.

“ Love all defects supplies;
Makes great obstructions small.”

If you love people, you are willing to bear with them, and cast a mantle of love over their defects. Look here! What a divine fact! My soul was taught it, too,—that the peace, joy, and felicity of the saints could not be complete unless God were glorified in their salvation. It fell like marrow and fatness on my soul. To all eternity our delight will be in praising his holy Name,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all united in the salvation of our souls and bodies. To bless and praise him will constitute the happiness of millions of sinners. How can you love these

things till self is swept out, and sin too? "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

I felt the power of faith in my soul in the past week,—faith in the Incarnate Mystery. I thought it would drive that other thing out, it seemed to come with such power, and chase the devil out. It only lasted as long as I could count ten. That was faith that stood in the power of God. Where there is no unbelief working, there is no faith. Where the sinner is dead in sin, the devil does not want to disturb him; but let Christ be formed in him the Hope of glory, earth, hell, and the devil will disturb him. But

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

In the commencement of this solemn chapter, Paul confesses what has been the trial of millions of saints in this lower world. But at death all natural ties will break. "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Now Paul, mind, had no wife, no children (and where the wife is beloved, and the children, they lie pretty near the heart); and yet how powerfully his flesh worked! How it bowed down his poor mind! And millions have had the same trial; but I say death and nothing else will put an end to it. All natural ties break then. When people's eyes are open to their own danger, they see the danger for everybody else. A man warned of God to flee from the wrath to come sees that others, like the deaf adder, stop their ears, and that none will be warned effectually but those whom God warns. And when God warns, there will be faith to believe. "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" A man who knows what sin hath exposed him to, knows the awful state all mankind are in. Then how can he help feeling for those near to him according to the flesh? And his flesh will wriggle and twist. You never heard a man set it forth as did Paul, who had neither wife nor child. It is one part of the Christian's tribulation. But when we lay down these vile bodies, to be fashioned like unto his glorious body, and body and soul are reunited at the resurrection morn, all natural ties will have snapped asunder. "His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them." (Job xiv. 21.) "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

These words have vibrated in my soul lately:

"A highly-favoured few."

O to be found among them,—interested in the love of the Father, the blood of the Son, the quickening power of the Holy Ghost; and to be heartily willing to ascribe the glory of our salvation to the Trinity in Unity for ever in bliss! "Glory to God in the

highest!" How my soul goes in love with it! How it will draw forth great love in the ransomed around the throne to be exalted from dust and the dunghill! What can we do but lift up the Trinity in Unity as the Author and Finisher of our salvation?

"For this is the word of promise: At this time will I come, and Sarah shall have a son." (ver. 9.) Abraham "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform." (Rom. iv. 20.) He was strong in faith. Though his own body and Sarah's body seemed to forbid it, he

"Laugh'd at impossibilities,
And said, It shall be done."

He had two sons, one by a bondwoman, and the other by a free-woman. "Cast out the bondwoman and her son. So then, brethren, we are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free." (Gal. iv. 30-31.) "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee." We are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free,—children of promise, heirs of glory and of God.

And then, when the promise was fulfilled, how Abraham's faith was put to the trial! And how God gave him strength and faith equal to his day, implanted his fear in his heart, and led him to observe his commands, even the most difficult! What could be more difficult than this: "Take now thy son, thine only son." Many have poverty here and God's blessing, being children of promise. "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith?" What does it matter what a man has in this world if he has God's curse? And what about a small pittance with God's blessing, meetening to sing his praises in bliss?

"Vast were the settlements of grace
On millions of the human race;
And every blessing, freely given,
Flows from the high decree of heaven."

"And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together." Isaac said, "My father!" How touching! And Christ said, "O my Father! If it be possible." It was not possible. The church could only be redeemed in this way. Christ must be bruised, or the church bruised in hell for her sins. "Not my will, but thine be done." But, when going along, Isaac said to his father, "Behold the fire and the wood." O! The flames of justice and vengeance for sin, and thy sins bowing down thy heart! "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the King it is prepared. He hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." Who brings the wood? Lost angels and cursed man. Sin is the wood; and God, as a God of justice, "by the breath of his mouth shall slay the

wicked." "A stream of brimstone doth kindle it." But the sin is ours and the devil's. The wrath is all of our own procuring. Christ must die in our stead, or we be damned for ever.

Isaac then said to his father, "But where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Poor young man! And so it is with every sensible sinner. There is an inquiry for Christ, the Lamb of God. And his father said, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." And let me tell thee, poor sensible sinner, God has provided a Lamb,—a passover Sacrifice. "For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." He was scorched in the flame of wrath due to our sins, that we might spend an eternity in loving and thanking the God of our salvation. And when Abraham came to the place God had told him of, he bound Isaac his son, laid him on the wood, and took the knife to slay him. But God called to him out of heaven, "Abraham, Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

What does God the Father say, touching the children and the passover Sacrifice? "Moses, smite Him! Justice, smite Him! Death, seize Him! Hell, fall upon Him! that he may deliver his people from the destruction due to their sin. 'Smite the Shepherd.' Let him die the death! Do not smite the church in wrath."

"And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns." How my soul will be hearty (I feel it now) in loving, thanking, and praising Father, Son, and Holy Ghost for saving from eternal death, to enjoy eternal bliss in heaven, my soul and body! "A ram caught in a thicket by his horns." What do the horns show but the God-head power of Christ? And what does the thicket set forth but his covenant engagements?

"He undertook, and must go through."

He must suffer to bring us honourably to God. Think of everlasting love; and think of covenant engagements! "And Abraham went, and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." Hell fire, due to the church, scorched the soul of Christ; but it was extinguished by his heart's blood. "A burnt offering." "And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah Jireh [The Lord will provide]; as it is said to this day, In the mouth of the Lord it shall be seen." Abraham is in heaven; and Isaac is in heaven. Are we longing for heaven?

"That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy." How my soul loves mercy! How it shows me what I feel, and have felt for many a year,—that nothing but God's mercy through Christ can save me! There are not many people travelling in this road. Most people's religion is to get what they can by it. Who wants to go to hell? If a man were to tell me he was willing to go to hell, I should not believe him. But the saints go to heaven to thank and adore the God of heaven,

as the Delight of their souls, to all eternity. I know more of these things than I can bring out with my tongue. I believe it will be my eternal delight to lift him up, who remembered me in my low estate with that mercy that endureth for ever.

O sinner! What I am saved from! What is the price? Who sent the Saviour? Who appointed him to die for a monster like me? And what must I do in heaven but glorify him? My soul has been ripening for it for a long time. What a thing it is that such an out-of-the-way sinner should be adopted into his family, and be given to his Son; and that the Son should be willing to have such a wretch! If he will have him, he must take away the curse from him. And look at the blessed Comforter. Why are we not left to resist God and his Christ? But God and his Christ love us. The more thou knowest of thyself, and of mercy, through blood, the more thy soul will be prepared to praise him in heaven.

I had to change my text last night. I stumbled on these words, and they seemed to suit me. Often I think I have a text, and yet it does not nicely bite; it does not bedew me. Then something says, That will not be it yet. Here is Saturday night, perhaps. Who can tell what will come in the night? And when anything comes with a little power, I think, I can go ahead now. It is a mercy to live upon God, and for God to have a favour towards us.

Who is there on the stretch, on the flame of love, to glorify God? "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." It was by the goodwill of him that dwelt in the bush,—Christ in the church, and the church in Christ. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." I can turn my back on all that earth calls good or great, and look up to God, my exceeding joy.

"Himself my heaven, himself my joy."

Is it not a marvellous thing that sinners, born haters of God, should be, by knowledge of God, through Christ, created and formed for himself? "To thy Name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." And what did Jesus pray for? "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." And it is true, as Christ said to the Father, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me." It is true; and we love God because God first loved us. O! What a wonder that God, Christ's Father and our Father, should love us with the same love wherewith he loved his Co-eternal Son! Suppose he had loved his Son much, and us a little; and that, when it came to the point, he had spared his Son. "It pleased the Lord to bruise him." "I bruise the Son of man, whom I made strong for myself. He can bear it, and endure it. But if I bruise the children, they will go to hell. If wrath falls upon them to the uttermost, they are undone for ever."

“It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief. When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.” It was the pleasure of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost that Christ should die, and put out hell with his blood; because the Father loved the children, and desired the salvation of the children. And what must we do, when we get to heaven, but crown him to all eternity? I know these things, and have done for many years. Man, know thyself, and know thy need. And then, when Christ has redeemed thee, thou wilt want to extol him with millions in heaven. That is how things work; and that is how they have worked out in my soul.

“And not only this; but when Rebecca also had conceived by one, even by our father Isaac (for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth), it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.” “Why,” say you; “what a shocking thing for God to hate any man!” And is it not a shocking thing for millions to live and die hating God? Rebecca felt the twins, Jacob and Esau, struggling in her womb. And what a solemn thing as to Esau in us! The just God hates it; and it hates God. Then, as it regards the children of promise, God loves Jacob, and Jacob loves God. No marvel, poor sinner, that there is hatred in thy carnal mind to God. God hates thy flesh; and thy flesh hates him. God loves the inner man; and the inner man loves him. Here is the conflict. Esau hates God and godliness; and Jacob loves God and godliness. And so they struggle it out. The devil sides with one; and God Almighty will take care of the other. And Rebecca, poor woman, felt as millions have done: “If it be so, why am I thus?” Two natures, two principles,—one as vile as hell, and the other as holy as God, are in thy heart. Millions have inquired, “If it be so, why am I thus?” Millions have stumbled here: “If regenerate, why these aboundings of sin?”

Rebecca went to inquire of the Lord. Saul went to the witch of Endor. Living sinners, like Rebecca, want to inquire of the Lord. And the Lord said unto her, “Two nations are in thy womb; and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels. And the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger.” Have I not told you that grace here is in the bud, and sin is a full-blown flower? Were not the dukes on Esau’s side? “Not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble, are called.”

“And the elder shall serve the younger.” Poor sinner, wonder not at this strange thing that has happened, or at the weakness of thy grace. God says, “The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.” And the wicked will manifest their hatred to God to all eternity

in hell. "For the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast. And his kingdom was full of darkness; and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven, because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds." O! What an awful thing to be hated of God, and curse God!

"Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." It not only stands good between the sheep and the goats; but if plagued with a goatish nature, that goatish nature will harass thy heaven-born soul till God takes thee home. And whom can you adore but the God of your salvation? Was not Esau Jacob's brother, begotten by the same father in the same womb, and at the same time? And yet one has to spend an eternity in hell, and the other in heaven. One was called by grace, and the other passed by. "Was not Esau Jacob's brother, saith the Lord? Yet I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau, and laid his mountains and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness." These are "the people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever."

SURE FOUNDATIONS.

Ps. xl. 3.

How sweet the consolation
 With which the gospel's fill'd!
 Christ is the sure Foundation
 On which his people build.
 The righteous are permitted
 In Jesus to confide;
 And all who are acquitted
 In him for aye abide.
 Lost, worthless, blind, depravèd,
 Unrighteous, every one,
 We only can be savèd
 By God's Eternal Son.
 His holiness, imputed,
 Erases every stain.
 Then righteous we're computed,
 And life eternal gain.
 On Christ our hope is grounded;
 O! Sure abiding-place!
 Who on this Rock are founded
 Shall surely see his face.
 How sweet the consolation
 With which the gospel's fill'd!
 Christ is the sure Foundation
 On which believers build.

Brighton, Oct. 16th, 1876.

E. C.

CHRIST'S love is young glory and young heaven. It would soften hell's pains to be filled with it.—*Rutherford*.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF MR. T. TOMS.

[The following account was written by Mr. Toms in the form of a letter to Mr. Huntington, and printed about 1811.]

It hath long been on my mind to tell you the dealings of God with my soul, which I beg you to peruse.

I was born of poor but hard-working parents, in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire. My father died when I was very young, and my mother strove very hard for a living for us. When I was about seven or eight years old, I was put to what we call in the country a free school, to learn to read and write; and was there till I was about thirteen. We used to be kept close to church; and at particular times, after the service was over, we used to stand upon stools or forms to be catechized by the parson. I only relate this to make room for a dream I had at this time. Elihu says to Job, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." (Job xxxiii. 14-16.) I dreamed that all of us schoolboys were standing in a row as aforetime, and that God Almighty came and took one from here, and another from there. I trembled very much with fear, lest he should not take me; but at last he came and took me by the hand, and put me amongst the rest of his choice. I have thought of that dream in a state of nature many times, though I had no knowledge of God's choice or his electing love.

But to proceed. When I was about thirteen years of age, I was put apprentice to a wheelwright; but being of a roving mind and not used very well, I ran away, and came up to London, where I worked at several employments, as sawyer, gardener, footman, brewer's servant, &c. At last I went to sea; and I will tell a little of my sea voyage; for now begin my troubles.

At the beginning of the American war, I entered on board the "Carysfort" frigate, in his majesty's service, commanded by Captain Fanshaw. We sailed from Chatham to Quebec; whence, having stayed some time, we sailed for New York, and arrived there at the time our fleet was about to besiege the town. The admiral sent our ship, with two more, to pass the town up the river to land troops. In passing, we had to receive the constant fire of five or six forts; during which I was under great fear in my mind, not having seen anything of the kind before. I harboured such a thought as this,—that if I was killed in battle I should go to heaven; but vain was that thought. But here the Lord saved me from the stroke when others fell. Our captain being a very severe man, having flogged six men for a trifling fault, I thought I would run away the very first opportunity; and accordingly did, with two others, a few months after New York was taken. With great difficulty we reached the town, being stopped several times to give an account of ourselves, being upwards of thirty miles up the country when we set off. However, we arrived

safely, and went on board merchant vessels. The ship I went on board of was bound for London. Then I altered my name to Hodges, that being my mother's maiden name, for fear of being discovered, as the men-of-war searched all the merchant ships that went out, for deserters. I got safe from hence, and was bound for London; but in a heavy gale of wind we sprung a leak, and were obliged to make the best of our way to the West Indies, toiling night and day at the pumps to keep the ship above water. We at last reached St. John's, in Antigua.

Now begin fresh troubles. Our captain would not fulfil his promise of paying us our wages. In consequence, I, among some others, left him; but, being a very dead time of the year, the shipping were not come out, so that we were obliged to enter on board a man-of-war again. But I went, with great reluctance, some time after the others; nor would I have gone then, could I have got anything else to do. At last, through necessity, I went on board the "Portland," Admiral Young. We sailed on a cruise, and put into Prince Rupert's Bay, in the island of Dominica, to get wood and water for the cruise. I and two others agreed to run away the day before the ship sailed, and contrived to get our things on shore, ready to start. On the day appointed we ascended each one a tree till night. John Moor and Tom Jones, my two companions, had been to Rosseau, on this island, which was the resort of the merchant vessels; and, as we were bound for that place, we had about forty miles to travel by land.

By this time I began to be very much hardened in sin; and, the Lord knows, had he left us to ourselves, we should soon have run to destruction. We had a river to cross; and on the bridge over which we must pass, as we could go no other way, there had been a sentinel sent from the ship to intercept deserters. Yet, as night came on, we descended from the trees, and drew towards the bridge, with each of us a stout stick in his hand, having agreed to stand true to each other, and to rush upon the sentinel and knock him down; saying that he could only kill one of us, supposing he fired. But, as the Lord would have it, he was not there; and we got over unmolested. We travelled till the next morning, when, descrying a few little houses in a valley, we went to them to get some refreshment; which we did, and paid for it, though we could not understand the people, who were French. We agreed to stop till the heat of the day was over; which we did. About four o'clock, beginning to set forward on our journey again, five or six came out from other houses and stopped us, and made us understand they suspected that we were deserters from a man-of-war, and that they would take us up, well knowing they would get forty shillings for each of us. But we set to with our bludgeons and cleared them off for some time. However, they alarmed the place, and we were each of us surrounded in a ring. How the other two fared I know not, but as they told me afterwards. By this time, a great number of blacks came down to

assist them, beginning to throw stones, one of which at length struck me on the forehead and knocked me down. They then ran upon me, tied my hands behind me, and beat me cruelly, like men thrashing corn. I can just remember when they had left me, I suppose to serve my companions in like manner, that a woman came to me with a stone as heavy as she could lift, and threw it on me; so that I remember no more at that time.

When I began to revive a little, I supposed it to be about one or two o'clock in the morning, I heard somebody groaning. Finding myself tied with cords, I began to think what was the matter. My companions finding me move, asked me if I was alive? I told them Yes, but that I could not stand. It was so dark that we could not see each other; and they had carried us down on the beach by the sea-side, for the surf to wash us away, supposing we were dead. My companions told me they had been tied also, but that a little child who was at the house had just come down and cut them loose. O! The tender mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord our God! As to the child coming to cut them loose, I could never make out from that day to this; for the child they spoke of was not, to appearance, above five years old; and I believe we were near a mile from the houses. The Lord knows best how it was; but they were loosed, and they got me loose with a great deal of trouble, they were so weak. We crawled on our hands and knees to get as far from that place as we could, for fear they should come and throw us quite into the sea.

It was a long time before we could get upon our feet; and when we did, we could not stop even to wash the blood off each other, for fear of falling. They had taken all that we had from us, even our shoes and hats, leaving us nothing but a shirt and trousers. In this distressed state we begged; but none relieved us, for they could not understand us, nor we them. But, by the protecting hand of God, we got to Rosseau in that condition. But we thought nothing about God at that time, though in such distress; for our hearts were hardened. At this place there was a rendezvous for privateers, an open house for all sailors, and an advance to go out for two months. Having no clothes, we wanted money; accordingly, we entered, and went on board. I believe that was a hell upon the sea, for they were like devils, without any order, and would not mind cutting you down with their swords if they were angry; captain and men all alike. We had been out about a month or five weeks, and taken one prize, when I was then seized with the flux. I was so ill that there was no hope of my recovery. But, soon after, we put into Montserrat to sell our prize; and the captain, knowing I was ill, desired me to go on shore with him to a doctor. This I did; but, as he stopped at one place and another, I went by myself. Having found a doctor, I asked him to bleed me, and I would pay him. It came into my mind; so he bled me. I then told him what was the matter with me. He replied that it was the worst thing I could have done; but that he would let me have something which would

either kill or cure me; which I agreed to take. In those places they do not care much about a man's life. I got the stuff, gave him all the money I had, and went on board. I took some of the stuff, which operated in so violent a manner that my shipmate was obliged to hold me, and in a few hours put me in bed. Though I had not slept for some nights before, I now fell into a doze. They who were sitting under my hammock, drinking grog, felt something drop on them, which on looking at they found to be blood, proceeding from my arm, which now bled afresh, through bed and all. But from that time I recovered. This is the second time the Lord, in his infinite mercy, saved me from death, not cutting me off in my sins.

Before we left this place, one of my companions, Tom Jones, ran away; and I never saw him afterwards. I and John Moor were the only two deserters from the "Portland" who returned to Rosseau at the expiration of the cruise. Having recovered from my illness, and the merchant ships being ready to sail for various parts of England, John and I were not settled in our minds which to choose, for they all wanted men. So, having stayed on shore a few days, I went on board a ship which I intended in my mind to come home in. Going the next morning to seek for my companion at his lodgings, they told me that a man-of-war had come into the bay the day before, and that they feared he was pressed. At the same time, in came the press-gang and took hold of me and several more. I begged hard to get from them; but in vain. I strove to run from them; but they knocked me down, and took me on board the frigate. As soon as I got on board, to my great surprise, an officer who belonged to the "Portland" when I left her, saluted me with a "How do you do, Mr. T. T.?" informing the captain that I ran away from the "Portland" a few months ago. I thought I should have dropped at the salutation; but I could not deny it. The order was, "Put him in irons, along with John Moor," which was a greater surprise. When I got alone, I could not help weeping. Thought I, Hard is my lot. I had strange views of God, though my mind went after him when in trouble; but no hope that he would deliver me. My conclusion was this: I have brought all on myself; and suffer I must.

The next day we sailed. John Moor and I were sent for on the quarter-deck to the captain. He said it would be some months before they went to Antigua, where the ship was from whence we deserted; and asked whether we would do our duty on deck, or be kept in irons till we went there? We made choice of the former; and I, being young and expert, got in favour with the captain. He sent for me, and asked me if I would sail with him. I answered, Yes, if he would save me from being flogged when I came to the ship from which I deserted; for I was as sure of it as I was born. He told me he would do what he could. But I was persuaded that he could not get me off. Nevertheless, he would often cheer me up and bid me not fear; but I was sure of it, in my own mind, if ever I went there.

In our passage to Barbadoes we took a prize, brought her in with us, sold her, and shared the money. We lay in the midst of a number of merchant ships bound for England; and I began to contrive how to escape the flogging, knowing we were going to Antigua from hence. Thought I, I will get a gallon of rum and make the sentinels drunk in the night when all are gone to bed; make a rope fast to an empty arm-chest that lay there; let it go to the ship's stern; then get down the stern into it, drift down to the merchantmen, and so get away. The thought had no sooner struck my mind than I began to provide for it. At night I put it in force, and all things seemed to bid fair; but, just as I had completed the affair, the wind began to blow, it rained very heavily, and such a sea arose that I was afraid to venture. So I cut the rope and let the chest go by itself. I tried the same scheme the next night, but without effect; and I believe the next day we sailed for Antigua.

Then I began to fear, having no God to trust in, and believing I should die under it. I wished that God would forgive my sins and take me out of my misery; but this was only for fear of the scourge. At length we arrived in English Harbour, Antigua, where the "Portland" lay. Then my fears began to come on, and I was quite cast down. To explain my fears is impossible. A boat was sent to fetch us. After a few compliments from the captain, we were ordered to be put in irons. A day or two after, we were ordered to prepare for a court-martial, which shortly took place, when we were sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty lashes each. When I had heard my sentence, I asked them to grant me a favour. Upon being asked what that was, I replied, "To hang me." Upon this I was ordered to be put with both legs in irons, with a sentinel placed over me with a drawn cutlass; and that I should drink nothing but water till I was punished. The day arrived; John Moor, my old companion, was taken ill, and sent to the hospital for recovery, when he was to receive his punishment. My shipmates had provided a dose for me enough to kill a horse; it was rum and gunpowder, mixed together, which they told me was to deaden the flesh. But I felt it sharp enough. I drank some of it, and then received one hundred lashes, at the end of which I died away, being cut so bad. All, even the doctor, thought I was dead. When I came to, I was in a large tub of warm water, and they bathing me.

Here the Lord wonderfully spared me to praise his holy Name. When I am brought back to see what my God has saved me from, it melts my heart in love to him; for I little thought, when I blasphemed his Name, that he had respect unto me in the covenant. But, bless his holy Name, who hath brought me to loathe myself in my own sight for my iniquities.

It would be tedious to tell of all the battles I have been in. I have seen many fall, yea, close to me, in several engagements; but the Lord never suffered one shot even to wound me, though I was in it from the beginning of the American war to the end,

which I believe was nearly ten years. O the faithfulness of God to his chosen! These words strike me: "Hast thou not procured all these things to thyself?" Yes, Lord; with shame I own it.

(To be continued.)

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To Mr. Gadsby.—My dear Friend and Brother in the Path of Tribulation,—The committee have unanimously fixed on me, the youngest in years and experience of them all, to write to you. We received yours of April 17th [See "G. S.," August, 1876, p. 341]; and it made a deep impression of sympathy upon us. Yes, I doubt not that each of us (the committee), as well as most of the congregation, felt keenly for your particular, though heavy and trying affliction. It is very likely the same with my dear friend and brother Gadsby as it was with me, and is with many more; they could have borne affliction from his hand in any other way better than the way the Lord has been pleased to afflict them in. But we are short-sighted creatures; and as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts above our thoughts. Sometimes the heaviest afflictions bring the greatest joys and deliverances; nay, they *always* do. This I know by blessed experience; and you know that I am no stranger to afflictions.

I trust we have, as you desired, one and all of us, taken you and your cause to the throne; and we hope our blessed Master will bring both you and yours out of the furnace as gold, triumphing in his strength and goodness. This thing we know and are assured of,—that your church will be a gainer by all the trying dispensations you are called to pass through. The Lord hath not said, In the world ye *may*; but "In the world ye *shall* have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." Blessed be his Name for the latter. We have found it sweet. May the Lord enable you to lie passive in his adorable hand, desiring to be anything or nothing, that he may be glorified; and thus crumble to nothing before him, and crown him Lord of all. We do hope you will yet see it among the "all things;" for we doubt not that the Lord, in blessing you, will also bless us. We know that it is trying work, with a heavy cross, to preach the love of God, the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the comfortable and God-glorifying influences of the Holy Spirit to others. It is trying work, even in the world, to act to his glory; for he hath not said, Let your light shine before men; but, "Let your light *so* shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Alas! how can this be done when we are peevish, fractious, and full of nothing but darkness? But he is almighty. "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?" "He knoweth our frame; and

remembereth that we are dust." O that, through his own strength, and full assurance of faith, we may be enabled to trust him where we cannot trace him, and now and then erect our Ebenezer, and declare that hitherto by his strength have we come! May we be learning daily to come up out of the wilderness, leaning on him who has promised that, though darkness endure for a night, joy shall come in the morning; and that strength shall be sufficient for our day. O that he may keep us near to himself, till he shall take us where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest!

We have had Mr. Vorley with us; and I trust his message has been blessed to many. We yesterday had Mr. Driver, of Richmond; and who we shall have next Lord's day I know not. We rather expect a friend of Mr. Turner's, from Sleaford; but have received no answer at present from him. I trust the Lord will continue to bless us as he has done, and continually revive his own work amongst us, that fruit may be found to the glory of his own Name. We had wished to have Mr. Turner as a last supply in our old chapel, and his last Sunday, with your first, to be the opening of the new one; but a combination of circumstances seems to render it impossible for him to visit us before August. The Jews of old had to erect their second house with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other. We have had opposition to ours also, though not of so violent a nature. Through much mercy, nothing unforeseen taking place, we expect it to be ready for worship on the second Sunday in July next. May the Lord grant that the glory of this latter house, Gower Street chapel, may eclipse the glory of the former house, Conway Street chapel. We have a right to expect his blessing in the second house from his own words and promises. It is true that he loveth the dwellings of Jacob, and many are his blessings upon them; but he says that he loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

And now, my dear friend, we wish for a final answer from you respecting your coming to open the same. We do hope the Master will enable you to come. We know that we cannot have you if it is the Lord's pleasure you should not come; but we should be almost unspeakably disappointed were we not to have you. That he may send you, come with you, and fill your earthen vessel with heavenly treasure, is our souls' desire.

My wife joins in love to you and yours. I cannot forget your kind visit and prayer for me in my affliction. O that he may enable me to do the same fervently for you! The committee also send their sincere love to you.

Your unworthy Brother in the Lord Jesus,

May, 1820.

CHARLES BAKER.

If the Holy Spirit has brought you to be everlastingly out of conceit with all you are in yourself, and well pleased with Christ, then you are a real Christian.—*S. E. Pierce.*

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT FAITH AND ITS INCREASE.

“Increase our faith.”—LUKE XVII. 5.

IT is impossible to read the Scriptures, especially the New Testament, with any attention and understanding, and not perceive the great part which true faith performs in all experimental religion. Where there is a total absence of the grace of faith, a man is still dead in trespasses and sins, without the true God, and without good hope in the world. Where this divine principle is, if only in the very smallest degree, there has taken place a wonderful change. The man himself who is the subject of it may not, for a time, understand its true nature, but make the greatest mistakes about it; nevertheless, the change is no less than one from a state of death to a state of life.

The kingdom of heaven is likened by the Lord Jesus to a grain of mustard seed sown in a field. That little grain has a principle of life in it, and contains in embryo the future plant. So with the first implanting of the principles of grace in the heart; there is a new and divine life, there is glory in the principle of it. This being the case, it seems of the greatest importance to have correct thoughts about faith. It were sad indeed to fancy ourselves possessors of this blessed grace, and yet be destitute of it. And we fear that many may be deceived and deceive themselves upon this point, supposing they have great faith when possibly they have none at all, and crying, Peace, Peace, to themselves when God says there is no peace. Many, we believe, flatter themselves that they are the people of God, who yet may lack the one thing needful. Let us, then, meditate a little, with the Lord's blessing, upon this subject of faith; and may our thoughts prove useful for examination and confirmation to ourselves and others.

In the first place, let us consider faith as to its *origin*. This is of great importance. There are various faiths spoken of in the Word of God—a dead faith, a devil's faith, a fancied, forged, and vain faith, are all to be dreaded. These come not from above; but the faith which we want to write about is of a very different kind. Its origin is divine; “it is the gift of God.” Peter says to those he addressed in his second epistle that they had obtained “like precious faith” with himself; and we know how he obtained it. “Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.” The true faith is no offspring of nature: “A man can receive nothing unless it be given him from heaven.” “Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.” O the sweet and blessed faith that is the gift of God! Like Jesus, to whom it always tends and ultimately brings the soul, it is

“Born a babe, and yet a king.”

“It boasts of a celestial birth;” and though, for a season, as in a prison, it will surely come forth at length, and bring the soul into the liberty of the sons of God.

“It lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies.”

And to this true divine principle, as contrasted with that which, though apparently stronger and grander, is only a fleshly substitute, we may apply the words of Solomon: “Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished.”

The faith which God gives begins in weakness, but ends in glory; it keeps in the soul “a gradual pace;” whereas the spurious production of nature begins where it should end, and ends in shame; for “shame shall be the promotion of fools.” Now, this true living faith is not, properly speaking, a condition; but is itself an excellent part of salvation, so far as experience goes. The idea of some is that the gospel is a mere offer of salvation, a holding out of Christ to men generally, and that poor human nature has to do its part, and receive the offer, and lay hold of Christ. But, as Erskine writes,

“My arms embrace my God, yet I
Had never arms to reach so high.”

It certainly would have been wonderful if the arms which had let slip, or rather thrown away, the blessing in the law, should have contained a power to reach up to heaven and embrace the blessing of the gospel. When under conviction of sin, and brought to see, in some degree, the need of Christ, and to desire after him, this dreadful gospel of conditions terribly harassed us. There was Christ; but, then, we were to believe in him. But, alas! We could neither so believe nor repent as to bring the smallest consolation into our hearts. As Erskine again writes, we felt

“Quite powerless to repent, believe, or pray.”

Then it was that the Lord sweetly came in with these words: “I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.” Christ came into our heart, and brought the power to believe, repent, and pray with him. This is always the case. The law throws the burden of a performance of some condition upon the man; such is the very nature of a law; the gospel has no such burden, but is self-fulfilling. In the law a man is something, but in the gospel God,—Father, Son, and Spirit, is all.

True faith, again, is not a condition of the covenant, but an eminent and precious grace of it. O the misery of making God's everlasting covenant a thing of creature conditions! This is to do our best to muddy the sweet pure clear waters of that river of life which John saw flowing forth from the throne of God and the Lamb. The everlasting covenant is ordered in all things and sure; and, therefore, in it was settled all about the bestowment of faith upon God's covenant children, whereby they should come while upon earth into the enjoyment of many of its blessings. Christ says of some, “Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep.” They never received the grace of faith; but his people receive it. “And it is of faith, that it might be by grace, that

the promise might be sure to all the seed." The election obtain it, and the rest are blinded.

This true faith is a fruit of Christ's mediation. Christ ascends up on high, and receives gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also. He is the Mediator of the new covenant. So, when Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Ghost descended, and quickened, pricking in their hearts thousands who had just previously consented to the death of the Lord Jesus. Then they cried, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" and, being further instructed, realized the sweet mercies of God in Christ Jesus, believed, were baptized, and cast in their lot with the apostles and people of Jesus.

One word more. This true faith is not only the gift of God, an excellent part of salvation, an eminent grace of the new covenant, and a fruit of the mediation of Christ, but it is the immediate production of the Holy Spirit in a man's heart. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." Let persons comply with the ridiculous rules that some give them about believing, wherein they make it out nothing more than any other natural piece of credence; let them force themselves up to ever such a high degree of this kind of faith; and what does it all amount to? Scripture shall answer: "Flesh." It is nothing but corruption, is a child of the earth, the bond-servant of conditions, and cannot see or inherit the kingdom of God. But the true faith, the child of heaven, is spirit. It is "the like spirit of faith." The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of faith as its Author. True faith is a spiritual faith as produced by him. "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." And "this is the work of God, that ye believe." Now, take all these things together concerning the source and origin of a true faith, and how different it is from that which passes for faith amongst numbers of professors. O how good to search ourselves, to examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith! A spurious faith may use the words of the captain in the Acts: "With a great sum obtained I this freedom;" and it is the freedom of the flesh; whilst true faith replies, "But I was free-born."

Let us next turn our attention to the nature of this true faith, and try to give, not so much a precise definition, as a description of it. Well, then, faith is a persuasion in the heart of the truth of God, as that truth is recorded in the Bible. Thus faith is the evidence of things unseen, but revealed in the Word of God. And of the ancient saints we read that they "received not the promises" concerning Christ and future blessing as to the fulfilment of them; but, having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them, and embraced them.

But, though what we have said is true as far as it goes, we must add something to it, lest it should mislead. We have called faith a persuasion in the heart, &c.; we add that it is such a persuasion as is produced, and only then, when the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of truth, accompanies the Word of truth with a

divine, life-giving influence. Then, and only then, we receive God's Word as it is in truth, the Word of God. It is believed by us because it comes to us with the infallible, self-evidencing demonstration of the Spirit and of power. We need not then external evidences, to make us believe that it is God who speaks. "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom." No,

"Tis God who speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine."

This, then, is our full definition or description. Faith is a persuasion in the heart of the truth of God, as it is contained in his Word, which is produced in it by the almighty creative power of the Holy Spirit, when he accompanies the Word of truth with his peculiar divine, life-giving operation in the heart. Then, and only then, is there a real believing. Then, and only then, is the Word of God received, in the truth of it, into our hearts. "The words that I speak unto you," says Christ, "they are spirit, and they are life."

Now, this faith, as it is a divine new-creation in the soul, so it is a divinely-supported thing. It is neither self-supported nor man-supported. It does not sustain itself, nor does its possessor sustain it. It depends entirely upon God. How sad it is to find some whose faith, instead of being of this self-helpless nature, fills them with a deceiving self-ability! Nothing so dependent upon God in Christ as true faith; nothing so utterly unable to do without the upholding power of the Holy Spirit as that faith which he himself produces in the heart. But the faith of these persons is of a totally different nature; and we might adopt and apply Paul's words to them: "Now ye are full; now ye are rich; ye have reigned as kings" without the Spirit. Ye are self-sustained; but a true faith makes the children of God, not thus strong in themselves, but dependent upon the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

Again. This precious faith of God's elect, as it is a new creation, and sustained by God its Author, so also it only acts by the power of God. "Without me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." Then, certainly, without him we cannot have faith upon himself or his promises. A spurious faith, sprung out of human nature, self-made, and self-supporting, is also a self-acting principle. The possessors of it can believe when they like, as they like, and what they like. There is Christ; they can lay hold of him. There are his offices; they can act faith upon them. There are his promises; they can take them. Alas! All this ability savours little of the faith which God gives to his people, and which lies at the footstool of his mercy, a suppliant if a child. There seems little of the holy hand of a true faith in this unexercised, unimpeded power of laying hold of God's Word, going unto the Lord, and performing religious acts. As true faith depends upon what Christ has done for acceptance, so it depends upon his working by his Spirit for even the power to think a right thought. True faith cries, with the apostle, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth

in me." The more true faith a man has, the more will he be brought into harmony with Paul's words: "Work out, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure."

This faith, as it depended for its origin upon Christ's mediation, being a fruit thereof, so it depends upon that mediation for its sustainment and actings. "I have prayed for thee," says Christ to Peter, "that thy faith fail not." Where had Peter's faith gone to, and where had Peter gone, if he had had no better faith than that which is the glory of some professors? There is a faith self-created, self-sustained, self-acted, independent of the continued intercession and the grace of the Mediator; there is a faith the very opposite to all this.

"Now most men will prefer the rich;
But Christ has blessed the poor."

One word more about the nature or character of true faith. It is no part of the atonement for a man's sins, or the righteousness through which he is justified. As to sins, nothing takes away a single sin from the presence of God, or properly from the conscience, but the blood of Christ. Christ made an end of all the sins that ever shall be blotted out on the cross of Calvary. Faith receives the atonement; by faith the heart is sprinkled with the blood from an evil conscience; but the atonement itself is the death of Christ. So, again, the only righteousness through which the sinner is justified is the obedience of Christ, wrought out for him. Faith receives this righteousness into the conscience, and the accompanying sentence of justification as contained in Scripture; but faith is not a part of the righteousness. Christ's obedience stands all-sufficient, at all times, and alone. Thus, under the law, to show that the blood alone could atone, we have even the clean person who sprinkled the unclean compelled to wash his clothes. By such representations we are taught to regard nothing, in the matter of pardon and justification, but the blood of Christ for the former, and the obedience of Christ in life for the latter. As to our standing uncondemned and justified before God, Christ in his finished work is All in all.

We must dwell no longer upon this part of our subject, but proceed in our reflections to that which is of great importance,—the *work* and *effects* of a true faith. The principal work of faith is to receive the testimony of God, and set to its seal that God is true. In doing this, it does not act unreasonably; far from it. This very act of believing has the highest reasonableness about it. It is, indeed, contrary to apostate, godless, debased reason that faith thus believes in the Word of God and in him who speaks it; it is also an act above those ordinary acts of reason which depend upon the senses and inward consciousnesses of natural men. But it is not an unreasonable thing that faith does when it believes in God. The Word of God comes to the believer with the divine power of the Holy Spirit accompanying it. Thus it is the Word that proceedeth out of God's mouth unto him. And can it be unreasonable to receive it from God's own mouth as the

Word of God, and infallibly true, and certain of accomplishment? We know the voices of our friends; shall the sons of God not recognize the voice of their Father? "My sheep," says Christ, "hear my voice." Is it unreasonable for the bride to know the voice of the beloved? "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," she cries, for "his mouth is most sweet." Adam knew his Maker's voice when it came to him in Eden; God's children know his voice now he speaks to them in a crucified Christ Jesus. A learned man, especially a man of great genius, gives the impress of his own mind to what he speaks and writes; shall it be thought that God, who gives wisdom and genius to the creature, cannot, or does not, himself speak like a God, and fill his words with the glory of his majesty, wisdom, holiness, and truth, so that it must be considered unreasonable to believe that God is the Speaker, and the word spoken the infallible Word of God? The truth is, men are naturally like the deaf adder. They listen to Satan's lies and every absurdity that men may propagate; they are deaf only to God. "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." No; they are deaf to God's voice in his servants; and they will not be persuaded, though one has risen from the dead. But God gives to his children the hearing ear and the believing heart; they hear God speaking in prophets and apostles; they have a divine evidence to the truth of the Word; and they believe with a faith that stands, not in the wisdom of men or mere external evidences, however excellent in themselves, but upon the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. And their faith has the highest degree of rationality about it. Indeed, until a man has faith, he never is possessed of a sound mind. Like Nebuchadnezzar, he is debased, and grovels far below the dignity of his first creation; but when, like that proud but chastened king, he lifts up his eyes unto heaven, then his reason really returns unto him. He no longer soars on the pinions of a God-denying reason; but those wings are plucked, and he now stands upon his feet as a man, and praises and extols and honours "the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment;" and owns that "those that walk in pride he is able to abase." (Dan. iv. 37.)

(To be continued.)

A ROD OF CORRECTION FOR THOSE WHO WANT IT.

BY HENRY FOWLER.

"Rebuke them sharply."—TIT. I. 13.

SOME preached Christ out of strife and contention in Paul's time. Many preach Christ now, it is to be feared, from no better motive; but Satan is their master, and he will pay them their wages. "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully." (Jer. xlviii. 10.) By their fruits we are to know them; watch them closely, and you will see antichrist written in legible characters in all their deportment. It is not enough that it can

be said of a man, "He preaches Christ." No; he must show out of a good conversation his works with meekness and fear. Angelic perfection is not contended for; but a life of honesty, simplicity, and godly sincerity, showing an example to the flock. Such men as are censured above may be useful to a man to furnish him with information; so is the handpost useful to the traveller on the road, to direct him in the right way; but it cannot bear him company one step. As the directing-post receives the writing from another's hand, so do such preachers; it is not their own that they preach; it is not from the Holy Spirit's teaching; "they follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing." Concerning such preachers the Lord speaks thus: "They shall not be in the assembly of my people, neither shall they be written in the writing of the house of Israel, neither shall they enter into the land of Israel; and ye shall know that I am the Lord God." (Ezek. xiii. 9.)

Some may be called *elastic* preachers; they will shrink or expand, like a ribbed stocking, as times and circumstances may seem to require. Such may be compared to the vane on the steeple, that moves about with every change of wind; they are turned about with every wind of error, and the last turn is with them the best; a new will-o'-the-wisp has dazzled their eyes, and they mistook it for the light of divine truth. Such preachers are as unstable as water, and they shall not excel, though they may have their thousands to follow them. Alas! How many have I known of the last description within these last thirty years!

There are also *subtle, crafty* preachers; they study the temper and peculiar opinion of their more influential hearers, and preach to suit their corrupt taste to the greatest nicety. They flatter the pride and vanity of their hearers at the expense of truth and an honest conscience. O beware of flattering preachers, as you would of a notorious villain! Such were not Paul and his fellow-labourers. "Neither at any time used we flattering words, nor a cloak of covetousness; God is witness." (1 Thess. ii. 5.) "A flattering mouth worketh ruin." (Prov. xxvi. 28.)

There are also *gossiping* preachers, whose minds are always from home, and bodies too, as much as possible. This class of preachers reminds me of those illegitimate sons of Abraham who perambulate the metropolis buying and selling, receiving into their bags, and turning out to traffic with their brethren as often as they can; no matter where nor how, so that they can do business, viz., *gain*. Such preachers should study Paul for once, practically. "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all." (1 Tim. iv. 15.) But, blessed be God, bad as things are in Zion, there are still to be found a few who have not defiled their garments, whose eyes look straight forward, who ponder the path of their feet, and look well to their goings. May their number greatly increase, that sinners may be converted to God, and the saints be built up in their most holy faith.

SELF BROUGHT DOWN AND CHRIST EXALTED.

My dear Friend,—As I have found several things run in my mind with sweetness and life, I thought I would just put them on paper and send them to you, as this is a leisure day with me. I am, blessed be God, better in health than I have been for a long time; and though much exercised in mind in various ways, yet I find the Lord is my Refuge and Strength, and a very present help in trouble. (Ps. xlvi. 1.) But, I assure you, my prayers in general, particularly in heavy trials, are *short* and *frequent*. I have always found the shortest prayers, well followed up, do the most execution; such as: “God be merciful to me, a sinner.” “Lord, save, or I perish.” “Lord, help me.” “For thy Name’s sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.” “O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.” “O Lord, I am in trouble and burdened; do thou sustain me and deliver me.” “O Lord my God, I pray thee, turn the counsel of So-and-so, or such an one, into foolishness.” “O Lord, suffer no weapon formed against me to prosper.” “O Lord, I pray thee, order and manage So-and-so, or such a thing, for me, and cause it to prosper in my hands.” “O Lord, I beseech thee, give me ‘wisdom to direct my way, and strength to do thy will,’ in such a thing.” “O Lord, I pray thee, cleanse me from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and sanctify me wholly, body, soul, and spirit; and let thy Word dwell in my heart richly in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.” “Grant me, O Lord, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and transform me more into thy likeness.”

I just give you these as a specimen, in order that you may compare notes; for I think we are rather too shy and backward in communicating these things one to another. *Long* prayers, either in myself or others, I generally find unprofitable; and I have so often found the devil lie hard at me to stir up pride after a flow of words in prayer, particularly when it has been in public, or before others in private, that I quite dislike going to prayer before any one; although I don’t know but what the devil has some hand in that also. Indeed, I believe it is hard to tell what he has not a hand in. But I like best to get in private, to pour out *my heart* to God, and show him all my trouble, and all my gratitude, where there are no lookers on, and where no one can hear me. For the devil will make even grace and the gifts of God a snare to us, as Mr. Hart sings. I think the devil can corrupt us more by flattery than anything else, as it is so pleasing to our nature; and he well knows if he can puff us up, it is the best way to get us low. God says, “A man’s pride shall bring him low.” (Prov. xxix. 23.) “Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.” (Prov. xvi. 18.) “Before destruction the heart of man is haughty; and before honour is humility.” (Prov. xviii. 12.) This I have often seen verified, both in a spiritual and in a temporal way. I therefore bend the whole force of prayer against it, for I am afraid of it. I have often prayed with Mr. Hart:

“Make me well my vileness know;
Keep me very, very low.”

And the Lord has granted me that which I requested; and sometimes kept me a great deal lower than I wanted to be, and made me feel so much of my own vileness that I have been ready to despond and sink under it. But that is much better than to be intoxicated with false comfort, and to be unable to think soberly. (Rom. xii. 3.)

How very different are God's ways and thoughts from ours; yea, as high as the heavens are above the earth. (Isa. lv. 7, 8.) The *lame* is to take the prey. (Isa. xxxiii. 23.) The *weak* is to say, I am strong. (Joel iii. 10.) “If any man will be wise, let him become a *fool*.” (1 Cor. iii. 18.) The *last* is to be first, and the first last. (Luke xiii. 30.) And it is when we have nothing to pay that he frankly forgives us all. (Luke vii. 42.) “He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory.” (1 Sam. ii. 8.) Now, it is this bringing down, breaking down, and stripping work that has always been the hardest and the most puzzling to me; and I believe is so to every quickened sinner. To be turned to destruction is to a quickened soul a strange work; it is Peter's “fiery trial.” (1 Pet. iv. 12.) But the lofty looks of man are to be humbled, and the haughtiness of men bowed down. (Isa. ii. 11.) It is God's purpose “to stain the pride of all glory.” (Isa. xxiii. 19.) And O! What afflictions, crosses, and furnace work it takes to humble us and bring us low! The Lord can build us up in one minute, by lifting up the light of his countenance upon us; but it takes years to pull us down, and a great deal to keep us there after we are down. We do not like to be lamed, and to go halting in mind, like Jacob in body, when he wrestled with the Angel, having but one leg to hop upon, the thigh of the other being out of joint. We do not like to feel so weak that iniquities *prevail* against us, and we cannot resist the buffetings and temptations of Satan, and to have no more power against them than Paul had with his thorn in the flesh. We do not like to feel such fools that we cannot understand God's Word, nor what God is doing with us, or his will concerning us, nor yet know what to do, or how to act for the best in our lawful calling. We do not like to feel the last in this world, and the most unlikely that God will ever save. We do not like to feel ourselves ten thousand talents in debt, and so poor that we have nothing to pay with. We do not like to feel the Lord taking us by the neck and shaking us to pieces, as he did Job (Job xvi. 12); or to put the cup of trembling in our hands, as he did the church in Isaiah's days. (Isa. li. 22.) Nor do we like to be brought down as poor, needy beggars to the dust and the dunghill.

All these things are very degrading to our proud nature; but absolutely necessary to stop the mouth of boasting. But we are apt to think, while the Lord is doing these things in us and to

us, to strip us of all our glorying in the flesh, that his thoughts towards us are evil, that these things are for our destruction, and that he is dealing hardly with us. But I have learned by experience that it is a good thing to be brought low, and kept low. It is for the want of this furnace work that we have so many great men in the present day, and so little of the grace of God and the image of Christ. We have plenty of preachers who are very wise in the Word, but totally ignorant of the Spirit's teaching and his humbling lessons. They are wise master builders to them that have never been pulled down or shaken to pieces; but they add nothing but bondage and misery to a soul in the furnace. It is a great mercy to be kept little in our own eyes, and vile in our own sight, and to be brought to put our mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope; and to confess and feel, with Nehemiah: "Thou hast done right, but we have done wickedly;" and with Ezra: "Thou hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." When brought into this frame of mind, there is not much danger of our rebelling or murmuring against God, of finding fault with him, or of thinking he deals hardly with us. It is from this lowest seat that we hear the sweet invitation, "Friend, go up higher." "Before honour is humility;" and "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Witness Job. No sooner was he brought to feel and confess: "Behold, I am vile; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," than his captivity was turned. And so it is now. God's intention is to hide pride from our eyes, and leave us nothing to glory in but his beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased; and "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. (1 Cor. i. 30.) He exercises towards us righteousness, judgment, and loving-kindness; for in these things he delights. Here, and here only, we may glory.

Satan's intention, in buffeting and tempting us, and in stirring up his own children to plague us, is to destroy us altogether; but though he walketh about seeking whom he *may* devour (2 Pet. v. 7), blessed be God, it is not whom he *will*. He would have devoured Job if he could. It is evident he had walked round him and his house, and all that he had, and considered him well, by his answer to God. But there was the hedge about everything, on every side. (Job i. 10.) The devil could not touch a single ass or sheep, or even a dog of Job's flock, until God removed the hedge. And so it is now. "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Ps. xxxiv. 7.) And the Lord himself will be "a wall of fire round about" his people, and "the glory in the midst of them." (Zech. ii. 5.) That's the hedge which neither men nor devils can do anything with. And though wicked men are the devil's tools, and God's sword, they can have no power against us except it be given them of God; and then they can only go to a certain limit. They cannot go as far as their wills would incline them, but only as far as God permits them, for our good and his own praise. Hence the

psalmist says, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; and the remainder of wrath thou shalt restrain." (Ps. lxxvi. 10.) This we may see in Pharaoh. It was in his heart to destroy the children of Israel altogether. His language was: "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them. I will draw my sword; my hand shall destroy them." (Ex. xv. 9.) But God's intention was that he should only frighten them, and make them cry to God for help; and the remainder of Pharaoh's wrath was restrained by floundering about in the water until he and all his army were drowned in the Red Sea; for which Moses and Israel sang and praised God. Thus the wrath of man praised, or got praise to, God. You may see the same thing when Moab, Ammon, and Edom confederated together to drive out Jehoshaphat and Judah from the land, or destroy them altogether. (2 Chron. xx. 22); and in Sennacherib with Hezekiah. (Isa. xxxvii. 36.) In each case their wrath was restrained in their own destruction; for which God got praise from his own people. And did God's people lose anything by the wrath these men displayed? No; they were gainers. It is true they lost all confidence in themselves; but they gathered abundance of spoils, and were enriched with the enemy's armour and treasure. So I have seen many bluster, and threaten what they would do, which has made me fear and tremble, and cry to God against them; but when God has turned their counsel into foolishness, and delivered me from them, it has furnished me with praise and thanksgiving to God.

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

Woolwich, Oct. 19th, 1837.

W. MATTHEWS.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY.

It is well for the church of Christ that all things are carried on according to the counsel of God's own will, so that it is safe in every state, being kept secure in the hollow of his own hand, hid in Christ, where she ever was, where she now is, and ever shall remain. Her life is hid with Christ in God. Christ is the true God, and eternal life. He is the life and light of the whole body, as they stand in life-union with himself. When the apostle Paul took his farewell of the church at Ephesus, he told them that he had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God; which he could not have done if God the eternal Spirit had not taught him what the counsel of God,—Father, Son, and Spirit, was. To have a clear knowledge of the everlasting love of the Father, the all-perfect and complete salvation of the Son, through the alone teaching of the Holy Spirit, will be all we can attain to in this life, and perhaps more than we can expect. But God, in counsel and purpose, hath promised that we shall be taught of God; and if the good Lord eternally engaged to teach us, we shall be made wise above all deception.

The eternal love of the Father. We are told that God loved us with an everlasting love, a love before time; that he chose us

in Christ before time; that he gave us grace in Christ before time; that he accepted and adopted us in Christ before time; that he blessed us in Christ before time; a blessing that eternally secured us from all evil, and secured unto us the possession of all promised good. In the counsel of God's own will we see the salvation of the whole body of Christ mystic; for everything that is set forth in the personal merits of Christ was contained and settled in the counsel of God's own will before time. Now, as everything that is set forth in the personal merits of Christ in time was settled before time, I here see the eternal state of safety the church was in before the world began; and nothing has ever taken place in time that was not settled in counsel before time.

Now for the proclamation of the order in counsel. That we may have a more complete view of the eternal counsel of God, and the complete salvation of the church according to the counsel of his own will, wholly and solely clearing the church from her Adam-state standing, from her sins, and from the curse of the law, making the church the perfection of beauty, perfect and complete in her ever-living Head and Husband, Christ alone, the Lord her everlasting Righteousness; and so to stand before God, without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing; God the Father, beholding her in the Person of his Son, declares her to be all fair. "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, nor seen perverseness in Israel," having cast all their sins into the depths of the sea, that when they are sought for they may never be found. Neither the murder of David, the rebellion of Jonah, the blasphemy of Peter, or any sins of the election of grace, not one debt contracted, but God hath crossed out of the book of his remembrance. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" "I will remember their sins no more" for ever. The Lord is pleased to make his counsel known by *promise*: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." By *gift*: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not; but a body hast thou prepared me," according to the eternal counsel. In which body of Christ the whole of a sinner's salvation stands a work completed. "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." In this body of Christ, I see the justice of God fully satisfied, the curse for transgression executed, and the sufferings due to transgression inflicted: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." "He was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed" and delivered from all punishment due to our sins. Christ suffered in our law-place, the Just for the unjust. His blood justifieth the ungodly, and delivereth them from all punishment due to God's most righteous law, or we have no benefit from his death; for we were all ungodly, considered

as we stood in the loins of our first father. The fountain of Christ's blood was opened to wash away all our sins. By one offering he perfected for ever all whom God in his eternal counsel sanctified. He suffered without the gate, that we might be sanctified by his most precious blood. I look to that which took place in the body of his flesh for my perfect reconciliation. My peace was made by the blood of Christ. In Christ I see a complete deliverance from curse, wrath, and punishment. I see it a work completed according to God's own will. Nothing can be added to it, or taken from it: "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." "For this end came I into the world;" that his body might, by him, the Head, be eternally saved, through the virtue of the blood of the everlasting covenant, having fulfilled all the conditions agreed upon in the eternal counsel of peace between the Father and the Son, as revealed by the eternal Spirit, whose work and office it is to record and make the same manifest to the church, that it may be clearly seen as a Triune act.

"As for me, this is my covenant,—the word that is in thy mouth, and the Spirit that is upon thee, shall never depart from thy seed, nor thy seed's seed, from henceforth and for ever." The Spirit of God shall make the eternal counsel manifest to the church by revealing the personal merits of Christ. The Spirit quickens the church, according to the eternal purpose and grace given them in Christ before the world began; and glorifies "the riches of his grace on the vessels of mercy, whom he had before prepared unto glory." He brings the whole body under his own divine teaching. As it is written: "They shall all be taught of God;" and "every one that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto me." This is according to the eternal counsel of God. "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," &c. He drew them with cords of love, with the bands of a man; he drew them to Christ. In this lies the whole mystery of grace, as taught by the Spirit. An experimental knowledge of the love of God is a sovereign remedy for all our sins and sorrows, the removal of all trouble, and the bringing in of all good. It is heart's ease; it drowns all misery; gives being to all promised good, experimentally,—to faith, love, repentance, hope, joy, and all soul comfort. The Spirit of God witnesseth in the heart to our justification, sanctification, reconciliation, peace, pardon, and purification; and fills the soul with joy and peace in believing; and all according to the good pleasure of God's own will, as settled in the eternal counsel. May the same blessed Spirit bear witness in our hearts to the everlasting love of God. Amen.

WE know who we are beholden unto for the Spirit; and who to go unto for the Spirit,—even to the Father, and to Christ, and to his blood; and to the Father through Christ, who gives commission to the Spirit to work such and such measures of grace, at such times to fall upon us, and at such and such times to withdraw.—*Goodwin.*

“*GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE.*”

Thy Spirit, Lord, alone can teach
 A worthless worm like me to preach.
 Do thou the unctuous power impart,
 Which only can affect the heart.
 A Paul may plant with holy zeal;
 Apollos water, too, as well;
 But thou must bid the sinner live,
 And then the blessed increase give.
 'Tis all thy work from first to last,—
 The present, and the whole that's past;
 The purpose and performance too
 Were all in thy omniscient view.
 Thou callest whom thou pleasest, Lord,
 To preach and hear thy Gospel-word;
 Thine is the blessing to impart,
 Either to wound or heal the heart.
 I find it in my heart to pray
 For thine own blessing, Lord, to-day;
 My prayer to thee I now direct
 To speak through me to thy elect.

Gosport, March 4th, 1877.

A. H.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Friend,—I thought I must write to let you know that I have not forgotten you. David could conscientiously say, “If I forget Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.” What a mercy it is to be among the number of those who remember the Lord afar off, and who let Jerusalem come into their minds, which they were to do in the days of Jeremiah. The Lord has drawn the portrait of the two seeds in his Word by showing who they are that remember him, and who they are that forget him. David, when speaking of those who became cold, says of them, “They forgot God their Saviour, and lightly esteemed the Rock of their salvation.”

I was speaking at Five Ash Down yesterday from that part in Malachi where the Lord says, “My covenant was with Levi, of life and peace.” Among the charges brought against that nation, one was their murmuring, and saying, “Wherein hath the Lord loved us?” They could not see that they were a nation that had been brought by the judgments and the stretched-out arm of the Lord from their enemies; and that, though the Lord punished them as a nation for their iniquities, yet he did not destroy them, as he had done other nations. Therefore the prophet told them how it was the Lord had loved, by telling them of his choice of Jacob and his refusal of Esau; that, though they were looking at the prosperity of other nations, their prosperity was short, as there

was no promise made to them as there was to the posterity of Jacob. The command of God was not to destroy the cluster, because there was a blessing in it; and as Christ was to come from that people, was to be born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons, therefore it was impossible that the cluster should be destroyed. "Even so at this present time there is a remnant according to the election of grace;" to show that "the promise is sure to all the seed."

This seed, then, are those that will remember. And though, like David, they think upon God and are troubled, yet they shall remember, like David, the hills Mizar, and the land of the Hermonites. They shall remember, like Jacob, the times when his God delivered him out of the hand of Laban and out of the hand of Esau. They shall remember that, when they went from one kingdom to another people, he suffered no man to do them wrong; saying, "Touch not mine anointed; and do my prophets no harm." And have we not seen his hand many times in delivering us? This great Deliverer, this strong Lion of Judah, how he has come and made a way for us! How he has shown that his hand has been in the sea of our troubles, and his right hand in the rivers, enabling us to cry, "My Father." He said to his opposers in the days of his flesh, "If I should say, I know him not, I should be a liar like unto you." And, bless him, all those who know him will put their trust under the shadow of his wings, till every calamity is overpast, and every indignation ceases. They retire to their chambers, pour out their sorrows in secret, and are rewarded openly, lift up their face with joy, are anointed with fresh oil in his Name, strengthened with his Spirit's might in their inner man, lean upon his arm, walk in his light, and in his righteousness they are exalted. And without these things felt, what poor things they are! Cast down in their souls, they go mourning without the sun, and cry out, like David, "When wilt thou comfort me?" They fear he will never be gracious any more, that he hath in anger shut up the bowels of compassion. But he will return; he will have compassion upon us; and our sins he will cast into the depths of the sea.

These are the things which belong to those who, like Jonah, say they will look again. Why did Jonah look again? The Spirit of God brought to his mind the memorable prayer: "If they pray toward the house which I have built for thy Name, then hear thou their prayer." (1 Ki. viii.)

If I had not found forgiveness, what should I have done? My heart hath often been broken with a sight and feeling sense of what I have been, which humbles me in my own eyes much. I have nothing to be proud of; but many things to be thankful for. How he has borne with me! How he has fed and clothed me! How he has raised up friends, from time to time!

Now, how different is the statement the Lord gives of others, when he says, "But ye are they that forsake the Lord, that for-

get my holy mountain, that prepare a table for that troop, and that furnish the drink-offering unto that number. Therefore will I number you to the sword, and ye shall all bow down to the slaughter; because when I called, ye did not answer; when I spake, ye did not hear; but did evil before mine eyes, and did choose that wherein I delighted not." The Lord then shows the difference between his servants and these that he speaks to: "Behold, my servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry; behold, my servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty; behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart, but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart, and shall howl for vexation of spirit. And ye shall leave your name for a curse unto my chosen." Then he shows who it is that shall bless himself in the God of truth, and swear by the God of truth. The former troubles are to be forgotten, and are not to come into mind. (Read Isa. lxx. 11-16.) Here you see the line drawn; who it is that is to be saved, and who it is that is to be destroyed. Two parts, we are told, are to be cut off and die; but "I will bring," says God, "the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; 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." (Zech. xiii. 9.)

Your affectionate and grateful Friend,

Budleets, Maresfield, Sussex, Oct. 16th, 1876.

JOHN CLARK.

Dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love.

I am at present in a critical situation. A man has written two volumes of wild rant, and sent them out under a fictitious name, though it is well known who he is. I have returned an answer to one part of his performance; and as he has a great opinion of his work as unanswerable, he finds that my reply has so completely stopped his mouth that he has not one text in the Bible to support himself; and I have defied him to produce one. And knowing that he is a desperate Jacobite, I have called him a "leveller." This is considered a libel; and he has employed the Solicitor-General of the Bank against me, and makes the king the prosecutor, that no cost may be obtained; and he has detained all the ablest counsellors in London on his side. But I am fully persuaded that the Wonderful Counsellor is on my side; but how far he may be permitted to go God only knows. It is said that Satan shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried," &c. (Rev. ii. 10.) However, I have made all provision for the worst. I have been hunting after a lawyer and counsellors, and have engaged Mr. Lock to be my curate in case the devil should be permitted to prevail against me; and every week some friend or other is coming to me with advice. So that I cannot take so long a journey under such critical circumstances. My antagonist has got plenty of money, and is intolerable. He will stick at nothing to be avenged of the Coalheaver. But the God of Israel is on my side; and though this matter has sorely tried me, yet I

have been permitted to cast my burden on the Lord. And I feel that he sustains me; nor do I believe that he will ever suffer my feet to be moved. But I am fully persuaded that this affair will terminate in the eternal destruction of my enemy, and to the credit and honour of the old weather-beaten Coalheaver. I love my Master, and I know that he loves me.

God bless thee. My kind love to poor Oram, Milner, and all the holy family; and do remember me at the throne.

Ever yours,

Postmark, Aug. 25th, 1806.

W. HUNTINGTON.

To Mr. Andrew Fisher, Helmsley Blackmoor, Yorks.

Dear Friend,—It would seem, from your observation, that you are not altogether dark. Perhaps, through having a little understanding, you soon perceive things that are not very easy to be hidden at all times; and, therefore, are not so much surprised as some others. I am sadly wrong if I have not travailed in soul for some time before the Lord in the matter you congratulate me and Mrs. L. in; nor dare I say that I have not had an answer of peace; for which I desire to thank him, and to be enabled still to wait at his feet. Faith that worketh by love, drawn into exercise by divine operation, carries all to the Lord, though it be in sighs and groans; and stammers out the complaints of the soul before him, as he is pleased to give power. This faith has many times been known to sigh, groan, and cry, even in unutterables, in the dark. It has received help, and then has taken renewed hold of the Word of the Lord. At these times she says, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Hope that "maketh not ashamed" is her companion through all trials, afflictions, temptations, darkness, and troubles of all sorts and duration, from Egypt to Canaan. The Lord grant thee, me, and each of his living family, a living, travailing faith, renewed daily by the blessed Spirit.

I think I have, from the outset to the present, known what it is to be plagued, chastened, and brought low. Yet, I trust, the Lord has many times helped me; and I can truly say that no blessings have been so sweet and precious to my soul as those that have been given in answer to my poor, weak, broken petitions. "The desire accomplished is sweet," whatever it may be. I think I have proved it more than once, both in temporal and spiritual things; but it is, as you know in measure, a trying thing to go against wind and tide. This is not an uncommon thing with living souls. Nevertheless, if the Lord condescends to dwell in the vessel, there can be no sinking. No! It is *eternal* life. O to be daily tasting!

The way to the kingdom lies through tribulation. The Lord has ordered it so in his infinite unerring wisdom. And perhaps one end he had in view was that, in passing through tribulation, of whatever name or nature, we might, through the blessed Spirit's teaching, prove our own weakness and helplessness; and

that, through power secretly communicated, we might cry again and again to the Lord for help. Thus, though like bruised reeds, we are kept crying and sighing as our needs are felt; and sometimes out of the depths. And when our strength is clean gone, we are helped again with a little help, and find that rest is sweet.

When a little beam of light and hope shines into your soul, try to trace the matter; and tell me what spiritual blessings or providential favours, accompanied with special mercy, were made savoury and sweet. Tell me of the seasons when your heart was softened, and your soul humbled within you; when you were filled with gratitude to the Lord for his goodness and mercy unto you, the very chief of sinners; and when hope in the faithful promises of Jehovah caused your soul to rejoice in God's covenant, feeling interested in the sure mercies thereof. If you have tasted of the fruits of the land, tell me if they came not in answer to prayer, and well-timed? You tell me you know not when you felt greater desertion from the Lord; and yet you are following after him, with all your troubles; and that you are not without hope, that you shall be enabled by and by to say, "He hath done all things well." Then you must have secret renewings and quickenings in your soul. If so, my soul says, God speed!

May the Lord help you to sue the matter out before him. It may be with you as it has many times been with me, and often is: You may be sunk very low, and unbelief and carnal reason may be strong. Satan may harass and torment, and say it is of no use to wait any longer; for God will not regard your cry. But, if there is a mourning over the law of sin in the members putting itself forth contrary to the law of your mind, though unbelief and Satan have almost stopped your mouth before the Lord, except in sighs and groans, and your strength seems almost gone (I would, if it were the Lord's will, it was quite gone; for that is the time when divine power is given), the salvation of the Lord will be made sweet indeed. May the Lord in mercy give us the weapon, and power from on high to use it. Hart says,

"Weakest souls can wield it best."

Yours for Truth's sake,

Bedworth, Nov. 25th, 1848.

W. LEE.

To my own Daughter in the Faith, and child of my heart, greeting. Grace and mercy be multiplied.

Love is not in our own power. If it is the love of God, the Holy Ghost sheds it abroad in the heart, being his own fruit; and if it is the love of his children, we are taught of God to love one another. So that, both ways, we cannot command love and affection. As to withdrawing them from you, I could not if I would; and I would not if I could; being fully satisfied that it has arisen from a portion of that everlasting love with which the Almighty has loved us both. You love me for the works' sake;

and I love you because I have begotten you in Christ Jesus through the gospel. And on this ground, instead of being weakened, I believe it will abound more and more.

And now, what will Mary say if I rejoice that her fear is going or gone? It is what I have been watching and waiting to see, knowing that it would not be good if it continued much longer; and I should have been very suspicious of the reality of it. But I am now confirmed that it has been all of God. And most certainly one great beauty may be seen in it,—when you lay under the expectation of a most heavy and trying affliction, it pleased God to give you peace in himself and submission to his will; and this lasted till he gave a turn to your father's disorder. But this state of rest is not profitable to your soul; and, therefore, as soon as the Lord saw it seasonable, he took it away. Not being willing to oppress you with sorrow upon sorrow, he suffered it to abide so long that you might have strength equal to your day. And the reason why he has taken it away is this,—that you might press after greater attainments, and be made acquainted with your own heart.

There are two things he will teach you,—yourself and Jesus Christ; and you as yet know these things very imperfectly. These are only to be known by trials. It is in his school that he instructs us; and this is the school of adversity or affliction. We are not called here to rest nor enjoyment, but to pass through much tribulation; and tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. I do not think you will ever go so low again; for your past experience is a step gained, which will not give way. But much fighting, reasoning, and wrestling are appointed to all who are called to inherit the promises. You have had some seasonable refreshings; but you must drink deeper of that fountain which is opened for sin and for uncleanness. Therefore, the heart, in all its bitterness, must be set at work, and its corruptions discerned. You must be more firmly established upon the sure foundation, which is Christ Jesus; and, therefore, you must be well shaken. You must know more fully that without him you can do nothing; and, therefore, by heavy and sore exercises you must be cut off from all your own resources and confidences.

After so many months of darkness and gloominess, it was kind in your heavenly Father to give you peace. And after this peace, it is as kind to trouble your soul, that you may seek after and attain a greater portion of his love in Christ Jesus, be favoured with more of the Saviour's grace, and have a deeper experience of that anointing of the Holy Spirit which teacheth all things. Your faith will be tried, and it must; and by this trial you will know it is genuine. Do not be surprised if it all seems to fail and give way. This will be the case; but it will show you that your life is not your own, but that it is hid with Christ in God. After our Lord had been with his disciples for a season, he told them he must go away; and because he said so, sorrow filled

their hearts. But his departure was expedient. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." The Spirit of God rested in them, but not as a Comforter taking of Jesus Christ, and showing him to them. This is what you want, even a more perfect knowledge of Christ. You have had faith in God, submission to him, and peace in him; but I know that, if you examine your past feelings, you will acknowledge that your sensations have been greater than your knowledge; that is to say, though you have had rest and peace in God, you have much to learn, in heart knowledge, of the dying love of your dear Lord, which you have not learned yet. You must have him formed in your heart; and God intends you shall, by casting you down, that so you may seek fresh discoveries of his goodness, wisdom, and power in the face of Jesus Christ.

W. J. BROOK.

[Some account of Mr. Brook was inserted in the "G. S.," p. 335, Sept., 1876.]

My very dear Friend and Brother,—I cannot help admiring the wisdom and goodness of God in his dealings with his people. The day before I received your kind letter, I received one from Mrs. V., in which she informed me of her father's deliverance. But this, however strange to tell, was far from being welcome news to me; for I was at that time under the frowns of my covenant God and Saviour. Much rebellion was working, and I was greatly harassed with hard thoughts of the Almighty, for keeping me at so great a distance; and these feelings were increased by hearing of the favour shown to you. In the evening of the same day, while sitting alone, bemoaning my wretched condition, my mind all at once became calm, and I began singing part of a hymn. This was immediately followed with a sweet sensation, such as I am seldom indulged with; and I then found such thankfulness to the Lord, for his kindness to my dear friend, as I shall never be able to express. I was indeed with you in spirit. In this sweet frame of mind, I bowed my knee with my family; and I believe the Master was with us, whose blessed presence accompanied me until I closed my eyes in sleep.

The next morning my dear friend's letter came to hand, which I received most gladly. I was indeed comforted by the liberty of Joseph. This was to me more than my necessary food, and the very joy and rejoicing of my heart. Not that I had any doubt of your eternal state. I have long seen you upon the Rock, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. I believe our experiences were similar when together; and so they continue when absent in the flesh. It seldom happened that one was up at the same time the other was down; and no wonder, being so closely tied together.

Your giving me so early and full an account of your happy deliverance out of the pit in which there is no water affords me great pleasure. This is more to me than thousands of gold and

silver. It shows I am not forgotten by one I so dearly love, one who is seldom an hour together out of my mind when awake, and one who is sure to be with me in my moments of retirement.

I am truly glad to hear of your intention to pen down the Lord's goodness to you in your recent deliverance. This may be very useful to yourself, as well as to others. David found it good, when his soul was cast down within him, to remember the Lord from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. While we are in this world, we shall meet with contrary winds and heavy surges; but "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge." He will assuredly help us, and that right early.

Ever since I received your letter, and a little before, my soul has been on the wing. In such a frame I could wish to stay until I hear him say, "Come up hither." Like yourself, I am prone to live more by frames and feelings than by faith. This, however, I am certain of,—the experience of that man who can live without frames and feelings is nothing worth. The father, as well as the new-born babe, wants to taste that the Lord is gracious. Can a real lover of Jesus be regardless of his presence? Impossible.

"His presence is our paradise;
His absence is our hell."

Yours in the best of Bonds,

July 25th, 1813.

W. HUDSON.

My dear Friend,—I attempt to drop a line to you, after hearing of the departure of your beloved wife from this vale of tears, sorrow, and affliction, to that glorious rest which remaineth for the people of God. I could but desire to feel thankful that our covenant God has been pleased to spare her any more painful suffering, knowing that she is gone to be with Christ, which is far better. Therefore, however great the trial is to you and your dear children, you have the abundant consolation of knowing that it is well, and will be so throughout eternity. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." How far beyond the conception of such feeble worms is the glorious state of the immortal soul when free from this casket of clay! The Lord grant that we may be so favoured with precious foretastes of a glorious and unspeakable immortality, that we may be enabled to rejoice, in the midst of the manifold sorrows we have to meet with here, in the blessed anticipation of joining the redeemed of the Lord in the eternal world above! The Lord will grant you all the strength and comfort you need. I know your trial must be very painful; and sometimes it is a hard matter to understand the dealings of an unchangeable God. Nevertheless, the Lord does all things well. He has declared, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The Lord has hitherto upheld you, and will never leave nor forsake the work of his own hands.

Of what infinite value is the precious knowledge of our interest in Jesus Christ and his great salvation! How empty are all time things when compared with the solemn matters of eternity! This life is but a fleeting moment.

“The moment we begin to live,
We all begin to die.”

“But whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die,” says the great and glorious Redeemer of his bride, the church. In a very short space of time you, too, will be called away from earth, sin, and all the trials, afflictions, and sorrows you may have to pass through, to be for ever with the Lord. I sincerely hope your dear daughter is enabled to find comfort and peace, through the testimony of the Holy Spirit revealing Jesus Christ to her soul as all her salvation and desire. I felt, while at your house, that it was for you a most painful stroke; and concluded I must sink under it had it been my lot to be placed in the same circumstances of trial and affliction, forgetting the faithful promise of Jehovah: “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

Surely the Lord does deal bountifully with you. My humble prayer is that you may be so favoured as to be enabled to acknowledge him, and say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.”

You will now be committing the sleeping dust to the grave, but in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. Accept my warmest sympathy in your present trial. The Lord bless, comfort, support, and strengthen you all.

Yours very sincerely in new covenant union with Christ Jesus,
Yeovil, July 19th, 1875. RICHARD VARDER.

My dear Nephew,—A little help and a little hope are of great value; and knowing that I cannot live many years longer, I feel to want everything straight between my soul and God. This can only be by being washed, justified, and sanctified in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God. And though I cannot say it has never been done for me, I feel I both want to live and die in such a blessed experience; but feel very far from it, the most of my time. My weakness in spiritual things is very great. How unable I am to really pray, believe, love, repent, fulfil any precept, or glorify the God and Giver of all the mercies I receive from his gracious hands to me, a hell-deserving sinner! It would be sweet, very sweet, to my soul to be enabled to do it. Really I hanker after such a feeling; but scarcely ever attain to it as I want. If I did attain, it would be as Mr. Hart says, “all love and blood.” What washing, sanctifying, and justifying that would produce within! How we should “repent and sing, rejoice, and be ashamed!”

But I feel to be at the edge or border of it. I should like to swim into such sights and feelings spiritually; but it is impossible till the Lord's time. The branch cannot bear fruit of itself,

except it abide in the Vine; no more can we; for without him we can do nothing good. I sometimes think that, if I could seek the Lord with my whole heart, I should find him. But I feel my heart is divided. I cannot, to save my life, keep at it and carry it out. I feel, if the Lord does not take me in as I am, I am lost. I cannot get better; and I ask him to come and make room for himself.

I am glad you get some helps, some hopes, some troubles. May the Lord keep you alive spiritually, and preserve you to his heavenly kingdom, and assure your conscience of her part in the Redeemer's blood. Then you will be washed, sanctified, and justified experimentally; and will bear fruit to God's praise and glory. You know that his faithful Word declares that "their soul shall live that seek God." Millions seek to get to heaven who never sought after God, and who never really wanted God, but only seek to escape hell. But the souls that want God want to hear from him. They want their sentence to come from his lips. They want to see his pacified face. They want communion and fellowship with him. They really want God to be their Defence, their Refuge, their Strength, their Light, their Friend, their Counsellor, and their Guide. They want his free salvation, his Spirit, his righteousness, his peace, his corrections, and his instructions. Their happiest times on earth are when they feel his company, and find him their great All in all. I believe such really seek God. And the faithful unerring Word is: "Their heart shall live for ever." They can never die; though their body dies, their spirit lives for evermore.

HENRY MILLS.

Strongsville, Ohio, U.S., July 2nd, 1876.

My very dear Friend,—May mercy and truth be your song and solace in this the house of your pilgrimage.

Since I last saw you, I have passed through the deepest waters I have ever had to wade through in my life. In June last my daughter came home ill. She lived till Dec. 15th, and then died. I shall never forget the precious seasons I enjoyed at the throne. It was a throne of grace in very deed to my poor soul. The precious promises of God were more to my soul than thousands of gold and silver. One precious portion, among many, was indeed sweet: "Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth." (Hos. ii. 14, 15.)

Ab, my dear friends, I bless God for his *shalls* and *wills*. When God says, "She *shall* sing there," she *must* and *will*, though in the wilderness, with poverty, affliction, or even death itself overwhelming her. In the midst of my conflict I was enabled, yea, constrained, sweetly to sing for days and nights together:

"He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!"

Her sufferings were great indeed; but she bore them patiently. As soon as she drew her last breath, I was led to exclaim, believing she was safe, "Thanks be unto God, who has given her the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

March, 1856.

C. ROGERS.

[See Obituary, page 85, 1874.]

Obituary.

GEORGE NORRIS.—On Jan. 1st, aged 73, George Norris, deacon of the church at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge.

When about 20 years of age, as he was reading Baxter's "Great Assize," the words: "And I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened," &c., fastened with great power upon his soul, and produced such strange feelings as he could not then understand. He could no longer live the life he had been living. His distress of mind often drove him into the fields, or other quiet and secluded places, to cry for mercy.

After a while, the words: "Thy commandment is exceeding broad," convinced him that heart-sins were a reality; and that his *thoughts*, as well as his *actions*, were impure. His distress was now deeper than ever; for he saw himself utterly helpless before God to do anything to merit salvation. But the Lord kept him still crying and begging for mercy. One morning, many months after his first convictions, as he retired to his room for prayer, the words: "Son, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," seemed to be sounded in his ears so plainly that for some time he thought some one must have spoken them. But they came from the Lord; for they brought such life, power, and liberty with them that he could sing for joy.

The Bible was now a new book to him. When he went into the fields, the face of nature seemed changed; and now, instead of groaning and crying for mercy, he wanted to call upon all the trees of the field to rejoice with him. Yea, every blade of grass, every leaf upon the trees appeared to speak forth the praises of the Lord, who had redeemed his soul from death. At this time he was attending an Independent chapel. But, getting dissatisfied with the preaching, he went occasionally to hear the late Mr. Warburton; and found in his ministry just what he wanted. But as yet he was very much opposed to baptism by immersion. On one occasion, when walking to chapel with an old believer, the latter, without preface or remark, quoted these words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." This so convinced him of his error, that he wondered how he had read his Bible so long without finding it out.

After this, he was baptized, and joined Mr. W.'s church, where, as he advanced in years, he was very much esteemed by his brethren. He was chosen deacon about 12 years ago. While his health continued good, he was a great help in the church. But he suffered for a long time from frequent attacks of neuralgia in the stomach, the pain of which much weakened and prostrated him.

He was much favoured, at times, with sweet communion with the Lord; and secret prayer, reading, and meditation, as well as the public means of grace, were highly valued by him. He loved peace in the church, and felt a great shrinking from anything like contention. And he was always pleased when he was enabled to use any influence he possessed to heal a breach, if one existed.

He suffered much from prostration during the last four years; but was taken worse in Nov. last, and it was evident that he was breaking up. He felt it to be so; and longed to depart, but was afraid of being left to murmur. The following will show the state of his mind as he was drawing near the great change.

Nov. 29th.—“I have had a ‘blink’ to-day, as Erskine calls it. ‘Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him;’ and it will be well with me.”

Nov. 30th.—“How good the Lord is not to allow the enemy to plague or assault me! What should I do if he did? I cannot but believe all is well. I am safe, and *feel* it so. I feel sure that all is well; but yet I want a little softening every day.”

Dec. 10th.—“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints” was very sweet to him. He said, “Only think that I am precious in his sight; and I know it is so.”

Dec. 12th.—He repeated, “Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.” The writer said, “Yes; and it will not be long before you behold him.” “No,” he replied; “not very long. And what a sight it will be!” Some one present remarked that it was good for him to be favoured with a crumb so frequently. He said, “Yes; and I don’t feel half so ill when I am. I want to get a spiritual crumb to nibble at every day.”

On Dec. 23rd he appeared worse; and his wife thought during the night that he was going. The next day he spoke of being with Christ, which is far better. He was then quiet for some time, and afterwards said, “I am waiting to pass over the river. I wish he would come and fetch me. There is not a shadow of a cloud. All is clear. It would be shame to me if I doubted him after all he has promised me. But yet it is a very solemn thing to die,—very solemn, very solemn! But O! How much more solemn and awful to any one without a good hope!”

Jan. 1st, 1877.—On being wished a “happy new year,” he quite understood what was meant; and replied, “Yes, up in that happy home, where I so long to be.” He again expressed a hope that it would not be long. About eight o’clock in the evening, he inquired what the time was; and, expressing his anxiety to depart and enter upon his eternal home, he fell asleep in Jesus.

J. G., Jun.

MARTHA COLE.—On Jan. 5th, aged 26, Martha Cole, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

She was in service in London when the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon her. She wrote to me as if she were in deep concern respecting her soul. After a time she was obliged to seek rest at home. On her arrival, medical advice was sought, and her case pronounced hopeless. This appeared to deepen her concern respecting her future state. Her mind became very dark, her fears were greater, and she felt herself to be a poor, lost, ruined, wretched, hell-deserving sinner; saying that she knew the Lord would be just were he to send her to hell. The thoughts of being there filled her with great horror of mind.

One day, being attacked with severe pain at her heart, she clenched her hands, and said to her mother, “I cannot die in this dark state; but I could be resigned, if it be the Lord’s will to take me, if he would but speak peace and pardon to my soul.” Hymn 838 (Gadsby’s) seemed to set forth her exact state. But her mind was still dark, and continued so until the Lord was pleased to bless to her soul that precious portion (Isa. xliii. 2): “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.” This gave her a little hope; but she still begged for a greater manifestation of the Lord’s pardoning love and mercy to her soul.

After a time, Ps. xxiii. was made precious to her by being applied with power to her soul. She was much pleased to tell me, as I was usually with her during the night, of the many sweet hymns that came to her mind, and how comfortable she had felt during the day. After this she seemed enabled to rest fully on the Lord Jesus, and to have a good hope, through grace, of being for ever with the Lord. After this she never sank so low as before. One night she beckoned me to her, and in a whisper asked me to pray for her. I said, "Is your mind dark?" She replied, "I feel low." I prayed with her; after which she became more composed. She had a great desire to see Mr. Armstrong, having heard him a few times, and being favoured with some sweetness under his ministry. She was very glad when told that he would call to see her.

For a few weeks before she died her mind seemed but little beclouded. One morning, when about to leave her, she said, "Father, two lines of a hymn have been running in my mind:

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose
I will not, I will not desert to its foes."

The last two lines came to me with sweetness; and I repeated them previous to leaving her. Many times, when we thought her dying, I asked her if she had any fear. When not able to speak, she made signs that she had not. On one occasion, she told her mother that she felt to have the faith of assurance.

The last few days of her existence, she begged the Lord to take her; but also prayed for patience to wait his own appointed time, as she was the subject of extreme weakness. Her mind, however, was clear; and she retained her senses till a few minutes before her death. Without a struggle or a groan, her spirit winged its flight, I trust, to the realms of everlasting joy and peace, to dwell with her Saviour in light.

JOHN COLE.

A. HUNTLEY.—On Feb. 2nd, a ed 73, A. Huntley, of Portland, South Australia.

She was known by some of the old travellers Zionward in Wiltshire and Exeter, and, for nearly the last 20 years, in Portland. She was one of the few to whom my soul felt a sweet union for the truth's sake, which she knew by blessed experience. She could not mix up with the milk-and-water professors of the day; through which she dwelt much alone since her husband's death. (See "G. S.," March, 1869.)

She never rose very high, nor, for many years, sank very low. She was one of a sorrowful spirit; and, like Hannah, often wept and spoke in her heart, and poured out her soul to God. She seemed never to live very far from Doubting Castle; yet, at times, she had some sweet visits. We had some sweet times together with her dear husband; and, since his death, her heart has leapt when she has told me of Triggs, Gadsby, Warburton, and many others whom we knew and loved for the truth's sake.

She was often much tried because she could not say, like some of the Lord's children, the time when and place where the Lord stopped her in her downward course, nor where the Lord spoke home pardoning love and mercy to her soul. This often tried her, but it kept her hungering, thirsting, panting, longing, sighing, groaning, and, as Hart says, "Begging mercy every hour."

Her religion stood between God and her own soul. Nothing light and trifling, nothing but a living religion, a living Saviour, a daily glimpse, a secret touch, a fresh spark of heavenly fire, would satisfy her longing soul. Her conversation and her letters were often solemn and weighty.

She lived more than 100 miles from some that she loved in the path of life, and where she could really feed under the word. We sent her the "G. S." every month, which she much enjoyed, and looked for more than anything in the world. Her soul was very often encouraged in reading it.

She was preparing to come and stay with us a little time. We were anxious to see her, for my soul was knit to her, and the little cause at Camperdown was looking for her. Her daughter was getting her ready to come, when the Lord said, "Come home, my child!" What a blessed exchange! She is only gone before. Death was often a solemn matter with her. But, when she came there, it was like going to sleep, though the enemy pushed sore at her about her interest in the covenant as she stood on the brink of eternity. She said to her daughter, "What! For ever with the Lord?" These, I think, were the last words she was heard to say. She fell into a state of sleep, and passed away without sigh or groan.

On the morning of her death, I was begging the Lord to bless her in her lonely state, though I did not know she was ill until I received a telegram telling me of her death. That hymn came sweetly to my mind:

"Blessed are they whose guilt is gone," &c.

If ever a poor soul hung all its weight on a precious Jesus alone for salvation, Mrs. Huntley did. And although she was not heard so as to be understood in her illness, her lips were moving, and sometimes her hand, and I believe she was talking to Him whom her soul loved while passing the river. And my faith sees her come out at the other side, to meet the King in his glory,—the glorious Bridegroom whom her soul had for 55 years been panting to enjoy.

We laid her mortal remains in the cemetery at Clunes, eight or ten miles from Glengower, where she fell asleep. We read parts of Job ix. and 1 Cor. xv., and those beautiful hymns:

"Blessed are they whose guilt is gone," &c.;

"Sons of God by blest adoption," &c.

Although it was 120 miles from my house, I felt it an honour to go and lay her mortal remains in the tomb.

The Lord has said that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. I know that heaven and earth shall pass away before one word he has spoken shall fall to the ground. And where he has given a hunger and thirst, nothing can ever satisfy but the precious bread of heaven and the water of life. One crumb, one sip, is heaven begun on earth. But O to feast with the Lamb in the midst of the throne! What must it be to be there?

JAMES DAVIS.

112, George Street, Fitzroy, South Australia.

SAMUEL GRIGG.—On March 16th, aged 68, Samuel Grigg, of New Kent Road.

He was called by grace when a young man. I have heard him say that when the Almighty first showed him election, he rebelled against the sovereignty of God. This always made him feel for others in the like case; knowing that

"Law and terrors do but harden,

All the while they walk alone;

But a sense of blood-bought pardon

Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

My father was received a member at the church meeting at Brown's Lane, on Jan. 23rd, 1848, and was baptized at Artillery Street chapel, by

Mr. Tryon. After this he experienced many changes, and seemed tried to know which church to join; but the dear Lord has now settled the matter by taking him to himself.

His illness only lasted a few days, though he had no doubt been breaking for some time. I waited a proper opportunity to get at the state of his mind. I said, "Father, you are not distressed in your mind as those without hope." He said, "No; quite different from that. The Lord is leading me beside the still waters." To a dear friend he said, "The Lord exercises his people to glorify his Name. I have suffered greatly; but I am ashamed to complain, the dear Lord is so gracious to remove the pain." He then spoke sweetly of the dear Lord's love, and said, "When we get home, 'we shall see his face, and never, never sin.'"

At another time he said,

"Compared with Christ, in all besides
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee."

When asked if he wanted anything, he said, "Nothing. It is all peace and consolation; nothing to ruffle the mind," and many such precious things. To one of the family, he said, "We must all be brought here. There is a time to be born, and a time to be born again, and a time to die. It is a mercy to be born again."

At another time, awaking out of a heavy sleep, which we thought would have been his last, he smiled, and said, "I laid me down and slept; and my sleep was sweet unto me. The Lord has shown me something;" and then went on to speak of the dear Lord's work, blood, and righteousness, until he was exhausted.

At another time, when I asked him if he wanted anything, he said, "Nothing. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake." After retiring for a little rest, I asked him what sort of a night he had passed. He said, "Very comfortable. These are quiet resting-places, and sure dwellings." I said, "That is the reason you have had such a comfortable night." He said, "Yes; and now I am waiting for thy salvation, O Lord!"

Some time after this he said, "Treasure." I said, "Yes; we have this treasure in earthen vessels." He then smiled, and said, "That the excellence of the power may be of God, and not of us." Some time after this, a friend who kindly ministered to his wants, said, "You look very comfortable." He answered quickly, "Well I might, when I can see his face." Then, to my astonishment, he repeated this sweet verse:

"O what a sweet exalted song
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
When, shouting 'Grace,' the blood-wash'd throng
Shall see the top-stone rise!"

This he repeated in broken sentences, but with a face beaming with unspeakable joy. We knew, at the time of his repeating these sweet lines, that he could not last long; and, therefore, I was truly surprised at the sweet manner in which his precious soul was supported.

Seeing a relation standing by, he clasped her hand. When she said, "You look comfortable," he said, plainly to be understood, "A contented mind is a continual feast;" showing that he was perfectly satisfied with the dear Lord's will. Having raised his hand, lifting it higher and higher, to show us where he was going, he sank into a heavy sleep, which lasted for some hours. I felt I could not disturb his precious soul

with anything concerning myself; I begged of the dear Lord to take him while he was asleep, that he might not have to struggle with death's last pangs. This the Lord graciously answered; for his breathing at last, instead of becoming more distressing, became lower and lower, until he sweetly breathed his last breath, and his soul entered into the joy of his Lord.

We sorrow not as those without hope; but rejoice in the blessed assurance that he is safe in the haven of eternal rest.

R. H. GRIGG.

RUTH GOSDEN.—On April 6th, 1876, aged 21, Ruth Gosden, of Hay-
reed Farm, a constant hearer at Zoar Chapel, Dicker.

She was the subject of convictions very early in life. When eight years of age, in great distress one night she left her bed, and ran into her mother's room, awaking her out of sleep, and saying, "I am such a wicked girl. I fear I shall go to the bad place." When eleven years of age, while staying at Eastbourne, she went to hear Mr. Bradshaw preach. He was speaking of the time when he was first favoured to call God his Father. This seemed much impressed on her mind. She felt a great desire to be able to say so for herself. She went home, crying that she might be able to call God her Father before she died, and felt a little hope that she should do so.

On Easter Monday, 1875, she was out for a walk with a young man to whom she was engaged, and said to him, "I feel such a sharp pain in my chest," asking him if he thought it was her lung. This was the first symptom of that fatal disease, consumption. A short time after this she took a severe cold; and in May, 1875, a very severe attack of congestion of the lungs followed. Her medical attendant considered it a very dangerous case. Her life for some days was despaired of. Her dear mother, finding her to be in so dangerous a state, felt constrained to speak to her about the future; when, to her great surprise, she gave a satisfactory account of the possession of the life of God in her soul. She then said, "Do you think I shall have to leave you, then, mother?" Her mother said, "I fear you will." "Mother, don't say you *fear*. I always wished I might die before you; and I hope the dear Lord will help me to submit to his will, whether he takes me now or spares me a little longer. If I had my choice, I would rather go, as this world seems nothing to me now. It has lost its charms. Bless the dear Lord, I can say that all is vanity below. Who but the Lord could have shown me such things as these? What wonders God hath wrought in me, a worthless worm! Don't you remember Mr. Vine speaking of the judgment day, when Christ would sit upon his great white throne, and when we must all appear before him to give an account of the deeds done in the body? It was made clear and plain to me under that sermon which side I was on. I was so afraid you would look round and see me, as you often do, for I was bathed in tears with the mercy of God to my soul."

Her mother asked her to tell her a little more of what she had passed through before her affliction came upon her. She said, "Once I was in such distress about my soul that I knew not what to do. I told the Lord if he would pardon my sin, save my soul, and appear for me in mercy, I would not mind going into the Union to spend the remainder of my days, if he would but tell me he was mine and I was his."

She mentioned another circumstance in which she was raised to a little hope that she should not sink at last. She said, "One night I felt very much distressed about death and dying. I felt I must be lost. I felt such a sinner, so vile, so sinful, such a nothing and worse than nothing creature, that I was not fit to live or fit to die. But just as I

got to our gate, a change came over me in feeling. I felt such love to the Lord, and so very comfortable in my feelings, that I did hope at that time I should not be lost. I was so happy in mind that I was sorry I had to go in."

"At another time, when going down a very lonely lane, I felt a spirit of prayer given me to plead with the Lord to show me a token for good, and save me at last. While pleading with the Lord, I felt a calm come over me, with nearness to the Lord, and love to his people. I was happy in my mind. All in a moment, I was startled by seeing a man close to me. So I lost the comfort of it, but have not forgotten the time."

"One morning, I felt in such a wretched state, and so miserable, that everything seemed a burden to me. I felt as if I must give up everything for lost. But these words were applied to me as if some one had spoken them: 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' And so it was, for I was quite another person. My burden was gone, and a hope was raised up in me. After that, I could work in better spirits, and it was no trouble to me. Everything seemed right. I felt I had meat to eat the world knew not of; and I felt unworthy of the favour. Often, when hearing father begging in prayer for us that we might all be brought to know the truth for ourselves, I have felt it was of no use for him to pray for me. I thought, we cannot all be saved; and I many times feared I was the one that would be left out. I sometimes felt I must tell him it was of no use his praying for me; but I never did."

In May, 1875, she was brought very low. After about a fortnight, the inflammation subsided, and she was brought from that very critical point to a low weakened frame of body, from which she was never raised, so as to get to chapel again. The fatal disease now told us all that Ruth must soon leave us. She never seemed to have a desire to get better. One Sabbath morning, when her father was leaving for chapel, she said, "Please give my love to Mr. Vine. If I were to be clerk this morning, I should give out Hymn 373 to commence with. I hope the friends will have hearts to pray for him. I love him for his faithful ministry; and hope he may be spared for a time longer. Not that I shall ever hear him again in the pulpit; but for others' sakes. He does preach to us young people; for he knows we have souls, and that we must die as well as the old."

I called to see her. Found her very ill indeed, but fearing that her trouble was not deep enough, and that she had not sunk low enough, had never felt the killing power of the broken law enough, and had not truly hated sin as she ought, if she were a vessel of mercy. From this first visit to her in her affliction, till I saw her draw her last breath, she was the same sincere, humble, contrite, honest person. How many times I heard her say, "I hope I am not deceiving you. I would not deceive or be deceived for ten thousand worlds." She was open-hearted and thoroughly honest at heart; yea, very often she used to afflict and wound her mind, and take shame and blame to herself, and put herself in the background. But when we came into realities, her conversation commended itself to my conscience, and created a union that can never be dissolved. She told me of how she had heard the word, and what she had felt under the word many times. "But now," she added, "I fear it is not deep enough. I fear I have never been thoroughly killed. When you preach, you tell us how the law cuts us down, and how we must feel godly sorrow for sin under the law, and then how grace delivers the soul from under the law, and brings it under the gospel. You tell us how the soul loses its burden at the cross, and how it is brought to rejoice in God its Saviour. I fear, at times, I have not been cut down, nor had a law-work deep enough, nor known a deliverance clear enough." She was

fearful lest she should be left to build upon the sand, and deceive her precious soul. But I found ground to encourage and build hope upon. If the Lord had meant to destroy her, he would not have shown her these things.

On one occasion, sinking very low in soul feeling, she said, "Mother, the enemy does so try to persuade me there is no hereafter, no heaven, no hell. I fear I shall be distracted. O eternity! What shall I do? To be in torment for ever and ever! O eternity, eternity! Lord, do appear for me. Do not let me sink lower than the grave." A short time after this, she said, "I have not had any words powerfully applied to me; but I feel peaceful and calm. I am sure there is a heaven and a hell; and that I shall not go to hell. No thanks to me; for it is all a free gift. When I get to heaven, I'll try to sing the loudest there. They will be all white robes. No night there. They need no candle, neither the light of the sun. It seems almost as if I were there." She then asked for the Bible, and read Rev. xxii. 4-7. She closed the book, and said,

"Happy songsters!

When shall I your chorus join?"

On one occasion her mother asked if she had any hope that she should be raised up again. "No; I feel I shall not." She said to her parents and the family, "We have had many blessed funerals at the chapel, and I have felt them to be so. Those gone to glory are to be envied. Mine will be a blessed funeral,—more cause of rejoicing than mourning. I will allow you a little grief and a little weeping, but not much,—most rejoicing." A friend sitting by said, "I suppose you have got a little hope?" She said, "Yes; but I want more. I would not exchange what I have to be queen on the throne."

I called again. She felt cast down when she heard I was come, and said, "I have nothing to say to-day." She said to me, "I am dark. Nothing to say. I am afraid I am deceived, and shall come to nothing and perish." I spoke of a few characters in the Word, to show her that no temptation had happened to her but such as was common to man; and that God would again appear. Jonah said, "I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look again." So also the psalmist, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. The Lord did appear; and her countenance brightened, her heart was warmed, her tongue was loosed, and we talked and wept at the goodness of the Lord. She said, "I have been trying to find pleasure here. I looked forward to enjoy life, and seemed determined to have my own way; but how good of God not to let me! You don't know what a proud heart I have, nor my feelings of pride, at times, while walking up the aisles of Zoar Chapel; but the dear Lord has broken it down. I beg to be made humble, like a little child. He has weaned me from every earthly object. I can part with my dear parents, my dear sisters, and my dear brother. I can leave dear ——. Once I doted on him, and was looking forward to be married, and thought of nothing less. I wish him the best of blessings, and hope the loss of me may be his eternal gain."

After she had been confined to her bed some months, it was thought advisable to consult a physician with her doctor. After he had been, she seemed very low; and wished all to go down stairs and leave her quite alone for a little while. A short time after, her father entered her room. She said, "Father, what a good thing to have a Physician above! I feel a blessed hope that I have. Do call mother up. I want you both to help me to bless the Lord; for one tongue does not seem enough. These words have just come sweetly to my mind:

"Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee."

She asked her father to read the hymn; and then said, "What a nice hymn that is! It just suits me. It seems almost too much." With uplifted hands, she said, "I feel, if the dear Lord would open the heavens, and I had wings, I could fly away and leave this poor body behind on the bed. But I do want patience to wait my time. I feel I have enough to do to look back on my misspent life. I have lost much precious time, and sinned against light and knowledge. How proud and vain I have been, deserving the just judgments of God. I have often got guilt upon my conscience, when out with young friends, for doing as they have done; and it has much distressed me when I got away, and then I have called myself a fool and many other things."

On one occasion, she said, "Mother, look at my feet; I believe they are mortifying. I shall soon be gone into eternity." Her mother did so, and told her it was not so. When convinced it was not so, she said, "That was the enemy. He distresses me, but he cannot devour. He lays hard at me. That is all he can do. I wish I could tread him beneath my feet. He is a bitter foe to me. Now I know he is a liar. It is hard work to stand against such a foe. He is close to my elbow night and day; but he is a chained enemy, and cannot go further than the length of his chain."

One of the church called to see her; to whom she said, "I do feel we are all of one heart, linked together as with a chain. But perhaps I have said too much."

One night she said, "I never thought I was such a sinner as I feel now. I have such a deceitful and wicked heart. Do you think the Lord has ever had a look of love toward me?" On her mother telling her she hoped he had, she said, "I wish I could say so."

The following morning these words were applied to her with much power: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." (Heb. xiii. 5.) "Now I can say what I could not in the night. If Mr. V. were here now, I could talk to him. I now feel sure the Lord will not leave me while I am in the body, which will not be long.

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

About a fortnight before her death, a few friends called to see her one Sabbath evening. When about to leave, she proposed to sing; giving out the first lines of the last verses of Hymns 730 and 462. In these she joined to the top of her voice; and then said, "Father, you and I have often sung that hymn together (meaning the latter); who but the Lord could have helped me now, with one lung gone and nearly the other?"

I called to see her the next day. She seemed as full as she could hold of the blessing of the Lord. She showed me her hands and arms, which were but skin and bone, and said, "The longer I live, the less of my poor body for the worms." She certainly was with death most familiar, and seemed to rejoice in the taking down of the tabernacle.

On April 2nd, she was taken with a fit of suffocation. From that time she lay quiet and peaceful. On the following day she said, "I feel to be resting upon a Rock. I am only waiting to go home in the night."

On April 4th, she had a second attack of suffocation. All thought this must be death. She said, "Is this death? What shall I do? The Lord is not here. I cannot die! The Lord will come again; but I want him *now*. I cannot die without the Lord." After this she revived again, and to our great surprise lived till the following Thursday. During the interval the enemy was not permitted again to harass and distress her.

On the 6th, she said, "I thought the Lord would not disappoint me. He is so near to me that I seem as if I had got hold of the hem of his garment. How good he is to me! I shall see him as he is, and praise him as I ought. They are all in white. If I could have a little more of *Him*, I should make this room ring with his praise. She then wished her mother to thank all the friends for their kindness and visits, gave instructions about her funeral, appointed the bearers that she should like, and chose Hymn 842 to be sung at her funeral, saying that it was to be a matter of rejoicing and not of grief.

About six o'clock she became worse. Her pain of body was great in the extreme; she laboured much for breath. Her sufferings were so great about ten o'clock, and so painful to witness, that there were but three in the room with her. About eleven o'clock she said, "Now call them all up." Family and friends now came into the room. She calmly and quietly wished each one good-bye, and shook hands with each,—mother, father, five sisters, brother-in-law, several friends, and pastor. The breath became shorter and shorter until, a little before twelve o'clock, the spirit returned to God who gave it, and the body lay silent in death.

Thus peacefully passed away the happy spirit of our dear young friend, to be for ever with the Lord.

Whitesmith, Hawkhurst.

WILLIAM VINE.

It is a very great point to be made spiritually sincere before God; to be convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit; to have some experimental discovery of the Lord Jesus Christ to the soul, so as to raise up a living faith, hope, and love in him.—*J. C. Philpot.*

Few of many that hear the same sermons receive the Holy Ghost; for he comes on men by the grace of election; and so the Spirit picks and chooses, as God hath done, and rests on this soul, and not on that; and so, as Isaiah says (xxvii. 12), they are "gathered one by one." It hath the appearance of chance, because this man is taken and not that; when yet it is the eternal good pleasure of God that puts the difference. And the Spirit, that knows God's mind, seizeth on men accordingly; and is said to be as the wind, that "bloweth where it listeth" (Jno. iii. 8), which is spoken of regeneration.—*Goodwin.*

"THE FATHER KNOWETH THE SON." When he entrusted him with the salvation of his people, and sent him into the world to accomplish the arduous work, he knew into whose hands he had committed it, and was under no apprehension about the issue. He saw him with infinite delight entering the list with Satan, and he was not fearful of his veracity being sullied when he said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." He foresaw him travelling in the greatness of his strength, spoiling principalities and powers, triumphing over them openly. He laid help upon One who he knew was mighty to save. He laid on him the iniquities of us all; well knowing that the Lamb of God would be able to take away the sins of the world. He knew his capacity to govern the universe, and to protect and save his people; therefore he hath committed all power and authority into his hands; yea, he hath committed all judgment unto the Son. He thoroughly knows the infinite greatness of his love to his people, and that what his power is sufficient for, that his love will for ever engage him to do for them. He knows that his love is eternal, free, and unchangeable, as it is intensely great, and therefore will with infinite delight love those given him of the Father unto the end, however many their provocations, and however great their unworthiness, and that he will never leave them nor forsake them.—*T. Charles.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1877.

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

NOTES OF SERMONS BY MR. PHILPOT,
MR. GRACE, AND MR. MORTIMER.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF CALNE ANNIVERSARY, JULY 29TH, 1862.

THE appointed time having arrived, Mr. Philpot briefly informed his audience of the circumstances of their present meeting there. The worship commenced by singing Hymn 1129; and in singing, many an honest heart prayed,

“And empty send us not away.”

Mr. Philpot then read part of Isa. lxii., and made some few observations thereon. He then offered praise and prayer, short and suitable. Hymn 1131 was then given out, and sung with remarkable fervour and devout energy, especially the concluding lines:

“We ask, but all our askings meet
In this,—we ask thy presence, Lord.”

He then gave out Isa. lxii. 10 for his text: “Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people.” He said as follows:

Two cities are spoken of in Scripture, both alluding to the church of God; one in her militant state, the other in her triumphant state. The description in Rev. xxi. and xxii. of the New Jerusalem shows the state of the church triumphant; that in Isa. xxvi. 1-3, the city for which God hath appointed salvation for walls and bulwarks, represents the church militant. The New Jerusalem, seen in vision, had three gates on each side, which differed from the gates which the church militant has now to enter. These gates are now entered consecutively. First, as in ancient citadels, the Barbican, which admits into the outer court; then the second; then the gate into the citadel.

I. This Scripture is a voice. To whom? “Ye that make mention of the Lord.” (Ver. 6.) By whom addressed? Addressed by God to his ministering servants, whom he has sent to go before his flock, and instrumentally to lead them into green pastures.

To these he gives five commands, which I shall speak of as laid down in the text. “Go through, go through the gates.” How emphatic this repetition by the Lord, showing how necessary

that ministers should have themselves proved the reality of the truths they bring before their hearers! They must go through before they can lead others through. Who would trust his life with a captain who did not understand navigation? Who would trust a pilot to pilot him up mighty Thames unacquainted with its meanderings? Who would trust his life in a train with an amateur for a driver? So no one can truly ministerially obey this Scripture who has not himself experimentally passed through these gates. No human education or advantages will help a man through. I had my share of them; but Oxford could not teach me my religion, nor could aught short of God the Holy Ghost.

The first gate, then, that both preachers and hearers must go through is *Regeneration*, which is indeed a strait gate. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way." This is illustrated, among other illustrations, by Bunyan's dream of the desirable state of the saints at Bedford, and the strait narrow space he had to squeeze through; so that at last, after much squeezing, he sidled in, as he graphically expresses it.

The next gate is *Faith*. This reflects light on the first gate, and is intimately connected with it.

The next is *Hope*. You will say, Should not hope be placed first? No. How can we hope for what we do not believe? How can hope enter within the veil unless we believe in Jesus there entered?

The next is *Love*. The door of faith, the door of hope, and the strait gate are spoken of in Scripture; but love is not directly spoken of as a door; yet it is entered. John saw a door opened in heaven, and the God of love, and the objects of his love there. And experience proves that when new life, faith, and hope are realized, love also will be known and felt. And this will be manifested by a deliberate, advised, and affectionate aim to keep his precepts. This important part of the gospel, the precepts, I am grieved to say, is so little dwelt upon by preachers; yet the keeping of them is the proof of love.

II. "Prepare ye the way of the people." This is another work God gives his servants ministerially to do. Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. To prepare this way is to set him forth as the sinner's only hope, his only salvation, his All and in all, as the Scriptures testify of him, and as the Holy Ghost reveals him to the soul of the poor and needy self-destroyed sinner who is drawn to him; showing from the Scriptures the work of Jesus, what he came to do; describing the characters, and the characteristics of those for whom he came to do this mighty work, in dying the just for the unjust; and showing that *sinners* need just such a Saviour, and he is just suited to such sensible sinners. This is preparing *the*, not *a*, way for the people.

III. "Cast up the highway." We see in wet lands and muddy roads, in Wiltshire and in Berkshire, a way made higher than the muddy wet roads, in order that travellers may travel with comfort. And it is the same in many places referred to in

the Bible? This requires spade and mattock, with persevering strength and assiduity. This has its parallel in the third work God sets his ministering servants to do. It is done by showing that, though the road lies through much perplexity, much temptation, felt failures, fouling one's garments, and many and heavy troubles, yet the everlasting love of God, the watchful care and providence of God, and the restoring power of God, are still in exercise on the behalf of both great and small, who are really in the way, or passed through the gates; in showing that his everlasting love will surely carry on and perfect what he has begun; in inciting to filial confidence in him, by scripturally and experimentally showing his watchful care, his everlasting love, and his wondrous display of it in the Person and work of his Son, in the promise and possession of the Holy Ghost, in his continuous leadings, and in his precious promises;—this is casting up the highway. Ministers must show the everlasting love, watchful care, and unalterable purpose of God to bring his redeemed ones safe to glory. Though the way is rough, yet all the promises are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.

IV. "Gather out the stones." That is, ministerially expose errors and heresies. Some roads have large stones; yea, some, in some countries, have boulders in them. To gather out these requires Herculean strength, levers, bars, &c.; but they must be gathered ministerially out of the way of the simple. On our knees we must use the lever, pickaxe, &c. Love would make me alight, as well as duty, from my carriage, to endeavour to remove the boulder, lest my dear wife and children should be capsized. Some men (nay demons, I call them), have put stones on the rail to send numbers into eternity. But, shocking as this is, what is this diabolical act compared to that of those who propagate errors,—such as deny the Godhead of Jesus, and his eternal Sonship; God's everlasting love to his people, and their certain enduring to the end; the chastisement of God's people for their sin, &c.? We must get on our knees effectually to use the lever of God's Word, so as to root up these boulders, and thus make a plain path; and then fill up the hole left with truth in the love of it.

Other stones are difficult and perplexing scriptures, and knotty and seemingly contradictory experiences. To explain these, as God enables us, in the light of other parts of the Word, and one's own experience of God's delivering hand, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, is to instrumentally gather out the stones. And as literally, sometimes, where Macadam is not followed, the obstacles are weighty, so are the stones hinted at. God help you to remove them.

V. I cannot say much about lifting up the standard for the people, as our dear friend Mr. Grace will speak in the afternoon; and Mr. Mortimer, who has kindly consented for the afternoon service to be transferred to Mr. Grace, will speak in the evening. I will only say that a standard is used as a rallying point.

It has other uses, which I cannot now enter into. The banner or standard is love. I appeal to you who are ministers. Have you passed through the gates of regeneration, faith, hope, and love? Are you preparing the way of the people? Are you casting up the highway? Are you gathering out the stones? Are you lifting up the standard for the people? If so, as of the ability that God giveth, God bless you in your deed. I claim no authority over you, though I thus appeal; but, being a fellow-labourer, who has long been in the way and ministry, and having in my own soul proved these things, I in love exhort you and stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. God bless his word.

The collection will be in aid of the A. P. F. Society, whose claims I feel it is unnecessary for me to urge on you. God help you to give as in his sight, and as he has prospered you.

A hymn was sung, and we departed.

Being again assembled, Hymn 456 was sung, concerning the last lines of which Mr. Grace observed that the reality and marrow of real religion were described in them. He took as a text Ps. lxxiv. 21: "O let not the oppressed return ashamed; let the poor and needy praise thy name." Mr. G. expressed how appropriate the last hymn was to the text, which was quite unplanned, as he knew not what hymn would be sung. He observed:

God's ways are not our ways. I intended to be a hearer, not a speaker, on this occasion. I prayed earnestly that God might be glorified by the visit; and I thought he perhaps might be by my becoming acquainted with some of the saints who might be here; but I had no thought it might be in this public way. Such was *my* way; and such is God's way.

As I am a stranger to most here, I shall, in opening the text, just give a slight outline of the oppression my soul has passed through, in which God has not let me be ashamed, and afterwards bring before your notice a few Scripture characters who, though oppressed, were not left to be ashamed.

This is a prayer in earnest, probably the prayer of David. Some confine the psalms mostly to Christ. Though much therein refers to him, I see in them a Christian's manual, both of joy, of praise, of prayer, and of sorrow. I feel that prayer of our Lord's in Jno. xvii. 20, wherein he prays, not only for the apostles, but for those who should believe on him through their word. This is our title; and this believing on him through their word taking place, proves the promises ours. "All such shall behold his glory." (Ver. 24.) How blessed to have an interest in his intercessory prayer, and in his intercession now! "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." (Rom. viii. 34.)

Mr. Grace then related some events in his experience, stating that when quite young, playing with a pair of scales made from

the two halves of the peel of an orange, the substance of Jno. iii. 3 weighed on his mind, and he felt sure that if he never knew this new birth, he never could enter bliss. He observed that mostly the children of God had dealings and impressions in early life which never left them quite, as others do, which is seen after conversion. He then continued:

I determined in early life, having considerable opportunities and means, to work hard, get a fortune, retire, and enjoy it; but God had something better for me in store. I was about 17 when I was in deep concern; but how the change occurred I cannot tell. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." So it is the Spirit of God alone who sets up the kingdom of God in the heart; and his is a perfect work, and effectual. I knew the law's condemning power, and had the certainty that the soul that sinneth shall die. I had pungent exercise from that part of the covenant Name of Jehovah, viz., "He will by no means clear the guilty;" also concerning visiting the sins of the fathers on the children to the third generation. I felt horrified from the fear that, as my father died a wicked man, I should be doubly damned. Yet, though under such heavy fears, prayer would, at times, rise up for pardon, and that the Lord would be pleased to make himself known to me as he does not to the world. Thus for five years it was with me, but no deliverance; and my trouble considerably subsided.

Mr. G. here spoke of the folly of wishing for the religion of others, and mentioned a case of a neighbour, whom he envied because he was so manifestly shook over the mouth of hell, and was under the most horrible distress of conscience. His did appear to be a reality; and he wished for and prayed for such a state of reality rather than be left so unconcerned as he felt. Yet that man went back into the world, and there he is now.

If God has begun he will go on.

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

This oppressed me.

Again. I was oppressed with deep trouble as to the proper Object to whom to pray. If I tried to pray to God, he appeared a consuming fire; and I had terrors. If I went to Christ, I feared I dishonoured the Father; and I thought the Holy Ghost was not the Object of prayer. I was deeply perplexed and distressed. I had a fresh cottage, and no place in it could I find in which to pray. Get where I would, one window or other destroyed my privacy. At last I got on the stairs; and O! How instinctively that word came: "One Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." How I prayed, "Do, dear Jesus, intercede for me, and reveal thy love in my heart!" I expected liberty; but no. I was disappointed and still oppressed, because I had not attained what I wanted, though mercifully instructed.

Are you thus in earnest? Have you attained your soul's desire? Do you still press after it? God gave you to feel your want, and God will gratify that want. I wanted the Spirit to witness with my spirit, and to give me the spirit of adoption. These are some of the gates to the city we heard of this morning.

Having an opportunity, I walked to hear Mr. Vinall; and such was my anxiety, that I prayed a prayer 13 miles long (for I was in prayer all the way), that God would show if I was in the footsteps of the flock; and if not yet, that he would let me begin to be. He took for his text Jno. xiv. 6: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" and in five particulars showed how Christ was the Way. I sat like a criminal for life or death; but the word came in the power of the Holy Ghost, my bonds were broken, and I had liberty. I had no fear of death or judgment then, and felt sealed to the day of redemption. Next day, I thought it must be a dream. Was it real? If it were, I wanted it renewed. O the superaboundings of his grace! He spoke to my heart: "Because ye are sons, God hath sent the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father!" What I felt cannot be expressed. I was oppressed; but did I return ashamed?

Again. I was afterwards oppressed under darkness, desertion, and deadness. I had no access to God, but a cloud was spread over his throne of grace, which caused me to try my case. I examined my state by his Word. Help came from the application of that word: "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord."

There is no oppression where there is no life. Hence it is that mere professors are not in trouble as other men. The easy profession of the day is one of Satan's strongest holds. None so secure as an empty professor. The child of God, sitting under such men, argues all against himself, and feels nothing but condemnation on every hand, not suspecting anything can be wrong but in himself. I once met with a case in "Old Thomas," of whose deliverance God made me the instrument. He afterwards thought Hart mistook when he said,

"When his pardon is seal'd, and his peace is procured,
From that moment his conflict begins."

He would have bought up every copy to stop the propagation of such an expression if he could. But afterwards he had to prove that Hart was right and himself wrong; and then he was glad he had not bought up the hymn-books, as he should have been obliged to circulate them again. He was oppressed, and did not return ashamed.

Consider the publican's case of an oppressed one, and yet he did not return ashamed, but went down justified rather than the other. The power of truth has not ceased yet. Ministers are yet in measure anointed as Christ was. (Isa. lxi. 1; Luke iv. 18.)

Hannah was oppressed, and of a sorrowful spirit. She was no trifler. And to you I say, "Let your conversation be with grace,

seasoned with salt." Though I can feel no union with a trifling professor, yet, sometimes, in five minutes I have persons commended to my conscience, when I discover the broken heart and oppressed spirit. How sad must it have been to Hannah to be taunted for her barrenness, and then to see the fact that Peninnah was not so, and to feel the jeers of Peninnah, and to be esteemed a drunken woman by Eli. You, perhaps, think that Hannah was not very spiritually-minded, to be in such trouble about having no children; but the case was not then as now. The promised Messiah, the Desire of all nations, was not come; and each Jewess hoped to be the honoured one through whom he should come. So that, if barren, she had her hopes blighted; and she surely could not be the favoured one. And thus it is with the poor tried Christian. He often goes like a door on its hinges, and gets no blessing. But, though oppressed, did Hannah return ashamed? No; neither shall you.

Again, take Jacob's case. And there are many Jacobs now, who want to be prevailers. Jacob's promise is yours if you are wrestlers. Perseveringly plead it: "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Was he ashamed, though Esau came with 400 men? His was the determination of faith: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." God grant that it may be your case.

Hezekiah was oppressed when he was sick unto death. Heavy was the message sent to him: "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Suppose such a message should be sent to us this night. I often put it to myself: "How stands the case, my soul, with thee?" He was oppressed, but afterwards praised God. Some here can say, "I shall praise him too."

The Syrophenician woman was oppressed. The Lord's answer further oppressed her; he being sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and she a Gentile. But she confessed herself a dog, and begged for a crumb as a dog, and having no claim. So if you truly go with a "Lord, help me," you shall not be ashamed, blessed be God.

The children of the nobles in Jeremiah's Lamentations returned ashamed. God grant that none here may return ashamed.

Simeon suits the case of some. He went into the temple; and he did not return ashamed. I have often feared that I shall return ashamed, when under temptation; and O! How watchful and careful it behoves us to be, especially ministers, so many eyes are on us. How ashamed should I be for it to be said truthfully, "John Grace is fallen into sin," all through the land. God keep our consciences tender.

But to conclude. "Let the poor and needy praise thy name." The poor are threefold. James says, "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?" Christ had not where to lay his head, that he might be supported by the alms of his people. This is one sort of poverty included here.

Again. The Christian, when feeling barrenness and humbleness, is poor. God makes poor and he makes rich. How often is his soul's state expressed in that hymn:

"Lord, when I hear thy children talk," &c.

But when they come to the words:

"Had I not thy blood to plead," &c.,

they hesitate, and are too poor to go on with the hymn. Some tell them to "only take God at his word;" but they "fain would believe, but fear to presume." "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from above."

A third poverty is to think one's self rich and increased in goods, and never take stock; like the Laodicean church. There is no feeling need of a free salvation. The poor woman with the issue of blood was poor, had spent all, and would have spent more if she had had it; but her poverty made room for faith to work in her heart. And virtue went out of Jesus to heal her. The prodigal had spent all, and was poor, and determined to become a servant when he came to himself; but he could not. Treat a servant ever so honourably, you cannot make a daughter of her. And how can you make ever so bad a child a servant? A father flogs his son, but turns his bad servant about his business. Apply it spiritually. Whom does God chasten? Sons or servants? (Heb. xii. 12) Blessed be God, he says, "I have seen his ways; and will heal him."

In the evening, Mr. Mortimer preached from Col. i. 19: "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." He commenced by showing that this fulness had relation to us. The fall proved the necessity of this fulness to usward. He showed the universality of the fall, by its result,—death. Original sin is the root, practical sin the fruit. Original sin paves the way for actual. The provision made to remedy proves the depth of the fall. No sinner can will his salvation; but does will his destruction in his love of sin. His will is in bondage.

When sinners come to Christ with, "What must we do?" they are directed to the commandments. Law-breakers cannot fulfil it. We must be as holy as the law to be justified by it. A holy person only could fulfil a holy law.

This he showed to be impossible; therefore the need of God's remedy. The law must be honoured in the same nature that sinned. Hence the incarnation.

He then spoke of the union existing between Christ and his people; he being as truly a public Head as Adam was. This will be fully manifested in the day of Christ, when all will be made alive in their own order; Christ the first-fruits; afterwards his at his coming. He spoke of the fulness of glory and of love; of the goings forth of the Father in loving his dear people everlastingly in their Elect Head; and of this being made manifest to all the seed by the Holy Ghost. Without these we never

should have sought him. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are all enjoyed. The same things that pleased one pleased all.

The fulness of strength. Satan is strong, but in *Him* all power resides. Satan will never give up a sinner's heart till he is cast out. He may for a time go out; but returning finds no tenant, and finds it swept and garnished. But when the Lord proves his strength, he casts him out for ever; and if Satan attempts to regain possession, he finds a tenant there. A hypocrite is worse than a profane non-professor. Christ's strength would not admit of him to save himself and others too. Hence see the fulness of redemption and grace. He has the fulness of life, and power to quicken whom he will. In him is a fulness of righteousness for needy sinners. In him dwells fulness of grace in the work of the Spirit in their hearts; and a fulness of matter for ministers to preach forgiveness through him. A fulness of invitation to every one that thirsteth to come to the waters and drink. If all here are thirsty, then all you are invited. Drinking at these living waters will cause "beauty for ashes." Ashes are the refuse of fire, by which every man's work is tried. Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, &c.

Of his fulness we receive the oil of joy for mourning. No heaviness, no praise. He has a fulness of intercession, the cause of all our blessings now. In him dwells a fulness of acceptance in judgment, having for its result nothing but honourable acquittal and glory. In Christ dwells a fulness of sanctification and a fulness of glory. O that we may realize him in all his fulness! God bless his truth.

I have given a very imperfect sketch; but have had some refreshment in the attempt. I hope it may afford some pleasure and profit to some who love the Lord.

Bristol, Aug. 7th, 1862.

W. HICKS.

WHEN the redeemed of the Lord shall come to that note in the song: "*In his own blood*," and at the same time shall have access to look upon the glorious Redeemer, beholding the dignity and glory of the Person who died, reflecting also upon their own unworthiness, and withal remembering that there was not one drop of that precious blood shed for any of the fallen angels about the throne, then certainly these two high notes: "*Salvation to our God and unto the Lamb*" (Rev. vii. 10) shall be sung with such elevation and perfection of love, mixed with such high admiration of sovereignty and grace to the divine choice, as touching and affecting the redeemed so nearly and sensibly, that even the melodious angels, if I may so speak, shall be in a great measure oversung for a time. Accordingly we find (Rev. vii. 11-12) that the angels about the throne, and about the elders, are silent till this song is ended; and then, as having long pried (1 Pet. i. 12) into that great mystery, and as being fully persuaded of the gloriousness thereof and of its great and wonderful effects upon the church, they afterwards, from zeal to the glory of God, and from admiration of the Person of the Redeemer, fall in, though not so immediately interested, joining their hearty "Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."—*Blackwell*.

THE TRUE ANOINTING.

BY THE LATE MR. JAY, OF GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

“But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.”—
1 Jno. II. 20.

THE Holy One! God is a holy God. Each Person in the ever-adorable Trinity is eternally, infinitely, and essentially holy. The Father is a Holy One; the Son is a Holy One; the Holy Ghost is a Holy One.

We consider that our text has special reference to Jehovah the Spirit; and as such, with his help, we desire to look into it this morning. His name is Holy. Thus he is called the “Spirit of holiness;” and again and again the “Holy Spirit;” having, with the Father and the Son, all the attributes, perfections, and glory of Deity. In a day like the present, when the Holy Ghost as a Person is denied, either by silence or by being merely designated an influence, &c., it is essential that all who are faithful to the truth should insist constantly that, with the Father and the Son, the Holy Spirit is God over all, blessed for ever,—one Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnipotent Jehovah.

“The Holy One.” Not only is the Holy Spirit essentially holy, but he also it is who makes a holy people, who imparts a holy and spiritual life; all whose operations in the soul are holy. O! How important it is to remember this, since, without his holy work in the heart of a man, there is no saving knowledge, no true knowledge of a Holy Redeemer, of a precious Christ; for it is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who takes of the things that are Christ’s,—the life, the peace, the grace, the righteousness, the blood, and reveals and applies them to the soul. Thus he is emphatically called “the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ.” O the importance, the absolute and indispensable need of the work of the Holy Ghost! Without him and his gracious operations in the soul, all is death. My dear hearer, if your spirit were this hour to leave your body, that body would immediately be a dead one. So also, without the Holy Ghost in a church, it is a dead church; without the Holy Ghost in the ministry, a dead ministry; without the Holy Ghost in the soul, a dead soul.

We are accused of preaching too much of the Holy Spirit; but we cannot do this. True it is that this glorious One doth not speak of himself. His grand and great work is to reveal Christ and the salvation that is in him with eternal glory unto every poor sinner whom he graciously takes in hand. I ask you, then, in the remembrance that the promise of the Father is eternal life, and that this life is in his Son, and that it is the Holy Spirit who reveals Christ and breathes this life into the soul of man, whether we can by any means speak too much, or too often, of this Holy One, this Holy Spirit, who is essentially called “the Promise of the Father,” who was with the church of old, and will be with the true church of God until the end of time: “According to the word

that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so my Spirit remaineth among you; fear ye not." My dear friends, have the people in our time forgotten the day of Pentecost, and all that is written in the Word of God concerning the mighty dealings of the Holy Spirit with the early church? They are now, in the churches of our land, substituting the abominations of Ritualism, tenfold more dangerous than those of Popery, seeing that they are more hidden, yet in essence the same, the soul-destroying confessional, &c.; and in the chapels they are introducing Socinianism more or less refined, the German neology, denying all that is sacred, all that is soul-saving, all that is God-honouring. But some men tell us, even ministers, that the dispensation is changed. I ask, When did it change? Truly there is no more the same miraculous power, nor the same gifts attending the church now as in the days of the apostles; but in all that concerns the soul's salvation and the true prosperity of the church of God, it is the same Holy Spirit, the same Lord, the same God who worketh all and in all. (1 Cor. xii.) Before proceeding to the next view of our text, we lay down as a principle founded on God's Word,—that every blessing for the church of God and for every individual member thereof proceeds from the Father, through the Son, by the Holy Ghost. (Eph. ii. 18.)

"But ye have an unction from the Holy One." What is this unction? It is that special blessing of the Holy Spirit, out of which there spring spiritual light, life, and peace in the heart of the new-born soul. This unction was typified under the law by the sacred compound called the holy anointing, of which we have an account in Exod. xxx., and which it was death to imitate. What must it be, think you, to substitute anything else for the true unction of the Holy Ghost? Is it possible, do you ask, to do this? Yes, we solemnly answer. It is done wherever excitement and sensation are put in the place of the Spirit's work, and made to resemble that which alone is sanctifying, enlightening, and saving! Thus, as we read in the context, there are many antichrists, and if there were so many in John's days, proving those (as he affirmed) to be the last times, how much more may we expect it to be so now. How much nearer we must be to the end! "As ye have heard that antichrist shall come [Popery is the great antichrist], even now there are many antichrists." In a word, whatever is put in the place of the mediatorial glory of Christ, or of the saving work of the Holy Ghost, *that is antichrist!*

"An unction from the Holy One." Christ himself was anointed for his mediatorial work,—anointed in his human nature, we mean; for, as God, he could not want or receive any anointing. Thus David prophesied of him that he was to be anointed with the oil of gladness. (Ps. xlv.) What an expression! We learn from it that there is true happiness wherever this anointing flows. Do you want to be made truly glad, happy, and free? Seek this blessed unction from the Holy One; "for where the Spirit of the

Lord is, there is liberty," there is happiness, there is peace, there is life, there is holiness, there is enlightening of the understanding, and every blessing! For the sake of our young friends, we may tell you that the very name Christ means *anointed*. That is also the meaning of the word Christian. Without this unction, therefore, no one can be a true Christian. What, then! Are all that have not this unction *heathen*? Not so; but what saith the Scripture? "Sensual, not having the Spirit." See, then, the importance of being among the number of those to whom it can in truth be said, "But ye have an unction from the Holy One;" inasmuch as apart from this, my dear friends, our preaching is vain, your hearing is vain, and all ordinances and means of grace are vain too. Do we not need earnestly to pray that we may live and die under this life-giving, soul-rejoicing, mind-enlightening, heart-cheering unction from the Holy One?

"And ye know all things." What is meant by *all things*? Not arts and sciences; but all things necessary to the soul's salvation. O that we could all cease from making so much of things that are not essential to salvation, and more earnestly insist on those that are! O that we had this wisdom and this grace! We do not mean for a moment to say that we should give up an iota of God's Word, whether among the essentials or not; but this we do say,—that it behoves us to insist specially on the life in Christ, the necessity of receiving that life into our souls, of being washed in the fountain of his precious blood, on the eternal love and choice of the Father, on the fulness and freedom of his grace, and on the Spirit's quickening, sealing, and anointing power; and to receive, as brethren beloved, all who are one in heart with us in these things, whilst they may not see eye to eye with us on matters which are not essential to the salvation of their precious souls.

"And ye know all things." The blessedness of this anointing is that it enables us savingly to know and enjoy those things that are necessary to our salvation. It is in the light and power of the unction that we receive this saving knowledge. Do you seek an evidence whether *you* have this sacred anointing from the Holy One? Here is a *test*. Every soul that is under the power of the unction has been brought to see and feel his utter lost and ruined condition, his totally undone and helpless state through the fall of Adam; and then, being taught by the same unction that salvation, from first to last, is all in and from Jesus, he is brought to his feet to cry for mercy and seek for pardon, life, and salvation at his hands. If you are there, beloved, it is a sure proof that "ye have an unction from the Holy One."

The Lord grant it to each and all of us yet more and more, for his Holy Name's sake, and he shall have all the glory. Amen.

Our dying moments will be our best moments; our dying day will be our coronation day. We have, believers, no more to fear from death than our elder brethren in heaven.—*S. E. Pierce.*

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF MR. T. TOMS.

(Continued from p. 206.)

Now, as the Lord the Spirit shall bring to my remembrance, I will relate my call and conversion in my simple way. I knew nothing about religion of any kind; neither did I know even what the name of Jesus Christ meant; but God, in his infinite mercy, was determined I should know him whom I had so grossly abused.

The first convictions I can remember to have had concerning my soul were during the last voyage I went, which brought me to look at the wicked life I had lived and was then living. They brought me on my knees to God, vowing that if he would be pleased to bring me safe home, and provide me something to do on shore, I would amend my life and go to church. This I had a hope he would do, because I prayed. In the space of a year he brought me home; and, agreeably to my request, found me employment. I set about to perform my vow in going to church. But the devil was too strong for me; for I soon fell into the old track of Sabbath-breaking and sinning, and carried it on to as high a pitch as ever. The Lord suffered me to go on here a little time, to show me what man is by nature; but I perceived it not. I believe I went on in the old way of sinning for two years; and when any checks of conscience troubled me, I strove to smother them by going to clubs to sing and drink. I remember I was learning some new songs when the Lord was pleased, at my work, to bring all my sins to my remembrance; which spoiled all my singing. I was so wrought upon that I thought I should as surely be damned as I was born. It continued; I could not shake it off. My companions came; but all would not do; I could not go with them. My wife, then in a natural state, seeing that I was distressed in my mind, cried over me, begging to know what was the matter; yea, told me she would go on her knees to me if I would but tell her. I said I could not tell her what was the matter with me; but I believed I should go to hell. These words came on my mind, and I could not get rid of them: "What woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?" Thought I, This is something of Scripture. The Bible was a book that I had not looked into for many years; but now I did; and it brought me on my knees to God, hoping that, if I confessed and prayed to God, read my Bible, and went to church, God would have mercy on me.

I set to with a resolution to get no farther into debt; but, if possible, to pay off some of the old score. I inquired into the people called Methodists; for, being away so many years, I was ignorant of the meaning of the word Methodist. I was informed they were a good set of people; such as Wesley's and Whitefield's. The first I found out were Wesley's, in the City Road. I thought they were surely angels come down from heaven; and

began to think that if I went according to my resolution, God would look over what was past, and I should soon be fit for heaven. But O! The goodness, mercy, and loving-kindness of God! He did not let me rest here; for when I was getting up to that pinnacle, he threw me down and broke all my bones, by sending his law home to my heart. Then I saw myself in a dreadful state; not only that I had been a sinner, but now was, and could do nothing good.

In reading the Bible, what gained my great attention was God's anger against sin, and his commands to sanctify myself holy unto the Lord. Well; I inquired how a man might sanctify himself unto the Lord, and was informed that the people who frequented the Tabernacle went there on Saturday evenings to sanctify themselves against Sunday. When Saturday evening came, I set off and went; but when I came out, I found myself more like a devil than a saint.

At this time I was quite ignorant of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ; what makes me say so is because there are many who, to my knowledge, never had a change of heart. They know it is through the merits of Jesus Christ they must be saved; but then, say they, Jesus Christ died for all. But I was quite ignorant of the Name of Jesus Christ.

These workmongers set me many tasks to do. I began to read the Bible and pray to God, as I called it, and worked hard, too, till at last I began to feel such enmity spring up in my heart that I said on this wise: Surely God is a hard God, for he sets a man to do more than he is able. Why should he be so hard with a creature that he has made? I laboured under this a long time, yet durst not utter the hard thoughts and enmity I had against him.

I became acquainted with one man in particular, and would have given the world if I had been as good as he. Said I, If I tell that man what I feel, he will doubtless condemn me; and then I will give it all up. Accordingly, when we met again, I told him what I felt, and what enmity I had against God and his Word. He seemed surprised; and, upon my asking him if he ever felt anything of the kind, he answered me, very sternly, "No. God forbid that I should have enmity against God or his Word." He left me wounded. Well, thought I, damned I shall be, do what I will; and then began to quarrel with myself for living such a wicked life, and with my mother for not correcting me when I ran away from my master. Had I stayed with him, thought I, I might have gone to church, and lived a better life than I have done; but it is too late now. I shall be damned; I cannot repent. I will give it up, and think no more about it. I did set off once at this time to get drunk; but surely I felt a hell in my conscience at the same time.

I laboured here a great while, frequenting a chapel in Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, called the Mulberry Gardens, in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. At this time, so igno-

rant was I that I did not know they would grant me a ticket for a seat; so I skulked about like a thief. Messrs. W—— and Jenkins preached there at that time; but I was afraid to speak to any one about my state. However, one evening, I shall never forget it, a woman who attended there would force her conversation upon me, and drew from me many things concerning my distress, which I did not think to speak of. But I had no sooner left her than I was seized with such a violent temptation as I had never before felt. It was to run down Tower Hill, right into the Thames, and drown myself; and I really thought the devil ran away with me; for I ran against several people, and have no doubt I knocked them down. I have viewed the spot, many a time since, where I stopped. I ran against a large post, and clung fast hold of it, as if any body had driven me; and I believe I foamed at the mouth like a mad dog till I had vent. I then burst into tears, went up a little passage, and suppose I cried for a quarter of an hour; after which I found some composure of mind. I set off, viewing my sad state, and washed my face at a pump, that my wife might not perceive I had been weeping; for, at this time, the devil set her on to persecute me; and sometimes we would quarrel,—yea, fight. But, notwithstanding I was in this state, there were seasons in which I preached closely to her what I felt, read the Bible to her, and also the prayer-book. Though I did not believe she was so bad as I was, yet I never could get her to bend the knee to God; but, blessed be God for ever, he made use of me, as an instrument, to bring her on her knees not many months after, when she found herself in as bad a state as I was. And then the devil did make a hand of us, with a witness. Nobody but the Lord knows the snares, gins, and traps he laid for us.

Here I a long time laboured under the law, without having the least view of Jesus Christ. The Lord next led me to meditate who and what Jesus Christ was. My attention at chapel was to hear what was said about Jesus Christ, and where I could find his name in the Bible. I pondered it over, for it seemed something new to me. I was led step by step to see that he came to save sinners. Then, thought I, I am a sinner; but I am too bad. After much labour here, I heard somebody speaking about a new birth. I could not make this out at all; thinking that we must be so changed by the Holy Ghost as to be perfect in thought, word, and deed. However, one summer evening, I went into Moorfields, where a man had been preaching; and, finding two men arguing with each other, I drew near, like a condemned criminal, to hear what they had to say, and whether they touched my case. One of them observed, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." To which the other replied, "The words run thus: 'If we say we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and the truth is not in us;'" intimating that they had been sinners, but were now freed from sin in the flesh, and that they which had received the grace of God were perfectly

holy. They loaded me pretty well, agreeably to the Lord's words: "They bind heavy burdens on men's shoulders, which are grievous to be borne." Thought I, If it be possible for men to arrive at a state of perfection, they certainly must be the people; and I am far enough from that.

Well; I strove hard, prayed oftener, went to chapel oftener, and read the Bible oftener. I thought, if this will not do, I will give it up; and I declare I found enmity in my heart all the time I was at it. But shortly the Lord would frustrate the whole of it; I would fall into some sin, and then I would come to my old conclusion: I shall be damned after all. I often say, what a peculiar blessing it is from God to be placed under a pastor who can point out the way to a poor entangled creature. But, the Lord knows, I never met with any who ever spoke to my feelings till I met with you [Mr. H.], till the Lord placed me under you; for if they did at any time touch upon it, they pulled it all to pieces before they had done. However, the Lord carried on his work; and after this toiling and fretting, the blessed Spirit was pleased to open the eyes of my understanding to discern in some measure the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and that he came to seek and save sinners; and I felt myself one of the blackest cast. But then it was: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." I could not believe that Christ would save me; but I could believe that he would damn me. The common cry among my associates was, "Why do you not believe? Only believe," say they, "and the work is done." Well; I strove to believe, and would have done with all my soul if I could; and when I found I could not, enmity began to work afresh.

After the Lord had disciplined me here a little, I learned that faith in Jesus Christ is the gift of God, that he gave it to the people of his choice, and that he had a people formed for himself. The bitterness that worked in my heart at this is beyond expression. "O!" said I, "it ought not to be preached." But, blessed be God, it is now my sweetest morsel when I can feel in my soul his great love from everlasting to me.

I laboured here for nearly four years, and then the Lord was pleased to enable me to see more and more of the suitableness of Jesus Christ; that God was holy and I unholy; that justice must have satisfaction on me the sinner, or on Jesus Christ the Surety. I could discern him coming down from heaven in love to his people, taking our nature into union with himself, and dying, the Just for the unjust, that sinners might, through his satisfaction, come near to God. My prayers were then altered, and my views quite different from what they were. There was a kind of going out after him. It was of no use to set me to work then. My cry was, "O that I knew him for myself!" There was such a desire stirred up in my soul that, night and day, my language was, "O that he would but make known his love to me!" Such longing desires had I after him at that time.

Viewing myself on the brink of hell, I wanted a manifestation of him to me, that I might know whether he had loved me from everlasting; and, being assured of this, I could believe on him and love him with all my heart and soul. Nothing but this would do; after this I sought, and for this I prayed; indeed, it was the whole tenor of my prayers.

But the Lord appeared to delay his coming. I began to be reluctant; unbelief began to work again; and I came to my old conclusion: I believe it is only a delusion after all. I have had a little hope for some time, but I have been deceiving myself. If God had ever loved me, he would have let me know it. I cannot look back at my well-spent life; for of sinners I am the blackest. I know I deserve hell, and that he would be just in sending me there; but know where I belong to I must, and shall never rest till I do know. These were my meditations. But, bless him for evermore, one morning, as I was upon my knees at the bed-side, to describe what I felt I cannot; but what with sweat and tears, and the agony I was in, I believe my hair stood upright on my head while I was praying. In that condition these words came to me, like a voice through my soul: "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." I turned myself round, as if the Lord had been behind me, and said, "Lord, what! My sins that are past? I am a sinner yet." And immediately these words were applied to my soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." What I felt none can express with the tongue; but O! the joy, love, and peace that flowed into my soul! I could hardly believe I was the same person. I was full of nothing but praises and thanksgiving to Jesus; for I believed assuredly then that he loved me from everlasting, and bore all my sins in his own body on the tree. This continued, promise upon promise, night and day, sleeping and waking. My soul was with him; yea, I claimed every promise in the Bible. I feared nothing. I cared for nothing but the Lord Jesus. He was my song night and day. The Lord did so abundantly bless my soul, at times, that I have told him, though in ignorance, "Lord, this is more than ever I asked for, and more than ever I expected. This is sufficient. I shall doubt no more; for this is beyond all that ever man could expect or desire." But still the Lord continued it; for I was, I believe, near a twelvemonth in this state; and, bless the Lord for ever, he has not left me without a feeling sense of it to this day; for whenever the Lord the Spirit is pleased to lead my views to the atonement, and I can view Jesus suffering for me, my heart is broken; and I cannot help it, whether it be under the word preached, or reading the Bible, or on my knees, or at my work. I am often wondered at. But to see what he has saved me from, the vilest of all wretches living, O that I could live more to the honour and glory of his blessed Name!

(To be continued.)

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

“Christ is all.”—COL. III. 11.

I MAY say, in attempting to write upon such a subject as this, which is of the greatest importance, “Who is sufficient for these things?” But “is anything too hard for the Lord?” And has he not chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise? What I aim at in this little work is to show that Christ is the sum and substance of everything.

There are seventeen things that we had in him before the foundation of the world; and now let us take notice of them.

1. Election. This is wonderful, that we were elected before the world was made or Adam formed; and so says Paul, “According as he (the Father) hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world.” There was nothing good foreseen in man to occasion this choice; for if there had been, the choice would not have been made in Christ. He was the first Elect, and represented all of us. The Lord says by Isaiah, “Behold my Servant, whom I uphold; mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth,” &c. If you ask why some are chosen and not all, you are wise above what is written. “Secret things belong unto the Lord our God.” “He giveth not account of any of his matters.” It will be well for you if you are one of that number. Now, “Christ is all” respecting election; and election was before the foundation of the world.

2. We existed in him from before the foundation of the world; by which I mean that our very nature was fixed upon,—that identical seed that in time he took part of. (Heb. ii. 14.) Christ tells you, “I was set up from everlasting, or ever the earth was.” (Prov. viii. 23.) Thus he is “the firstborn of every creature.”

3. We had eternal life in him before the world was made; in consequence of which the Lord is pleased to raise up faithful labourers to preach the gospel; for “life and immortality are brought to light” by it. Then the good Spirit is pleased to work faith in God’s elect, and in none else, to believe the gospel. Hence it is called “the faith of God’s elect.” “As many as were ordained to eternal life believed.” Show me one non-elect that ever had this faith if you can. I know many pretend to it because they assent and consent to the letter of God’s Word; but that differs much from real faith.

4. Mercy is another thing we had from all eternity. It is wonderful. The sure mercies of David are called an everlasting covenant. Read Isa. lix. 21; lv. 3; and you will see it very clearly. When God said, “I will never take my mercy from David as I took it from Saul,” it means, I will never take away my Spirit. Hence “the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.” But the Spirit of the Lord left Saul, and an evil spirit troubled him. This mercy never had a begin-

ning, and will never have an end; for "the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him."

5. Another blessing we had from all eternity is the everlasting love of God. Christ says, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me; and thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (Jno. xvii. 23, 24.) To this the Lord agrees by the prophet Jeremiah: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." (xxxii. 3.)

6. He gave us a kingdom from the foundation of the world. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

7. Christ crucified we had also; for he is called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (Rev. xiii. 8.)

8. We had Christ delighting in us before the world was made: "Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men." (Prov. viii. 31.) And this was before Adam was formed. You see, the religion of Christ is of everlasting date.

9. The foundation of all our joy was from the foundation of the world; and, say you, what was that? I answer, That our names were written in heaven. This Christ told his disciples to rejoice in. (Rev. xvii. 8.)

10. We had peace before the world was made. Did you never read this text: "The counsel of peace was between them both;" namely, between the Father and the Son? Thus we had peace. Hence we are called "sons of peace" before ever we know anything about it.

11. If there are a thousand blessings, we had them in Christ before the foundation of the world. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath (in the past tense) blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." (Eph. i. 3.)

12. Sanctification we had, and the forgiveness of sins, before the world was made. This you may clearly see in 1 Pet. i. 3: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."

13. Christ Jesus went forth from all eternity in our behalf: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting;" or, as some read it, from the days of eternity. (Micah v. 2.)

14. If the Lord has been pleased to favour you and me with a good hope through grace, what is the foundation of that hope? And when was it ours? I answer, Christ is the foundation of our hope. Say you, I think it is the promise of God; for David says, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." That is very true; but what is the foundation of the promise? As fallen sinners we forfeited every promise;

we have no claim upon God. Now, as Christ undertook our cause from everlasting, he is the foundation of the promises. Hence Paul says, "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.) And he says again: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid." And Peter says, "Who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by him do believe in God; that your faith and hope might be in God." (1 Pet. i. 20, 21.) Thus it is plain that the foundation of our hope was laid before the foundation of the world.

15. The Lord is pleased to enlighten us, that we may know the private thoughts of God our heavenly Father towards us. Christ says, "All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." Now, we had all the mysteries and blessings of the new covenant before ever they were revealed, or before they were brought to our hearts by the power of the gospel. "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Christ says, "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world."

16. "A certain king made a marriage for his son." Now, this marriage was from everlasting. When Adam was formed, he was a figure of Him that was to come; and Eve was taken out of him. Paul says, "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the church." To this agrees the prophet Isaiah: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." And this rejoicing was before the world was made. "Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth," &c. For this joy he endured the cross, and despised the shame.

17. The last blessing I shall name that we had in Christ before the world began is wisdom: "The wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world." (1 Cor. ii. 7.) But, say you, is this in Christ? Yes; "In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge." "Christ is all."

To show more plainly that "Christ is all," let us go over these seventeen things again: Election; but the choice is in Christ. "Christ is all." Our nature accepted; but we are "accepted in the Beloved." "Christ is all." Eternal life; but this life is in the Son. Mercy; and he has "the sure mercies of David." The love of God; and Paul says it is in Christ Jesus. A kingdom; and he is the King. Sacrifice; and Christ was sacrificed for us. He rejoices in us; and Christ is all our joy. Our names are written; but it is in the Lamb's book. Peace; and he is our peace. All our blessings are in him. Sanctification; and that he is made of God unto us. His goings forth procured us all we ever shall have. Hope; and Paul calls him "that blessed hope." The thoughts of God's heart; and it is the Son who reveals the

Father. Union, and he is the Bridegroom. Wisdom; and he is made wisdom unto us.

Thus Christ is all to us from all eternity. He passed by fallen angels, and also the reprobates. O! This is astonishing!

Let us next notice his incarnation; and we shall find him all. "Unto us a Child is born." Christ was holy, born so. "That Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Here he represented the whole family, as considered in the new man. Hence they are called "the holy people;" and why? Because they have a measure of his Spirit. He had the Spirit without measure. He was harmless. The Spirit of God, in the bodily shape of a dove, abode on him; and we are to be "harmless as doves." He was undefiled; and he says in the Song, "My undefiled is but one," &c.; meaning the whole elect family.

Again. He became debtor to do the whole law. Every sin belonging to the whole family was charged home upon him; and yet in himself he was no sinner. Here was the mystery of God. He took the nature of Mary, without sin; but by imputation he was a sinner. Hence Paul says, "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin."

I shall mention now several things that were transferred from us to him; and I hope to do it with caution, in the fear of God, being guided by his Spirit, and abiding by the Scriptures. 1. Let our infirmities be whatever they may, he was pleased to take them all. "He took our infirmities." 2. "He bore our sicknesses." 3. "He bore our griefs." 4. "He carried our sorrows." 5. Our chastisement; "for the chastisement of our peace was upon him." "He was wounded," but it was "for our transgressions; and bruised," but "for our iniquities." 6. "He was oppressed." 7. "He was afflicted." 8. God "put him to grief." 9. He was "numbered with the transgressors." 10. Our weakness became his: "I am a worm, and no man." 11. Our blindness: "Who is blind as he that is perfect?" 12. I speak with reverence, yet wish to keep nothing back; our foolishness also. (Ps. lxxix. 5.) 13. Deafness: "Who is deaf as the messenger that I sent?" 14. God's wrath: "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul." 15. "He made his soul an offering for sin." Let this suffice for the present on this head.

And now see the love of Jesus in undertaking our cause; and be astonished at it. Here was such love as never appeared before, and never will be equalled. Add to this the hatred he endured from his birth. He was born in a manger. Then look at Herod seeking his life, the cruel hatred of the Scribes and Pharisees, who were always trying to entangle him in his words, and seeking to kill him also, though he was without sin. He was hated by the world and forsaken by his disciples; he was, at times, hungry and thirsty; he was wearied also when he sat on the well; sometimes whole nights in mountains at prayer; had not where to lay his blessed head (O that we should murmur!); worked a miracle to pay the tribute-money, which shows he

had none, for he did nothing in vain; was despised and rejected of men; endured the contradiction of sinners against himself; was laughed to scorn, mocked, spit upon, betrayed, reviled, and scourged; he sweat as it were great drops of blood, being in agony; false witnesses rose against him, condemned him, made him bear his cross, spit in his face, blindfolded him, buffeted him, crowned him with thorns, nailed him to the tree, and gave him gall for his meat and vinegar for his drink. Then his Father forsook him, and all the powers of darkness were let loose upon him; and at last he gave up the ghost, being crucified between two thieves. And what had he done to them to procure all this? Why, all his life he went about doing good, working miracles to feed the poor, healing all manner of diseases, giving the best advice to all, and bearing all afflictions without one murmuring word. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." He prayed for his enemies on the cross. O what a wonderful character Jesus is! Thus I have mentioned a little (it is but very little) of his life, from his birth to the cross; in which you may see that "Christ is all in all" in suffering, from the imputation of our sins and every evil that we had, from the cruel malice of men and devils, and from the justice and wrath of Almighty God.

(To be continued.)

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TWO GOOD LETTERS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

My dear Friend,—It gave me great pleasure, in reading your letter, to find that you could speak out so freely concerning the Lord's dealings with you, which plainly told me that you have something of gospel liberty. You are favoured beyond many; for it is out of the heart that the mouth speaketh. It is indeed a great mercy to have a good hope, through grace, that we are of that number whom God has distinguished and set apart for himself,—a part of the purchased possession of Christ the Lord, who are sealed heirs of promise, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

What a wonderful theme and weighty matter salvation is! It is worthy of unceasing praise. What a gracious God to devise means whereby his banished ones should not be expelled from him, by opening that fountain for sin and all uncleanness; and so free, too; as the only fitness that is required is to feel our need!

"The viler the wretch, the welcomer here."

If it were not so, there would be no hope for worthless me, as I find sin to be my worst enemy, and often fear I have not the mark of a child of God. When I look within, I find my heart so full of sin and wickedness, which often makes me cry out, "Can ever God dwell here?" and think with Newton:

"Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his Name."

What a blessing to know that our salvation depends not on the creature, but is wholly the work of a faithful and unchanging God!

“But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.”

It is truly a great mystery that one so black, so vile, so depraved as I, should be received as worthy and faultless before God; and, may I not add, perfect and complete. The apostle says, “Ye are complete in him.” It is *He*, our great Advocate, our great High Priest, our great Mediator,

“’Tis He, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.”

I trust you are enjoying the Lord's presence, and enabled to ask largely at a throne of grace, knowing that he waits to be gracious at the voice of your cry. I hope you are favoured still to hear the gospel preached, as we know it is suited to every sinner's case who knows the joyful sound. While you hear the good man speaking of the unsearchable riches of Christ, may you often know what it is to feast on fat things and on the finest of the wheat, and to have showers of blessings commanded. And, though many things you meet with no doubt are very trying, still I hope you are made to feel you are led by a right way to a city of habitation. The Lord can make any place a Bethel if he is pleased to appear; for, true it is,

“His presence makes our day.”

When you have liberty in prayer, dear friend, remember me. May the grace of the Lord be with you and us, now and always. Amen.

Yours affectionately,

W. T. HOAD.

Prairie, Chain of Ponds, South Australia, Aug. 18, 1855.

Dear Brother,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ.

I have for a long time thought of writing to you. The blessed Lord has been pleased to take my dear wife home. “Not lost, but gone before.”

“No tongue can tell the loss I feel;

The breach that's made none e'er can heal.”

She died Mar. 24th, 1866. Ah! My dear friend, it is a mournful vale; it is a thorny path; it is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom. Lord, keep us from murmuring.

“Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?”

“’Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,

And shed his vital blood,

Appeased stern justice on the tree,

And then arose to God.”

My wife and self were baptized by Mr. John Kither, a Strict Baptist minister, in the river Torrens, on Nov. 26th, 1857; and, I believe, had both been baptized by the Holy Spirit before. The Lord says, “If ye love me, keep my commandments;” “As many

as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." Not that we shall gain salvation by it; but it is what the Lord has commanded his followers to do; and to obey is better than sacrifice. Mr. Kither preached weekly in my house for several years, and I believe him to be a truly converted man; but he is gone to live in Adelaide, which I am very sorry for. I love him as a brother. I have to go about ten miles to hear the truth preached to my mind. We have plenty of chapels, &c.; but they preach universal salvation, and I do not believe in it.

"Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

"Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn."

It is a long time since we walked together in company to the house of God, Barngreen Chapel. I recollect the text to this day: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." That we shall ever see each other again in the flesh is not likely; but we can pray for each other when the Spirit shines within. It is the Holy Spirit that must indite our prayers, or it is no prayer at all. The publican's prayer is the prayer for me. He is a poor saint who does not feel himself to be a great sinner, and mourn on account of it. I feel at this moment that I have been a backsliding sinner all my journey through; but I believe that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. Man is a sinful being indeed, and must be washed in the fountain opened for uncleanness.

"Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

My dear brother, it is a great mercy to you and me that there is no falling from grace; not that we may sin that grace may abound. God forbid. That is the devil's doctrine. If we fall we shall rise again; but it will make us go mourning, at times, to the grave. It is a bitter thing to the believer in Jesus to depart from the right way. But

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

He says he hates putting away. His is the power by which we are kept, through faith, unto salvation; and the weak are as dear to him as the strong. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; and not a hoof of his shall be left behind. Christ's brethren are all alike dear to him, and he gave his own precious blood to redeem them.

I hereby enclose you a small amount, which I hope you will receive as coming from the Lord; for the earth is his, and the fulness thereof. I suppose the times are not so well with you.

I trust you meet together for prayer, as you used to do. I often think of your mother-in-law and other friends, not forget-

ting your dear wife; but I dare say some of them are gone to rest ere now.

It will be thirty years next May since I left Soberton. Many changes have taken place since then. I have seen ups and downs, and have been often cast down through the difficulties of the way, but not destroyed. The Lord has promised to be with us when grey hairs are on us; and his grace is sufficient for us, bless the Lord. I thank the Lord for ever giving me one of his for a help-mate through this vale of tears. What a mercy! I have known the time when she was afraid to close her eyes in sleep, afraid she would be where no hope comes. "The Lord killeth and maketh alive;" and how can two walk together except they be agreed? What a mercy that your wife is a believer in the Lord! My wife has been dead four years on March 24th next. I have often had great sorrow ever since; but no Christian is without a cross of one kind or another, either outward or inward. Well, then, may the poet say,

"Shall Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the rest go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for thee."

Crosses and afflictions are the common lot of the people of God in this world. Every saint has his own particular temptation to grapple with.

"Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

"God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil."

I do not know how you are getting on in spiritual life. I find that, when I try to pluck the rose, I meet a prickly thorn. I find it is easy with some to go with the stream. I very much like Daniel Herbert's hymns and poems. I sent to England for a dozen of them some few years ago. I have found a few people like them as I do; but not many. The reading of them has been blessed to my poor benighted soul many times; and I think that he is right, and I cannot be wrong.

"If but one sinner could be found
That ever sought the Lord in vain,
Ah! Then I must give up my hope
That heaven I ever should obtain."

I must now bring this to a close. The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the Name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion, for Christ's sake. Amen. May the Lord abundantly bless you all.

Yours in the best of Bonds,

W. T. HOAD.

Prairie, Millbrook, South Australia, Oct. 13th, 1869.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to their dear and well-beloved Brother Fowler, wishing grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, by the divine operation of the Holy Ghost.

Beloved in the Lord,—Yours, dated May 17th, we received in due time. We have taken every part of your letter into our serious consideration. We wish to be as open and candid in our answer as you have been in communicating your mind to us. Whatever may be the mind and will of God both to you and us, we hope we shall be led by the blessed Spirit to seek direction by prayer in, and to wait an answer for, by watching the hand of the Lord. The Word declares: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." We find our minds stirred up in a particular manner by your letter to call upon his holy name in our own behalf, and also in yours; and we hope we shall daily meet you at the throne of grace, where we may unbosom ourselves and make our requests known.

We are of the same mind with you, that errors in the church are no cause for a minister of Christ to remove. The apostle says, "There must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." Again: "There were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of." These "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse," The tares and the wheat must grow together until the harvest. But the Lord has promised to make for his people sharp threshing instruments, 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." We hope you will be helped to cry aloud, and not spare. "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, then shalt thou be as my mouth, saith the Lord." We wish you would mention the errors your church is infested with in your next. May the Lord set your face as a flint against them while you continue among them.

The three things you lay down we pray God we may be led to attend unto; viz., the directions of the Word; the leadings of Providence; and the motives and impressions of our own minds. We must say, the importance of our situation as the managers of this little hill of Zion becomes more and more heavy to our minds, the more we consider the duties we owe to God who has placed us here, and the faithful discharge of our consciences towards the real church and the subscribers to the new chapel, whose eyes are upon us. We desire not to seek ourselves, but the good of others and the glory of God. We

wish to act upon the prospectus in every particular,—that whether we remain as we are, or the Lord shall be pleased to send us a pastor, which is our wish, if consistent with his will, God may be glorified in us and by us. We sensibly feel our own weakness, and that we are not able to judge the smallest matters of ourselves. We pray the Lord may be a Spirit of judgment to us, that we may do all in the name and in the strength of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We will now proceed to answer some of the reasons you have given respecting your thoughts of leaving Birmingham. You give a very satisfactory account of your going there. We think a minister can have no greater evidence of his call to the work than the Lord owning his message and giving testimony to the word of his grace in the signs following, as you have laid down. We hope you will be led to see the Lord's hand as clearly in removing you as you did in bringing you there, and likewise in carrying you to that place the Lord has appointed you for. You say you have no regular church. This must be a great trial, no doubt; and very desirable it must be to a minister to be in union with his flock, and they with him. But you know there never was nor ever will be a pure church upon earth. Many false brethren creep in unawares, to the great grief of the godly; and while some have by the gospel been ripened for glory, others have by the same word been ripened for damnation; so that the word has been a savour of life to some, and the savour of death to others.

In regard to your chapel, we feel for you, having felt the same from our own. And as the Lord has baffled every attempt to get another place, and the people, particularly the leading men and supporters of the cause, being so indifferent, and no other doors being open in those parts, it does appear to us that the Lord is about to remove you. The Lord told his disciples that into whatsoever city or town they entered, to inquire who in it were worthy; "and if they receive you not, go ye out into the streets thereof, and say, Even the dust do we wipe off as a testimony against you. It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom than for that city."

But, beloved, we consider the fourth reason you give as the greatest, wherein you say you are completely shut up before them, even to be, at times, hardly able to preach at all; and also the death and indifference among the people. "Son of man, I will make thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth, that thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be to them a reprovor." (Ezek. iii. 26.) But the Lord said again, "In that day shall thy mouth be opened to him which is escaped, and thou shalt speak, and be no more dumb." (xxiv. 27.) If the Lord shut up a man, there can be no opening. How do you find the matter before God in private? Are you favoured with access, or are you bound in spirit? What are the feelings of those souls you are in union of soul with? Sometimes the Lord may be pleased to bring his servants into bondage, to feel for the souls of those in the same state; as it is

written: "Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation; or whether we be comforted, it is for the same end." Paul travailed in birth for the church. May the Lord give us understanding in all things, and enable us to stand still and see his salvation.

For our part, we confess we have you in our hearts, and are unanimous that, should it be the will of God, you would be a suitable minister for us, if the Lord should see fit to remove you and bring you among us. And if this is the appointment of the Lord, he will bring it to pass in his own time. Nothing can prevent it; for his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure.

We have sent you one of our prospectuses, that you may examine it, and see if there is anything you could not, with heart and hand, subscribe unto; as it is our determination to abide thereby in every particular, that we may discharge our duty to our brethren. We hope to act with prudence and caution, and we are persuaded you will do the same. We beg you will communicate what still lies upon your mind so far as concerns us, and you find liberty to impart. May the Lord pour upon you and us the spirit of supplication, and give us to watch thereunto and wait till he is pleased to make fully manifest what is his will concerning us; that, should it be his will to bring you among us, it may prove a lasting blessing to you, us, and the church at large. This is the desire of, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

THE COMMITTEE OF CONWAY STREET.

London, June 3rd, 1820.

JOHN MILES.

"SALVATION IS OF THE LORD."

JONAH II. 9; REV. VII. 10.

SALVATION'S of God; my soul knows this well,
When sunken in fear to the belly of hell;
When horror and dread overwhelm'd me in grief,
This heart-cheering truth brought me certain relief.

Salvation's by Christ, God's Co-equal Son;
Bless'd be his dear Name for making it known;
By love and by blood he this has secured
For all his dear people; let his Name be adored.

Salvation's by God the Spirit made good
In the hearts of all those for whom Jesus stood;
For, led by his teaching, they sweetly accord
In singing, "Salvation is all of the Lord."

On earth 'tis begun amid sighing and tears,
And often is tried through wearisome years.
It will burst forth in heaven in rapturous song:
"To God and the Lamb all the praises belong."

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 161.)

CHAPTER V.

Verse 1. "*I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*"

We have seen how the words under consideration show the fulness of Christ, and how all the Scriptures declare his bountifulness. We have also examined the reasons why, having to deal as we have with so full and so liberal a Christ, we often seem so indigent, so destitute. We have traced this to two grand causes,—often immediately to sin, especially the sin of our pride and self-righteousness; always ultimately to the sovereign, holy, wise, and loving counsels of God, who permissively suffers sin for the furtherance, even through the creature's evil, of his own wise and holy and loving designs towards his children. We have thus regarded the matter in order that, on the one hand, God's children should be stirred up to examine into the immediate causes which may affect their peace and spiritual prosperity; and, on the other, may remember for their consolation that they have to deal with a God and Father in Christ, of infinite love and grace and power, who chastens in love, and acts at all times with a view to their advantage. Thus they will be kept from hard thoughts of God, and from saying improperly what Isaiah wrote mournfully: "Why hast thou hardened our hearts from thy fear?" and will be encouraged, in spite of everything, to return in hope unto the Lord, knowing that he can in a moment turn the shadow of death into the morning, as well as make the day dark with night, and that if their hearts condemn them, God is greater than their hearts, to heal, pardon, and restore, saying to the wounded, desolate spirit, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

But let us now consider more particularly the *eating* and *drinking* of our text; and, first, the *eating*: "Eat, O friends." Here we have to notice two things: What the Lord Jesus feeds his people upon, or gives them to eat; and the way in which they eat.

1. The food which Christ bestows upon his children is of the very choicest kind. In respect of the natural world, we read that "he satisfieth the desire of every living thing." "These all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season." That particular kind of food which is suitable for his various creatures, that they really are dependent upon him for, and that he bestows upon them. The birds of the air have their particular provision; the beasts theirs; yea, the fishes of the sea are provided for by God. But if this is true in respect of the inferior creatures of God's hand, much more is it true in regard to his new creation. As his children are born again from above,

so they have peculiar necessities and desires, which can be satisfied with nothing which is to be found in the old creation. He gives them, therefore, bread from heaven to eat. The manna, the food of the children of Israel in the wilderness, was a type of this, for "man did eat angels' food." It was not derived from the earth; but God opened the doors of heaven. So with his people now, the old creation is as a wilderness. It can yield them no food for their spirits; but God well supplies their wants. He who feeds the ravens will not let his new-born children starve. What, then, is their food?

They feed upon God's Word, or, rather, God's truth as in the Word; for it is not the mere letter of the Word they feed upon, but the reality of it. They discern the true mind of God in it; yea, they find the Lord himself in it; and thus they really feed upon a divine sort of food; for God in Christ, as revealed in the Word, is their soul's immortal meat. So it was with Jeremiah. He writes: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." And this he knew was a blessed evidence of his being a child of God, as he signifies: "For I am called by thy Name, O Lord God of hosts." This food of the truth of God's Word is just suitable to his children. They are born again of the Spirit, and this Word is spirit. They are born of the God of truth, children that will not lie; this Word is truth. They are the pure in heart, and love purity; this Word is "very pure;" and, therefore, says David, one of these children of God, "thy servant loveth it." How the psalmist in Ps. xix. and cxix. expresses his delight in God's Word! He calls it by a variety of names,—God's Word, his testimonies, his statutes, his fear, or that which teaches the true fear of God, his commandments, his judgments; but, whatever name he calls it by, he loves it. "O how love I thy law!" "Thy testimonies," the testimonies of God concerning things, as in the Word, "have I taken as a heritage for ever." The psalmist was not one who liked God's Word in some points of view, and disliked it in others. No; he loved it in every point of view. Its doctrines were the foundations of his hope of eternal glory; therefore in his last days he celebrates them: "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; for this is all my salvation and all my desire." He delighted, too, in the preceptive part of God's Word, having found it most useful to correct as well as direct his steps; and not only so, but most congenial to the tastes of his spiritual mind. God's judgments as in his Word warned him, his promises cheered his heart. The prophecies carried his mind forward into future glories, and thus sustained him in present adversities; and the histories of the Word of God were not to the psalmist mere interesting accounts of human affairs. No; they were histories in which God's hand was seen as ruling and overruling in the affairs of men, and moving all events forward, with infinite wisdom and a divine certainty, to the accomplishment, first, of

his purpose of bringing Christ into the world, and then of bringing all things into subjection to the triumphant Mediator. These noble, glorious views of God's Word delighted the psalmist's heart. He loved to read, to hear, to meditate on God's Word. He fed thereupon in his heart, and became thereby, as he himself writes, as "a tree planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth his fruit in his season."

So it is now. The saints of God delight in the Word of God. They only mourn that, through the carnality of their minds, they cannot meditate thereupon day and night. They know something of its sweetness and its power. It has had a divinity to them. They know and love the joyful sound. When they hear it sounding in their hearts it is music to their souls; and when they find the Word and eat it, it is to them also the joy and rejoicing of their hearts. Their sweetest times are those when Christ brings them into his chambers, and feeds their souls, saying, "Eat, O friends."

They feed upon Christ's flesh. By this we understand the mystery of his incarnation. The great mystery of godliness is: "God was manifest in the flesh." This mystery is revealed unto his children. No man can truly say that Jesus is the Lord, that the Man who walked in Judea and hung between two thieves on Calvary is in truth and reality the Son of God, but by the revelation of the Holy Spirit. But God's children are as sure of this as natural men are of those things which they have a sensible demonstration of. They can say, when faith has leave to speak, "We know and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, the living God." They naturally have no eyes to see his beauty and his glory; this they become continually more and more convinced of. They know from what they see within what nature's judgment must really be concerning God's Christ: "A root out of a dry ground;" "No form or comeliness;" "No beauty that we should desire him." Hence they ascribe it entirely to the Father's love and the Holy Spirit's almighty grace that they see him now to be Chiefest of ten thousand, and altogether lovely. A nature is in them still which cannot feed upon the Incarnate Mystery; but their new nature feeds upon Jesus; and God manifest in the flesh is the joy and rejoicing of their souls.

But it is not merely as manifest in the flesh, dwelling a Man upon the earth, going about doing good, and fulfilling all righteousness in his holy life, that they feed upon him. No; he must be crucified that they may feed. The bread must be broken that they may partake of it. So, then, it is Christ as crucified that is the proper food of their souls. They are sinners, vile, lost, ruined sinners in themselves. So, then, nothing will do for them but a crucified Christ. The Beloved of their souls must not only be white, but ruddy,—white in his own spotless innocence; ruddy in his blood shed on Calvary for their sins. Here they rest; here they feed,—they go by divine grace, through faith, beneath the shadow of his cross, and his fruit is sweet to their taste.

We can only touch upon this subject of the food of the children of God. They feed upon God's Word; they feed upon God's truth as contained in it; they feed upon an Incarnate Mediator; they feed upon the sweet account of his life, his miracles of love and power; they feed upon his death, his resurrection, and his offices. Christ is to them the bread of life, the bread from heaven. In means of grace they seek for him; in his ordinances they want communion with him. When he is near to feed them, all is well; when he withholds, for his wise purposes, himself and his communications from them, they cannot be satisfied. Nothing but Jesus can really feed and content their hearts; and they long to hear him say, "I am come." "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

But a word as to *how* they feed upon him. This, of course, is a spiritual feeding. The Papists have invented a mere sort of bodily feeding; and thus they stumble. But God's people know that the true feeding is of the heart and the spirit; a feeding upon Jesus and his Word which flesh and blood has no acquaintance with. When Christ feeds his people with his Word or in his ordinances, he accompanies these with the communications of his Holy Spirit, and thus makes spiritual discoveries of himself in various particulars to the hearts of his children. Then they obtain a divine discovery of him in his grace, mercy, loveliness, and sweetness as the Christ of God. Then faith begins to act upon him in those things in which he thus declares himself. The understanding perceives his gracious glory; the heart runs out after him. Of course all this will be in proportion to the degree of Christ's revelation of himself. Sometimes he gives less, sometimes more. He is sovereign; only what he gives we gather. If he gives a little, so to speak, little can be gathered; but even his crumbs are invaluable and sweet. But if he opens his hand, we are filled with good.

Thus, then, the feeding is by faith and in the heart, and it answers to and is in the proportion of the Spirit's communication and Christ's discovery of himself. O, sweet and blessed feeding! O happy moments when Jesus brings us into the banqueting house in the triumphs of his love, and feeds our souls abundantly, saying, "Eat, O friends!"

We now turn to the other part of the invitation: "Drink, yea, drink abundantly." And as we have considered what Christ gives his children to eat, so we will now consider briefly what he gives them to drink. We only give a few thoughts.

1. *Love.* The love of God is shed abroad in their hearts, at such times as these, by the Holy Ghost which is given. They drink full draughts of heavenly love. Christ stays them with flagons, knowing that they are sick with love. He gives them to know and enjoy the Father's love, according as it is written: "The Father himself loveth you." They drink in his own love; they enter, in some degree, in such seasons as these, into the sweet experience of the psalmist when he said, "The Lord is

my Shepherd," and felt assured that he should not want any good thing; yea, triumphing in the love of Christ, he could add, "My cup runneth over." He felt his soul so full of blessing and sweetness that all his woes were gone; and his soul overflowed with love. But not only do we at such seasons drink in the love of the Father and the Son, but also of the blessed Spirit. How sweetly Mr. Hart writes about the Spirit! See his blessed hymns. He who reveals the love of the Father and the Son, himself loves. Thus the blessed Trinity are to the child of God

"One Almighty God of love."

These are indeed blessed seasons, and usually they are very rare; they come to us for the most part before, in, or after great sorrows and adversities. Crushing temptations often precede the sweetest manifestations of God's love; and thus the heart is raised up in sorrows.

"Some cordial from his Word he brings,
Whene'er my burden'd spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints."

O! God is indeed good to Israel. This is rich love and grace, that he gives these blessed cordials to those who are ready to perish through sin and sorrow; and says to the almost fainting heart, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

2. *Blood*,—the shed blood of Christ, the atoning death of the Son of God on Calvary. O! How sweet it has been, we may say a hundred times, to our conscience, to have the blood of Christ brought with divine power into it, speaking peace and childlike intercourse with God. How terrible is a guilty conscience! How miserable a polluted one! Guilt exposes to just wrath; filth separates from God; and, as Mr. Berridge sings,

"One only sweet fountain of blood which was spilt
Can loosen the mountain of high-crying guilt."

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us" who believe, again and again, "from all sin;" refreshing and cheering us, like some reviving cordial, when through faith it is applied in the power of the Spirit to the conscience.

3. *The Spirit himself*. "I will pour out my Spirit unto you," says Christ. This he does. He pours water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. He says in respect of the Holy Spirit, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Indeed, without this we should not know and enjoy the love of the Father and the Son; neither should we have the blessed experience of the pardoning and purging power of Christ's blood upon the conscience. "There are three that bear witness in earth,—the Spirit, and the water, and the blood." Christ came by water and blood; and it is the Spirit that beareth witness, for the Spirit is truth itself.

4. *Life*. Christ came that his people might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. With him is the fountain of life; yea, he is himself the fountain. Woe must be to them

who receive not from that fountain of living waters. There is no other. Life eternal is in Jesus; and all the enjoyments of that life are by and from him. Well might one say,

“Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny.”

O! What were all the world, yea, worlds upon worlds, without Jesus, but dead worlds, the lifeless carcase of a fair creation. Heaven itself were not heaven to a child of God without Jesus. He cries, especially at times, “Whom have I in heaven but thee?” All a child of God possesses receives its greatest sweetness from this thought, “It is the gift of Jesus.” He himself fills their treasures. Riches are empty riches apart from him; health is not health, life is not life, except as he gives and sustains them. Christ is All. God’s people only live as Christ liveth in them. If he depart, ’tis hell.

5. Only one thing more. They drink in from him *grace* according to the grace that is in him. They sit, at times, at his feet; they hear his words; they drink them in, for they are spirit and life to them. And thus beholding, as in a glass, to use Paul’s figure, the glory of the Lord, they are changed into the same image from glory to glory; for as they behold they drink at the same time into their hearts his Spirit and his grace; and thus, receiving grace for grace, are transformed into his image. But O! How poor are all our expressions! How far beneath the subject!

“Heavenly tongues are ever aiming,
But they cannot tell it all.”

One thing, at least, we know: there is a wine of the kingdom, old, and pure, and sweet, and good; and of this the blessed Lord Jesus gives us, at times, to drink, yea, may be, drink abundantly; and it goes down so sweetly that it causes “the lips of those that are asleep to speak.” It enlivens the dull spirit, restores the wandering, fainting soul to life and peace and joy again; and it is no wonder that mortal tongues and mortal pens can give but an incoherent faint expression to the sweetness, the joy, and the glory of the heart when Jesus comes into his garden, and says, “Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.”

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS BY JOHN NEWTON.

Three years ago, when in Malta, I had occasion to call upon the post-master, on special business. While waiting in his library until he came, I was surprised to see in his bookcase the two volumes of “My Wanderings.” As soon as he entered, he recognized me, as having, some years before, attended my lectures in Plymouth, and he wished me to spend an evening with him; but as I and my wife were going to leave for Italy the next day, I could not do so. Last April, however, when again in Malta, I failed not to wait upon him, and I passed several agreeable hours in his company and that of his good wife.

Well; for this is what I wish to come to, our conversation turned upon one of the clergymen at Malta, and his Ritualistic, &c., tendencies, some account of which I may, if spared, give ere long in the "Friendly Companion." "How different," said I, "are such men to such as Toplady and John Newton." "John Newton!" he exclaimed. "Do you know anything of him?" "I know his writings," I replied; "and I wish every clergyman in the Establishment were like him." "Why," he responded, "he and my grandfather were bosom friends. I have in my possession sixty-eight letters of his which were written to my grandfather and his family, and which were published, in 1844, in a volume, separate from his other works. We gave a poor man the privilege of publishing them for his own benefit." The reader may judge of my surprise, and how I longed to bring away one of the originals, that I might put it in my portfolio with some which I have of other good men. But they were not to be separated. Neither could he let me have a copy of the volume, as he had only one left. I therefore, in May "G. S.," advertised for and procured a copy. Many thanks to the friend who sent it to me.

Now, being, on the 6th, &c., of last month, confined to my house, with my old complaint, the prevailing east winds having, since my return from a warm climate, tried me very much, I took up the volume to cast my eye over it, and opened it promiscuously, as we say, on Letter XVI.; which letter I now give. It will be seen that good Newton was not one of those who ridicule doubts and fears. How sorely Mrs. Newton was tried by Satan in that way. Well might her husband pen that blessed hymn:

"'Tis a point I long to know."

I purpose, if the Lord permit, giving the letters from time to time. I begin with this, XVI., because it was the first I read.—J. G.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for yours of the 13th, and I begin my answer in Mr. Taylor's summer-house, which affords me a prospect very different from what I can have in Cheapside, or at No. 6. I believe I attempted to describe it before. We left London on the 8th inst., as I proposed, and spent a very agreeable week with Mr. Serle, the author of the "Christian Remembrancer," and some other tracts, which I think Lady Catharine presented you with; and likewise of the "Horæ Solitariae," in two volumes, octavo. He was once Under-Secretary of State, when Lord Dartmouth was in the American department. He is a first-rate man, not only for solid experimental religion, but for natural and acquired abilities, and general information. We arrived in safety here on the 16th. You will find Mr. Glascott answers your expectations. I must not blame him for being irregular, for I am now reduced to be a house preacher myself. They will not let me enter a pulpit at Southampton, and I should be quite silent, if my friend Mr. Taylor did not open his house to me, when I preach three or four times a week to as many as the place will hold; that is, about a hundred, or rather more. The Lord could easily procure me a pulpit; but I would be thankful for the opportunity I have here. Perhaps he sees that some in this neighbourhood are men sensible of the value of the gospel, and will hear it more thankfully than many in the town.

I have, as you say, passed another mile-stone on the road of

life, and cannot be far distant from my journey's end. I am trying to give up the when, and the where, and the how to the Lord. It is his concern, and not mine. I have only to pray (and you will kindly help me) that I may be found ready. I seem to have lived long enough for myself; but as I am not my own but his, I ought to be equally willing to go or stay, as he shall appoint. But it is only his grace can make or keep me so. Unsustained by him, I fall.

I congratulate you on the honour of bearing the cross for his sake. They who do not love Him cannot be expected to love you, now you declare openly on his side. But his will be found the strongest side at last. Yea, even now, he will be your best friend, a guide, a guard, a counsellor, a helper, a provider, all sufficient, always near. He can save you from trouble, support you under it, and deliver you out of it; make the bitter sweet, and the hard easy. All his promises are sure; Yea, and Amen. Why, then, shall we either fear, or depend upon men, who are as grass, and whose breath is in their nostrils? In many cases they cannot help us if they would; in others they will not if they could. I am sure they cannot make a sick bed easy, nor a dying pillow soft; but he can; and after death he will not be ashamed of them who have grace not to be ashamed of him now. "Fear not, then, the reproach of men." I believe you will not wilfully or needlessly provoke them; but if they will slight you for your faithfulness to him, I hope you will count such disgrace your glory.

I am concerned for the account you give me of Mrs. C——'s health. . . . I mean to enclose for her perusal a letter (to be returned) from a dear friend in London, whom I judge to be as gracious and spiritual a woman as most whom I know. I have been acquainted with her about seven years; have often seen her full of peace and comfort, and always gentle, humble, and exemplary. But since January last, she has been sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, within a single step of absolute despair. Such is the power of temptation when the Lord permits, especially over persons of a nervous habit. She has been so formerly, and found relief; I doubt not but she will be relieved again; but in her present state of mind she finds it almost impossible to preserve a ray of hope; and all that I can say to her, except just for the moment while I am speaking, is like talking to the east wind.

I believe I told you of another (Mrs. A.) who had been even worse than this for three years, who could not even bear that I should pray with her; yet she had been comfortable for many years before, and is now relieved and comfortable again. Perhaps if Mrs. C—— knows how many of the Lord's people have fared before her, it may convince her that her own case is not, as she is ready to suppose, quite singular. As to her thinking that she does not believe even the chief truths of the gospel, she can hardly be more distressed upon this head than my dear Mrs. Newton was for about a fortnight in her last illness. She had lost all idea of

truth; but through mercy she recovered it again before she went. The Lord has wise reasons for permitting those whom he loves, and who love him, to be thus exercised. We cannot discern them all; but he has told us the ultimate design is to humble and to prove them, to show them what is in their hearts, that he may do them good at their latter end. Tell her from me that if she is a sinner she has no right to make terms with the Lord, or to insist upon being speedily comforted. Though she should walk in darkness many years, she will have cause to praise him, if she is comforted at last. But I hope the time of trial will not be long. He has declared "that him that cometh to him he will in no wise cast out." The sooner she *can* believe [he does not say *will* believe, but, by the blessed Spirit, *can* believe] that he means what he says, and is able to make his word good, the sooner she will have peace. In the meantime her part is to wait upon him, and to wait for him. Instead of wishing to participate of these soul troubles, I hope you will be thankful that you are exempted from them. Though they often accompany a work of grace, they do not at all belong to it. They are no better than a compound of the unbelief of our hearts and the malice of our worst enemy.

How pleasant is it when those who love meet again in peace after a short absence! How would my heart beat if I could expect to meet my dear in a fortnight! Yet I hope I do not wish it even possible. I have many reasons for thankfulness that it was appointed for me to be the survivor. I trust I shall meet her to unspeakable advantage by-and-by; but the flesh will feel. My feelings are much the same as in the first week after she left me. Blessed be the Lord, I can eat and sleep, and talk and preach, enjoy my friends and my many comforts, and carry it outwardly as if nothing was the matter. But there is seldom a minute in the day in which she is not present to my thoughts, almost in as lively a manner as if I could see her with my eyes; the more shame for me. I should be the first Christian in the kingdom, if my thoughts were as frequently and as closely attached to the Lord Jesus as to her; and yet she was not crucified for me. Dearly as she loved me, she could not, she durst not, have suffered for me, as he did, though there had been no other way to save me from perishing. Human love has bounds. One creature could not venture to meet the wrath of God for another. But Jesus did this, I trust, for me, though I was an enemy and a blasphemer. What a wretch am I, if I think of her more than I do of him! Lord, pity and pardon.

I only add my prayers that the Lord may bless your soul, family, ministry, and all your connexions.

Think of me as being sincerely

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

Portswood Green, Aug. 24th, 1798.

JOHN NEWTON.

I WOULD not exchange my sad hours with the joy of my velvet adversaries.—*Rutherford*.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend and Fellow-Partner in the well-ordered Covenant of everlasting Salvation,—With me providence seems to frown, and grace, at times, almost dried up. Trials in the world, trials in the church, trials with the flesh, trials with sin, and trials with Satan, seem, at times, to make my fightings without and my fears within on a par with Paul. (2 Cor. xi. 24–28.) I am sure that, if the sheet of electing love were not knit at the four corners, if the everlasting covenant were not ordered in all things and sure, if Jehovah's shalls and wills did not stand as impregnable bulwarks against every enemy, they would most assuredly get in among the poor flock of slaughter, and rend and tear until there were none to deliver; but it shall not be. God has spoken concerning them; and his denunciations are just as true as his promises, and his threatenings as his invitations. God says he will empty their vessels, and break their bottles, and that the riches they have gotten shall perish. Neither lies nor arrogancy of heart shall effect their desires; but the hearts of their mighty men shall be in that day as the heart of a woman in her pangs. "He frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad; he turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish;" while every promise, which is Yea and Amen in a precious Christ to the glory of God, shall be confirmed unto his servants.

It is the intention of the Almighty to try and test the grace he has given; and thus the ordeal must, at times, be painful. I am often like the daughters of Zion, in pain and labouring to bring forth; and when I would lay me down upon the bed of promises, seeking for ease and comfort, I have been driven out of house and harbour, from the city and its inhabitants, to dwell in the fields by the side of Babylon, and there to be delivered. But, as Bunyan says,

"The Christian man is seldom long at ease;
When one fright's gone, another doth him seize."

I am a puzzle to myself, and altogether contrary to what I want to be. "To will indeed is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." I try to bend and bow in submission to God's will and Word; but I offend in every point. If I must confess the truth, I am, at times, dissatisfied with God's ways, dissatisfied with my own, dissatisfied with my profession, my prayers, my faith, my love. O this stupid self, proud, haughty self, puffed up with vanity, pleased with a toy, grasping at a shadow! It is my greatest enemy, my bitterest foe. It follows me every day; it is with me in every meditation; it opposes me in every prayer. Well might Paul say, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I can sometimes bless God that the strength of sin and the sting of death shall be vanquished through our Lord Jesus Christ.

All our painful trials are fully known unto God. Not one

gasp for breath, not one heaving sigh, not one exhausting cough, not one stinging pain, but has the sanction of the best of friends. It is hard, at times, to say, Thy will be done; but if you feel underneath the everlasting arms, and are persuaded that you are fulfilling the afflictions of Christ in your body, and are in fellowship with him in his sufferings, then most assuredly the time will come when you shall be glorified together. Blessed be God, I can testify to supporting grace in the furnace of affliction. The sick chamber has been made a hallowed place to my soul. I have had gloomy forebodings chased away, and sweet revelations of my everlasting safety and completeness in the blood and righteousness of the Son of God. The words that once dropped into my poor soul are still fresh upon my mind, when, to all human appearance, heart and flesh were failing. The Lord said, "*Ye are complete in him.*" What satisfaction and comfort did it yield! No tongue can describe it. Then followed those words of the poet:

"In that dread moment, O to hide
Beneath his sheltering blood!
'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,
And land my soul with God."

I felt a peace which passeth understanding.

Yours to serve in the Gospel of Christ,

Clayton West, Dec. 16th, 1873.

ROBERT MOXON.

My dear Friend,—Though many years have passed since I first felt true sweet union of soul to you, yet I believe that eternity will not dissolve the bond that bound us together as fellow-citizens with the saints and the household of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets. Being blessed with like precious faith, we serve one Lord, and seek one object,—the glory of God and the salvation of our souls. And sure I am we desire to sing but one song: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy Name give glory." Before he convinced us of our sin, ignorance, and folly, we gloried in our shame, like the rest of the world; but we have lived to prove that the Lord exercises loving-kindness, judgment, mercy, and truth in the earth, and not only in the earth, but towards us in infinite mercy, in quickening, humbling, stripping, and clothing us, bringing us to sit at his feet, clothed, and in our right minds.

When out of Zion the perfection of beauty has shone into our souls, to give us a little of "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus;" when we have been "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord;" when we have heard the voice of our Beloved, saying, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come; for the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;"—then we go forth and grow up like calves of the stall, while the Sun of righteousness shines upon our souls with healing beneath his wings. Then we follow the Lamb by precious faith whithersoever he goeth. This is sweet living, when a full house is kept, and the King sits at the head of the table.

But little of this falls to our lot in the wilderness. The days of darkness are many, the path of tribulation rough, and the trial of our faith severe; so that we are often tempted we shall never hold out to the end. But our mercy is that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, who rests in his love.

The Lord bless you with peace and prosperity. May the Lord preserve us to his heavenly kingdom.

Yours affectionately in Him,

Rotherfield, March 10th, 1864.

THOS. RUSSELL.

My dear Miss P.,—The dear Redeemer has indeed been very gracious to you. His love you have felt. His presence you have enjoyed. His Person and finished work, which, like his name, is "wonderful," now fill your soul with wonder and amazement, while you meditate on the works of his hands; "who maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; who breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariot in the fire." What unexampled grace! What inexpressible mercy hath the Eternal God displayed in plucking you as a brand out of the fire, in delivering you from the power of darkness, and translating you into the kingdom of his dear Son, in whom you have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, and in sending forth the Spirit of his Son into your heart, whereby you now cry, "Abba, Father!" How delightful, how blessed, how full of glory and joy that word "Father" now appears to you! How it sheds forth everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace, into your soul, wherein dwelleth God the Spirit, who hath taken up his abode in you for ever, as your Comforter, Teacher, internal Intercessor and Glorifier of the blessed Jesus, Immanuel,—God with us. How low, how base are you now in your own sight, while, like David, you dance before the ark of the Lord with all your might. Your heart cannot express its feelings. Jesus only is the theme of the subject your soul can listen to. He is to you "the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold; his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh," &c. Yea, you can say, "he is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." (Song v.) How dear, how plain, how new, how full of comfort God's Word appears to you! It is as though you had never seen it before. It speaks to you; it enters into your inmost feelings, it refreshes and delights you. No book like the testimony of Jesus in the spirit of prophecy. And you now know what is the love of the Spirit, a revealing and testifying of Jesus to your soul, and bearing witness with your spirit that you are a child of God. And "if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son: He that believeth on

the Son of God hath the witness in himself," &c. "And he that *hath* the *Son* hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." How empty is a mere profession, as now seen by you! How different the mystery of godliness,—God manifest in the flesh, and in your heart, from the religion of thousands! You would not be in their condition for worlds. You feel there is a reality, a substance, a vitality in the religion which comes down from above, which is *felt*, but cannot be described.

I must now tell you that for a day or two previous to my receiving your testimony of what God had done for your soul, I was much drawn out on your behalf at the throne of grace, pleading and praying the dear Lord to bless the Word to you. The issue has proved that it was true prayer; and I, as well as yourself, have reason to bless the Divine Blessor and Prayer-hearing as well as awakening God of poor helpless sinners, whom he deigns to look upon in grace and pity, love and tender mercy. May you enjoy many days of the Son of man the God of your salvation, who became man to take away all your sins, and clothe you in the righteousness of God.

Ever yours, in Love and Faith,

Oct. 11th, 1839.

G. S. B. ISBELL.

My dear Hannah,—I must say, from the breathings your letter contains, I feel constrained to rejoice with you, as one who, I trust, is born of God, quickened by the Holy Ghost, and who would rather suffer afflictions with the people of God than enjoy all the short-lived pleasures of the ungodly world. Happy choice! And never would it have been ours had not Jesus looked upon us and won our hearts over to himself. And why has he drawn us to himself? Because he has loved us with an everlasting love; and having loved his own that were in the world, he loves them to the end. Our first drawing to Jesus is most sweetly connected with our final glorification. Where he has begun a good work, he carries it on. May we pursue the streams up to the Fountain, and there drink abundantly by faith, as the Lord's beloved ones. I have rejoiced in spirit, with your dear father and mother and yourself, at the Lord's goodness to your brother. He gave a pleasing account of the Lord's work on his soul, and spoke in a very becoming, serious, and humble way before the church. It is my soul's desire that he may flourish and bring forth much fruit in the Lord's garden below, when his parents are transplanted to bloom for ever in paradise above. It is cheering to see young ones gathered by the mighty power of God to fill the places of those who have finished their course and entered into the joy of their Lord. Jesus has been much in his garden lately, gathering his lilies. Many dear saints whom I once knew and loved, and several ministers also, have ceased from their labours, and are gone home. Happy souls! Yet Zion below cannot help mourning their loss. But what a blessing it is that every gospel fact still lives and exists, though the lips that once declared them lie mouldering in the dust;

and Jesus is the same. May he be growingly precious to you. When sin and unbelief cast you down, look to Jesus. When weakness is felt, remember strength is in Jesus. When sensible of your lack of wisdom, think on those sweet words: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Those blessed wills and shalls, which abound in the gospel of peace, are sweet antidotes against all the *ifs* and *buts* that bubble up from the unbelief of our hearts, and, at times, perplex our spirits. How blessed it is that our unbelief cannot make the promises of God void; nor can all the changing scenes we pass through in our journey through the vale of tears, nor all the changes we feel within us, alter the purpose of God towards us, nor turn his heart's love away from us. Let us be diligent in searching the Scripture, diligent at a throne of grace; for, blessed be God, though we are not taught to expect a blessing for those things, yet he has said, "The diligent soul shall be made fat."

To the care of Jesus I now commit you. He is able to build you up; and he will, and give you an inheritance among his redeemed and sanctified ones. I wish you a sweet anticipation of the heavenly inheritance to cheer your soul, to comfort you in all your affliction, and to make your bed soft and easy by his tender love and care.

Yours affectionately,

Hartford, June 29th, 1833.

ANN STURTON.

In our last was a letter by Mr. Huntington, in which he referred to an action at law against him by an "intolerable antagonist." This antagonist, we are informed by Mr. Stevens (now residing in Brighton, who is the author of "Recollections of the late William Huntington," and was a hearer of Mr. H.'s), was a Mr. Terry, who was engraver to the Bank of England, and who engraved the "Hieroglyphical Prints." Mr. Stevens states that, on the intervention of mutual friends, Mr. Terry was induced to withdraw from the action.—Mr. S. is now in his 92nd year. He says he was present at the sale of Mr. Huntington's effects, when Mr. Terry went up to him and asked him a question, but he did not then know that it was Mr. T.

Obituary.

JANE FRANKLIN.—On Nov. 25th, 1876, aged 47, Mrs. Jane Franklin, of Northampton.

Our esteemed friend was a member at the Room, Edith Street. Though much afflicted with a painful disorder, she was a regular attendant, as far as health and opportunity would permit, and was much respected by the friends. Some few years ago, she was baptized by Mr. Knill. The following extracts from letters written by herself give an account of her exercises and experience.

"It is a great privilege to be led of God to make an open profession of his Name; and though with it there are many fears that we may fall and not live consistently, yet the dear Lord is able to keep his people all their journey through. I often think what a mercy it is to have a love for the Bible; and yet, in this day of cheap literature, how many

(things are greedily read before the precious Word of God. It has no charms for thousands; and yet there is everything in it for comfort and instruction for this life and that which is to come. I know there is nothing saving in the letter of the Word; but what a black mark it is against those who do not reverence a precious Bible! I believe that from a child I was led to the Bible for guidance and instruction; but what a puzzle it was to me in such words as: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' These and other words seemed to mar all my worldly happiness; for I was prone to seek happiness in romantic ideas of worldly bliss. How fond I was of that reading I now, through the grace of God, condemn.

"I have nothing good but what I have received; and it is God that maketh me to differ. To the Lord alone be all the praise. I trust I was led to follow on to know the Lord. How many paradoxes have vanished! At times, everything has been made clear, and crooked things straight. At one time, every word of Hymn 780 was my experience. I can never forget it. I remember getting a little relief from this verse:

"'Pore not on thyself too long,' &c.

"The painful exercises, temptations, &c., I passed through for years I can never forget, nor tell to any one. In the first great blessing of the Lord to my soul, though I believe I had many tokens for good previous to that, what a review I had of the way I had been led, and of what I had passed through, even from the beginning. I saw by faith my soul ascending to God who gave it, to be with him for ever and ever. The first hymn in the book was opened up to me:

"'Great God, how infinite art thou!' &c.;

and I saw something of the greatness and majesty of Jehovah, who could do all these great things for us through a blessed Jesus. That verse was sweetly applied: 'I have redeemed thee; thou art mine.'

"I felt all the bad feelings spoken of in that hymn (780), like Israel's enemies of old, gone and sunk as a stone. I felt such a secret peace for a few days that not one dare move a tongue. Satan was a chained foe; and O the peace I enjoyed! I could have gone there and then before the people of God; but I was on a bed of affliction.

"When the dear Lord so blessed my soul, I felt as though I could scarcely wait until I was better to be baptized. I thought I must go through the water and tell what a Saviour I had found. But O! What stupidity and backwardness to follow his commands without his power! I know his time is the best time.

"It is salvation we want. What else is worth living for or dying for? How solemn the thought is sometimes to me, that eternity draws nigh for us all! What an unspeakable mercy to have a hope beyond the grave! How I wished the Lord would come and bless me when I was so ill and distressed. I feel I have had that persuasion in time past: 'My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' When we have not the Lord's presence, we have only strength enough and none to spare; but he can and does sustain his people, and keep them looking to him, because they have nowhere else to look:

"'If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside.'

Sickness and death will soon overtake us all. Solemn thought!"

When our departed friend was confined to her bed in the last affliction, she appeared to have faith given to cast her burden upon the Lord, and in a measure was favoured to look back and trace the goodness of the Lord. She observed to a relative, who came from Oakham to see her in her last moments, that she had been obliged to remind the Lord of his promise given years before, that he would be with her in all her troubles: "Hast

thou not said unto me?" The following gracious words were applied during her painful affliction: "For I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." (Jer. xxix. 11.) And also: "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." (Isa. xlv. 21.) These precious promises were sweet to her; and though by reason of her painful affliction she was not able to speak much in her departing moments, yet there is not any doubt of her now enjoying the rest that remaineth unto the people of God. May it be our happy portion to follow her, as she followed Christ.

JOHN LUCK.

ELIZABETH SMITH.—On Feb. 16th, aged 76, Elizabeth Smith, a member of the Baptist Chapel, Sharnbrook.

She was one of God's poor and afflicted, brought to know the supporting power of grace in many troublesome waters. The language of her heart was: "This poor woman cried, and the Lord heard her, and delivered her out of all her troubles." It was indeed refreshing to hear her recount the Lord's helps and deliverances. I shall never forget how, some years ago, after telling me the great and sore trials that had come upon her, she exclaimed, "But, nevertheless, I am *lost in mercies*."

"Thus far my God has led me on,

And made his truth and mercy known."

She knew great oppression, at times, from the assaults of Satan; but God maintained his work in her. This was especially seen in her last affliction. The following are a few disjointed sentences that she uttered, at various times, when I visited her, that fell with power upon my heart: "A good hope through grace. 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I wish I were at home. I am a great sinner. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' I want to go. He must do everything. Tell them when I am gone to be thankful and rejoice. I shall be satisfied."

One of her daughters writes as follows: "Dear Pastor,—I saw my dear mother on Jan. 15th. I said, 'You are very ill.' She said, 'Yes; but it will soon be over.' I asked her how she felt in the prospect of death. 'Well,' she said, 'I feel no great joy in the prospect; but I firmly believe that he who has begun the good work in my soul will perfect it. I have had great troubles and afflictions; but the dear Lord never left me in one of them.'

"On the 17th, she appeared much worse, but was full of praise and blessing to the Lord for being so kind to such a sinner. She was longing to be gone, but begged for patience to wait the Lord's time.

"Sunday, 21st.—After the afternoon service she bade my children all farewell with a parting blessing. It was truly affecting to witness. She hoped that grace might be given me to trust in the Lord, saying, 'He will bring you through much tribulation.'

"At times, she would say, 'I have been sinful and rebellious; but the Lord has come again and again, and has caused me to bow. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy Name." Once she said, 'A few more risings and settings, and then fair Canaan's coast. Why is the chariot so long in coming?' I said, 'Mother, you are willing to wait the Lord's time.' She replied, 'His will, not mine;' and broke out in prayer: 'O! My dear Father, give patience.' She was helped to be patient; but, being so heavily afflicted, she often said, 'When will the weary be at rest?'"

The hymn she wished given out in the chapel when she should be gone was the 665th (Gadsby's):

"Grace taught our friends to know
What rebels they had been," &c.

Sharnbrook.

ALFRED PEET.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1877.

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

THE POOR, AND THE CONTRITE SPIRIT.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT WOOD END CHAPEL, HERTS,
BY THE LATE MR. MARTIN.

“To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.”—ISA. LXVI. 2.

WHEN God the Spirit teaches a poor sinner what he is, and that poor sinner feels his lost and ruined state, he generally flies to his own doings. He will snatch up something as well as he can, and he will try to bring something as a price to make him acceptable to God,—some of his prayers and his chapel-goings. But God will teach him that he is a poor guilty sinner, and that he cannot do anything, and that if his salvation depended on a good thought, he cannot have it. Who can tell the groanings of that poor sinner? It cannot be told how his soul groans within him when he goes and pours out his soul before the Lord. Satan brings his sins in battle array against him; and he fears that, after all, his religion will come to nothing. This is the feeling of this poor sinner. He has nothing to bring in his hands as a price. He will fall down, in soul feeling, till there is none to help; and when he is brought there the Lord will stretch forth his powerful arm.

I have felt it, my friends. This morning I felt as strong as Samson when he broke the gates of Gaza; but this afternoon I felt just the contrary. I felt very miserable, and hardly knew what to do; but I happened promiscuously to turn to the book of Jonah, and to alight upon these words: “Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look again toward thy holy temple;” and I had a little feeling from the words. Jonah thought he was cast out of his sight. But no, poor sinner; there is no such thing as getting out of God’s sight. Were you ever brought there, poor sinner? I am speaking of heart-work. It lies in the heart; and that religion which does not lie there is not worth a pin. I had to go up stairs; and there the Lord helped me with a little help. This is the way in which the Lord teaches, and baffles all the wisdom of men.

“To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit.” This is the way the Lord teaches a man, when

he is cast out to the loathing of his person. "And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish." (Isa. xxvii. 13.) It is the ready to perish that shall come to the Lord; and nothing in earth or hell can stop their coming. The decree is gone forth. Is there one ready to perish here? The Lord says they shall follow him in chains,—the lost sinner, the helpless sinner, the undone sinner; this is the way he brings them. Speaking by the prophet Ezekiel, he says, "And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live."

"Unto this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Now, what will make a man contrite and broken-hearted? If I know anything at all, and what it is to have my soul made contrite, it is when I have had a feeling sense of the Lord's mercy to me, a guilty wretch. My fellow-sinner, if thou knowest anything of these things, the Lord Jesus Christ is made precious to thy soul. This is the way the Lord teaches. "Contrite in spirit." O! What holy indignation is there in the hearts of such poor souls for their sins against a loving Redeemer! How they hate their sins! How I have prayed to God, at such seasons as these, that he would not let me sin any more! But what work it is when the Lord brings a poor sinner here! When God and the poor sinner meet together, O what a meeting it is! This poor polluted sinner is like Mary, when she washed his feet with her tears. O! What work this is! What revenge there is in his soul! He does not know how to hate sin enough, nor how to lift Christ high enough. The language of his soul is, Why pick up such a wretch as I? The poor sinner cannot help crying, "Lord, why me?" I was once going home from chapel at night, thinking of Christ's glorious conquest and glorious victory; and what a sight did I have of that battle! My heart was melted, and I was completely overcome. I went into the garden, and these words of Watts's came sweetly into my mind:

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!"

I returned from the garden and went into the fields; and there I had such a sight of the efficacy of the blood of Christ that I felt if my crimes had been a million times greater, the blood of Christ was sufficient to cleanse such a monster as I was. But before this I had often thought neither God's mercy nor Christ's blood was able to cleanse such a beast as I felt myself to be. What heart or tongue can set it forth? I cried, "Lord, why me?" As I was going home, these words struck me: "My Spirit that is upon thee, and my word which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, for

henceforth and for ever!" There's a promise, my friends! Time must unfold that,—“Out of the mouth of thy seed's seed.” As long as there is a seed on the earth, there will be some of the Lord's heritage. If the promise were greater than the Speaker, then I might despair of having it fulfilled.

I am all fair in him, with not a spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Say you, Is it possible to be as black as the tents of Kedar, and yet without sin? There is a nature in God's people that has not got the least sin about it; it is as holy as God is holy. God calls them his doves. Now, if a man calls his wife his dove, and does not mean what he says, he must be a very great hypocrite to say what he does not feel. God says by the mouth of the prophet, “That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.” Job says, “I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” When the poor sinner gets a sight of Christ by faith, it will make him abhor himself. He can never get low enough, nor set forth the Lord Jesus Christ high enough. No; he cannot get up language, if he had all the tongues of men, both good and bad, and of all the angels in heaven, when the Lord's Christ is made precious to him, to lift him high enough. I never could get language high enough to admire this loving and compassionate Redeemer.

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

O precious love! O precious Jesus!

My fellow-sinner, religion is heart-work; it is soul-work; and all religion without it is not worth the name. O that I could get more of it! Bless his Name, I love him. I feel him precious. If you have ever felt him precious to your never-dying soul, you want him again. A poor sinner mourns when he loses the presence of his God. The soul loves him. There are strong cries going after his precious Lord: “O that I knew where I might find him!” If you have never felt him, you cannot want him like those who have. We read that Benjamin's mess was five times as large as any of the rest. Poor sinner, if he has not given you Benjamin's mess, has he given you a sip of the brook by the way? All the men in the world cannot stop you, if God the Holy Ghost has implanted a desire in your soul. When I look upon the path I have travelled through, how precious has been his helping hand, and how precious his promises, which in him are all Yea and Amen. Paul says, “But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” (Phil. iv. 19.) God shall supply all you need, not all you want. We may want money. Some of God's people even would like to rake up sackfuls of sovereigns if they could.

Is there a poor sinner here who fears he will not have enough to carry him honourably through? It is what we need, not what we want. We want many things; but God will only give us what we need. Our strength will be equal to our day.

When the Lord lays his hand on a poor guilty sinner, and makes him feel what he is as a sinner, he expects eternal death will be his doom. He is sometimes afraid to go to bed, lest he should be cast into hell before morning; but the Lord keeps his head above water. He comes with a "Peradventure the Lord will have mercy on me." When he is brought out of the pit of hell, in his feelings, that ushers in a glorious morning. The darker the night, the brighter will be the morning. However dark you may be, there is a glorious morning for you, poor sinner. When the Holy Ghost wounds a poor sinner, and brings him down into the dust of death, he fulfils the word where he says, "I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal." When he lifteth the poor out of the dust, and taketh the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory, then Christ is more precious than the gold of Ophir; then the poor sinner can say, "O magnify the Lord with me. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

Religion is a personal thing. It is my soul's desire to say, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I was brought low, and he helped me." Were you, in your feelings, poor sinner, brought low? David says, "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." He might well want to praise his Name. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." This is the way in which the Lord is exalted.

"Unto this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit." This vile man, this poor man, this needy man, this undone man, this outcast man, this miserable man, made poor by God the Holy Ghost, it is to this man that he will look. Bless his precious Name, he will make all his people so poor that they shall not have a farthing. When I speak of being poor, I mean he will bring them so poor, so wretched, and so undone, with all their sins about them, that they have to come as Esther did when she said, "If I perish, I perish." If these are your feelings, the Lord help you to come to him.

"Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare;
You can't come too filthy; come just as you are."

If there is a poor guilty sinner here that wants to make himself better before he comes, let me encourage you to come just as you are. It will be only when there is no money—I mean, when you have nothing to bring as a price. The poor woman that had the issue of blood spent all her living among physicians. She went as long as she had got anything left; but at last she

came with her blood running. The disease was preying on her vitals, or she would not have come. She went to Christ through the press, and touched the hem of his garment; for she said, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole." If you have a case for Jesus Christ, there will be a press. All your sins will stand about you. She touched him, and it was a touch of faith. The Lord turned round, and said, "Who touched me? Some one hath touched me; for I perceive that virtue hath gone out of me." There are many that touch him by profession. Thousands of professors in our day press about the Lord Jesus Christ. She went through them all and touched him. Many who touch him with an outward profession never touch him with a living faith. It is faith, my poor fellow-sinner, that can bring virtue out of Christ, to heal your guilty sin-stung soul. Poor sinner, let thy felt filth be a plea rather than a hindrance. Come in all thy filth, in all thy blood, in all thy sores. Bless his precious Name, he came not to call the righteous, but *sinner*s, to repentance. It is the lost sinner, the ruined sinner, the hell-deserving sinner, the ready-to-perish sinner that he came to seek. It does not matter how black thou art; Christ encourages thee to come to him. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." He will not cast thee out, poor soul. If the Holy Ghost has implanted a desire in thy soul, hell shall not stop it. Come, then, to him, poor wretch; thou canst not make thyself better.

Has the Holy Ghost made thee poor? Let me put it to thy conscience. Hast thou been made a poor sinner? Let conscience speak. If thou art, thou art the man that God hath declared he will look unto. "Know ye not," saith the apostle, "that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" (1 Cor. vi. 19.) God says he will "dwell in them and walk in them."

"To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Dost thou ever tremble, poor wretch? Art thou brought to tremble at God's word? Dost thou fear his judgments, knowing that he is as true to his threatenings as he is to his promises? If mercy does not save thy soul from the lowest hell, judgment will sink it to the lowest hell. Some say they hope to be saved because God is merciful. Dr. Young says,

"A God all mercy is a God unjust."

And Dr. Watts says,

"Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace."

If thou art not brought to seek mercy and pardon through the precious blood of Immanuel, if thou art not brought by God the Holy Ghost to feel thyself a lost, miserable, hell-deserving sinner,

if thy soul is not stabbed here by thy sins, thy sins will stab thee to all eternity. If thou art not stabbed here thou wilt have to bear the vengeance of God as long as eternity rolls round. Only think of an eternity of bliss and an eternity of woe. There is no alternative; it must be either one or the other. We know not how long we have to live. If thou art found out of Christ, God is a consuming fire. Thy guilty soul must sink under his frown to all eternity.

My desire is that God may speak to thee. It is not my speaking that will have any effect. It must be the same powerful voice that spoke to the lifeless clay of Lazarus that must speak to thy dead soul, or thou wilt never live. But when he says, "Come forth!" there will be a cry extracted from thy inmost soul: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Some of you may say your prayers; but look and see whether they all amount to nothing.

If God should bless what I have been speaking, you will bless God to all eternity that he ever brought you to this place. May he add his blessing, for his Name's sake.

[Some account of Mr. Martin will be found in the "G. S.," August, 1862. The chapel in which the above sermon was preached is situated only a few yards from the barn in which he experienced the blessed deliverance described in his Obituary.]

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 262.)

I SHALL NOW make some remarks concerning the benefits that arise to us in the obedience of Christ being transferred to us. It is plain that he was obedient in all things. When quite young he told his mother that he must be about his Father's business. In his life he said he always did those things that pleased him, and that he kept his Father's commandments. Just before he suffered he said, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." (Jno. xvii. 4.) You read that he was obedient unto death; and the Father says the same: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Now the benefits that we receive are fourteen.

1. "He magnified the law, and made it honourable;" and this righteousness is placed to our account: "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Thus we are made "the righteousness of God in him," as David says: "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." (Rom. iv. 8.)

2. Another branch of righteousness is being subject to the higher powers: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers," &c. "Render, therefore, to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due," &c. Now, Christ did this as our Head; and, therefore, we did it in him, as you read in Matt. xvii. 27. Yes, say you; but what was that to us? Everything that Christ did is particular,

and we are concerned in it. If you deny this, how can you steer clear of this text, even if you are a child of God: "He that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation?" I know there are times when our hearts rise against rulers; but his never did. Thus it is plain that subjection to the higher powers we have in him.

8. Love to the saints, so as to feed and clothe them, &c. Now, this is righteousness; and so says the Scripture in Isa. lviii. 7; and it tells you how it will work: "If thou deal out thy bread to the hungry," &c. Yes, say you; but this is altogether the fruits of faith. I know this is the practice of God's children very often, and a delightful thing it is when done in real love; but, if you confine it here, it will puzzle you to clear this text: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat," &c. You will allow that this was said to all. Then what part of these works done by the least of Christ's brethren did the thief on the cross, or those children that Herod killed? And yet this belonged to them as well as to those who in faith and love had done it; for he speaks these words to all. Therefore I cannot err in saying that, being considered in Christ, I do all these works of righteousness perfectly and completely.

4. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor." Doing good to the poor is called righteousness. It is said of Christ: "He went about doing good;" and this comes to our account, and is considered as if we did it. "All that are in their graves shall come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life," &c. If you deny these things, tell me how those blessings that Moses pronounced could come on any man: "Blessed shalt thou be in the city; blessed in the field," &c.; for they were only to come on those that punctually fulfilled the whole law; and it is plain that none ever did keep it, and as plain that these blessings have come. It therefore speaks that the elect did them all in Christ, their covenant Head.

5. Words of righteousness; or speaking the truth. Now, nothing shall enter the heavenly Jerusalem that loveth and maketh a lie. Did not Jacob lie to his father, and Rahab in saying the spies went a way they did not, and Peter in denying his Lord? And did they not all enter the heavenly Jerusalem? Yes. But how can this be? For God's children are "children that will not lie." I answer, As considered in their covenant Head, they never told one lie. Now this is placed to our account. "Christ is all." "I am the truth."

6. I now proceed to the sixth particular, which is Christ being apprehended and taken by wicked men and by divine justice, as standing in our law-place. "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the Man that is my Fellow, saith the Lord of hosts; smite the Shepherd" (and then mind what is said of us), "and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn my hand upon

the little ones." That is, as my justice will be satisfied in his death, my hand or power shall be turned to protect them, instead of consuming them. Here it was that mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other. And, therefore, Jesus says to his enemies, "Whom seek ye? They answered, Jesus of Nazareth. *I am hæ.* If ye seek me, let these go their way." Thus he delivered himself up to justice: "No man taketh it (my life) from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." His own arm, therefore, brought salvation. Justice holds Jesus fast; and, bless him for ever, we are acquitted. "Christ is all."

7. In the death of Christ we suffered the penalty of the law. All God's elect were dead in trespasses and sins; and this came from Adam's offence: "By the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation." But Christ made his soul an offering for sin. He was sacrificed for us; and on him judgment was fully executed. He "poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors." (Isa. liii. 12.) You see, the Head and the members suffered together. He was numbered with them; as Paul says: "Buried with him by baptism into death," &c. And they are called by Isaiah Christ's "dead men," and the Father says they "shall live." But they were not only dead in trespasses and sins, but under the power of him that had the power of death. Now, Christ's death overcame all the powers of darkness, as you read: "Having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it." And again: "That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." And it is said that he "tasted death for every man." He knew what a separation from God meant: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He knew also what the pains of hell meant by bitter feeling, and, therefore, he says, "I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." (Ps. lxi. 2.) What a scene of sufferings the Lord Jesus waded through, and never repined once! That he had every tender feeling is evident from what he said, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." O the tender love of his heart! But this cup did not pass from him. And as for us, the least cross that comes on us, how we kick, murmur, and rebel! What unbelief! O what an infinite disproportion between him and us!

8. All the threatenings and curses, yea, and the law itself, were nailed to his cross; and we were delivered from them all; for "he was made a curse for us." Paul says, "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." It is not the ceremonial law that is meant here, as Mr. H. justly remarks; for this was never given to the Gentiles; and as for the Jews, it is said, "This liketh you, O house of Israel;" namely, to offer sacrifices. But the moral law was against us

all; for "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." It was contrary to us, because "the carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Now this was quite removed.

9. The old man of sin was nailed here also, which we labour under, and shall do to the day of our death, more or less, to humble us, and to remind us of our base original. Now this was conquered also when he died; and so says Paul: "Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him," &c. What a complete victory this is! Thus Christ is all in his life and death; and all the benefits of both life and death are ours by virtue of a union that took place from all eternity, and that never can be dissolved.

10. We get rid of the sting of death by his cross, and in no other way. When the atonement is never applied, though people may pass through this life in a hardened state, yet they will feel this sting to all eternity. It is called the worm that dieth not. (Mark ix. 44.) It is called an evil conscience, because it is always accusing the sinner of something wrong, for want of the blood and righteousness of Christ. Hence Paul says: "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." (Heb. x. 22.) When the atonement is applied, we get rid of all this; and here was Paul's glory: "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.) Now, though I have proved this, yet to be more plain that the death of Jesus removed this sting: Death is the occasion of it; and he not only tasted death, but swallowed it up in victory. (Isa. xxv. 8.) As death is the occasion, so sin is the sting; and "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.) The strength of sin is the law; for where there is no law there is no transgression; but this law is removed from us: "We are dead to the law by the body of Christ." (Rom. viii. 4.) Thus, 'Christ is all' to us in removing the sting of death and everything that belongs to it.

11. Reconciliation between God and us. This was brought about by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I have often thought how it magnified the death of Jesus. All the sacrifices under the law, as you may see in the leper who came before the priest; in the continuance of them also; and in the fact of the high priest going only once a year into the Holy of holies;—all these things could not take away sin. But they showed that sin was no trifling thing with God, and also at what a distance we were from him; our iniquities being infinite. (Job xxii. 5.) Now Paul says, "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin." These only tended to the purifying of the flesh. They were carnal. Then, as though Jesus had said, "Has there been so much of these things, and will nothing appease the wrath of my heavenly Father? Then, lo, I come. My soul shall be offered; my life shall go. Nothing on my part shall be want-

ing to bring sinners back to God." I say, these sacrifices which went before threw a lustre on the work of Jesus; they showed the importance of his work, and that we must all have perished if Jesus had not taken hold of the seed of Abraham. You know, literally, if any great and difficult work is to be done, if one comes and does it, that man is thought much of. But suppose others try it a long time, and every one that attempts it can make nothing of it, and this work is of great importance, and none are to be found to do it, and at the latest moment one steps forward and completes it,—I say, what dignity and honour is ascribed to that man! And this is the way in all God's works with the children of men, of which I shall treat more largely afterwards. Now, these were only *shadows* of good things to come; but the body was Christ; and thus he removed these and established himself. "Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us," &c. And thus we were "reconciled to God by the death of his Son" (Rom. v. 10); and made nigh to God, who were far from him by wicked works. "Now, therefore, we are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens," &c. And we are also at peace; for "he made peace for us by the blood of his cross."

12. I proceed to the next benefit, which is this: All the perfections of God harmonize together in our salvation, which comes by his death. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." "Judgment and justice are the habitation of his throne, that mercy and truth might go before his face." Therefore sinners get near to God in a way of strict justice; for, as soon as Christ died, "the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." The temple God left: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate," and the very place, Jerusalem, that was called "the holy city," where Christ was crucified, is afterwards called Sodom and Egypt. (Rev. xi. 8.) Now, if justice had not been satisfied, this would never have been the case; but "he is *faithful and just* to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

13. Justification. We are justified by his blood, and saved from wrath through him. (Rom. v. 9.) But, you may ask, how shall I know that I am justified? I think you may know it by these five things: First, by having the weight and burden of your sins removed. Before this, the publican dared not to lift up his eyes to heaven; but afterwards he went down to his house justified. Secondly, when the load of sin is gone, peace will reign in the conscience. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thirdly, you will justify God in all his dealings that went before, however hard they appeared; for "Wisdom is justified of her children." And who are Wisdom's children but those that have his righteousness upon them? For the righteousness of Christ is "unto all and upon all them that believe;" and we are "all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." To this agrees the prophet Isaiah: "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified." There the children are called

the seed, and they justify Wisdom, as David did: "The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works." And again: "That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest." David had this righteousness on him. (See Ps. ciii.) Fourthly, it will be attended with much joy, which is the overflowings of love, and what David calls his cup running over. This you may see in the church: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Lastly, the Spirit of God will rest and abide with you as a comforter: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you." Now, by these things you may know whether you are justified; and all this comes from the death of Christ; therefore, "Christ is all."

14. There is a mystical feeding on Christ: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. All the family, sooner or later, are brought to keep this feast: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us (there's his death); therefore let us keep the feast," &c. Now, one state you must be brought into before you can keep it aright; and that is, you must be in a perishing condition. Say you, what is that? The prodigal will answer you: "I perish with hunger." Now, you may, at times, find a little sweetness in Christ; and after this it wears off, and you can make shift with other things, and do not so much find the loss of it after a while. Now you are not in a perishing state. No, not while one thing will do to replace it. Therefore, a keen appetite there must be; and you may know it by these four things: Firstly, you will believe yourself the worst sinner that ever lived, as Paul did: "Of whom I am chief." Secondly, the curse of the law will come into your heart, and you will find you have no righteousness but filthy rags. "We had the sentence of death in ourselves." Thirdly, you will believe you are lost and past all hope of recovery. "I am undone," says Isaiah. Fourthly, you will feel despair make head against you, as the jailor, ready to fall on his sword. Now, such people are welcome to this feast. "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people (Jews and Gentiles) a feast of fat things." "And in that day the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish." (Isa. xxv. 6; xxvii. 13.)

Thus there are fourteen benefits arising to us from his life and death; and "Christ is all" in every one of them; for if Jesus had never become incarnate, stood in our law-place in his life, and suffered in his death, we should all have perished to all eternity. O! How highly we should prize him!

(To be continued.)

The gospel contains the whole account of our Salvation. It is most freely and fully revealed therein. In it Christ shines forth in all his glory; it contains the Father's revelation and testimony of his beloved Son; it is a pure revelation of grace.—S. E. Pierce.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren,—Yours came to hand. I am truly sorry that it has not been in my power to answer it sooner; and, indeed, I now feel quite at a loss how to determine. I should be sorry in my very heart to disappoint you, but shall take a real pleasure in being with you at the time appointed, if my dear Lord and Master sees good to let it be so. But the nature of my dear wife's affliction is such that I scarcely know what to say. It is the sharpest trial of a family nature the Lord has ever brought upon me; and if it be so trying to me, what must it be to her? Just about the time your letter came to hand, her affliction returned upon her again, and she has been as ill this time as she ever was; and though she is very gloomy in her mind, still the Lord is kind to preserve her from making use of any profane words, which I esteem as a great mercy, considering the state of her mind. She is now somewhat better, and I do hope the Lord will restore her again, and in the end make it manifest that it has all been in mercy, and that it has proved really advantageous to her own soul, to mine, and to the souls of them my Master has called me to feed.

I can only say that, God willing, I mean to be with you for the second Lord's day in July; and if the Lord is not willing, both you and I must submit. If anything takes place which prevents the chapel being ready at the time, I hope you will inform me as soon as possible; and if I see circumstances fall out so as to make it impossible for me to come, I will give you all the timely notice I have in my power. More than this I cannot say upon that subject. Do, my dear brethren, pray for me and my dear wife, and that the blessing of the Lord may manifestly rest upon, dwell in, and abide with us. I often think of you with pleasure, and, at times, bear you on my mind in moments of intercourse with my best Friend. And, at times, I feel thankful because I feel persuaded that when the Lord of the house visits you with access unto himself, you cannot always forget me. A real union subsists between the family of God that all hell can never destroy. They all meet together in the Lord; and, blessed be his precious name, in him they stand complete; he is their Guide and their Guard, and he will see to it that every soul of them shall outride every storm, and shall be really advantaged by every tempest that can possibly take place. What a blessed meeting it will be when all the family shall be gathered together in one, and never, no, never, part again; when the book of providence and grace will be seen, read, and enjoyed, with unobscured eyes; when our souls will be swallowed up in light, life, love, bliss, and blessedness; and when God will be All in all! O for more faith to keep in view the blessed hope and glorious appearance of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ!

I hope, my dear friends, the Master's presence is with you, and that he is still providing shepherds after his own heart to feed your souls. Give my love to all friends, and tell them that I hope they will remember us at a throne of grace.

Have the goodness to tell Mr. Poole that he will have a reply to his letter about that young man in a few days, as I now think I have put it into a channel to learn to a certainty whether the young man died in the infirmary, or whether he left it, as the doctors say he did.

That the Lord will be with you all is the prayer of
Yours in the Truth, and for the Truth's Sake,

June 7th, 1820.

W. GADSBY.

CASTING DOWN AND LIFTING UP.

JOB XXII. 29.

THOUGH low in soul, and much cast down,
Yet "there is lifting up;"

My Saviour may appear to frown,
But joy shall fill my cup.

The promises can never fail;
God's Word shall ever stand;
Foes may like bees my soul assail,
But he will them disband.

They may against Mount Zion fight,
And her munition too;
But God will put them all to flight,
And all their schemes undo.

Woe, woe to them who war with God!
His anger they shall feel;
He'll smite them with his iron rod,
And direful vengeance deal.

"The humble person he shall save;"
So runs his blessed Word!
His poor he'll never, never leave;
Thus saith our faithful Lord.

Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
He'll lift thee up again;
He woundeth, and his hands make whole;
He smites, then stops the pain.

"I shall again praise him," says faith;
"He will arise and shine;
Although deliver'd unto death,
He's mine, for ever mine!"

A. H.

"EXCEPT a man be born of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (Jno. iii. 5.) This Scripture shows not only the necessity of being born again, but withal that it must be the Spirit who must do it, or it will not be done.—*Goodwin.*

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF MR. T. TOMS.

(Concluded from p. 257.)

A LITTLE before the Lord was pleased to bring me into trial of that faith he had given me, I had a vision, which I may never forget while in the flesh. I will endeavour, as the Lord shall enable me, to describe it. I went on my knees one morning, according to custom, before I went about my daily employ, and found great nearness to the Lord in prayer; but, all on a sudden, I was caught away in my mind, forgetting I was on my knees, and viewed myself in a bright shining cloud, that the sun was ready to shine through. I lay on my side in the cloud. At this time I was pleading with the Lord his promises; telling him of his promised blessings, his faithfulness, goodness, mercy, and love; my eyes were fixed on the writing, as if these words had been applied: "Believest thou this?" I would break out, and say, "Yes, Lord; I do believe that thou wilt be faithful to all that thou hast promised." I pleaded again. The word was the same in my mind: "Believest thou this?" I still told him I did believe it. This was applied several times. I was then led to see my vileness; and this passage of Scripture was brought to my mind: "I am a man of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." But when I came to myself, I was in a comical posture; for my head was turned round upon my shoulder, and I was very wet, I suppose with tears. But this did not work a slavish fear in my heart; for as yet my soul was alive to the Lord Jesus. I considered what it all could mean.

Soon after this, the Lord by little and little began to withdraw his comfortable presence. I could not hold communion with him as usual; I sought him with all my soul, but could not find his comfortable presence. I then began to find blasphemous thoughts; the corruptions of my heart began to ferment; no God, apparently, at hand; and, unbelief stepping in, I began to call all in question, whether the work was of God or not, for this was what I never more expected to find. I then sat under Mr. W., whose chapel is near to Lincoln's Inn Fields. When I could not find the Lord, I sought to some of the established Christians, as I thought, who belonged to that church. Some told me that if they had experienced the love they heard me speak of, they should never be in the state I was in. Others said I had forsaken their company, and that I certainly must keep bad company. I then went to Mr. W., the minister; and he really laughed at me, and said I must look to Jesus. I told him I could not find him; "and," said I, "if I could look to him, I should not have come to you."

In this state I laboured for, I believe, nearly six months. Nobody knows what I suffered but God and myself, except those who have felt the same. At times, I have found my rebellion so stirred up that I have secretly wished, as I have gone along the

street, that somebody would come and stab me, and kill me out of my misery. I have jumped out of bed at night when these blasphemous thoughts were hurled through me, gone on my knees, and prayed God, if I was not in the bond of the covenant, that he would never suffer me to get off my knees again, but send me to hell, where I deserved to go; but no answer. Sometimes I would get into a private place, go on my knees with humbleness of heart, and cry thus: "Lord, decide the matter between Satan and me." I have broken out sometimes: "I do know the Lord; I am sure I do;" and I have argued with the devil for an hour or two at a time. I have given all my experience, previous to my deliverance, where the Lord spoke peace to my soul, up to the devil; but I never could give up *that*; for, blessed be the Lord, he kept me, or Satan would have had his ends. Well, I was brought at last to this conclusion: Now I will never speak to any person more of my experience; for I believe there is nobody in the world knows anything about it. "No," says the devil; "you were never yet delivered, nor can you find any one person that was delivered from the bondage of the law ever brought into such a state as you are in." Upon this I thus concluded: Well, if I belong to God, he will keep me from these evils; but if not, the devil will have his ends, for I am certain I cannot keep myself.

In this forlorn state I went on; sometimes my heart as hard as a flint, and full of the fury of the devil; at intervals, some humblings, so that I could, in some measure, pour it out to the Lord for a moment; then I was shut up again, and as hard as a stone. Well, thought I, I shall go mourning all my days. But, one Sunday morning, as I was going to chapel, for I could not keep away, though I was under great temptations to do so, I was meditating on my state. Thought I, can nobody sympathize with me? Is there none who can point out my case? When these words were applied with power to my soul: "I will give you pastors according to my own heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." I was persuaded in my own mind they came from the Lord; and cried out, "Lord, where are they? I can find none that know anything of my experience." These words were fixed upon my mind; and I used often to say, "Lord, where are they?"

Soon after, I saw a man and his wife, with whom I had been acquainted, coming from your chapel in Tichfield Street. I would have shunned them; but they called me. I thought they should get nothing out of me. They asked me how I got on. I answered, "Middling." But I believe they saw by my countenance where I was, and asked me why I did not go to hear Mr. Huntington. I replied, "I do not know who to hear nor where to go." They told me where you preached. I answered them lightly; but it was greatly impressed on my mind all the week. When Sunday morning came, I set off, and found the chapel. I remember getting into one of the free seats, up in one corner, like

a thief, that nobody might know me. I do not recollect the text you then preached from; but I heard attentively, which I had not done for some time before. I got away as soon as you had done, that I might not be seen by any one who knew me; for I had heard very evil things said of you, which I soon found they could not prove. As I went home, meditating on the discourse, I said, "This man seems to know something of what I feel; I will go and hear him again." When I got home, I said thus to my wife: "I believe the Lord has directed me to a man who knows something about my distress; for he seemed to speak a little about it." She asked, "Where is it, and who is he?" I said, "His name is Huntington; and it is as far as Oxford Market; and I shall go again in the evening." She was in a pet about it, and said, "You shall not drag me so far to hear I do not know who." However, I was determined to go; and go I did, bringing her with me; and, blessed be the Lord, he never let us go back. He was pleased to give me a hearing ear, so that I perceived I was not harassed with those temptations under the Word preached as I had been. I thought for some weeks you preached to none but me, describing my state so that at last it all came out. The Lord blessed it to my soul; I was set at liberty again; peace was proclaimed; you were made manifest in my conscience; and I rejoiced again in the light of God's countenance. I blessed the Lord that ever he brought me under your ministry. I thanked him night and day. I could then see you were the pastor the Lord had promised to give me.

Now began persecution; but, bless the Lord, I have often admired his tender goodness in this thing. He would not suffer them to speak to me till he was pleased to speak peace to my soul again. Those of Mr. W's. chapel not only persecuted me openly, but imagined lies in their hearts; for they told me I left his chapel to live in sin. Mr. W. himself told me I was got into the Huntingtonians' easy-chair; but that I should find a difference on a death-bed. I sent them word I would meet the church at any time to prove that all they said was false; but they never sent for me. So they gave me up, watching for my fall; but, blessed be the Lord, he has kept me by his mighty power to this day, and has given me to see some of those who were counted pillars among them turn their back on Jesus; but I know it is by his grace I am kept to the present moment as one of the vilest of poor sinners saved. This experience brought me to know God's faithfulness to his chosen, for I proved him so in that furnace.

Soon after this my love waxed cold, and I began to crave after this world's goods. I thought that if I could get a little beforehand by honest industry, it was no more than right. I set to with a willing mind, as I thought, and not without prayer to God either. I went in search for something; a chandler's shop offered, and money to be lent me to set up. My mind was set upon it. I went to the Lord and prayed, if it was not his will

by no means to let me have it; and went to him often too; but I must confess, though I prayed against it, if it was not his will, yet my heart was for it; and the Lord, who is the Searcher of all hearts, knew that I desired to have it; and he let me have it to my sorrow, for I strove hard and meant well; but the Lord's hand went out against me in all that I undertook. I wondered at this, for I did not as yet see the snare; but experience brings us to a knowledge of these things. And I thank my dear Redeemer that ever he brought me in a way of experience, in anywise to know the cunning of Satan and the proneness of my own heart to stray from the Best of friends. I went on here, hoping things would be better; but I had lost my God; there was no communion. Things got worse and worse; I was in debt, and had nothing to pay with. In that sense, my prayers were shut out; no answer to my petitions, but still all things going against us. Sometimes my wife and I would quarrel as to whose fault it was for coming there, for we were both in the mess. Then we would fret one against the other; we would pray, but to no purpose. And here the Lord kept us till he made us as sensibly sick of it as ever poor creatures were in this world. Then he was pleased to humble us in the dust, and showed us we had backslidden from him through covetousness and the ensnarement of the riches of this world; for my heart was after it; but his tender love to us would not let us go. He kept me close at his dear footstool a good while, confessing and praying for deliverance before it came, and would say to my poor soul, "Hast thou not procured these things to thyself?" "Yes, Lord," I would cry, "I have; and beg thy pardoning mercy only to forgive thy poor worms, and deliver us out of this place;" being ready to say that I never would be entangled in this way again. But the Lord knows how weak we are, and will let us know it too; for, I believe, in less than a twelvemonth I was entangled in the same way again.

But, after this deliverance, I went on comfortably for some time; the Lord blessed me under the word often, and many precious promises he was pleased to give me. At this time, three or four friends, as they were pleased to style themselves, came from the Mulberry Garden chapel, to spend the afternoon with me, to inquire into my profession, and what doctrines I held since I heard Mr. Huntington. They seemed greatly to pity me; and asked a great many questions, which the Lord enabled me to answer in a measure. I insisted on the Spirit's work; they upon free-will. I told them of God's everlasting love to his chosen, and being kept by his mighty power; they said that I must take the law, that is, the ten commandments, as my rule to walk by, though I was called by grace, or else I was an Antinomian; the meaning of which word I was ignorant of. Upon asking how I must go on in this way, they answered, I must walk in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ as nearly as I could. I told them that man can no longer than he is wrought upon by the Holy

Ghost do aught that is well pleasing to God. God must work in him to will and to do of his good pleasure. This affronted my guests, and they persecuted me sadly. One of their confederates troubled me continually, till I hated her. She used to waylay me in the street at night, as I came home from my work, till at last I looked to see if she was coming, and would have gone a mile out of the way rather than meet her. These words were brought to my mind: "The law worketh wrath." "Ah, Lord!" I would cry, "There is no love; we cannot unite." But the devil, who is never backward to distress the poor creature that desires to be brought on in God's way, set in, and would fain have represented these poor people as taunted of God. Well, thought I, if they are right, I must be wrong. But, bless the Lord, I was enabled to tell him all about it; and he soon set you to preach upon it, and gave me to see that I was right, and that they were wrong. However, the Lord was pleased to speak very comfortably to my soul before he put me into the furnace; and there the Lord showed me what the law was.

One day, at my work, he was pleased to lead my mind out in meditation about it, from what you preached the Sunday before. The Lord broke in upon my soul, and threw such light upon it, that I discovered where they all were that contended for the law as a rule for the believer to walk by. I could see they were all in bondage under it. I thanked the Lord from my soul for opening the eyes of my understanding to see it so clearly. My soul was so full that I was obliged to leave my work. I went into my master's coal-house, and poured out my soul unto the Lord in praises and thanksgiving for his gracious goodness. And while I was praising him, these words came with power: "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah; for the Lord delighteth in thee." I thought I should have dropped down. I cried out, "Lord, what? Me, the unworthiest of all wretches?" But the Lord the Spirit turned my mind in a moment to the Lord Jesus, who had atoned for all my sins. Here I was interrupted by somebody coming that way; so I left that place, and betook me to another, shut myself up, and prayed the Lord to keep me, telling him of my weakness and helplessness; when these words came with power: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." "Well," said I, "then here is my vow to the Lord. May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if ever I forget to praise thy holy Name;" which I afterwards asked the Lord a thousand pardons for; but it could not be recalled; for I knew that it was he alone that must work in me to will and to do. But I often think of my vow.

My wife had, at this time, got another shop, and sold greens. She seemed to go on prosperously; but I would have no hand in this, having had enough of the other; so she had all the management of it herself, and was as barren in soul as she well could

be. Soon after this, the Lord laid me on a sick bed. I lost the use of all my limbs; and, what was worse, I lost the best of friends, the Lord Jesus. I then murmured and fretted till the old rebellion began to show itself; for I can assuredly say this Scripture was fulfilled in me at that time: "With the froward thou wilt show thyself froward." I was in great bodily pain, and had medicine from several doctors, but all to no purpose. I remained in this condition for a month or five weeks; and then the Lord eased me of my pain, and I seemed to be somewhat better, with which my old man was very much pleased. But, blessed be the Lord, he would not let me come out that way; for I can see it now. He threw me in again, and made it hotter than it was before, humbled my hard heart under it, and made me willing to submit. Then my dear Redeemer came again, indulged me with sweet manifestations of his everlasting love to me, making me willing to leave this sinful world; and, having thus humbled my flinty heart by his power, he healed my body and set me on my legs again. O! What pains the Lord takes with such sinful wretches as we are!

The Lord, after this, sent us from that shop of dependence; and then my wife was not to escape, for he threw her into the same way, and kept her there till I had hardly a thing left in the house. The Lord's hand seemed to go against me in all I took in hand. I prayed and cried to the Lord, and often had communion with him; and many precious promises I received. I would watch his hand, expecting deliverance; but no answer. Yet I would catch at everything that came in the way. Well, thought I, this is the Lord; this is his way. But, no; not yet. I worked hard at my business; but all would not do. The Lord kept me here, and my wife ill, expecting every time I came home not to find her alive; till I had hardly the necessaries of life. I thought this was hard trusting to God; but, bless him for ever, he hath since showed me what it is to trust in him for all that I stand in need of. My blessed Father was obliged to scourge me a great deal before he brought down my stubborn will to his for temporal necessaries; nay, he would not so much as let me keep my benefit club on, to which I belonged before he called me by his grace. I gave it up, at last, with much reluctance; but the Lord was determined I should have no dependence but on him. And a blessed life this living upon the Lord is. It keeps his fear in exercise, so that I fear to offend him who supplies all my wants. Bless him, I can tell when he hears me, too; and I know when I offend, to my sorrow. I am not without my doubts, fears, and trials in the way; for I carry about with me a body of sin, which is the heaviest burden I have to carry; and it is a heavy burden in reality to all the children of God. I find it hard fighting against the world, sin, and Satan, when the Lord Jesus hides his face. I pass through much tribulation from the world, for I labour among many enemies for my bread. I have many watching for my halting; many snares, traps, and gins, the devil lays

for me; but out of them all the Lord hath delivered me; and I trust he will yet deliver. He hath made me quite sick of the world. I long to be with him. There is nothing that can satisfy my soul if the Lord Jesus is absent.

You, as a pastor sent of God, are made a great blessing to my soul; for often, when I cannot pray for myself, I can for you, and come away satisfied that the Lord hath heard me. May the Lord bless you, and keep you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, for his own Name's sake, through Jesus Christ, and for his dear children's sake. This is the prayer of a poor sinful worm saved.

Your Well-Wisher and faithful Son in the Faith,

T. TOMS.

"FEAR NOT, THOU WORM JACOB."

[The following was written by the late Thomas M'Coll, of Dunwich, Ontario, Canada, and enclosed in a letter to a dear brother in the Lord a few years before his death.]

As I was walking by myself one day for meditation in solitude, I espied a poor worm on its journey home to its house or hole in the ground. The poor feeble little creature was labouring hard to get on its way; but as I drew nearer to it I perceived that it was so retarded on its journey, and so molested on its way, that it could not get on but at a very slow rate. I observed that it had a formidable enemy to contend against, and such an enemy as I thought was attempting to kill and devour it. It was a large, long, black beetle that had fastened its mouth on the tail of the worm. This not only retarded its progress, but was also vexing, pinching, and biting the feeble little worm; for I could perceive that it was in both fear and agony, attempting to fight with its antagonist. But with all its efforts, it could not disentangle itself from its black enemy. Well, I stood and looked on until I felt some indignation rise up in me against that black would-be murderer; for I perceived that murder was his intention, and afterwards to devour the poor worm. So I stepped up and said, "Poor worm, I will help you;" and with my walking-stick I pushed away the black beetle. The worm seemed very pleased, stretched itself at full length, and began to move rapidly along on its way home. Not content to be frustrated in its object, its black enemy, after apparent deliberation, made a circuit, and was soon once more down upon the defenceless worm, and fastened itself again upon it. "Well," thought I, "poor worm, you have a determined enemy to contend with; I will help you." So I again beat blackey off; and he this time seemed in quite a rage, and determined to pursue again, but, being wounded in this last attack, he wheeled about and retired to his den among some rubbish. The little worm hastened on his journey home to his hole, and thus escaped from the devourer.

I stood for awhile to reflect upon what I had seen. Thought I, This poor worm is myself, and that black ugly devourer is the devil, who has often fastened upon me while crawling through this world over rough ways of difficulties, through the mud and mire of my own filthiness, and through numerous enemies without that would devour me. I have been for many years crawling through this vile world, but, like the poor worm, my progress was slow, for I have found many enemies and hindrances in the way. But I trust there is life in me, and divine life too. I make some little advances towards my home; and I am sure to find my hole in the ground, and thence be transformed and "raised up at the last day." This worm that I saw was one of those that lie in a taste of torpor all the winter, and are transformed in the spring. And I expect to be transformed at the spring,—the resurrection, to shine most gloriously in the everlasting holy sunbeams of glory.

But as this poor worm had some distance to go ere it found its hole and arrived at home, and had many dangers to encounter and enemies to contend with, so I have passed through many dangers and troubles, and have had to encounter many enemies within and without, and know not what I may still meet with in the way. Worms, in the eyes of many, are very insignificant and loathsome creatures. I have been hated and despised by many,—crushed, bruised, and stamped upon by the proud and self-righteous, and both secret and open enemies. Besides these, old Satan, from his dark den, like the ugly black beetle, has frequently attacked me on my way home, though, like the poor worm, I desire to keep on my way, not offending any one. But I have found it impossible but that offences will come, though I would not willingly offend any one. And the enemy of my soul is so subtle and wily that he is often down upon me before I am aware of him. How many times he has fastened upon me, biting, worrying, and tormenting me; so that, with all my strength and efforts, I have not been able to shake him off, and have sometimes thought he would devour me! Poor worms, do you know anything of this? But, as I helped the worm in its distress, so my dear Lord has helped me many many times, as I know by blessed experience. He has said, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob; I will help thee." With his rod, the Stem of Jesse, he has beaten Satan off me, with all his coadjutors; and when he will wheel round again to attack me, I hope the Lord will bruise him; for he has promised to bruise Satan under our feet shortly, and to send him down to his own den to rise no more. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob; I will help thee;"—help thee against all thine enemies, help thee through all thy sore trials and difficulties, and help thee home at last.

Hear what the God of Jacob saith: "I will help thee." You shall soon drop your vile body into the grave, and leave all your filth and corruption there, and shall never be plagued with them any more. Weak worm, though thy vile body be sown in weak-

ness, it shall be raised in power; and thou shalt thresh the mountains, and the wind shall carry them away. Christ, of the seed of Jacob, is gone before "to prepare a place for you." In the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," are "many mansions." The day will come when thou shalt leave thy hole in the dust, and rise to be for ever with the Lord.

A WORM.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—As it is such a long time since I heard anything of you, I will try to write you a line or two to let you know that I am still hobbling on in tribulation's path; sometimes faint, but yet still pursuing; giving up from day to day, but still obliged to keep on, though at a poor crawling pace; creeping in and out of my hole, worm-like, and sometimes sucking up a little dew to refresh my poor barren spirit and help me on. And what matters it, if it is but at snail's pace? The poor crawling worm and creeping snail got safely into the ark; and the flying dove, the great eagle, and the keen-eyed vulture could but get safely in. So I see that there were creeping things in the sheet knit at the four corners, let down from heaven, and all received up again. The crawling worms and creeping snails were carried upon the waves of the flood, as well as the eagle and vulture, and let down again on dry land. So, in the vision that Peter saw, all the creeping things were received up into heaven again that were let down in the sheet. So, then, the creeping things are in as sure and as safe hands as the flying fowls, and shall be carried through all their troubles, and landed safe in glory; for the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The Lord has said that the lame shall take the prey. My dear friend, God's never-failing *shall*s stand the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. "Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

Thus, my dear friend, if you and I cannot get on in the divine life as we could wish, yet if the Lord carries us along, though at a very slow pace, in the straight and narrow path, we shall be brought into that blessed kingdom of eternal rest, to be with Jesus for ever and for ever. I can tell you that my soul has not got into that easy and smooth path many talk about; neither do I wish to be there when I am in the spiritual mind, because that is the path that leads down to eternal death. My soul is brought into great straits at times; and this my soul had to witness last night, in the midnight watches, when deep sleep was upon men. The dear Lord has seen fit, since I returned from London, to put me into the furnace by laying affliction upon my loins. Last night my soul was obliged to call upon the Lord in my trouble, and beg him to undertake for me, teach me what his mind and will is concerning me, and never suffer me to have my

own way; but that he would lead me and guide me in all his ways and paths, and never suffer me to be deceived, nor yet to deceive others. My soul cried again and again unto the Lord that he would make me upright before him, and that he would never suffer me to dishonour his dear Name, but keep me near unto himself. And, bless his dear Name, he has in a great measure removed the affliction, both of body and of mind. And how sweet it is to feel the peace of God come down into the conscience, to give one's soul a little rest from the hard labours and bondage the soul has to struggle under. Truly, my dear friend, the Lord's ways are in the deep, and we must sink down into the deep to find them out.

Yours in the Gospel of Truth,

Pewsey, Jan. 16th, 1846.

T. GODWIN.

My dear Friends,—I hope you will not take it amiss that I have not written sooner. It has not been for the want of real regard; but you know I am backward in writing. I hope you had a pleasant visit among your friends at B. What a pleasant thing it is to see "brethren dwell together in unity." Surely it is one of the most pleasant on this side the grave, except the beholding of the King in his beauty, and the sight by faith of that pleasant land which is very far off. There I sometimes long to be. However, through mercy, the inheritance is sure, whether it be a long or a short time before we come to it. Whatever storms the vessel of mercy may meet with to hinder and toss it about, Almighty power has engaged to bring it safe to land. He who first loved us has made a safe way for the ransomed to pass over; and wayfaring men, though fools in the eyes of a wise world, "shall not err therein."

I have had some pleasing thoughts this morning on the safety of the children of God, and they were refreshing to my mind, from these words, I think, of Watts:

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

A few days ago, as I was taking an evening walk in the fields, these words were brought to my mind with both power and sweetness: "He gave us life in Christ Jesus before the world began."* They afforded some sweet reflections. Spiritual blessings are all free gifts from the Father of all mercies, and are all made sure to us by our Elder Brother and unchangeable Friend, whose love is always the same, both in prosperity and adversity. What an unspeakable mercy it is that such inconstant creatures as we are should have such a constant Friend,—one who loves at all times alike, to confirm and settle all things, and make them sure to all

* These are not the exact words of Scripture, but reference appears to be made to the two following texts: "His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began;" "Eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." (2 Tim. i. 9; Titus i. 2.)

his children! He laid by all his power and glory for awhile, became weak as man, and came in the form of a servant to do a work which neither men nor angels could do. He had a cup given him to drink wherein all the Father's wrath and the justice of the law were put; and he asked the question: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" "For this cause came I unto this hour." This was love beyond description. This was done for us, his enemies, both by birth and practice. When it is made known to us, we stand astonished at the greatness of the love. When it is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, it sets our souls in a flame of love to him, and makes us willing servants in body and in spirit. There is no slavery in this. We then "rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." This is religion in truth, and not in name only. This will set the soul at large. Men of the world may well think it madness when they see poor deluded souls, as they call them, rejoicing and boasting in things which are not visible. But, notwithstanding this, such have good things in possession, things seen, felt, and enjoyed,—corn, and wine, and oil, and the fatted calf too. Well may their provision be called "a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." It is not thick and muddy; "it moveth itself aright;" for it comes down from heaven, and it leads the drinker of it to heaven in his affections, where the Refiner sits at the right hand of the Father.

Some years ago, I drank of this wine so freely that it made me truly long to be at the Fountain head; but I was then denied this great favour. I have had many drops of it since, but not so full an enjoyment as I had then. I am fully persuaded that my friends well know what I mean from heartfelt and happy experience. Blessed things they are. Strangers to God know them not. It may be with my friends as with myself; many draughts of wormwood and gall we may have had to drink since those blessed days; yet we cannot forget the days of feasting and gladness. The remembrance of them, even since I have been writing, has brought something of a sweetness to my spirit. Little did I think, at that time, that I should know so much of war as I have since learned. Little does the young convert think about putting on the whole armour of God, that he may be able to stand in the day of battle. Little, little does he think, when feasting so freely, that a time may, and most likely will come when he shall be brought to short allowance both of bread and water, and have to fight hard, too, with the world, the flesh, and the devil, and be often ready to think he will be slain in the war. And so he would, were he to fight the battle by himself; but a stronger than he is engaged on the side of the weak. He says, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

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

The harvest is at present going on well and fast. We have reason to be thankful for the appearance of a large crop of good corn, if it should please the Lord to continue fair weather, which is more than we deserve. But all we have is more than that; for we justly merit hell.

That the Lord will be with you and bless you, and all the friends of Jesus Christ, is the earnest prayer of

The most unworthy of all the Lord's Servants,
Edenbridge, Aug. 15th, 1820.

G. PAYTON.

Dearest A.,—Yesterday morning, as I was musing on the distressing state of things, these words came gently into my mind: "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God." (1 Pet. v. 6.) O to be enabled to do this! Till it is done, the remaining portion of the verse cannot be fulfilled: "That he may exalt you in due time." O that he would work it in me! For I can no more do it than I can create a world. Also this passage has been on my mind: "A reproof entereth more into a wise man than a hundred stripes into a fool." O for a heart made wise unto salvation! On such a one a gentle whisper of reproof shall have more effect than a hundred stripes on a fool. The word says, "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." (Prov. xxvii. 22.) How true! I have witnessed it in others, and felt it in myself. It matters not what trials or afflictions are laid upon one, they will not work for good unless the Lord bless them to that end. And I have sometimes tried to tell him that if he has in any measure made them work for good to me, blessed be the Name of the Lord.

I sometimes think that, had I as much time for reflection during the week as I have on the Sabbath, and felt things as keenly, I must inevitably sink under the weight of it. During the prayer-meeting this afternoon, the last moments of my dear mother came into my mind, so that I could not keep back my tears. I have thought of one thing, which I never mentioned to any one, while watching around her dying bed. For a day or two previous to the end the following words were often running in my mind: "Enters heaven with prayer." I knew they were part of a hymn; but had no idea what the remainder of the verse was. Some time afterwards it occurred to me. How expressive it seemed, especially the last two lines:

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

If ever there was a prayer-meeting in this room, there was one then. Hundreds of agonizing cries did my soul breathe forth to the Lord to receive the parting spirit.

Now, my dear friend, the Lord bless you, make darkness light before you, and crooked things straight, lead you by a right way

to that city of which he is the Builder and Maker, and, if his will, give you a home among his own dear people, who love and live the truth. So prays

Yours,

Aug. 21st, 1870.

M. BAKER.

[See Obituary in "G. S.," June, 1871.]

Dear Friend,—According to promise when I last saw you, I now write, hoping that, when you receive it, you will be in the enjoyment of His presence whom you have known to be to your soul the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. Then you will be able to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and anticipate being with him to adore him for ever. I trust you will be enabled to say with the apostle, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

What a precious school is the school of our Lord Jesus Christ, though you and I are dull scholars! He has promised that when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall teach us all things, and bring all things to our remembrance, whatsoever our dear Lord has said unto us. One thing our blessed Lord said we have had the experience of: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And that ensures the victory to all who know and trust in him, which by his grace we have been taught to do. In the midst of all the tossings and conflicts of the wilderness, we are confident that he who hath begun the good work in our souls will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ. The Lord has said by the prophet Nahum, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." I pray that you may receive the support of it in your bereaved state, and be enabled to say and feel with David, when the child was dead, "I shall go to him; but he shall not return to me" (2 Sam. xii. 23); and, bowing with sweet resignation to the Lord's will, say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Through the Lord's goodness and mercy we are much as usual; and we desire to bless and praise the dear Lord for all his mercies toward us, and for the prospect of being with him and like him for ever.

Yours in the Bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

Barton Street, Westminster, Aug. 2nd, 1872.

J. BUTT.

My dear Sister,—I received your letter this morning, and was pleased with its contents. If these are really your feelings which you have put into verse, and I have no doubt they are, I believe you have no cause to fear. You are safe for ever. When I say you have no cause to fear, I do not mean that you can help it; neither would I wish you not to fear; but it is to encourage hope. I believe that this fear, when it is mixed with a love to these

things, worketh well and is very profitable; it keeps the soul from sinning, and creates a desire to live holy and free from all sin. We have many exhortations to fear the Lord in the Holy Scriptures, and encouragements to fear; such as, "O fear the Lord, ye his saints, for there is no want to them that fear him." "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." The poet says,

"Fear is a grace which ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above."

O that you and I could have more of this fear to keep us from sinning, for we need it much.

Perhaps you would think it presumption to say that you are a saint of the Most High God, and one of his chosen people. It is indeed a great thing; but if not, how is it that you want Jesus, his blood, his righteousness, his love, his grace, and his presence? I see by your poetry that you desire all these things. How is it that you want these if you are not a child of God? I am sure that nature cannot produce these desires, nor can anything short of the Spirit of God. Hart says,

"The soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesu's love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above."

Is not this the thing that you are seeking after, even to know that you are interested in this great love? If so, you may be sure that it was first inspired by the Holy Ghost.

Stratton St. Margaret, Sept. 17, 1862.

GEORGE FISHER.

My dear Friend,—What poor fearful creatures we are in and of ourselves, afraid of every step we take, that it is not right! I know it is so with me; which makes me cry daily to the Lord to lead, teach, guide, and uphold me by his right hand, and keep me as the apple of his eye. I deeply feel my utter inability and helplessness to keep and uphold myself, daily more and more. I do wish to acknowledge him in all my ways, that he may direct my paths.

On Wednesday morning tidings of the death of Mr. M'Kenzie last Lord's day reached me. You may be sure that this was heavy tidings indeed to me, to hear of the removal by death of one whom my soul feels such a love and union to. I could not help giving vent to my feelings in tears; but this stilled me; though we must be separated here for a time by death from those we love in the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, we are not left without a hope that we shall meet them again,

"And there behold my Lord,
And drink immortal glory in;
Then be his grace adored."

There all sorrow, troubles, and trials will be at an end for ever. The harp will no more hang upon the willows; but there we shall behold Jesus face to face, and be like him for ever and ever. I believe it will be a great loss, in these dark and trying times of great profession, to the living family of God. This is my poor finite view of it. Still I am comforted that "the Lord reigneth." Ps. xciii. and xcvii. have many times been precious to my poor needy and fearful soul.

I do beg and pray, in my poor way, that the Lord will support you in this great trial, for it must be a great and sore trial to you. The Lord has given you strength equal to your day, nor has he ever left you in any of your troubles, but has been faithful to his Word. (See Is. xliii. 2.) And I can say that I feel that confidence within me now, while writing these few lines, that he will never leave you nor forsake you, but guide you with his counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory. My friend may say these are strong words for a poor mortal worm to write, but so I feel it, for he cannot forfeit his word. Though I cannot see it so clearly for myself, at times, yet I can see it so for others.

J. M'K.'s work is done below, but not above; for that is to eternity to praise, bless, and sing of redeeming grace and dying love. Our loss is his eternal gain. Well you may say in yours, "What are all things here below, and all the empty profession which is in the world? They are only as a bubble." They are soon gone, and vanish away to nothing. The place that knows us now will shortly know us no more for ever. I have plenty around that shows me that this is not my rest; that it is polluted and contaminated with sin. Death is daily doing his work around me. He is no respecter of persons; rich, poor, young, and old, all must submit when God commands. All our times are in his hands.

"Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

So it is with me; and here am I, left to journey a little longer in this wilderness, till the Lord's appointed time comes. I can say with Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." And my heart's desire is that I may be always found waiting and prepared, till the summons comes. I seldom hear the bell toll, but this crosses my mind: "Be ye also ready." "Take ye heed; watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." (Mark xiii. 33-37.) Can such a waiting, longing, fearing soul be deceived? I am often tempted and afraid that I am, and am obliged feelingly to cry out, "Lord, if I am deceived, undeceive me, and set me right; that I may not be deceived in my soul's eternal salvation. Give me, Lord, but one look, one smile from thee, as a true token that I am thine and thou art mine." He is ever faithful to his promise, and I have found him so. "He will

regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer;" however weak, feeble, and broken in language it may be. It is real heart work the Lord looks at. (Ps. li. 6, 10, 17.)

Your unworthy Friend in the Truth,
Faversham, Aug. 17th, 1849. G. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—According to your wish, I attempt to reply to your friendly and experimental letter. You do not, I hope, measure my esteem and affection for you by the frequency of my letters; as, were you to judge of them by that standard, you might almost conclude that I had neither one nor the other for you. But I do assure you that such a conclusion would be most erroneous. I have very much writing on hand, which must be attended to, and many necessary engagements to occupy both my mind and my time. But I confess, after all, that had I more of what David felt when penning Ps. xlv., and were my heart, like his, "bubbling up with a good matter" (margin), my pen would be more that of a ready writer. And perhaps I feel this more sensibly in writing to those whom I esteem most. I feel my shallowness and ignorance, compared with their superior light and life; and perhaps my pride makes me loth to show them my barrenness and leanness. I am glad, however, to find so much in your heart that resembles mine,—the same sense of helplessness and weakness, the same feeling of the beggary and bankruptcy of our fallen nature, and, through mercy, the same sighs and breathings at a throne of grace, the same restless dissatisfaction with the things of time and sense, and the same going out in desire and affection after the light of the Lord's countenance and the manifestations of his goodness and favour.

I find my religion more or less a daily work. Some trial or temptation, some doubt or fear, some seeking the Lord's face, some sighing forth my soul after him, and, at rare seasons, some eating his word and finding it precious, some relief and sweet sensations at a throne of grace, some life and liberty in preaching. Some of these things form more or less daily and weekly work with me. I am indeed very far from knowing what I desire to know, or being what I wish to be; and am often a puzzle to myself, seeing and feeling no more grace than the most carnal wretch that makes no profession; and yet having restraints and inward checks, breathings, and sighings of which I am persuaded such know nothing.

So you see, my dear friend, that I am at present very far from that strong confidence, so much spoken of in London, which speaks of sin as a nonentity, and as though there were nothing to apprehend or to suffer from the world or the flesh. As I feel on these matters, so I preach; and I find, every now and then, testimonies that power and dew have accompanied the word. My congregations continue large, especially at Stamford, and I have many proofs that I have a place in the affections of the people.

I am glad the friends among whom you now are ministering have made a separation on the grounds of truth. I am no friend to splits and divisions, where they can be avoided; but we had much better come out and be separate than live in error.

Yours affectionately, for Truth's sake,
 Stamford, Dec. 19th, 1842. J. C. PHILPOT.

Dear Friend,—You say the desire of your soul, at times, is, if you are not deceived, what Paul wished the Ephesians to experience; namely, “That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.” (Eph. iii. 17–19.) You cannot truly desire these things and the other fruits of the Spirit mentioned in the verses you refer to, without the Holy Spirit implanting those desires in your soul.

Now, dear friend, I hope that God the Holy Spirit, in his almighty power, will make you willing to deny self, take up the cross, and follow Christ in that narrow pathway where his dear children get that rich and blessed experience. I do sincerely hope he will deal with us in any way, however painful to flesh and blood, to loosen our affections from things which keep us from giving him all the heart. He says, “My son, give me thy heart, and lay up my commandments with thee.” I do find it a hard warfare, to stand in any measure in that experience. I sometimes say, “I shall never see that good land, but shall die in this wilderness.” But, blessed be Jesus, who long ago manifested himself to me as the Chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, he again and again comes over the mountains of my sins, and kindly whispers peace to my otherwise restless soul. But he does so after he has made me well to feel that I have in heart departed from him; and by the power of his Spirit, in self-loathing and abhorrence, he makes me to cry unto him, as David did, “Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.”

I find that the more the Holy Spirit convinces me of the nothingness and vanity of everything to do me good besides Jesus, the more I am enabled to cry, “Give me this bread of life, that I may daily feed upon him, and never hunger more for the things of this world.” But I find that everything within me and without me tries mightily to oppose this life of faith on the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. Sometimes I am so overcome, through my neglect in not looking to the strong for strength, that my enemies triumph, and taunt me with, “Where is *now* thy God? Thou hast turned back from him; thou hast thought but lightly of his goodness towards thee. Therefore thou canst but expect that he will laugh at thy calamity, and mock when thy fear cometh.” All this, and much more, conscience knows to be true; and the soul is in much con-

fusion and darkness, and says in haste, "I am cast out of thy sight. O that I could look again toward thy holy temple!" I find, like Bunyan's pilgrim, it is easier to get out of the way than to get in when I am out. Then I read with trembling: "O that thou hadst hearkened to my voice! Then should thy peace have been like a river." In this place I can only touch the mournful string, and say, "Have mercy upon me, O God; for my soul draweth nigh unto the dead. O deliver me, lest I become like them that go down into the pit." I cannot see faith in this place, but it is not dead. Though damped, it lives and labours.

I went to chapel not long ago just in this state; and faith was so strengthened under the preached word, as Jesus was held up to be the only *Restorer* of his people when they had backslidden, that faith would take no denial, but said, "Dear Jesus, if thou standest with a drawn sword in thy hand to slay me, yet will I fall into it. If I perish, I will perish close to thee." But, instead of death, there came life, light, and comfort. How little everything appears when precious Jesus fills my heart with his sweet presence! Then I can truly say, Let me lose every mortal thing, and enjoy Jesus!

Downton, 1860.

Yours truly,

MARY WHITE.

Dear Brother and Sister in the Faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—You give me a hint about old John Berridge not liking a jail or troubles. I do not believe his old nature did; but our heavenly Father has said that it is "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." He put his servant John Bunyan into jail. It was a great trial to him to be banished from his wife and children; but there he must go. He was put in prison by wicked men; but he said that men might put his body in prison, and make it fast with locks and bars, but they could not lock out his God from his soul. So we see how God makes good his promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. xliii. 2.) You say you have no more desire for troubles than these good servants had for a jail. I do not disbelieve you; for I am very sure our old nature will shrink from troubles; but the new man of grace knows we must have them. "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 7.) Dear friends, our God knows how much ballast to put in every vessel to keep it steady; or we should very soon settle down upon our lees, and get as proud as the devil could make us.

Dear friends, the footstool of divine mercy is a very good place for us to be brought to, and humble in the dust before God, as Job was under his heavy troubles, when one tale of heavy

tidings came upon another, and say with him, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." (Job i. 21.) If we are enabled to follow Job to the end of his trial, we shall see the goodness of God and the faithfulness of him who spake as never man spake. O the goodness of God to his chosen people! Dear friends, my desire and prayer is that God would prosper you in providence and grace. He only can do it.

March 26th, 1875.

I remain, Yours in the Truth,

L. S.

[The above was written by a Suffolk labourer.]

THE PRAYER OF JABEZ.

1 CHRON. IV. 10.

LORD, I would make this prayer my own,
While humbly prostrate at thy throne;
Against my foes, a swelling flood,
Lift thou a standard, mighty God.

I daily feel the plague of sin;
Corruptions rise and rage within;
O! Keep me, in each trying hour,
Safe from the tempter's wily power.

I tread this wilderness alone,
And friend or counsellor I've none;
Or, like the lonely sparrow, sit,
And mourn the days that once were sweet.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest;
While Jesus lives I must be blest;
Darkness and light shall, by his will,
Work good from every seeming ill.

Still may my grateful heart record
The mercies of my Saviour God,
And point to souls, oppress'd with grief,
The way to comfort and relief.

A SOLITARY ONE.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—My mind has been somewhat exercised and perplexed of late in considering Prov. xxiii. 1-3; not only as to the literal meaning of the passage, but also as to its spiritual meaning. I have spoken to some of my friends about it, and they seem equally perplexed with me, and are unable to give a satisfactory answer. I have, therefore, decided to appeal to your kindness, and ask you if you will give your opinion of the literal and spiritual meaning of the passages; and I am sure in doing this you will greatly relieve the minds of some of the Lord's people here.

May 8th, 1877.

C. C. B.

ANSWER.

Many of the proverbs of Solomon are brief moral sentences having a spiritual application. Outwardly they refer to society, especially as it is in Eastern countries; underneath they have a diviner signification. They give good counsel as to the affairs of this life; but much more so as to the life to come. So it is here.

I. As to the letter, the meaning seems plainly this,—that the conduct of an inferior and dependent person who sits to eat at the table of a ruler should be such as shall not disgust or displease him. Eastern rulers are very despotic, and often sanguinary, treacherous, and capricious. His guests therefore should be diligent and punctual, and their conduct at table humble, reverential, seemly, and appreciative. They should not be ever so late, as if disregarding the honour of being his guests; or dainty, as if despising his provision. They should not be gluttonous and inordinate as to appetite, but moderate and self-restrained. They should more regard the ruler's love and real esteem than his gifts; particularly as sometimes his dainty meats may only be messengers of death. Alexander said of his two friends, "One loves Alexander, the other Alexander's gifts." Some rulers have appeared peculiarly friendly to those they have just doomed to death;

"Brooding mischief in a smile."

Catherine de Medici is said to have poisoned her enemies and those she wanted to get rid of in presents of jewels and sweetmeats. These things will show us the meaning of the counsel in a literal sense.

II. As to the spirit. We can easily see that if diligence and propriety of conduct are right when a man sits at meat with an earthly ruler, they must be so when he sits at meat with the Lord the great King. But when may we be said so to sit at meat? *Generally* at all times, being his children and people, when he is dealing with us; *particularly* at ordinances, when in a place of worship, when reading or hearing his Word, when attending, in fact, to any of those means of grace in which we seek communion with him. But what may at various times be set before us? Sometimes one thing, sometimes another. God may set before us a trying providence or a sweet deliverance; he may set before us a word of reproof or a word of consolation; a doctrine, a precept, or a promise; a history of his past dealings, or a prophecy of his future ones; a chapter of the Bible; the writing of some good man from the Bible; or some blessed hymn, penned under the leadings of his Spirit. Now, if the inferior and the dependant of an earthly monarch should consider diligently what is set before him, surely we, who are such nothings in ourselves, and so entirely dependent upon God for even a right thought, should attend to all things which have reference to or come from God with the greatest diligence, reverence, and anxiety to derive the designed nourishment and profit. Surely we should fear to

displease him by our remissness, customariness, or want of reverence. In fact, as the proverb indicates, there should be

1. *Diligence.* We should not play the sluggard, but be at his house and table in good time. We should not display a sort of indifference to the honour of attending in his courts by being too late. If Abraham rose up early to sacrifice his son, we may well rise up betimes to feast with God. There is something very unseemly in the dilatoriness of some and the pomposity of others in coming into God's house, and waiting upon him.

2. *Consideration and fixity of mind.* We should seek to have our minds, and not only our bodies, in the worship of God. Not to present him the mere carcase of a mindless, graceless devotion, but a living, acceptable service. If he is giving us one thing to attend to and engage our minds, we should not wanton after another. Each ordinance demands its own diligent consideration to be useful. If he is preaching by the minister, we should not be diverting ourselves by the hymn book, but seek to feed and profit by the sermon. All the unprofitableness of sermons, assuredly, is not in the preachers. There are inconsiderate hearers; they consider not "what is before" them. How apt our minds are to rove away from the things of God! What a strange want of fixity of attention! When the Ruler sets before us one thing, we are ready to dart off after another.

"When shall these hearts more steadfast be,
Fix'd by thyself, and fix'd on thee?"

When he is bringing into our hearts a sense of his favour and love, by some word of his grace and the power of his Spirit, instead of diligently considering it, we wander off after something else. We must have him say to us, "I have loved thee" in so many words; or, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Thus we want to perfect in the flesh what is begun in the Spirit. Manna will not do; we must have flesh also. The Spirit of prayer visits us as we read, seated, perhaps, before the fire; this will not do; we must go down on our knees; and by the time we have got there the Spirit of prayer has gone from us. Satan and the flesh are never satisfied with anything of the Spirit. If the Lord pipes, flesh is for mourning; if he calls for mourning, it is to the flesh the time to dance. The flesh always lusteth against the Spirit. Now this shows us the needs-be of

3. *Mortification* of the flesh, with that *watchfulness* which is necessary, that it may not prevail. This is, as it were, putting a knife to its throat. If Abraham had not watched and thus seen and then driven away the fowls, they would soon have defiled and stripped the sacrifices. So, unless we are brought to watch and mortify the flesh, we may have plenty of skeleton duties, services, and opportunities; but all polluted, and no savoury meat. Inordinate desire is that which we should dread. Even divine comforts may be inordinately desired. God may be setting before us bread of affliction and water of adversity; and we may be unsubmitively desiring cordials. Agur's was a good prayer: "Feed

me with food convenient for me." And when God is doing this, our wisdom is to consider diligently and prize greatly, yea, properly relish, which we shall do if the due consideration is not wanting, the particular provision set before us. "My son," says God, "despise not thou the chastening of the Lord." It is meat to nourish us.

4. We should desire the right things, and not care for those which, being agreeable to nature, may have no intrinsic excellence. God is no treacherous dealer, no capricious friend, no ruler compassing ends of destruction unjustly, and in the guise of friendliness. Nevertheless, we should remember that he is a God of judgment. When wanton Israel lusted after dainty meat and loathed the manna, God gave them meat to the full; but his wrath came with it. He made Saul a king, and Judas an apostle; to Nebuchadnezzar he gave all the kingdoms of the earth; he raised up Pharaoh. These were all, in a sense, dainty meats; things that nature counted dainties and wanted after. But there was no real favour in them; they indicated not eternal love.

What, then, is the just inference? God may give a man riches, honours, and gifts, and yet determine to give him over to sin and perdition. To one he loves he may not give these things; but he loves him, and gives him all things in himself; and that is better. A little with the true fear of God is better than the greatest abundance without it. As Bunyan says, "It is not written: The Lord will give *gifts* and glory; but, 'The Lord will give *grace* and glory.'" The Lord makes his people to inherit substance. Many things may only prove to the possessors of them like the ruler's dainty meats. Riches and honours, eminent gifts, marvellous revelations, ravishing joys, and unassaulted assurance, may be no evidences of being a child of God, and in the Ruler's favour. The wisdom which is from above, which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy," proves whose we are; and this wisdom, as it prevails, will teach us to deal reverentially, carefully, diligently, and becomingly with divine things; to mortify the flesh with its inordinate appetites and desires, its affections and lusts; to earnestly want and seek for the real things in religion; and to value more the King's favour than his gifts; his love than those dainty meats with which he may sometimes only fatten the ungodly for a day of slaughter.

THERE is nothing in the gospel but pure free grace. It is for sinners, and none besides; it is suited to the worst of men, and to the chiefest of sinners. It contains a salve for every sore, and a supply for every want.—*S. E. Pierce.*

O FOR a long holiday with Christ, and our long lasting season of rest! Glad may their souls be who are safe over the river, Christ having paid the fare! Happy are they who have passed their hard and wearisome time of apprenticeship, and are now freemen and citizens in that joyful high city, the New Jerusalem!—*Rutherford.*

Obituary.

BENJAMIN WHITEHOUSE.—On March 21st, 1876, aged 62, Benjamin Whitehouse, deacon of the church at Old Hill.

He was born of ungodly parents; but who, with strict regards for their children's welfare, sent them to Rowley Church school till riper years, when he thought he would sit with up-grown people. To his surprise, he heard the minister for himself, and was impressed with conviction, so that he was taught to know and feel his condition as a fallen sinner in the sight of a holy God. After a time, he was taught that saying prayers was not praying, unless the heart was engaged. He often said, when on his knees, "The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord." He became dissatisfied with using a form of words, and was led to the Baptist chapel, Oldbury, when and where the Lord was pleased to confirm his soul under the preaching of the gospel of the Son of God with power from these words: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?" &c. This was the means of drawing him from the Establishment, and joining him in heart and affection to the despised Baptists. From a principle of love he was constrained to follow the Lord, although it was passing by the church door, where he met with many assaults for leaving the place; but, by the grace of God, he became conqueror over them all, and walked three miles, morning, noon, and night. He was received by the above church, brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and was baptized, according to the commands of his dear Lord and Master, joining them in church fellowship, and in breaking of bread. He was afterwards appointed deacon.

He loved gospel hymns. I was sitting with him from day to day, and, at times, heard him break out with such lines as these:

"There's not a man that's born of God," &c.

"Amidst the sorrows of the way," &c.

Another feature was his love to the dear sent servants of God, who preached love and blood, and exalted a precious Christ as being all and everything desirable to a poor ill and hell-deserving sinner, who has been taught by the Spirit of God the plague of his own heart. He would not care about walking miles to hear; and would, if blessed in his soul, whether by a hymn or in the preaching of the word, tell out in after days the effect such had on his mind; for he treasured up the Word of God in his memory and heart. If he chanced to hear any person speak of man's ability in reference to salvation matters, he would roundly reply that man does not know himself, whatever he may profess.

Another feature was his love of prayer; neither was he satisfied with saying prayers. He found it hard work, at times, to fall into the hands of God. He would often repeat these words: "He that cometh to God must believe that he is," &c. And very commonly, when asked to engage in prayer,

"Lord Jesus, teach my soul to pray," &c.

He wanted a token for good, as you will see at the close of his days. He found that he was in the wilderness still, and that the accuser of the brethren was yet alive to harass and perplex him about his interest in Christ; which caused him to cling closer to the Shepherd of the sheep, and to desire another manifestation of his loving-kindness to his soul. The Lord answered his prayer, and gave him apparently the last token for good while in the body.

After this, he was not like the same person; he seemed to be on the muse constantly during the last few weeks he spent with us. He knew what it was to have a heart prone to wander, if the Good Shepherd be not in sight, though he is always with the sheep, as is in the "Friendly Companion" described as the case literally by observation and experience. He asked this question again and again when on his knees, both in public and private,

"Why is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?"

On the Thursday evening before his death, one of the deacons came to see him; whom he asked to read Jno. xiv. and engage in prayer; which he did. This precious portion of truth was blessed to his soul. So much was he taken up with that house which is from above that, although a man in business, he did not even mention a word about it. He was seized with pain in his head, which resulted in fits. He carried the bread and wine to us on the first Sunday in March, Mr. Lovesey, of Rochdale, being present, and was buried on the third. Some imagined that he was not sensible at last, for these fits preyed upon him so powerfully that he was not able to speak to us till Sunday, when he was perceived to come to himself. A friend observing this, heard him ask what time it was. He answered as quickly as possible; and then replied, "Dear Father, it is time I was going home." At this we were much pleased, thinking he would revive again; but, alas! to our sorrow, he was fast again till about two minutes before he died, on Tuesday morning. Then he exclaimed, "Anchor! Anchor! Anchor!" and breathed out his immortal spirit.

It will be well to remark that this dear man of God was troubled, at times, for years about his death, thinking it would be dreadful to face the grim monster. But God was better to him than his fears; for the Lord seemed to deal gently with him. He was buried at Old Hill chapel on the following Sunday, when Mr. J. S. Warburton made some acceptable remarks on the occasion from 2 Cor. v.; and the hymn:

"That awful day will surely come," &c.

was sung with much feeling and solemnity by many of the church and congregation who loved him dearly, and felt the loss, yet were enabled to rejoice that our loss was his eternal gain. JABEZ DOWNING.

JAMES TRUDGETT.—On April 17th, aged 27, James Trudgett, of Lakenheath.

The only object of the writer of this paper is the glory of the God who saves sinners freely, and the encouragement of poor souls who are distressed by their sins, and seeking after a manifestation of God's mercy.

The subject of this notice had been accustomed to hear the gospel preached, but did not profess to be what he was not. So far from it, he would, when living at home, get out of the way of spiritual conversation. He kicked against parental reproof, did not see why he should not be allowed to spend his evenings in company, like other young men, and felt determined not to go to chapel, but to marry and get away from those parental admonitions that were distasteful to him. His head was not filled with gospel notions. Of all the children of his parents, he was the most ignorant of the letter of truth; indeed, he seemed to know nothing about it. These things are mentioned for the purpose of showing how conspicuous was God's work in his soul, when the Lord was graciously pleased to take him in hand.

Up to the early part of 1874 he enjoyed good health; but at the time now mentioned he manifested symptoms of bodily disease, the commencement of that consumption which terminated his life. It was about this time, while he was planting an apple-tree, that he felt a powerful impression that he should never see the tree grow up, and that he would be in hell before it did so. This seems to have been the beginning of the work of God in his soul. To his sister Mary, between whom and himself there was a strong attachment, he wrote in May, 1874, as follows:

“My dear Sister,—Many a time I have thought about you. When you were at home, how you were troubled about your poor soul! But it seems the Lord made out a way for you. O that it may be his blessed will to pardon my sins, and uphold me, and guide me in the way that I should go. O the terror and trouble that I have had on my mind! Then I went on trying to put it away. I saw nothing but death and hell before my eyes. I did not know what to do. No pleasure at home with my wife, but I must go into company, to drive my trouble away. My wife has said to me, ‘You have no easy-chair along with me. What is come to you I cannot think.’ But I could not tell her, when my heart has been ready to burst with it. I have gone to bed many times with something saying to me, ‘You will never come down again alive.’ When in bed, no rest, tossing and turning about. Sometimes I have come down, and walked about the yard, then have walked about the house; but no rest. I kept going into company, trying to put my trouble away. One day, in getting off the cart after I reached home, my foot slipped, it being very dark, and I fell on my face and cut it. I went to bed, but O the trouble I had on my mind. The next day my wife went to chapel, and I was at home; but thanks to the Lord that it was no worse. It was for my good. It put aside the company. I could spend my evenings at home after that, and read the Word of God, and could tell my wife what I had on my mind. What a place to be in! Nothing but death and hell before my eyes.”

In the following October he wrote to the same sister as follows:

“I was very pleased with the sermon you sent me. How I love to read such things! O! Bless the Lord that he brought me down. But I feel sometimes so dark and dull. I feel that I am lost. At another time I feel a little more light, and my mind is easier; and I bless the Lord that he has upheld me thus far. O that he may pardon my sins, and look down upon me! I went to chapel lately, but I could not sit, such trembling came across me. I thought, ‘Sink to hell I must.’ I came home, and cried to the Lord for mercy. But something said, ‘You must not go to chapel any more. If you do, you will be sure to have to come out again.’ But I hope it will be all for the best.”

In June, 1876, he again wrote to his sister:

“I should have written before, but had not much heart for writing; but I feel better now. I have wondered sometimes which way it will go with me. I sometimes think I shall get better. At another time I feel very dull about it. O that I knew that I am right for another world! That is the thing that I want to know. O that the Lord may make known to me where I am, and what I am, and whether I am in the right road or the wrong, for I long to know.”

In the spring of 1876, he was obliged to entirely desist from business; and from that time he gradually became weaker, though, at times, for a while appearing better, so as to encourage himself and his friends to think that there might yet be some permanent amendment in his health. But these hopes were not to be realized.

On April 1st, 1877, he became much worse, and never again left the house; and the last week of his life he was confined to his bedroom.

When he became so ill as to be confined to the house, he was still dark and distressed in his soul. On April 7th he said to his father, "These words keep coming to me: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" On April 8th and 9th he was powerfully tempted to commit suicide. On the 9th he said, "O! I must do it; I must do it." His sister said to him, "What must you do?" He said, "Commit suicide, and get out of my misery. The devil told me to smash my head against the door." He afterwards asked his sister to read the hymn commencing,

"Rock of ages, shelter me."

When it had been read, he said, "Read it again. It is beautiful." After lying very quiet for some time, about four o'clock in the morning of the 12th he broke out, saying, "Crown him! Crown him Lord of all;" at the same time clapping his hands, and saying:

"Why should I shrink at Jordan's flood?" &c.

The greater part of that day he lay blessing and praising the Lord. Once he said to his sister, "The victory is won." About eight o'clock in the evening he broke out again with the words: "Crown him! Crown him Lord of all." Clapping his hands, he said,

"O the beauty I can see!
Bleeding on the cross for me."

Bless his holy Name. Bless him for laying this affliction on me. In my Father's house are many mansions. O the love! Never was there love like this." Raising himself in bed, he said, "I am well now. I could get up and go to work." Hearing some friends come in, one of them being a member of the Baptist church, he said, "Tell them to come up stairs. I do not mind who hears me now. Devil! I am not afraid of thee now." Feeling a tear drop from his eye, he said, "Why should that come? I don't want to cry." During the night he repeated the words: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "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."

On the next morning he was taken much worse. For some time all thought him to be dying. When he revived, his sister said to him, "We thought you were going." He said, "I did not, although I wished every breath I drew might be my last. I do not think it will be long." During the night he several times said, "Dear Lord, do come quickly, and take my ransomed spirit home."

On the two days following this he was much worse, suffering great pain of body and much harassed by the suggestion that his religion was all a delusion. On the next morning, which was the Lord's day, he said, "It will soon be over. I feel my eye-strings break in death." During the day he said,

"I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake," &c.

All the following day, he was either begging the Lord to take him, or singing,

"Why should I dread the unknown way?"

About six o'clock on the morning of the 17th, he said, "The time is up." At twenty minutes before seven he inquired what was the time. On being told, he said, "My time is eight o'clock." He then lay blessing and praising the Lord, and asking his relatives who were with him to praise the Lord for saving such a wretch. He then said, "All of you

sing." His friends not feeling able to do so, he said, "That is strange. Won't any of you sing? I would if I could." We then tried to sing,

"Why should I dread the unknown way?"

He joined in singing till he was almost exhausted, and then stretched out his arms as though he would have flown away. He then tried to sing, "Crown him! Crown him Lord of all;" and at eight o'clock his happy spirit left the body for mansions of everlasting bliss.

His father writes as follows:

"For the encouragement of praying parents, and for the honour and glory of my God, I want to testify of the wonders of God's rich grace in the manifest salvation of my dear child. I had for a long time seen his health giving way to that fatal disease consumption. He lay very near my heart, and I constantly besought the Lord to manifest his mercy to him. And I found access to the Lord, in praying that a precious Christ might be revealed to my dear child's soul. On going to see him, about a fortnight before he died, I seemed as if I could take no denial. I said to him, 'My dear boy, your sufferings are great; but what are they in comparison with the dear Redeemer's?' He said, 'I have not thought them great. They are nothing to what I deserve.' I said, 'I am glad to hear that. Do you feel your need of mercy? Do you pray for mercy?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Then, you know you cannot help to save yourself?' He said, 'I do.' I said, 'Then, my dear boy, the Lord will most assuredly manifest his salvation to you before he takes you out of this world.' And, to the praise of his Name, the dear Lord did."

Lakenheath.

S. SARGEANT.

THOMAS PORTER.—On April 26th, aged 70, Thomas Porter, deacon of the church at Hope Chapel, Cambridge.

He was truly one of the poor and needy of the Lord's family, fearing God above many, of a peaceable and quiet spirit, a mourner over sin and after the manifested presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, humbled by a true sense of his own nothingness and the goodness and mercy of God to such a poor worm as he felt himself to be. Having to carry an afflicted body for many (I believe nearly 50) years, with many severe trials from within and without, in the church and from the world, in providence and in grace, he proved by heartfelt experience that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. The church of God lay near his heart next to his own personal case; and he ceased not to put up many earnest fervent cries on its behalf to the very last, that the dear Lord would provide, protect, and guard us as a church and people in love, ever maintaining his truth among us, as taught, felt, and realized experimentally in our hearts. We have often felt the sweet savour resting upon his spirit when supplicating the throne of grace, or when reading anything that seemed to meet and especially fit into his own case, more particularly as he approached the end of his journey and Christ became more and more precious to his soul. His religion had indeed, as he often expressed, "two sides to it," which may be seen from his "Gracious Experience" in the "G. S.," Jan., 1874.

Many years ago, he first heard Mr. Philpot at Eden Chapel, Cambridge, from the words: "I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go." (Isa. xlviii. 17.) This testimony was so blessed to his soul that he desired ever after to contend for the same truths he then heard proclaimed; and he begged of the Lord that, if it were his will, he would establish a cause in Cambridge where such truths might be advocated, and fed upon by the poor, needy, tried, and afflicted of the Lord's family, and where they

might meet together and worship their own God in spirit and in truth; which prayer was, in the Lord's own time, regarded, first in the room in Elm Street, and afterwards in Hope Chapel. His mind was much exercised and troubled with respect to administering the ordinance of the Lord's supper; the then senior and now remaining deacon being struck with paralysis, so that he was unable to attend to it as formerly. He felt himself so unfit and so unworthy that it caused him many sighs and groans before the Lord to know his mind and will in the matter. The Lord set his mind at rest by powerfully and with much unction speaking these words home to his soul: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." He felt from this the Lord had appointed him to the work, from which he was never absent for fourteen years. When we had no supply, he usually read Mr. Philpot's sermons; and the last he wished to be read was from the same text that he first heard Mr. P. preach from. This was in December last, and was the last time he was able to get to the chapel.

From this time until his death his affliction was of the most painful and complicated nature. He has often said, when conversing with me, "O! How I love to dwell upon the Trinity! To think that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the Three in One and One in Three, are all engaged in the salvation of a poor hell-deserving sinner like me!" His kind counsel I shall not easily forget. He would say, "Be constant in the means of grace. Even when you seem to get nothing, still go; for the Lord will come when you least expect him." Though Satan was, at times, permitted to worry and harass him, yet for the most part his mind was very calm, and kept stayed upon the Lord. When asked, in the former part of his illness, how his mind felt in the prospect of death, he said, "I feel my only hope is in the blood, obedience, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know there is nothing else that will be of any avail when I come to die." He would often beg of the Lord to give him patience and submission to his will, and keep him from murmuring at his dealings with him. When the pain for a time ceased, how thankful he was; and would bless and praise the Lord for his goodness towards him. That hymn of Swain's:

"How light, while supported by grace," &c.

was especially blessed to him during his affliction; indeed, it expressed the very state and feelings of his soul; and he would heartily join at the close, and say,

"Nor wish thee to lessen the power
That purges my conscience from dross."

About two hours before the close, a change became apparent. His pain and hard breathing ceased, and, while perfectly sensible, he said,

"He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, I can't be poor;
What can I want beside?"

Taking his dear partner's hand, he closed his eyes, his head fell, and his ransomed spirit fled to be "for ever with the Lord."

We mourn his loss as a church, and miss him very much.

R. H.

He was confined to his room for several months, during which time I frequently visited him, and more so just before his death. He had no particular joy in anticipation of departure, but was sweetly resigned to the will of God, and very patient under acute bodily pain. His only resting-place for peace and comfort and the salvation of his soul was in

the blood, righteousness, and finished work of Jesus Christ. This I have frequently heard him express.

Upon one occasion, he mentioned that passage in Rom. viii. : "And whom he called, them he also justified," &c.; and in this he seemed to rejoice. He said, "If we can make our calling sure, then it follows we are justified; and we wait for the other by faith,—glorification." I remarked, "Yes; we wait for the hope of righteousness by faith. Here it is imputed to us, placed to our account; but then we shall have it in actual possession. Here we rejoice in it, at times; but then we shall have it in full possession to all eternity." He said, "O! What a wondrous thing, that God should ever notice such worms of the earth to make known unto us such a way of salvation. I love that hymn of Kent's:

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

I remarked, "Your warfare is nearly finished." He said, "O no! It isn't. You would be astonished if you knew what a host of things occupy my mind which do not in the least concern me." To some remarks I made, he answered, "But what are our afflictions compared with some of the saints'? 'Tis but, at most, a few slanderous tongues." I said, "Yes; they were tempted, sawn asunder, and had to wander about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

This was on April the 2nd. After this, he revived so much that we thought he would recover. His wife told me he was much tempted the day before his death. She did not say what was the nature of these temptations, but he told me upon one occasion that the enemy had been telling him that he never was really an enemy of his; and he was much tried as to whether his religion was genuine.

H. WILES.

JOSEPH LANGMAN.—On our wrapper for last month we gave an account of the death and burial of Mr. Langman, deacon of the church at Gower Street. He died May 18th, aged 74, having been a deacon of the church at Eden Street and Gower Street for 24 or 25 years. He was baptized by Mr. Tiptaft in 1846, and buried by Mr. Hemington, in Abney Park Cemetery, near the spot where Dr. Watts composed many of his hymns.

The following address was given by Mr. Hemington upon the occasion:

"What we place in the grave to-day is something more than flesh and bones. Materially it is nothing more; but according to the high estimation with which God regards the body of our departed brother, we inter the body of a believer in Christ; and as such we inter that which is precious in the sight of the Lord. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' And their very dust in the grave is precious in his sight too. Moreover, we commit his poor, lifeless body to the tomb in the full belief that the same body will rise again; but rise, through the transforming power of God, a spiritual body, an incorruptible body, an immortal body, a glorious body. 'For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality.'

"Our departed brother experienced many changes during his mortal life; the ebbings and flowings of sorrow and joy; the risings and sinkings of his mind, according to circumstances; the ups and downs of life, which attended his pilgrim course; and all kinds of changes beside did he experience whilst in this vale of tears. But he never experienced a greater change, or a more blessed one, than what has taken place within the past week, in his removal from this lower scene of sin and sorrow, of trial and suffering, and his being welcomed within the portals of heaven by Christ his Redeemer, and by angels, and the glorious company of the justified who stand before the throne of God.

“As it respects what might be called the painful *process* of dying, whilst our dear brother Langman passed through the process, it was in such a way as to know but little about it. His last attack of bodily disease being either paralysis or apoplexy on the brain, his very disease was made to operate more as a friend than an enemy. It took him away with more gentle handling than rough usage; and though, through being deprived of all consciousness, he was unable, in his dying moments, to speak of the peace of his mind, and his triumph over death, yet neither was he able to speak of any distress or fear. The enemy was so far defeated by the nature of our brother's malady that he had no opportunity of rending his peace by making a final attack upon his faith. To one who had made no previous profession of the truth of God, such a termination of life might be a matter of deepest regret to surviving godly relatives and friends. But to one like our beloved brother, who for so many years had borne a good profession before many witnesses, I do not think that the nature of his end need cause any regret at all; but it rather calls for thankfulness to the God of all grace, for having so mercifully removed him to his home above the skies without much conscious pain and suffering.

“What a mercy it is that the future safety and blessedness of saints does not in the least depend upon the state of their minds when they die, on their much joy, or little joy, or on their being conscious or not conscious; but on their dying as saints, as real believers in Jesus, and as dying in the Lord! ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.’

“It is a wonderful thing to be right with God, to be spiritually born of God, to be taught of God, to know God, to be a true believer in the Son of God, and to be brought by the Spirit of God to put our whole trust in Christ's atoning work for pardon, salvation, and eternal life. Such was the character and such was the faith of our departed brother. He was a true believer in Christ, and a true lover of God's discriminating truth. In performing, then, this last mark of respect to his mortal remains, we have the comfort of being able to address the many friends who have assembled this morning to witness the interment, in the language of the apostle: ‘Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’

“May the Lord in mercy sanctify the solemn dispensation to our dear sister, the widow of the departed, and to the children, and to every member of the family.

“The poet never penned truer lines than the hymn which reads:

“‘God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.’

When I was in London but a few weeks ago, our dear brother was not only living, but as well as usual; but his dear wife was, as he himself believed, on the point of death. Her end was, indeed, apprehended by one and all whosaw her in her affliction. From what my departed friend told me about her, on the morning of Sunday, April 8th, I feared she would not linger through the day. How little did the thought enter any of our minds at that time that the wife would live, but that the husband would be the first to depart! How little did our brother Langman think so himself! But such has been God's mysterious method; and he hath only done what it hath pleased him. He has seen fit, in the inscrutable order of his providence, most suddenly to take unto himself our brother; but to spare and, in a great measure, to restore from affliction our dear sister,

the widow of the departed. I trust that God will graciously support her, and sustain her mind in this hour of bereavement and time of trial. May he be, in every way needed, a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.

"May the Lord sanctify the solemn work of his hand to the church at Gower Street, where our dear brother was many years a deacon. It is not for such poor finite creatures as we to prescribe to God in what way it would be best to sanctify the event to the church. He knows best *how* to sanctify it; and we must leave the way with him; only desiring for my brethren the surviving deacons, and the church as a body, that the dispensation may be sanctified to one and all."

WILLIAM HART.—On May 24th, aged 86, William Hart, of Colchester.

Having known our departed brother for many years, what I am about to say is from personal knowledge. When he came to Witham, in 1812, he was a very wicked drunken man, a bricklayer by trade. About fifty years ago, the Lord, by his Holy Spirit, convinced him of his lost state as a sinner; and such was his distress of soul for three weeks that he was brought to the verge of despair. Many cries and groans went up to the Lord for mercy. On the evening before his deliverance, as he went up stairs to bed, at every step he took he said, "Thou art just in sending me to hell;" so clearly did he see the justice of God in his condemnation. On the morning after, he came home in a despairing state to breakfast; and while mourning his sad condition, the blessed Spirit brought these words with power to his soul: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He got up, clapped his hands together with joy, and said, "I believe it, Lord! I believe it!" His wife, who knew not the Lord, said, "What a fool you are!" He said, "I know I am, because I did not believe it before." But he afterwards learned the solemn truth: "No man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

He then came to the Baptist chapel, and cast in his lot among them, and was baptized by the late Henry Dowling, at John's Green Baptist chapel, Colchester. He had an impediment in his speech, and could neither read nor write; but when called upon to pray at our prayer-meetings, there was no stammering then; he would pour out his heart in solemn cries to the Lord.

As he removed to Colchester about two years ago, I know not the particulars of his end. I am told that, through his great age, he was in a stupor, and unconscious. He possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Much more might be said; but the limits of your valuable "Standard" must be considered.

ALFRED SAYER.

O BELIEVER, you little thought what was Christ's design in ordering your lot in such a part of the world, and such a spot of his vineyard, and bringing you to such a sermon, or under such a ministry. How innumerable are his precious thoughts! And what think ye of him?—*Ralph Erskine.*

OUR prayers are the most precious actings of our souls; and it is the greatest advantage that can be to us to have the aims of our prayers set to the best and highest marks. And, therefore, learn hereafter, in your prayers, not to deal or traffic in particular or small wares only, but put in for the whole stock of the Spirit, as wise merchants use to do, and as Christ himself in his intercession doth.—*Goodwin.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1877.

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

WHY AM I THUS?

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. GORTON, PREACHED AT FREDERICK STREET,
BIRMINGHAM, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, JAN. 18TH, 1852.

"If it be so, why am I thus?"—GEN. XXV. 22.

WHOSE language is this? It is the language of Rebekah. Of whom is she typical? Of the church. It is not only the language of Rebekah literally, but also the language, more or less, of every regenerated soul, of every soul that is married to Christ. To whom was she related? To Isaac. Of whom was Isaac typical? He was typical of our spiritual Isaac, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Bridegroom of his people.

Here is a conception spoken of. Rebekah had conceived. What do we see in this, and what does this set forth? It sets forth the church of God, or a child of mercy, that has received grace in his heart from the Lord himself. Here there is an internal commotion; here is a struggling going on. And what is to be gathered from it? What does it set forth? The strugglings, my brethren, that are felt and known by the Lord's children, who have received the seed of grace in their heart. Under this feeling and exercise, what do they pass through?

There is in the text an inquiry. She did not go to man, but went and inquired of the Lord, where all the Lord's tried children go. After they have been driven out of every hole, corner, and resting-place, they are compelled to go to the Lord for help,—compelled to go and inquire of the Lord. What was the answer she received? "Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels." How is it with the Lord's people that are born again of the Spirit? It is not all nature; it is not all flesh. But there is spirit, inasmuch as there is life received; there is grace within, the seed of God; and yet there is old nature, there is flesh, the old man. I am satisfied from experience that there is a struggle between the two. Isaac was a sweet and precious type of the Lord the Lamb. Remember, he was a child of promise. Abraham's faith had been kept waiting, though, at times, he had many difficulties to contend with, and clouds sometimes passing over. After waiting ten or twenty years, yet the promise was to be fulfilled. Ishmael was not to

be the heir. It must not be the son of the bond-woman, but the child of the free-woman. The heir was Isaac; in him the promise must be fulfilled; and the promise of the Lord was fulfilled respecting this child.

Does not this point to the greatest promise of all respecting our spiritual Isaac, the Lord Jesus Christ, who was set up from everlasting, and said to be the Child born and the Son given? This Child, my brethren, was promised in the first promise by the Lord in the Garden of Eden: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." So the promises run, one after another. Then, as Isaac was a child of promise, so was the Lord Jesus. Was Isaac a son earnestly desired? So was Christ. He was the promised Son, earnestly desired. He was the Desire of all nations; and the promise states: "The Desire of all nations shall come." Here, then, was the promise made, the desire after the fulfilment, and the promise fulfilled. Abraham had a promise; he desired the fulfilment of it, and waited with longing expectation to see the fulfilment, the accomplishment of the promise. The saints of old not only desired the accomplishment of the promise respecting the Messiah's coming, but they *earnestly* desired it.

How has it been with one before me who has had a promise from the Lord? "Ah!" say you, "but how am I to be satisfied that the promise came from heaven?" You notice the effect. If the promise came from heaven, it will draw up your soul to heaven, whence the promise came. The Lord has spoken to my soul before now, and these words have come with power, and I have felt and known a little of the sweetness of them, and what it is to suck honey out of the rock: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Here is the promise; now for the fulfilment of it. The promise here is the desire of the soul. You may be kept waiting, longing, and desiring before that promise is fulfilled in an experimental manner; yet you cannot give it up. There is a secret cleaving to the Lord till the Lord is pleased to come to liberate and deliver the soul. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life." So, my brethren, when it comes, "the desire accomplished is sweet to the soul." Have you not found that the desire accomplished is sweet to the soul?

As the promise was made to Abraham, so the Lord Jesus Christ was promised to our forefathers, the patriarchs and prophets; and also, in an experimental manner, to such poor desiring, seeking, longing souls who are waiting and longing after a manifestation of these things. Isaac was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, inasmuch as he opened the wells of his father, that were shut up by the Philistines. Does not the Lord Jesus Christ dig certain wells, that is, in a manifestive manner, in the hearts of his redeemed ones? I am satisfied the Lord Jesus is the well of all blessings. He is the Well-spring of life, and in him all fulness dwells. It is said that "of his fulness have all we received,

and grace for grace." Satan and his emissaries may try and try again to shut up these wells, so that there shall be no water for the thirsty soul; yet they cannot do it. The Lord will open them himself by his own power, in a manifestive way, to his needy poor. Here is a Magdalene sinner brought into needy circumstances, like Mary, brought down to feel a sense of her sinnership at the Lord's footstool. And the well of salvation was opened to Mary: "Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven." Then, turning to Mary, he said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven." Was not that opening the well of God's everlasting love in a sweet and precious manner to Mary's heart?

And it was so with the thief on the cross, who reviled the Lord Jesus Christ, the same as the one on the other side; the Lord was pleased to open his heart and put the grace of life within, and to put a cry into his soul. Therefore he breathed out his desires to the Lord: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Was not that an opening of the wells?

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." In what day shall it be opened, experimentally? It is said that there shall be a mourning first, before it is opened: "And the land shall mourn, every family apart; the family of the house of David apart, and their wives apart," &c. There is a solemn mourning before God, on account of sins committed. And in that day, the day of God's power; in that day, the day of the revelation of mercy; in that day, the day of breaking up to his soul; in that day, the day of the opening of his heart in a manifestive manner; in that day is the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, for poor desiring, seeking souls. It is the opening of the wells, in an experimental manner, to the poor needy soul who has been longing for and desiring salvation through blood. Sometimes the poor soul is ready to think that there is no water of life in his well, no water of life and of grace in his heart, on account of such and such feelings, or such and such exercises. Yet there is water there, even when he feels dry. Why? Because Christ is there, the living Spring within.

Isaac was also a type of Christ, inasmuch as he carried his cross. "And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together. And Isaac said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering? Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." Jesus Christ, my brethren, "was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." What was the cause? Did he not bear the load? Did he not carry the weight in his own precious body? Did he not bear all the burdens of his people, and carry all their sorrows? Was he not stricken,

smitten of God, and afflicted? "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities." Why did he bear our griefs and carry our sorrows? My brethren, there was a need—be that he should suffer and endure, be taken to Calvary, and there nailed to the tree, in order to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself; and he did it in an honourable way. This is the Bridegroom of his bride, the church.

Whom did Isaac marry? Whom did the Lord Jesus Christ marry? Upon whom were his heart and affections set? Upon his church, his Hephzibah. The marriage was eternal; his love was set upon his people before time. He brings each one in time; and they all come in the Lord's appointed way, and in his time. But never one turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, to have wine and milk and the best robe, without being sent for. They are drawn by his power. Rebekah, you are aware, was not, respecting this marriage, first in the matter. She was sent for, otherwise she would not have come. Then, it appears, Rebekah was at a distance. All the Lord's Rebekahs are at a great distance by nature; they have no thought of coming to Christ, and they have no desire to come. You and I and all, in a state of nature, are the same. The Lord is to us, then, as a root out of a dry ground, having no form or comeliness in him. Never should you and I have had any delight towards the Lord Jesus Christ, had it not been for the effectual power of his almighty arm in bringing us out. If he had not led us by his special and peculiar grace, we never should have come. Do you not know that Abraham sent his servant for Rebekah, and that this servant was one who was sworn to be true? This servant went with certain things that had been put into his own hands by Abraham to go and spread them before Rebekah. There were camels laden with jewels of silver, jewels of gold, and precious things; so that her heart was won. This is the case with all the Lord's servants, his sworn ones, such as are ordained in heaven before all worlds, and who, in time, are brought to the Lord by sovereign grace, and qualified to be the messengers of grace to others. The Lord puts a word in the mouth of his servants, what they shall say; though sometimes they may be like Jeremiah, and say, "Ah! Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and whatsoever I command thee, that thou shalt speak." It is the Lord who prospers him in his way.

The Lord appeared for Abraham's servant; he went before him, and went with him. What is it the Lord's arm cannot do, or his power accomplish? He can remove every obstruction at his own good pleasure, in his own time. The servant went and spread the jewels before Rebekah. In like manner the Lord is pleased to send those he has anointed by his Spirit with the precious things of heaven, not with creature things, creature doings, or creature works; creature comeliness, or creature holiness; but with the glory of Christ, the beauty of Christ, the

comeliness of Christ, and the righteousness of Christ. Paul says, "For we preach not ourselves; but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus's sake." How many of the Lord's Rebekahs, who have been blessedly brought down by God's power under a preached gospel, are here met together this morning, whose hearts and affections were once turned another way?

When Laban said, "Wilt thou go with this man?" she replied, "I will go." Laban may typify the world. Though the world may allure, and try and strive to keep back the soul from the Lord Jesus, that heart that is drawn towards Jesus Christ by his power is somewhat like Ruth, as well as Rebekah, and says, "I will go," though her mother-in-law might entreat her to go back. Ruth said, and this is the language of every heaven-born soul, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." This shows that there must have been love and strong affections in the heart of Ruth, not like the people of the world, who, as Orpah, walk a little way, and then kiss and leave. But God's children are like Ruth; they cleave close to the truth. And as Rebekah cleaved to the servant, so all the Lord's dear children cleave to the Lord Jesus, who is pleased to call them by his Spirit and power, and work grace and faith in their hearts. The Gentile woman cried after the Lord; and though he seemed as if he would put her off, she would not be denied, but still cried after him. The poor woman with the issue of blood pressed towards him, persuaded that if she might but touch the hem of his garment she should be healed. What is this? It is faith, my brethren. Though there may be many difficulties in the way, the poor child of God will not give it up. There will be pressing earnest desires, and a secret longing of heart. If I can but lay hold, if I can but touch the hem of his garment, I shall receive virtue, and be manifestly healed of the malady.

It is precious and blessed to the soul, when it has a manifestation of the precious Bridegroom's love to his soul, by faith, in the intercession, in the doing and dying, the suffering, death, and blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus; when he is pleased to say to the heart, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." The soul is all alive as soon as ever the Lord is pleased to speak with power to the heart, "I have loved thee." The soul will then reply, "Lord, I love thee too."

"What are the evidences of a state of grace?" Say you, "I am placed somewhat like Rebekah after Isaac had entreated the Lord for her." Do we read in the Word of God of the seed of God, of the divine nature, of a holy principle, of the new man of grace? What is it? It is the seed of God. "He that is

born of God cannot sin, because his seed, heavenly seed, remaineth in him." "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." I am satisfied, if we are born of God, that we have heavenly seed; if born of the Spirit, we have holy seed. You have pure seed, the seed of God, in you. "Marvel not," said our Lord to Nicodemus, "that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Without this seed, this divine change, this spiritual birth, it is impossible to enter the kingdom of eternal bliss. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." You cannot see the wind; you cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Though we cannot see the wind, we can feel it blow, which is an evidence that it is there. We have sometimes seen the sudden effects of the wind, and how in its power it has rooted up trees; and so is the operation of the Spirit. The Spirit within you opens up and turns up things you never could have conceived were there; and the very sight and feeling of these things are evidences that the Spirit has been blowing. The strugglings and desires of the soul to know what is the new birth are evidences that such a one is born of God. The wind of the Spirit is moving them. Such are brought to say and feel with Newton:

"Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

Methinks I hear you say, in answer, I want to know that I am born of God, and that I am an heir of everlasting bliss. Is this the point you long to know? "Yes," you reply; "it is a point essential to my peace, to know that he has loved me with an everlasting love, and that I am born of God." Then, if so, this is a proof you have this seed of heavenly love in your heart.

The Lord Jesus Christ says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life." The springing up of that seed which appeared dead before it was put into the ground is an evidence that it was and is alive. If we look upon a cornfield, where good seed has been put in, harrowed in, and covered over, we shall see it spring up, first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards the full corn in the ear. That is an evidence that such good seed was put in. So, when we discover the breath of prayer coming from a really and truly broken heart, it is a proof that the seed of life is there, seed put in, nothing but the seed of God, pure and holy. And from this seed springs and rises every holy desire, every holy thought, every holy and pure longing after heavenly communications of eternal things. The seed of God is really and truly in your heart. The soul asks, Am I a partaker of this grace? and is oftentimes compelled to go to a throne of grace to have the question settled.

But such a soul has often to say, with the poet:

“If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do.
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?”

“If it be so,” said Rebekah, “why am I thus?” And the living soul asks, “If I am a partaker of this grace, this seed, this love of God, if I have an interest in God’s salvation, why is it thus with me? Why am I tried in the way I am? Why this working? Why this trouble in my heart?” Rebekah went to inquire of the Lord. Say you, “Does not this soul that has this heavenly seed feel and find that it is all good and no bad? Whereas in me something appears to be wrong, something appears to be bad.” So it is with every one of God’s children, with all who are born of the Holy and ever-blessed Spirit. They find that there is not only the spirit within, but flesh also; that there is not only spirituality, but also carnality. I am satisfied of this, that a child of God, who has this spiritual seed, has also a carnal heart as vile as ever it was,—the same as it was before the seed of divine grace was implanted, not any better nor any worse, though the soul appears to get worse, because he feels this struggling, this striving, and the working of sin more and more. Therefore, in his own estimation, he gets worse and worse, yea, more vile than ever. But it is not so. It is the same carnal heart, the same carnal nature, and the same carnal working. There is the mystery of iniquity already at work. The child of God has no need to go to the Pope of Rome, or far away from home, to know what the mystery of iniquity is. He has a pope in his own bosom, the mystery of iniquity already at work. “Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornication, false witness, thefts, blasphemies.” What! Has that soul who is a partaker of the love and grace of God all this about him? Yes. “How can it be?” says the soul. “If I am a partaker of the love and grace of God, how can it be? For the Scripture reads thus: ‘Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.’ But I sin every day; why is it thus? How can it be?” “Two nations are in thy womb,” said the Lord to Rebekah. I am as sure as I am of my own existence that it is so with every new-born soul. There is a Jacob and an Esau. “Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.” One is of the wicked seed; the other of the good seed. It must be so; because the Lord says, “For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.” The new man of grace is loved; it is a holy seed; the new man of grace is a pure seed. Esau, which represents the old man of sin, is hated. It is carnal, it is sinful, it is polluted; it may well be called “the mystery of iniquity.” As Esau was a hunter, hunting after to distress his brother Jacob, so surely the

flesh is ever hunting after something to bring you and me into bondage, in order to distress our minds. So it is with the workings, desires, and motions of the flesh; when you and I strive to keep them down, we strive and groan. And the more we try to stop this evil in our own strength, to keep down this mystery of iniquity, the more it seems to bubble and rise up; till at last we are obliged to go to the Lord with it, and ask him to do it, for we cannot. "Do thou for me, O God the Lord. Keep down these abominations and evils. The power of unbelief has so distressed me; and on account of my own weakness and impotence, thou, Lord, must do it for me." The poor soul is so distressed on account of his own weakness that he is quite bewildered. These are the temptations of Satan working within, trying to draw the poor creature away; and if Satan can by any means, by his insinuations, draw the soul away from Christ, what does he do? He turns accuser. What! says Satan; "thou a partaker of such and such things? If thou hadst had them, thou wouldst never have been here; thou wouldst never have done this." "Ah!" says the soul, "what shall I do? After all, I have deceived myself. I cannot be a partaker of divine grace, that holy precious seed. O Lord, have mercy upon me!" He sends up a cry to the Lord to help him; and the Lord will surely appear for his help.

It is the wicked that have no changes, no bands in their death. The Lord's children have changes; and by these changes they know a little of what it is to feel the workings of nature and the workings of the Spirit; the workings of the carnal part and the workings of the spiritual part; which are as opposite as light from darkness. O man, dead in sin, if there are any here this morning, the Lord knows you are all carnal, all flesh; but those who are made alive, with ever so little grace, ever so little faith, ever so little hope, ever so little desire, that desire, if real, is the working of God in the soul. But it is very different in the carnal man, "dead in trespasses and sins."

The man who has a little desire says, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Could we cry out against sin, from a real feeling of hatred against it, if not alive? No, my friends. Would you, could you do as you did when you were in nature's ruin? No. You then rolled sin as a sweet morsel under your tongue. Some people say of us that we are Antinomians, though they do not know the meaning of the word;—that we live in sin that grace may abound. This is false. The child of God dares not. His prayer and heart's desire to God is, "Keep thou me from secret faults; keep thou me from sinful desires. O Lord, keep me, if thy blessed will, not only from outward acts, but from secret desires and secret sinful thoughts." He desires to be kept night and day. His desire is not to be left to fall into sin; but to follow hard after his Lord and Master. Sin is so terrible that it made David cry

out, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness." What then was David's desire? That he might never do it again. It is no matter, say some, what you do; you will get to heaven if elected. If you are interested in God's love it does not matter what sin you commit. Is that the language of a heaven-born soul, with the love of God in his heart? It is not, my brethren. Though the Lord's children may be branded with this mark, it is not their real character, not the character of those under the sweet influence and power of the Holy Ghost. Antinomians in one sense they may be; that is, they do not depend upon the law for life; they will not have it as a guide for life. I am satisfied that the Lord's children who are working after that rule will find it, instead of a rule of life, a rule of death. But in the end all the Lord's people become dead to the law by the body of Christ; they are delivered from it through the precious obedience and blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus, their glorious Bridegroom, by whom they are delivered from the old covenant of works as a husband, and married to Christ by precious faith. As they have received Christ, so they walk in him.

The soul that is seeking Christ, the poor child of God, has strong desires after Christ, and follows hard after him; yet he has much to discourage him. Sometimes in prayer, when in difficulties and in trouble, he comes mourning before the Lord, fearing he shall have to give all up. When he has been wrestling before the Lord in prayer, a cloud comes up over him, and he says, "Why am I thus? Truly, if I were a child of thine, it would not be so." Sometimes he is tried in this way: "Truly I cannot be a vessel of mercy; I am tried so much." Dear friends, the Lord hath tried me; but when I look into his Word, I see it says, "The Lord trieth the righteous." There is a needs-be for it. Though in the furnace the Lord's children are, and oftentimes are tried in the fire, yet they are never left by the precious Bridegroom. He sits as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he will not forsake them. He has put his holiness, his fear, his seed, and his own work into their hearts; and, therefore, he says, "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee." We may be oftentimes in darkness, so that we cannot see; we look this way and that way; we are like the blind that grope for the wall; we grope as if we had no eyes, as if we were in an obscure place; everything seems obscure; nothing is clear; our election is not clear, our adoption and the new birth are not made clear to us; "We walk in darkness, we gropelike the blind;" we seem in such a position, state, exercise, and feeling that we want to lay hold of the wall of God's salvation; and we are not satisfied without laying hold of these things. Thus the child mourns; he is plagued with the old man, the workings of the flesh, the temptations of the enemy, the power of unbelief, evil thoughts, evil desires. But this is an evidence that he does not love it; an evidence of the opposition against it. Sin is in me, and lives in me; but that is the reason of the struggle. If sin were dead,

there would be no struggling. If grace were dead there would be no struggling. A struggling implies that there are two armies, two parties. "What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies,"—sin and grace; one working in opposition to the other. In this way you may have toiled for many years; some have toiled more, others less. You and I and every child of God are plagued with it, and plagued on account of it as long as we are here below.

"How long, dear Lord, how long,
Deliverance must I seek,
And fight with foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak?

"I'll bear the unequal strife,
And wage the war within;
Since death, that puts an end to life,
Will put an end to sin."

When the Lord is pleased to come, even when in the arms of death, and say, "I come quickly," the soul is sure to respond, and say, "Even so; come, Lord Jesus." Then sin will be for ever and ever put away; and the soul will be no more plagued with it. Though uncertain as to the time when death will come, yet we are looking forward to it. Some of the Lord's children are brought into the banqueting house, and God's banner over them is love, and they seem happy; you, probably, are mourning, being plagued on account of death, and how it will be at that solemn moment. Fear not, brethren; he will bring you through the flood of death. "He was manifested to deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." You will at last be delivered, if your souls are in earnest about a manifestation of interest in the things of heaven. The Lord says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." The greater the trial the greater measure of grace the soul stands in need of. Those that are in a sharper trial than you and I have no more grace than needed; in proportion as their trials, so grace and strength are given according to the trials and difficulties of the way. David at one time was brought to say, "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Thy presence, O Lord, constitutes our heaven here, and our happy moments. If we get Jesus himself for our staff, for our support in the hour of death, then we shall break out, and sing Victory! O! How sweet to die resting in the strength, power, mercy, salvation, and grace of the Lord!

If you are of those who thus think, well, the time will soon come. But some poor trembling soul may be saying, "What shall I do, who have had no manifestation, like many, of my interest in God's salvation? The Lord has not revealed himself to me as he has to some of his children. I have petitioned his blessed Majesty many times." Well, poor soul, all your prayers

will be answered at once in God's time. It is said of Daniel that he made supplication, and petitioned time after time; but the Lord sent to deliver him, and told him that his petitions were heard from the very first putting up. Even if the time of thy deliverance shall be put off till death, who can tell but the Lord will appear? I have sometimes thought, when standing by the bed-side of one breathing his last, Who can tell what is passing through this soul? Who can tell but the Lord is now breaking in at the present moment, answering the soul to the joy of his heart, just as the spirit is bursting forth to enter the wished-for Canaan to be ever with the Lord?

May the Lord make more manifest to you, day by day, this heavenly seed, this holy seed, this precious grace of God in your heart. Amen.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Brother,—I thankfully accept your kind proposal of meeting me, as I know nothing of London, never having been there since I was 12 years old; remembering, also, that the great apostle, when he saw brethren, thanked God and took courage. I hope it will have the same effect on me; as I feel my mind much cast down at the thoughts of a London audience. I was brought up in the fens of Lincolnshire, without learning, inured to hard labour from my youth among low mechanics, and my language not much calculated to please a London congregation. I have need to have my spirits raised; and I have need of your prayers and forbearance. May the Lord help me, for his Name's sake. The Lord permitting, I shall be with you on Thursday night, the 15th inst. I expect to come by the Boston Perseverance coach to the King's Arms, Holborn Bridge, where I shall be exceedingly glad of you to meet me.

I am truly glad, my brother, at what you tell me,—that the people in London love the truth, for there are few that do. The promise to such is that they shall be all taught of God, that they shall all know the truth, and that the truth shall make them free. Yes; glory to God, the power of truth in the heart frees the soul from the bondage of the law, sin, Satan, and the world; and enables the soul to claim her relationship to God as her Father, the Lord Jesus Christ as her elder Brother, and the kingdom of heaven as her eternal inheritance. The Holy Ghost, bearing his powerful witness in the conscience, fills the soul with joy and peace in believing. Blessed religion! May the Lord fill your soul, my brother, with this rich treasure, and cause you to inherit this glorious substance.

This is the prayer of your poor Brother in Christ, and Willing Servant in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus,
Sleaford, May 30th and June 13th, 1820. S. CHEFFINS.

So far as Christ comes in, sin goes out.—*Ralph Erskine.*

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 295.)

LET us now take a little notice of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and we shall find him all in this respect. I shall mention sixteen benefits arising to us from his resurrection.

1. Take notice of the union that still subsisted between him and us in his resurrection, as well as in his life and death: "With my dead body shall they arise." (Isa. xxvi. 19.) This was very wonderful,—that in their covenant Head every member should arise when he arose, and yet millions of them not then in existence, as it respects this world. The resurrection of saints by his death and resurrection discovered itself just after he arose from the dead. "Many bodies of the saints [not unconverted sinners] which slept [called sleep, because the sting of death is taken away] arose [this shows that the grave could not hold the members any more than it could the Head], went into the holy city, and appeared to many." Thus, by this corn of wheat dying it brought forth much fruit. Christ is the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming; that is, his body was the first that arose from the dead to a life of glory. Though we read of Elijah and Enoch going to glory, yet they did not die at all. If you deny the resurrection of Christ, you may call yourself a believer, but you are still in all your sins, and your faith is a false faith. Why? Paul shall answer you: "If Christ be not raised, our preaching is vain; and your faith is also vain; ye are yet in your sins."

2. We arise to newness of life: "Like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." When we are regenerated by his Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, we then prove that we are of that number; for we are delivered from our sin, from God's wrath, from the curse of the law, as he was, and from the power of Satan, as he was. And we have God to our Father; and so he says, "I ascend to my Father, and your Father." And as a proof of it, the set time comes to favour us, and the Spirit of God is poured upon us, and bears witness in us, enabling us to lay this claim with humble confidence. Now, this is newness of life. There is now a new heart, "a broken heart;" a new spirit; new tongues: "I create the fruit of the lip;" and a new name; that is adoption. We are new creatures. Thus old things pass away, and all things become new. And this is not all; for we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Now, this all arises to us from the resurrection of Christ. "Christ is all."

3. The world and its vanities can no longer hold us. We are not chained down to carnal things; for, as our treasure is in heaven, so our hearts are there also. Time was when we were

earthly, and spake of the earth; but now we are heavenly; and to be heavenly-minded is life and peace. We find such sweet entertainment in these things that everything else seems to us far more beneath us than children's playthings do to a very wise and sensible man. We, therefore, put away childish things; and as we have arisen, by union to our Head, to newness of life, so our affections ascend up to God our heavenly Father. "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above," &c. Can you follow me thus far? If you can, I proceed.

4. God is now pleased to fulfil in us the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power. Let me open this up a little, as the Lord shall enable me. It is plain that we may have real faith before this power comes on us to make matters clear to us. Now, take particular notice of this text: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe on his name." I will mention a few of the many things that are different from what we found before this power came upon us.

i. We are enabled to claim God as our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus; and this is not presumption, because our consciences say the same. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, crying, Abba, Father." And this is guarded by a filial fear of God; for, after he says, "Thou shalt call me, My Father," he says, "Thou shalt not turn away from me." But what is to keep us from turning away? "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me."

ii. We now believe that we are adopted into his family, and, consequently, entitled to the privileges of them. And this is plain from this text: "Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus;"—manifestly so. This is marked by a separation from the world: "Come out from amongst them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and be a Father unto you; and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty."

iii. We have power in prayer, so as to pray in faith: "This is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." And it is astonishing how we are furnished to pray from real want, with the heart. See Jacob when Esau sought his life. It is said of him, "As a prince thou hast power with God and with man, and hast prevailed." Thus the violent take the kingdom by force. And a tender conscience guards this: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

iv. This faith makes devils fly. "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith." And this Christ promised: "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you. I will give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy." It is wonderful; for, though before we were swarming

alive with corruption, now we are clean through the word he has spoken to us. Though before our enemies carried all before them, now our enemies do not triumph over us; and thus we get the victory. Although we find, after this, that we have to fight all our days, yet we are often enabled to glory in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest on us. We often go against our enemies in extreme weakness, and the Lord fulfils his promise in giving power to the faint. But this is guarded. Hence the caution, which is given that we may give the Lord all the glory: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, let not the rich man glory in his riches, let not the strong man glory in his strength; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me," &c. "Let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." Now, the faith that lays fast hold of these things comes to us by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Says Peter, "Who by him do believe in God, that raised him from the dead and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God." "Christ is all."

5. The fifth benefit that arises from the resurrection of Jesus Christ is a good conscience. There is and ever has been much toil and labour amongst the children of men to get a good conscience. What is it, do you suppose, that is the occasion of so much outside work in forms of religion? It is conscience. These things well attended to will stupify conscience for a while; but God will not let his people rest here, and, therefore, he quickens conscience, and enlightens it. And he is pleased to follow this work up so close that he hunts us out of all those refuges of lies under which we had taken shelter; he ploughs up the fallow ground of the hearts of his people, till at last the very best performances of the flesh appear as bad as the worst of sins. Let an Arminian get hold of such a one, and talk about his sinless perfection, the child of God really would hate it as if a man cursed and swore; for, though he hates that, yet he knows the swearer appears in his true colours; but the other is a devil dressed up, or, to use Scripture language, "Satan transformed." It is the highest offence against Christ our Sanctification, and is setting up a rival to Jesus. But, to leave these, what will make conscience good? Take it, then, from God's Book in these five things; and short of these five things there is not a good conscience in all the world.

i. There must be the fear of God in the conscience. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Such depart from evil; they shun evil and worldly company, and pray against the spirit of the world; they shun false professors, as far as they are enlightened to see them; and they hate themselves and the cursed works of the devil in themselves. So did Paul, under a feeling sense of his own weakness: "What I hate, that do I." They hate the devil, the fountain of all evil, and would rejoice to see the day when they shall be delivered from his power. "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil." Such, though they cannot depart from evil, in the way the Arminian talks of, yet they have a

principle that works in these ways I have mentioned. The Lord says, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." Heart here means conscience, and does often in Scripture, as you may see in John: "If our *heart* condemn us;" that is, if our conscience condemn us.

ii. The conscience must be purged from sin. Did you never read this text: "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience?" Say you, How shall I find this out? You will find it out by all accusation going away; that is, the evil tidings of Satan accusing you, and the law of Moses bringing in bill upon bill against you, which they will till your heart is sprinkled. Then, instead of these accusations, the Spirit will bear witness in your conscience that Christ bore your sins and carried your sorrows. And this will in time grow so strong that you will say, "My conscience bears me witness in the Holy Ghost; and my rejoicing is this, the testimony of my conscience."

iii. You must have faith in your conscience, because to the unbelieving there is nothing clean, mind and conscience both being defiled. This faith differs from all other faith because it only believes as far as it feels. Now try yourself by that; and, as far as you feel, so far you will move in faith. This faith stands in the power of God displayed to the sinner.

iv. Conscience made good will not be bribed. You cannot bribe it with any dead works. It is purged from dead works to serve the living God; and, therefore, such exercise themselves day and night to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man. This is an honest conscience; and if you wriggle and twist ever so much, conscience will fight against you, and will not let you rest till you have confessed what is amiss and received a fresh manifestation of pardon.

v. The righteousness of Christ and the love of God must be in the conscience. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness;" and this you will know by having peace; for "the work of righteousness is peace." "Let the peace of God reign in your hearts." The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts; and that will cast out slavish fear and torment.

Now, in these things "Christ is all;" for, 1. He was heard in that he feared. 2. It is his blood cleanses us from all sin. 3. He is the Author and Finisher of our faith. 4. If conscience is purged from dead works, he sits as a refiner at his fire, and regulates the heat. 5. It is his righteousness that is unto all and upon all them that believe. And, 6, the love of God is in Christ Jesus. And all this that I have said about conscience comes to us by the resurrection of Christ. "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us; not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." "Christ is all."

6. The sixth benefit arising to us from the resurrection of our blessed Lord is our justification.

God has concluded all men in unbelief; but we get rid of this

through Christ; for he is "the Author and Finisher of our faith;" and, therefore, we are no longer in a state of condemnation, but of justification. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," the second Adam. If you and I are justified, it is by faith, and not by works, before God. By works we are justified before men. This is called by Paul "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." On the right hand signifies the righteousness of Jesus Christ. He stands at the right hand of the poor as their Advocate, and places his own perfect obedience to their account. But the righteousness on the left is the effect of this righteousness reduced to practice. David says, "The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness, and according to the cleanness of my hands in his eye-sight."

Now, wherever justification takes place, it will be known by a light shining on our path; and this light will never leave us till we get to glory; and then it will be perfected. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." We can in this light discover four things, which no man living that is not justified can discover. 1. The gospel is attended with power to our hearts, and we can see that we are quickened from a death in sin to a life of righteousness. This is plain; for "life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." If, therefore, they are brought to light, then we discover them. 2. We can see that God approves of us in Christ Jesus, by lifting up upon us the light of his countenance. "God, that 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." To this agrees the psalmist: "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." 3. This light is supernatural. It makes Christ in our eyes the Chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; and we reject everything else. "By faith Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," &c. 4. We can see that the devil reigns and rules over and leads captive all but the elect of God. Says John, "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness," or in the wicked one.

Thus the path of the just is evidenced to them by light to discover that they are quickened, and that God favours them, and by Christ being precious. This Peter speaks of: "Unto you, therefore, that believe he is precious." This light has never left me yet, to speak for myself.

Again. If we find ourselves ever so much accused or condemned after being justified, ever so much tried in providence, or afflicted in family or body, we shall get out of all our troubles. Two texts to confirm this truth: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "The just shall come out of trouble."

Again. We may fall from our steadfastness, and from our first love, and we may fall into sin; but we never can fall away so as to apostatize, though we may often fear we shall. Hence Solomon says, "A just man falleth seven times, and riseth again," &c. Thus it is evidenced to us by the light shining on our path, by getting out of afflictions, and by our rising up when fallen; all of which come from Christ Jesus. 1. Light shining: "I am the Light of the world." 2. "There shall come forth a Deliverer out of Zion." You see, he is called a Deliverer, and, therefore, delivers the righteous out of all his troubles. 3. "If one fall, the other shall lift up his fellow." This shows the union that subsists between Christ and the church. "Christ is all."

Now all this justification comes to us by the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ; and so says Paul: "Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." "Christ is all."

(To be continued.)

PRAYING FOR FREEDOM.

GREAT God, to thee I raise my cry;
 O! Cast me not away;
 For I have nowhere else to fly,
 When fill'd with sore dismay.
 A carnal heart, at war with thee,
 I daily, hourly find;
 To thee I look to give to me
 A spiritual mind.
 Held captive by the chains of earth,
 Thou great eternal King,
 O! Bring my soul from prison forth,
 That I thy praise may sing.
 O Lord! I am indeed oppress'd;
 Do undertake for me;
 That I may be completely bless'd,
 And thy salvation see.
 Appear, dear Lord; once more appear,
 And set my heart at rest;
 Remove the soul-tormenting fear
 That dwells within my breast.
 'Tis Jesus' righteousness I plead,
 And his most precious blood;
 In his dear people's room and stead,
 As Surety once he stood.
 A Jesus may he be to me,
 A Saviour from my sin.
 O! Let my prayer come up to thee,
 And peace abound within.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S ANSWER TO MR. TOMS'S LIFE.

Beloved of God,—Peace and truth be with thee.

Thy simple narrative arrived safe. In the perusal of it I found a medley of sweets in it; and a medley of feelings in my own soul accompanied the reading of it. I wondered, I admired, I grieved, I wept, and, at times, laughed quite out. I said in my heart, This vessel hath made many tacks, spent much time in sailing, and for ten years did not run one knot towards the desired haven which is so commodious to winter in. However, we are glad to find that Jonah has got safe to land.

You and I, my son, are subject to many epidemical disorders, which require many bitter potions, and much physic; stiff necks, stony hearts, perverse wills, obstinate minds, the leprosy in the blood, and the plague in the heart; these require much probing and a deal of medicine, and all little enough to restore us to health and keep us alive. Thou hast got a large tract to look back upon, plenty of room for reflection, and a vast compass of this world to explore. One continued scene of preservation and the innumerable deliverances of an unknown God must, at times, be a soul-humbling consideration to thee, and is a confirmation of that wonderful passage: "Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." However, I will be bold to say that thou hast been more roughly handled on shore than ever thou wert at sea. No captain that ever thou sailedst with treated thee with that cruelty that thou hast experienced from the buffetings of thy old master, the devil. All the lashes of the cat were but flea-bites when compared to the chastisements and scourges of God. Nor was any danger at sea so perilous as that of hovering on the brink of the bottomless pit, with a guilty conscience, and under the curse of God. I know thou wilt agree with me in this. What pains, what patience, what long-suffering and long-forbearance, what watchfulness and tender care does the Almighty exercise in behalf of poor crawling worms of the dust, who are such enemies to him, such infamous rebels against him! But his decree is sure, his eternal love is fixed, and the price of redemption is paid; and we must be brought to know it, to feel it, and to enjoy it, that we may be melted, purified, and humbled, and that our God may be glorified.

It is true, had all these thy sufferings been in defence of the Gospel, it had been an honour, and thou wouldst have borne, even on thy back, the marks of the Lord Jesus; but, alas! Thou wast buffeted for thy faults. But even this hath worked for thy good; for we have had our fill of this vain and miserable world; and, whatever opportunity we may have to return, I believe we shall never desire to go back. Worldly prosperity is seldom a furtherance of the good work within; if it were, God would not keep the generality of his people so poor as he does. A state of absolute dependence on him is best for us, though proud nature doth not like to submit to it. It makes us industrious and

watchful, and furnishes us with many petitions at a throne of grace. It makes God's mercies sweet, and excites gratitude for the least favour; and, while the Almighty causes his goodness to pass before us, we see our signs, and many tokens for good, which encourage faith, and cause us to abound in hope. And as he hath promised every needful supply, and hath put temporal as well as spiritual blessings into his covenant and his promise, and hath appointed Christ heir of all things pertaining to this life and to that which is to come, our portion is safest in his hands; and he shall choose our inheritance for us. He hath not intended to give us our good things in this life; he hath provided some better things for us, a treasure in the heavens, where no moth corrupts, where no thief approaches. Therefore, "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

Be not entangled with acquaintances, nor suffer thyself to be brought into bondage by any one who makes a profession of religion, let him be who he may. There are but few, comparatively speaking, who know either law or gospel in the power of them. They know neither the goodness nor the severity of God; they can neither sing of mercy nor of judgment. It hath often been a grief to me to see a young believer, just merged out of darkness, running after every one he can find that makes a profession. One robs him, another wounds him, another stumbles him. If such were to be still and quiet, keep themselves to themselves, and observe the Lord's work with them, and what passes between their own souls and him, pay attention to his voice and watch his visitations, compare spiritual things with spiritual, his Word with his work, and give all diligence to make their calling and election sure, we should not have so many halting and doubting believers as we have. But they let the best opportunities slip; and then the time comes when they desire to see one of the days of the Son of man, and they shall not see it. Such simple souls are often ensnared by the worst of hypocrites. They look up to one who appears to have great light, and they see with his eyes, and go by his light, and what he says is sure to be gospel. Another appears to be all faith and fervour, and they rest on his arm; by and by this shining light falls into error, and the supposed strong believer discovers nothing but rash presumption; and then their right eyes must be plucked out, and their right hands cut off. And how halt and maimed does such a poor soul feel himself to be; how is he staggered and stumbled; how enfeebled and discouraged is he, and how strongly do his natural affections bias him! Thus poor David fared when Ahithophel, his counsellor and companion, was given up to Satan; and Paul, when Alexander and Demas turned their backs upon him; but God never forsook him. And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, who will be with us through evil report and good report; and to hoary hairs and old age will he carry us. O that we may walk

humbly with him, and walk with him in peace and equity! He shall shine upon our path, direct our steps, and pluck our feet out of every net.

“There is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens in our help, and in his excellence on the skies. The eternal God is our Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. He shall thrust out every enemy from before us, and shall say, Destroy them.” To his protection I commit thee; and under his shadow may thy trust be till every calamity be overpast. Amen and Amen, says

Thy willing Servant in Christ Jesus,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. WARBURTON TO THE LATE MR. KERSHAW.

Dear Brother,—We are all pretty well in health, and things are going on very comfortably at the chapel. But, as it respects myself, I am a poor pauper upon charity. Sometimes I think I am hardly dealt with; sometimes I am broken down, and wonder however charity can be so kind and so richly supply such a troublesome lump of nuisance for nearly these forty years in this vale of tears; sometimes I am lost in wonder and admiration, all being right and straight, and can bear all things, endure all things, and lie passive in his dear hands like a child, and say, The will of the Lord be done; sometimes kicking, fighting, mourning, and fretting because things do not go on just to suit my views; and at other times I drop into a stupid, careless, lifeless state, as if I cared not for God, man, devil, heaven, nor hell. And of all states I get into, there is none I dread more than this. Indeed, my friend, I do not know what I shall get into if I live long. I used to think, thirty years ago, that I had seen and felt the depth of my wicked heart; but, alas! What scenes I am obliged to witness at work in my wretched heart from day to day, except it is two or three moments when the Master is there! Then they are still enough in their holes; but as soon as he is gone, out they are again worse than ever. I cannot get into that way that hundreds in these parts talk of,—doing their duty, living up to their privileges, taking God at his word, and taking no notice of what there is within. I cannot get on in this way. I know nothing about taking God at his word that is ever of any real profit to my soul, till God in his word takes me; and then I can take it as well as any of them. I am a living witness that I can do nothing without Christ and the teaching of the blessed Spirit.

As for my preaching, I am a complete mystery to myself. I keep hobbling on, but it is in such a blind way to reason that I cannot think it possible that the people can bear with me long. What little I do say, I am at a point is not borrowed nor stolen from my neighbour, but is obtained by hard wrestling, groaning, and tears. I cannot prevail upon God to do for me as I want,

which is to lead me to see great things in the Bible. But I am quite convinced that God means me to be a little preacher; and there are moments when I am heartily content to be the least of all, and to go to the people with what the Lord is pleased to give me, whether it be little or much. At such times, I see and feel too that the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power; and I can enter a little into Paul's method of preaching, where he says, "I was with you in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling; and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Some of the ministers say I have acted with deceit and guile in getting the hearts of the people, and robbing them of their children; and some have said that Rom. xvi. 17, 18 belongs to Warburton. May the dear Lord keep me all the day long in his fear, that I may be preserved from anger, wrath, malice, guile, and hypocrisy in his sight, and that my poor soul may be very precious in his sight, and that I may ever be content with what God is pleased to give me.

Your unworthy Brother,

Trowbridge, Dec. 18th, 1835.

J. WARBURTON.

A BACKSLIDER IN HEART.

JESUS, I feel lone and sad;
 Speak some word of grace to me;
 Tell me that, with all my faults,
 Still I am complete in thee.

True, I've wander'd far away;
 Yet, O clasp me to thy breast!
 There, ashamed of self, I'll hide;
 That will cure my rovings best.

Friends forsake, and speak to me
 Cruel words, my heart to tear;
 Jesus, draw me to thy feet;
 I would leave my burdens there.

Tell me all is sent in love,
 To remind me I am frail;
 Raise my heart and hope above,
 Lest my gloomy fears prevail.

Why should I be thus oppress'd?
 Lord, my every fear remove;
 Jesus, set my heart at rest,
 And give tokens of thy love.

Jesus, I would ever be
 Firmly fix'd near thy side;
 Let me cleave alone to thee,
 And by thy dear truth abide.

M. W.

MOUNT PISGAH.

(Continued from page 259, 1876.)

“Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”—1 THESS. IV. 18.

VII. The next word of comfort in this model is, the removing an objection or discouragement which probably might possess the spirits of God's people in reference to his dying saints; and that is, lest the saints which shall be found alive at the coming of the Lord might be happier, or, at least, sooner happy, than the saints which are fallen asleep before that day. For the rolling of this stumbling-block out of the way, the apostle now acquaints believers with the order and method of that great and solemn transaction at Christ's coming; and this he does in two ways,—negatively and affirmatively.

1. *Negatively.* He peremptorily denies that the living saints, at Christ's coming in glory, shall have the least advantage above the sleeping saints, by their being found alive at that day: “We which are alive and remain shall not prevent them which are asleep” (ver. 15); that is, the living saints shall not prevent the dead saints, in any privilege of the resurrection, or of the appearance of the Lord Jesus. It might probably be a temptation upon the Thessalonians or other Christians, either that the saints only which should be found alive at the coming of Christ should have the happiness of seeing the Lord Jesus coming in his glory, with all his mighty angels, to judge the world, and they only should enjoy the privilege of his glorious appearance; that all the saints who died before that day were a lost generation, who should never come forth again to the light, or to behold the glory of that day, or to enjoy the blessed fruits and consequences of it; or, at least, that they should be the first in that happiness to see his glory, and have the first share in the felicities and triumph of that day, before the sleeping saints should be awakened out of their beds of dust. The apostle, therefore, peremptorily and positively removes this scruple and fear out of the minds of Christians. He assures us that it is an utter mistake, and neither one nor the other; he tells us that all believers who had died, from the first Adam downward until the coming of the Second Adam, shall have as good a share in the privileges and glory of that day as those who are found alive at Christ's coming. The living shall not prevent or go before the dead in any one of the beatitudes and honours of the resurrection; neither shall they go to meet this glorious Bridegroom one moment sooner than these brethren who are in their graves; nor shall they see him coming in his glory one moment sooner; nor, consequently, be owned by Christ, or received by him, or be taken up to him, or be placed upon thrones with him, or receive their glorification with him, one moment before their fellow-saints who are yet in their dormitories.

2. But, then, how much stronger consolation does the *affirmative* part afford! Although it is in the close of the next verse, yet it

being the main branch of the apostle's account, whereby he satisfies the doubt of the dying servants of God, we must of necessity speak of it here. "The dead in Christ shall rise first." He states exactly the method of Christ's procedure at his coming, viz., that the first business which shall be then transacted shall be the awakening and raising of all the saints of God out of their graves, which from Adam until that moment have slept in the dust. "The dead in Christ shall rise first." Nothing shall be done till that be done. "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust." And when they shall have put on their wedding garments, they shall be conducted in state and triumph to meet their Royal Bridegroom, now come forth more than half way to meet them, and to consummate the marriage long since contracted, even in the day of their espousals.

It were easy to enlarge here, but in a word the sum in the affirmative is this: The saints who sleep in the grave at Christ's coming shall be so far from being made less happy, or later happy, in the coming of Christ than the saints who then shall be found alive, that they shall be first remembered. The first care Christ will take when he comes in the clouds shall be, not about the living, but the dead saints: "The dead in Christ shall rise first." They shall be the first-fruits of the resurrection. They that have slept so long in their beds of dust shall be awakened before anything be done about them who never slept; they that were unclothed and saw corruption in the grave must first have their bodies "clothed upon" with incorruption; and then the surviving saints, at Christ's coming, shall be joined to them who have for so many years and ages slept in Jesus. "The dead in Christ shall rise first," and both be presented together before the Judge.

It were too little to say that this may much alleviate the bitterness of death, our own, or our godly relations; surely, it may greatly augment our joy. They and we shall be so far from being losers by laying down our earthly tabernacles in the dust, before we see Christ coming in his glory, that it shall be our advantage. If there be any privilege, any joy, any glory, any triumph in that day, it shall be theirs who sleep in Jesus; and theirs as soon as their surviving brethren's. The first dawns of the Sun of righteousness, coming in his majesty, shall shine upon their faces; the first-fruits of that jubilee shall be reserved for a recompense of their long sleep in the grave. They shall begin their health in this cup of salvation. The primacy of all that blessed solemnity belongs to the departed saints. "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

Christians, "comfort one another with these words." And the rather, because this is not an uncertain conjecture which the apostle lays down here, but an assertion of infallible certainty, which he had from the divine oracle, the Word of God; his authority for which doctrine the apostle brings: "This we say unto you by the word of the Lord." He quotes divine authority for what he delivers. It being a doctrine of so much encouragement

and satisfaction unto dying saints, a doctrine above human capacity, and, it seems, not commonly understood by the churches and saints of God at that or this time, he does not pass it in his own name, or upon his own authority; he tells us from whence he had it. "What I deliver now unto you, I speak not of myself, but from the mouth of him that is the Truth itself, the mouth of Jesus Christ. This we say unto you by the word of the Lord."

VIII. The next word of comfort is: "The Lord himself shall descend." Here the apostle describes unto us the second coming of Christ. In this description we have three considerable particulars:

1. The *Person* who shall come: "*The Lord himself.*"
2. The *certainty* of his coming: "*He shall come.*"
3. The *manner* of his coming: "*With a shout.*"

1. The Person who shall come: "The Lord himself;" that is, Jesus Christ, God-Man, the Mediator between God and man, he who came at first to purchase and redeem the elect of God. The same Person will now come to raise them out of their graves, to gather them together, and to bring them with him unto glory. He will not send a deputy-angel about the solemn work of that day; but will descend himself in person to finish that last and grand trust of his mediatorial office. The Lord himself will descend in his own person, because the judgment must be visible; and, therefore, the Judge must be so too. He shall appear in the clouds of heaven, that he may be heard and seen of all: "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." (Rev. i. 7.) Clouds are visible things; and these clouds shall not obscure him, but rather render him more conspicuous: "*Every eye shall see him.*" He shall so come with clouds, that they shall be a throne to exalt and lift him up to the view of all the world. The posture is therefore noted as well as the throne. "Ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." (Matt. xxvi. 64.) Clouds shall be his throne; and sitting will be the posture, the posture of a Judge.

The Lord himself shall appear for a recompense to his abasement. It is requisite that he who was judged by the world should now come to judge the world. He came at first humble, lowly, despised, sitting upon an ass, spit upon, and crucified; but he shall come again in power and great glory. It is good sometimes to compare the two comings of Christ together. At first he came in the flesh; he showed himself in the nature of man, to be judged. But at his second coming he shall come from heaven, in the same human nature which he carried up with him into heaven, to be the Judge both of the quick and of the dead. Then his companions were poor fishermen; now his attendants shall be the mighty angels of heaven. (2 Thess. i. 7.) Then he came riding on an ass, a colt, the foal of an ass; now he shall come riding on the clouds, sitting on a throne. At his first

coming he appeared in the form of a servant; now he shall come as a Lord in the glory of his Father. Then he drank of the brook in the way; but now shall he lift up his head.

Also our Lord Jesus Christ must come himself at the last day to perfect and finish his mediatorial office. At his first coming, his mediatorial work was to pay a price to Divine justice, and so to purchase us of his Father; at his second coming it will be to gather all his redeemed ones together, and to present them as a glorious church to his Father, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy and without blemish: "Behold, here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me." (Isa. viii. 18.) At his first coming, his mediatorial work was to fight with the devil and all the powers of darkness, and to rescue what he had bought of the Father out of the power of Satan, that strong man armed, who kept his goods in peace; at his second coming, it will be to vanquish all those enemies out of whose dominion he has freed his elect, to bind them with chains, to cast them into everlasting darkness, and to seal the bottomless pit upon them forever. And when he hath done this, the Lord Jesus shall deliver up the kingdom to his Father; his office is not completed till this is done. God's oath is passed upon it, and cannot be reversed. (Isa. xlv. 23.) The text is applied to Christ, presently upon his exaltation, to this very purpose. (Phil. ii. 10.)

(*To be continued.*)

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—I received your letter with pleasure, and thank you for your friendly spirit in writing. I can, I hope, as in the fear of the Lord, tell you that I cannot regard anything which you have written as being any evidence against you. No feeling you have described, no fear that you have expressed, no bondage of soul of which you have complained, is in my judgment to be regarded as a feature of an unquickened state. Indeed, your letter is an encouraging testimony to the grace of God and the teaching of the blessed Spirit in your own soul. I am no stranger to any one complaint you make against yourself.

It is one of Satan's devices to urge a child of God to the belief that his experience is opposite to that through which real Christians are passing; but in this matter it is wise to bring our experience to the test of Scripture, and not to compare it, as, alas! we too frequently do, with that of some other person. Often, when I have read Huntington, or Bunyan, or Luther, or any highly-favoured servant of the Lord, I have measured my religion by their standard; and finding I have not been led in exactly the same way, that the Lord has not used just the same means in my case as in theirs, my unbelieving heart has said, "O! You are altogether out of the secret." But I hope I have somewhat learned the folly of so doing, and have learned how much wiser it is to go with my burden and guilt to the Lord.

And if, upon my knees before him, I can sometimes find a sweet feeling, and a comforting hope spring up, and something like the Lord's own approval, then I can, as Paul says, "rejoice in myself, and not in another."

With regard to your not being able to tell the exact time that God quickened your soul and brought you from nature to grace, it is not important. I do not say such a thing is not very satisfying, but I say that it is no reason whatever that the work has not been wrought. For the most part, those who are able with such exactness to date the period of their spiritual transition from darkness to light, were very ungodly and hardened prior to grace taking possession of their hearts, not subject to many deep early convictions, very ignorant of even the letter of truth, and living in vice and open licentiousness. When the Spirit begins a work with such, the change is much more perceptible at the beginning; whereas, in the case of others, where the former life was somewhat moral, and early natural convictions acted as a check upon evil habits and sinful courses, it is very difficult to tell to what extent the Spirit of God might have had a hand in such restraints, in the way of preparing the ground for future culture. In cases of this kind, it is frequently impossible to tell the particular time of one's conversion. If you are able to say, with one in the Gospel, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," I would say, dear friend, give God the praise; and do not let Satan cast you down on the other point.

You refer to a refreshing time in reading Luther; and all you say about it appears to me like the whispers of the Spirit. And I am satisfied that we are great losers by attending so little to these whispers. Satan has, time after time, tempted me to conclude that it were better to take no notice of any impressions, or slight comforts, or little helps, but to be disposed to throw away everything but things special and wonderful. It may not be God's will to give either you or myself anything wonderful; but it may be his blessed will often to manifest his mercy and love and grace as by a whisper. And if we turn a deaf ear to these, why, then it is no wonder if Satan succeed in getting us to throw away our religion altogether. David speaks of being helped with a *little* help, and was, no doubt, very thankful for it. And I hope the Lord will make you thankful for the same. You have reason to bless the Lord that he has done what he has for you. May you by grace grow up into Jesus your Head in all things.

With kind regards, I am, dear Friend,

Yours faithfully,

Plymouth, July 25th, 1864.

C. HEMINGTON.

My dearly-beloved Friend,—Your very kind and savoury epistle would not have remained so long unanswered, but for want of time and ability equal to my desire. To will hath been daily present with me; but when I would do that which is apparently good, evil is too frequently present with me. The winter of age

and the winter of the year both combine to bow me down; and were it not for now and then a gracious visitation from that blessed Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, my state would be sad indeed. But this is often my consolation, even in the midst of manifold tribulations, that the God of Israel changeth not, that he rests in his love, that his covenant stands fast to a thousand generations. However mysterious and diversified his dealings may appear in our view, the operations of his hand never deviate from the fixed purpose of his holy will; for "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." And the ultimate end of all his dispensations towards the objects of his choice will most certainly terminate in his own great glory and their everlasting good. This I firmly believe, and, at times, enjoy the fruits of, by faith; but, alas! this hateful inbred foe, in conjunction with the old adversary, too often mars my inward peace and grieves my feeble soul. When this befalls me, I sink in my feelings, as Peter once did; and nothing less than the voice of the Lord Jesus and his outstretched arm can bring deliverance to such a helpless worm.

Sometimes, in looking back and remembering the condescending goodness and mercy of the Almighty, so repeatedly manifested in my behalf, I feel abashed and ashamed to think how apt I am to shrink when any fresh difficulty appears before me, and how prone to faint at the prospect of some fresh trouble. Yet so it is; for while some seem to boast of their strong confidence, I find it no easy matter to live the supernatural life of faith. I have learned by long experience that *my* strength is perfect weakness, and that, without the gracious and continual aid of divine power, I can do nothing to any purpose. It is the Lord's own arm that brings our every salvation to pass; and he hath in loving-kindness declared, "My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth; and my arm shall judge the people. The isles shall wait upon me, and on my arm shall they trust." In this great and gracious promise is included a most abundant supply for the weak and feeble in the household of faith; righteousness, salvation, strength, judgment, and fresh supplies of grace to enable them to wait for the accomplishment of all that the Lord hath spoken. Three absolute *shalls* from the mouth of God are included in this comprehensive promise; and blessed are all they who are enabled to believe it; for the Lord will perform his Word in his own good time.

The bereaving providence which so recently visited the family of my beloved friend was no doubt so ordered by the Lord for the exercise and for the trial of faith, of patience, and of hope. I have not forgotten the sensations of my own soul when called to resign my firstborn and only son, thirty-four years ago. At three years of age he was seized with the small-pox; and when every means made use of appeared abortive, at three o'clock on the Sabbath morning we agreed to kneel down and surrender the little darling into the hands of Him who first bestowed him upon

us. And if faith and humble submission were ever exercised in this soul of mine, they were then poured out before God with that peculiar energy that is chiefly experienced in the furnace of affliction. And when the child yielded up the ghost, the sweetest peace flowed into my heart while uttering these words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." Yet it came to pass that, on the self-same day, the enemy of my soul burst in upon me with an overwhelming temptation respecting the eternal state of the child; but, after enduring a severe conflict for about an hour, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him, by enabling me to cast my burden upon the Lord in humble supplication. When I had poured out my grief and showed him my sorrows, these words flowed into my heart with comforting power: "See, thy son liveth." Afterwards, when committing the mortal part to the dust, and while looking into the grave, these words dropped upon my spirit: "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." This particular trial, whenever it recurs to my mind, is always attended with the most unreserved acquiescence in what the Lord hath done; nor would I have it otherwise than it is for all the world. Thus was I comforted after the death of little Samuel; and thus I believe my dear friends have been comforted since little Benjamin was safely lodged in the bosom of God. And I am sure you will now unite with me in declaring that "he hath done all things well."

There are several subjects that crowd into my mind, which would carry me beyond the limits of this sheet. As to myself, suffice it to say that I am upheld and move slowly on in a path you are well acquainted with; and as it is the appointed way to the better country, our sweetest consolation arises from the consideration of what lies in prospect before us; while every fresh discovery and earnest we obtain is by Peter called a "*receiving* the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls." Present supports and supplies we may call true tokens of future good, to encourage us to persevere in the face of all opposition; for this life will be a continued warfare, and there are many adversaries who will hinder us with all their might; but the Lord's hand is still known towards his servants, and no weapon formed against them shall finally prosper. The everlasting God will to the end of our pilgrimage be our "refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble." Hitherto we have found, by gracious experience, that although clouds and darkness are round about the Lord, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne; and that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." My present path is like a perplexing labyrinth, a chequered in and out, rough and smooth passage. Mountains piled on mountains appear in perspective before me; and in looking back I often wonder how I have been carried on thus far. Most of my companions in travel are sharply tried in providence; but there are, or seem to be, in my own experience some bitter ingredients

peculiar and different from theirs; but all is by divine appointment, and, therefore, must be for the best. The saying of the wise man, Prov. xiv. 10, is a truth; for the heart's bitterness and joy are both so skilfully mingled together that no separation can be made; and they most certainly do work together for good to those that love God and are the called according to his purpose.

Please to remember me to Mrs. C. I hope she is now in health once more, with an increased experience of fellowship with Him who was made perfect through suffering. Remember me to all the holy brethren in your parts. Forgive my prolixity, with all that is amiss.

I remain, for ever and ever, affectionately Yours,
 To Mr. Chamberlain. J. KEYT.
 London, Dec. 20th, 1827.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with my dear friends. Doubtless you, with myself, lament the narrowness of our minds in receiving the most blessed things. The intrusion of business, the cares of life, the heavy conflicts we have to experience, with many painful visits from the enemy of our souls, the native reluctance of the body, and the presence of many trying thoughts, hinder our running the heavenly race. These keep us down, so that we cannot rise in heavenly-mindedness. And a sense of our past sins makes us ready to halt, so that we cannot walk comfortably; but, though this is the case, blessed be God, we are not in despair; nor are we without, or outside of the promises: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." "Blessed are all they that wait for him." This made David deliver the charge, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him." What should we do without the promises? Grace made them; but the hand of divine truth is to make them good.

Our wants, woes, and miseries were all known and decreed by the adorable Trinity; and dark as we are about the mysteries of God, all is clear to himself. But I lament that I feel a proneness to judge of the Lord by carnal reason; and this is like judging an unfinished picture. We must stay till it is finished. Or it is like judging of a watch when it is all in pieces. We may admire it when put together. I often catch myself at this work, especially when I am very low, nervous, and tried in my mind. This is very carnal. May the blessed Spirit quicken faith to rise, and wing its way to eternal love, eternal grace, eternal mercy, and eternal kindness. This is its proper element. Here we are at home. Here are liberty, peace, joy, and satisfaction. Here we see infinite wisdom contriving a time when, a place where, and a manner how, merciful kindness and melting pity should be manifested. Here we see every sweet attribute harmonize, and every grace displayed; while the cross of our loving Jesus appears truly glorious. Here we see the cluster of excel-

lences around it, and hymn its praise with harps of love. Faith begins the song; hope full of immortality joins; love's notes are clearly heard; joy is sweetly provoked to help repentance, with her deep-sounding notes, zeal most cheerfully moves her fingers on the harp; fear more silently and more reverently touches the strings; patience most meekly assists; and humility sounds her simple airs. There is not one discordant string. Angels listen; and the redeemed above beckon us home to the general assembly, that all may join in the chorus above. And this will be the burden of the song: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." But why the Lamb? Because in him and in his love, Person, and work, all the glory of the God of grace is most eminently displayed.

"Here we see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face."

Love to yourself and friends. I feel we are "in union with the Lamb, free from condemnation."

Yours in Covenant Love,
Farnham. W. DAY.

Dear Covell,—I would that I were as adequate to write you a letter as you are deserving of one. I am still glad to hear from you, and that you are still alive to God, and following on in his ways and commandments. I have often thought of the characteristic mark that the Holy Ghost has given of Caleb,—not only that he was a man of another spirit, but that he "wholly followed the Lord." Of others from distant places I sometimes hear even glory to the righteous; but I said, and often have to say, "My leanness!" Of others I hear that they rejoice as a young man to run a race; but of myself I often have to say, "He weakeneth my strength in the way; he shorteneth my days." Of some I hear that they can or could say, "But I will sing of thy power; I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning; for thou hast been my defence, and my refuge in the day of my trouble." But my dismal tale or plaintive note is, "My harp has he turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep." I feel a hard heart, barren of all that is good, and full of all that is evil; much unbelief to oppose what little faith there is; and I am jealous because of the favour bestowed on others, while so little indulged myself. Often am I beset and weighed down, and go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy, and wondering whatever there is yet to come. I would do good, but evil is present preventing. I would be altogether right, and altogether ready for the Lord's service whilst I am here in the body, and ready to depart at his call; but, alas! How reverse is my case!

By these things I am led to see and more earnestly to seek the Lord Jesus Christ, and all he has done and suffered here below, as a great and ample provision for poor and needy sinners and weak and self-emptied saints. I believe, and would with un-

daunted courage trust him, that this is the way, and that I am and shall be found right to walk therein. I do more than ever feel what a wretched man I am, and how acceptable Christ and his things are unto me. I have no pleasure in life without him, and well know that there can be no good hope in death. My chief business, therefore, is that I may daily find him, and know that he has taken up his abode within. As Paul hath it: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." No being right without him; no being ready, but as he is All in all. My faith reaches forth unto him; and when he is pleased to manifest himself as he does not unto this world, then my soul entereth into rest. Thus I have a land of promise, a Sabbath, an ordinance, and a home.

Myself and family are well, and I believe that we abide in love to you and yours. We also desire to be remembered to all that are with you who believe in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ, according to the working of his mighty power. We heard Mr. Tiptaft at Tunbridge, and heard him speak of your baptism in the pulpit. We liked him very well in all things, but especially upon the real work within.

Forbear to laugh because I have drawn some lines to write upon. My eyes grow dim; yet I can clearly see my depraved state. When I am favoured to see the Lord, it eclipses the glory of this world. Strange as it may seem, I like to see him in the agonies of death. An object weltering in blood is awful; yet I like to see his wounds and gore. To bathe is very pleasant; but there is nothing like bathing in his blood. I would not be cured by plaister; his precious blood is the only sure remedy. I despair of cure; but in his blood my health is very good. Compared with some I am but poor; but I have riches in his blood. It is my peace; it is my joy; it is my redemption; it is my drink. By his blood I am brought nigh to God; by it I am sanctified; by it the way is consecrated to the throne. I would be always at the place where all is love and blood. In power I would feel its virtue flowing from Christ to me. With Jesus and atoning blood, I then possess what is really good. This frees me from the painful rod; and this will bring me home all safe to God.

"The Lord my table does well spread with living water, living bread.
In self I sin; this is my thrall; by Jesu's blood I'm freed from all."

Yours truly,

Pell Green, Wadhurst, July 16th, 1850.

WILLIAM CROUCH.

THEOLOGY is the "wisdom that is from above," a habit of grace and spiritual gifts, the manifestation of the Spirit reporting what is conducive to happiness. It is not a science to be learned from the precepts of man, or from the rules of art, or method of other sciences, as those represent it who also maintain that a natural man may attain all that artificial theology, even though, in the matters of God and mysteries of the gospel, he be blinder than a mole. What a distinguished theologian must he be who "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God!"—*Owen*.

Obituary.

MARY ANN BALAAM.—On June 21st, aged 66, Mary Ann Balaam, of Preston.

Our dear sister was a member of the church militant meeting at Zoar Chapel. She was deprived of attending the means of grace for six months. Her last time with us was at the Christmas tea-meeting. She was a very regular attendant, and towards the last she came several times in much pain of body. I believe she was one who "worshipped God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear." I used to go and visit her; and she was always anxious for me to read a portion of Scripture and engage in prayer with her. At one time she said to me, "Do pray for me. I cannot pray. I can only say, 'Lord, help me.'" I said, "That is prayer."

She experienced both the dark and bright side of religion. Sometimes she could resign, and at other times she could not. A few days before she died she told her husband that Christ was precious.

On the 21st she died on her husband's arm. She suffered very much. A disease entered her shoulder, upon which her doctor had to operate by means of an instrument.

"Old sheep keep dying off each year,
And few lambs in the fold appear."

O that the Lord would lengthen the cords, and strengthen the stakes of Zion!

T. CHARNLEY.

Preston, July 4th, 1877.

ELIZABETH LUCAS.—On April 7th, aged 52, Elizabeth Lucas, of Westerham Hill, Kent, formerly of Leeds.

My dear wife was one of the trophies of grace won to Zion's glorious King through the instrumentality of that dear man of God, the late Mr. Tiptaft, whom in her soul trouble she was induced to go and hear one evening at Chippenham. She was the youngest daughter of the late James Abraham, formerly of Devizes, a short obituary of whom appeared in the "G. S." for Oct., 1870. Though brought up in a godly family, the enmity of her natural mind rose up in rebellion against the discriminating truths of the gospel. There being, however, a "set time to favour Zion," Zion's King went forth "conquering and to conquer." (Rev. vi. 2.) An arrow of his proved sharp in the heart of one of the King's enemies, who, after vainly struggling to extract the fatal barb, was compelled to "fall under it" (Ps. xlv. 4, 5); crying out, in substance, if not in the very words of Job, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit." (Job vi. 4.) So it was in the case of the dear departed one, who experienced for a time very sharp exercises and fiery trials in her soul. But the Royal Conqueror goes forth not only to subdue and to pull down, but also to plant and to build up; for he "rides forth prosperously because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness." This he did on her behalf; for she was ultimately enabled to "receive with meekness the engrafted word," which she found, to her heart's comfort and delight, was able to save her soul. (Jas. i. 21.)

The time when and circumstances under which my dear wife was first brought under conviction for sin are stated in a letter sent me by a dear friend. Her friend says:

"Your dear wife was staying with us in the summer of 1846. One night a dreadful thunderstorm came on, during which she was greatly

alarmed, and feared she should drop into hell. Her sins were brought to her remembrance, and set in array before her; on account of which she was brought into much trouble and distress of soul. For some time she was much upon my mind, and I made it a matter of prayer to the Lord to appear for her. These words were applied with power to her soul: 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' (Song iv. 7.) These were followed by many others; but I do not now remember them. She was very much blessed under Mr. Tiptaft, and would go many miles to hear him; she would also procure all she could of his writings, which she found very edifying and comforting to her soul."

But, having "received her pardon first," as Hart says, she was now "compelled to fight." The right hand of the Lord subsequently taught her terrible things in righteousness. Upon one occasion, when the prospect of gaining her daily bread wore a somewhat discouraging aspect, Satan set upon her with his infernal artillery of "ifs," "buts," and "hows;" but after the Lord had permitted the enemy to harass her for a time, he graciously appeared for her help and deliverance, and enabled her to come out of the conflict as an "overcomer," with this sweet word inscribed upon her spiritual banner:

"He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, I can't be poor;
What can I want beside?"

"And," she said to me, "from that time I felt assured that the dear Lord would supply all my needs while passing through this time state."

In Dec., 1851, Elizabeth and her brother went before the Strict Baptist church at Chippenham, as candidates for membership, and were both received. It was over this church that the late Mr. Mortimer was shortly afterwards chosen pastor. Her father thus describes the conflict she had with the enemy in reference to her being baptized and joining the church:

"Dear Sister,—I write a line to inform you how it was last Sunday. I told you that E. had been before the church, and was accepted. She was permitted to go on peaceably for about a fortnight, and then the tempter began to try her very much, suggesting that all that she had experienced was nothing but a delusion, and that *he* brought it all to her mind, and that we were wrong altogether, both ministers and people. So she came to the conclusion that she could not possibly attend, and that she could not go to chapel any more. This conflict lasted for more than a week, and very trying it was for me; sometimes I have almost trembled to hear her. I talked and read to her, but it was all of no use. On the Sunday she went to the chapel in that state, and came home in that state; and she told me it was no use for me to read to her or talk to her; and that went on all the afternoon. I was in such trouble that I was obliged to go out of the house, walk round the garden, and beg of the Lord to undertake for me. I had many promises brought to my mind, but not with as much power as I wanted; but I went into the house again with a belief that the Lord would appear for us. Then, in going through the ordinance of believers' baptism, that was a day long to be remembered by me. I never had such a day of soul melting in all my life, though I have had many very precious times. I could not trust the Lord to bring her through the day. I had fears that she would faint in the water. E. had some words which were very comforting and strengthening to her, which were these:

"When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near."

So that at this time she was stronger than I was; and she found the Lord as good as his word, for as her day, so was strength afforded. I was so melted down with the Lord's goodness that I wept almost all the way to Chippenham, and much of the time I was there."

The first step in the path which ultimately, in the leadings of divine providence, brought me into acquaintance with my late beloved partner in life, was taken in March, 1857, when she removed from Lackham, Wilts, to Darrington, Yorkshire, along with her father, whither her brother and his wife had gone in the previous year. After the arrival of Elizabeth and her father in Darrington, one of the first things which they missed, and one which they had been much favoured with when in Wiltshire, was the inestimable blessing of a gospel ministry. After searching the district for miles round, they found that a few of the people of God met on the Lord's day for worship in a room in "the large dark town of Leeds," as Mr. Tiptaft used to speak of it; and as it could be reached by railway from the neighbouring town of Pontefract, they determined to pay it a visit, in order to see whether they could gather there a crumb or two of pure gospel food. Elizabeth and her sister-in-law accordingly went over to Leeds, and their hearts were rejoiced to hear again, in the "upper room," the clear and well-known sound of the silver trumpet of the gospel of the grace of God.

In 1859 the dear Lord was pleased to answer the petitions which had been for years sent up to him, by granting me the loan of a true helpmeet, in the person of the dear departed one. Possessions may be inherited from parents, but an understanding wife is a gift from the Lord. (Prov. xix. 14.) And now, after permitting me to possess the loan for a few short years, it has pleased the divine Lender of it to exercise his undoubted right by withdrawing it from me, and removing the dear saint to that blissful place where parting is never known, to be "for ever with the Lord."

For a few weeks before she was taken with the illness which terminated in her death, she had complained of a pain in her right side, which, at times, interfered with her rest at night. While sitting by the fireside on March 30th, she was seized with a fainting fit. As, however, she had occasionally experienced these before, no alarm was then felt, as it was thought she would recover from the effects of it in a little time. But such an expectation was doomed to bitter disappointment; and, though medical assistance was obtained, and hopes were held out at first of her recovery, yet she herself thought otherwise. She said to me one night, "I shall never get better. I believe I was death-struck on Friday afternoon. I shall never be able to help you any more." And so it proved; for she gradually became weaker, until, on the Friday night, she sank into a state of unconsciousness, in which she remained until half-past eleven on Saturday evening, April 7th; when, without a sigh or a struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus, and her redeemed spirit took its flight to the bosom of that dear Saviour, where she had often expressed her desire to lay her weary soul. And now, in the poet's words, which she frequently used to repeat,

"Heaven will make amends for all."

A few words in reference to the state of her mind before she died, and then my pleasurable, painful task will come to a close. In order that the rest of the family might be at liberty to go to chapel, she would sometimes remain at home on a Lord's day. She did so on Lord's day, March 11th, when she appears to have been in a most happy frame of mind. Her nephew, who remained with her, tells me that he could hear her, while she was going about the house, singing over and over

again, for at least twenty times, the 3rd verse of Hart's sweet hymn (251 Gadsby's):

“Nothing but Jesus I esteem,” &c.

About a week before she was taken ill, she came into the room where one of her nieces was, and said to her, with a happy expression on her countenance, “I have had these words given me: ‘Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.’” (Ps. lxxiii. 24.) Early in the morning of the Lord's day preceding the commencement of her illness, she asked me where a certain passage of Scripture was. When at breakfast she requested her youngest niece to read the chapter to her (1 Cor. xv.), which she did. It was quite observable with what solemn attention she appeared to listen to its contents, saying, when the reading of it was finished, “That will do.” One night, during her illness, she quoted the two lines of Hymn 318:

“Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans.”

“Yes,” I replied; “and do you not remember the two following lines:

“‘Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons?’”

“Yes,” she said; “that's the mercy.” She also quoted ver. 4 of Hymn 9; and added emphatically, “He has stood by me in many a trouble and trial, and will do to the end.”

One night, shortly before she became unconscious, I could hear her in prayer, though I could not distinguish all she said, say in a sweet, affectionate manner, “My heavenly Father! My dear Jesus!” She one day remarked in a solemn manner to her only surviving sister, “I am not greatly in fear of death; for,” she added with humble confidence, “‘I know whom I have believed.’” Early one morning in the week in which she died, she repeated over to me, with very sweet feeling, the last two verses of Hymn 232.

She was a great lover of the “Gospel Standard,” from the contents of which she has had many a refreshing time in her seasons of both temporal and spiritual trial and difficulty. How honoured is the “Gospel Standard” to have the privilege of recording such blessed and encouraging testimonies for the comfort of the living, exercised family of God!

Westerham Hill, Kent, May, 1877.

W. L.

JAMES CHAPMAN.—On Nov. 30th, 1876, aged 87, James Chapman, of Springfield, Chelmsford.

He was called by grace when about 42 years of age. He was baptized, and united to the church of Christ at Chelmsford; and for some few years filled the office of deacon of that church up to the year 1850, when, in the providence of God, he removed to Hailsham, and united with the church at Zoar, Dicker Common, under the pastorate of the late Mr. Cowper. In 1856 he returned to Chelmsford, and was again united to this church, of which he remained a member until his death.

I am sorry I did not note down some of the Lord's dealings with him in his call by grace, &c. He was free in conversation, and many times have our souls been cheered in hearing him, with his countenance shining with delight, rehearse the goodness of the Lord to him, and how, under various circumstances and exercises of mind, the Word of God came with power into his soul. His expression was: “I felt it come with such power that it went right down into my [heart]; it did indeed.” He was a highly privileged soul, and enjoyed much sweet communion with his

Lord, and had many precious testimonies of his love. I shall not soon forget one Lord's day, about five years ago. As he was not at chapel, I went to his house to know the cause. He was unwell and in bed. When I went to his bed, he took my hand, burst into tears, and said, "I have had a sweet visit from the dear Lord this morning. I was forced to tell him I could not hold any more." It was his delight to tell what the Lord had done for him. He used to say he could not understand those Christians who had nothing to say for the Lord. His memory will long be cherished by his brethren and sisters in the Lord at Chelmsford and in Sussex.

He had been troubled with a cough and asthma for the last three or four years. On Nov. 7th he gave evident signs that his faculties were giving way. On the 17th he retired to rest early, but apparently in his usual health. His daughter, on going into his room about 10 o'clock at night, found him labouring for breath, and much agitated in mind. Expressing a desire to see me, a friend came for me about 12 o'clock. I directly went to see him, and found him very ill. The perspiration had to be wiped off his face. I asked him if it was dark. "No." "Is it cloudy?" "Yes. I want you to pray with me." I tried; but he disturbed me by attempting to get out of bed. I talked with him, recounting the goodness of the Lord to him, and of his faithfulness. He became more composed and better. I left him at 2 o'clock. Saw him again next day. His breathing was easier, and his mind more composed. I asked him if he had a word from the Lord. "No; not in a special way. I want to talk to him as I used to, but my poor head and my senses keep going. I want you to talk to me." I read some portions of the Word of God, and we talked over them. I spent a few minutes in prayer. His mind was calmly resting upon the finished work of Jesus.

The next day was Lord's day. I saw him after the morning service. He seemed quite revived. I said, "You have had a word from the Lord?" "Yes.

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

The dear Lord spoke those words to me this morning with his own lips. I heard them as plainly as I can hear your voice." I replied, "Well, what more can he say? You have had many testimonies of his love, and many proofs of his favour." "Yes, bless his precious Name; there has not often been a day pass lately but what I have had some word from him."

In the evening he asked me to read to him. I began to read Ps. cxvi. His countenance brightened up; and he said, "That is *my psalm*," and repeated nearly the whole of it, by refreshing his memory with a word or two occasionally. It was refreshing to those present to hear him, with his usual warmth of feeling, repeat the words as his own. He was very happy in his soul. On Monday and Tuesday his mind was roving, and he could not be persuaded that he was on his own bed at home. On Wednesday evening he was more composed. Calling me by name, he asked, "What do you think of me?" I replied, "I think you are going home, and that it will not be long." He said, "I think so too." I asked, "How do you feel in your mind at the prospect of death?" He replied, "I don't feel afraid to die now. I can't say how I shall feel when it comes to the point." I asked, "Have you any doubts as to the result?" He said, "What a man you are! What does it say about him that doubteth?" I replied, "My dear brother, I did not want to catch you there. I wanted to know if the adversary was harassing your mind." He answered, "No. It is all done; all settled. What should I do now if I had a religion to seek? Bless the Lord, it is all right."

His daughter and a sister in the Lord were in constant attendance upon him, reading and conversing with him at intervals. One whole day he was constantly repeating the first verse of Hymn 326 :

“Let me but hear my Saviour say,” &c.

On Friday, 24th, we thought him dying. We spoke to him, but could get no reply. He took no notice of us, until I said, “My dear brother, if you can, do speak. Are you happy?” “Yes.” Shortly afterwards he revived again.

The day following, his mind rested upon Hymn 118 :

“Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,” &c.

For 25 hours he was constantly repeating, sometimes the first verse, and sometimes the first and second, with occasionally a few words of prayer. Some few hours before he died, he wished to kneel beside his bed and engage in prayer, as he used to do. He made the effort, but his cough prevented him expressing words. Being helped into bed, after lying down a short time he engaged in prayer with much calmness and composure of mind. On Thursday morning he laboured much for breath, and had not power to cough. He asked the sister before named to help him cough. She and his daughter raised him up; and in a few minutes, without a struggle, he breathed his last, and his ransomed spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal joy.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”

Chelmsford.

C. SMITH.

ANN PARNELL.—On Jan. 12th, aged 74, Ann Parnell, a member of Providence Chapel, Oakham.

At the request of several friends, I send for publication an account of the Lord's dealings with my departed mother, as it related to early spiritual life, written by herself; to which I have added some account of her last days and death, trusting that the perusal may prove a blessing to some of the Lord's family, if his will.

“I was brought up in the Church of England, and all my relations in the flesh were Church of England people. Thinking, with them, that all was right, I adhered to it, looking upon a form of words as everything. I went on in this easy path until it pleased the dear Lord, in his infinite mercy and goodness, to convince me of my error. After my marriage, I went on a visit to my native place, a village not far from Oakham. A letter was there given me to read of the late dear Mr. Tiptaft's, and which my relations had condemned as being not fit to read. Moreover, they added that the man ought to be sent out of the country. I read the letter, and felt that the man was right, and that we were all wrong.

“Mr. T. soon after began to preach in a large building called the ‘Riding School’ at Oakham. Two of my friends went in the morning to hear him, but they still ridiculed him. I then determined to hear for myself, and went in the afternoon for that purpose. The text was from 1 Pet. iii. 15. Upon hearing this, it seemed to search me through and through. I felt concerned, and wanted to be religious; and as I could not find this hope in me, I went on my way miserable, striving to do something which would satisfy conscience. Thus I went on. When that dear man of God, Mr. Philpot, came to preach at Oakham, I went to hear him; and he so traced out my feelings that I could not keep away, in spite of all opposition from those nearest and dearest to me. I went on, getting a little encouragement, holding on and holding out against persecution.

“One day, being alone and standing in my room, these words were impressed on my mind with great power: ‘To know Christ.’ I thought, I do not know Christ. I must know him here, or I cannot know him hereafter, be pure as he is pure, holy as he is holy, and walk as he walked when upon earth. I felt so unholy in myself that I thought I would pray to God to make me holy; but my mouth was stopped, and I felt a great bar between me and God. I felt completely shut out and lost. I felt wretched indeed, and thought the floor would open and let me in. I did not know where to go or what to do. I then was about to go upstairs; and in the passage leading thereto I was stopped for a minute, feeling myself surrounded with something like a circle, in which I felt perfectly safe. Although no words were spoken, I felt happy, and under this sweet feeling blessed and praised the Lord. I then opened the Bible upon these words, which came with great power: ‘Not by works of righteousness which we have done; but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.’ (Tit. iii. 5.) How I now blessed and praised the Lord for his free mercy, for it came freely to me indeed. I have often thought the circle before mentioned represented the everlasting mercy and love of God, in which I was safe.

“The next Sunday, I went to hear Mr. Philpot, who, in preaching, traced out my experience, as he has done many times since, in a manner as though he knew all about me. But presently a light spirit crept in. I got careless, and the fear of God did not appear to be in exercise. Then the Lord, in mercy, laid heavy afflictions upon me, which caused me to know more of my state by nature, and what a grievous sinner I was in the sight of a holy and righteous God. My eldest son was about this time apprenticed to a druggist; and he was my greatest idol. I thought at one time I would rather die myself than he, and wanted him to be something in this world. I felt so anxious about getting his things ready that I papered a box on a Sunday. So I grievously fell, and my sins from my youth came upon me. I walked about, and thought everybody could see what a sinner I was, and thought they could see Esau in my face. A tree, too, in my garden died in the summer, which I thought people looked at and attributed to my being such a sinner. I went on miserable. One night Satan told me I had committed the unpardonable sin, which I mentioned to Mr. K., who encouraged me by quoting this scripture: ‘Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’

“I had, too, great providential trials at this time. My son, whom I was so anxious about, as before mentioned, came home ill of decline, and died soon after. In his illness I felt great concern for his soul. The anxiety about his poor body was taken off; I felt he must be born again. He was very patient, and I could trace marks of contrition in him. He laid his head on my knee and wept very much, and confessed he was a sinner. At this I felt pleased; but felt I could do nothing for him. One night he called me up, and said, ‘O! My dear mother’ (and the tears rolled down his cheeks), ‘I have been in such a filthy, horrible pit; but, bless and praise the Lord, I am delivered and brought out.’ The last words my son uttered were, ‘I wish he would come.’ So I was comforted and confirmed in the hope that the Lord had taken him to glory.

“I went on, in great trial and trouble, attending that dear man’s ministry (Mr. Philpot), under which my soul was kept alive. Being very much cast down one Sunday, in the course of his sermon, although the words were not the text, these words were applied to me: ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you

rest.' He went on to show the suitableness of the blood, righteousness, and the love of Christ to poor sinners; which came with such power that I felt I was the character. I felt such love to Christ that I could embrace him in my arms of love, and Mr. P. with him. Such love flowed into my soul that I thought I must get up and praise the Lord there and then; but I did not get up. I loved the ground the dear children of God walked upon. Blessed for ever be the dear Lord for sending that dear man of God to Oakham, to preach Christ to poor sinners. When I got home from chapel, Satan told me it was a delusion, that Mr. P. was a gentleman, that that was the cause of my love, and that if it had been a poor man preaching, I should not have felt so. Then a poor, ragged, most forlorn and wretched-looking man was placed before the eyes of my mind; and the same love flowed towards that poor man; so that I could clasp him in my arms of love and affection because he belonged to Jesus.

"The love I felt for Jesus and his dear people constrained me to follow him in the ordinance of baptism. Baptism was laid with great power upon me, so that I could not rest. Mr. P. being at this time from home, I thought I would write to him upon the subject; but I wanted a word from the Lord, and begged he would so confirm me in it. I then opened the Bible on 2 Tim. i. 8, 9: 'Be not thou, therefore, ashamed of the testimony of the Lord,' &c. How beautiful the words were to me! I made my case known to the church, and was afterwards baptized by Mr. Tryon. Mr. T. took for his text Heb. iii. 5, 6; and a blessed confirming testimony it was, to my comfort and consolation. I cannot speak of it as I then felt. I wish to speak to the praise, honour, and glory of the Lord's free unmerited grace, all between himself and me. Until I wrote to Mr. P., I had scarcely opened my mouth to any one to tell my feelings.

"I attended dear Mr. P.'s ministry every Sunday, being instructed, led about, and fed under him until his departure from Oakham. My soul has been brought down by little and little at the feet of Jesus, crying for mercy, which I cannot obtain by myself, for I am helpless. Nothing but the blood of God's dear Son can cleanse me from all sin. Hymns 1032 and 1101 have been blessed to my soul when tried and exercised."

This ends the account my dear mother left behind of what the Lord had done for her soul. She had been remarkably healthy and active until the fatal symptoms of cancer in the breast appeared, about two years before she died. It now remains for me to put together a few expressions which she uttered, and which will show the state of her mind when it was well known to herself, as well as to us, that death was not far distant.

Sept. 8th, 1876.—Felt comfortable in the night, and a heavenly Father to go to. Hymn 1010 was comforting. She repeated, "Death draws on apace. 'I own the just decree.'"

Sept. 21st.—Very ill, but favoured with a little meditation in the night upon Job, and felt comfort. Harassed by Satan, and thought she had not real repentance; but said, "The Lord was exalted to give repentance; and he will give it." She thought it could not last long. Ministers and friends were very kind, and spoke words to comfort and encourage; but she wanted it from God. She felt Jesus to be with her, and that he had conquered the devil. Felt God to be near, though dark at times, and did not know how it would be with her.

Oct. 26th.—She was taken with a fainting fit, in which her eyes became so dim that she could scarcely see. The words of the psalmist came to her mind: "I am feeble; my strength faileth me. As for the light of my eyes, it also is gone from me." She did not leave her bed-

room-after this. The last verse of Hymn 220 was with her. She felt as if she could burst out singing it. "What a mercy I am not racked with pain! I quite think it has come for my end."

Sunday, Oct. 29th.—"If the Lord would appear, it would take all other troubles away. He has appeared for me at former times. Eternity is a solemn thing to think about. It is all free grace."

Oct. 30th.—Pretty comfortable. Kept begging and praying, and waiting for a manifestation of love and mercy, and thinking of her latter end.

Oct. 31st.—Waiting for the dear Lord Jesus to take her to himself.

Nov. 3.—My mother said, "What a blessed thing it is to have the Holy Spirit to open the Scriptures. Some time ago I thought of the passage about bringing forth fruit in old age, and I asked myself where my fruit was, for I felt I had none. Then it was opened up to me that the fruit was love, joy, and peace in believing. I believe I have *peace* in believing, though not much *joy*." She added, "Persevere to read your Bible and attend the means."

Nov. 5.—"I have been dull to-day; but last Friday felt I had a reconciled God and Saviour in Jesus Christ." On my remarking that the wicked have no changes, and that it was a good thing to be kept waiting for the Lord, my mother added, "Yes:

"Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see."

Nov. 12th.—Mr. Bray preached to-day, when we attended to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. Feeling a little melting of heart, my mother came to mind; and I trust I felt a spirit of prayer on her behalf, that God might bless her as well as us. When I arrived home, I told the circumstance. She said, "Ah; that is not nature; it is grace;" and said how she had been blessed and melted to tears in a view of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, drawing forth her love to him. How sweet Hymn 23 was felt, and that line:

"I ask'd them whence their victory came."

She then said, "What are my sufferings to his?" This blessing she had about the time of the ordinance. Another member and kind friend, I may add, was favoured at that time with a spirit of prayer on the behalf of my dear mother.

Nov. 13th.—She said, "I feel I ought not to keep silence as I have done, but to tell of the Lord's goodness to others. He shall have the glory. I can now see the Lord has gone before, and been my rearward, in accordance with Mr. Tryon's afternoon text on the day I was baptized, 32 years ago."

Nov. 16th.—"These words have been much on my mind to-day: 'Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.' I have been thinking of David's words: 'Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.' Bless the Lord, it is a mercy to feel his support, and to have a little support at times."

Nov. 28th.—"I think I could not endure the pain unless God supported me. Sometimes portions of Scripture come with comfort to me in the night. What blessed words those are: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;' and, 'Kept by the mighty power of God.'

Dec. 2nd.—"The Lord will take care to prepare his people for their latter end. I did not think at one time I should ever be willing to die; but I now do feel willing to leave all below, and to depart. I knew 30 years ago that works of righteousness of our own will not be of any avail. It is God who makes willing. What a mercy is the washing of

regeneration and the *renewing* of the Holy Ghost! I could not understand it at one time. It is all of God, and not of us."

Dec. 8th.—"When I feel so ill, I cannot read or bear being read to. What a good thing I did not leave my reading till the last! What a mercy the work is all done! I never saw so much beauty in the Song of Solomon as I have seen lately. 'Because of the *savour* of thy good ointments;'—there is not *always* that *savour*."

The night of Dec. 9th will ever be remembered by us. To her affectionate daughter, who waited upon her to the last, she said, "How sweet to swim in the river of love!" as if in full enjoyment of it. A few minutes after, she added, "Blessed be God." An hour or two later, bleeding from the breast commenced, which continued for several hours, and was with great difficulty stopped. During this painful trial, my mother gave vent to her feelings as follows: "The eternal God is my refuge, and I hope the everlasting arms are underneath. I want Jesus to take me. O to suffer without a prospect of Jesus, and then to dwell in the place where devils are! I could not bear the thought." The loss of blood had now so brought her down that she was not able to leave her bed afterwards.

Dec. 10th.—Mr. Bray preached from Ps. xxiv. 3-5. On returning home, I read the text to her, and repeated a little of the sermon, with which she appeared pleased. She said, "What a mercy I have not left my reading till the last! Verses of the psalms come to my mind with comfort, which I meditate upon. I have peace of mind, and am quite resigned to leave all, and for the Lord to take me. People tell me they are sure I shall go to heaven; but I cannot always feel that assurance."

Dec. 11th.—No sleep all night. Very ill. She said, "O! I do beg of precious Jesus to come and take me. I hope I do love him, because he first loved me. Whither shall I go? If the dear Lord would but take me, what a blessing it would be! O! Precious Lord Jesus, come! O if he would but come!"

Dec. 13th.—"'In all their affliction he was afflicted.' I wish I could feel more lively in my soul, though I feel peaceable, and on the Rock, from which nothing can remove me, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail."

Dec. 15th.—"Felt better in body and soul yesterday, and in the night felt much supported, and as if the Lord would bring me through."

Dec. 17th.—"I have been thinking of late that I have a corrupt body, and a soul that will be glorified in heaven. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. These words have come to me: 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' Love is the gift of God. 'If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.' O precious Jesus! I want him to come and fetch me; but I must wait his time. I have many things brought to my mind."

Dec. 24th.—"O the peace of God which passeth all understanding!" Her daughter said, "You know what that is?" She answered, "O yes! I hope I do."

Dec. 25th.—"I felt very comfortable in the night, as if I had a reconciled God to go to; I am quite willing to be gone; but it must be in his time, way, and manner. What shall I do? May the Lord come and help me. O! I am such a sufferer; my precious Lord only knows; he only knows. O! Jesus, do give me patience to bear my suffering. Precious Jesus! Do come!"

Dec. 29th.—"What a mercy, I feel the everlasting arms underneath me, round about me, and all about me. Satan has tried to get me off the Rock; but he can't. He is conquered. Though I am rebellious, at

times, and impatient, on account of my sufferings, yet I am on the Rock. Bless his holy Name, none but the Lord can give me ease and rest. I wish he would come. O Lord! Have mercy upon me, and pardon my sins. What a sufferer I am! If the dear Lord would but come and take me. O precious Jesus! Do come!"

Jan. 4th, 1877.—"O! What will become of me?"—"O! I shall soon be clothed in white. I feel I shall be clothed in white, and have no filthy garments." "O! Let us praise the Lord for his goodness!"

Jan. 5th.—"None but the Lord can help me; none but the Lord can do me any good. O! Precious Jesus, do come! Do, dear Lord, come and take me." "O Lord! have mercy, have mercy upon me. I know thou wilt; thou art a faithful God." "We are altogether an unclean thing. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. The Lord is faithful. I know he is faithful; but am I faithful?"

Jan. 8th.—"I feel better." On being asked, "Is the dear Lord with you?" she answered, "Yes; he will never leave me. How should I have been brought through? God of my life."

Jan. 9th.—"My Lord, I thank thee, I thank thee for all thy mercies. Praise God! Bless him; he is my God. I have had such a beautiful night. I did not know it was morning till you told me." In answer to a question as to whether the Lord had appeared for her, she said, "O yes! Praise him! I cried unto him. I shall have a harp and praise him. Call upon the Lord in the day of trouble, and he will deliver you. He has delivered me from my trouble. Last night I was in great trouble; but bless his Name, he appeared and took it from me. It was as if there was no night. My trouble was gone. I care for nothing in this world now but to feel I have a reconciled God. Praise the Lord."

My dear mother continued quite conscious to the last, although the power to swallow was gone. She was not able to say much more, but slept a good deal, at times. On the night of Jan. 11th she said, "Blessed Jesus," and hoped that she should soon be with him. These were her last words. She quietly breathed her last at 5 o'clock on the following morning.

Oakham.

THOMAS PARNELL.

OBED CLARK.—On May 30th, aged 65, Obed Clark, of Little Gonerby, Grantham.

He was born at Burton Coggles, of hard-working honest parents. When a lad under his parents' care he was thought a very quiet amiable youth; but when about 17, his father apprenticed him to a carpenter. He then soon mingled among the heathen, and followed their ways, drinking to excess, and fighting. When "out of his time," he started for himself in business. When about 24, he married; and, not being content with food and raiment, sought to be a great man, and spread his hands so wide that he was unable to close them again before the Lord effectually laid him aside. He was left to go on in his ungodly career until, one night, walking home, the Holy Spirit arrested him with these words: "Having no hope, and without God in the world." He was brought to a complete stand, feeling that, dying in his present state, he must be his portion. He sank so low under the terrors of God's righteous law that he thought every one who met him would see him as he saw himself; and, therefore, avoided all he could. Also, if the wind blew, he feared tiles might fall upon him and kill him; indeed, he could rest nowhere.

One Lord's day, he left the house to wander in the fields, when he was constrained to fall upon his knees and beg for mercy. This proved the set time for him to be favoured with a little help. The Holy Spirit brought these words to his heart:

"'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant to sing and adore;
Be thankful for present, and then ask for more."

He went home in some measure relieved.

After this, he went amongst a body of people holding "free-will" views; but he remembered the line of doctrine spoken of when yet at his father's house; and this, as well as his own experience, kept him from receiving their errors. In a short time, he heard of Mr. Tryon coming occasionally to Bourn; and, to his surprise, found the needs of his soul supplied. He would have remained under his ministry, but, being much tried in providence, he moved from place to place. But he found no rest for the sole of his foot until the Lord, who directs his people's steps, guided him to Grantbam. Here he purposed keeping himself distant from any one; but, the first time he met with the Lord's people, he found a young man, about his own age, exercised very like himself. The Holy Spirit created a union between them which increased until his death. He was comfortable among the people, and was smiled upon in providence for a time; but, after a few years, the Lord laid him aside with rheumatic fever. This lasted sixteen weeks, and laid the foundation for that severe suffering and loss of strength which made him as helpless as an infant. He had no power to move himself for eleven or twelve years; but the Lord, who is rich in mercy, never suffered him to want. He opened the hearts of his people to supply his needs so richly that he never lacked. I have seen the tears run down his poor cheeks at the goodness of God towards one so unworthy as he felt himself to be. His features were distorted by rheumatism, but his eyes were bright and intelligent. For a time he was enabled to reach the chapel on crutches; and when forced to give up, felt the deprivation greatly.

Until the last three or four years of his life, he often doubted his state before God, and anxiously feared the last enemy; but about that time before his death the Lord broke in upon his soul with such a sense of love and mercy that all fear of death was removed, and he never wholly lost a measure of that seal to the last day of his life. He had previously felt he should be such a coward at death, but he was not even permitted to know his approach at last. He was very distressed with pain the last three or four days of his life, and had little strength to bear it. On the morning of his death, about four o'clock, his wife heard him gurgle in his throat. She raised him up and removed the phlegm from his mouth. On being laid down again, he fell into a sound sleep until about ten, when he gradually breathed shorter until his spirit fled. Not a sigh or groan escaped him. Thus he departed to be for ever with the Lord.

The above account of Obed Clark was written by his brother, Richard Clark, an "aged pilgrim," living at Aslackby. I saw Obed Clark after he was so extraordinarily afflicted with rheumatism. His head was twisted, just like a wry-necked sheep; his face would be to many offensive, but his eye was very intelligent. Friends at Grantbam supplied him well with all he needed. His words were weighty.

FREDERICK TRYON.

JANE GROVER.—On Aug. 19th, 1876, aged 35, Jane Grover, of Scaynes Hill, Sussex.

She was brought up by her parents to attend the parish church and the Sabbath school, and was naturally of a quiet disposition. As she grew up, sin was manifest in her deportment. About the age of twenty she became acquainted with her now bereaved husband, and was shortly afterwards married. They removed to Scaynes Hill, where she first attended the chapel.

She went to hear for some considerable time before anything took place to cause a concern about her immortal soul. On one occasion, while hearing from Deut. xxx. 27, she felt moved. From this time the Lord went on convincing her that she was a sinner, by showing her "here a little and there a little." The first part of her experience appeared to be a very gradual work. She heard Mr. H. Bradford about this time; and after she reached home she was much distressed. Her husband, seeing something had taken great effect on her, asked her what had taken place with her. She said that she now felt she was a great sinner, and was afraid she should be lost for ever. She would often exclaim, "O! What will become of my never-dying soul?" Like the psalmist, she often wetted her couch with tears. Her husband would often awake in the night and find her weeping. When asked what was the matter, all she would say was, "I fear I shall be lost for ever." Thus the Lord made her feel her need of a great Saviour, and gave her the breath of prayer to cry to him, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

In the Lord's time, she was raised to a hope in the mercy of God, by the Holy Spirit applying various portions of his Word and verses of hymns to her soul's comfort. She became very much attached to the Lord's people, and especially to his servants. The Bible and hymn book were her daily companions. She would always be at chapel when opportunity offered, although she had a very weak, frail body which, at times, much tried her, lest death should seize her who, through fear of death, was much subject to bondage.

In 1875, the writer of this memoir was called to speak in the name of the Lord at Scaynes Hill. On one occasion, when speaking from 1 Pet. ii. 6, 7, the blessed Spirit carried home the word with power, light, life, joy, and peace in believing; which brought her into the sweet liberty of the gospel of the grace of God. After this, she was much tried about the reality of what she had passed through, and became much exercised, at times, respecting the ordinances of the Lord's house. From afflictions and various causes she was not privileged to walk through the ordinance of believers' baptism, though she longed to follow her Lord in it, who had done such great things for her; but her dear Lord was fitting her for the upper and better world. She was often in a declining state, and was ultimately quite laid aside.

The dear Lord was pleased to break in again upon her soul in the first part of Jno. xiv.; and several hymns were much blessed to her, especially 64 and 145. After this blessed visit she was taken much worse. Her sufferings of body were great. She was often in prayer. She said to her husband, "How very happy I feel!" with such a sweet smile on her countenance as he had never witnessed before. She asked to see the writer, as she had been much blessed in hearing him during the past two years, and desired her dying love to him and Mr. Bradford, and to many of the friends. She then asked her daughter to read Ps. xxiii., which was very sweet to her, as were also many other portions of the Word. She was indeed brought as a little child to sit at the feet of Christ. She said to her husband and children, "I can give you all up now into the hands of the Lord;" and prayed the dear Lord to come and take her, but begged for patience to wait the Lord's time. She became very restless during the last night, until three o'clock. At a quarter past ten the next morning she quietly breathed her last, when her ransomed soul took its flight to the realms of bliss, to be for ever with the Lord.

Thus far I have given a part of what she uttered, furnished by her bereaved husband, and sincerely hope it may be made a blessing to the family of God.

W. KNIGHT.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

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

MEDITATION.

A SERMON PREACHED ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, AUGUST 28TH, 1870,
BY MR. W. BRYANT, AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH, GEORGE STREET,
FITZROY.

“My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue.”—Ps. xxxix. 3.

DAVID, the man after God's own heart, is a noble study for the saints. His experience is so like that of the children of God in the present day that we find an echo in our hearts as we read his words. Sometimes we find him on the high mountain top, enjoying sweet communion, and rejoicing in God as the Rock of his salvation; and, at other times, we find him in the lowlands, in the dark valley of grief, mourning in bitterness of soul his failures and shortcomings, and the hidings of God's countenance. Hence his psalms are like a storehouse for the believer, where we find help and encouragement amidst our varied infirmities. I have had some little sympathy with the sweet singer of Israel during the past two days, and have had to cry with him, “Lord, bring my soul out of prison.” I sat down, and looked at text after text, and tried to think out a subject for this morning, but as fast as I got anything it slipped away again. My harp has been hung upon the willows, and my soul has mourned sore like a dove, because the Comforter which should relieve my soul seemed far from me.

In one sense, it is a very unenviable thing to be a preacher. True, it is a marvellous mercy that God should make use of feeble, sinful men. It is an honour to have heavenly treasure put into such frail earthen vessels; but it is peculiarly trying, at times, to find one's self shut up in gloom and darkness, unable to come forth; to keep on knocking at the door of mercy for a portion of meat; to toil hard, like the disciples of old, and catch nothing; and then to hear the devil roaring in one's ears, “Ah! God hath forsaken you, and you will have to go up with an empty basket, and all the people will see what a barren, empty fool you are, and will no doubt write you down for a hypocrite.”

We think, sometimes, if there were no devil, we should go on
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very finely; but, beloved, I am fully persuaded that all our trials and exercises are most needful; not one is in vain; but when I think of the Lord's people here, and how they will come up expecting a meal, and feel that I have nothing to set before them, I get to feel, like poor Job, "full of confusion." Amidst the gloom, however, the sweet thought came to me, the Lord Jesus will be sure to be there; and if he will not give me the key of the storehouse, or unlock it for me, that I may gather up a portion, still I must go up; for, doubtless, he will throw something over the wall, and roll away the stone from the mouth of the well, that the sheep may have water.

Beloved, during my recent illness, I marked down many precious passages of the Word, which the Holy Spirit had sweetly opened up to my soul; but after looking at them for some hours I could not lay my finger upon one of them. The gold had become dim; the freshness and greenness I had seen were gone; they stood as lordly dishes before me, but there was no butter in them; the rocks yielded neither honey nor oil. After much crying, groaning, and anxiety, I sat down, fully expecting that I should have to come and tell you there was a famine in the land. I thought how sad you would look, and pictured to myself your journey homewards as hungry as hunters.

Then the thought came back again, Jesus will surely be there, for *he hath said* he will, and he was never known to break his word. Following this, another thought cropped up,—a sweet promise, which our heavenly Lover hath made to his people: "Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion." While thinking in this strain, and, like David, dumb with silence at the sight of myself, and the roaring of the lion of the pit, my sweet Lord Jesus drew near in his glorious chariot of love, and opened the door of my prison, saying in a soft, sweet whisper, "*Peace; be still.*" Instantly, the devil's tongue was silent; and while I thought upon the marvellous ease with which the Lord can and doth deliver his people, my heart grew hot within me, and the fire of love burned; so I thought I could not do better than endeavour, by the Lord's help, to tell you some of my musings this morning. If, therefore, I should speak in a jumbling, blundering manner, you will understand the reason,—that I have just come out of prison, and feel somewhat confused, having had but little time to put my musings in order. Still, I trust that what I may speak will lead the beloved of the Lord to meditate; for I am inclined to think that, if we esteemed the privilege of meditation more highly, we should not get so frequently into solitary confinement, where we are constrained to meditate, and reflect with sorrow. David says, "My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned." And since we have often found, as he did, that meditation is a profitable exercise, we will endeavour:

- I. To say a few words upon this privilege,
- II. To point out its use.

III. We will tell you some of our musings, which we trust will make your hearts burn. The Lord help me, and bless the word to your souls, for Christ's sake.

I. *A few words on the privilege of meditation.* You remember that Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide; it was a habit with him; and it should be the habit of the saints now, but we seem to have imbibed the spirit of this bustling age in which we live, so that nearly everything is done in a hurry.

Man is a social creature, and does not take kindly to solitude. We seem to love and appreciate the fellowship of kindred minds, and it is truly profitable to speak often one to another, to rehearse together the goodness of the Lord, to tell of the wonders he hath wrought, and the gracious way in which he deals with us; but there are times when it is more profitable to be alone than in company. Indeed, there is no child of God, who is strong, fat, and flourishing, who is not found frequently alone, meditating upon God and his precious Word.

David saith of God's Word, "It is my meditation day and night;" and unless we, like him, are enabled to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the truth, we shall not attain to that strength and stature in the divine life to which we ought to attain. Some people think that meditation means to sit down in a kind of day-dream, in which the time slips away unobserved, and the mind is occupied with many things, but with nothing in particular; but this is idle reverie; and the soul is resigned to a kind of passive state, and cannot be profited with such exercise, if exercise it may be called.

Meditation is sometimes the means of transforming truth into nourishment, so that the soul grows in grace and in knowledge. We may read books, hear sermons, and listen to much good conversation in the company of the saints; this is well, but this alone will not profit. What we eat requires to be digested; the corn we glean in the fields requires to be threshed, beaten out, and ground into fine flour. Now, meditation, in the hands of the Spirit, crushes out the life-giving, the life-sustaining virtue of the Word; it gets juice from the grape clusters, which revives and strengthens us by the way. Those who have realized the delights of meditation in the closet can testify that it is a privilege of no mean order. There are many nuts growing in the Lord's garden; and in meditation these nuts are cracked, and we get the inner kernel, which is so sweet and delightful to the soul.

The saints of bygone days saw more of Christ's beauty, and spoke more of him than we do, and they spoke from experience gathered in quiet meditation. Look, for example, at Samuel Rutherford. He was one who knew its value and esteemed the privilege. When he was imprisoned for the faith, shut out from the world, he seemed, as it were, in a garden, where the rose of Sharon bloomed, and ripe grapes hung in rich clusters; and he was enabled to press such choice wine from them that the hearts

of the saints are, to this day, made to dance with delight in reading his precious letters.

Many people appear to think that it does not matter what doctrine a man holds, so long as he is sincere in his belief. But we are sure it does matter; and we counsel you to seek from the Lord daily some portion of the Word, and meditate upon it. You will find an unknown sweetness in it; yea, it will be like honey in your mouth.

I do hope that God's dear children fail not to read the Word diligently, day by day. The mere hurried reading of a chapter is not likely to profit you, however; and you had better read one verse and meditate upon it than read a whole chapter and lay the book aside; for the soul that is given to meditation will be sure to delight in prayer; and these two will be like the spies that went out to search the land; the former will view the rich provisions of the goodly land, and the latter will, as it were, break down a branch, so that your soul will feed upon the finest fruit.

II. *As briefly we notice the use of meditation.*—It brings real lasting comfort to the soul.

There are times in the experience of the saints when they can hardly tell whether they are in the body or out of the body; we seem, as it were, to gaze upon Christ with our very eyes, and hear his dear voice with our very ears; but such blessedness is only known by the meditative Christian. We know that the portrait of Christ, as set before us in the Word, is really delightful; there is something entrancing in a mere glance at him. But in order to know the full blessedness of Christ, to have our hearts ravished with his loveliness, we must be led by the blessed Spirit to look again, and often; we must gaze upon him with steadfast eyes; and then we shall have enjoyment, such as must be felt to be known; for no words can ever express it.

Sometimes I have attempted to study God's Word, and had my attention fixed upon what appeared a very terrible barren truth, more calculated at first sight to frighten than to comfort; but in meditating upon it, it has been opened up with a sacred splendour. Striking with the hammer of meditation upon the rock, waters have gushed out and run in dry places like a river. Jewels, gold, and precious stones do not often lie upon the surface of the ground. In our digging townships, we find men boring and tunnelling into the very heart of the earth; and it is there they find the gold. In the same way we require to dig into Scripture, to turn it over in the mind; and thus we come to understand its secrets, become masters in Israel, and are enabled to discourse profitably in the company of others.

And then, once more, meditation is useful, because it aids the memory. There is nothing better for the memory than meditation. Very likely you will not remember much of my discourse this morning; but an hour's meditation upon it when you get home will print much of it upon your mind. If a man is cold,

there is all the more need for him to come to the fire; and if your memory is bad, the way to improve it and get spiritual profit is, by God's blessing, by prayer and meditation.

III. *We pass on to speak of some of our musings, which, we trust, will make your hearts burn.* As I sat pondering over my sad, barren, lifeless state, the words of that dear tried saint, Job of old, came to my mind. "When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? And when he hideth his face, who then can behold him?" And here I was, a living witness to the fact; and, beloved, you have often found it the same. God does sometimes hide his face from his dear people; and when that is the case nothing can enable us to behold him. Vain are all the pleadings of men at such times. They may say, Why don't you cast your burden on the Lord? Why don't you lay hold on the promises? But we cannot, for we have no power. The precious doctrines of the Word, which we so dearly love and so highly prize, seem nothing to us when our God is withdrawn; they are like clouds without rain, or like dry bread which we cannot eat with relish; and though we have, in the past, tried and proved his faithfulness, times out of number, yet, when his smile is withdrawn, we grow as cold, devilish, and unbelieving as ever.

So I found it, and though I failed at the moment to see a Father's love in thus distressing my soul, making me feel the plague within, yet, when the gentle whisper of love came, "*Peace; be still,*" I soon found that nothing could give me trouble; and, brethren, you have, doubtless, felt the same. When we have been afflicted, laid low, brought down even to the gates of death, when the tempter has pestered us with the insinuation that God is against us, when our earthly joys and comforts have been torn away from us, the joy of the Lord hath so filled our souls that we have proved none can give trouble when he giveth quietness.

Well, as I mused upon the wonderful deliverance the Lord had wrought for me, these words came home to my soul:

"If to-day he deigns to bless us
 With a sense of pardon'd sin,
 Perhaps, to-morrow he'll distress us,
 Make us feel the plague within.
 All to make us
 Sick of self, and fond of him."

Light broke through the cloud; the little spark began to blaze; my soul was transported from the garden of Gethsemane to the heights of Tabor; made to leap like a hart upon the mountains, and ravished with the smell of the King's garments, myrrh, aloes, and cassia, above the choicest powders of the merchant; while the golden bells which fringed his robe sounded upon my ear with ravishing melody. Let us then, beloved, meditate upon the things which have made me glad.

Surely, there must be a reason for all these trials and exercises, these ups and downs, which our poor souls feel. We know that the works of God are not wrought at random, but that all

the trying warfare of the present life is ordered for the best. "As for God, his way is perfect;" but his judgments, his dealings with us, are a great deep. "His ways are past finding out;" but we know he watches all our footsteps, and guards us every moment. He hath at all times protected us with his hand, and guided us with his eye. And why is this? "What are we, or our father's house, that he should so deal with us?" It is because, in Jesus approved, we are eternally loved; therefore he upholds us by his power, so that we cannot be finally moved. While I thus mused, the thought of God's eternal love was like a cup of choice wine, of which I drank; and it went down so sweetly that it caused my soul to overflow.

Think of it, brethren; for eternal love makes men and angels sing! Here is a theme for meditation, an ocean without a bottom or a shore. Dead empty professors hate God's special distinguishing love; and others, of whom we hope better things, talk very much about universal grace and universal love; and they are quite welcome to it, for we can get no comfort from such a notion. We know truly that "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works;" but the saints are not merely the objects of his providential care,—they are his joy and his delight. His deep mysterious love was fixed upon his own before man was made or time was born. He wrote down their names in the golden-clasped book of predestination from eternity; placed upon them the sacred infallible mark of divine election before the foundation of the world, saying, "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels." He regards them not merely as creatures or servants, but as children, as sons, the favourites of his heart, the darlings of his breast, his treasure and chosen portion.

When we think of the sovereignty of this love; when we see men chosen, and fallen angels passed by; when we see that "not **many** wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many **noble**, are called;" but weak and base things such as we chosen; poor, stupid, hell-deserving fools taken and made to know the wonders of redeeming love,—how it fires and warms our hearts! It was this which made David dance before the ark; and it is this which melts our icy hearts, making them flow with affection like a molten stream.

Wonderful thought!—that God should have loved our poor souls from eternity, that he should single us out of the mass of creatures which he determined to create, and purpose to bring us to glory, that when he saw us ruined in the fall he loved us notwithstanding all; and that, according to his eternal plan and purpose, he hath actually sought us out, quickened our dead souls, and washed us in that blessed fountain which was opened by the spear at Calvary.

"Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!"

And, beloved, God is of one mind; none can turn him; nothing can sever us from him. Not all the devils of hell nor all the infernal machinery of the pit can turn him; for whatsoever his soul desireth, even that he doeth.

Meditate also, beloved, on the wondrous love of God the Son. Think of the ancient covenant; how Christ was set up to be the Surety, the Mediator, the Husband, and Head of his chosen body, the church. Remember that before all worlds the glorious plan was settled that Christ should bleed for man. Think of his undying affection to his spouse, on whom his sweetest thoughts of love had ever rolled; and how it remained unchanged, unaltered, by the fall. Think of God's darling Son stooping from his high throne to a virgin's womb,—the Creator lying in a manger; see him wading through the floods of wrath, and hanging a sinless body on the tree. Mark the crimson lines drawn from his head, his hands, and his feet, and the wounds made in that sacred flesh; and such love, such matchless love, will warm your heart. O the wonders of redeeming love and precious atoning blood!

“Here the vast seas of grace,
Love, peace, and mercy flow,
That all the blood-bought race
Of men, or angels know.
O sacred deep, without a shore,
Who shall thy limits e'er explore?”

Those who talk of universal love talk also of universal redemption, and try to fetch comfort out of the expression that “Christ died for everybody.” Well, I know that I got some hope and comfort out of that notion when I was dead in sins; but since then it has been a very dry bone. Certain it is that Christ bore *some one's* sins when he hung upon the tree. If he stood in the place of the whole race, as some affirm, then the sin of the whole race is completely put away; for redemption work is finished, and nothing can be added to it; and Jesus, the Mediator of the covenant, would see to it that repentance and remission shall be given to every son of Adam; for “he shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.” But we know that these precious gifts are not bestowed upon all men; and we are persuaded that redeeming love is exactly the same in its dimensions as the love of the Father; but vain men try to make it larger, under cover of being charitable and merciful; and thus they have to talk about a redemption which does not redeem, and of an atonement which does not atone.

We say that Christ bore the sins of his elect,—the Father's chosen. “For the transgression of my people was he stricken,” saith Jehovah. He stood in the place of his church. He laid down his life for the sheep. Meditate here, beloved. If you are led to think of the wonderful love of his heart, flowing in rivers of sorrow; of our filthy sins drowned in his blood, so that we might be happy and free; and the fire will burn. You will soon find your souls exclaiming, in transports of joy,

“ May I sit for ever viewing
 Mercy’s streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.”

While I mused on the dying love of our precious Lord, my heart was melted, and my soul was in haste to be gone from this earth scene, to join the hallelujah anthems of the glorified spirits before the throne. But I stayed not here, I mused also upon the love of the Eternal Spirit,

“ By whom is redemption applied,
 Who sinners to Jesus doth bring,
 And calls them his mystical bride.”

And is it not sweet and precious to look back to the time of our espousals, when the union purposed and planned in eternity was actually brought about? Yes, indeed, it is refreshing, when our poor souls are filled with grief, to look back to the happy time when the gracious Spirit sealed conviction upon our hearts, and brought us to the cross, where Jesus met us and charmed us with a holy kiss, where he put the wedding-ring of faith upon our finger, saying, “Thou art mine; for I have redeemed thee. I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.”

What a time! What a day of days was that in which our souls were born anew! When he passed by and looked upon us, truly it was a time of love; he spread his skirt over us, covering our nakedness, and spoke the majestic word, “Live! Yea, I say unto thee, Live!” He came to the very spot where we poor wretches lay. What a mercy! For we never could and never should have gone to him. He came to us, remember, when there were others around in the same deplorable condition; but, beloved, the gracious Spirit came to find out the heirs for whom crowns of life were provided, for whom the covenant was made, and redemption completed; so that those who are the Lord’s by electing grace,—by sovereign choice and costly purchase, become visibly his by quickening power and sanctifying grace.

When we think of his marvellous mercy to us personally, we are lost in wonder.

“ Pause, my soul! Adore and wonder!
 Ask, O why such love to me?
 Grace has put me in the number
 Of the Saviour’s family.
 Hallelujah!
 Thanks, eternal love, to thee!”

When the gracious Spirit of God met us at the predestined place, and at the appointed moment, we were polluted and corrupt; so black with filth that it would have been impossible for any human eyes to perceive that we were vessels of mercy; but the Holy Ghost never made a mistake yet. And we rejoice to know that he is still engaged in seeking out the chosen of the Lord, to bring them to that blessed fountain of blood which hath already atoned

for their sin; and by giving them a sweet sight of that blood, the conscience is purged from condemning guilt.

Here, then, is a wonder of love, that we, who are by nature the children of wrath, even as others, have been washed, justified, and sanctified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. And not only hath the Lord the Spirit, in his tender love, quickened us with the life of Christ, and washed our guilty souls, but he hath also clothed us with beautiful garments, decked us with ornaments, and put chains of gold about our neck, so that the very angels,—the firstborn sons of light, who stand before the throne, are amazed, and admire the manifold wisdom of God. Even the piercing eyes of God behold no sin in his people. And our eternal Lover admires us, saying, "Behold, thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Men do not admire us; and very often the dear children of God see little that is attractive in one another. We can see each other's blemishes and imperfections; but the dear Lord views us complete and perfect through his comeliness which he hath put upon us. We are dressed in garments white as snow, and are married to the Lord the Lamb. We are his crown of glory, his royal diadem and he will be to us an everlasting light and glory.

Here, then, beloved, is a field for meditation,—the love of the blessed Spirit. We might speak of that love not only in quickening, but in justification, in adoption, in intercession, in restoring our souls, in sanctification, and in sealing; but we must forbear. Meditate on this glorious theme. Think of what you were by nature, and what grace hath made you, and surely praise must leap from your heart and break through your lips. Your whole inner being will be so taken up with the glory of the precious Christ that you will desire intensely to be conformed to his blessed image, crying,

"O that my soul could love and praise him more,
His beauty trace, his majesty adore,
Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean,
Obey his voice, and all his will esteem."—*Gadsby*.

Meditate also, dear brethren, upon the precious fact that Christ the Beloved will come again. He hath said, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Yes, he must reign, and put all things under his feet; for God hath decreed it. Soon he will appear in all his glory, decked in his robes of state; and the poor sorrowing, weeping church, who hath mournfully cried, "Why doth my Lord delay? Why are his chariots so long in coming?" will then be delivered from all her foes; and though it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him. He will change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto his own glorious body. He hath already put within us the germ of glory; yea, he hath glorified us in our living Head; for whom he justified, them he also glorified; and though we cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, conceive what we shall be, it is

sufficient for us to know that we shall bear the image of the heavenly.

Meditate on this grand theme, and the fire will burn. We shall be found looking through the window of hope, watching for his glorious appearing; and while we wait and watch, our hearts will grow hot within us; we shall long and pant to be among the golden harpers, and join in the song which swells like a sea of glory, and rolls like the voice of many waters around the throne.

Beloved, I have given you but a few topics to meditate upon, but I hope you may be enabled to take them; and if the dear Lord gives you to realize such sweetness in thinking about them as he did to me, your souls will overflow; you will find your hearts deadened to the world, and be ready to cry,

“Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.”

God grant that some poor, wounded, sin-convicted soul may be led to the Saviour's wounds to-day, and find rest and salvation there. Amen.

[We have somewhat curtailed and altered the above sermon.]

THE CHRIST OF GOD.

THE Christ of God, I know him well,
For he has snatch'd my soul from hell.
He saw me dead,—in sins a slave,
And came determined me to save.

The Christ of God to me is dear,
Since he has taught my heart to fear;
To fear him, and to love him too,
By grace my soul desires to do.

The Christ of God is ever mine,
Though I've a hell of sin within;
And he will prove himself to be
Mighty to save, in saving me.

The Christ of God is all my boast;
On him I place my every trust,
And long to lie upon his breast,
The centre of a sinner's rest.

The Christ of God is all my hope;
Amidst my fears he bears me up;
He fills my soul with love and bliss,
And clothes me in his righteousness.

And now, my soul, this Christ of God
Has shed his precious love abroad;
Has brought salvation home to thee,
As purposed by the Sacred Three.

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 315.)

7. Another benefit derived from the resurrection of Christ is that we are divorced from the law, married to Christ, to bring forth fruit unto God. As he fulfilled the law, that law can have no demand on the elect family; for we are perfectly righteous in him. "The law is not made for a righteous man," &c. Now, when the law is brought home to us by the good Spirit of God, we are convinced of sin by it, that we were born in sin, that is, the original sin of Adam, and also the sin of our nature and life; and this goes on till our mouths are stopped, for it condemns us to death, and there leaves us. After this, we are married to Christ Jesus. One thing will prove it to us; and that is, being enabled by faith to lay hold of the love of God. Nothing short of this will fix the heart. Married women wear a ring; and there was a ring put on the prodigal's hand: "Put a ring on his hand." What is the hand? It is *faith*. "Lay hold on eternal life." Faith lays hold; which shows it is a hand. But what is the ring on the hand? *Love*. "Faith worketh by love." "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." A ring has no end; and this love is everlasting. It must be on one particular finger; and the fingers are the actings of faith. We can often believe many things before we can believe that we are loved with an everlasting love. A ring, too, should be of gold; and this shows the faithfulness of God to his promises, which are all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.

When we are thus married to Christ, we bring forth fruit unto God. Let us notice four fruits.

i. God the Holy Ghost is pleased to shed abroad in our hearts the love of the Father; and this love casts out all slavish fear and torment. There is something particular in the expression "shed abroad." It implies filling every part of the soul with it largely. When this is the case, our hearts and affections go up to God, and our hearts are engaged in the work of God. We can say, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness." We love his Word: "O how love I thy law!" says David. We love his family: "My delight," says the psalmist, is "with the excellent of the earth." We love the Lord Jesus Christ; he is very high in our esteem. This made Paul say, "I am ready to die at Jerusalem for the Name of the Lord Jesus." We try to gather others to him; and we favour his righteous cause. All this is fruit, and well pleasing to God as well as it is to us. Micah calls this "the first-ripe fruit," which he said his soul desired. It is in the Revelation called "the first love;" and a bitter thing it is to forsake the Lord (Jer. ii. 19) when other lovers get our hearts. This I know by wretched experience; but I feel my heart melt while I write.

ii. The good Spirit will furnish us for every good word and work. In prayer he will help our infirmities, and enable us to plead the promises. Amongst the saints, we shall be helped to tell what the Lord has done for our souls, to encourage others to press on. Under the Word, we shall feel power; and then say with David, "I will talk of thy power." In contending with the enemies of Christ, we shall find liberty of soul and of speech. As you read: "They were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And this is the fruit of the lips: "I create the fruit of the lips." This is ascribing all the glory to his sovereign grace, that has made us to differ. "By him, therefore, let us offer up the sacrifice of praise to God continually; that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name." (Heb. xiii. 13.)

iii. Another fruit is righteousness: "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness." You may take righteousness in these four things: 1. Christ's righteousness imputed; the fruit of which is peace. Paul speaks of being "filled with joy and peace in believing." 2. Created righteousness: "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." The fruit of this is love to the brethren. 3. A tender conscience is righteousness at the bar of equity; and this you will find in Jer. xxii. 3. 4. Righteousness is liberality to all men: "Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquity by showing mercy to the poor;" but especially to the household of faith. (Dan. iv. 27.) Here I would remark, How little of these fruits is in us! How bent to covetousness, selfishness, overreaching, and taking advantage! "These things ought not so to be."

iv. Another fruit, which swallows up all the rest, is abiding in Christ: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, bringeth forth much fruit." By this I understand labouring against everything that would experimentally mar this union, and abiding in all the appointed means to bring forth fruit. Christ says, "I am like a green fir-tree; from me is thy fruit found." Greenness denotes life; and Christ is the Resurrection and the Life.

Thus I have mentioned the fruits; and of all these fruits Christ is the sum and substance. Now, these things come to us by his resurrection; as the apostle says, "We are dead to the law by the body of Christ, that we should be married to another, even to him that was raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God." "Christ is all."

8. The next benefit is salvation. There is a salvation which is common to all men: "Who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." But this is confined to the present life. Having saved his national people out of the land of Egypt, he afterwards destroyed them that believed not. They were his people by national adoption: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." But the salvation that I allude to respects both soul and body, and is everlasting. "Israel shall be

saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." This salvation belongs to Zion, and to none else. Hence you read, "His name shall be called Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Who are his people? "I will say unto Zion, Thou art my people." "The Lord hath chosen Zion," &c.

Salvation implies danger; and there are five things we are exposed to, and this salvation reaches them all.

i. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." How are God's family to escape this sentence? Jesus "made his soul an offering for sin," and in so doing satisfied divine justice; so that "God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." And the forgiveness of sins is salvation. This is known by the sting of death being removed, and peace coming in its room; and although this peace is often disturbed, yet it comes again and again; for he came "to give the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins."

ii. No weapon formed against us can ever prosper. Why? Because God is on our side. "Take counsel, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand; for God is with us." The children of the flesh will do all they can to oppress us, for God has put enmity between the seed of the serpent and the seed of Christ; but go as far as they may, the pit they dig for us they shall fall into. "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." This branch of salvation must have its accomplishment. "That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us."

iii. We have a body of sin and death to carry about with us all our days; and swarms of lusts and corruptions will work very powerfully. We have many times prayed that they might be rooted out; but they never will be till death. Nevertheless, God has promised to subdue our iniquities; and our happiness is that sin shall not have dominion over us. This, at times, we can believe; and this also is salvation: "I will also save you from all your uncleannesses," &c.

iv. We are saved from damnable errors and from the unpardonable sin; and it is the promise of God in Christ Jesus that secures us. Hence you read that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err." Though we may be seduced for a time, and drawn aside, the promise is, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." Again: "Those that erred in spirit shall come to understanding; and those that murmured shall learn doctrine." Damnable errors can never work effectually in any way but those that perish.

v. We are saved from devils, and from the wrath of God. Two texts will confirm this. "The God of peace will bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" in allusion to the necks of the five kings in the days of Joshua. "Jesus, who saved us from the wrath to come."

Now, all this salvation comes from Christ. "Who hath saved us," says Paul, "and called us with a holy calling." "Christ is all." This, therefore, is salvation, and comes to us by Christ's

resurrection. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Thus salvation is closely connected with Christ being raised from the dead. "Christ is all."

9. I proceed to the ninth benefit arising to us from the resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is a lively hope. Why is it called a *lively* hope? Because there is life in everything that we hope for, which proceeds from God, the Fountain of life.

i. God has made promises to us in Christ Jesus; and what are these promises, taking them altogether? "This is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." And this promise is in God's Word. David says, "I hope in thy word." There is the life of hope.

ii. We stand in need of regeneration and renewing. This is purging us again and again from all sin and all idols, giving us a new heart, and renewing our affections, so that we may be spiritually minded. Hence Paul says, "Of his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." This we stand in need of every day of our life. David found a good deal of this in his experience, which made him finish each verse of a whole psalm with: "His mercy endureth for ever." David was a man of like passions with us. He had opportunities of watching Saul, and knew that mercy was taken from Saul. Feeling his own weakness so much, under backslidings from God, as to pray, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me," every visit the Lord made to David made his mercy wonderful; as the Lord's visits do to us. Therefore, in every verse of Ps. cxxxvi., he tells us of God's delivering power; and repeats that "his mercy endureth for ever." He sometimes found it so strong as to say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;" and here was David's hope. "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy." And life lay in this mercy that the psalmist hoped in: "Let thy tender mercies come unto thy servant, that I may live."

iii. This is not all. We hope for salvation. "And for a helmet, the hope of salvation." This salvation I have showed you to be the forgiveness of sins. And life lies in pardon: "He that drinketh my blood *hath* [in the present tense] everlasting life." Thus it is a *lively* hope.

iv. Hope has to do with our justification. Paul says, "We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith." And you know that there is life in this also; for it is called "justification unto life."

v. We hope in the covenant. This is plain, if you and I only look back and see what we once were, destitute of real experimental hope. We were strangers to ourselves, strangers to God, his family, and his covenant of promise. As Paul says, "Strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope," &c. This shows that the covenant has hope in it, and life also: "My covenant was with Levi of life and peace." Thus we hope in the

covenant; and it is a lively hope, because it is a covenant of life and promise.

Christ is the Object of our hope; and this is the sum and substance of all before mentioned. The second appearing of Christ is called by the apostle Paul "that blessed hope." (Tit. ii. 13.) And Christ is our life. (Col. iii. 2.) God the Father is our Hope: "Who by him do believe in God, who raised him from the dead, and gave him glory, that your faith and hope may be in God." Hope is in God, and he is a Fountain of living water.

Thus it is very clear that our hope differs from all other hopes. "Christ is all." And all this hope, this lively hope, comes to us from his resurrection: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who of his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." (1 Pet. i. 3.) But there are four marks whereby we may know whether we have this hope; and with these I shall close this head.

i. Being stripped of all our supposed worth and worthiness, self-emptied, our comeliness turned into corruption. Did you never read these words in Job: "So the poor hath hope?"

ii. You may know it by your calling. If you are called, it is out of darkness into marvellous light; and this light shows us our own hearts. "Whatsoever maketh manifest is light." Says one, "I am as a beast before thee." How did he know this? Solomon tells you that God manifests to the sons of men that they themselves are beasts. John says, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." And we are called to the fellowship of Christ. Now, if we know our own hearts, and from a deep sense of want are brought to flee to Christ and find fellowship with him and the Father, then we are called; and you read of "the hope of his calling."

iii. Grace is unmerited love and a free gift. It is said that "the Lord will give grace." It is opposed to all worth or worthiness in the creature. Paul says, "If it is of grace, then it is no more of works." Now if the Lord is gracious to you and me, the good Spirit will keep us self-emptied. We shall have deeper and deeper discoveries of our own hearts, to keep us from a self-righteous spirit, to humble our pride, and to keep us very low and out of conceit of ourselves; so that we shall often hate our own life. And these things are needful to a growth in grace. These bitters must always go before the sweets. If you watch, you will discover them very minutely in a hundred instances; and it is a good improvement, if so managed by the blessed Spirit. It leads us to say, with John, "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." This teaching shows us that we have a firm hope. Hence Paul says, "Who hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace."

iv. This hope will be often tried sharply, and matters, at times, will get so low that you will think and feel as if your hope would go altogether. Hope is the last thing that gives up; and

when we feel a sinking here, then we are at a low ebb. But this is the trial of faith. At such times, various texts will come against us, and we shall think they come from God; and much terror and slavish fear will work. Our former experience seems a delusion, and we feel every refuge fail. But when God is pleased again to visit us, then these crooked things appear quite straight, and our hope is ten times stronger. You may see these exercises in Job, Hezekiah, and David. And every time we get out of these conflicts, Christ Jesus comes into our hearts; and this is "Christ in us the Hope of glory."

(To be continued.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT FAITH AND ITS INCREASE.

(Continued from p. 213.)

WE have seen that faith in God's Word is not an unreasonable thing; it has the highest possible evidence of the certainty of the things it believes. Though various other evidences may be of some use, particularly in reasoning with the ungodly, as Paul signifies when he says, "Tongues are for a sign; not to them that believe, but to them that believe not;" still, we are persuaded that in man's present state as a fallen creature all these will prove insufficient by themselves. Besides, where would the faith of the poor and illiterate be if it depended for its existence upon long, difficult, mystifying arguments derived from historic researches, nice criticisms, and external things? The gospel is especially for the poor. He takes the fool and makes him wise, and he certainly does not effect this by a quantity of elaborate arguments. No; the persuasion of a God is that of life and power. He quickens the dead and creates into a true believing. What a miserable faith must that be that depends upon a variable science! The faith of God's elect depends upon the secret, divine, certain demonstration of a God. Thus it is certain, invariable, and for ever. The wisdom of a child of God is by God's grace to stand by this evidence. He has from God a certain demonstration that the Bible is the Word of God. Now let him seek to know more and more what the Bible truly says. We are not called upon to bring the Word of God, by a false interpretation of it, into a foolish, unnecessary collision with a true science. We must not, on the other hand, suppose our faith to be dependent really upon the discoveries of science one way or the other. We must not, through a secret infidelity, force the Word from its plain proper meaning into some artificial one, in order to adapt it to a supposed science often very falsely so called. Let faith cleave to God speaking in his Word, and science bow down to it. This it will do if it is true; and if it is false, what have we to do with it? We insist much upon these things, from a hope that they will prove for the establishment of God's people, and from a persuasion in our minds that there is no real halting-place

between this demonstration of the Spirit producing a true faith in God's Word, and the grossest forms of infidelity, even materialism itself. Apostate human nature throws off God's Word, and will descend, we believe, into the depths of the darkest, dreariest Atheism. Well, then, "by faith we understand," as Paul writes, that "the worlds were framed by the word of God, and that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." We do not believe that the worlds were formed by a chance coming together of a quantity of atoms, or that God entrusted to matter a charge which he has left it to obey, going nobody knows where from his own creation. No; we believe that the worlds came into existence and form at the almighty word of God, who said, "Let there be light, and light was." We believe that these worlds are upheld, too, by the same almighty power that called them into being, and we believe that that One was the eternal Son of God; for by him were all things created which are in heaven and which are on earth, and by him all things subsist.

"The fairest angel seen
In yonder arched sky,
Owes all his graceful mien,
And all his dignity,
To Jesus' will and powerful word,
And bows to Jesus as his Lord."

This is our comfort, that he who died for his people's sins on Calvary created all things by the word of his power, and upholds them also.

"His shoulders held up heaven and earth
When Mary held up him."

The Father created in counsel; so we read of the counsels of his will, the Son mediately by the word of his power, and the Holy Spirit immediately by his almighty operation; for the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters. Thus the work of creation is ascribed to a Three-One God. As the Lord Jesus says, referring especially to the Father, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." This, then, is our faith and our rejoicing. The laws of creation are to us, in reality, the present will and word and power of a creating and upholding God. Not a sparrow falls without our Father; not an event takes place but in the accomplishment of his eternal will. All the chariots of circumstances come forth from within the deep recesses of those mountains of brass, God's great decrees; and whether the horses are dark or light, or mixed in colour, we see the divine power carrying out the good pleasure of God's will:

"And all for the lifting of Jesus on high."

Faith discovers, under the divine teaching, the only way in which a sinner can go with acceptance to God, and brings the heart to embrace it gladly. So it was with Abel. By faith he went to God with the firstlings of his flock, and the fat thereof as a burnt offering. Thus he expressed his faith in the Lord Jesus, and obtained witness that he was righteous; God testifying to

his gifts, probably by sending fire from heaven which consumed the sacrifice. Faith acts in the same way now. It will reject everything as an atonement for sin but the blood of Christ. So it was with Micah. He asks, as every child of God is brought to do, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" He rejects, with all God's people, all things but one.

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain."

'Thousands of rams and ten thousand rivers of oil, the greatest self-inflicted miseries, all can do no good. "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn" as an altar, "and all the beasts of the forest" are insufficient for a sacrifice. But then God shows to faith what is good, and faith embraces the one only atonement, and the man cries,

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

Thus that faith which is the gift and of the operation of God, receives into the conscience the atonement of Christ. The atonement is of God; as it is written: "I have found a ransom." "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering;" and the faith that sees, embraces, and rejoices in it is of God likewise, as the poet writes:

"Faith, too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had proved in vain."

In the new creation all things are of God.

Faith justifies. The law of God not only forbids all sin, but requires a perfect obedience, and the curse pertains to the omission of duty as well as to the commission of evil. The unrighteous who fall short of perfect and perpetual obedience shall not enter the kingdom of God any more than thieves and murderers. Man, therefore, requires a righteousness; and God has provided one for his own people of the most spotless and perfect nature,—the righteousness of God; that spotless robe of a Redeemer's obedience in the place of the sinner. This glorious righteousness is revealed to faith, as Paul says, "from faith to faith." No works of the creature come in here; Christ's righteousness is not received in a way of working, but believing. Faith discovers it; faith, as it is strengthened, embraces it; and when faith is enabled to sweetly appropriate Christ as the Lord our Righteousness, the conscience is freed from all condemnation, the heart from fears, and we have peace with God. How blessed it is thus to stand before God washed in the fountain of Christ's blood, and clothed in his eternal Godlike righteousness, and to sing with the poet:

"His righteousness wearing, and cleansed by his blood,
Bold shall I appear in the presence of God."

Take our best obediences, and we must say of them all, "Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

"My God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer."

But the very sense of this universal pollution, emptiness, and sin coming into all my works makes me prize Christ's everlasting righteousness, and say,

"Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merits shine,
The Lord shall be my Righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine."

Faith saves; but it is in a way of making known to the heart, and bringing into its experience the salvation of God. Faith discovers to us, on the one hand, the need of salvation, in the light of God's Word; we discover our filth and guilt; and faith discovers to us, and puts us into enjoyed possession of, the great salvation which God has bestowed upon his people. Israel is saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and by faith we enter into the enjoyed possession of what is already ours in Christ. Thus the apostle gossypally exhorts, "Work out your own salvation;" and the psalmist cries, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." In this sense, as the poet writes:

"Saved is the sinner that believes,
The sacred gospel annals show;
To him repentance Jesus gives,
And sin's complete remission too."

Faith is a drinking in of the heavenly showers; as it is written: "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness." But suppose the earth remains hard and stony, how shall these showers penetrate and make it fruitful? O! "Let the earth open," says the Lord. Thus it is in spiritual things. The showers of grace and mercy, love and righteousness, come down from heaven in the preaching of the Word; but the heart is hard, and the showers, without something is done, will only glide away and do no good. But sovereign grace provides the remedy. Let the earth open; let the heart, in a way of believing, receive the showers; then they enter into the very depths of the soul, and bring forth the designed effects,—peace in the conscience, love in the heart, submission in the will, and the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ in the life and conversation. Here believing is not an act, but a receiving. It is not some isolated act whereby the person standing before God is once for all altered, but a receiving into the heart, according to the degree of faith, sweet mercies flowing down from heaven; according to the words of the poet:

"The cheering word, as heavenly dew,
My thirsty soul drinks in;
Jesus commands me to rejoice,
Who bore away my sin."

Faith purifies the heart. It does not change the old nature, or renew the carnal mind and alter the old man. The child of God knows to his cost that the old, corrupt nature remains in itself just the same; but faith purifies the heart. And, in accordance with the degree and power of it, the new or old nature in a child of God will have the upper hand. If faith be lively, clear, and powerful, then grace becomes triumphant, sin subdued, and the pure principle predominant in the soul; if faith be feeble, it is just the reverse; every grace of the Spirit appears to languish.

“Thou hid’st thy face, my sins abound;
World, flesh, and Satan all surround.”

So it is; for when God thus hides his face, faith generally gets very low, and by the felt prevalence of evil we are troubled; but when he shines again, then faith revives, and the words of Isaiah (lx.) in the spirit are fulfilled: “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” In every child of God there is a new nature called a new creature, and the seed of God; this is a perfectly pure principle, created in righteousness and true holiness; a principle, a member, a part of this new creature is faith. As, then, faith is strong and in lively exercise, this new creature takes the lead in the soul; and it goes well with that city, for this new nature cannot sin; and as it reigns purity reigns; but when faith is weak and sickly, the old nature gets a prevalence, and the cry is, “Iniquities prevail against me.” “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me;” for thus in a way of new creation God purifies the heart by faith.

Faith overcomes the world. We all naturally have the world in our hearts. The lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, those things which are in the world, and have been called the Trinity of the Gentiles, rule over us by nature. Grace taking possession makes a change, but it does not make us in this life perfect; consequently, the world still remains in the heart of a child of God, so far as the old nature goes; but it does not reign, because a new nature, which is heavenly, is there. Thus, then, by faith, whereby the new nature rises and triumphs, we overcome the world. This is sweetly signified in the Song of Solomon: “Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness?” Here the child of God, though toiling and struggling and worn and weary, is represented as rising above the world. But how is this? How is it the spouse of Christ can rise above all the immense hindrances which oppose her,—a world without and a world within? She is seen “leaning upon her Beloved.” This is by precious spiritual faith, the operation of the Spirit. By this she sees Christ as God and man; she discovers his atonement and righteousness, his finished work, perceives him as made of God, unto such a poor sinner as she is, “wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption;” yea, all in all. She leans upon him in a sense of self-nothingness, as hopeless and helpless in herself; and thus she rises above the world. “Who is he that overcometh

the world," says the apostle John, "but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" As faith sees Jesus, we rise and conquer all.

Faith gives us patience in adversities; for by faith we see them in a scriptural light, and bear them by the strength of Christ who enables us. How good and profitable is a sanctified affliction; but then only is it sanctified to us when faith is mixed with it. We look sometimes at the things which are seen and temporal; we see the creature's hand or the creature's craft, and the heart is overwhelmed; peevishness and resentment prevail; or we are tempted to entertain hard thoughts of God, and to say with Zion, "The Lord has forsaken me, and my Lord has forgotten me." Then everything seems full of inexpressible bitterness; but when the word of faith comes into the heart, and the Spirit thus revives our faith, all is changed. We take the cup as from a father's hand, and it is sweet. O how these words have dropped into our heart: "Thou shalt also consider in thy heart that like as a father chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee." Then the chastening becomes precious to us, and we know that not only faith, but the trial of our faith, is precious, and yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to our souls. In God's light we see light; and it is in a way of spiritual believing that God, by his holy Word of truth, shines into our hearts. He turns thus our darkness into light, and the shadow of death into the morning. He hides his face, we are troubled; our mountain of prosperity, which seemed to stand strong, is moved; behold, for peace we have great bitterness. The thing which we feared comes upon us; God seems to hide his face and shut out prayer; the accuser of the brethren pours in his fiery darts night and day; as with a sword in our bones the word is heard, "Where is now thy God?" We are sorely tempted to think that all our supposed liberty in prayer to God, all the prayers of others about us, all the words that have come with power into our hearts, have been a delusion. "I said in my haste, All men are liars." "I cry and shout, but he shutteth out my prayer." We are even afraid of comfort, lest it should be delusion; of reading the Word, lest we should only deceive ourselves by it. Thus the heart is cast down within us, and prayer itself, through grievous discouragement, restrained before God. But he will work, and who shall let it? His grace, like the dew, shall descend when he pleases. His showers tarry not for the will or worth or ability of man, nor wait for the sons of men until they are disposed feelingly to receive them. He sends forth his word and healeth us. He brings our faith into exercise again. We say to our souls, "Why art thou cast down within me? Hope thou in God." We see that God's way of answering prayer is not our way; that he is still with us and still our God. Thus, as faith comes again into exercise, stirred up by the Word and Spirit of God, all things wear a new aspect; all is right, all for our good, all for God's glory. We want no alteration. Out of

the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness. Thus in a way of spiritual believing the cast-down soul conceives hope and comfort and peace again; and "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is," by means of tribulation, "shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

DELIVERANCE AND BLESSING.

If it would not be intruding too much, I will very briefly tell you of the way the Lord hath led me. I lived a slave to sin and Satan until I was about 21, when I was struck down by an arrow of conviction, suddenly and powerfully, in a cottage in the parish of Benenden, in Kent. The arrows of God's wrath stuck fast in me, and I verily thought I should soon be where hope could never come. I went to bed, but could not rest. I cried out, "I shall die before morning; and hell is ready to receive me." My breath seemed to get shorter; and I imagined I saw the flames in the room. My wife wanted to have the doctor, but I was perfectly well in body. It was my sins that rose up against me; and hell, as the punishment for those sins, was ready to receive me. O! That night I shall never forget. It was a dreadful time. This feeling lasted three days and nights, though not quite so bad as the first night.

I was brought up in sin and ignorance; knew nothing of the way of salvation; scarcely ever attended a place of worship to hear the truth preached; spent the Sabbaths in fishing in the summer, and other wicked acts in the winter. It may be truly said that I had no fear of God before my eyes. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved me, quickened me, and made me cry for mercy. I was compelled to forsake my companions, and break off my sins by a moral righteousness; and sought earnestly the company of those who could tell me something about a broken heart. I found out the place where Mr. Smart now is; but O! What did I feel when I entered that, to me, holy place! I crept in as one not fit to be in their company. There I attended constantly for eight years, scarcely ever missing an opportunity. Sometimes the minister hewed me to pieces, and sometimes a little hope rose up. Thus I was held on, hoping and fearing, until that never-to-be-forgotten time when I was to be set free. I was tried in providence, and could scarcely get the needful things of this life; laboured hard for the bread that perisheth; bowed down in my soul; and fearing greatly that I should never be delivered.

In June, 1860, I seemed crushed with trouble, and had been for about three months. One night, when calling upon God to appear for me and deliver me, I saw, by the eye of faith, the Lord Jesus in his sufferings; and he seemed to look upon me in love. The sight of him, and the way he looked upon me, took all sin, guilt, and burden away. My heart was broken, and my

eyes became a sluice. I could do nothing but bless and adore him. I had sweet peace with God, through Jesus Christ; my cup seemed full to the brim. Work I could not. Many now living rejoiced with me. Some came to see me; and all I wanted now was to talk of Jesus and his love.

One portion, among others, that was applied with dew and power was: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." I felt I had that rest. I was now fully delivered from the yoke of sin, law, and Satan. The kingdom of heaven was set up in my soul; and I felt the truth of Christ's own words: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." My chief delight was to praise him and tell of his love. As I said before, work I could not; so I had three days going round to my friends, telling them what great things he had done for me. Now I felt an ardent desire to spread his fame abroad, that others might believe in him. And God in a wonderful way brought that about.

But I will not enlarge, but will speak of another deliverance from slavery and captivity. And thousands can and must testify, as well as myself, that the hand of God hath done this; for who but God could take me from being a slave to others, raise me up friends, and put me in a good farm of 150 acres, give me servants under me, and bless the labour of my hands abundantly? And he has promised to make all his goodness pass before me. This was not done in a corner; and if any doubt the reality of it, let them come down and see for themselves what a God of love can do. I speak it to his praise. I have the greatest cause to love him for first loving me. But God has not done this that I should be without trials, but for his own Name's sake, and to exalt the riches of his grace. I have had great trials since I have been here, and have known captivity in my mind; but the Lord has again and again brought me out.

I am fully satisfied that Satan's aim is to bring the mind into bondage; and sometimes he uses agents for that work; and I do not know of any more likely to do it than one who professes great love, and yet is nothing but a carnal deceitful professor. I might enlarge here by speaking of what I have proved of some, in whom I, like some others of the Lord's people, was greatly deceived; but I forbear. Mr. Huntington tells us, in his "Kingdom of Heaven," of a professor in whom he was greatly deceived; I mean his mistress; who often brought him into bondage. She would quarrel with him until she made him angry; and then she had a feast, and he a fast. This was indeed a great trial to him. But if he had to live in the same house with such a one, it would be worse. I have often felt in such a state of mind that it seemed impossible to go and preach on the Sabbath; but such has been the goodness of God to me, that as soon as I was got into the work, the Lord has appeared and set me at liberty, and I have felt his yoke to be easy; and

there are those who can testify how blessed they have found it to be then.

I could speak of many blessed deliverances that I have experienced since I have been in these parts; but I will come to a close. When I read your book, the words of the psalmist came to my mind: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten," &c. According to the date in which you were born, you are fast hastening to that allotted time for man upon earth. You have had, especially of late, to contend with horses and chariots, and unflinchingly to expose the errors of the day. But the most solemn subject is the swellings of Jordan. Now, my heart's desire and prayer is that your last days may be your best; that you may look forward with joy; and that you may have that sweet assurance that, when you pass through that river, God will be with you. This is the hearty prayer of

Yours affectionately,

Westmeon, June, 1877.

C. BARNES.

MOUNT PISGAH.

(Continued from p. 353.)

THE Person who shall come, as treated upon in our No. for last month.

Use 1. This subject serves for infinite terror to the wicked. That the judgment now should be put into the hand of him whom, of all the world, they counted their enemy; at least, if they did not call him so, they used him so. O! What a dreadful sight will his appearance be! If Ahab cried out with so much discomposure of spirit at the sudden appearance of Elijah, the prophet of God, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" with what horror and affrightment will reprobate sinners cry out when they shall be dragged before the tribunal of the Lord Jesus, the Lord of the prophets! If Joseph's brethren were so astonished at the presence of Joseph, when he said unto them, "I am Joseph, whom ye sold into Egypt," how will all the world of ungodly men be confounded at the presence of the Lord, now coming in the glory of his Father, to judge them, even Jesus, whom they crucified over and over again to themselves, and put him to an open shame; Jesus, whose Person they have slighted, whose government they have spurned, crying in the pride and rebellion of their obstinate spirits, "We will not have this Man to reign over us;" Jesus, whose counsel they have rejected, whose threatenings they have laughed to scorn; Jesus, whose blood they have trampled under their feet as an unholy thing, doing despite to the Spirit of grace, &c.! How will the reprobate world be confounded at the presence of their Judge! Behold, in the days of his flesh, when he appeared in the form of a servant, and was even led away as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before the shearer, not opening his mouth by way of murmur against his Father, or reviling against his enemies; yet how did that lamb-like word, "I am He," fill

with horror the hearts of those sturdy soldiers who came to apprehend him, and strike them to the ground, like a blast of thunder and lightning! How will that word, when he shall come clothed with majesty and terror, with all the glorious host of heaven attending his Person, "I am He," fill reprobate souls with astonishment and distraction, and even strike them backward into hell! How will it cause them to woo the mountains and rocks, now as hard and inexorable as their own hearts were in the day of God's patience, crying out to them, to the amazement of heaven and earth, "Mountains, fall on us; rocks, cover us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb! For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand? (Rev. vi. 16, 17.) But all in vain!

Use 2. This doctrine of Christ's personal appearance speaks great consolation to the godly, the sheep of Christ, which have heard his voice speaking to them in the gospel of peace. Behold, he that in the days of his flesh came to be their Redeemer, now in the day of his power shall come to acquit them. He who so often pleaded for them to his Father, and for whom they so often pleaded and contended with a disobedient and gainsaying generation, he shall now pass sentence upon them; their Friend, their Brother, their Head, their Husband. What fear need they have of that tribunal where, not their enemies, who were used falsely to accuse and condemn them; no, nor their prejudiced and imprudent friends, who sometimes have rashly and causelessly misjudged them; much less the accuser of the brethren, "who accused them before their God day and night" (Rev. xii. 10); none of these, I say, shall sit in judgment; but their dear Redeemer, who for their sake came down from heaven, who loved them so dearly that he died for love of them, that he might redeem them and wash them in his own blood; he who regenerated, sanctified, justified, preserved, and perfected them; he to whom, both in life and death, they were so nearly and inseparably united, and by virtue of which union they are now awakened, set again on their feet, in such a beautiful and perfect state. He, and none but he, who long since became their Advocate, shall now, by the appointment of the Father, be their Judge. What matter of joy and triumph will this administer unto the saints at that day! How may they lift up their heads with joy, because their redemption and their Redeemer shall then draw nigh!

Again. The doctrine of Christ's personal appearance at the last day affords no less consolation in reference to the saints departed. To this very end does the Holy Ghost mention it in this place: "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven." Christ bought them at too dear a rate to leave any one of them in the grave; and, therefore, to make all sure, he will come in Person and finish his work himself. As sure as he ascended up into heaven after his own resurrection, so surely shall he descend from heaven to perfect that resurrection in his saints.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Doctor,—Yesterday came the wild fowl and your letter. But I am poorly, and have been much confined for more than three weeks, with a bad cough and fever, and am still confined. When I got myself entangled in what is called a church at Kingston-upon-Thames, in Surrey, the mentioning of God's work upon me soon brought the high resentment of the greatest part of the whole body upon me; but those whom God instructs with a strong hand dare not say "A confederacy," to every one who is in a profession. Wherefore I soon left them; and it is a matter of doubt with me whether there was a breath of life left behind; for the conduct of too many made it apparent that the spring of divine life was wanting.

At present I am weak and feeble; but the Lord is my righteousness, the health of my countenance, and the strength of my heart. His kindness, his love, his faithfulness, and truth have been most abundant towards me in Christ Jesus. My enemies are many; but I have one unchangeable Friend, who has not left off his kindness nor withdrawn his friendship. I was twice dead to God, an enemy, a rebel, and a willing captive to Satan and sin, when he found me at first, and he never withdrew his hand from the work till he made me another vessel. His work is fresh on my mind, and the wisdom with which it was carried on has left too deep an impression ever to be obliterated. I have long lived by faith in his darling Son, am still a pauper, dependent on his providence, and hope to die over head and ears in debt to his all-conquering and all-sufficient grace, poor in soul, but an heir of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Farewell! Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, through Jesus Christ.

W. HUNTINGTON.

1810.

My dear Friend,—I must tell you that I am very ill; but He who has promised, saying, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," is still with me, comforting me by his precious promises, cheering me by the sweet smiles of his countenance, strengthening my soul by the rich and heavenly dews of his grace, and assuring me that he is mine, and that I through grace am his. Thus he enables me in the midst of all to go on my way rejoicing.

Last Sabbath evening I was sitting alone, reading Isa. xlvi. While I was musing on those precious words in verses 9-11, I had such a blessed manifestation of my dear Saviour's presence as will never be forgotten by me. O what a dear and condescending Lord is ours thus to manifest himself to such a sinner as I am! Who or what am I that he should thus visit me? If it be in this way that he assures me that he has chosen me in the furnace of affliction, if these are the joys and favours which I receive from him while in the furnace of affliction, then in it would I gladly lie as long as it shall seem good in his sight, full of humble gratitude and cheerful resignation to his dear will,

counting it a highly favoured privilege to be called into such a blessed station. Yes, dearest friend, I never knew what true pleasure was till it pleased the Lord to place me in the furnace; and now I feel such a sweetness in it that I can truly say that it is good for me to be here.

“ Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near!”

Please read the verses above mentioned.

Your ever affectionate Friend,
E. W.

Addlestrop, April, 1873.

My very dear Christian Friend,—What poor, frail, feeble, dying, sin-ruined things we are in and of ourselves! But in the Beloved how different! We are strong in him, rich in Jesus, washed from all sin in his precious sin-cleansing blood, though black and filthy in fallen destroyed self. Through rich, free, sovereign, electing love, all fair in the glorious Eternal Son of God, without spot, blemish, or any such thing. “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” When the Lord is graciously pleased to speak these precious words, or any other part of Holy Writ, into our poor fearing hearts, how soon we rise up in our feelings and call him blessed! How soon we run after him when he begins sensibly to draw us with the cords of love, the bands of a man!

“ O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with thee?”

Alas! Dear friend, my heart, for the most part of my time, is taken up with the mean, dying, trifling things of this poor sin-besotted world, and is filled up to the brim with the most vain, foolish, and sometimes base things you could well fancy. Indeed, I doubt if such rank folly ever finds its way into the breast of any poor sinner on the face of the earth. I trust there have been seasons when I have felt them a burden, and hated them too; but this is only when my conscience is tender, and the fear of the Lord is in exercise. Without him I can do nothing.

I trust, dear friend, I have been taught my helplessness in the school of trial; for I am sure that merely assenting and consenting to the truth of our helpless state, as tens of thousands do, is not learning this painful, trying, but profitable lesson in the right way. He brought down their proud, stiff hearts with hard labour; and what the condescending, long-suffering, merciful Lord did for his people in old times he has been doing ever since, even up to the present moment of time.

None teacheth like the Lord; for he teacheth to profit. But how soon, how very soon do I forget what I am taught, and should never again remember his dealings with me, if the holy Remembrancer did not bring them to mind. I cannot put my trust in a good memory; I cannot put my trust in my own strength, for

that is perfect weakness; I cannot trust in my own base heart, for that is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; I dare not trust in my own fancied righteousness, for the Lord has mercifully warned his poor silly sheep from putting any trust in this spider's web, for he has pronounced them filthy rags. We are solemnly warned not to put our trust in man, for the declaration is: "Cursed is the man who trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." I fear to put my trust even in gracious frames and feelings, lest I should be building my hope upon fluctuating fruits, and not on the firm foundation God has laid in Zion, the precious Rock against which the gates of hell can never prevail. The enemy is often permitted to damp and hide from view our sweet and blessed evidences, which have been our comforts, even in the remembrance, in times of sorrow and distress. "But the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are his." Yes; he knows his poor, confused, hunted, driven sheep when they do not know or understand themselves, and empty professors, and even some of the real people of God themselves, cannot make them out, nor rightly understand them. But Jesus knoweth his own sheep, however blackened and covered with guilt, filth, sin, and shame. He has but to say, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, and she will not need telling to do so a second time. "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me. A stranger they will not follow; for they know not the voice of strangers."

How good, pleasant, and profitable are the communications of the saints, when they write out of the midst of temptation, tribulation, and heart-breaking sorrows! And how blessed and encouraging to the exercised part of God's flock, to hear, from one and another, of the Lord's faithfulness in delivering his lawful captives out of the paw of the bear. The Lord has but to say to the great enemy of our peace, and to sin, that powerful overcomer of poor, weak, feeble, sin-loving nature, Loose him, and let him go, and it is done; for where the word of a King is, there is power.

May this find you, through grace, embracing the Rock, having fled from every other shelter.

"Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

My dear friends, what an inexpressible mercy to be brought through and under the stripping, emptying, leading hand of the Holy Spirit, into the above blessed dispensation! Here all controversy between a just and holy God and the poor helpless sinner ends. "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

I was glad to hear that in the commencement of your illness the work in your soul was again revived, and that you again sweetly experienced that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. "They overcame Satan through the blood of the Lamb."

When I began this letter, I commenced with an empty pitcher, and felt it was a burden to write because of my leanness, and was ashamed to let you or any one else see the nakedness of the land; and had I not feared hurting your minds by my silence, I should not have written. However, there soon appeared a little springing up, and I find I have written a long letter, and feel, if I were able, I could still keep on. What strange changeable creatures we are!

Yours affectionately,

Wantage, Feb. 25th, 1869.

T. V.

Dear Friend,—God willing, I shall come on the 24th. May the Lord's presence be in our little midst, even as heretofore. Then shall honey, milk, and wine not be wanting, and the Paschal Lamb will be the entire feast. It is most holy; and all the circumcised in heart may partake thereof; but no stranger to the heavenly birth, to the love of God, to a divine and supernatural faith, to a good hope through grace, to the witness and fruits of the Spirit, can partake thereof. But even little children, and babes too, may have a sop in the most rich gravy, by being told, as by John, that their sins are all forgiven for Christ's most precious Name's sake. And although, poor little longing souls, they often weep for fear they should die before partaking of the whole Lamb, God doth gather their love-tears into his bottle, and make most sweet wine of them; and in his own good time of grace comes and says to their poor hearts, "Blessed are ye that weep now" for want of more of Christ and Christ's holy image; "for ye shall laugh" Satan to scorn, bid unbelief begone, and rejoice in God-Jesus as the Rock and Refuge, to save with an everlasting salvation; and your joy in heaven no man of sin nor sin of man can take from you.

In this Zion's feast there is this difference from the world's gluttonous feasts. They are for all sweets, smooth things, prophesying of deceits; but not so with those whom the Lord favours to feast upon the fat things that are full of marrow and fatness. They must have the bitter herbs, or no real appetite; and dose upon dose must constantly be administered, in order to keep up their appetite, or, poor things, they will only see the good and most precious feast, but not be indulged to partake, as they see others do. And then, how cruel jealousy begins to work! And do we think we can quiet or tame their ill tempers, or put them off by telling them they must be patient, not murmur, fret, nor fume? Not we, indeed; for they will only roar and fret the more, thinking we are mocking and teasing instead of helping. The grand truth is, that nothing short of the love of God, which is the only perfect love, can cast out cruel jealousy and soul-tormenting fears; and as oft as it is shed abroad in our hearts, we can enjoy love's feast, and look as pleasant as anybody. Love to All.

G. MOORE.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly answer the following inquiry in the “Gospel Standard?” What is the duty of a child of God, led by the Holy Spirit into the precious truths of God’s Word, placed in circumstances where he cannot himself attend a place of worship on the Lord’s day, or send his children to a Sunday school, except where error is preached and taught? Ought he to go *for example to others*, and send his children to school with a view to their moral restraint, providing he do not join the church, and thus show his disapproval of error? I write with a pure motive, —to know and obey the truth, and for the good of others similarly situated.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Perth, Western Australia.

ANSWER.

Your inquiry, in our judgment, admits of but one answer. All error is most dangerous; and the duty of a child of God seems to us most clear,—to have no fellowship whatever with it, nor even to appear to sanction or combine with it. “Come out,” says the Lord, “and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing.” And error is, in God’s view, one of the uncleanest of things. All evil comes in by a lie. We are to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; but error is darkness itself; and if we are to have no fellowship with the offspring, surely we must have none with the parent. Our advice, then, is plain. Go to the minister or officers of the church, and signify your reasons for dissociating yourself from them, and not attending their place of worship or sending your children to the Sunday school. Conduct service on the Lord’s day morning and evening, if possible, in your own house, by reading, singing, and prayer, teaching your children truth at home, and leaving the rest to God. The writer who gives this advice has been in a similar position. Unable any longer, with a good conscience, to attend the Church of England services, and knowing not where to go, he commenced services in the house in which he lived, conducting them, at first, in great weakness. Strangers, from time to time, came in; the thing went on; and now he is a preacher of the gospel.

Obituary.

H. S. GRAY.—On Sept. 25th, 1876, aged 31, H. S. Gray, of 29, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

There appeared to me to be a great sweetness of simplicity, genuineness, and unction about the experience of this afflicted woman, who, to the praise of the glory of grace, was plucked as a brand from the fire. Its insertion, if you shall think well, in the “Gospel Standard,” may be productive, by the blessing of the Holy One resting upon it, of endearing our precious Lord to the hearts of many of his dear people. Mr. Gray writes to me as follows:

I think I never saw a more remarkable display of the sovereign grace of God than in my sister, H. S. Gray. She was the youngest daughter

of my father, a short account of whose death appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for June, 1871. How little do children know or value, while in a graceless state, praying, God-fearing parents. It was always the custom of my father to make careful mention of his children in prayer, whether in the family or at the house of God. It was often said that he always prayed for his children. The youngest, of whom we have now to speak, lay very near the poor man's heart. Being afflicted, he felt very much concerned for her; her affliction being such that he felt she would, all through life, require a guardian.

She would, at times, discover a great deal of perverseness and obstinacy, and would not in any way submit to our wishes, which was a source of great trouble to us. Her affliction was that of being deaf and dumb. When a child, we succeeded in getting her into a deaf and dumb school in Bath, where she remained about three years, when she began to articulate a little. Some few words she would imitate, which caused them to dismiss her from the institution; and hopes were entertained that speech and hearing might yet be given to her. She grew up to womanhood, but it was very little indeed that she could speak or hear; and what she did say only those who were used to her could understand.

The last ten years of her life she very much improved, both in speaking and hearing. During her illness she told me she never heard a sermon in her life; so that in knowledge she was quite a child. At length symptoms of heart and lung disease showed themselves. One doctor after another was consulted; but none of them gave any hopes. She knew and appeared to feel her position, and wished to see and speak with me about her state. I felt a very great reluctance in going. I thought she had perhaps become much alarmed at the fear of death, which would be natural enough in her condition; but I found her very earnest and anxious about her eternal state. Still, I was not without many fears as to the genuineness of the thing. I was afraid lest it should prove nothing more than flesh, produced by her knowing she must die. As I left, these words came rather forcibly to my mind: "He that is not against us is on our part." I felt somewhat reprieved; for I saw clearly enough, as I thought, she was not against the Lord. After this, I soon went again, and began from this time to repeat my visits frequently. She would wish me to read and pray with her; which I did, as the Lord gave ability. Then I would talk to her about the new birth and a new heart; that God was holy, just, and righteous; that heaven was a holy place; and how could she, a sinner, hope to go there? She quickly reminded me that Jesus came to save *sinners*, and repeated the words: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son," &c. She said she knew she was a very wicked sinner, and that her sins so made her tremble that she was afraid to go to sleep, lest she should never open her eyes again in this world, but awake in hell.

This state of things lasted for some weeks. I went in one evening, when she began to tell me that Jesus had been, and had made her happy. She said, "All my fears gone; all my trembling gone; all my sins gone. I not afraid to die now." What a blessed change! Her countenance was radiant with joy, and her heart seemed full of it. She said, "Jesus so very good. Come so very close to me." I read Isa. xii., and prayed with her, thanking the dear Lord for his great goodness to her.

Another evening, I asked her if she would not like to get better. She said, "No. Jesus know how ill I am. Jesus know I pray to him. Jesus know I love him. Jesus love me. It is better for me to die than to live." On one occasion, when I was about to pray with her, I said, "What shall I pray for?" She said, "You ask Jesus to please come and

take me as soon as ever he is ready; but," said she, "I cannot die when I like. I must have patience." At another time, she said, "Jesus so good. I asked him last night to give me a good night; and he gave me a beautiful night, beautiful sleep." She was full of gratitude.

One evening she inquired if I was at home about four o'clock. I said, "Yes." She said, "I wanted to see you so." I asked, "What for?" She said, "I trembled all over. I cannot read to-day. I tried this morning; but after reading four verses, I was obliged to put down the book, for all the letters went together. I tried again; but was obliged to put the book down. Something say, 'Jesus very angry with me because I could not read, and that Jesus would not have me to heaven, but would send me to hell;' and I trembled all over." "Well," I said, "what did you do?" She replied, "I told Jesus. I said, 'Please, Jesus, I very sorry I cannot read. I hope you will forgive me, and not send me to hell.'" "Well," I said, "and what then?" "Why, Jesus came, and all my trembling go away; and I very happy, very happy now. Not afraid since; not afraid when Jesus come."

Another evening, I asked her how she was. She replied, "Jesus has been." "And what did he say?" I asked. "'Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid.'" I said, "How did you feel when Jesus spoke to you?" She said, looking very earnest, "Happy all over. Feel as if I could jump out of bed. I sing when Jesus come." "What do you sing?" She said, "Sometimes I sing, 'Rock of ages, shelter me;' and sometimes, 'Yes, I shall soon be lauded.'"

It was not till within the last few weeks of her illness that she became acquainted with the last-named hymn, which was very sweet to her. Ps. xxiii. was also very sweet to her, especially verse 4. At another time she told me how good Jesus was to her. "He is such a good Shepherd; he carries the lambs in his bosom. I have been reading about it. It is so nice." I found it, and read it to her. She said, "That's it." I said, "Do you feel you are one of his lambs?" "Yes," she said; "Jesus love me so much." I said, "Do you think he will take you to heaven when you die?" "Yes," she said; "I feel sure he will."

Sept. 2nd. was a good day. She said, "Jesus has been; and I could not help singing." I asked her what she sang. She took the hymn book and found Hymn 575. I read the hymn, and think I never saw such beauty in it before.

On Sept. 3rd. she was exceedingly weak, but resting on and looking to Jesus; she wished me to pray for her. I asked what I should pray for. She said, "Ask Jesus to give me a good night, and soon come and take me home. I long to go."

Sept. 4th.—I called in the morning. She said, "Jesus came after you were gone last night." "Yes," I said; "and what then?" "I asked Mary for the hymn book to sing another hymn." I inquired, "What hymn?" She found me the 626th. I felt astonished, as I was not aware that she knew there was such a hymn in the book. She was extremely weak and ill, sitting up in the bed, with her hand in mine. I thought I would ask her a few more questions. She whispered in my ear, "My dear brother, I love Jesus; I love Jesus; I love Jesus. Bless the Lord, O my soul." I felt quite overcome at the Lord's great goodness to her. In the evening, as I was sitting with her, she again asked me for the hymn book, and found the 948th, reading it as loud as she could. Her whole heart and soul seemed to go with every line. After reading the hymn, she said, "Jesus love me; Jesus love me; Jesus love me." Then she would look up and beg of Jesus to come and take her home, saying, "I long to be gone; I long to be gone." This evening she reminded me of praying for a good night and getting it; "Now," said she, "you

must pray for me again." After praying with her, I left her for the night. She now became exceedingly weak and sleepy, so much so that, three times following, when I called, she was asleep. Upon my mentioning this to her afterwards, she said she was very sorry, but could not help it, saying she was still happy, and wanting to go home.

Sept. 12th.—Very ill indeed. On my asking her how she was, she said, "I want to be happy." "But are you not happy?" said I. "Not come yet," she said; "not come yet. I hope I shall go home to-night." I saw her early in the morning, and inquired how she was. She said, "Very much disappointed." I asked, "Why?" "Want to go home," she replied. She said she was very happy early this morning, and tried to sing "Rock of ages," but had not strength. She tried to awake her sister, who was sleeping in the room, but could not. This cast her down, because she could neither praise the Lord herself, nor awake her sister to help her.

After this it was with difficulty she could speak, her mouth and throat being so sore. The night previous to her death, I asked her if she still felt happy. She nodded assent three times. The pains of death were now upon her. She asked her sister what it was. She told her what it was, telling her to ask Jesus to enable her to bear it; which she did. She was then turned upon her side, and, after a few minutes, breathed her ransomed soul into the hands of that precious One, who made himself to her the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

A. COUGHTREY.

JOHN WICKER.—On Jan. 30th, aged 81, John Wicker, of Shipton, Hants.

He was a native of this village, and a farm labourer. He was by nature dead in sin, and could not read, so that he was not only ignorant of the new birth, but of the letter of truth; yet he professed after the fashion of this world, and went to the ale-house on Sabbath evenings with his companions, thinking there could be no harm in that. He was a very quiet moral man; and on this he rested for time and eternity.

When our little chapel here had not been long opened, John was led to hear the writer of this memoir. There the Lord met him, and opened his poor blind eyes; which led him to abandon all his former hopes, and put an end to his drinking habits. The house of God was his delight to the day of his death. He was a pattern for all, by his constant attendance at prayer and other meetings. He was led to see that believers' baptism was an ordinance of Jesus Christ, and he wished to follow him who had done so much for his never-dying soul. On Feb. 23rd, 1851, I baptized him and three others in the Baptist chapel at Ludgershall. I never had any cause to reprove my dear departed brother. There was a very strong union between us to the day of his death, for he was one of those whom I hope to meet with joy, whom the Lord has given me out of this village. Some others are gone before. To the Lord alone all praise is due.

Our dear brother, though illiterate, was deeply led into the glorious doctrines of free, sovereign, and electing love; they were his constant theme. He, too, was made to feel himself one of the vilest of the vile; his conversation to me and the spirituality of his language in prayer prove the truth of it. I will say that I never heard any man, let him be ever so learned, plead, as John did, the blood of Jesus Christ. "One drop, dear Lord, one drop, to sprinkle on my guilty soul." It was usual for him, towards the close of his prayers at our prayer-meetings, to express his hope that, "through the mercy, love, blood, and righteousness of Jesus Christ, the Lord would receive his soul safe home to glory."

Some may call it formal, but there is no other way; and those who never prize the blood here will never sing its worth in heaven. John, being a poor man, had few friends; yet grace enabled him with well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

For the last year or two his health began to fail; his poor frame was very weak, and suffered much pain. A little before Christmas he became worse. At last he was compelled to keep his bed; but the Lord was with him there. A dear friend of mine sent him something to help him and his aged wife. Never shall I forget the effects produced, the deep emotion, cheerful smile, and gushing tear, while the tongue confessed, "Ah, the Lord knows where I am." Surely, thought I, if a cup of cold water is not forgotten, this never will be. "Give my love to —," was his request. I name this to encourage those that can help the Lord's poor dear children. They little think of the thankfulness produced in the hearts of their poor brethren and sisters. The happy state of John's mind was proved by his own words, which were heard by those who attended him day and night. Although not able to read, yet the blessed Spirit taught him, and had furnished his mind with some of the choicest promises of the gospel. Many of our hymns, too, were very sweet to him, and had been dear to him for upwards of 26 years; but more so when most needed, in affliction and death.

When he was favoured with some sweet meditations on the Lord's goodness to him, he said, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness to me?" "O for a heart to praise the Lord!" "Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Give me strength to praise thee." At another time, he said, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. I want to know and feel that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life." At another time, he said, "Jesus is All in all to my soul. He is at his Father's right hand, interceding for his dear children. I long to be there. He is the Chiefest among ten thousand; altogether lovely to my soul." At another time he said, "When shall I see my Father's face? Never, never while in this body. Do come quickly; come quickly. Amen." At another time, he said, "Open thine arms and take me in; for there I long to be. It is all in thee. Thou hearest the prayer of thy dear children when they cry unto thee." After resting a little time, he said, "I want to feel Christ near my heart. I shall not be satisfied until I awake up with thy likeness."

These precious meditations continued, and seemed to shut out everything besides. When in pain, he said to me, "The conflict will not be long; the sooner over the better; but, 'as thy days, so shall thy strength be.'" When he felt very weak and fast sinking, he could be often heard exulting, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This great truth was a rock on which he had builded for many years, and was his support in death. Hymns 440 and 1083 were oftentimes heard from his lips; and the 143rd was also dear to him.

The Lord was pleased to give him the use of his mental powers until the last, which was a great mercy. As his end drew near, he said, "Do come and fetch thy ransomed child home." I asked him, two days before his death, how he then felt in his mind. He said, "I feel as if I were almost in heaven." I said to him, "John, you are now experiencing the fulfilment of that precious promise in Isa. xxvi. 3." "Yes," he said, "I am." Many times I heard him say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." As his end was very near, a person said to him, "You cannot talk much now; but I suppose you are happy." "Yes; I am happy." Very soon after this his happy soul was with him he so dearly loved.

Thus ended the mortal life of one of those weak things of the world, but chosen of God, to confound the things which are mighty. (1 Cor. i. 27.) This was surely the case in the conversion, life, and death of this poor man.

R. MOWER.

Shipton, Hants.

JAMES FINCH.—On May 13th, aged 74, James Finch, of Rayleigh, Essex.

The following was written by himself:

“I was born in the parish of Hockley, Essex. My parents were church-going people; and in due time I also attended the church and Sunday school, where I soon learned the Catechism, and became very proud of myself. Being of a reserved turn of mind (and I trust the eye of the Lord was then upon me for good), I was kept from running greedily into those sins and snares so common unto young people. Since the Lord has opened my eyes to see, and blessed me with a mind to know my former condition, I am satisfied I was then a downright pharisee. But, bless his dear Name, he can turn a pharisee into a praying publican, with ‘God be merciful to me, a sinner;’ and this I am a witness to.

“In 1818 or 1819, my parents removed from Downham to Rawreth, when, being fond of singing, I joined the church singers. I will not describe the scenes I there witnessed. They were so abominable that, though myself dead in sin, yet my conscience recoiled at such sinful practices; perhaps I might more properly say, the Lord preserved me. I continued with the singers till 1820.

“At one of the services, the minister read his text from Jas. ii. 10: ‘For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.’ In hearing this Scripture I trust the Lord convinced me of my state as a sinner before him, although I have no recollection of a word of the sermon. From that day I left the church. Light sprang up in my soul at once, to prevent me hearing such a man, who lived in almost continual intoxication. But I was led to see afterwards that I was little better, with my pharisaic righteousness.

“On leaving the Church of England, I attended at the Baptist chapel, Rayleigh, for about three years. When I first went among the people I felt quite at home with them and the minister, though I did not obtain what I was seeking for,—the felt pardon of my sins; but tried hard to work for life. At that time, I was employed with a very ungodly man. He, seeing me (as I suppose), at times, greatly cast down, would utter gross, vulgar, and dreadful expressions, that my soul loathed; yet, strange to tell, he sometimes would draw from me a smile. But O the dreadful work it made in my conscience! I, at times, fell on my knees in the morning, when going to my employ, entreating the Lord to forgive my sins, with a promise to do better.

“Although the convictions of my state as a sinner at the first were slender indeed, yet they increased upon me, causing me to feel by degrees the inward working of evil, sinking me lower and lower. I was disheartened in the effort of seeking the prize I longed to obtain,—the pardon of my sins.

“The first portion of the Word of God which I hope the Lord gave me, and from which I felt a little encouragement to hope in his mercy, was when walking alone one day. It was Matt. v. 6; whereby I saw, though in a faint measure, the righteousness of the Lord Jesus as being suitable to such a poor sinner as myself, who daily failed, with all my strivings, to obtain righteousness to satisfy conscience or the holy law of God. I felt an earnest longing in my heart for the Lord to clothe me with this blessed righteousness, and a measure of hope was raised

in my soul. 'Who can tell but the Lord may be gracious to me?' This also gave me a little encouragement. From that day my mind appeared somewhat more enlightened in the way of salvation by grace alone.

"After this, I trust, the blessed Spirit led me, by his holy Word, experimentally into the doctrine of original sin, by that solemn portion in Ps. cxix. 96. This I saw and felt, that it levelled my creature righteousness. I was led to see that I was lost for ever, for all that I could do to save myself, and not one whit better before a holy God than the most profligate.

"The ministry at the chapel did not now meet my case. I could not obtain what I felt my need of, and became dissatisfied. A few people met in a house about a mile and a half from the chapel. I had heard of them a long while before I left the Rayleigh friends; but they gave those people a terrible character. They said they were Antinomians, though I knew not the signification of the term; and, further, that they believed in election, and affirmed that it matters not how you live, and that, if you are elected, you are sure to be saved. Other enormous charges they laid against them, so that I was greatly afraid of the people. One day I said, in my blind zeal, that I would as soon meet with the devil as with them. However, I found afterwards that what they thus asserted was false.

"A woman in the parish where I lived used to meet with those few people. I do not recollect ever speaking to her before; but, being employed near her cottage, she spoke to me, not saying anything about herself, or with whom she met on the Lord's day, but asked me if I had ever seen Daniel Herbert's Hymns. I replied I had not. She said, 'I will lend them, if you will please to read them.' I thanked her, and took the book home. When I began to read the hymns, such a light beamed upon the sweet truths they contain that I was astonished. He described my feelings and desires, for I found an echo in my heart in the plague felt within, and groaned under, and longing after Jesus Christ. This suited my hungry soul. I have cause to bless God for enabling Herbert to write the hymns. Well; this led me to go and hear for myself the minister so much spoken against. I went; and his text was Ps. cvi. 44, 45. His name was Collins; and he spoke the blessed truths my soul was thirsting to enjoy. This was in 1823. I left the former chapel from that day, and have met with these friends to this year, 1872; but many of them are gone to their heavenly rest. I attended the ministry of Mr. C. from 1823 to 1855.

"I have had many conflicts on one subject. Being a moral youth when I hope the Lord began his work to convince me of my lost condition, and not having sunk into those horrors as some of God's people of whom I have heard, and with some conversed, and when I have heard their testimony, I have feared mine was not a right beginning. I have been ground in my feelings, as it were, between the upper and nether millstones, at times wishing I had been left to run into those abominable iniquities which some have expressed to be their state when the Lord met with them; then, I thought, I should have a satisfactory evidence that my call was of God. Since then I have seen with what an erroneous idea I was exercised; for I now believe the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, has a variety of means to bring his people to death. Like certain diseases in the human body, some are sharp and short, others lingering and long; but all die at length. So with God's children. However diversified his gracious dealings, all are brought to death, and to bow naked before his holy Majesty as perishing sinners. In due time, the soul, by the teachings of the blessed Spirit, will be led to see and feel that could he possess

all the morality of the human race, the holy law would consume it all in a moment, and sentence the soul to eternal woe on the ground of creature righteousness. Many times since have I blessed the Lord for his preserving care over me when in my youth.

"It was not the pleasure of the Lord to make the ministry of Mr. C. the means of liberating my soul, and of enabling me with godly confidence and humility to say, 'My Lord and my God;' yet I heard many blessed truths, whereby my hope was encouraged, and I longed for his appearance. One evening, in 1826, I was reading Luke vii. When I came to verses 19 to 23, particularly verse 23: 'And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me,' it came with such light, life, and power that I mentally exclaimed, 'No, dear Lord, I am not offended in thee, for thou art the desire of my soul.' The sight, sense, and feeling, accompanied, I hope, by the faith of the operation of the eternal Spirit, enabled me with confidence and humility to say, 'My Lord and my God,' without a doubt.

"I have often thought of what Mr. Smart says, 'If we have a religion the devil does not molest us in, there is something materially wrong.' I believe this testimony is true, for he is a sworn enemy to divine life in the soul. Many times have I endured sore conflicts in my soul by his direful temptations respecting the Almighty and his dealings, which I forbear to relate.

"Some time after the Lord visited my soul with the assurance of my interest in him as my God and Saviour, I fell into a very desponding state of mind. My comforts were gone; and in feeling I was near despair. The Lord knows, as I have seen since, how to wean us from the milk, and draw us from the breast, that our confidence may be in him and not in ourselves. I am quite agreed with the late beloved W. Gadsby that an unfeeling religion is the devil's religion; and yet I am assured that if left to put an undue confidence in our comforts, instead of having an eye to the dear Lord to maintain them for us and in us, oftentimes in the time of trouble they will give way.

"One evening, walking along the road near my dwelling, in a moment, without meditation, those lines of Watts arrested my mind, on the efficacy of the blood of Christ to take away sin, and with such power as, I think, I shall never forget:

"It rises high, it drowns the hills,
Hath neither shore nor bound;
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.'

And so I found it. I stood in the road motionless, for how long I cannot say; but when I recovered my feelings a little, I pondered over the revelation. And O! What a vast difference in my frame! I looked for my sins, but they had fled. I was led to adore the virtue of that wondrous blood that could bury them out of sight and feeling. I then walked about 40 rods, when those lines of Ryland were sweetly brought to my mind:

"He that form'd me in the womb,' &c.

And I believe the blood of Christ, applied by the Holy Spirit, is more than a match for sin and Satan combined.

"On one occasion, when I was in deep distress of soul, Hymn 268 was given out.

"If Jesus kindly say,' &c.

As soon as the first two verses were given out, the blessed truth they contain was conveyed by the Holy Spirit to my soul. My burden was gone; and I was favoured with communion with the blessed Lord Jesus.

I returned home triumphing in him as my Portion and my All, so sweetly did the savour rest on my spirit. I never shall forget that sight; and I am persuaded that a view of Christ by faith eclipses all earthly grandeur; and Jesus becomes the Centre of the soul's affections, as the Holy Spirit operates.

"On Aug. 14th, 1857, I was taken with Asiatic cholera. The medical man attended me four times in one day, not expecting I should survive. But the Lord was very gracious unto me in this affliction; for he not only raised me up, but he raised my mind above the fear of death, applying Ps. xviii. 46. He has spared me to this day (July 30th, 1872). I have no other rock or refuge to flee to, nor do I desire any other; for here hang all my hopes for eternity, whither I am fast tending.

"I believe a godly man, in his right mind, will not shelter himself in his own inability, but will, at times, lament over it; and when he sees and feels his numerous departures from the Lord, he will justify the Lord in hiding his face from him. Grace received will not cause a person to defend himself in his coldness, negligence, or barrenness. I know what legal obedience is; the end thereof is ruin. And through the love and mercy of a Triune God, I trust I know what spiritual obedience is, with life and peace in believing, and resting the soul's eternal all on the Person, blood, and righteousness of the eternal Son of God.

"I often feel, and have often lamented, how little love I feel to the Lord, for the multitude of his mercies toward me for these 45 years, watching over me when young, and especially for calling me by grace in my youth, but deeply sunk in the Adam-fall transgression. I bless his Name for his preserving kindness, for he taught me then that I stood on equal footing with sinners of riper years."

The last writing of our departed friend refers to his illness, of which he says: "On Lord's day, Jan. 20th, 1877, I was taken very ill. The pain was severe. I thought I could not live under it; but the Lord blessed the means used, and the pain was somewhat assuaged."

Here his tremulous hand stayed; but this sickness proved to be the intimation that the earthly house of this tabernacle was about to be dissolved. Though partially restored, his natural powers became more and more enfeebled. In the short period he survived, he could only meet with the beloved people some five or six times in the afternoon service, having gone out and in before them for more than 50 years. In the absence of ministers he conducted the services, sustaining the office of deacon many years, and administering the ordinance of the Lord's supper to the church from month to month.

It was upon one of the above opportunities that he gave out Hymn 482:

"In heaven my choicest treasure lies," &c.,

and also made a few remarks. He exhorted the friends to cleave to the truths of the ever-blessed gospel, and to endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, bearing and forbearing with each other in love. It was his last effort to speak in public; and he sat down quite exhausted. A solemn season it was felt to be.

When his illness first came, two lines of Hymn 1106 were realized with sweetness and power in his heart; nor did he lose the savour of them entirely during the remainder of his days. Upon one occasion he told me that he desired more comfort, but was not at all concerned whether he lived or died. He wished for one more lifting up of soul in joy and peace, and then immediately to be taken home.

On Thursday in his last week on earth his beloved wife was standing by his bed, when he said, "I have had some sweet meditation on the efficacy of the blood of Christ. What two blessed chapters!" She said, "Do you mean the first two chapters in Ephesians?" for we had

been reading them the day before. He answered, "Yes. I never saw so much in them before,—such incomprehensible depths." Mrs. F. said, "Faith believes what it cannot comprehend." He replied, "Yes." After a while, he exclaimed, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive glory, honour, blessing, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen;" and added, "No worthiness in me." Afterwards several hymns were read, which he evidently enjoyed much, and repeated that well-known hymn, "Rock of ages," all through.

On Saturday, brother Parkes called, and asked him if he felt firm on the Rock. He said, "Yes;" and shook his hand very warmly. This was the last word that could be understood. His lips moved, but we could not catch the words. His life so glided away that we could scarcely tell whether he was conscious or not. The summons for his departure came next day, Lord's day, May 13th. G. T.

EDWIN PAGE.—On June 6th, aged 55, Edwin Page, of Bexhill.

Of his young days I can say but little. He was a child of many prayers, having had a godly mother. They often held sweet counsel together. When a boy, tending his master's cows, he was often obliged to leave them, and go and kneel down under the hedge, and beg of God to have mercy upon his soul. On one occasion he lost a key. Fearing his master would be angry with him, he tried, in his poor way, to beg of the Lord to help him find it. He went back to the barn-door, and put his hand upon the key. He said that it caused such an impression upon him that he trembled all over; for he felt the Lord was there.

He was called by grace under the late Mr. Crouch, of Wadhurst, with whom he was sweetly united for many years. He was a constant hearer of Mr. Crouch and Mr. Pitcher, until the Lord removed them by death. I have heard him say he could never find a second Mr. Crouch.

Being of such a very reserved disposition, much has been lost that might have been edifying. In a letter written to one of his daughters, he says, "I am now advancing in life, with an afflicted body and weak nerves to combat with the attendants of old age. However, the Lord is all-sufficient, and I wish to leave the future in his hands. My time here may be but short, and I have no great cleaving to life, unless it is for the glory of God and for the good of my family. I have no great joy. My hope is centred on the Godhead of Christ; and I feel I can venture my all there. 'Other refuge I have none.' I hope you still profit under the word preached. If you find that blessed to your soul, you will find it the means of helping you through many intricate pathways; at least, I have found it so in times past. It is a great mercy the Lord is not confined to means. We do well to keep everything in its proper place. May the Lord in rich mercy preserve you in the slippery paths of youth."

He was for many years afflicted with asthma; but in Dec., 1876, other diseases took hold of him, which brought him to his end. On Dec. 24th his mind was exercised upon the best things. He was led to take a retrospect of the past 28 years of his life, and see how the Lord had upheld him, and had been better to him than all his fears. He quoted this verse: "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are his." After a pause, he said, "Nothing can move this foundation. What a mercy!" He seemed to be comforted by it. On one occasion he said, "I can't see what I want to see." He was asked what he wanted to see. He said, "The King in his beauty." On another occasion I wanted him to try and take a little sleep. He said, "I don't want to go to sleep, and never awake any more;" but, after a pause, he added, "if it should be

the Lord's will, I would not reply against it." One day, he broke out singing:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," &c.

He sang the verse quite through, much to our astonishment. On the Monday following we had a friend or two, who sang Hymn 765. My dear father joined them in the second verse. After a few hours, he said, "What a mercy the Lord saves to the uttermost! There would be no hope of me if he did not."

The night previous to his departure, he said, three times over, "No other foundation." My dear mother said to him, "You can say, can't you, 'Other refuge you have none;' and he finished the verse. After this, he put his hands together, and said, "Lord, have mercy upon me." An hour or two afterwards he said, "My poor weary soul. Where shall I lay my poor weary soul?" I said, "You are weary of waiting here;" but he could not answer me. He waved his hand twice, gave us one look, and was gone without a struggle or groan, I believe to rest his weary soul on his Redeemer's breast.

He was a great lover of Mr. Philpot's writings. These, with the "Gospel Standard" and his Bible, have been his chief companions for many years.

H. P.

EDWARD MILLER.—On July 13th, 1876, aged 73, Edward Miller, for many years a member of the church at Zoar, Dicker, Sussex.

The subject of this memoir had convictions early in life. He has left, in his own handwriting, an account of how those convictions seized him.

"One morning, when between nine and ten years of age, my sister said to me, 'Ned, which would you rather do,—go up the hill after a crust of bread, or down the hill after a crock of money?' I answered, 'Down the hill after a crock of money.' 'Then,' she said, 'you will be lost, and go to hell.' This fastened on me like a viper, but it had no effect on any of the rest of the family. My sister and I alone are left out of eleven, and myself am nearly 70 years of age. Not one of the others, or my father, I have the least ground to hope were ever concerned about their immortal souls. What cause have I to bless the dear Lord for his free electing love and covenant grace! O the blessings of that covenant of grace, signed and sealed between Father, Son, and blessed Spirit! O my soul, admire the grace that passed by fallen angels to pick up such a worthless worm as I!

"After this I had a perfect sense that the Lord saw every secret sin and every secret thought of my heart, and that I should soon have to stand at the judgment-seat of God. I felt he would be just if he sent me to hell. I often cried out, 'O Lord! What shall I do?' I often laboured on my bed in a morning, and promised I would be a better boy through the day, and cried to the Lord to keep me and not suffer me to tell a lie; but, alas! all was in vain. I many times begged of the Lord to show me some token whereby I might know I was one of his elect, for I was fully convinced that the Lord had a chosen people, and that they only would be saved."

These things began to separate him, and he soon began to be noticed. His family thought he fancied himself better than they; but he felt himself the very worst of all the family. He knew he was a sinner in heart before God. He tried to amend his ways, knowing he had broken the righteous laws of God.

"How eternity would ring in my very heart! Eternity! Eternity! How shall I meet eternity? I wished I had never been born, and envied the brute creation. How happy they seemed! But O! What a miserable wretch was I! The enemy suggested that it was of no use for me to

cry for mercy; that God had a chosen people; that none but the elect can be saved; and that many shall say, 'Lord, Lord'; but he will say, 'Depart, for I never knew you.' O the distress occasioned by the enemy's suggestions! What a hard case mine seemed! Such rebellion was stirred up in my mind that I wished myself anything but a responsible creature to God.

"About this time my mother took me to hear Mr. Pitcher preach, though I greatly fear she never knew the truth. But I never received any comfort under Mr. Pitcher. He spoke of great sinkings of soul, and risings high in enjoyment of divine things; but it seemed to go over my head. The enemy took advantage of it, telling me that I had not sunk low enough, and knew nothing of the joys of the Lord's people, and so was out of the secret.

"Some years passed away, and I seemed left wandering about, and wondered where the scene would end. At times I had some glimmerings of hope that I should see better days. About 1816, Mr. Gadsby came to preach at Eastbourne. I went to hear him; and there, for the first time, I was raised to a most blessed hope in the mercy of God. His discourse was chiefly on the difference between natural and spiritual convictions. This I had never heard before. Here I was greatly encouraged, and for a time went on rejoicing in hope, but not for long; neither could I call God my Father, lest I should presume. I was not established in the doctrines of salvation or in the plan of salvation by grace. But I believed that God was of one mind, and that some he loved and some he hated. I felt those he loved were a holy people, and that I was unholy; and how could I be a believer? I would crawl in secret and pour out my bitter cry before God that he would have mercy upon me; and yet dreadful enmity would rise up in my mind against the God I desired to love. I painfully learned that if one good thought could save me, I could not produce it of myself.

"Soon after this I went to hear a Mr. Brown preach in a room on the Dicker, from Rom. viii. 29, 30. I did not remember much of the discourse, but in returning home, thinking about the text, the Lord broke in upon my mind with such power, light, and sweet comfort and consolation that I began to leap for joy. I felt such a blessing in the doctrines of eternal salvation, election by grace, predestination to eternal life, and justification by grace, that I verily thought I should never be troubled again. I felt such love to God and to all his dear people that I felt assured I was a chosen vessel of mercy. How wonderful it seemed that God should make choice of such a sinner as I! My heart was broken with his mercy. My soul rejoiced, and I wept like a child. I felt I should never doubt his love and mercy again. To think that I, who deserved nothing but to be banished for ever from his presence, and cast for ever into the lowest hell, should be thus loved, embraced, favoured, and made a child! This was wonderful love indeed.

"After this, I went into a state of backsliding for months, and almost sank into a state of Antinomianism, scarcely moved by the joys of heaven or the fears of hell. The means the Lord used to bring me out of this state was the late Mr. Cowper's ministry, when he first came to preach at the Dicker, which preaching used to cut me up root and branch, and strip me of every vestige of comfort, until I often trembled from head to foot. But seldom did I hear him at this time without getting a little encouraged before the sermon was over. I can truly say of him, as a servant of Christ, that he both stripped me and clothed me, pulled me down and built me up; yea, many times in one sermon he pulled me all to pieces till I felt almost distracted, and then he put me together again, so that I felt filled with joy and peace in believing. I think I can say

I felt as much love to that man of God for his ministry, which searched and tried me to the very quick, as for the comfort and consolations I felt under him. He was one of the most discriminating ministers I ever heard; and the more I heard him the more I loved him. When he formed a church, I became one of the first members; and, to the praise of the glory of God's grace, I have never been left to fall into open sin, so as to bring reproach upon the cause of God; though I have fallen thousands of times in such a way as to bring guilt upon my conscience, and to make me cry out, 'O wretched man that I am!'"

He was baptized on July 26th, 1842, by Mr. Cowper, and continued a consistent member of the church till the day of his death. About 1862, he was chosen by the church to read and give out the hymns at the chapel, which office he held till death. Though he always lived at a great distance from chapel, he was very regular. He drove a van for many years, and brought several from the neighbourhood to the house of God.

Some little time after he had joined the church, he was much tried in his mind, and sank very low. A fear that he had deceived himself pervaded his mind, and, what was worse, that he had deceived Mr. Cowper and the church. The thought of deceiving and being deceived tried him so exceedingly that he thought he must see Mr. Cowper. Accordingly, one evening he set off to walk to Mr. C.'s house, a distance of about ten miles. The poor man was very low in mind. "I am come up to see you, Sir, to cross off my name from the church book; for I fear I am a poor deceived man." They sat down and conversed together of the things of God until light and life sprang up in his mind, with such a blessed hope in his soul that he wept to the praise of the mercy he had found. He came home quite another man, and saw that it was a temptation of the enemy.

About this time he was much tried in providence, and he was so driven for necessities that he said they had often only boiled turnips for their food. He went to chapel one Lord's day, feeling faint in body for the want of real necessities. He felt how hard was his lot. Something seemed to say, You will never have strength to get there and back. Go back, and no longer make such a fool of yourself; for your going to hear is only a delusion, and the man you so profess to love and esteem is only an impostor; so go back, and be wise. Such was the power of infidelity at this time that he was tempted to doubt if there were any God, or heaven, or hell. At last he ventured on, and in a similar feeling entered the chapel. He felt in prayer a giving way of his hard feeling. The word was much blessed to him, and the whole discourse seemed directed to him. His heart was melted, and he could not find words to describe his feelings, for he was broken in heart with the loving-kindness of the dear Redeemer. Such love, peace, and gratitude flowed into his soul, with the goodness of God to him, that he felt he should never reach home. He was overcome with mingled love and grief, that the Lord of life and glory should ever look again on such a rebel, and again assure him of mercy and eternal life.

He was much exercised that when he came to die his religion would all prove of no avail, and that he should be seized with unconsciousness. He was soon after suddenly taken ill, and became unable to move in bed. Passing under severe pain of body, the old temptation came with power upon him,—unconsciousness will follow. This made him cry mightily for the Lord's delivering hand. About midday, expecting his end was near, a sudden change of mind took place. A sweet calm hovered over his spirit, with such composure of mind, such submission to the will of the Lord, that he said, "Can this be dying?" He wanted then to die. He told the enemy of his soul what a liar he was. He was calm and

composed in mind. Christ was so precious to his soul that he felt to live or to die would be Christ; and a sweet calm rested upon his spirit. "My sins all gone, and cancelled by the blood of the Lamb,—past, present, and to come. O my soul, clothed with a robe of righteousness, and justified in the sight of God. I am complete in him." He wept tears of joy. His wife, seeing him weep, began to weep also. He quietly said, "Don't weep. If I die, I shall immediately be in the arms of Jesus. I am very happy. Don't wish me to live. Call the children." He addressed them in a few words. It was a solemn season.

But he gradually recovered from this affliction, and, as he said, lost the comfort he had enjoyed.

Our friend was well taught in divine things, and very settled in the doctrines of grace. The Trinity; the Father's love, the Son's blood and obedience, and the Holy Spirit's work; the covenant, ordered in all things and sure; salvation wholly of grace; the Adam-fall, and the miseries that spring therefrom; the recovery by the Second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ; and the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ, were blessed topics to his mind, and food for his precious soul. The Lord Jesus Christ rising victorious over sin, Satan, and the grave, the victory he won, and the hope that he should conquer through him, and overcome through the blood of the Lamb, were the blessed hope of his soul, and the support of his mind.

He was seized with his last illness while hearing Mr. Page at West Ham, on May 9th, 1876. He was taken with cold chills, which proved to be congestion of the lungs. He was not able to get to the Dicker again after this, but gradually got weaker, his cough being very distressing. On Sunday, June 25th, he broke a blood vessel, which very much prostrated him. From this time he touched no solid food, but gradually sank into the arms of death. He said to his daughter, "Do you think we can sing?" He repeated the verse:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.,

and seemed filled with gratitude for his many mercies, and that he could now have what he needed.

On July 6th, after recovering from a distressing fit of bleeding, he said, "What a mercy to be separated from the world, to be entirely cut off from it! Bless and praise the Lord for his mercy." He then repeated two or three verses from Ps. ciii., and wept for joy, it being too much for his weak frame. He said, "The enemy is a chained enemy, and has been for some time."

I called to see him. He was very weak and prostrate. He took my hand, and said, "What a mercy, when we come here, not to have the Lord to seek! I have no power now; but the Lord is precious to me. I need his blessing and support; and he is precious to my soul. I feel a calm and sure resting upon a precious Christ. I cannot be lost. I cannot sink. I shall soon be gone, and be for ever with the Lord."

A day or two before he died, he said, "O! What a solemn change is about to take place! O to leave this world, and see my dear Redeemer's face! When will the happy moment come? I know it is worth waiting for. I am ready to go. I have neither fear nor dread at death."

The day before he died, he said to his wife and daughter, "Pray for me, that the Lord may deal gently with me. But why should I doubt him? He will not leave me now. O the power and the glory of his grace!" He now spoke calmly about his family, though very troubled to speak, even in a whisper. "I have had a dear family. They have lain near and dear to my heart; but they have been all removed." His daughter said, "Then you can give us all up, father?" "O yes, my dear, I can. This may seem hard to you; but I hope you will be enabled, all of you,

to bear up under it. I do feel truly thankful that the dear Lord is taking me first. I think it a great mercy."

He seemed too much exhausted now to speak during the night. Soon after twelve, another fit of coughing came on; and, being raised up in bed, he breathed his last without a sigh or struggle, and passed away to see his dear Redeemer's face.

WILLIAM VINE.

"THY LOVING-KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN LIFE."

Ps. LXXIII. 3.

WHAT is the world, with all its toys,
Which men so eagerly pursue?
What's life, with all its worldly joys,
To one sweet drop of heavenly dew
Distilling sweetly from above,—
The preciousness of Jesus' love?
'Tis this alone can fill the heart
And fully satisfy the soul;
This is a balm for every smart;
This makes a wounded conscience whole.
The slightest touch, when really felt,
A heart as hard as mine will melt.

Yes; bless the Lord, one drop of this—
(Though I have not experienced much;
But O the soul-enlivening bliss
Of but one momentary touch!
'Tis past all language to express
Its vast exceeding preciousness)—

One drop of this dissolves my soul,
And lays me low at Jesus' feet;
Doth all my stubbornness control,
And makes my every bitter sweet;
Relieves my breast of all its fears,
And makes my eyes to swim with tears.

The wild ideas that many have
Of happiness in heaven above
Are nought to me; but all I crave
Is to be fill'd with Jesus' love;
If that into my bosom flow,
I've heaven already here below.

Yet O! I long for that blest place,
(I would but crave the lowest seat)
Where I might see the Saviour's face,
And be for ever at his feet;
There drink his loving-kindness in,
For ever free and safe from sin.

Warbleton.

S. D.

THOSE who think highly of Christ cannot but think meanly of themselves.—*Ralph Erskine.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1877.

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

GRACE AND GLORY.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT BEDWORTH, BY THE LATE MR. MORTIMER,
OF CHIPPENHAM, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, SEPT. 2ND, 1851.

"The Lord will give grace and glory."—Ps. LXXXIV. 11.

THE psalmist in this psalm speaks rightly of the Lord, the things of the Lord, and the worship of the Lord. He commences: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" It is a great mercy for a poor sinner even to feel that his "soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." The psalmist was a blessed man to be under this influence.

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young; even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee." Then it is plain that, if his strength is in the Lord, it is not in self. "In whose hearts are the ways of them, who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." He then breaks out with: "O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah. Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

It seems David expressed what he really knew and felt; for he goes on: "For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Here seems to be the will of the Lord: "*The Lord will give grace.*" What is grace? It is free favour bestowed on characters unworthy of it; else it would not carry with it, or carry out, the term grace, or free favour; for the term grace means or implies free favour bestowed on unworthy sinners.

As it regards the will of the Lord in giving grace, it proves there is something in opposition to it; the will of the creature, something put in contrast, the obedience or merit of the creature.

But no obedience or disobedience can come in the way to stop it; because the Lord hath declared "he will give grace."

Now, in the first place, let us just notice *the characters to whom this grace is given*. Who are they? They are his own dear people, who have their standing and falling, with the rest of mankind, in the loins of Adam the first. Notwithstanding that the church was set up, and chosen from everlasting to life and salvation in Jesus Christ, all fell in Adam; as the apostle says, "And were by nature children of wrath, even as others." No difference in nature, as born into the world. The word was given to Adam: "For in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This was done; and Adam died. When he broke that covenant, he could not look for life to flow out of that ground. And thus all fell in Adam. I myself used to blame Adam, and say, if he had not done so and so, it would have been all the better. Thus I spake as a child, till I was led to see I was a part of Adam, and that when he sinned I sinned in him. Therefore, as born into the world, we are born in that awful state into which Adam fell, which is a state of death. But, then, the word is: "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."

"The Lord will give grace." The Lord will give *quickening* grace. Bless his Name for ever, that it is not left to the will of man; but it is said *the Lord* will give it. If the Lord gives quickening grace, there must be a receiver; and when the Lord gives quickening grace, it is not left to the poor sinner to have any mind or will about it. He was as spiritually dead before as Lazarus was naturally, when laid in the grave. We read that our Lord came to the grave of Lazarus, and cried, "Lazarus, come forth." And he that was dead came forth. So it is with a poor sinner. When the Lord comes to him, he gives quickening grace. He says, specially and powerfully by his Spirit, "Come forth." Then the man is made alive; and the sinner in his feelings is convinced that he is a sinner.

This is the work of the Spirit. As we read: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will convince the world of sin." He convinces the sinner of sin. Now, we know, in some little measure, whether the Spirit has come to us, and convinced us of sin. If he has, the Lord has not only given us quickening grace, but also *convincing* grace.

"The Lord will give grace." This is the work and operation of the Spirit, to convince the poor sinner of sin, make him alive, and give him to see and feel where he is. Until this is done, no man or woman in reality knows his or her state and condition before God. He or she may have pretensions to religion, may have a clean outside, may have that piety so much talked of in our day; but when the Spirit convinces a man of sin, he may be in the path of open profanity, or a refined Pharisee, eaten up with pharisaic zeal, zealous for the law; but whatever it is, when the Spirit comes and convinces of sin, down goes all his goodness,

“The Lord will give grace.” It is not left to the man whether he will believe or not; the feeling comes to the man, goes about with him, and follows him; and he cannot get rid of it. The Lord in his dealings is a Sovereign. All are not wrought upon in the same degree. Some have had these feelings longer than others. They come on; then seem to go off; and then again come on stronger and stronger. I have often thought of that passage in Exodus, when the children were at Mount Sinai: “When the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder.” When the trumpet seemed to sound in my conscience, first convincing me, sounding for a few minutes, it may be; then it sounded again; and after a time it kept on sounding, showing me my state and condition. You, poor sinner, who have been under the convincing power of the Holy Ghost, know what this means. That passage in Isaiah I have thought applies to this: “And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it. From the time that it goeth forth, it shall take you; for morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night; and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report.” This “passing over” things in the mind, the last thing at night, the first thing in the morning, and many times in the day, is the effect of true spiritual conviction of sin.

“When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall convince of sin.” But what is the effect of these things, under the opposition of his nature? Feeling and finding this to be the state, the sinner begins to work, and tries to get better, and break off his sins by righteousness; not knowing the way of salvation through a crucified Jesus. He attends to religious duties, and so fancies the Lord will be pleased with him. This was the way I took, again and again, morning after morning. I promised myself that I would hardly speak to a person through the day, and would set a strict watch over the door of my lips; but, alas! alas! Before an hour had passed, familiar things were brought to my mind, and down I went. This was the way I went on. Under this convincing power no sinner can boast of what he will do; but is led to see and feel what an evil and a bitter thing it is to sin against God. Thus he tries to do all he can to make himself better.

A dear old minister used to say he liked people to work hard at first, so that when they got rest it would be more highly prized, and come all the sweeter. In this case, the poor sinner thinks that, if he tries, he shall get better, and then he will come to the Lord. Not knowing any other way, he makes all kinds of vows and resolutions; but in the course of the day, or at different periods, he is overtaken in some fault, and then down comes all his piety tumbling about him; so that, when the evening comes on, instead of being out of debt, he is farther in. Guilt is contracted on the mind, and he is like the poor woman of whom we

read, who had spent all her living on physicians, and got no better, but rather worse.

“The Lord will give grace.” The Lord gives *praying* grace. Prayer is a grace of the Spirit; for no man can pray in reality without the Spirit. I have thought before now of one of the features of prayer; it is called “crying.” Now, the man, when he begins to feel these workings, begins to cry for mercy. He calls upon the Lord. Being made alive by the Spirit, he comes under this blessing: “Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts.” Here we see the man praying, approaching the Lord, pouring out prayer and supplication to the Lord, letting his requests be made known, entreating of the Lord mercy, though not knowing exactly the channel of mercy through a crucified Redeemer. He goes and cries on the ground of the promise. His feelings are, If the Lord spare me, I will try and do better. The Spirit leads him about, and teaches him this way, till the poor sinner is brought to despair of bringing anything to the Lord by way of recommendation.

“The Lord will give” *supporting* “grace.” He is brought thus far, and daily taught that in himself dwells no good thing. The next step he is led to see is that “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into his heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” The poor sinner sinks on the one hand; and, if there were no obtaining this any other way than by his own works, he would sink in black despair, because he feels that, such is his state and condition, he has not an inch of ground to stand on.

“The Lord will give” *inviting* “grace.” Not, as many think, that invitations are thrown out to all men, and it is left to them whether they will come or not. The Lord himself invites the poor sinner. He says, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” That word was not suited to you before you were quickened. The invitation is to all who labour and are heavy laden; and if the Lord is pleased to give such words as these, the man feels he is just one of the characters who are invited. Also the Word says, “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” This is the work of the Spirit. Art thou thirsting? Then this is the Spirit’s teaching. Thou art invited to come. Thou art the man, the character, the very individual.

I was very much struck in reading a letter of the late Mr. Rutherford. The book was in a room where I slept; and one night I took it up. It alluded to the very things of which I am now speaking. It said that “the word came to the sinner, and was so suitable to his case that it was just as if it had called him by name. Therefore, he now begins to talk about Jesus, and

feels what he says." Many in a profession speak of the Name of Jesus, who know nothing savingly of him. I, at one time, talked of Jesus, and love to Jesus, before I knew anything savingly. I went to church, talked about Jesus, sang about him, and on Christmas day rang the bells the same as others, saying, our Saviour was born this day; he was crucified, dead, and buried, and is risen again; and all this kind of thing. But, when I was led by the Spirit to see the necessity of a better righteousness than my own, brought into such a state and condition that I saw Jesus as I never did before, I found Jesus Christ more and more precious to my soul, and just the Saviour I stood in need of. Such a Saviour before this time I had no more conception of than the child unborn. In this state of things I began to feel the necessity there was for such a Saviour. I saw that he was not only man, but very God as well as man, —God's salvation. I found the Father spoke of him thus: "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." I heard him saying, "I am come to seek and save that which was lost." These things really got hold of my affections; and I began to have some little encouragement. I found he was the Saviour of sinners, and I knew myself to be lost, seeing, on the one hand, that there was nothing in the creature that could help me, no creature works or doings, nothing but free and sovereign grace; and, on the other hand, these words of Dr. Watts were made a blessing to me:

"Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing redeeming love."

For a time these words took such hold of me that I had some strength, a little faith, a little love, and a little hope. I was raised up, so that I believed the Lord would appear in his own time, and that I should be delivered from bondage and thralldom. This, through the operation of the Spirit on my soul, I believed. I was holpen with a little help, and was led to believe that in his own good time he would appear for my deliverance.

"The Lord will give" *praying* "grace." The poor soul is brought away from all his false hopes, and now has a little hope in God's mercy. Then, if he has a little hope in God's mercy, he surely comes under this promise: "He delighteth not in the strength of the horse; he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy." Look, poor soul; where art thou? Art thou hoping in his mercy? Thou art not hoping on the ground of merit. No; thou art brought away from that, knowing and believing that salvation is all of grace. Nothing is required of creature performances; therefore, says the soul, who can tell but that the Lord will appear? Faith begins to spring up, believing

the truth of God's Word. Hope goes out, giving some little encouragement.

Now the poor soul presents his petitions continually before the Lord. He cries out, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." He is now brought to feel and know that the Lord gives grace, as far as this goes. He cannot read his Bible to profit, or claim a promise as his own, but as the Lord has raised him to a hope in his mercy. He entreats of him again and again, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. Give me to know that I am one of thy children."

Many of God's children are much tried about prayer, because they are so unable to find suitable words to express their wants, and because they cannot pray as some they have heard, who seem to be at no loss for words. I have thought so ere this; and I have been willing to do or be anything, if I did but know I was one of his redeemed. "I have felt these desires, these outgoings," say you. If so, if these have been the real desires of your soul, the spiritual longings, though not expressed in so many words, the Lord will hear them in his own time, and he will answer thee to the joy of thy soul.

There is a real simplicity in prayer. It is like that poor woman that had her faith commended. Some make a great mistake about faith. They think it is a thing without existence; yet there is real joy, real confidence in faith. That poor Canaanitish woman who followed the Saviour, beseeching him to have mercy upon her daughter, met with a rebuff. She was told that the Lord Jesus was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and, though a Gentile, she would not take a denial. She still followed, crying after him, "Lord, help me!" He did not turn her away, but answered, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." She replied, "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." The Lord then turned and said to the woman, "O woman, great is thy faith." The greatness of her faith was seen in this,—that it would take no rebuff. It would not turn back, but followed on, crying, "Lord, help me!"

Again. That poor sinner, I have frequently thought on his case, who, when he was coming to Jesus, "the devil threw him down, and tare him." This is the case when any poor sinner goes to Jesus; the devil will try to throw him down, and tear him if he is permitted. He will not spare, but tear his feelings, tear his mind, and bring one accusation after another. If he attempts to pray, Satan will tell him his prayers are not right; that his faith is not true faith; that his hope is the hope of the hypocrite. When he is under any particular feeling of contrition, endeavouring to pour out his soul to the Lord, Satan will be there, suggesting sinful thoughts, working all manner of abomination within him, suggesting that the people of God do not feel like this; that his is not the spirit with which the people of God are blessed; and that God's people are a holy people, a pure, upright

people. This poor creature feels such workings of sin within that he thinks he cannot be one of the Lord's people. But, notwithstanding all this, the devil cannot stop the poor soul's mouth; he still keeps on crying, "Lord, help me! Lord, appear for me! Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Then the answer is, "Great is thy faith." The greatness of it is that it takes no denial.

"The Lord will give" *relying* "grace," so that the poor sinner will rely on none but him.

"While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die."

This poor soul is kept on, even when everything seems against him. Here the Lord leads on; he has promised to give grace, and he gives now and then a crumb. I have gone to hear, and now and then picked up in the sermon a little, which has just given me fresh strength; and down I have sunk again. Then I have had another lift from a word or a line of a hymn; and thus have I been helped from time to time.

For about five years I was following after the Lord, crying, "Lord, help me!" After this, I had a little help; then I seemed to sink deeper into despair and despondency; and before I was aware, again the Lord would come in. At other times, I was fearful my trouble would go off the wrong way, not having the blood of sprinkling applied. Bless the Lord, O my soul! He has promised to give grace.

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

He has now and then given me a crumb, a drop, a sip by the way. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them, who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools."

"The Lord will give" *pardoning* "grace." "For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found." You may not find the Lord the first time you pray; but, observe, the promise is, "In a time when thou mayest be found." The poor soul will be kept on praying and petitioning the Lord; for he has the breath of prayer within him.

For myself, I can say I was kept crying to the Lord for more than five years; and the Lord appeared for me at a time most unthought of. I went to hear a good man preach. When the man read his text, I had no hope the Lord would appear. His text was: "It is I; be not afraid." When he came to point out the characters to whom these words were spoken, he said they were disciples. He then described who were these disciples of Christ. I was enabled to travel with him; and so clearly was it made out, and so blessed to my soul, that, at the conclusion, I found I was a disciple. It was brought home with power, brought into my soul with the sealing testimony of the Spirit; and it was proved to me that I was a disciple. I never heard a sermon brought

home in that way before. Thus the Lord gave me pardoning grace; he manifested his love and mercy to my poor soul; and gave a sweet communication of his love, a manifestation of pardoning mercy, which raised a confidence in my soul. Coming in this way, it was a real blessing; it dissolved all my doubts, fears, and scruples. By and by, the enemy assaulted my soul again, casting his wicked suggestions into my mind, endeavouring to make it appear that one thing was wrong, then another; and had he been permitted, he would so have clipped it, that he would have made it appear all was wrong. But when the Lord came again, in the communications of his grace, he put all to rights, according to his Word: "I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

Thus the Lord comes and puts all straight. He gives pardoning grace. What does the apostle say? "And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Then they were imputed to Christ; and he manifests his grace to their souls. His righteousness is made over to them, and their sins are imputed to him. His righteousness being made over to us, we can now come in with the church in her feelings, when she said, "Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." Wherever the sun looks upon thee, thou wilt say with the church, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

The friends will pardon me for relating a remark I once heard a good man make. I have never forgotten it. At the time it sounded strange to me, and I concluded the minister could not be in his senses. He said that, though the poor sinner was all over black, yet at the same time he was perfectly white. This seemed a paradox, a contradiction; yet, my friends, it was the truth. Here it is, by the doctrine of imputation. The man, through the fall, in his lost state and condition, is vile and black as the tents of Kedar; but, having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him, he is all fair. He is made to shine in the righteousness of Another. Yet it is his own when given to him. Though black as the tents of Kedar in himself, yet he is as fair as the curtains of Solomon in the Lord Jesus.

The Lord also gives *justifying* grace. This, say you, is what I have been longing after, and am fearful I shall never obtain it. There is a "Thus saith the Lord" that you shall certainly have it. The longing soul shall be satisfied. "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them." He always hears the cry of the groaning soul. Then it is good to pray; for "he also will hear their cry, and will save them." Mr. Hart says:

“Some long repent, and late believe;
 But, when their sin's forgiven,
 A clearer passport they receive,
 And walk with joy to heaven.

“Their pardon some receive at first;
 And then, compell'd to fight,
 They feel their latter stages worst,
 And travel much by night.

“But, be our conflict short or long,
 This commonly is true:
 That wheresoever faith is strong,
 Repentance is so too.”

Dear friends, we have many helps by the way. Sometimes we are cast down as we travel on; but, though this is the case, the Lord gives testimony to the word, and also many precious testimonies to his people. I once visited a dear friend, now deceased, who was in great horror and darkness of mind, and who was led to dispute every stage of the way, and everything else. The dear soul lived two or three miles from me. When I paid the visit, she broke out with, “O, William! All is wrong; everything from the beginning.” She continued in this state till a little before her death, when this passage was made very precious: “Fear not, for 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; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” Now, the poor soul, who had been for three months saying that all was wrong, before death finally did his office, through the comforting influence of the blessed Spirit, was enabled to say that all was right, and that the Lord had not only given pardoning grace, but comforting grace. The prophet tells us that “whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.” This poor dear soul lived some time after this; but “not a wave of trouble rolled across her peaceful breast.” She has gone to be with Jesus. With a smile she passed out of time into eternity; those who stood near scarcely knowing she was gone. It is amazing to think how the Lord appeared for the dear soul. What encouragement for those of us who are following after the Lord. To those it is said, “The Lord will give grace and glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.”

He will also give *restoring* grace. As the Lord's people are led in the wilderness, they are not always walking under the sweet comforts or the sweet feelings of the light of his countenance. Frequently they have to walk in the dark, and are destitute of those comforts; the sweet feeling declines. And when night comes on, then is the time for the beasts of the forest to creep forth. Grace is tried again and again, and sharply too. The poor soul is brought into a land of doubt. Some tell us not to doubt; they would not. But what is the poor soul to do when doubts come on him? It is hard work to maintain his confidence. The apostle says, “Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which

hath great recompense of reward." If we could cast away all our doubts when we choose, there would be no need of this exhortation. It is all very well to tell a poor sinner that "the Lord will give grace;" but when the poor soul gets into the dark, he wants something more than mere words. He must have it come with power. Job cried out, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was on my tabernacle; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil! My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch." But the good man also said that his hope was removed like a tree. "As for my hope, who can see it?" Can we expect there will be no doubting and fearing when the poor soul is brought into this state?

"The Lord will give grace and glory." It was for this restoring grace that the psalmist David prayed, when he said, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." He had lost the joy of his salvation. When once you get this salvation, you will never lose it, though you may lose the joy of it. God's honour is bound up in the salvation of all those dear souls to whom he gives grace. They may lose the joy of it, but never the salvation. Then we follow in the same track as the psalmist, crying, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Then the Lord gives restoring grace.

The good man, in another place, under a sweet frame of mind, says, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake." He has restored my soul again and again.

I have often thought of that text: "I am the Door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." If any man enter in, it must be by Jesus, who is the Door. If you are really entered in by him as the Door, you are brought out of bondage, and brought to receive Jesus Christ in all his love, mercy, and saving benefits. This is entering in and being saved. But you have to "go in and out, and find pasture." You go *in* to feed, and *out* to get hungry. It may be said the poor soul goes in when he has a sweet communion of God's grace to his soul, feels his presence with him, has a sweet view of Christ by faith. But when this is withdrawn it is going out. In the place of this sweet frame, a sad feeling works up, the bubbling up of sin within. In years past, I used to think, when assembled with the brethren, that they were all holy, that they were living above the world, putting off the old man, and that they had got above evil feelings and the workings of sin. I attended a prayer-meeting, and heard a poor soul pour out his petitions to God. I found by his prayer that he was troubled, as I was, with an old man of sin. Sometimes, when in prayer, I have felt the workings of the old man within,

the desires of the flesh running here and there, in a variety of ways. I have a place now in my mind's eye where, in this very feeling, these words dropped into my soul: "So, then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

There are two different principles working in a good man,—faith and unbelief. They both live in the same house. This has brought many of the Lord's people to a stand; it seemed as if they loved sin. Paul says, "If ye live in the Spirit, ye shall not fulfil the desires of the flesh." This proves the flesh has desires. The Lord's people feel desires, anxious desires, and very often after forbidden objects. Such has been their state that they have cried out, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So, then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

He begins the next chapter with "no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," notwithstanding all their complaints: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." The man is brought to see that "what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." How sweet it is to get into a little of this feeling, to get a little of this grace!

"The Lord will give grace and glory." They sweetly act together. "And no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Being brought into that place where the Lord will give grace, it is sure to end in glory, after this tribulation state is over. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." The blessing is to the hungry soul, who cannot do without the bread of life. The body cannot do without the bread that perisheth; and so the believer cannot do without the Lord Jesus. That which comes from God will certainly lead to him. "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

Thus the poor soul will be brought to follow after God, knowing that he cannot do without him; and he shall, in God's own time, be brought to enter into his presence, and enjoy the sweetness of his love.

PEOPLE in our age are not much given to reading, nor do they like deep subjects; whereas it is impossible to increase in knowledge except we peruse what is calculated to promote it.—*S. E. Pierce.*

CHRIST'S thoughts of the believer are not of a fleeting nature, up and down, high and low, as the believer's thoughts of him are. Christ's thoughts are unchangeably the same; but when the believer's thoughts of Christ are raised, then he is in the best case to know and understand Christ's loving thoughts towards him.—*Ralph Erskine.*

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT FAITH AND ITS INCREASE.

(Continued from p. 394.)

“FAITH worketh by love.” It works by producing in the heart love to God, to his people, his words, his ways, his worship, and his ordinances. Through faith we behold, as in a glass, that is, in the mirror of God’s Word, the glory of the Lord as in the face of Jesus Christ. There we behold him, not only in his justice, and truth, and holiness, but in the riches of his mercy, love, and grace to poor lost sinners, in his willingness and ability to save to the uttermost his people, who are brought to fly for refuge to Jesus. Through faith, in fact, we have the experience of John: “We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.” This produces love; we love him because he first loved us; and this love, according to the degree of it, makes us desire to serve and please him whom we love.

Thus faith, by producing and exciting love to God in our hearts, through views of his gracious beauty and glory in Christ, is the true source of all gospel, and, therefore, real and acceptable obedience. By faith we are also united in love to God’s people. We behold them, in a special light, as brethren and sisters in Christ. “Have we not all one Father?” All are alike of God. There is only one body and one spirit; all are one in Christ Jesus. Now, these views produce in the heart a special affection to the people of God, different from and beyond any mere natural relationships. The latter, by themselves, though sweet, are merely of nature, and for a day; the former are spiritual, divine, and for eternity.

Faith thus produces a special love to the brethren, which acts in doing them good, in laying out ourselves for their advantage, in bearing with, forbearing, and forgiving one another, in weeping with those that weep, and rejoicing with those that rejoice, and, if need be, in even laying down our lives for their sakes. Thus faith, as the source of brotherly love, is the great thing in all church fellowship. Through it the bones, as in Ezek. xxxvii., come together, bone to his bone; and there is a growing up together into Christ Jesus in all things.

Through faith we love the Word of God in all its parts; because, as we have seen already, we thereby behold in that Word the glory of God as it is in Jesus. We love the doctrines of the Word, the precepts, the promises, the histories, the prophecies; because in all the Scriptures of God we discover something of the Lord Jesus. He is the Rose of Sharon. He fills the field of the Word of God with his beauty and fragrance. He stands behind the wall of the law even when we, through blindness, cannot see him; flourishes at the lattice of the promise; and breaks forth, at times, upon the soul in all his glory and beauty, shining forth, by his Spirit, in the words of the gospel.

Thus, through faith, we love the Word; and this will lead to an earnest loving contention for the truth of it, and to a holy

jealousy in respect of any deviations from it. He who loves the sincere milk of the Word and the pure wine of the kingdom will dread to have the latter adulterated, and the former mixed with water, or even curdled by any bitterness.

Through faith we love God's ways. To faith all wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace. As those ways are described in the Word of God, or cast up in the precept, they have a glory, a beauty, and a desirableness to the believing heart. Through faith we want to walk in God's precepts. Faith never yet led any man to neglect obedience, or live in sin.

“Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.”

True faith leads us to abominate creature merits and the wisdom of the flesh, to renounce as filthy rags all our own obediences as to justification, and to utterly deny creature ability even as to the thinking a good thought. But, at the same time, it makes a man love to serve and please God; causes him to adhere to the Word of God in the truth of it, and leads him to work out his own salvation, in the Scripture sense, with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in him both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Never for a moment let us suppose that true faith will lead a man to act contrary to the Word of God, or what is morally right. What is contrary to the Word of God cannot be of God. What is contrary to even morality can never be in harmony with spirituality. A faith that plunges a man into the mire of committed and allowed sin can never be that faith which brings him, by leaning upon Jesus, up from the wilderness.

“The Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
Whilst all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.”

So far as faith is in exercise in a Christian, and has free course, it will lead him to walk in God's commandments, and cause him to love God's ways. When the heart is enlarged it runs, as David says, in the ways of God's commandments. There will be in this life great hindrances; for faith is feeble, and the oppositions to it strong; but a true and living faith will carry the man forward in spite of all. Faith will work by love to God's ways, and bring forth fruits with patience.

Faith works by love to the worship of God. To the carnally-minded Jews the worship of the temple was weariness itself. Thus, in Mal. i. 13, God represents them as saying, “Behold, what a weariness is it!” But how different it was with the psalmist David! He cries, “My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth

for the courts of the Lord." Why was this? Because by faith he had seen the Lord's power and glory in the sanctuary services. So it is now; the Lord's people, by a true and living faith, hold communion with him in his worship, whether public or private. They, too, see his power and glory in their approaches to him. They find him, from time to time, in the public means of grace, in hearing his word, and attending the place where prayer is wont to be made. He shines upon them in a sermon, a prayer, a hymn.

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian as he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings."

Therefore, they do not forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is. As doves they flock to the windows of the public means of grace. They seek to hold the King in those galleries. And though, many times, they do not get those sweet communications which they want, they still wait upon God in the means, through faith in his promise: "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." And, at times, the rain fills the pools, and the Name of the Lord is to them "Jehovah Shammah,—The Lord is there."

They find him also, and, perhaps, even more frequently, though in this the Lord is sovereign, in private worship, in reading his Word, or hymns or writings according to the Word. In private prayer his glory, at times, passes before them. This endears private means, as well as public, to them. They love to retire into the privacy of their own closets, and shut the doors about them; and if the world is shut out, and the Lord is within, shining upon their hearts, O! How sweet it is!

"These are the joys that satisfy
And sanctify the mind."

Thus, then, through faith working by love to the means, these children of God do not require flogging to the worship of God, public or private, like truant schoolboys to their tasks; but they love the means, as instrumentally bringing them into communion with the Lord. In them they find him whom their soul loveth.

Faith works by love also to the ordinances. We mean the two sweet ordinances of the Lord's house,—baptism and the Lord's supper. To true faith baptism is not a mere outward form, or a piece of formal obedience. It is indeed obedience to Christ; but it is the willing, loving obedience of one who wants to know and comply with his Master's will, and owns him King in Zion. It is, too, intelligent obedience. The ordinance to faith has a spiritual meaning, and a spiritual beauty and glory about it. Therein the believer sees himself as represented in union to his great Head, the Lord Jesus, as "one with Incarnate Deity;" and being one with him, as dead to the law, to sin, and to old self in Christ's death, and alive unto God in a new and eternal life in Christ's resurrection, what can be sweeter? What more confirming? In baptism the believer signifies that he counts him-

self to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ his Lord; his old man, which was under the law, and subject to sin, crucified with Christ, and buried in Christ's sepulchre; once and for ever punished on account of sin; but himself, as risen with Christ, according to the Spirit, into a newness of life, and no more to come into condemnation; having passed spiritually, and in the view of God, just as his body has passed actually into and out of the water, through death, hell, and the grave, into everlasting life and glory. In these sweet views of the ordinance the believer, through faith, by love, complies with it; and thus is visibly associated with the professing church of Jesus.

Then he sits down with his brethren and sisters, partakers of the same resurrection life and blessedness, at the ordinance of the Lord's supper, being made to sit together with them in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. He often, indeed, does not obtain that sweet fellowship with Christ in the ordinance which he desires. Many things may hinder it; besides, comforts are always in the sovereign hand of Christ. But he sometimes gets, in some degree, a blessing. He sits spiritually and sweetly at the table of the Lord, and the Lord himself is consciously there. Now a few such times will endear the ordinance to him, and cause him to attend upon it in obedience and hope. He feels his great unworthiness, and often great unfitness; but to celebrate the Lord's death till he come is the Lord's command. He therefore attends with a "Who can tell" whether the Lord will break forth upon my soul, and, whilst the King sits at meat, whether my spike-nard of gracious love and delight in sweet exercise may not send forth the smell thereof?

Thus, then, true faith works by love, love to God, to his people, his Word, his ways, his worship, and his ordinances. But this brings us to another work and effect of true faith. It has to fight the good fight; is to be the champion of the divine party in the soul; and will assuredly prove, through the power of God, which sustains and animates it, an overcomer. The believer is, as to all that is of God about him, mightily opposed from the beginning by foes within and foes without. He is assaulted by error in innumerable forms, and a multitude of other things, opposing and hindering him in his walk in the Lord's ways. Hence the work of faith is to hold fast and forth the truth, in spite of error, and to carry the man forward patiently in God's ways, in spite of varied oppositions; or to so hold the truth in its living and practical power as to carry the man forward through hosts of oppositions in God's ways. Paul, in Eph. vi., shows us the nature of the conflict. "We wrestle not," he says, "against flesh and blood," with merely men or human powers, with weak things, "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness" and wicked spirits "in heavenly (or high) places." Though these principalities or powers of darkness are really conquered foes, as vanquished for the believer by Christ, they still in experience are

in high places, and mightily exalt themselves against the truth and work and people of God, and have to be cast down by faith and patience. Thus, in Rev. xii., we have the children of God represented as getting the victory in the field of conscience, for so we believe we may apply it, as well as in other respects. But, then, it is no child's play, but an arduous battle, a field with garments dyed in blood; for "they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony," through faith in that word and precious blood; "and they loved not their lives unto the death."

Here, then, we see a great work for faith, as Mr. Hart says:

"Believers are not call'd, we see,
To sleep, or play, but fight."

And in the Song of Solomon the believer is represented, even at the best, as in a condition of warfare. "What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies." The corrupt old nature in a child of God is represented as a body of sin and death. That is, it is an organized system of iniquity, a body of evil, with all its parts and members complete. There is not a grace in the new man but there is something in the old nature diametrically opposed to it. The tongue is said of itself to be a world of iniquity, as merely giving expression to the evil within; what a universe of evil must there then be in the natural mind, the human heart, as it is by nature! Then, answerable to all this monstrous mass of sin within, there is the world, with all its seducing, bewitching, terrifying powers without; a world without God; "this present evil world;" so called in respect especially to all that naturally rules the men and women in it,—"the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." And then, at the head of all these forces, within and without, are those principalities and powers of darkness we previously noticed. Well may Paul say, and well would it be for us if what he says had more weight with us, and were more accomplished in our experience: "Put on the whole armour of God;" or, what is the same thing, "Be strong in the Lord," in all the grace of his Person and finished work, in what he is and has done for his saints, "and in the power of his might," in that grace which he communicates unto you as his people. This is to put on a whole Christ,—Christ for righteousness and strength also. This is what the Lord by Isaiah calls his people to: "Put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." And this is what the psalmist, by grace, through faith, was enabled to do when he wrote: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; and will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." Thus the child of God goes forward, conquering and to conquer; the helmet of salvation protects his head from many a stroke of adversity, as he lifts it up to heaven in hope of deliverance; the shield of faith shelters him from the fiery darts of the wicked one, who hurls against him many a blasphemous suggestion, and

many a fierce accusation. By faith and prayer he goes forward, and fights his way through hosts of adversaries, strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus. This, of course, is only the case as faith is strong and in exercise; in fact, the man who can fight the good fight with much success is that well-trying and exercised and confirmed believer, called by John a "young man." "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." And all this must be by a living spiritual faith.

Thus the believer goes forward through this world and during this life. The last enemy he has to overcome is death. This, too, is for him a vanquished foe. The wicked have no last enemy, and no last groan; the believer has. This enemy death he has to fight with, both during life, in a way of fears, and in the hour of dying, in its actual presence. In both cases he overcomes by a living faith. Death is to a believer a most solemn and awful thing. He sees it, in the light of the Word of God, as the penalty naturally attached to sin, and the entrance to an unchangeable state of existence, either in misery or happiness. He cannot, then, face it with the false courage of the blind. He knows it will usher him into the immediate presence of an eternal and infinitely just and holy God; and that, as it is appointed for men once to die, so after death is the eternal judgment. He knows himself to be a lost and ruined sinner; how, then, can he dare to die, and pass through death into judgment? He triumphs over death by faith. He looks forward, sometimes, during life, to a dying hour, not only with composure, but with joy; crying, with the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting?" And when he passes through the valley of the shadow of death itself, he still triumphs by faith, for God is with him. The ground of his triumph is the victory of Jesus. He knows that, when Jesus died, death was for the believer deprived of its sting; for Jesus on his cross made an end of sin in all its damning power. There, on his cross, he at once magnified the law, the strength of sin, and made an end of it, taking it out of the midst of the church of God. When Christ died, the law, as a covenant of works, died to the children of God, and Christ buried it with himself in his sepulchre. Now the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in the believer in Jesus. Justice says, "I am satisfied." The believer stands before the throne of God sinless as Christ is sinless, righteous as Christ is righteous, holy as Christ is holy, without blame, without even the possibility of charging him with folly. He is the Righteousness of God in Jesus.

Now, as faith brings all this into the conscience, the child of God rightly triumphs over death. Why should he fear it? Where are its terrors to him? Shall he fear the mere fact of dying? What is that? A falling asleep until the morning of the resurrection. Shall he fear what comes after death? All that death introduces him into is life, immortality, boundless joy, and everlasting glory.

Thus, then, by faith, in this holy, reasonable way, the child of God overcomes death and the fear of it. So he conquers the grave and his fears of that. He cries triumphantly with the poet,

“My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet’s joyful sound,
Then burst the bands with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour’s image rise.”

By faith he looks through death and the grave unto a blessed resurrection and into a glorious eternity. Where Christ is now he expects one day to be.

“Mine eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?”

Thus, through faith, he is sustained in troubles, comforted in adversities, strengthened in conflict, animated to obedience, made a conqueror over death and the grave, and also filled, at times, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, as he looks forward into an eternity to come, and rejoices in a good hope of the glory of God.

DR. HAWKER'S LAST LETTER TO HIS CURATE.

Dear Sir and Brother in the Lord,—I greet you in him, in whom we have oneness and access by faith, and are one with him to all eternity.

I request you to be the medium of conveying to that part of the Lord’s spiritual church in our most glorious Lord, who meet in Christian fellowship and communion in Charles, my warmest, best, largest, and never-ceasing regard. Tell them on my departure that I love them in the Lord; and that my earliest and latest prayers are and will be for their spiritual knowledge of, and communion with, the Holy and Almighty Recorders, who bear witness in heaven,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; until faith is swallowed up in open vision, and until we all come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. And say for me this further,—that, while I bear them in my arms before the throne, in daily humblings of soul, for their spiritual life, they will not fail to remember me when going in before the King.

For yourself, dear Sir, and your ministry, I have often, and shall continually leave prayers at the mercy-seat, that great blessings may go before and follow your labours of love.

What the event of my departure will be is with Him who cannot err, and with whom I cheerfully leave it. And so commending and committing you to the Lord, I remain in the dust before God, in the consciousness of my nothingness, and the Lord’s all-sufficiency,

Yours in the Lord,

Plymouth, March 29th, 1827.

ROBERT HAWKER.

[He died exclaiming, “O the riches of grace!” nine days after the above was written.]

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 388.)

10. The tenth benefit is that we are witnesses of Christ's resurrection. But it may be asked, In what manner? I answer, In four ways:

i. Is he raised for our justification? Then there is a witness in that person's conscience that is justified to the truth of his justification: "By faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous."

ii. Did he, when he arose from the dead, say, "I ascend to my Father, and your Father; to my God, and your God?" This proves our adoption; and there is a witness to this also: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God."

iii. There is a witness openly in the preaching of Christ. But suppose Christ had never been raised. "And if Christ be not risen," says Paul, "then is our preaching vain;" and one part of this preaching is the resurrection of Christ. Now, faithful men are called a cloud of witnesses.

iv. There is an open profession of faith also; and we are to contend for it, Jude says. But if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain. Now, there are witnesses of this faith: "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, unto which thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses."

Thus we are witnesses; but take away the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and away goes our justification, adoption, the preaching of the gospel, and the profession of our faith. "And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all." (Acts iv. 33.) Yes, say you, the apostles were eye-witnesses of these things respecting the resurrection of Christ; but how am I, or how can I be, a witness of it, as I did not see him with my bodily eyes? To which I answer, Thomas said the same; but he afterwards saw for himself. But Christ says, "Blessed are they that have not seen [with the bodily eyes], and yet have believed." "Say not in thy heart, Who shall descend into the deep, that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead? The word is nigh thee; that is, the word of faith, which we preach."

11. But I proceed to the eleventh benefit arising to us from his resurrection, which is a death unto sin. Say you, Here I am shut out altogether, for I feel myself more alive to sin than ever. But you and I must never expect to be delivered from indwelling sin, or else there would be no call for prayer to subdue our iniquities, or that sin might not have dominion over us. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh;" and it is because we have life that we feel this warfare. But

still there are times and seasons when we firmly believe sin shall not be our ruin. We do not live in sin; it is sin in us; but it is not our element. But persons dead in sin, it is their element, whether professors or profane, though they are pure in their own eyes.

Now this death unto sin is as follows; and mind how it is connected with the resurrection of Christ: "Knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi.) But why? Because we are united to him, and he rose from the dead. Thus also "Christ is all" in his resurrection from the dead; and we rose in him.

12. The next benefit is that Christ is our Intercessor. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." He appears in the presence of God for us; and the effects of his intercession we need every day. We are bent to backslide; we often slip into sin and offend conscience; we sin against light and love; but every time we feel the benefits of his intercession, matters are all set right again. The Spirit testifies of Christ to our hearts; and this comes also from his resurrection: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again; who also maketh intercession for us." "Christ is all" as an Intercessor.

13. The forgiveness of all our sins, past, present, and to come, is another benefit. Say you, That is rank Antinomianism, and leads to licentiousness. It may be so in your eyes; but it is different in the eyes of a sensible sinner, who is worn out with struggling and striving against sin in his own strength. He has for a long time laboured to please conscience, to please God, to subdue his lusts, and to appear righteous; and none but God can tell how precious a deliverance from all this legal toil and labour is by faith in Christ's atoning blood. It is a way that we never thought of; and one look by faith to him does for us all that we have been striving for to no purpose. There are four things we must experience before we can know the forgiveness of all our sins.

i. We must feel the burden of sin, and labour to deliver ourselves. But why? That we may know what a dreadful thing sin is, God being of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. We must be cut deep: "I wound." This goes before "I heal." And our long labour is to teach us that we have no power to help ourselves. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." This burden and labour may come on suddenly, as in the jailor; or deliberately, as in David. He first found a remembering of God, which troubled him; after this, trouble and heaviness, and this made him cry to God for help; then his sin was ever before him; then the commandment was exceeding broad; then his secret sins appeared set in the light of God's countenance; then he found he was born in sin, and shapen in

iniquity; then he sank in the horrible pit and miry clay; and at last his sins were a sore burden, too heavy for him. Thus you see there must be a deep conviction of sin; the burden felt; and we must try our supposed strength, that we may prove it to be like Samson's, when he went out and shook himself.

ii. We must be made sensible that every threatening in God's Book is levelled at us particularly, as if there was not another in the world; and this is believing and trembling. It must come home to us, as Nathan's speech did to David: "Thou art the man." We must be made to fall under the sentence: "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee," saying, with Paul, from the heart, "I am chief."

iii. We must feel ourselves lost. Seeing will not do. We must be stone blind not to see that we are lost, in reading the Scriptures; but this differs much from *feeling* it. Balaam saw it; but never felt it till it was too late. Hence Paul says, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves;" and this is when our false hopes give way.

iv. The forgiveness of sins will never be made known to any but by crying, groaning, confessing, watching, and waiting at Wisdom's gates; all of which is a preparatory work of the Spirit, making us to "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." And the psalmist David says, "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. For this [pardon] shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found," &c. Paul says, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." I know this is taken in a general way by some; but you will never find explained what this accepted time is better than in Ps. lxi.: "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. O God, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee. But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O Lord, *in an acceptable time,*" &c. You see what a perilous state, in the feelings, precedes an accepted time.

Now, "Christ is all" in his commission to such people. He came to seek and save such as are lost, to bind up that which was broken, to feed that which was faint, to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, to set at liberty such as are captive, to open the prison doors to them that are bound, and to gather them out of all places that were scattered in the cloudy and dark day. To such, forgiveness of sins is a joyful sound; but to none else. The debtor loves to hear of a surety; the conscious filthy of a fountain; and those who feel sold under sin are glad of redemption. And when this pardon comes, it has to do with the long catalogue *behind*, even to our original sin in Adam. It also has to do with the *present*, as with the publican. And with what is *to come*, for the promise is: "Grace shall reign. Sin shall not have dominion."

14. It is certain that our faith must centre in Christ as the Eternal God. And depend on it, nothing short of this will do. Why? Because Christ says, "If ye believe not that I AM [it is not I am *he*; the *he* is in italics, and is supplied by the translators], ye shall die in your sins." But, say you, do not devils believe this? Yes; for they said, "We know thee, who thou art; the Holy One of God." But you and I must differ from these. We must love him as God: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way," &c. Yes, say you, but *Son* implies inferiority. It may, in your carnal heart; but what says the Father? "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," &c. By kissing him I understand loving him in my heart. Again. We must honour him: "That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." And we must worship him. This both shepherds and angels did at his birth; and this is done, and will be done to all eternity. Hence you read that in glory they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and might," &c. When on earth, he often took notice of their low thoughts of him, as you may see in Martha: "I know that whatsoever thou askest of God, God will give it thee." The man also that came with a "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" "Why callest thou me good? [You do not believe me to be God.] There is none good but One, that is God." But how different in the blind man, to whom Christ said, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Lord, I believe; and he worshipped him." If your faith does not come here, as God liveth, you are deceiving yourself to this day, be as high in a profession as you may. Suppose you trust in him as a good man, appointed of God to redeem you; this will not do. Why? Because "none can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." Yes, say you, but I go farther; for I believe him to be a God by office. Then you are just as bad; for all the gods that have not made heaven, earth, and the sea, shall perish, as says Jeremiah.

Now, what was the faith of Peter, and of the rest of the apostles? Why, as a mouth for them, he says, "We believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And upon this rock [which is myself, Peter, whom thou hast confessed] I will build my church," &c. Then, say you, Christ is a Rock; and can you prove to me from God's Book that God is called a Rock? Yes. David will answer you: "Who is a Rock save our God?" Thus Christ is the Son of the living God. And he also is called a Rock by Paul, when speaking of the Israelites: "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ." But then, says David, "Who is a Rock save our God?" It is evident, therefore, that Christ Jesus is the eternal God; and so he says himself, in the Revelation: "I am the First [then there was none before him] and the Last

[there will be none after him]; the Almighty" [then he is Omnipotent]. You may reject these things as long as you like; but a day will come when your cursed proud heart shall confess it; for to him "every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." But, say you, what has this to do with the resurrection? The apostle Paul will answer you: "Jesus Christ our Lord, who was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, *by the resurrection from the dead.*" (Rom. i. 3, 4.) Thus his resurrection proves his Godhead; the good Spirit works faith in us to believe it, and to venture our all upon him.

(To be continued.)

"SO HE WAS THEIR SAVIOUR."

ISA. LXIII. 8.

"So he was their Saviour." In pity and love
He left the bright mansions of glory above;
He saw the lost state of his chosen, his own,
And for their transgressions he came to atone.

"So he was their Saviour." Though rebels they were,
Who scorn'd and despised all his love and his care,
Who mock'd and reviled him, rejecting his sway;
Yet he was determined their ransom to pay.

"So he was their Saviour." His life upon earth,
In love to his people, was spent from his birth;
Acquainted with sorrow and grief he became,
Enduring for their sake gross insult and shame.

"So he was their Saviour;" though on him he drew
The tempest of wrath which to sinners was due;
He trod the dark wine-press of vengeance alone,
And gave his heart's blood for their guilt to atone.

"So he was their Saviour." In all their distress
His Spirit was present to save and to bless;
In all their affliction he, too, bore a part,
For they were his people, the choice of his heart.

"So he was their Saviour." O! May he be mine!
I love and adore such compassion divine.
Some token, some promise, Lord Jesus, I crave,
That I too shall prove thee almighty to save.

O! Jesus the Saviour! My spirit would be
In mercy drawn closer and closer to thee;
Till pardon and peace from thy merits shall flow,
And foretastes of heaven I experience below.

And though unacknowledged by others of thine,
Yet grant me, dear Saviour, thy presence divine;
And teach me, impressing it deep on my heart,
That *doubtless* my Father, Redeemer thou art.

COMING FORTH.

[The following letter, by our late friend Gorton to the late W. Gadsby, was inserted in the "G. S." for July, 1841. We think it will bear re-inserting.]

I FEEL that I cannot longer refrain from communicating some of my feelings to my dear spiritual father. I have many times attempted to do so, but timidity and a feeling want of ability have hitherto stayed my hand. Sometimes I have been tempted to think that I was but a mere professor, and, feeling assured you were a partaker of grace, have thought I should be found out to be a hypocrite; but, at one time, when my soul was, I think, sweetly led out to pray for you, and the dear Lord shone into my soul, I thought, I *will* write. But, just at that time, a Baptist minister from C—— called to see me, who professed to love the truth, and I told him how I had been blessed in reading a book of yours, and said I was going to write to you, for I did long to hear from you; but he told me if I did you would take no notice of it, for you were a surly, crabbed creature, and you would be sure to cut me off. Here I got a wound, and my poor soul was so bowed down that I could not tell what to do, for several others told me the same things. This was a sore burden to me, and I was led to cry and groan under it for some time; but I have found out since that they belong to those who "know no changes." As a specimen of them, the minister from C——, before named, has since said, "God's people ought not to doubt;" and said that "his time was taken up in reading and studying the Word of God and in prayer, so that he had no time for doubting." But I find it is not so with me, for many have been my days of sadness, darkness, and sorrow. If fields, walls, hedges, stables, garrets, barns, ponds, and a gravel pit, could speak, they would be witnesses to the truth of it, and would tell out many things that I have never told to the dearest friend on earth. I never can describe what I passed through from 1826 to 1828, when I felt life, light, and liberty break into my soul, in a garret, which before had been a witness of my sorrows, but then of my joy; and I do bless the dear Lord for leading me there with the Bible, and a book of yours, entitled "The Present State of Religion;" for, after passing nearly two years of soul conflict, I was led to enter the upper room in great agony of mind, when I fell upon my knees, and prayed the Lord to visit my soul with his pardoning love; but the cloud was very black, and this, together with a feeling apprehension of the wrath of God, the curses of the law, the temptations of Satan, and the weight of sin upon my poor soul, made me tremble to that degree that I was afraid to be alone. However, I prayed, read, and cried, kneeling with the Bible before me; but my prayers appeared to be shut out. I then took the book of yours, before named, and read the 59th, 60th, and 61st pages; and on reading the 62nd page my bonds were broken, so that I could hear and see, run, walk, and talk too,

for it was a time of unspeakable joy. I was then like Warburton, for I leaped, jumped, and praised the Lord, though in a garret. I appeared to have you with me as well as my dear Lord Jesus, and I did then shed tears of joy and gladness. What a feeling union and communion I then enjoyed! I did feel great love to Jesus, of whom you wrote, and to you, as being interested in him; and from that time I had a great desire to see you, and hear you preach. I then began to search more after truth, and the more I searched the more dissatisfied I was with the preaching I sat under, and could not help expressing my feelings, in some measure, to those about me. This caused a great stir amongst the people with whom I was connected; but the dear Lord, who had been pleased to open the eyes of several more, and one whom he was pleased to call and send forth to preach his truth, and to whom I felt a great knitting of soul, joined me in opposing their errors. The minister fought against us, both in public and private, till at length they called a meeting, when we were absent, and cut off six of us. When they came afterwards to inform us of it, we inquired what we were separated for, whether it was for any bad conduct; but all they could say was that it was on account of our erroneous principles. This caused great shouting in the enemies' camp for some time. After this we took a cottage, and sometimes ten or twelve of us met on the Lord's day, but almost everything seemed to make against us; and one time, I well remember, only myself and one more met for prayer. All seemed dark, and our souls were cast down, not knowing what to do. Still, however, the Lord led us on, amidst doubts, fears, and unbelief, and brought us empty to be filled, naked to be clothed, hungry to be fed, weak to be strengthened, ignorant fools to be made wise unto salvation; and we were brought to experience the truth of that Scripture: "Salvation is of the Lord;" for our little number increased, and the Lord broke forth on the right hand and on the left, giving testimony to his word, though proclaimed by such weak, ignorant creatures; and now there are seven villages, within ten miles of us, where the truths of the gospel are proclaimed. There are two little causes raised in the circle, and thirty persons have been baptized, and many others have joined, having left other churches.

I have not, however, been without my trials and discouragements, which have been many. Some, who professed great attachment, and seemed to run well for a time, have turned out my bitterest enemies; and some there have been, who could boast about Christ, and talk of *the promises*, but who did not like to hear of the exercises, doubts, fears, and temptations of the Lord's people. This by them is called *fleshly*. I am, however, thankful to say there are none whom I have baptized, who professed to have been blessed under my ministry, but who have done well. I mean they have been kept by the power of God hitherto, and can enter into soul exercises; and to them I can sometimes unbosom some of my sorrows. The others, before mentioned, have

been a great trouble to me. I have suffered greatly by them since I recommended the "Gospel Standard," which is more than three years ago, when a friend sent me one to read, saying Mr. G. wrote in them; and when I read it, I found there were others tempted and tried as I was. I then ordered twelve, afterwards thirty, the next year forty, and this year fifty per month; and, I believe, they have been made very useful to the Lord's tried ones amongst us, though they have met with much opposition, some saying it was a *devilism*, some a standard of *corruption*; others, that the men who write in it are under the law, and know nothing of liberty, and are bitter-spirited men; and, therefore, they try to persuade people not to read them, lest it should lead them into *legal bondage*. Some time ago I was speaking of my soul conflicts, and one said to me: "Surely you have been doing something very bad?" I said, "It is true; have not you?" He said, "No, not since he was called by grace; for he was always happy, rejoicing in the Lord." I asked him if he knew nothing of a body of sin and death? He said, "No." "Then," I said, "I believe you are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; and living and dying in that state you will be lost." This gave great offence. I know if they are right, I am wrong; for I feel so much sin within and about me that it makes me go mourning and hanging down my head for many days together, Satan tempting me to leave off praying, telling me I shall never see the light of the sun again. Sometimes I have looked upon those I have believed to belong to the Lord with envy; nothing seemed right; good not good enough; circumstances bad; thus murmuring against God, dissatisfied with myself, with the world, and every thing else. Then comes Satan with this suggestion: "If you were a child of God you would not be thus troubled; you must be deceived; your religion is all a delusion, therefore give up praying and preaching."

I have been greatly exercised about going to speak before the people, and on Saturday wrote a note to one of the friends, wishing him to read a sermon to the people, as I could not be there. However, I was too late for the post, and thought I would let them know in the morning; when some of the friends came, and made me go. I was now exercised about a text, and began to tremble; but these words came with power: "I was brought low, and he helped me." I knew not what psalm the words were in, and searched while the people were singing the first and second time, but could not find them. However, I spoke from the words, and told them where to find them afterwards. And the Lord did help me then, for he brought me out of the mire and the clay, in feeling, and put a new song in my mouth; all things were put straight in a moment, and I was encouraged to go on again. I wished at that time I could see you, to tell you some of these things, and to ask if you had been ever tried in any way like it; but everything seemed to wear a gloomy aspect, and I thought I never should see you in the flesh.

At length, however, this was brought about in a wonderful way, and my journey all through I think I shall never forget; for I have thought and thought again, what could the Lord have in view for me to go nearly 150 miles to hear you preach, and then to be compelled to stand up in your stead; but even this was amongst the all things which he worketh after the counsel of his own will. Although I was disappointed of hearing you at Pendlebury, I was not on the following Lord's day. It was a time never to be forgotten, for while you were speaking the WHEEL ran sweetly, and found its way into my heart. Words cannot express the love I felt to my God, and to you, as my dear spiritual father, the night I parted with you at Manchester; while, at the same time, I felt sorrow of heart at the thought that, perhaps, I should never see you again in the flesh; but the hope that I should meet you again in a better world, when we should be free from sin and sorrow, cheered me a little.

I reached home in safety, and some of the dear people received me gladly, and it rejoiced their hearts to hear me tell how the Lord had led me; and it rejoiced mine too. Since that time, "All is over with me," my poor soul has often cried; but still the Lord has been pleased to come again and again, after a state of darkness, coldness, and deadness, to raise up my poor soul, and give me a lift by the way. A short time ago, I was greatly exercised in mind, and tempted by Satan to think I was not a partaker of the grace of God, and that all my enjoyments were nothing but natural excitements, and I went sighing and crying for a true token of interest. I fell upon my knees, and tried to pray, when these words were applied: "I will bless thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." I said, "Lord, I bless thee for it." How many times have I proved the truth of that Scripture: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Give my Christian love to yours in the Lord, and those also I met with amongst you; and I cannot close this without thanking you for your great kindness to me when at Manchester, which will be ever gratefully remembered by me. I can only pray for you that the Lord may still continue to bless you, and make you a blessing.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and those amongst you who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. And believe me to remain (though unworthy)

Yours in the Lord,

Oddington, Stow, Gloucestershire, January, 1841.

G. G.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren in Him who is faithful and true,—Yours came safely to hand. To relieve that anxiety which my long silence may have occasioned to your minds, I sit down to write you these few lines. I did think, from considering various circumstances,

which I thought proper to name in my former letters, that the Lord was about to remove me from this place; and so it may at length fall out. But in some things I was, perhaps, mistaken. Respecting my supposed unprofitableness in preaching, I certainly was much mistaken; for I have had more proofs of the word being blessed since I received yours than I have ever had in so short a period. How short-sighted am I, and worse than that! These things have brought me to a pause, as well as other things of a personal and domestic nature. I have considered the Word of God, and have sometimes been able to approach a throne of grace on the subject, though often in great darkness; and I feel inclined to come to this conclusion,—that I had better wait patiently than run on a step too fast. Haste is the parent of disorder and bitter reflection. God gave Abraham and Sarah a promise; but their impatience brought them into trouble and into sin. Nevertheless, the Lord fulfilled his promise, and made his faithfulness appear in due time. If I am to be your minister, it will be to fill a most arduous situation, for which I have no skill or ability; but nothing is too hard for the Lord. If I am to be your minister, I have no doubt the Lord will make that appear plain, both to you and myself, in his time; plainer than, perhaps, it appears to either you or myself. You know the Scripture, I trust, by experience, which saith, “The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.”

I do assure you, my brethren, I wish to be guided right in all things; and I have not the least doubt you wish the same, both for yourselves and me. I have read with attention the prospectus, and attended to several directions you have put to me. I feel no hesitation in answering your questions; but apprehend, if I were to state my mind, it might force the business. I wish rather to wait to see what the will of the Lord is. Should my engagements and yours be so ordered, I may see you personally at some future time, and speak face to face. But if, in the meantime, God should send you a man of his sending, to go in and out before you, I hope I shall still wish and pray for your prosperity, and quietly say, The will of the Lord be done.

I am quite unwell, having been in bed the most of this day, and fear I shall not be able to preach to-morrow. Mrs. F. and children all well. Kind love to all friends, as if named.

Yours in Bonds of Love,

Birmingham, June 24th, 1820.

HENRY FOWLER.

REPLY.

Dear Brother in Covenant Love,—The committee received your affectionate letter of June 24th on Thursday evening last. It has again fallen to my lot to address a few lines to you in reply.

We were very sorry to hear of your indisposition; and hope that by this time you are recovered, and that the affliction has been sanctified, both to you and to the church of Christ at Birmingham. We heartily agree with all you say on the important subject that has occupied our serious attention ever since

you were here. Upon that subject we all desire, with yourself, to be led on by unerring wisdom, and to wait patiently for the accomplishment of the purposes of the Almighty, and for his appearing for us in this matter; believing that, in his own good time, he will bring it about to the honour of his own glory, and of that faith which he has planted in the souls of several of his saints. Through mercy, we are made willing to leave this important business to the direction and management of our blessed Advocate; and we know he is able and willing to plead the cause of the widow, the poor, and the needy, and to grant them the desire of their hearts.

We have now to inform you that our new chapel is nearly finished, and will be opened, God willing, on Sunday, the 9th inst., by Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester. We propose to request Mr. Cheffins, of Sleaford, who is now here, to stop also. We recollected that you said that, if our chapel was opened on a Lord's day, you could not come; but if on any other day, you might make it convenient to pay us a visit on your way to the friends at Brighton. As Mr. Gadsby has written within these few days to say that he intends to be with us at the time appointed; and as we hear that you are coming up to Brighton, and will be at Mr. Bloomfield's, we beg of you to let us know when you intend to pass through London, that we may prepare to have an interview with you on the subject of our late correspondence. All the friends desire to see you. Please accept their respects, and present the same to Mrs. Fowler.

Yours in the Best of all Bonds,

For the Committee,

London, July 1st, 1820.

CHARLES GELL.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friends,—I was very pleased to see you both at the monster meeting at Ekford. It could not be to gratify the flesh, as I understand you have for years attended them. How true the word: "We love him because he first loved us!" It shows how we value his precious truth. "Draw me; we will run after thee." It is because the Spirit witnesseth with our spirits that we are children of God; and if children, what then? O blissful thought, "heirs of God."

First notice the text (Job xxxviii. 7): "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding," &c. This inquiry was made to one of God's dear children, under a severe stroke of affliction; and then God appealed for an answer. Look over the long list in Heb. xi. And again, in Heb. v.: "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered."

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.” The perfect man was Christ, the God-Man. Dear old Job shows us the power of faith, and also the trial of faith. The same Spirit which upheld Job caused Peter to say, “That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” “O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!” Blessed covenant, ordered in all things and sure!

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!”

When a poor sinner is convinced by the blessed Spirit of God, he cries out, like Job, “Behold, I am vile.” He is brought up out of this horrible pit of nature, and is enabled to say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” A new song is put into his mouth, even praise unto his God. “Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts. We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple. By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation.” Our Deliverer is strong to deliver out of the fiery furnace, and out of the lion’s den. Our God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.”

“Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary; who is so great a God as our God?” “How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.”

“Christ in you the Hope of glory.” “Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?” The church was in Christ, her ever-living Head, from before the foundations of the world; “when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” Sometimes I am brought to the banqueting house, and feel his banner over me to be love. I want the sweet flowers to appear,—some precious promise dropped into my dry and thirsty soul. I want to be stayed with flagons of comfort, such as this: “Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord’s hand double for all her sins.” Sometimes I feel so oppressed that I cry unto the Lord to undertake for me; and then I feel some little relief and comfort from his precious Word, which is sweeter than honey. Sometimes I

feel my dear Lord to be the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. He is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys. "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight." O! What a feast is prepared in the gospel! Sometimes I enjoy this precious feast. "And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown; and they shall come which were ready to perish." Then it is I find a remedy for my malady.

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!"

Precious Name! O! How sweet!

I appear sometimes to have doves' eyes when I hear some of the preachers of the day telling the people to "come now;" leaving out the work of the Holy Spirit to quicken whom he will. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," &c. The Lord himself will devise means to bring back his banished ones. He will turn away his wrath from them, and they shall sing, "O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." The punishment for sin has been executed once for all upon Jesus Christ our Saviour; and now, if ever there be wrath on God's part towards his people, it is of quite another kind from that with which he will visit the unbelieving world. Let God hide his face, and we are troubled. If we are chastened of the Lord, our cry is, "Hide not thy face from thy servant; I am in trouble; hear me speedily." It breaks our hearts to think that we should grieve our God so. But the time is coming when

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain;
Nor Satan break my peace again."

But I must close this letter, hoping that we shall soon join the everlasting song, and crown him Lord of all.

Yours truly, in that Hope which is to our souls an Anchor both sure and steadfast, even Christ, the Eternal Rock of his Church,

London, Ontario, Canada, June 30th, 1877. THOMAS A. HALL.

My very dear and much-esteemed Friends, whom I love for the Truth's sake, which dwelleth in you, and shall be in and with you for ever,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

My dear friends, I can truly say the Lord is good to me, a poor sinful man. When I can look back and see what and where I was, and feel where and what I now am, although the chief of sinners, I am led to say and feel, What hath God wrought! I was

once far from God, in league with sin and the devil, serving him and my own wicked heart; and I did love it well. And I should have lived and died there but for Almighty power, which was and is above the world, self, sin, and the god of this world.

I know, in some measure, the meaning of the text: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." This power I felt, but knew not what was the matter, or what to do under its arrest. But, bless the Lord, it did abide upon me, until he made me know with whom I had to do. O! How good God was to quicken my soul from death to life, and make me feel my sins, and hate them too, seek and cry for mercy, hunger and thirst after righteousness, feeling that, after I had done all I could, I had none, and then showing unto me the way of life and salvation in delivering and saving my soul! May I not say that the Lord is good? Nay, there are times when I cannot help, and do not want to help, saying, Bless the Lord, O my soul!

But it is not always so with me. Sometimes I am afraid of myself, fearing and doubting my standing is not good. When I am left to myself, what an unbelieving thing I am, and how soon cast down and put to the worse before the enemy! Sin strong; myself weak; darkness to be felt pressing upon me; a barren soul; no light; full of confusion; shut up, and not able to come forth; I want to believe, but cannot; long for peace, but, behold, trouble, sin, filth, wretchedness, and misery seem to be my portion; no love to God felt in my soul; fearing I shall not hold out to the end, but that I shall one day fall by the hand of the enemy, who thrusts sore at me that I might fall;—and yet, in the midst of all this and more, there is something in me that will not, cannot give it up. "My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me." "Faint, yet pursuing." "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." "O when wilt thou come unto me?" And, my friend, when God delays his coming, the devil and his enemies I have in the old man cry out and say, "Where is *now* thy God?" O! What a hard thing to believe!

"I would, but cannot; Lord, relieve;

My help must come from thee."

One thing the child of God shall find out, namely, that he has nowhere else to go or seek, but to him who is able to save the lost, give sight to the blind, befriend the friendless, comfort them that are in trouble, satisfy the longing soul with good things, disperse darkness, gloom, and fear from the mind, give words to counsel, strengthen the weak, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, deliver out of temptation, and make the poor soul joyful in God, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort; joyful in God the Son, in his fulness, love, grace, mercy, power, and truth; and joyful in the sweet teaching, anointing, bedewing, and soothing sealings of God the Holy Ghost. My dear friend, the living must and shall hang here, and abide by the stuff, whether they have little or much. The Lord be praised that ever he caused me to know myself and him, whom to know is life eternal. There

is no mistake in this; it is *life eternal*; nothing less. And here I hope to look, hang, and trust; receive of it; and live and die by it. There never was a poor soul deceived here yet, nor ever will be, who is nothing in self but sin, filth, pride, lust, and everything base, yet complete in him who "hath done all things well." I am sure all the living shall and must feel and know that

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

I wish you much of the presence of the Lord, peace, prosperity, communion with God, many visitations from him, with strength to hold out to the end; and I know that the more you have of these things the less you will be.

Kind love to you both. May God bless you indeed. Give my kind love to all who may inquire after

Yours in the Bonds of Love,

Trowbridge, Nov., 1859.

T. COLLINGE.

Grace and peace be with my very dear friend. Amen.

I doubt not you have heard from your brother the reason I have not written before. I have been at Deptford, and am now crowded with letters. I rejoice to find your soul prospers. You perceived by my last, no doubt, that I was at a stand; so much so that I could not write another word, and, therefore, concluded rather than force myself to write more, I would wait and watch the Lord's hand, to unfold his mind.

On your part the way is not wrong, seeing you have the Lord's presence; and here my joy of you is refreshed. I pray the good Lord to increase the enjoyment of his presence in you. I am not grieved, but glad you find more and more the plague of your own heart. This will be profitable to you, through the gracious working of the Lord with you, to prevent your enjoyments becoming a snare, in lifting you up through pride. It tends to humble the soul; for, as a good man says, "we feel but small joy to give way to self-consequence when it is our lot to have a sight and sense of the plague of our own heart." It brings us to degrade ourselves. "O wretched man that I am!" It makes us long for more grace, and for deliverance. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "O that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!" It teaches us that "this is not our rest, because it is polluted." We are dissatisfied with the image that God despiseth. It makes us long for more of God. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." We learn that grace to such is free indeed. We find a deep sense of our unworthiness thereof; and when enjoyed, we have the more gratitude to give praise. We find ourselves deeply indebted here. "To grace the praise is due." Thus our worst things work our greatest good.

I rejoice that you are more and more deeply taught the nothingness of all creature comforts and all created good, and that you

are more and more brought to make the Lord your trust and only refuge. This is the way to get farther and farther from confusion; for he that trusteth in the Lord shall not be confounded. It is the straight road into a safe dwelling: "He that trusteth in the Lord shall dwell safely." It is the way to sweet peace and rest: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." It is the way to stand fast: "He that trusteth in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be removed." Cast thy cares, thy all, upon him. Trust thyself, thy all, with him. Encourage thyself in him, as David did; in his everlasting love; in the everlasting covenant of grace, "well ordered in all things" to meet thy case, "and sure," being ratified and confirmed by an oath, and sealed with precious blood; in the work and fruits of redemption; in "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness;" in the way open for free access to God, through the rent veil; in the fulness of Christ; in the precious promises; and in the throne of grace. Excuse this short epistle. Yours very affectionately,

June 11th, 1822.

D. FENNER.

"LORD HELP ME."

THE way is dark, and rough, and long,
And I am weak; but Christ is strong.
Lord, help me now, by faith and prayer,
To cast upon thee all my care.

Long have I struggled, soon must faint,
Unless thou hearest my complaint;
Unless thou dost deliverance send,
How can I hold out to the end?

The promises are brought to mind,
And then renewèd strength I find;
Can tread the world beneath my feet,
And with composure trials meet.

How much I need a vital faith,
'To credit what my Saviour saith!
How much I need his love and power
'To help me in affliction's hour!

Here at thy feet, Lord, I would wait,
For thou canst make the crooked straight;
Remove my griefs, or strengthen me
To bear what seemeth good to thee.


Hold thou me up, and lead me on,
Until I sing the conqueror's song;
Until the palm and crown be mine,
And I in thy bright image shine.

O rapturous thought! O glorious day,
When sin and grief shall pass away!
Freed from it all, completely bless'd,
The weary then will be at rest.

J. C. R.

REVIEW.

Invitations. A Sermon preached, by special request, in the British School-room, Altrincham, near Manchester, by A. B. Taylor, Minister of Rochdale Road Strict Baptist Chapel, Manchester, on Friday Evening, Feb. 23rd, 1877.—London: John Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street; Manchester: Tubbs and Brook, 11, Market Street.

 The term "Rev." prefixed to Mr. Taylor's name was entirely without Mr. T.'s knowledge.

It is a solemn thing to stand up to preach the truth of God; and among the many things which make it so solemn are the tremendous consequences which follow upon the gospel being preached. The Word not only *may be*, but it *must be*, either a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death. Those who hear are either saved by the gospel being made the power of God unto their salvation, or they are left to perish as unbelievers, as sinners against the law of God; so that salvation to some and eternal damnation to others are the tremendous consequences that follow upon the proclamation of God's truth. Paul's exhortation to Timothy was: "Preach the Word." (2 Tim. iv. 2.) Nothing could be more solemn than the apostle's charge, as contained in the chapter referred to: "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." The quick refer to those who will be living on the earth at the time of Christ's personal appearing to judge the world. The dead refer to those whose bodies will be in their graves, but which will be raised, in order that quick and dead may, as living men, stand altogether before the face of him who shall judge the world in righteousness.

There are, then, many reasons of a most solemn nature why the servants of God should preach the Word; that is, nothing but the real truth.

First, the gospel alone reveals God's method of salvation, his own way of saving sinners. It reveals the Fall,—man's total and utter ruin by the Fall. It declares that all by nature are lost. But it tells us how poor sinners are saved, and pardoned, and freely justified. Therefore, the Lord has commissioned his servants to preach his gospel, in order that his eternal purpose in the salvation of lost sinners may be accomplished by the gospel.

And another great reason why the Word should be preached is because that, at the same time that the gospel sets forth God's salvation, it as emphatically declares that there is no other salvation besides God's, and no other way in which a single sinner can be saved. (Acts iv. 12.) Those who stand up to preach have no authority from God, nor any liberty by virtue of their office, to preach what either their fancy, or their natural minds, or their private judgment might lead them to preach. They have no right to allow their own judgment, apart from the written

Word, to guide them at all. But it is at their peril if they preach anything but the revealed truth of God,—the gospel of Christ; because by that, and by that *alone*, can sinners be saved.

Again. The apostle knew, and most probably had the thought in his mind when he gave Timothy so solemn a charge, that Timothy, as a young minister, just entering, as it were, upon a labour and a work which would meet with the fiercest opposition, would be certain to get wrong, and go wrong, in his ministry, except, by the power and grace of God, he was kept close to the Word, and made that his sole guide. So, in a day like the present, being called, as the Lord's ministers are, to battle with error in its most malignant and rampant forms, and with all the conflicting opinions of sects and parties, how wonderfully needful it is that the real ministers of God should have their eyes, as Mr. Huntington says, in their Bibles day and night, and that they should be so instructed by the Holy Spirit in the truth they preach, and be so settled and grounded therein, that there may be little or no danger of their preaching either barefaced error, or of adopting singular and novel views of truth.

Again. What is it that the manifested children of God need to have administered unto them for their spiritual instruction and comfort, when they meet together for public worship? Why, certainly, nothing but the truth in doctrine, experience, and practice. Anything else would only be a false light, which, if followed, would

“Delude their eyes,
And lead their steps astray.”

God's people being a tried and an afflicted people, being exposed, from day to day, in their pathway through the wilderness, to influences and associations which often fill their hearts with sorrow, and having to sustain the many burdens, temptations, conflicts, and exercises of soul which the Lord brings upon them, in order to cut them off, in the spirit of their minds, from the world and its vanities, they need, as often as they are gathered together to hear preaching, to have the pure unadulterated gospel set before them; the Word to be rightly opened up; God, in his covenant character, set forth; the glorious realities of the New Covenant, called the “sure mercies of David,” brought forward; and, in a word, the very provision of God's house to be so dispensed that, if God bless his truth to their souls, their minds may be comforted, their hearts directed into the love of God, and they themselves built up on their most holy faith.

But we have no right to expect any such blessed result as this from an erroneous ministry, nor from such preaching as contains an admixture of truth and error. The Spirit never works by error; but by the truth. Where error is, there is bondage, we may be sure. But where the real, pure truth of God is faithfully and graciously preached, there, for certain, is the Spirit; and “where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.”

The “Sermon” which we have now more particularly to notice was preached, we believe, by special request, and under

circumstances which called for some hard blows to be inflicted on that gigantic system of error called Arminianism. It would appear that there was a real necessity, in the particular neighbourhood where our friend was invited to deliver his discourse, that something should be done in the way of refuting the false interpretation of the passage which Mr. Taylor was asked to preach from, and which false interpretation the true friends of Arminius were too busy in proclaiming. That our friend has succeeded, by the help of the Lord, to hit the system of error with which he battled terribly hard will, we have no doubt, be acknowledged by all who read the sermon, and who are honestly on truth's side. The sermon, moreover, for other reasons, will, we doubt not, commend itself to the judgment and appreciation of a large number of the Lord's people. It not only faithfully exposes error, but as ably defends the discriminating truth of God; and it will, no doubt, prove in the hands of many a valuable additional weapon with which, as by the strength of the mighty God of Jacob, they will be the better armed, and the better able to defy the Philistine giant of error.

The sermon opens with a good introduction, our brother knowing that he was more especially, at the moment, on the field of battle, with the enemy *near*. He, a little like the Turks and the Russians, throws up some stubborn material; he raises a strong fort, composed of hard, historic stones, well blended, and bound together with the iron girders of divine truth. And, entrenched behind such a fortress, he opens with a heavy cannonade upon the enemy:

"The controversy," says the sermon, "between Arminianism and Calvinism has been continued ever since the will of man began to dispute the revelation of God, and on every occasion it has been a drawn battle. So the matter rests at the present moment.

"It is somewhat singular that Calvinism, apart from the name, turned the hearts of David, Solomon, Paul, Peter, when as yet Calvin was not; and when Arminianism, in the shape of Popery, drove the whole world before it, on the rising, first of Luther, and then of Calvin, Arminianism retired into the shade, and, for something like two hundred years after the Reformation, Calvinism was adopted by a great part of the Western world as the true state of the case between God and man, as Paul concludes (Rom. ix. 21): 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?'

"It was Calvinism, so called, that wrenched from Popery its fangs, with which it ground the nations; and it now waits to see the Mother of Harlots sink in the decrees of the eternal God, as a great millstone cast into the sea, to be found no more at all. (Rev. xviii. 21.) It is true, modern enlightenment speaks otherwise, and has given a stimulus to Arminianism, in various shapes; and it seeks to ride dryshod over the truths of the eternal God, or drive past and ignore them. Nevertheless, Calvinism remains a beloved truth, and has a firm hold of many hearts in this land, perhaps more so than in any other land on the earth. God has not left himself without witness."

Leaving the introduction without further comment, we venture to give the divisional arrangement of the sermon:

“*First General Head.*”

“I.—I would say something of *the Spirit*: ‘The Spirit says, Come.’

“II.—I would speak of *the bride*, who also says, ‘Come.’

“III.—Offer some remarks on the *hearing one*, who is invited to say, ‘Come.’

“IV.—The *thirsty one*, who also is invited to ‘Come.’

“V.—The *willing one*: ‘Whosoever will.’

“*Second General Head.*”

“I.—Offer a few remarks on the term, ‘*Water of life*,’

“II.—Speak of the coming character *taking the water of life freely*.”

No passage of Scripture, perhaps, has elicited more controversy than the text which stands at the head of this sermon. It has always been a special favourite with the enemies of truth. It was a particularly favourite verse of Scripture with Moody, the great Revivalist; and almost every revival preacher may be heard, as we can hear them *now*, any evening on the sea-beach, shouting to the tip-top of their voices: “Now then, my friends, the Bible says, ‘Whosoever will!’ Every man, you see, according to the Bible, has a will, and *you* can be saved to-night if you like; it is your own fault if you are not.” We heard one of these bustling preachers shouting out only last evening: “My friends, there are some people that tell us that we can’t come to Christ when we like; but I should like to know whether we can come if we don’t like.” Of course he wanted his crowd of listeners to believe *him*, and to believe that they could all come *when* they liked, and *as* they liked, and come according to their own free will. We felt more than half tempted to break a kind of a vow we had made not to preach during holiday time, and to set ourselves to the work of storming the ramparts of error, with a testimony of truth. Our feelings itched to be at the work which we had thought only a week before we had got tired of. The General Baptists, as well as the Arminians, the Brethren, and the Revivalists, say, “Come!” “Unless you come, unless you receive Christ, you will perish,”—evidently not conveying the idea of being brought by the Spirit, but of coming of themselves. But how sad and lamentable it is when portions of divine truth are so awfully distorted, their sense so fearfully perverted, and when tens of thousands are deluded by man’s own wretched thoughts, instead of their being told, at least in the letter, what God’s truth really is.

Without giving too much of the sermon, which would not be fair towards the sale of it, we may venture to give an extract or two more; and in order to preserve the same from being too much torn from their connexion, we will put together, previously to our giving the extracts, a few of Mr. Taylor’s remarks upon several leading points in his text.

In taking up his “*First General Head*,” and after showing that the *Spirit* spoken of is the “*Holy Ghost*,” “*God the Spirit*,” he goes on to show that “it is one Person of the Eternal God-head inviting, according to the purpose of the Eternal Three, the coming of the Son of God to the Last Judgment.” “*The Spirit*

and the bride say, Come." Jesus replies, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me." Whether it be the *Last Judgment* to which Christ is invited, or a coming, either in person or in spirit and power, to effect the accomplishment of certain purposes of Jehovah, which will *precede* the last judgment, is a question of prophecy, on which good men may differ, and yet be in all other respects fully agreed in the truth.

The second thing he notices is the bride; which is "the Lamb's wife, who has been espoused to the Son of God." And in speaking of the eternal and unchangeable love of God to his church, and of the love of Christ in the redemption of his bride with his own blood, "Love," says Mr. Taylor, "sees through filthy rags, love can pay debts, and God's love can command the affections, heart, and will; so that the Lamb's wife shall be 'presented to himself a glorious church.'" (Eph. v. 27.)

Thirdly, we have a description of the character of the *hearer*: "And let him that *heareth* say, Come." "It refers to one whose ears God has opened, who hears the glorious mysteries of redemption, and * * * listens to the invitations of God's blessed Word." "And this hearing person is a longing soul, whom God satisfies and never sends empty away." And when brought into the experimental possession of the glorious salvation he hears of, he joins in with the bride in saying, "Come; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Fourthly, "Let him that is *athirst* come." "In the former three cases they are represented as *inviting* to come, but in this case the thirsty character is *invited* to come,"—to come and take the water of life freely. Several kinds of thirsts are spoken of, as "*natural thirst*," "*mental thirst*," "*scientific thirst*;" but the thirst of the text "is a thirst which no earthly blessing can assuage, for it is something above nature." It is "supernatural," and pertains to none but the "true children of God, who go on hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

"Do you see pardon in Christ's blood, satisfaction in his work, atonement in all he has done? Do you thirst to partake of these benefits? There's your character, 'Let him that is athirst come.'"

Mr. Taylor then proceeds to dwell more at length on the "*whosoever will*;" which, as he says, "is the great point in dispute between Calvinism and Arminianism." So that, after the little paraphrase we have given on the text, and which we have formed out of Mr. Taylor's own observations, we shall here give an extract in reference to the *will*:

"Allow me, for a few moments, to call your attention to the nature of our will as creatures of God. Have you ever studied the nature of your own will? Have you ever considered what part of your living soul it holds, what office it performs? Or have you just gone on indifferently, never caring about either will or understanding? It is this loose manner of handling the will that makes Arminianism come out of ignorant hearts. If you could correct that natural will of yours, which is free only to evil, mark my words, is free only to evil, it is not, spiritually considered, free to God, for, 'It is not of him that willeth,

nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.' (Rom. ix. 16.) Your will and mine run down the hill by nature, and if God does not prevent, we shall run down to hell."

Again:

"Now, let us come to another point, where the will of God interferes with the will of man. Let me turn to the operations of divine grace upon the will of the Lord's people. There is a text I will quote for you: 'Thy people shall be willing,'—when? Why, 'in the day of thy power.' (Ps. cx. 3.) When this power operates upon their understanding, when this power operates upon their heart, they shall be willing then, but not till then. They are running the downward Arminian scale till then, but when God operates by divine grace upon the heart, when the child of God is made willing in the day of God's power, what power is this? I reply, God's power. 'They shall be all taught of God.' * * * Paul said he was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and he died. (Rom. vii. 9.) Paul held the clothes of one who stoned Stephen. Paul was doing God service in his own notion. He thought he did God service; his will was running in its natural course. But when God called to him, 'Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Saul said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And he said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' Paul was informed here, his heart was made tender, his understanding enlightened, his judgment influenced, his will subdued, though not yet directed; it was subdued and renewed; he was in a strait. Trembling and astonished, he said, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' (Acts ix. 6.) What is thy will? I have lost mine in this confusion. Let *thy* will henceforth regulate *my* will. And thus, under the teaching of the Lord, Paul was made willing in the day of God's power. The wolf now dwells with the lamb, and the little child leads them. (Isa. xi. 6.) This is the effect of God's Spirit on Paul's heart. Paul's will now is changed; he is stopped going to Damascus on his hellish errand by something more than a wild animal on the way; his will is changed, and he is willing to stop. Now he is willing to be led by the hand; now willing to be taught what God would have him taught; willing to understand the mind of God now. This is the time, my dear friends, when God comes

"To change the heart, renew the will,

And turn the feet to Zion's hill.'

"What a mysterious change takes place! Thus, 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.'"

When we tell our readers that our notice of the sermon, as far as we have gone, only brings us to the middle of it, they will be the better able to judge how much matter it contains, and how impracticable it would be for us to say as much upon the second half as we have written upon the first. The remaining half of the sermon goes much into "*the water of life.*" The many things that are represented in Scripture by water are referred to; as "Popery," as "peoples, tongues, nations." Also "afflictions." Also the various ways in which the water of life may be understood are spoken of. Also the various ways in which different characters "*come*" to these waters; the Jew in his way, the Socinian in his, the Romanist in his; and these come to these waters and "*foul them with their feet.*" "*The Arminian does the same.*" He takes special redemption, and "*rends it to pieces,*" just as some, of late, have done with the covenant of grace. But

the day is fast approaching when "God will make inquisition for Truth as well as for blood." (Ps. ix. 12.) For, as we read in the sermon,

"All God's revealed truth is a living principle. You may trample upon it and cover it; yea, you may curse it, covering it with mire, dirt, and filth; but know it is only down while the wicked can hold it down. The moment they take off their wicked hands it floats again, and will float while time lasts. The Lord's living people know the truth; it has made them free. Also they know not only God's will, but the mystery of his will (Eph. i. 9); and, being taught of God, become acquainted with all the doctrines of grace, the plan of salvation, and come to all revealed truth in every stream, they take freely of those waters."

Whatever defects, both in our notice of the sermon and the recommendation we give it, may discover themselves, we hope that an exercise of Christian charity on the part of our readers, and no less on the part of our brother Taylor himself, will cover the same. We shall be glad to hear that the sermon has had a large circulation.

Obituary.

THOMAS GODWIN.—On Aug. 5th, aged 74, Mr. Thomas Godwin, minister of the gospel, Godmanchester.

The following short account of the last days of our late friend was written by his bereaved widow:

At one time, when a little water was given to him, he blessed the Lord for it, and said, "There is not a drop of water in hell," and burst into tears at the mercy of the Lord in delivering him from hell. He asked me to read to him Ps. cii, which comforted him. But, at times, he sank very low under the hidings of the light of the Lord's countenance and the powerful temptations of Satan. He often said he wondered he could stand up to speak at all; but, at times, he was much helped to declare a free gospel; and under that text: "Christ is All and in all," he very sweetly entered into what it was to have Christ dwelling in believers the Hope of glory. He lived upon the sweetness for many days.

On the following Tuesday night he was much favoured on his bed, and held sweet communion for hours. In the family service, in the evening, he was much drawn out, and felt liberty, and prayed for us that the Lord would comfort us if he removed him. He also begged for another song in the night season. In the morning, he said to me, "Yes, I shall soon be landed. The Lord has told me so. He has sweetly revealed himself to me on my bed this morning, and brought me up from the low dungeon, and set my feet upon the Rock of eternal ages. I can leave all now." Seeing me distressed, he replied, "It may not be just yet. I am willing to stay the Lord's appointed time; and he will take care of you."

On July 28th I noticed a difference in his voice; and his memory failed him very much; and he did not eat his dinner as usual. I said, "You don't seem quite so well." He replied, "No, dear; I feel very strange in my head." After trying to sleep in his chair, I advised him to go to bed and try some remedies which had relieved him before. I read to him one of his favourite chapters (Jno. xvii.), thinking I might read him to sleep; but after lying for about an hour, he got up, and said he felt better. But he had no sleep; but afterwards he fell asleep for

nearly an hour. He then had a cup of tea, but no appetite to eat. On taking up his Bible, he sighed very much. Being Saturday evening, I said, "Now you want a text." He said, "I don't know what I want. I feel a very poor creature."

One of the members came in, and we noticed his voice was very feeble. The member read and prayed; to which he [Mr. G.] responded a hearty Amen. On his leaving, he said, "You seem very poorly. Shall I call and send Mr. Lucas [the doctor] over?" He replied, "O no, friend; I don't want a doctor, but the good Physician. Perhaps a night's rest will set me to rights." At nine o'clock he said, "Is my bed ready, that I may go and lie down to die?" I assisted him into bed, and watched by him. He was soon asleep, and slept until half-past eleven. He then got out of bed three times in about an hour; the last time I said, "I should like to put your feet in mustard and water." He said, "Very well." I got it, and put his feet in; and also held his hands in a basin of hot mustard and water for about a quarter of an hour. Then he looked wearily towards the bed. I noticed it, and said, "Do you wish to go into bed?" He replied, "Yes, yes, yes." He soon fell into a doze for two or three hours. At 5 o'clock, I observed he breathed very hard, and looked different. I then sent for the doctor, who, when he came, said he had been seized with a fit of paralysis, which affected the muscles of the throat. He lay in an unconscious state for hours.

Being Lord's day, several friends came in after the morning service; but he took no notice of any. But after the afternoon service, when the deacons came, he knew them, blessed them in the name of the Lord, and said he was happy, quite happy, his dear face beaming with heavenly joy and peace.

To another friend, later in the evening, he said, "Prepared—ready. I am ready to depart and to be with Christ." I believe from that time he was quite sensible, but not able to converse, except a few words at a time. He slept very much; we had to rouse him to give him nourishment. The doctor said he would sleep on until the heart stopped from sheer exhaustion. He was in no pain.

At one time, seeing me in tears, he burst into tears, and said, "Poor thing!" At another time, he looked at me, and said, "No wrath, no wrath; no terrors, no terrors." A friend said, "If you were able, would you not speak well of Christ?" To which he replied, "I would. Yes, I would." Shortly afterwards, he said, "He scorns thousands and thousands; and he saves thousands and thousands;" and more words we could not understand about professors.

On a friend coming in, he was asked if he knew her. He said, "O yes!" and called her by name. She asked, "Is Jesus precious?" He at once replied, with much emphasis, "O yes! He is." She said, "Then you are happy." He said, "O yes! I am on the Rock, on the Rock. 'Rock of ages, shelter me.'" He repeated several times, "Shelter me." At another time he said there was an eternal weight of glory laid up for him,—awaiting him; his face beaming with joy and peace.

Early on Thursday morning he awoke out of a nice sleep. Noticing him looking round the room, a friend went to his side, and asked what he was looking for. He replied, "I am looking for union and communion;" and other words which we could not understand. After a brief interval, he said, "I have had union and communion with the saints." On a friend leaving him, who had sat up with him, he sent his love to his wife, and said, "Bless her! The Lord hath blessed her with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." On being asked how he felt, he replied, "Very blessed. No wrath, no terror, no wrath." When his daughter came, he knew her, burst into tears, and was much

overcome at the sight of her and his son-in-law, and blessed them in the name of the Lord God Almighty.

On the Friday morning, he seemed so much better that the doctor told him he believed he should see him about again. He replied, "O no, doctor! I don't think so." I said, "Would you not like, dear, to stay with us a little longer?" He said, "Yes, if the Lord's will."

The enemy, who had assaulted him all his life long, was not allowed to come near him on his dying bed. When asked by the deacon, on the Friday evening, if the enemy tormented him, he said, "No; quite happy." At another time, he said, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The last twelve hours he never moved hand or foot; and breathed out his soul to God who gave it, at half-past nine on Sabbath night, Aug. 5th; so entering into an everlasting Sabbath, leaving a sorrowing widow and many friends to mourn their loss. He was an affectionate, kind husband and father, and a faithful, loving pastor. His wish was granted him that, when his work was done, the Lord would take him quickly home to himself.

The friends were extremely kind in sitting up and assisting to nurse him; and everything was done that love and skill could suggest. He was attended by three medical men, who were very attentive and kind; but the time was come that he must enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. He is now singing "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own precious blood;" while I am left to mourn his absence.

ANN GODWIN.

SIMEON BURNS.—On July 25th, aged 66, Mr. Burns, pastor of the Baptist Church, Gornal.

It being the request of Mr. Thomas Burns that I should write a few lines respecting his dear father, I promised to do so. It is not my object to exalt the dear man, but the grace his God gave him, which so blessedly shone in his life and conversation. Those who were acquainted with him, and privileged to converse with him, can bear testimony to the same. Ever since I have known him I have loved him for the truth's sake. He was instrumentally blessed to me in a particular deliverance from under the power of a great temptation. My soul was set at liberty; and such a union I felt to him, and do feel, that will never be dissolved. Truly "the memory of the just is blessed."

He has left behind him a blessed testimony. The truths which he loved and preached have been applied with power to the souls of many of the Lord's family. He knew much of the plague of his own heart; and, while under a sense of the goodness of his God, the tears of godly sorrow would flow. His preaching was both searching and comforting. Many, too, have been called from darkness to light through him as an instrument.

His removal will be felt by the lovers of truth. The dear Lord only can make up such a loss. O that the Lord would raise up and send forth labourers into his vineyard! How few know what sin is, and what salvation is! The church over which he was pastor mourn their loss. They have lost a faithful, loving pastor. His children have lost a praying father, one who has wrestled for them. I have lost an adviser; for the counsel he gave me in the ministry deserves to be written in letters of gold.

He was followed to his grave by most of the members of his church, many of the teachers and scholars following a distance of two miles,

forming a procession, and paying their last token of respect. When at the grave, O the desire I felt to live and die in those blessed truths our dear brother had lived and died in! I could truly say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and could say, with dear Tiptaft, that he was well laid in the grave, there to rest till the resurrection morn, in certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.

Dudley.

RICHARD ADAMS.

When my dear father was taken ill at Brighton, the friends sent me a telegram to inform me of it. It stated that I must come to see him at once. Accordingly, I did so; and found him very low and prostrate. I was in his room with him all night, and watched him very closely. He was very quiet for about two hours; and then he opened his eyes, and said, "Thomas, is it you?" I said, "Yes, father." He said, "What a mercy!" I said, "Father, you are a long way from home." He said, "Yes, Thomas; but I am as near heaven at Brighton as I am when at Walsall." Though the pain in his head was very great indeed, yet there was a peaceful smile upon his countenance. It was very evident that he was enjoying the Lord's presence in his soul. O! How thankful I felt! I asked the Lord to give me a heart to praise him for his goodness in manifesting his blessed presence to my father's soul.

I could only stay with him a very short time, and, therefore, returned home the next day. I left him with much pain in his head. My poor heart was heavy and sorrowful; but I did not sorrow as those without hope. I had a blessed hope, and felt assured that, when it pleased the Lord to take away the breath he gave him, he would take his prepared soul to that prepared place which remaineth for the people of God.

The next and last time that I went to Brighton will never be erased from my memory. I went into his room and found him in such a blessed state that I never can forget. His arms were stretched out, and he was shouting with all the strength he was possessed of. He said, "My dear Thomas, I shall crown him! Bless his dear name! I shall crown him!" which he repeated several times. The doctor had given strict orders that he must be kept as quiet as possible, and that the friends must not see him more than could be helped; but when it pleased the Lord to drop a little oil into his soul, he would shout and bless the Lord for his goodness. He shouted with all his might, "Lord, open thou my mouth, that I may show forth thy praise." I said, "Father, you are in a blessed frame of mind." He said, "Thomas, it is blessed indeed. I want to be in the pulpit again." He began to tell me what a blessed time he had had in preaching to the friends at Brighton, and the love he had for them for the truth's sake. He very much loved the friends, and said how near they were to his heart.

I went to him on the Monday, and returned home on the Wednesday. I thought him much worse. When I was leaving him, he confessed to Mrs. Burns that he was not so well. All the family were very anxious that he might be brought home; but it was a question requiring great consideration.

Mrs. Burns and her servant paid every possible care and attention to him, night and day. The Lord blessing the means, he gathered sufficient strength to return home again. Every time I went to see him at Gornal, my dear father was much blessed with the Lord's presence. About three weeks before he was taken ill at Gornal with diarrhœa, on the Sabbath day, he was much encouraged in his soul. He blessed the Lord for manifesting his goodness to such a poor unworthy creature as he felt himself to be. He went to chapel that Sabbath morning; and, after the minister had done preaching, he spoke a little to the people with much liberty. He wanted to get into the pulpit once more, to tell

them how the Lord had blessed his soul, and how he had supported him in his illness. I felt very anxious to hear him preach again, for I have found it good to sit under his preaching many times; and so have many of the Lord's dear children. But the Lord's ways are not our ways. The dear Lord intended calling him out of this world, which was a dark wilderness to his poor soul many times, and caused him many sighs and groans.

His last illness soon reduced his bodily strength to weakness. The doctor gave strict orders that he must be kept very quiet; and, therefore, we did not visit him so much as we should otherwise have done. We spoke to him as to his religion. He said he did not envy any man of his religion; but there was one thing he knew,—that his own religion would do to live by, and would do to die by.

I was in his room all night a few days before he died. He said, time after time, "O Thomas! What a mercy!" I said, "Father, then you have lived to prove and find *now* that the Lord's mercies are new every morning?" He said, "Yes, I do." He said, many times, "It is all right; I would not have anything altered. The Lord makes his children's beds in their affliction." When I left him to return home, he said, "Thomas, give my kindest love to my dear children. Tell them that there is nothing the matter; there is nothing out of place now."

It was evident that his end was fast approaching. He was getting much weaker in body. I went to see him on July 25th, the day of his death. I was with him about six hours. When I went into his room his eyes were closed. I thought he was unconscious. I said, "Father," in a very low voice, "you can rest on the blessed promises now?" He opened his eyes, his countenance brightened, and he said, "Yes, I can." I said, "The God you have preached is your God in death." He said, "Yes." His voice was getting so weak that we could scarcely hear what he said. We caught a few things from his lips, such as: "Come, Jesus, come quickly. I can trust thee now. Thou wilt not deceive me at last."

At five o'clock in the afternoon my dear father breathed his last. His immortal soul took its flight to that blessed place which the Lord has prepared for his dear blood-bought family. He has left behind him a blessed testimony in the souls of the Lord's dear children, a testimony which will shine in their souls when the Lord calls them home.

THOMAS BURNS.

On our return from Wales, early in July, my wife and I spent two nights at Mr. Burns's house. On the Saturday evening we found him in bed, and felt persuaded he was there for the last time. In answer to our inquiries, he said, raising himself up, "O! I am so happy! I have had many precious visits from my precious Christ! I feel this mud-walled cottage shake; but, bless the Lord, I know which way it will fall. I have had many a cry, many a sigh, many a groan, and many a fear, lest I should not be right after all. But, bless you, I have had such manifestations of the love of God to me that I know all is right. I could preach now if I never did before. O what I could tell the people, if I had strength!" He would have gone on speaking, his face brightening up more and more, but, seeing him put his hand to his head, and knowing how much he had suffered in his head while at Brighton, I begged of him to lie down and rest. After a minute or two, he said, "I am so disappointed! I had anticipated such a happy day with you to-morrow!" "Never mind," I replied. "The Lord can do for you far more than I could." "Yes, yes, my dear friend," he said; "I know he can. O! How he has blessed me!" During the night he was so much worse that, early the next morning (Lord's day) I went to the doctor's and had a long conversation with him; but it was clear to my mind that our friend was

near his end.—On returning from the chapel with Mrs. Burns, it was gratifying to see the number of people come out of their houses to inquire how Mr. B. was. He was highly respected as a man. The new chapel is a nice building, and was well attended. May the Lord defend the people, keep them from compromising men, and bless them with an undeviating continuance of the pure truth. On the following morning we took leave of our dear friend, never to see him again in this world. He was not then in any ecstasy of joy, but calm and waiting.—J. G.

MALVINA RUPARD.—On Feb. 3rd, aged 32, Malvina Rupard, a member of the old Baptist church of Christ, Liberty, Estill Co., Kentucky, America.

She was one of God's humble poor, brought to the knowledge of her condition as a sinner before God under the ministry of elder William Rupard, when about 16 years old. After many prayers and tears over her lost condition, the Lord gradually relieved her of her burden. Her faith seemed weak, and her mind somewhat desponding, until some months after, when she attended the church at Liberty; and while the members were singing,

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,"

she got such a view of her acceptance in the Beloved that she could hardly restrain her feelings of joy. But these pleasant feelings soon passed away, and left her mind beclouded. From that time till she joined the church, nothing of interest occurred, except her earnest desire to be baptized. In the month previous, the Lord manifested himself graciously to her husband. Thus, obtaining help of the Lord, they both joined the church, and were baptized by elder William Rupard.

From this time she filled her seat in the house of worship of the true God, not only at the place where she was a member, but wherever consistently in her reach. She was in delicate health for a number of years before her death, her disease being consumption. She attended service many times when barely able to sit on her horse to ride. She had the medical assistance of two of our best physicians; but where the Lord begins to take down, earthly physicians cannot build up. In Nov., 1876, her doctors decided she could never get well; and so stated to her husband, who ventured to state the same to her. She received the news with perfect calmness and resignation to the will of the Lord. I visited her soon after this, and must confess my surprise at her peaceful resignation. She expressed herself as having no fears of death, and that her only hope was in Jesus. Once, while death was doing its terrible work, she became greatly beclouded in mind; but, on her husband quoting this passage of Scripture: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," the cloud passed away.

So she exchanged her earthly tabernacle for a brighter home beyond the skies. Though death may do its worst, yet "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Hedges, Clark Co., Kentucky.

JAMES J. GILBERT.

ELIZABETH BARD.—On July 19th, aged 69, Elizabeth Bard, of Forest Hill.

My dear mother had been a believer in Christ and his finished work for nearly 40 years, and for over 30 years was a member of a Baptist church in Suffolk. But, as she would say, "Outward show would not make her what she should be in the sight of God; for she could feel no comfort in form without the reality."

A little more than three years ago God, in his providence, brought her

up to Forest Hill to live; and her heart was at once knit to the little party meeting in Zion Chapel, by means of the preaching she heard there. She would often express herself as very highly privileged in being able to hear such truthful preaching from one and another of God's servants.

Almost from the time of my dear sister's death, in October last, until April, my dear mother was confined to the house through illness. During part of that time, and up to the time of her death, the Lord was very good to her, in showing her himself as she had never before seen him. On one occasion, in her last illness, she said, "The Lord has shown me wonderful things, so that I am astonished. I hope he will not be long before he takes me home."

Although her last illness was comparatively short, being only eight days confined to her bed, yet death did not appear to come to her suddenly; but she appeared to welcome death by the preparation made in her to meet it. It was quite evident to me for some time that her constitution was giving way. Different remarks which she made,—“that she was being prepared for another world,” &c., caused me to cling more closely to her, fearing a separation. Her sufferings were very acute and distressing to witness. At one time she said, “Cannot you ask God to take me home? But I would not be impatient.” My sister asked her if she had any fear of death. She said, “No. The Lord has taken all that away, and I hope he will keep it from me, and that it will not be long before he takes me home to himself.” On the Sunday morning previous to her death, I asked her if Satan had been permitted to tempt or worry her at all. She replied, “O no! He is kept at a happy distance.” My dear mother was not the subject of great ecstasies of joy, but manifested a sweet resting in the love of Christ, and was waiting his will to depart. She quite thought that that day would have been her last.

On the Monday morning I asked her how she felt in her mind. “Well,” she said, “I feel a little disappointed; for I thought I should have been at home now.” On the Tuesday, when her sufferings were extreme, I said to her, “If you had anything towards your soul's salvation resting upon you to do, you would have but little opportunity now.” She replied, “No. What a mercy that all has been done for me! I could do nothing now.”

On the day previous to her death, she suffered greatly, and up to the last few minutes of her life she was too much distressed to speak much. But God was very good in taking her away so quietly and sweetly at last, without that dreadful struggle which I feared, from the nature of the disease, she might have to battle with. She sank very fast.

I feel I have given a very faint sketch of my mother's last days; but I would not paint it at all, or try to make it appear in the slightest degree brighter than it was.

Forest Hill.

B. BARD.

LOUISA MORRIS.—On July 27th, aged 61, Louisa Morris, of Ninfield.

The subject of this memoir was a constant attendant at Nazarene Chapel, Ninfield, for more than 40 years, under the ministry of Mr. Crouch, Mr. Pitcher, and others. She passed through many scenes of trials and affliction. Her last illness was but for a few days, and no one thought her end quite so near. After hearing some of her exercises, I requested her relatives to commit to paper some of her expressions; which they kindly did, as follows.

W. BILLENNESS.

“My dear Friend,—As you requested us to note down a few circumstances relating to the death of our dear departed relative, we will do so to the best of our ability. But as nothing was committed to paper till after her death, we can only give a few particulars as they occur to our minds.

“Before we mention any of the circumstances attending her death, it may not be altogether out of place to give a few particulars relating to her first call by grace, as related by her to a friend a few days before her death. She said that while hearing the late Mr. Crouch from these words: ‘And he lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torment,’ it so carried conviction home to her soul that she went into a lodge by herself, and told the Lord that she did not care what she had to endure so that she could be right at last.

“No further particulars can be gathered till the loss of her first child, which so preyed on her mind as to cause her much grief for some time. Then these words came with much weight on her mind: ‘The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.’ And some time after these words came with some sweetness: ‘Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still; my bowels are moved for him.’ At another time, she had these words: ‘I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.’

“Concerning her death, it appears that the first two days of her illness she was in a very dead and barren state. Her bodily pain was very great. After these two days, she seemed to be in great distress about her eternal state. On the Monday evening before her death, her brother-in-law went up to see her. She appeared to be very much cast down, and wished him to entreat the Lord for her, which he did. After this, she repeated the third verse of Hymn 102:

“‘O! What is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace?’ &c.

She afterwards requested us to sing Hymn 81, which we did. She said it did her good. She afterwards repeated the last verse of Hymn 102; and then said, ‘I shall soon have to appear to give an account.’ Then she again begged for mercy, which she constantly did, at intervals, almost all through her illness. She said, ‘O! How can I bear to hear that dreadful word, “Depart?”’ I said to her, ‘Would you change places with those who have a fleshly assurance?’ She said, ‘No, not for all the world.’ She seemed sometimes to have a little hope between her fears; and then she would beg of the Lord to come and take her away, and would beg again for mercy. She said, ‘Thou knowest that I have tried to seek, in my poor way, for years.’

“On Wednesday morning, she said, ‘Darker and darker; but I must wait.’ She then repeated these words: ‘In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.’ She then said, ‘I should like to see Mr. Billenness, and hear the words of truth from his mouth. His preaching will do to die by.’ ‘O! Come, Lord Jesus; quickly come, and set thy prisoner free.’

“On Thursday morning she sent for her sister to come up to see her, to whom she said, ‘No bar now; no fears now.’ Her sister answered, ‘Then the fear of death is taken away?’ She answered, ‘Yes.’ In the evening she seemed in much trouble again, and expressed a desire for the water of eternal life. Her brother-in-law repeated these words to her: ‘When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them.’ She answered immediately, ‘Because I give waters in the wilderness, and streams in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.’ These last words were very much blessed to her.

“After this she was heard to speak but once, when again she repeated these words: ‘O! Come, Lord Jesus; quickly come, and set thy prisoner free.’ She often begged for patience to wait the Lord’s time.

“G. HOAD.”

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

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

THE MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT TRINITY CHAPEL, ALFRED STREET, LEICESTER, ON THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 10TH, 1850, BY MR. G. S. B. ISBELL.

“It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given.”—MATT. XIII. 11.

It is very remarkable that the Lord Jesus, during the whole course of his ministry, brought so prominently forward the doctrine of God's sovereign and distinguishing grace. Highly offensive to self-righteous ears he well knew it to be; nor was he ignorant that it would be charged with leading to licentiousness and criminal carelessness in the most important concerns of the soul. To him, however, it was of small consequence that ungodly men and hypocrites in religion should impute to his holy doctrine effects to which it is abhorrent, and to counteract which is its invariable tendency, wherever it is received “in demonstration of the Spirit and power.” Heedless, therefore, of man's opinion, he continued to proclaim and to express his entire satisfaction with, and delight in, the absolute sovereignty and distinguishing grace of the Father, to do whose will he had come into the world.

Thus, after he had denounced the fearful doom of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, which had rejected his testimony and despised his Person, we read: “At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.” (Matt. xi. 25, 26.) And when his nominal disciples murmured at his doctrine, and exclaimed, “This is a hard saying; who can hear it?” he tells them in his reply: “Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father.” The result of this was: “From that time” (not a few, but) “*many* of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.” (Jno. vi. 65, 66.)

But, while his enemies reviled his doctrine, and false-hearted disciples forsook him on account thereof, even his true disciples

were astonished at the character of his ministry, and seem to have been anxious to be informed why he made such a distinction between man and man; why he spoke unto the multitude in parables without, as in their own case, explaining to them their meaning. To this inquiry our text contains his answer, in which he again places in a strong light, and very forcibly and unequivocally asserts, the sovereign and distinguishing grace of God to be the alone reason why one man differs from another in being made the recipient of the blessings of eternal life. "He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given."

From these words we may notice

I. The *objects of God's favour*, whom he so strikingly distinguishes from all others.

II. The *mysteries of the kingdom of heaven*, in which they are instructed.

III. Their *knowledge of these mysteries*.

IV. *How they are possessed of this knowledge*: "It is given" to them.

V. The *condition of those who are not made partakers of this blessing*.

I. The *objects of God's favour* are the subjects of his instruction. He is not only their Father, but their Teacher. "It is written in the prophets," saith the Lord, "And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto me." (Jno. vi. 40.) A true disciple, then, is, as the word means, a learner. God has chosen him to this great honour, and takes him into the school of his grace, out of which he never ejects him. He gives him life to feel, and a heart to understand and love the truth. He opens his eyes to see; unstops his ears, that he may listen to his voice; circumcises his lips, that he may speak "a pure language;" influences his will; and attracts his affections, that he may follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

There are two branches of divine instruction of which every true disciple is made to know something spiritually, feelingly, experimentally. The first is his own vileness; and the second Christ's preciousness. By the law he is taught his malady; and by the gospel he is made acquainted with the only effectual remedy. The former is necessary to prepare him for the latter; as the plough must first tear up the bosom of the earth before it can receive the good seed, and yield a golden crop to the husbandman. "By the law," as applied by the Eternal Spirit, "is the knowledge of sin." (Rom. iii. 20.) Its holiness discovers our unholiness; its spirituality our carnality; and its exceeding broadness our defects, breaches, and shortcomings. As the plumb-line makes manifest the declivity of the wall, so the law brings to light our want of conformity to God's revealed will; and as the criminal may be said to have the sentence of death in himself, when the foreman of the jury pronounces him guilty, so the soul receives the sentence of death in itself when taught that "the

wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23), and that "by the deeds of the law there shall be no flesh justified in God's sight." (iii. 20.) This "sentence of death in ourselves" teaches us "not to trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead." The disciple who has been taught this lesson effectually abandons for ever all hope in the flesh, and flees for refuge to the blood of Jesus and to his righteousness, which alone God shows him can save and justify him "from all things from which he cannot be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 30.)

Taught thus of God to know his own vileness, and "exercised" by him "unto godliness," the true disciple is also instructed in Christ's preciousness; and, as he learns the former feelingly, so also does he learn the latter. The view that is given him of the power of Jesus to "save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him" produces feeling in his soul; and the hope that springs up in his heart, when he is impressed by the Spirit with a sense of God's favour towards him, and is enabled to lay hold upon his gracious promise, made to those who look to Jesus for salvation, gives rise to such sweet sensations as he would never lose, if it were in his power to retain them. It is as the dawning of a new life upon his soul, and the welcome harbinger of endless glory. It invigorates his whole inner man, humbles him at the footstool of divine grace, and makes the Saviour appear as the "altogether lovely, and the Chiefest among ten thousand."

But we must remember that, as God acts as a sovereign in the choice of his people, and in making them his disciples, so he does also in his manner of teaching them, and in the length of time that he takes in leading them into all truth that is essential for them to know. He may teach much in a short time, as he did on the day of Pentecost; or he may spread a comparatively small amount of spiritual instruction over a very long period. It is the *reality* and *character* of what is learned that distinguishes the true from the false disciple, and not the amount of knowledge, nor its depth, nor the time in which it has been attained. Those disciples of the Lord Jesus who never left him until the gloomy night when he was betrayed by Judas we should naturally suppose must have had very clear and deep views of truth. We should look to them, of all men, as having made the greatest progress in the divine life, and as having the fullest knowledge both of the law and of the gospel. But what do we find to have been the real state of the case? Were they truly possessed of such high attainments and great assurance? By no means. On the contrary, their ignorance was such as we could not believe, if the Holy Ghost had not revealed it. They were but mere babes in grace; and when Jesus spoke to them of his resurrection, they could not understand what he meant. The manner of his death threw them into a state of perplexity and alarm; and, after his resurrection, when he met the disciples going to Emmaus, and heard from their lips the confession of their doubt that their crucified Master was "he who should have re-

deemed Israel," we are told that he said unto them, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." (Lu. xxiv. 19-27.) Thus the Lord's disciples, it appears, were but in a low form in his school for some years; and their case has for its parallel many, very many, at the present time. It is to be feared that there are thousands who seem to know much, but who, if subjected to a divine test, would be found to know much less, in an experimental manner, than those whom they despise for their little faith, small knowledge, and slender enjoyments. The Lord's disciples, if now on earth, and in the state they were in before the day of Pentecost, would be quite despised by numbers who are "full of words," but who lack the life and power of godliness; and yet these disciples knew and felt their need of Jesus to save them; were sensible of their vileness, weakness, and ignorance; and loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. They suffered persecution for his Name's sake, left all to follow him, continued with him in his temptations, were docile and humble, and willing to be made as little children, and to give him all the glory, which is his just and only due.

And thus it is, and will be, with all who are Christ's disciples indeed. In him they are all made to trust. To him they come to be taught. At his feet they sit as little children. All things they esteem as dung and dross compared with him. His love they desire to enjoy, and to love him in return. Upon his arm they lean. To him they flee for protection, and are persuaded that there is salvation in none but him. Some of them are just beginning to "peep out of obscurity" and darkness, and only "see men as trees walking;" some are conflicting with corruption, darkness, and temptation; some have only attained so far as to cry with the leper, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," or, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" some are harassed with dreadful suspicions and doubts; some have received but one slight token for good, and, like Gideon, are looking for another to confirm it; and others have received a decided blessing, and many deliverances and consolations, but still want more. Yet, whatever the shades of difference in true disciples, in respect to the clearness of the beginning of their religion, the brightness of their assurance, the height of their spiritual stature, the depth and number of their temptations and trials, or the frequency of their consolations, in this they are all agreed,—that they can do nothing without Jesus, feel nothing without him, receive nothing but what he gives them of his free grace, and know nothing aright but what he teaches them by the Holy Ghost. They are sure that no one can whip them, drive them, or coax them one step in the way of life. And with one voice they confess their own vileness and Christ's preciousness,—the two branches of divine knowledge, into an acquaintance with

which, as has been already said, all true disciples are brought by God, their loving, gracious, forbearing, wise, and effectual Teacher.

II. But we must, in the second place, notice, as was proposed, *The mysteries of the kingdom of heaven*, which are made known to the disciples of the Lord Jesus. And here there are three things which require our attention:

- 1, The *kingdom of heaven*;
- 2, The *meaning of the word "mysteries;"* and
- 3, The *mysteries themselves.*

1. I shall not now point out the various meanings which are to be ascribed to the term "the kingdom of heaven" in the several passages wherein it occurs in the Holy Scriptures. This I have already done on a former occasion. I will, therefore, only mention what I believe to be its sense in our text.

By the term "*the kingdom of heaven,*" as here used, we may understand the church of Christ, considered, either as his proper and peculiar territory, or as his subjects over whom he reigns, and unto whom "an abundant entrance" into the realms of bliss shall be administered through his grace and merits. Of this kingdom of heaven the Israelitish kingdom was designed to be a type. As first instituted by God, it was a pure Theocracy. Its members owed subjection to no earthly monarch. The God who made the heavens and the earth was their only Sovereign. The law by which they were governed came from above. They were supported and protected by the same divine arm which sustains the universe. Their religion was from heaven. The hope set before them was a heavenly inheritance, to which all who were "Israelites indeed" looked forward, and for which they patiently waited. Their Redeemer was the King of heaven; and although the heaven of heavens could not contain him, yet he dwelt in their midst, "between the cherubim" in the temple, which typified the human nature of Christ, and from whence he made known his will, gave counsel unto his subjects, solved their difficulties, received and answered their prayers, and taught them "in the way that they should go." Thus, also, the people of God, the church of Christ, are his kingdom, his purchased inheritance. He has redeemed Zion with his own blood. He rules his subjects, who are made "willing in the day of his power," with "the rod of his strength," his glorious gospel. This is "the perfect law of liberty," "the law of faith," and "the law of love." He reigns in their hearts. He makes them witnesses of his love and power, and causes them to feel that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv. 17.) They know him as their heavenly King. Out of heaven, from his fulness, they receive "every good and every perfect gift." To him they pray; and he hears and answers them. By his Spirit and Word he guides them. Him they obey rather than man; saying not, like the Jews, "We have no king but Cæsar," but, "We have no King but Jesus, the King of

kings and Lord of lords." With them he has promised to be always, even unto the end of the world. And as they are begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them, so they are "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." (1 Pet. i. 3, 4.)

2. What are we to understand by the word "*mysterios?*" It is too generally supposed that a mystery, in Scripture language, means some great and glorious truth which is beyond our power of comprehension, something which cannot be known by any but the Almighty. But this is by no means the necessary sense of the word, whatever may be true of the nature of many of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. The word mystery itself simply means *a secret*, which can only be known by revelation; and in this manner it was formerly used in indentures or articles of agreement in our language, when a master, for instance, stipulated to instruct his apprentice in the "*mastery,*" that is, "*mystery,*" of his "*craft*" or occupation. So, in the Scriptures, a mystery being something which is kept secret, and cannot be known until divulged, the word is applied to the blessings of Christ conferred upon the elect Gentiles. Thus, in Eph. iii. 3-6, the Apostle says, "By revelation he made known to me the *mystery*, which in other ages was not made known to the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit; that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of the promise in Christ by the gospel." In this passage it is evident that the word can only mean *a secret*, and not something beyond our power of comprehension when revealed.

Let us, however, remember that, although the word means a secret which can only be known by revelation, and that some of the secrets of the kingdom of heaven can be and are comprehended when disclosed, there are others which no finite being can comprehend; secrets which infinity alone can grasp. (Deut. xxix. 29.)

3. What are the *mysteries of the kingdom of heaven?* These mysteries are very comprehensive, including the whole sum of divine instruction, everything that is essential to be known by those who shall enter into heaven as the true disciples and subjects of Christ.

i. *The fall of man*, his ruined state, and his deep depravity may, with truth, be considered a mystery of the kingdom of heaven; for although, as a doctrine, it may be held by many who will perish, it is rightly and feelingly known by none but the regenerated subjects of Jesus. Others may, indeed, refer you to external evidences of this fact, and may bring forward texts of Scripture to prove it; but, at the same time, they are ignorant of it as a secret disclosed in the soul, made palpable to the heart, and causing continued distress and pain therein before "him

who seeth in secret." The words of Hart well suit all those who, at one time, were strangers to the "mystery of iniquity" in themselves, but who now, through the mercy of God, know and grieve under the plague of their own heart:

"That we're unholy needs no proof;
We sorely feel the fall;
But Christ has holiness enough
To sanctify us all."

ii. Our *utter helplessness and impotence* is a mystery of the kingdom of heaven, and is daily worked out in our experience. We are ever being reminded of it, and are always, more or less, learning that we are "not sufficient of ourselves" even to think a good or spiritual thought, or originate a right desire. We cannot feel, act, or pray aright. We have no power to defend ourselves, or to extricate ourselves from any danger or difficulty; and, unless "kept by the power of God," and upheld every moment by him, we are sure to fall. He alone is our strength; and we require that he should "work in us to will and to do of his good pleasure."

iii. *The sufficiency of the atonement of Christ* is a mystery of the kingdom of heaven. How many professors of religion seem never to have felt their need of the "blood of Jesus Christ," which "cleanseth us from all sin;" nor to have received into their consciences a heavenly persuasion of its power and efficacy! The atonement of Immanuel has satisfied the requirements of a holy God; and his blood has blotted out the sins of all the elect. But if we do not feel our need of it, and never desire peace from its application, to us it is nothing; and we have no evidence of being secured from the stroke of the sword of God's just wrath. But those who feel their guilt and defilement by God's teaching believe that this blood, and nothing else, can save them and wash away their sins. To be assured that it was shed *for them* is their desire and prayer; and when they feel its power on their conscience, they find, for the first time, solid rest and peace, and enjoy consolations which the world cannot give,—consolations which are precious to them while living, and will be precious to them in the hour of death.

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more."

iv. *The imputed righteousness of Christ* is a mystery; but one which has been ridiculed by those who have called themselves disciples of the Lamb. It has been termed "imputed nonsense." Alas! that the tongue of man should so willingly be used in Satan's service to blaspheme that righteousness with which, as with a robe, all must be clothed who shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb as welcome guests. True disciples know this secret, rejoice therein, and bless God that "of him are they in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, that, according as

it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 30, 31.) "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous." (Rom. v. 19.)

"What blood but thine can wash away
Sins doubly dyed as mine?
What righteousness can justify,
Dear Lamb of God, but thine?"

"O! May I never cease to seek
My happiness in thee,
All lying refuges forsake,
And to thy covert flee."

v. The *Person of Christ, the union of his Godhead and Manhood in One Person*, is, "without controversy," a great mystery. It is emphatically called the "mystery of godliness;" for religion without the revelation of this secret in the soul is a house without a foundation, a tree without a root, a body without a soul. But this is confessedly one of those mysteries which we cannot fathom. Faith receives it upon the divine testimony, and builds its expectations thereon. Hope discovers in it sure anchorage, and the flukes of this heavenly-made anchor hold fast in the cleft of this Rock, so that the frail vessel of the soul is not shipwrecked in any storm. Love delights in an Incarnate God, beholds the perfection of his Person and his work, proclaims his honours, cleaves to him "with purpose of heart," gives to him unfeigned praise, and crowns him "Lord of all."

vi. That there are *Three Persons who bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and that these Three are One God*, is a mystery of the kingdom of heaven as true and blessed as it is inexplicable and "past finding out." None but God can understand the nature of God. "Clouds and darkness are the pavilion round about" him who "dwelleth in that light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen." And is it for us who are unable to comprehend the manner in which the Eternal God forms the meanest flower of the field; who are "creatures of a day, and know nothing;" who are incapable of comprehending the mode of our own existence, or the nature of the union of our soul with our body;—is it for us to endeavour to break through the pavilion of our Maker, to investigate his Divine Essence, and to search out to perfection the mystery which angels believe, but presume not to attempt to fathom or explain? There have been times when, in our ignorance, we have laboured to form mental images of God, and to find some symbol in nature which might serve to facilitate our understanding of "the mystery of God [the Holy Ghost], and of the Father, and of Christ" (Col. ii. 2); but, through grace, we have seen and felt our folly and presumption; presumption which, until felt, was unknown; and now, as many of us as have received any experience of this mystery, have become fools that we might be wise.

And while certain that the Person and work of each of the Holy Three is necessary to our salvation and happiness, and that each Person is God, and the Three Persons but One God, we desire to be preserved from presumptuous speculations and carnal disputations, and to have the enjoyment of this blessing which Paul prayed might be granted to the Thessalonians and to the Corinthians: "The Lord [the Holy Ghost] direct your hearts into the love of God [the Father], and into the patient waiting for Christ." (2 Thess. iii. 5.) "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God [the Father], and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) This mystery is the keystone of true religion. It holds together all the living stones of the heaven-built arch. Could this be removed, the arch must fall, and eternal ruin be the consequence; but while God is God, this keystone must remain, and the arch be preserved entire.

vii. *The new birth* is a mystery of the kingdom of heaven. Nicodemus, "a master of Israel," knew it not; and many who occupy a prominent place in the professing church are as ignorant of it as was he. But "the Teacher come from God" laid the axe to the root of his delusion, and solemnly insisted upon the necessity of his being brought by the Spirit into a new state of spiritual existence, in order to his having any true perception, feeling, and enjoyment of the things of the Spirit of God, or participation in the kingdom of glory.

Without an experimental knowledge of this mystery we see, then, that there is no living to God, no dying in the Lord, and no being ever with the Lord. Can we, then, look back to any period when the effects of spiritual life began to show themselves in our souls? Can we say, Whereas I was dead, I am made alive to feel my lost condition; whereas I was blind, I am made to see my need of salvation by the blood and righteousness of Christ; whereas I was in carnal security, I was made to flee for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before me? Consider well, my friends, and say before God, the great Searcher of hearts, if you have reason to believe that the Holy Ghost has implanted spiritual life in your souls. Have you any way-marks? Is there in your retrospect any particular time in which you have stood naked, guilty, and ruined before God, and have cried to him for pardon and help? Is there any especial season wherein you have been made to hope in God's mercy, and to feel the ability and willingness of Christ to save you? Or are there some of you who are tried in your hearts, and cast down, because the beginning of your religion was indistinct as the first dawn of day, and because you have, as yet, received no decided evidence of being interested in the Lord Jesus, though under a sense of deep need you have often implored him to manifest himself to you as he does not to the world? Far better is it to be thus exercised than wrapped up, with thousands, in a false and ungrounded confidence, and possessed of a hardened assurance, with a benumbed or seared conscience. The exercise as to regeneration may be the very effect

of divine life and light already existing in the soul. The very fear of being deceived; the desire to be right; the willingness to endure any thing rather than to be deluded by Satan and your own heart; and the repeated cries to God to make you right if you be wrong, and to show you that you are "born again," are tokens that there is "some good thing in you towards the Lord God of Israel." (1 Ki. xiv. 18.) Hart has said:

"Daily we groan and mourn
Beneath the weight of sin;
We pray to be new-born,
And know not what we mean;
We think it something very great,
Something that's undiscover'd yet."

The object Hart had in view in writing thus was to show how common this trial is amongst God's people, and how often they are perplexed as to their state and standing. Many have been kept for years in this uncertainty; sometimes believing they were right, and again fearing all to be wrong; and yet, sooner or later, God has "sent forth judgment unto victory." He has removed their doubts, assured their souls of his love to them, and made them satisfied that they have "passed from death unto life," so as none but himself ever could satisfy them. Hence, with the psalmist, would I say, "Wait upon the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart; wait, I say, upon the Lord." "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

viii. There are the mysteries of the Spirit's witness; of the shedding abroad of the love of God in the heart; of eternal election; the resurrection of Christ, and of his members with him; of predestination, particular redemption, and the final perseverance of the saints; the mystery of fellowship with the Father and the Son, and the communion of the Holy Ghost; the mystery of union with Christ, as a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones; the mystery of faith in a pure conscience; of godly fear, spiritual love, and effectual fervent prayer; the mystery of God's universal and special providence; of his faithfulness, love, and long-suffering; the mystery of the conflict in the regenerate between the flesh and the spirit; and many other mysteries, which cannot now be even enumerated,—mysteries of which some are known only in part while upon earth.

III. Let us now notice *the knowledge* which the disciples of the Lord have of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." The knowledge of which the Lord speaks is not such as can be attained to by "the natural man," however powerful his understanding, or laborious and persevering his endeavours. Whatever knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven is possessed by the natural man is simply intellectual, and has no saving effect on his conscience and affections. Knowledge of the doctrines of religion without the teaching of the Spirit may make a hypocrite in Zion, and be a means of soul delusion, but

can never make a true disciple of Jesus. Such knowledge, indeed, is found to puff up its possessor, and too generally leads to results which bring reproach upon the way of truth, and cause the wicked to blaspheme. To see men furnished with a natural knowledge of spiritual things, intoxicated with the pleasure which attends its acquisition, and impelled by a carnal, but burning zeal to proselytize others to an empty profession, is far from displeasing to Satan. Well does he know that the path which such are treading will as certainly lead to hell, if God interpose not by his grace, as a course of open profligacy, unblushing infidelity, or worldly dissipation. The knowledge to which he is averse, and which he strenuously opposes by force and by subtlety, is that felt and spiritual acquaintance with the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven which characterizes the man who is "born of the Spirit." This is inimical to his infernal interest, dispossesses him of his palace, and spoils his goods. It purifies the heart from the love and practice of sin, removes error, and separates from the world and false professors. It is attended with "godly sorrow," which "worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." It brings the soul to the persuasion of the power of Jesus to save unto the uttermost all who come to God by him. It makes its possessor to sit at his feet, learn of him, cleave to his righteousness and atoning blood as the only means of escaping from the wrath to come, and the alone balm for a wounded and distressed conscience. It works true humility, stains the pride of man's wisdom, forbids self-reliance, induces sincere dependence upon God's grace and power, leads to gospel obedience from the heart, draws the affections to God in Christ, occasions love to the brethren, and produces deep reverence for God's Word and ordinances. It gives activity to the fear of the Lord, strengthens faith, shows the necessity for and blessedness of divine leading, and the misery of all who are destitute thereof. It checks presumption, forbids carnal haste, and brings with it clear internal and external evidences of its divine origin. To him who has it, the least measure of this knowledge is more precious than all the lore of antiquity and all the wisdom of modern days; and if it could be so that he were called upon to make his choice between the little that God has taught him by the anointing of the Holy Ghost and wisdom greater than that of Solomon, most readily would he say, Farewell, all human wisdom, natural science, skill in the arts, and knowledge of languages! Farewell, all earthly information and worldly accomplishments! Give me but a little true, experimental, spiritual knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and I am content. This wisdom alone is of eternal value. This knowledge alone can be of service to my immortal soul in life and in death.

IV. *By what means* does the soul become the possessor of this heavenly treasure? In what way is this knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven obtained? If no human labour can obtain it, and no merit of man secure it, how does it come

to the disciples of Christ? The Lord himself replies: "It is given." It comes to the soul as freely as the light of heaven to the earth. A gift is that which is bestowed without any consideration yielded in return for it. If I could become the owner of a world by rendering but a straw in return, that world would be no gift, but a purchase; just as much so as if I were to give another world of equal value in exchange. And if spiritual knowledge became ours on account of our doings, of whatever nature or degree, that knowledge would no longer be a gift of God. It is not the value of what is returned for the object received that affects the nature of the transaction, but the fact that *something* is paid for it; which something makes it to be no gift. This principle is well understood by those who sometimes disseminate works which the law of our land forbids to be sold. "Buy my straw," say these persons, "and I will give you a book." The straw is purchased; the book is given; and thus the law is evaded; for, if any one were to accuse the seller of the straw for acting illegally, because the book was in fact sold, and not the straw, for which the sum given was far more than an equivalent, he could and would triumphantly challenge his accuser to prove that he did sell the book, and did not sell but give the straw.

In natural things, then, men fully understand the difference between a purchase and a gift; but in spiritual things they frequently speak as if they were ignorant of the meaning of the most plain terms, or did not give God credit for using words in their proper sense. It is a mercy, however, that the Lord's disciples feel and are sure that spiritual knowledge is truly a gift of divine grace, and that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

How plain is this truth to every man who knows his poverty of spirit, and that without Jesus he can do nothing! He feels that a man can receive nothing except it be given him from above. Spiritual life, he knows, was freely given to him who sought it not; and for all that sustains that life he finds himself entirely dependent upon its divine Bestower. God, at first, gave him faith to believe; and he is still, with the apostles, obliged to cry, "Lord, increase my faith, for thou art the Author and Finisher of faith." God, unsought by him, and for nothing which he had rendered to him to deserve it, poured out upon him "the spirit of grace and of supplications;" and to this very moment he is learning that true prayer is God's gift. He cannot pray at all times; and he is often tried because of his deadness and backwardness to everything that is good; but, at certain seasons, he receives "power from on high," and can say, "It is good for me to draw nigh to God." Then, as the Eternal Spirit works upon his heart, and teaches him how to make known his wants and requests unto God in the name of Jesus, he pours out his heart before him, or, with sighs and ejaculations, brings his case unto the throne of grace. At one moment he is wandering in his

thoughts, and vain are his attempts to cease to cleave to the dust, and to "mount up as on the wings of eagles;" but the next moment, perhaps, "his heart is fixed," and his whole soul is occupied with heavenly things. Then also he is exercised with an impatient mind. He cannot feel resigned to God's holy will. He reasons with and chides himself, but to no purpose. Patience, he proves, must come from "the God of patience;" and when it does come, he dares not say, I have obtained this by my labours; or, I have given birth to this in my own heart; but he thankfully acknowledges that it is the gift of his gracious God, who "giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

Thus, during all his sojourn in this world, a true disciple is learning that spiritual knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and everything connected therewith is God's gift and not his desert. He knows that he cannot obtain it by his exertions, be talked or driven into it by man. He is a beggar, enriched by sovereign grace; and has nothing but what he has received. If any are made partakers of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, he is quite certain that they will join with him in saying:

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee."

V. Lastly, what is the condition of those who are destitute of this gracious gift? Their condition is simply marked by the words: "But unto them it is *not given*." These words imply many solemn and weighty truths.

1. The *sovereignty of God* in the choice of his people cannot here be overlooked. In all his divine plans and arrangements his sovereignty is clearly marked; and men cannot deny it without shutting their eyes to everything around them, and speaking contrary to their own consciousness. Why is one man born to riches and another to poverty? Why is one beautiful in form and features, and another deformed in both? Why has one individual great intellectual power, while another has but slender capacity, or is perhaps an idiot? Why does one who strives incessantly, and not without evidencing much talent, never attain to mediocrity, but fail in all his endeavours; while another, with little or no labour, and in spite of want of apparent qualifications, reaches to an eminence which he of all men seemed the most unlikely to gain? The answer to these questions must be, as is obvious, Because God has so appointed it. His sovereign will has fixed the circumstances of his creatures, and his purposes none can reverse. This is true in nature; and it is equally true, in respect to the eternal state of man, that God has chosen some to happiness, but not others. Unto some "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but unto others it is *not given*." And may I not appeal to you as witnesses of the truth of this assertion, an assertion which the Word of God so fully establishes? Is it not the case that you, who are real disciples of

Jesus, were made such by the sovereign grace and power of God, not for your deserts, but notwithstanding your great demerit? Of your friends and relations many were, in the view of man, nearer to the kingdom of heaven than you. They were constant in the outward observance of what are termed religious duties; but you were without any respect to such things, and were, it may be, rebuked by them for your recklessness and folly. But what has God wrought? He has left them in their unregeneracy, satisfied with a form of godliness without the power, and has plucked you as a brand from the burning. And with respect to such of your former friends who, with yourself, sought only after the pleasures of sin, what has God wrought? He has taken you from the vortex of destruction, and has left them therein. He has quickened your soul, but suffered theirs to remain "dead in trespasses and sins." He has opened your eyes, and left them in darkness. He has brought you to Jesus, and allowed them still to cry, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways."

Thus has God, in his sovereignty, distinguished you from others; and you are sure, from your own experience, that "no man can come unto Jesus, except the Father draw him." The thought of this, sometimes, humbles your soul, and makes you pray earnestly that you may be devoted to God's fear, and be caused to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith you are called, that men may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus. You are not able to give grace to others, for you could not obtain it for yourself. God alone made you to differ, and God alone can make them to differ. This you know he will effect in those near and dear to you, if they be chosen by him to life. But when you see them dead in an empty profession of religion, or rushing on in a course of open sin and worldliness, how often does your heart ache for them! You know what must be their end, if God does not have mercy upon their deluded souls. And the more you feel of his grace to you, the more do you desire, if such be his will, to see them delivered from going down into the pit, as you have been. Real grace does not harden the heart, or make it insensible to the misery of others. It softens, and renders it more sensitive. And, therefore, you are happy when you see any evidence of grace in any individual; thankful when a trophy of the electing love of the Father, the redeeming grace of Jesus, and the regenerating mercy of the Holy Ghost, is raised up in this valley of the shadow of death.

2. The words: "*To them it is not given,*" point out the complete ignorance of spiritual truths which exists in those who are not Christ's disciples. They know not their lost condition; how then can they know the mystery of salvation? They feel not their sickness; how then can they know their need of the good Physician? To God they are strangers; can they then worship him acceptably with reverence and godly fear? The Spirit of grace and of supplications has not been poured out upon them;

and how can such "pray in the Holy Ghost," or "worship God in spirit and in truth?" If they contend for man's ability to help himself; if they deny the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; if they hate the children of light; if they ridicule and despise them; why should this surprise us? Grieve us it may and does; but we should not wonder at it, when we consider what was our own condition, and that it is *not given* unto them to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. To contend with them, and to think to overcome their opposition by our arguments, is vain. They will not listen to truth with meekness and a desire to be taught, until God has circumcised their hearts and their ears; and we are told that "he who rebuketh a scorner getteth to himself a blot."

"Contentions only gender strife,
And gill a tender mind;
But godliness, in all its life,
At Jesus' cross we find."

3. But the Lord's words also imply that wherever there is a beginning to know, feelingly and experimentally, the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, there the grace of God has dawned; and the light of life, though now feeble and much obscured, will shine brighter and brighter "unto the perfect day." God does not despise "the day of small things." The light that makes all things manifest upon the earth at noonday could scarcely be perceived at first; yet, from so small a beginning, such glory has at last proceeded. The noble and gigantic oak was once a little acorn that an infant could hold in its hand, or an insect convey to its hiding-place. The power that has made it what it is was of God. He formed the little seed; and he has built up the beautiful, lofty, and deeply-rooted tree. "He who has begun the good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "As for God, his work is perfect." "Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it." Happy they of whom it cannot be said, "Unto you it is *not given* to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven!"

4. There are some to whom it is never given to know these mysteries. They die as they have lived,—“enemies to God by wicked works;” “deceiving and being deceived.” It is an awful thought that so many appear to go down to the grave contented without the grace of God. Blind to the nature of the eternity that awaits them, they draw nearer and nearer to destruction, and fondly hope that all will be well; *how* they know not. God's Word, which declares that it cannot be well with them, dying as they live, they believe not. They die in false security; “like sheep they are laid in the grave;” and when they shall stand before the throne of God, they will hear the solemn sentence which, once pronounced, can never be reversed: “Depart from me, ye cursed; I never knew you.”

To them it is not given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; and in withholding what they could not claim, God

did them no injustice. To them it will not be given to participate in the joys of heaven; and in excluding them from these, the Judge of all, the God of the whole earth, will make it manifest that "a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he."

Let me, in conclusion, inquire of you, Do *you* know "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven?" Is this gift, which is not given unto many, bestowed upon *you*? Consider well these questions; and God grant unto you that you may feel much of your own unworthiness and of his distinguishing grace; that you may think lowly of yourselves, and highly of Jesus; that you may mistrust yourselves, and learn of him who is "meek and lowly in heart, and find rest unto your souls." Amen.

[The manuscript of the preceding sermon was given to us by Mr. Hemington. It is unusually long, but, we think, also unusually good; therefore do not like to divide it.]

"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED."

AND can it ever be,
 That God, so great, so good,
 Should send a worm like me
 To tell of Jesus' blood;
 To preach redemption, free and full,
 Through Him whose Name is Wonderful?
 That one so weak, so base,
 So insufficient, too,
 Salvation by free grace
 Should unto sinners show;
 And with his heart and mouth proclaim
 The Saviour's everlasting fame?
 Good God! Is it by thee
 That I commission'd am
 Ambassador to be
 Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb?
 'Tis hard for me this to believe;
 O! Let me not myself deceive!
 But if indeed 'tis true
 That thou hast sent me forth
 Redeeming love to show,
 And speak of Jesus' worth,
 Go with me where I'm call'd to go,
 And bid the living waters flow.
 Let there be fruits, I pray,—
 Signs following, to prove
 That what my tongue does say
 Is by constraint of love.
 So teach me on thee to depend,
 And with the word thy blessing send.

ETERNAL UNION.

"And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."—REV. XIII. 8.

It is remarkable that, while so many preachers abound in the land who, in their own way, set forth the unbounded merits of the atoning blood and justifying righteousness of the Incarnate Son of God, there are exceptionally few who in doctrine set forth the eternal union which of God subsists between Christ and those for whom his blood was shed and righteousness wrought out; by virtue of which union the imputation of the blood and righteousness of the Son of God to his church, and of the sin of his church to him, is a righteous transaction in the eye of the law. Paul lays down this doctrine both clearly and strongly in the concluding portion of Rom. v.

The eternal union, therefore, which of God subsists between Christ and his church is the fountain from which the righteousness of redemption by substitution springs. (Isa. xlix. 24, 25; Jno. x. 15; Rev. xix. 11.) The Lord Jesus Christ is, in the election of his own Person by the Father, the Beginning of the free-grace creation of God. (Rev. iii. 14.) And, as he is the Beginning of it in the election of his own Person, so he is the Ending of it in the persons of those elected in him; for he is "Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last." (Rev. i. 11.)

From the eternal election of Christ by the Father, as Head of the church, and the eternal election of the church by the Father in him, flows the eternal union which of God subsists between Christ and his church. (Jno. xvii. 6.) And from this eternal union flows the eternal righteousness of the redemption of the church by Christ; who, although she fell in Adam, nevertheless fell in the secret purpose of God as the church of Christ. (Prov. viii. 20, 22.) From the ignoring of this doctrine the grand heresy of the day springs. Men preach a general salvation, provided by the Three-One God for sinners, and inherent power in such to lay hold of it. To such preachers God says, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee?" (Ps. l. 16, 17.) The doctrine of such preachers is directly contrary to the Word of God. Whoever is elected by the Father is redeemed by the Son. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do." (Jno. v. 19.) Him whom the Father raises up to life from death in sin by eternal election, him also the Son of God similarly raises up by eternal redemption. "For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will." (Jno. v. 21.) "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." (Jno. v. 26.) Here it is to be expressly borne in mind that, although the Father, as the Head of Christ (1 Cor. xi. 8), gives him to have life in himself for the

dead in sin, he does not give him the life itself, which is the fruit of his own Deity. (Isa. lxiii. 5; Ps. xxi. 5.) "That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." (Jno. v. 23.)

Those, therefore, who assume a creature-power on the part of man to lay hold of salvation, as provided for him by the Three-One God, only prove the light that is in them to be darkness. They make man by salvation a creature of the Father, of the Son, and of self, discarding salvation from the Holy Ghost altogether. But it is the express prerogative of the Holy Ghost to apply the salvation which God has provided in Christ for man; for as each Person in the Trinity had a share in man's creation (Gen. i. 26), so each Person must have a share in his salvation; without which, indeed, man would not be a creature of the Three-One God, "to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." (Col. ii. 2.)

These preachers, after ascribing salvation to the Holy Ghost in a sense in which it does not belong, rend it from him doctrinally in the sense in which it does. For whomsoever the Father chose by election, him the Son secures by redemption; and whomsoever the Son has redeemed, him the Holy Ghost quickens by regeneration. (Jno. iii. 3, 5, 6.) As the Son comes in the Father's Name, so the Spirit comes in the Son's Name. (Jno. v. 43; xiv. 26.) And as man was by creation a creature formed by the Three-One God, according to an eternal purpose of his own infinite mind, even so must he be by salvation as created anew. (Eph. ii. 10-22.)

This one heresy of the creature's power to lay hold of a general salvation, provided for him on God's part, contains many soul-destroying errors. It denies election unto life on the part of the Father; redemption unto life on the part of the Son; and regeneration unto life on the part of the Spirit of God. It ascribes omnipotence to man. The Holy Ghost alone can, by regeneration, implant the life in the heart of man which God the Father and God the Son has provided for man; and this power it ascribes to man himself. It denies the eternal foreknowledge of God in man's salvation. It denies man, as saved, to be a creature of God's foreknowledge. It denies the eternal union of the church with Christ, and the necessity of that union to give birth to the right of redemption. It calls a self-appropriation of the redemption of Christ without that union just. In short, it overthrows the economy of grace altogether. It both adds to and takes from the holy Word of God; and to those who believe, preach, and practise such a gospel, I conclude with that Scripture of truth recorded in Rev. xxii. 18, 19: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

A. E. F.

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 439.)

15. I proceed to the fifteenth benefit; which is eternal life. This comes to us from the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now, this one thing,—life, includes everything essential to salvation. There are six things which must be experienced by you, or you never can be saved:

i. You must be born again; for “except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” Now, this new birth is life: “Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.”

ii. Christ must be formed in the heart the hope of glory. Paul says, “Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates.” “He that hath the Son hath life; but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

iii. You must have real faith; for “he that believeth not shall be damned.” “He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.”

iv. Repentance; for “except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;” but this is repentance unto life.

v. Justification is essential. See the man without the wedding garment. This wedding garment is called “fine linen, clean and white.” It is what the bride, the Lamb’s wife, was arrayed in; and is the righteousness of the saints. But “the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” Now, this justification unto life is the imputed righteousness of Christ, and nothing else.

vi. Lastly, you must have the love of the truth; for “because they received not the love of the truth, God sent them strong delusions, to believe a lie.” And Christ says, “The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.”

But, say you, how shall I know whether I have life? I will answer this question, as the Lord shall enable me, in five particulars.

i. If you have life, sin, at certain times, will be your burden. You will groan to feel such uncleanness, such lusts, and such a love to what you know God hates. You will struggle, sigh, mourn, hate, loathe, and abhor yourself on account of it. Solomon says, “The living will lay it to his heart.” This will be at certain times, when there is a fresh quickening, and your convictions have fresh life.

ii. You will find very much longing to hear Christ preached, and his finished work, that it is all free, and that there is nothing for you to do. You would like to hear a sermon every day. But why? Because new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word. And what does the faithful minister preach? “All the words of this life.”

iii. Sometimes God’s people will reprove you. You will dislike it at first; but, after a little examination, you will say, “Let the

righteous smite me. I see that I am instructed by their reproofs. I know I was wrong;" and you will fall under the reproof. Now, "reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

iv. Sometimes the good Spirit will help your infirmities, and enable you to pray for a few minutes with energy, so that you will be sure God hears you; though five minutes after you will think it a spark of your own kindling. But David tells you it is life, and that he could not pray without it: "Quicken me, and I will call on thy name."

v. Sometimes you will feel your spirit so tender, meek, and contrite that you will sink into nothing, be teachable, open to conviction, &c. Now, what is this but mercy that melts you? You then receive with meekness the ingrafted word. At such times, though they are but short, yet it is God's tender mercies coming to you, when you expected nothing but judgment, that you may live. It is being merciful to your unrighteousness, &c.

But, before I close this head, let us notice that our final perseverance through this world lies in the promise of life. This made David pray so much for life, as you find all through the psalms. The 119th is full of it. Christ came into this world that his sheep might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. But now for our security of standing. 1. God has been pleased to promise that he will put his fear in our hearts, that we might not depart from him; and "the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life." 2. By faith we stand: "He that believeth hath everlasting life." 3. Hope is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast; and this is a *lively* hope. 4. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life." 5. We are kept by the mighty power of God. This is "holding our soul in life, and not suffering our feet to be moved." 6. Sin shall not have dominion. Why? Because there is a fountain opened that cleanseth from all sin. "He that drinketh my blood hath everlasting life." 7. The just man falls, and rises again. Why? Because Christ is with him, and lifts him up; and Christ is his life. And, lastly, when he comes to die, the sting of death being removed, he is said to fall asleep, as Stephen did.

Thus I have treated a little about life; and it comes by the resurrection of our blessed Lord. You will find it in Hosea vi. 1, 2: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days he will revive us; the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight." Now, you know we rose with Christ: "With my dead body shall they arise." And this was on the third day, according to the Scriptures; and life eternal is the benefit; for "we shall live in his sight." "Christ is all."

16. I proceed to the last benefit, which is the resurrection of the body. It is a truth, though numbers have denied it, that there will be a resurrection of the just and of the unjust. Take it from God's Word: "All that are in their graves shall hear his

voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." These are Christ's own words. The body will join the soul when this takes place, both in the elect and reprobate. The reprobate you have thus: "They shall awake to everlasting contempt." And Christ says, "Fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." But of the elect Christ says, "That of all that my Father giveth me I should lose nothing, but raise it up at the last day." And, again: "Not a hair of your head shall perish."

Now, the benefits are very great, as Paul tells you in 1 Cor. xv.: "It is sown in corruption" (this corruption we know something of); "it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Here you see what we get rid of, and what we receive. It is not for you and me to describe a spiritual body; but the best account of it you will find is the vision John had of Christ. (Rev. i.) And it is said, "He that is perfect shall be as his master," "who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Though all will not die, or sleep, yet all the elect will experience this change, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

The first resurrection will be of the elect; for "the dead in Christ shall rise first." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power." And here you and I may try ourselves. Do we bear the image of the earthy? If we die so, then we shall arise in the same image. "As is the earthy, so are they also that are earthy," &c. But, on the other hand, are we partakers of a new nature, or what Paul calls being spiritually-minded, or heavenly? Then we shall arise heavenly, and have a spiritual body, purged from all our indwelling sin. And then the Canaanite shall not be in the house of the Lord for ever. When this is the case, this text will have its full accomplishment: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for from henceforth there shall no more enter into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean."

Thus, then, it is clear from Holy Writ that we shall arise from the dead; and it is as clear that the benefits we shall thereby receive, as it respects our body, will be as I have shown. God grant, reader, that you and I may enjoy these things to all eternity, for Christ's sake. Then we shall fully see that "Christ is all."

Now, all this comes to us from the resurrection of Jesus Christ; for he is the first-fruits. "Christ the first-fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming." And the same Spirit that quickened his body in the tomb will also quicken our bodies in the resurrection morn: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Christ

from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." But, mind, Christ is the first-fruits; for except this corn of wheat had died, it would have abode alone; but it did die, and it has brought forth much fruit.

Thus I have gone through the sixteen benefits arising to us, as believers, from the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has helped me much. I know I come very short; still, let us not despise small things. I have been very conscious of my weakness all through; but by prayer have been helped. What now remains is the ascension of our blessed Lord.

To ascend, you know, is to mount up. Christ, having completed the whole work of man's salvation, both in life and death, was now to ascend up to glory. He speaks of his ascension in Jno. iii.: "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven," &c. Again: "A little while, and ye shall see me; and again a little while, and ye shall not see me; because I go to the Father." "What if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?" Nothing but love made him descend from glory to earth, and from earth to the grave. And nothing but love made him ascend to glory, his native place. And there was rejoicing at his entrance: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle." He had fought this battle alone. His own arm brought salvation. He completely conquered all his and our enemies. Therefore, in Jno. xvii., he prays: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." And he rejoiced in it, as you read in Ps. xvi.: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope; for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." This was predicted by David, and fully proved to typify Christ by Peter, in his comment upon it in the Acts.

But in what manner did he ascend to glory? "When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; who also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Without enlarging on the truth of his ascension, we have it from himself, the lip of truth, and from the prophet David; and the apostles were eye witnesses of it, as well as the angels. But let us pass on to the benefits we are to receive from his ascension into glory.

1. The ultimate end of his ascension into heaven is that we might be filled with his fulness to all eternity. It is true that we have a large share of this in our first love; we are filled with joy and peace in believing. To speak for myself, I was astonished at it; for it abode with me long. I was by no means ashamed of my profession, but did with all boldness declare my experience with power, life, and zeal. With hypocrites, I was enabled to withstand them for hours together; with saints, I felt liberty, going before, authority, light in the Scriptures, a chain of truth, a single eye to the glory of God, and earnest desires to be useful. When I heard the word, it appeared so new, so precious, and so powerful, that truly I was dead to the world. I found such delight in prayer that I could claim God as my Father with the testimony of conscience; and I felt such a fulness in my soul that I cannot describe. When I speak or write of these things they overcome me. I could cry when I think how different it is now, "O that I were as in months past!" "How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed!" Alas! My friends, we are at present far from being full; but there are six things that we have in us in this world which we shall never lose, and which will fill us to all eternity.

i. *Righteousness.* This we have by faith the moment we believe; for it is unto all and upon all them that believe. But, though nothing can be added to this righteousness, yet we do not always feel a fulness in it in our experience. But what says the promise? "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

ii. *Joy.* We are told to ask, that our joy may be full. But we are, at times, far enough from being full of joy; but find grief and sorrow of heart; for we are compelled to carry about a body of sin and death. And indeed there would be no meaning in the declaration that sorrow and mourning shall flee away when we come to Zion above with songs and everlasting joy on our heads, if we were always joyful in this world. *Then* our joy will be full; but not before, in the strictest sense.

iii. *God is love;* and we are to be filled with all the fulness of God. But how often is it the case that iniquity abounds, and our love gets cold! Our corrupt affections make head; and our carnal hearts too often indulge these devils, and entertain these way-faring men.

iv. *Light.* We are to shine forth like the sun in the glory of our Father's kingdom for ever and ever. The Lord is to be our everlasting light, our God, and our glory; and our sun is no more to go down. But, alas! How heavy the old veil hangs! How often do we say, "My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God. He hath brought me into darkness, and not into light!" What is the cause? Why, we know but in part.

v. *Peace.* "I will extend peace like a river." For myself I speak, I have had much peace; but never to come up to this

text. Why? Because I am not filled. Hezekiah no doubt thought he had gained this summit; but shortly after he says, "For peace I had [or upon my peace came] great bitterness," &c.; so that he was far from being full.

vi. *Life*. "He shall lead them to fountains of living waters." I believe from the moment we are quickened we have everlasting life; but, at times, we think we are like those who have a name to live, but are dead. From all this we may conclude that we never shall be full, in the highest sense, till after death; and then this text will have its full accomplishment: "That I may cause them that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures."

Now, all these great and inestimable blessings flow to us from the ascension of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, as you will find in Eph. iv. 10: "He that descended [that is, came down into this world] is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens." This has an allusion to his dignity, majesty, honour, and glory; for the heavens are the work of his hands; but the Workman is greater or above all his works. But what did he ascend for? "That he might fill all things." And Paul says, in another place, that he "filleteth all in all." He is the fulness of angels; their standing being secured in him, their Head. He is the fulness of just men made perfect. And when body and soul are united together, we shall arrive to the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ,—the whole body mystical: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they all may be one in us." Lord, hasten the time.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Having at last taken pen in hand to write, accept these lines as a token of real desire for your prosperity and welfare from the least of all saints, who wishes grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost, unto all well pleasing, in everything proving what is that good and acceptable will of God. Prove all things by the law of life, which God, as with his own finger, has written in your hearts, and by the testimony of his truth, as applied with power unto your souls. "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Beloved, "lay hands suddenly on no man." "Believe not every spirit." I was very glad to see what I did of your cautiousness in your proceedings; yet I know you will not be offended at the word of exhortation. I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy. Your hearts, you know, are deceitful, and your enemies are crafty. Be sober; be vigilant; your adversary the devil is more subtle than any beast. Judge nothing before

the time. Mark the footsteps of the Almighty. Wait to see him go before you; you then will find him also to be your rearward. Act in nothing by haste, or by the flight of nature. Bear with me; I speak in real love to you, and without self-motives. You are not, it is true, a regularly-formed church; but you, the Committee, may be considered as having the whole concerns of a church on your hands. I, therefore, as one who has seen many ups and downs in the church of God, and has passed through such things as I thought men professing godliness never could have been the subjects of, earnestly desire, if God's will, that you may have much of that wisdom which is from above, with all its properties, as purity, peaceableness, &c. May God help you first to look to yourselves, that there be no root of bitterness or partiality in any of your spirits or actions. Be mild in all you do, but firm in truth. Ponder the path of your feet. Let nothing be done in anger; for "anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Walk as wise, not as fools. He has more honour who ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city. Whatever rebuffs you may meet, you must not leave your post in the thing that is right. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

It appears to me that God has placed you so that a great deal of the future establishment of the people you are with depends, under the divine blessing, on the line of action you pursue. Who is sufficient for these things? Fear not; your sufficiency is of God, who maketh the righteous bold as a lion. I have often found, when things appeared unbearable and enough to provoke the meekness of a Moses, that God has clothed me with a meek and quiet spirit. This has filled my soul with wonder and gratitude, and so stopped the mouth of every gainsayer. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Patience is best proved by being well tried. To sail in a pleasant gale is sweet; but "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship" is rough work. Yet they came safe to land. You may sometimes say, I wish I had never put my fingers in the matter; but I am in, and I do not know how to get out. No; you must go on. "Shall such a man as I flee? Remember me for good, O Lord my God." May the ever-blessed King of Zion direct you in all things, and fill your hearts with the sweet influences of his Spirit, giving you peace of conscience by the precious blood of Christ, with soundness of judgment in every truth in his Word, that your light, as a city set on a hill, may so shine before men that they that know him may glorify your Father which is in heaven. Be not many masters, but with one heart and one mouth glorify God, having your eyes fixed on no man's opinion, either dead or alive, as a rule to act by, but simply on God's Word. "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister," &c.

As to the choice of a minister, and the formation of a church, I wish you may be directed; for I think you will find many unforeseen difficulties. Be sure you push nothing on too fast. Think

twice before you speak once. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." Encourage no man with any thought he will do for you until the hand of God is plainly seen and his word clearly known. While you are in your widowhood state, some will try to creep in; and you will find many silly women and men of feminine parts led captive by them; while you will have to withstand them, and be the butt of their contempt for hindering, as they will say, the cause of God from going on. But take not heed to all words that are spoken; for better is it to dwell in a corner of the housetop with peace and truth, than in a wide house with a brawling woman, however great a figure that house or church may cut. I speak it as a caution; not that I wish to hinder that which is right, but that in all things you may show yourselves approved of God, and have in yourselves no cause of bitter reflection on after occasions, if things should not prove as you wish them.

Beloved, try the spirits, whether they be of God. Should you have any minister you think you should approve, and he should wish to come, try the matter well, for it is a true saying, "Hot love is soon cold." That man who is flushed with kind behaviour has passed through but little of that path which weaneth from man. If called to meet their frowns, he is sure to fly and show the old man in wrath and anger, while the coals of jealousy kindle in the bosom. "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city." "In malice be ye children; but in understanding be men." I know that, in your present situation, you have many difficulties. Be it so; you had better have them than worse. While in your present state, God has owned and blessed your undertakings, and will bless while your hearts are fixed on his glory. "Them that honour me I will honour."

Till the Lord shall make bare his holy arm, evidently and plainly, to provide an honest, sound, experimental, and wise man to go in and out before you, and in answer to prayer, I wish you may stick close to a throne of grace. Watch the hand of God; plead his own word and promise: "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." In doctrine show uncorruptness. Get, if possible, faithful supplies. As I know it is your desire, look not so much at a man's abilities as at his being sent of God; for your faith standeth not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Hypocrites, with the carnal professors, will feed their pride on husks; but the heaven-born soul wants the unction of the Spirit; nor can he live without it. "I came not unto you with enticing words of man's wisdom." They said Paul's bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible. What if it were so? God owned Paul more than they all; for the word came in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

Beloved, as much as you can, keep the pulpit clear of all mongrel preaching. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Never mind who may be offended at it; while the power of action is lodged in your hands, use it in these things to God's glory.

Listen to no man or men who would usurp authority over your faith, contrary to God's Word. Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Quit yourselves like men of God, knowing that your labour has not been in vain in the Lord. God has borne testimony in your consciences, also in others, as many have borne witness to his word.

As to money matters, if you are favoured to look to him and act wisely, he will provide. That God, who is able to do abundantly above what we can ask or think, may be with you in all your undertakings, is my desire. I ever wish to bear you on my heart at a throne of grace, that you may be faithful unto death, when an abundant entrance shall be administered unto you into the kingdom of God.

I am, yours in the Bond of Love and Truth,
Leicester, June 14th, 1820. EDWARD VORLEY.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

BEHOLD the Great Eternal, clothed in clay,
In whom the Father rested and delighted!
Here mingled majesty and love display
The Son of God and Son of man united.

To meet the Baptist on the Jordan's brim
The sinless Lamb of God his footsteps wended;
Though John had need to be baptized of Him,
To be baptized of John he condescended.

When thus the Christ was plunged beneath the wave,
Well might the Baptist feel his own unfitness!
But Jesus had engaged his church to save,
And keep the law; and, lo! now heaven must witness.

Upon his sacred head, that spotless One,
Like a fair dove the Holy Spirit lighted;
The Father witness'd: "My beloved Son
Behold, in whom I ever am delighted."

Thus Jesus was anointed from that hour
For his great work, all righteousness fulfilling.
And, now he reigns above, he sends with power
The Holy Ghost, to make believers willing.

Blest Lamb of God! Be mine where thou shalt lead
To follow thee, amid the world's despising;
From death and sin by thine obedience freed,
And in thy resurrection likeness rising.

March 10th, 1877.

W. WILEMAN.

THE gift of the Spirit to a truly converted soul is an absolute gift, and not upon conditions on our part, but to work and maintain in us what God requires of us. The gift of the Spirit is not founded upon qualifications in us, to continue so long as we preserve grace in our souls, and do not sin it away. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27.)—*Goodwin.*

WANTS AND SUPPLIES.

How different is the religion of the real elect from that of all empty pretenders and shallow professors of the doctrines of truth! Empty pretenders are notionalists, doctrinalists, and volunteers, who have enlisted themselves, and whom Christ, as the Captain of salvation, never enlisted. Shallow professors of the truth are those who have been enlightened and been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, who afterwards fall away; branches in Christ that bear not fruit, to be taken away and burned. The real elect are all in the furnace of affliction. Wood, hay, and stubble out a poor figure in the furnace of affliction. The real elect want something to eat and drink spiritually. Those who are in the furnace of affliction are dry or thirsty; a relish and appetite for refreshments from the living God is their wondrous character. As the hunted hart or panting deer in summer time, its sides panting, stricken with hurry and woe, panteth for the water streams, and findeth them not; or as travellers, burned in the hottest countries, die almost with thirst; so do the real elect cry out oftentimes, spiritually: "As thy soul liveth, there is only a step betwixt me and death."

The furnace of affliction is a serious place. All the real elect are chosen in it; this God tells us himself. The furnace of affliction will not let God's own people trifle. As for my own part, I am about 52 years old. When I was a blooming youth, of about 19 or 20, it pleased the Lord to blight me with ill health, which I have had from that time to this, and ever shall have in this world. "Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidest affliction upon our loins." It seems to me that every one who is to go to heaven will be more or less like a waggon with one of its wheels tied up; it cannot run like any other waggon. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things," said Abraham to the rich man in hell; and this looks with a grim look at all but the sons and daughters of affliction.

Religion, to all but them in the furnace of affliction, is like going to see a show. One says what a fine thing this is; another says what a fine object that is. They read the Bible, they talk over it at tea-parties, and they are entertained with it, as with flowers and gardens,—a mere natural entertainment. Others will make it a sort of mawkish sentimental business, like a novel, or almost like a play; dress up their poor shallow experience (for the thorny-ground hearers, the foolish virgins, and the stony-ground hearers all had an experience), and draw tears from the eyes of flimsy hearers; flimsy, I say, like themselves; for one plunge in the furnace of affliction, which the elect are really in, would burn them up to a cinder: "Thou turnest man to destruction."

There is no new thing with the real elect. Repentance and forgiveness of sins felt is what they are engaged about,—wants and supplies. Repentance never to be repented of; repentance

that is very different from what the non-elect ever know anything about. Real godliness is a very serious thing indeed. It consists in the great God binding us and loosing us; shutting us up and letting us out; straitening and enlarging us; letting us feel the sting of death in our conscience, and then applying the balsam of the Incarnate God's blood to the fearful wound, and drawing away the dreadful venom. It consists in all manner of changes. Guilt and pardon; sorrow and comfort; God's displeasure and God's smiles; considering his operations; at one time charged with guilt, then humble and honest confession; coming to the light; aggravating rather than concealing the least sin whatever; having every sin searched to the bottom; every uneasiness of conscience attended to; every besetting sin very especially prayed against; every weak part in our soul being wished to be strengthened by waiting, persevering, and successful prayer. Real godliness is very different from anything like mere entertainment. It is knowing the terrors of the Lord, and the soft persuasions of God; fresh-contracted guilt, and how it is taken off; and this is what I am at all the year long;—my heart smiting me, and then my confidence wounded. Did David's heart smite him? So does mine. Did Christ say that men shall give an account of every idle word? So have I to do in the court of conscience. Did Christ say, "By thy words thou shalt be condemned, and by thy words thou shalt be justified?" So is it with me. No tongue can tell how difficult I find it to be "clear," in the sight of God, in my words. Did Christ say to Nathaniel, "I saw thee under the fig-tree?" So I find his blazing eye is on my secret thoughts. Does Paul say that God will make manifest the counsels of the hearts of men, with all their secret things? Is what was whispered in the ear to be proclaimed upon the housetops? Have I tenderness of conscience, solid repentance, never to be repented of, and hatred to, forsaking, and (through grace) clearing myself of every sin, so that I can ask for, and long for, the dreadful day? No tongue can ever tell the dreadful war the elect are thus engaged in. Every secret thought, every idle word, every thing, good and evil, our whole lives are manifested in God's glass in our conscience. We are made transparent, and God looks us through and through. Judgment thus first begins at us in this time state; the non-elect (poor chaff of head-knowledge or profanity) are to be judged after they are dead, and are to be damned.

Again. Am I in Christ,—engrafted, joined, and thus truly in a joint-heirship with him? Is the Incarnate Word incarnated in my heart, formed there the Hope of glory? Do I feel it so? And is my religion, in doctrine, practice, and experience, in strict agreement with the Scriptures in its grand drift, tenor, and scope? Have I the perfect sanctification of Christ on me and in me? And have I the second sanctification in me, "cleansing myself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God?" Have I waged an eternal war with

whatever Christ dislikes? Do I show, by my life and conduct, that I hate whatever the Scripture hates?

Again. Am I well crucified to the world and to the flesh? Is my right hand, right foot, or right eye plucked out and cut off? What have I lost for Christ? What do I more than others? Again, very especially. Has the circumcising knife of God ever been drawn across my heart, opening it, like Lydia's, and making me feel thus my own plague and my own sore of indwelling sin; an ever-bubbling spring of the plague, plaguing me in every thought, word, and deed? Again. What do I say about tenderness of conscience? What do I more than others? Am I a light in the world, an epistle read and known of all men, a city set on a hill, a candle on the candlestick? And what say those that eat and drink with me, who have known me for 20 years, or my whole life, who have eaten much salt with me? Can they see my repentance is as shining as my faith, and my tenderness of conscience as precious in degree as Christ's righteousness? Can you challenge devils, mortals, or the blessed God to see that your repentance is as solid as your faith, your tenderness of conscience as solid in degree as your salvation by grace, and your gospel-obedience as sound and universal in degree as Christ's righteousness? It is of no use trifling and dilly-dallying. Are you willing for God Almighty to weigh you up in his scales, and to hear from his lips (louder than ten thousand thunders) as to whether your repentance is as solid as your faith?

Man, beware! Through enabling grace, darrest thou have every muffler, blinder, and muzzle pulled off thy conscience about everything, little or great? I assure thee I would not have the smallest guilt on my conscience when I come to die for ten thousand worlds. When guilt rises, love withers. This makes me occupied to be *sure* that Christ's blood has been soundly applied by the Holy Ghost to every speck of guilt and sin on my conscience; this makes me waiting and watching every day, all the day long. This makes me that I am no company for notionalists and that shallow tribe, like butterflies, floating and skimming with gaudy wings for entertainment over the written Word; but I pant after the Incarnate, Engrafted Word, that may loose me from those wounds of the world and the flesh that I am the whole year round feeling, poisoning every thought, word, and deed, more or less. This makes godly people different also from that shallow tribe who stifle fresh-contracted remorse for old sins many years gone, calling it the buffetings of the old man and Satan. Whereas a godly soul, like Paul, embraces it most dearly, as the voice of God and conscience, to make his repentance perfectly four-square, deeper than hell, and higher than heaven in the blessed Jesus in his soul.

Abingdon.

J. K.

[It is long since a piece from the pen of our late friend John Kay, of Abingdon, appeared in our pages. We found the above in a bundle of papers left by Mr. Philpot.]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

My dear Friends,—It has been a little upon my mind to write you a few lines, thanking you for your kindness in sending me the grapes, and for past favours also. Directly I saw the grapes, it came to my mind about the grapes from Eshcol, in the 216th hymn. What a beautiful hymn! How it speaks the desires of the soul!

“ Dear Lord, more drops of honey send
From Christ, thy Son, the sinner's Friend.”

The honey comes from the Fountain-head,—from Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend. What a mercy to know that he is the sinner's Friend! This gives me hope and encouragement, at times.

Through mercy, I have had strength equal to my day; and, compared with what my sins deserve, how light and easy have been my pains! Perhaps you will say, It is easy to repeat the words. It is, I know; but I believe I have felt it a mercy that the Lord deals so kindly and gently with me, and that I have every comfort and kindness that can be shown, or is at all needful or necessary. I hope the Lord will not leave me to murmur or complain. I trust I can and do say and feel, with Jeremiah, at times, “ It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed; because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.”

No doubt you will begin to say you would like to hear something of more importance. What about the state of the soul? Ah! Now I am perplexed and at a loss; because I do not know what to say. Certainly, I have a hope in my soul that I would not part with for all the world calls good or great; but, at present, I have no strong confidence; nor can I remember the time when I had. I have nearly always been between hope and fear, as it were. I have never had any such wonderfully clear and manifest deliverance as I have heard and read of; and, therefore, I am watching and waiting. And I hope I sometimes feel a little earnest begging of the Lord for a stronger token. I do want a clear manifestation of his love, so that I might be raised to a sweet assurance of my interest in a precious Jesus. O! What a blessing that will be! I know it will be worth waiting for. But I have a very strange, peculiar, keen feeling, which cuts me to the very quick, as it were, at times: Suppose I wait here, and the Lord does not appear, even in the solemn hour of death? O! Then I cannot say any more; my thoughts are lost in wonder.

I often feel what a very important matter is the salvation of the soul. Well; though I often doubt the Lord's faithfulness and my own interest, yet I will wait, and hope, and trust in him; for I have nowhere else to go. I know there is safety in no other. Did you think I had got beyond all this, and come up to a full assurance before this time? I am not nearly so far as that in my feelings. I am very destitute of all that is good. Mr. Hart's words (Hymn 484) brighten up my hope a little at this time:

“ Though thou here receive but little ;
 Scarce enough for the proof
 Of thy proper title,” &c.

If ever there has been any reality in my experience, it has been “ here a little and there a little ;” and I am but hoping still. Did you think I had got a great stock of religion ? No, by no means. We read that when the Lord left communing with Abraham he returned to his own place.

I cannot make myself out, at times, though I feel so anxious to know ; and oft it causes such anxious thought. Read carefully Hymns 185 to 190. What beautiful hymns all through the book ! What rich experience, and something to suit every soul’s peculiar case ! There is one beautiful verse in 185 :

“ Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford ;
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.”

The words are so full of meaning, and so much to the point. But through the infirmity of my flesh and the sad state I am brought into through sin, I cannot read them all through ; the language seems too strong. I dare not read it as my own where it reads : “ My God, my Life, my Love.”

I dare not aspire so high ; I am afraid it would be presumption. Then other places suit me well, and encourage me to hope. I believe, if I could “ call the promises my own,” I should “ prize them more than mines of gold.”

After so many years of hearing, and the great profession I have made, you will be surprised I cannot give a more full or correct or some better account of my experience than I do ; but, no, I cannot ; I am a learner yet. I feel a long way behind the Lord’s people ; and I cannot get on faster. I want the Lord to appear for me, and give me a dead lift, and set me up straight once more ; then I should praise, and bless, and love him too. I hope, by the help of the Holy Spirit, and believe I have learned this passage by experience : “ Without me ye can do nothing.” And another gives me comfort, at times : “ No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.” The poor soul cannot come of himself. It is a great blessing indeed to know that there is nothing for the poor helpless sinner to do ; and it is our Lord’s own words which say that he cannot even come except he is drawn. Don’t you think the helpless and the utterly lost, feeling themselves so, prize all such passages very much ? Some say they can come or go to Jesus Christ when they please, and give their hearts to God. O ! What a mercy to be saved from such gross ignorance, and such errors ! Poor deluded mortals ! But what hast thou that thou hast not received ? And if thou hast received it as a free-grace gift, why dost thou glory ? And who hath made thee to differ ? What a great and unspeakable mercy to be made and kept right !

My motive in writing some of this was because, when persons are not well, the friends generally want to know the state of their

minds; and if you had visited me for that purpose, I could not have given you any clearer account; and you might have gone home disappointed. Still, if you have time to come down, I should like to see you again, to give each other the right hand of fellowship, as a token of that love and union we profess to have one to another. Yet, how strange is the feeling! Though I speak as I do, I feel unworthy sometimes. I think the Lord's people are suspicious of me; and I am very suspicious of myself, far more than of them. Perhaps to-morrow I shall feel ashamed, and wish I had not said a word. Often, when I speak, I wish I had not; when I do not, I wish sometimes I had.

"You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?"

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED SAUNDERS.

Lower Mill, Hailsham, Nov. 9th, 1875.

THE LATE MR. GODWIN.

[The following address was delivered at Mr. Godwin's grave, by Mr. Taylor, on Aug. 8th, 1877.]

"Death! Awful sound, the fruit of sin,
And terror of the human race."

Death has laid our beloved brother low, folding him in its cold arms. There are his mortal remains, silent and breathless; we shall no more hear his mellow, cheerful voice, encouraging the weary saint on his wilderness journey, and chiming out his own favourite points in the divine mysteries of the cross, telling the saint how such and such a portion of God's Word was blessed to his own soul.

But let us not brood over our loss, nor yet over the power of death in laying low a redeemed brother in the Lord Jesus, since he has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. Though death is indeed the terror of the human race, there are times when the Christian can look calmly at death, and say, "Where is thy sting?" Who but the Christian can do this? None else. None but the Christian truly sees death a foe disarmed, Christ having spoiled death and brought life and immortality to light. Our mother Eve little knew what she was doing while listening to the tempter in the garden of Eden. She was a stranger to the power of death, and heedless of her Maker's threatening command: "The day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;" and we, her children, have to pay the wages of her transaction; not only we who are aged sinners, but also those who have not sinned after the manner of our first parents' guilt. Death does, and must reign. But, blessed be our God, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so must grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

This open grave, into which we are about to place the mortal remains of our beloved friend, is not opened that our hope and faith may be buried. No. The tomb is but a place of repose,

where our brother's dust shall rest in hope till the trumpet shall sound, when the earth shall cast out her dead.

Our brother's life was marked by all who knew him. That a great change took place in his life, even those who did not understand what religion is frankly admitted, some placing it to one account and some to another; but all admitted the fact. As to himself, he had no idea what was to be the result of the new things which were brought to his mind; he had no thought of becoming a Christian any more than a goat could have of becoming a sheep; so ignorant was he of divine things. O how true:

"God takes the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace."

But there were a few keen-eyed ones who marked his movements, talked to one another about that man Thomas Godwin, and began to hope and pray for him; nor did they cease to watch and pray till they saw him with Christ in the arms of his faith in his mother's house; when he and they both knew he was not despised. (Song viii. 1, 2.) As to himself, God's law was written upon his heart, as it were, in letters of fire. He was the sinner indeed. God's law was holy, Thomas was unholy, and found he had been a transgressor from the womb,—a prodigal one; and the time had been when he boasted in the things he became ashamed of. In this state of mind he hid himself from friends and associates. He was no reader; in his solitary hours he felt to be walking on the very brink of hell; so that our brother did not leap into the paradise of the gospel all at once; and as he began to learn something of the suffering of Christ, the more he saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the more hated his own past life. At length it pleased God to reveal Christ in him the hope of glory, as the sin-atonement Lamb, the One Sacrifice for sin, the Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus. Faith was bestowed; he was enabled to lay hold, as the apostle says, on eternal life; God's Word was applied to his heart; he felt the power of atoning blood, and was able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." A sin-pardoning God was to him the wonder of wonders. To be justified in the Name of the Lord Jesus baffled all thought, even while faith enjoyed the blessing; and to be taught these things by the Holy Spirit, was to him overwhelming.

Not long after his experience of pardoning mercy, he was baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And so hot was the fire of love, and so living was the life of grace in his heart, that he must tell it out; and he was truly preaching before he had any thought that any one would call it preaching. Ill qualified in respect of human learning he was; but Cambridge and Oxford cannot afford what he had obtained; for he had been taught of God. I speak not against human learning. No; but please to distinguish between the human and the divine. God's people shall be all taught of God (Isa. liv. 13; Jno. vi. 45); and so our brother was taught of God; and through a long usefulness in the churches he was

compelled to labour under great disadvantages as it respects human learning; but the Lord owned and blessed his ministry to many souls. His favourite theme was the effect of the Spirit's work on the heart. He seemed, at times, to be so enriched by the leading of the Spirit on this subject that he all but forgot everything else, and often exclaimed, "Blessed be God for the warming fruits of the Spirit upon our hearts!"

My first acquaintance with our departed brother was in the year 1849; from which time our friendship has been heartfelt and unbroken. We have often visited each other, and spoken to each other's people from time to time. His labours are now all past; but you cannot forget his ministry. O how he did contend for the imputed righteousness of Christ, and that God justifies the ungodly! These two great subjects have been, and will be, the theme of the church through all time. Suffer me, now I have before me a large concourse of my fellow-mortals, to tell you in a few words how this wonderful transaction is accomplished. Man is fallen; we are all sinners by nature. God is just, and can by no means clear the guilty. But God has loved, does love, and will continue to love, a number of the human family which no man can number, and has given them to his Son, with all provision for their comfort; the Son of God engaged to do for them all the law of God required of them, and pay the penalty God's law demanded. He has done all this; and died, the just for the unjust. And now, God having laid all their sins on his Son, he lays his Son's obedience to their account. His righteousness is theirs, his holiness is theirs, his redemption is theirs; so that Paul says, "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." It is in this way God justifies the ungodly. (Rom. iii. 24, iv. 5.) So that you see God not only pardons his people, but justifies them freely from all things. (Acts xiii. 39.) You inhabitants of Godmanchester might pardon a thief, or even a murderer; but you could not justify a murderer. Herein lies the mystery of God's salvation, so that the saints are complete in Christ. Therefore Paul says, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." And when God puts his grace into his people's hearts, they begin to learn all the truth of the gospel, after their lost state has been thus revealed to them. Then they turn from the evil of their ways, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." When faith is in sweet operation on divine things, the Christian glories in imputed righteousness, knowing his faith is counted for righteousness. (Rom. iv. 5.) The living church of Jesus know these things; but I speak for the information of others who are around the grave; and may God make his own Word a blessing.

And now, brethren, you are without a pastor. May God direct you in your present trial. Stick fast together. I repeat it, stick together. Should you see a root of bitterness, pluck it up, and

cast it to the winds. You may have observed a strange dog entering a field where sheep were feeding,—how the sheep stand together, and gaze upon the stranger, watching with all eyes upon the intruder. Stand together for the protection of God's cause. Keep your pulpit clean. There are those who would have you believe that Jesus Christ is not God's eternal Son; but "we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us [eternal life and] an understanding, that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life." (1 Jno. v. 20.) The day will declare this, when God comes to pick up his jewels from the dust of death. Those who deny this glorious Person shall then call upon the mountains and rocks to fall on them and hide them from him, the great day of his wrath being come; and who shall be able to stand? May God send you a pastor after his own heart, that shall feed you with knowledge and understanding in the things of God.

Dear friends, it is now time to let down the body to its last resting-place.

This being done, Mr. T. continued: We will now say, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes! Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Nor do we hesitate to say, "In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised;" and as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead; viz., the resurrection body will differ greatly from this body in splendour and glory, it being made like Christ's glorious body.

"Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
Thou with us shalt wake from death.
Hold he cannot, though he seize us;
We his power defy by faith."

Jesus reminds us of the knowledge Moses had of the resurrection when the bush burned and was not consumed. (Matt. xxii. 23.) Job asserts his knowledge of the same grand doctrine; and Paul questions before Agrippa why it should be thought incredible that God should raise the dead. Christ himself informs us of the resurrection of the just and unjust. (Jno. v. 28, 29.) And Paul argues the grand subject thus: "If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen." (1 Cor. xv. 13.)

But, my dear friends, it is not the truth of the resurrection I wish to draw your attention to, but the difference between the body buried in the dust and the same body raised from the dust,—substantially the same, but materially different: "As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." Then he describes it under the idea of seed sown: "It is sown a natural body, it [the same body] is raised a spiritual body." Hence Paul brings two stars before our mind, differing very much in splendour and glory from each other, and says, so will the resurrection body differ from the one sown in corruption. The word star at once presents to our mind a light.

The light of a star guided certain wise men to Bethlehem. Eminent men are called stars, or lights. John Baptist was a burning and a shining light. The church is the light of the world. Christ's ministers are all stars, each of his own magnitude. The stars are the angels, or ministers of the churches; and our most glorious Lord holds them in his right hand. (Rev. i. 20.) Our departed brother was a light, and he, in his measure, shone among men, a star pointing to the bright and morning star, Christ. If our brother shone here in a mortal body, how will he shine when clothed with immortality? For "this mortal must put on immortality." Then, when like Christ's glorious body, O how it will differ from this mortal body we have just laid in the tomb! May I not add Daniel's happy conclusion on this immortal state? "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn away to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.)

May God direct your untrodden steps, ye saints of the Lord. Strive together for the faith of the gospel.

"And now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—Having had the Christian friendship of Mr. John Keyt for many years, and having attended his funeral, I am able to supply you with the following information. He was interred in the burial ground at the back of Lady Huntingdon's chapel in Spa Fields. There was no service except the singing of a hymn or two of Mr. Hart's, which were given out by the late Mr. John Eedes.

Mr. Keyt was a grocer and cheesemonger, residing for many years below Shadwell church. He was noted for selling excellent goods, and all his dealings showed him to be a man of honesty and uprightness. During his last years he had to contend with some dealers who sold the same articles as himself; but he would not adulterate his goods to meet the lower prices of his opponents.

After the marriage of his two daughters, he and his wife being old and feeble, he was persuaded by his friends to leave business. The husband of one of his daughters gave them a home, where they remained until their death. His death was very sudden. On his way to Gower Street chapel, on a Sabbath evening, he called on a friend who was confined to his bed by what is called an "accident." Mr. Keyt took a chair and placed it by the side of the bed; and, while in the act of seating himself, he expired without a struggle or a groan; thus passing into the presence of his Saviour painlessly and peacefully. He had in the morning of the day expressed how happy he was, saying he had been down into the Garden of Gethsemane with his Saviour.

Before Mr. Keyt became a member of Mr. Huntington's church, he attended the ministry of Mr. Brewer, at Stepney; and he told me he was present when Mr. Lock, who was afterwards with Mr. Huntington, related his Christian experience for admission to church membership there.

He had an aged father and a sister living at Chelsea, who, I believe, had been hearers of Mr. Romaine. I once had the pleasure of taking tea at their house. The occasion was as follows: The day after Mr. Huntington's chapel in Tichfield Street was burnt, I received a letter from Mr. Keyt, telling me that he should call on me very early on the following day, being the Sabbath, to go by the coach to Richmond, to hear Mr. Huntington. The text was: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." When we came out of the chapel, we found several friends waiting to see Mr. Huntington. He smiled very kindly on us; and I shall never forget his countenance; it beamed with heavenly peace and satisfaction. Accompanied by other friends, we walked down to Petersham churchyard, to look at Mr. Chapman's tomb, where Mr. Huntington originally intended to be interred. Mr. Chapman was an early friend of Mr. H.'s. He lived at Hounslow, and from the commencement of Mr. H.'s ministry had become lovingly attached to him.

Mr. Keyt was, by the grace of Christ, a very amiable and affectionate Christian; one more exemplary in his conduct and conversation could not be found. He had a large correspondence, both in England and America. His epistles testify to his great spirituality of mind. I have never found a friend I felt more union with, or one in whom the grace of God was more conspicuous. I therefore delight to write this my willing testimony of him.

Dear Mr. Editor, Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STEVENS.

Montpelier Road, Brighton, Sept. 7th, 1877.

P.S.—I knew Mr. Rusk well. His daughter, who lately died in the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, at Camberwell, could have told where her father was buried. I do not know; but I think you, Mr. Editor, could furnish the information.

A SENSE OF GOD'S GOODNESS.

To the Spiritual Readers of the "Gospel Standard."

My dear Friends,—The time has now come when it seems right for me to make a public acknowledgment of the very great kindness shown me by numerous persons, who have expressed and manifested their sympathy in a late affliction.* If I were to say it had been in itself a light affliction, I should deny the truth; for it has been an exceedingly heavy one. But I hope I may truly say the Lord has been with me in it; and may I not also add, even if with a trembling tongue, that he has brought unto me much good out of it. O! This young lion which roared upon me has, I trust, yielded me both meat and sweetness. Now I can sometimes sing His praises who permissively sent the lion. Anything which endears to me my dear Lord Jesus; anything which brings me more into his embraces; anything which makes me, instrumentally, more feelingly cry,

"My God, my Father, blissful Name!"

must be sweet gain to me. I need not,—you, my dear friends, need not, murmur at the lions which Jesus sends to bring you meat. O that I may get more profit by this, as well as all my other adversities! O, my

* This refers to the late trial against Mr. H. by his sister, Mrs. Bell, to recover a large sum of money caused by the defalcation of Mr. H.'s co-trustee in a marriage settlement. Mr. H. had, perhaps, expended more on behalf of Mrs. B. and her family than the absolute loss; but neither the law nor Mrs. B. or her advisers would allow this, or any portion of it, as a set-off.—J. G.

Lord, I hope this is the breathing of my heart,—not that thou shouldst merely remove my trials, but sanctify them to me. Jesus, to live in thy embrace is heaven. Sweet is the trial, blessed the affliction, that sends me home to thee, my Rest.

The Lord, I trust, has displayed to me much goodness and wisdom in the management of this matter. I was at first dreadfully cast down. It was not, as those who know me will easily believe, the loss of so much property which afflicted me, though, with a wife and children, this was, of course, a trial. No; the source of my grief, my anguish of spirit, was far deeper. Before this trial came on, I had cried three times, in a spiritual way, to the Lord. If ever I prayed I prayed then. I was made, I believe, to pray. I did not even seek it. Prayer came to me, and I poured out my heart in strong crying and tears before the Lord. Almost everything at the trial went against me. Then it was that Satan set in upon my soul; the sword entered into my bosom: "Where is now thy God?" For two nights and days I felt little but the anguish. I could not pray, for God had seemed to shut out my prayer; I could not read, for I feared even comfort would be delusion. The night gave no rest. At this time I was full of engagements to preach at various places. I was sorely tempted to write and give up all those engagements. What could I say to others, when God had seemed thus to forsake me? Such was the temptation. Especially how could I preach on the anniversary at Eastbourne the following Wednesday? But the Lord gave me this resolution: I will try and do his work. It is my place to seek to do his will, and leave the rest with him. All the night before the anniversary my soul was still in the same state. Every moment some fresh arrow from Satan pierced me. I rose in the morning unrefreshed. But now the Lord appeared for me. He led me to Ps. xxii.; and no sooner had I begun to read than he broke in upon my soul. I saw that it was not the cross the Lord Jesus complained of. No! This was the anguish: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" God had heard others: "Our fathers trusted in thee; . . . they cried unto thee, and were delivered. . . . But I am a worm, and no man." This, I believe, read off my heart. It was not the loss of money, it was not the action of man, that really afflicted me. No! It was the apparent desertion of God, the apparent rejection of my prayers. Then the Lord further came in with these words: "I will declare thy Name unto my brethren; in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee." Now all was right. I had a sweet feeling in my heart that all would result in a greater degree of usefulness to the Lord's people, and I felt thoroughly satisfied to have suffered the adversity, if they might be blessed thereby, and Jesus glorified.

Thus the first relief the Lord gave me was spiritual; and thus, too, I trust, the general uprightness of my heart towards him was made manifest. I cared about nothing else, comparatively speaking, when Christ again was near.

Since then I have received numerous tokens of sympathy and love from you, my friends. What you have sent me has been of your own free will and kindness towards me. Probably some of you, having partaken of spiritual things by me, wished to thus show your gratitude to God and love to the instrument. You can bear me witness that I never asked any one to help me; I am sure I never wished any one to be burdened that I might be relieved.* I thought it would show rather a proud than a

* This is quite true. What was inserted in the "G.S." about subscriptions was inserted entirely on my own responsibility. And though I once got into trouble for doing a similar thing, this did not deter me from doing it again.—J. G.

humble spirit, and appear uncourteous in me to reject the kindness of friends, and what they might feel desirous of contributing towards my loss, if the Lord stirred them up thus to contribute; and I now wish most sincerely to thank you for all your great kindness and liberality.

My dear friends, shall I conclude this letter of thankfulness to the Lord, and gratitude to yourselves, by entering upon a vindication of myself from the charges made against me in a letter, which some of you have perhaps seen, written by one of the parties to the late action? I think not. I feel so thankful for the position in which I now stand, so thankful that the cup has passed from me as I drank it, that I feel very little disposed to enter upon a discussion of the statements contained in that letter. I have not the least fear that any such statements will long be permitted to cloud my character, if they have, even for the moment, with a few, done this. I have been enabled, I trust, to put the matter before the Lord, and in his own good time he will make all right. Till then I would wait upon him. I read that the servant of the Lord must not strive; would it, then, become me to enter upon a paper warfare? Wrong statements and misrepresentations, if they can manage for a time to live upon earth, will never be able to exist in the light of eternity. Probably my friends, and those persons who are of an ingenuous mind, will greatly hesitate to believe the representations of that letter. But even if they do for a season, God can make all clear. He can bring forth my righteousness, as to my dealings with Mrs. Bell and her family, as the light, and my judgment, in respect to them, as the noonday. He knows whether or not for his sake, as believing Mrs. Bell to be a child of God, I was deeply and constantly anxious not only to do my duty towards her, but to prove myself to be a brother born for her adversity. She has taken her course; those with her in this trial have taken theirs; they must prepare to meet me before a different tribunal from that of man. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." *There* there will be no darkness or shadow of death; *there* there will be no ignorant or wilful perversion of judgment; there truth will appear in all its purity, and falsehood, misrepresentation, and all the other works of darkness, will be stripped of their flimsy coverings, and appear in all their naked deformity.

In conclusion, accept again, dear friends, my thanks, and believe me,
Yours to serve in the Gospel,

G. HAZLERIGG.

P.S.—At my request, the manager of this periodical has kindly allowed this letter to appear in the body of the work. If it had been of a controversial character, or written in an angry spirit, I should not have made this request; but as its aim is rather to magnify the Lord's goodness in this trial than merely to vindicate my own character, I hope it is not unworthy to appear. Perhaps, to some minds, this account of the Lord's goodness may prove the best vindication; but if any friends think I ought to make a more laboured reply to various statements, I trust they will, at any rate, appreciate my refraining from such a course. How can I serve the churches with a mind taken up with a controversy about my own reputation? And the poet well expresses my feelings when he writes:

"Disputings only gender strife,
And gall a tender mind;
But godliness, in all its life,
At Jesus' cross I find."

The Lord helping me, I will try to entertain any hearers or readers of mine with better things. The bread that feeds us is that which came down from heaven and giveth life to the world.

Obituary.

ELIZABETH THEOBALD.—On Feb. 22nd, aged 73, Elizabeth Theobald, a member of Ebenezer Chapel, Ashford, Kent.

She was the subject of early convictions, but could not tell when the work of grace was begun in her soul. She never sank so low as some under the administration of the law in her conscience, nor rose so high in the assurance of faith. She was oftentimes the subject of doubts, fears, much darkness, and distress of soul; so that she would cry earnestly to God to make it manifest that she was one of his dear children. On one occasion, being much cast down, these lines of Cowper's were sweetly applied to her soul:

"E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

These lines followed her on her way to the meeting, having three miles to walk. She thought, if that hymn were to be sung that day, she should think it was from the Lord. She entered the room; and presently that verse was read out, to the joy and rejoicing of her soul.

But such seasons of joy and gladness did not often long abide with her. Soon her spirits drooped again, and she to her own sad place returned. But the dear Lord was pleased, about 15 years ago, sufficiently to strengthen her to come forward and give her testimony before the church. She was baptized by Mr. Bradshaw, then their pastor, to whom she was much attached to the day of her death. I many times asked her of her welfare. Her general reply would be in very mean terms of herself. When I have reminded her of what she was in Christ, and what he had done for her immortal soul, she would shake her head and say but little.

During the autumn of 1876, it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon her, from which she never recovered. Under this prostration of body, she was for a long time much harassed and distressed in her mind. All being dark and gloomy within, her evidences seemed much beclouded. And, though friends tried to cheer her spirits, yet all seemed to little purpose. Sometimes that verse we have referred to would revive her a little; but soon she sank again in her feelings, and all she could do was to sigh and moan.

She seemed for a time to have a sore conflict with the powers of darkness; during which time my wife, who often visited her, anxiously watched her, to see how the conflict would end. The night before she died, after sleeping for several hours, she awoke, and with great emphasis cried out, "O Lord, open my mouth, that I may speak," several times. Some time after this, addressing herself to Mrs. H., she said, with great emphasis, "Are you satisfied?" Being replied to in the affirmative, she added, "Because, if you are not, I have it *here*;" placing her hand upon her heart. Mrs. H. said, "I am perfectly satisfied. I am only waiting for the last shout." She replied, "I do not know that you will hear it; but, whether you hear it or not, I have it *here*;" with her hand in the same position as before.

From this time she manifested a longing desire to be gone by crying out, as well as her wasting strength would allow, "O Lord, how long? O Lord, how long?" About five o'clock in the evening, as our sister Wood was supporting her during a paroxysm of pain, almost imperceptibly she fell asleep.

South Ashford.

B. HOGBEN.

JAMES HOWELL.—On April 23rd, aged 71, James Howell, of Bury St. Edmund's, and Baptist minister of Bradfield St. George.

My dear husband was seized with a pain on Dec. 30th, 1876, from which he never fully recovered, though he continued his labours in the ministry up to April 1st, when he preached twice, and afterwards administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper. He preached at the Friends meeting-house at Bury St. Edmund's on the 3rd. On the 6th, he said he believed he had an ailment; which proved to be true. We were not informed, till within the last week of his death, that it was likely to prove fatal. When I asked him what he thought of the affliction, he said, "I feel that the Lord has blessed my labours in my latter days at Bradfield. That is the chief thing I desire to live in this world for. And now it has pleased him to weaken my strength, I desire cheerfully to leave all in his wise and gracious hands. I know whom I have believed; and want nothing for joy of salvation and the glorification of my soul but the support of those grand and glorious doctrines which the Lord enables me to continue in, even up to the present hour. I want a brighter manifestation of them to my soul for personal satisfaction. I rest alone upon the finished work of Jesus. 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

At times, when the pain was a little abated, he said, "He is merciful and gracious. I rest in hope, through the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. What a mercy to know that the bitter is sweet, and the medicine is food! 'They looked unto him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed.' 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' That is the reason why: 'Look unto me, and be ye saved.' 'He careth for you.' If the Lord should raise me up, how much I should have to speak to his glory, and to my own confusion and shame. There is no step between me and eternal death but the Lord Jesus Christ. I have been mercifully sustained in this affliction. I have proved the promise true: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

When left by us alone for a few minutes, he was heard to sing,
 "On the Rock of ages founded," &c.

On the Saturday evening before his death, he said to a Christian friend who had prayed with him, "If I live till to-morrow, O what a Sabbath day!" After Col. ii. had been read, he engaged in prayer as he lay in bed.

On Sunday morning, 22nd, Mr. H. came in before going to Bradfield. He said, "Give my love to the friends. Good-bye; and the Lord bless you. It matters not who go and come, if Jesus is but there." During the morning he wished me to read. I asked him where. He said, "A psalm. Begin them." I then read Ps. i. and ii. He said, "Read on." I read Ps. iii. He said, "That is it. 'Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people.' That will do. Leave off. 'Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.'" Several times during the day he spoke of his departure, and said, "My work in the vineyard is done. Death will be a merciful messenger to me."

On Monday it was truly grievous to witness his sufferings. At one o'clock I gave him his medicine. He said, "This will do no good; neither can you; but the great Physician is near. I know him." At four o'clock, as I was kneeling by the bedside talking with him, he said, "What do you cry for?" I said, "I have not been able to say, 'The will of the Lord be done;'" but, rather than see you in this state of suffering, I now feel that I can leave you in his hands." He said, "Can you? The Lord bless you." At half-past six, he raised his arms, and, clasping

his hands, committed the church and people of his charge into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ. He then wished me not to leave the room, but to remain with him to the last. At half-past eight, he looked up at the ceiling from one corner of the room to the other three times, and then drew up his feet a little, as if to take a leap, with his arms stretched out to the full, like a child for its parent to take. Then, raising his body, he said, "I am going. I am going." After the arms had fallen gently down, we perceived he was gone.

Thus died one whom the Lord has sustained faithfully in the ministry for over forty years. Many now living bear testimony to the words spoken by him coming with power, arresting them when dead in sin, and then directing them to Christ as the only Refuge for poor sinners. His only aim was to extol Christ and lay the sinner low.

EMMA HOWELL.

JOHN TURNER.—On May 24th, aged 67, John Turner, Baptist minister, Heckington, Lincolnshire.

He preached the gospel faithfully during 35 years. He was of quiet, retiring habits, grave, honest, and sincere. The last few months of his life he appeared to have a presentiment that his time here was short, spending it much in retirement and prayer. A few weeks before his death, while preaching a funeral sermon for one of his members, he said he should not be long after her, though to all appearances he might have lived years.

In May last he was to have paid a visit to his daughter. I had engaged to preach for him in the afternoon of the Lord's day he intended being absent. Instead of his visit, his dear Lord and Master had despatched the message, bidding him come away to his courts above. He was on his death bed. Before going into the pulpit, I read and engaged in prayer with him. Inquiring whether he was comfortable in his mind, he replied, "Yes;" and whether the truths he had preached so many years afforded him comfort, he answered, "They are my only support now."

On my second visit, he was almost past speaking. He could just articulate, "Fixed upon the Rock."

On my third and last visit, the power of speech had ceased, though he appeared perfectly sensible. His deacon, with whom he had lived in happy union for over 30 years, was greatly affected at his not being able to speak to him.

During the former part of his short illness, there was evidently some sharp soul-conflict at times; but during the last 24 hours, his countenance beamed with inward peace and joy. There is no doubt that he heard his Master's voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Having known our departed brother for 15 years, and having felt a growing union, I feel his loss much.

E. SAMUEL.

Sleaford.

The following piece was by the above, and inserted in the "G. S.," p. 42, 1839:

Dear Sirs,—Having been a reader of your "Gospel Standard," and finding it to be a great help, through the blessing of the Lord, to a poor sinful creature, I have ventured to lay before you some of the Lord's dealings with my poor sinful self.

As early as ten years of age, it was impressed upon my mind that I was a sinner before God. But he suffered me to go on in all manner of sin and wickedness, wallowing in all kinds of filth with greediness, until I arrived at the age of 24, when it pleased the good Lord to let me have

a sight of myself, as standing before him as the greatest sinner upon the face of the earth. I was led, I trust, by the Spirit of God, to take my Bible, to endeavour to get a little refreshment; although at that time I did not believe a word that precious book contained. When, lo! on reading these words (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10): "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God," the Holy Spirit was pleased to convince me more fully that I was a sinner of the deepest dye, and one that was lost to all intents and purposes, and unworthy of the smallest favour that a covenant God could bestow. I saw that I stood naked before his presence, and I loathed and abhorred myself, and repented in dust and ashes.

On one occasion, I was walking in the fields, and such a terror came over me that I expected the very earth would open and swallow me up. Look unto heaven I durst not. I saw myself, as it were, cast out of heaven, like the man that had not on the wedding garment; and the very devils themselves seemed ready to receive me. I saw all my sins before me from my youth, and thought if they were brought in judgment against me the hottest place in hell would be assigned me; so, publican-like, I smote upon my breast, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I had such hard thoughts against God that I, to my shame be it spoken, even *cursed* him to his face; and yet I was constrained to believe the law was holy, just, and good, and that I stood condemned for breaking it in every point. I could believe that anybody and everybody would be saved but myself. I envied the very beasts of the field and the birds that flew in the air as being happy creatures, having no soul to sink into perdition; and I, a poor miserable mortal, expecting the awful sentence to be pronounced upon me every moment: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." The devil was continually sounding in my ears that I was not one of the elect, and, therefore, I need not trouble myself; for I had sinned away the day of grace, and, therefore, there was no hope.

I sometimes mixed with the world again, but could receive no pleasure as heretofore, it always leaving a void which nothing but the blood of Christ could satisfy. I would again take the Word of God, and ask the Lord to lead me into all truth. But O! The thunderings of Sinai would again sound in my ears in such passages as these: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." I then would throw down the Bible in anger, and vow never more to take it up again, because every page condemned me, and cut me up root and branch, and left me no place of standing. My comeliness was turned into corruption. My soul cried out from very trouble. I sank in deep waters where there was no standing. I cursed the day wherein I was born, and even my parents for being the means of bringing such a wretch into the world. The devil would again harass me and tell me I had committed the unpardonable sin,—the sin against the Holy Ghost; and that for such the Lord declared there is no pardon, neither in this world nor the world to come.

On one occasion, I went to hear a minister in the Establishment preach at a neighbouring church. In the course of his sermon, he observed that nothing unclean ever entered the kingdom of heaven. Thus, you see, I was again sent home with broken bones. I would sometimes try to pray; but could get no access to a throne of grace.

Thus the Lord was pleased to lead me on for three years, letting me see

my own nothingness and my utter helplessness to ever perform anything pleasing in his sight or anything whereby I could ever be accepted. About this time I read Bunyan's "Two Covenants" amidst hope and fear lest it also should condemn me. I had not read many pages before the same passage in 1 Cor., with another parallel to it in 1 Tim., stared me in the face, adding, "Pay me that thou owest;" which words were sharper than any two-edged sword, dividing asunder the soul and spirit. I was laying the book aside when the Lord said, "Go on;" and O the unutterable joy that burst into my soul directly! The peace of God flowed as a river, and his righteousness as the waves of the sea. My sins were all lost; and when they were sought for they could not be found. No; blessed be his holy Name, they were all cast behind the Lord's back into the great sea of oblivion and the wilderness of forgetfulness, never more to be remembered against me.

From that time the condemnation of the law was taken away; but I am still, at times, the subject of great darkness and distress of mind. The devil tempts me, and says, "It is all a delusion, all the heated imagination of your head. Your religion will come to nothing." This, with the deceitful workings of my own evil heart, besets me on every side, and would drive me into despair, did not the Lord appear for me, and say, "Fear not; for 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; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Then I am enabled to say, "The Lord is my Lord and Father, my Prophet, my Priest, and my King," and rely upon his promise by faith; because he is faithful who has promised; he cannot deny himself.

These are a few of the dealings of a covenant God with my soul; and but few; for time would fail to tell of the mercies I have received, as well as of the harassings of soul through unbelief. When prayer was a task, and the Bible a sealed book, not one promise could I lay hold of by faith; but this is the greatest of mercies, that the bush continues to burn.

Thus, dear Sirs, I have, through much weakness, endeavoured to lay before you my case; I trust not to exalt self, but with a single eye to the glory of God; that through his blessing resting on it, it may be a means of encouragement to the weakest believer. The insertion of this, although written in a confused state, in your "Gospel Standard," would oblige,

Yours in the best of Bonds,

Near Sleaford, Sept. 2nd, 1838.

J. T.

JOSEPH MULLINGS.—On July 24th, aged 60, Joseph Mullings, of Trowbridge.

My dear husband was an exercised soul for more than 40 years. Not having been favoured with a clear deliverance, he was much tried to know if the work of grace were really begun. His constant cry was, "Jesus, manifest thyself to me, and bring my soul out of bondage." He would often say, when speaking of his connection with the church, "What a useless branch I am!"

For 20 years he was afflicted with a weak chest and a cough; and for the last few years was laid by for weeks, and sometimes months, in the winter. At such times, he would exclaim, "Now I hope the Lord's time is come to visit my soul." Still, deliverance did not come, but, as will be seen, he did not wait nor seek in vain. He loved the word: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." He was a praying man, both in the family and in secret. He loved the Lord's house and

people. He used to come home from business groaning because he had thought so little of the Lord during the day; but would sometimes speak of having been melted in his feelings, and blessed with a spirit of prayer, while on his way home after a day's toil. He was a lover of prayer-meetings; and was many times melted down before the Lord in his house. I remember hearing him exclaim, while in tears, after hearing the late Mr. Burns, "He is a happy man, like Paul." He also heard Mr. I. Spencer from the words: "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Also the late Mr. Spire from the words: "O when wilt thou come unto me?" And Mr. Popham from the words: "And there shall be no night there." These were all special times with him, and he would often refer to them, and to the sermons of other good men. He loved the late Mr. Warburton, and begged to be brought into liberty under his ministry; but he had to wait the Lord's time. Thus he was led on until his last affliction, which was bronchitis, weakness of chest, and distressing cough. After some time the cough and bronchitis left him, and dropsy set in. He was then able to read the Bible aloud, also the "Gospel Standard." I remarked to him that his lungs appeared to be stronger than my own. He suffered much from thirst, and he told a gracious friend that Satan and his own carnal nature would often tempt him to drink till he should become intoxicated; but the Lord drew such groans and cries from his heart for preservation in, and deliverance from, the temptation, as he was graciously pleased to hear and answer; and his tempted soul proved the truth of the promise: "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

The same friend, being a doctor, prescribed means which proved beneficial; he also prayed that the Lord would grant him a glorious entrance into his heavenly home, which prayer has been graciously answered. Mr. Clough, being unable, on account of ill-health, to visit him, sent him a very encouraging letter, and as he was reading it, the words,

"Why should the children of a King?" &c.,

came to his mind with all the freshness of words he had never heard before; and he often afterwards referred to them. On one occasion, he exclaimed, "My eyes fail with looking upwards;" "O when wilt thou come unto me?" and,

"Mercy through blood I make my plea;
O God, be merciful to me."

"If I ever get to heaven, Mary Magdalene, nor the thief on the cross, will be able to sing like me,—less than the least." At this time he also referred to the sermon by Mr. Spencer, mentioned above, repeating the word: "Looking for that blessed hope;" also Eph. i. 3. Hymns 2, 9, 10, 160, 174, 198, 320, 376, 385, and 386, and many of Hart's, were great favourites with him. He said that many years ago the words: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God," &c., and, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you," rested with much power on his mind. I once said, "What shall I do when you are gone?" He quietly replied, "Go to the Lord. He is all wisdom; but I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all; but Jesus Christ is All in all."

July 19th.—He suffered agonies from his legs, the skin of which had broken, causing constant discharge, and necessitating frequent changes, which were very painful to bear. He said, "For years have I begged the Lord in the words:

"Softly to the garden lead me,
To behold thy bloody sweat;"

but little did I think this was the way to it. I used to say, 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;' now I know it by experience." Then

he would cry out, "Lord, give me patience. Don't let me murmur. My sins, my cruel sins merit this. Lord, I confess all to thee. 'Alas! I broke his heart.' I am now partaking a crumb of his sufferings. Pray for me. Wrestle hard for me. 'Mine a drop; his a sea.' 'Being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly.'"

July 20th.—This morning his sufferings somewhat abated. Mr. Popham called to see him; and, after hearing of his severe sufferings through the night, and of his temptations, he was led to quote the words: "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him;" and the blessed Spirit sweetly applied the words. After Mr. Popham had left, he said, "I waited to see if a word came through him, and now I know by precious faith and feeling that I shall reign with him. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Crown him! Crown him Lord of all! I long to be gone, but must wait my appointed time."

July 21st.—My dear husband asked me to read Luke ii. When I came to the words: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," he said, "I have, I have rejoiced! Free grace, free grace!"

"Amazing grace (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!"

He then said, "When in my agony of pain, the devil tempted me to destroy myself; but the poor wretch undone was kept by the power of God."

July 22nd.—He said, "Christ is my Shepherd. He carries the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. O! How gently he is leading me! Years ago this was blessed to me: 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring.' He is my Strength and my Redeemer. Had I a thousand tongues, I could praise him with them all." It was a glorious night with him; no sleep; for he was continually speaking of seeing angels, and describing the beauties of Christ's Person, as they appeared to be revealed to him. He appeared to be as full of heaven and heavenly things as his happy soul could hold; and it was truly blessed to be with him.

July 23rd.—Still sweetly favoured with the Lord's presence. A friend called, and he told her of the blessed views he had had during the night. She spoke of the glories of heaven. He said, "Heaven would be nothing to me without my Saviour." I said, "At the Lord's right hand there are pleasures for evermore." He replied, "I long to be gone." I said, "You must wait a little longer, to show forth his praise." He said, "None but Jesus; none but Jesus." While out of the room, I heard him say something; and when I returned I asked him if he spoke. He said, "Yes; I was telling the blessed Three-in-One that I was a sinner saved by grace." A dear friend, who had often ministered to him, brought him some grapes. He said, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days."

Another friend called, and he told her how the Lord had blessed him. Shortly after, he exclaimed, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." He then bade us all good-bye, and said, "No more pain," dropped his arm, and, at nine o'clock p.m., sank into unconsciousness. He continued breathing till five minutes to eight the following evening, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Trowbridge, Aug. 11th, 1877.

S. J. MULLINGS.

JOHN PIKE.—On Aug. 20th, aged 74, John Pike, a member of Providence Chapel, Bath.

He was a man of peace, one who walked humbly with his God, and who was looking for and hasting to the coming of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. A few days before death, he said to me, "I know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, eternal in the heavens." He longed to depart to be with Jesus. For years he begged to be made meet for heaven; I saw him the Sabbath before his death. He said it was well with him; it was rich mercy. We have lost one we loved for the grace manifested in him in walk, conversation, attendance, and kindness. The following letter was left to be read to his family after death:

"My dear Children,—I have written these few lines to you all, as my end must come, and I know not how soon, or how it may take place. I may not be able to say a last farewell word to you; but I must tell you all that I have done all that I could for your well-being in this life. I hope I have never led you wrong by my example or my words. I have prayed earnestly for you all by day and by night that the Lord would have mercy upon you, and show you the way of salvation, and not let you go on in the broad road till you fall into that pit of destruction where mercy can never come. If I do not see this with my own eyes, I hope the day will come when the Lord by his Spirit will call you out of darkness into his marvellous light, and bless you with a new heart and a right spirit, and make you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Let me beg of you to live in peace and love one another.

"Farewell, dear children. May the Lord bless you all. These are your father's last words to you all. Your mother is gone; and I am going to be with Jesus. Remember, you must soon follow after us. The road to heaven is narrow and strait, and few there be that find it. (Matt. vii. 14.)"

The following was found in a book given to one of his children: "The ground of my hope of being with Jesus is just this: I have been convinced of my sins, and abhor myself on account of them. I have cried to God like the poor publican. I have been a believer in Jesus for more than 40 years. I hope to be saved through the cleansing blood of the covenant and the imputation of the righteousness of Jesus. I know that I love his Word, his house, and his people. And I read: 'He that believeth hath everlasting life.' If this is not the way to heaven, where Jesus is, then I must perish."

"JOHN PIKE."

He never gave me an unkind word or look during our fellowship, which was for over 20 years.

J. HOPKINS.

THERE is much talk of Christ and of the Holy Spirit, yet very much of it is little to the purpose. It is our mercy when we clearly understand that our whole salvation is out of ourselves; and that it is wholly in Christ.—*S. E. Pierce.*

It is one part of Christ's work to pray for those that are coming to Christ, who are not yet brought unto Christ. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all those that shall believe [though as yet they do not believe] in me [but that they may believe] through their word." Let me tell thee, soul, for thy comfort, who art coming to Christ, panting and sighing, as if thy heart would break, I tell thee, soul, thou wouldst never have come to Christ if he had not by the virtue of his blood and intercession first sent into thy heart an earnest desire after Christ. And let me tell thee also that it is his business to make intercession for thee, not only that thou mightest come in, but that thou mightest be preserved when thou art come in.—*Bunyan.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1877.

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

PREACHING THE WORD.

A SERMON BY MR. DE FRAINE, OF LUTTERWORTH, PREACHED AT FORD STREET CHAPEL, COVENTRY, SEPT. 9TH, 1877.

“Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.”—ACTS viii. 4.

THIS was the effect of the persecution. The disciples were scattered abroad through the persecution with which they met; and the consequence was that “they went everywhere preaching the word.”

If we look at the context, we shall find that Stephen, that blessed man of God, was called to suffer martyrdom for his faithful adherence to the gospel of Christ. “And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.” Among the enemies of the church of God, Saul, who seemed one of the greatest enemies, was consenting to Stephen’s death. His end and design was to pull down the kingdom of Christ into ruins; but, instead of Saul making a ruin of the kingdom of Christ, the Lord Jesus was graciously pleased to make an effectual ruin of him.

“And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and, haling men and women, committed them to prison. Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.” How marvellous are the works of God! How soon he scatters the schemes of the wicked, and builds up his own church upon the faith, hope, and righteousness of Christ! The Lord sent the word into Saul’s conscience, and made havoc of him. He cried out, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” In what a mysterious way God moves, his wonders to perform; as we sang in the first hymn:

“He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

We have been led in such a mysterious path that we have looked on and wondered at what God did, being fearful he was about to destroy us. But, dear friends, he does not mean our destruction;

he means our salvation. He means to give his people life, and give it more abundantly. And in our text we see that persecution meant furthering the great designs and purposes of the Almighty. Satan and his emissaries are abroad, doing all they can to throw the cause of God and truth into confusion; but the Lord by his mighty power overrules all for the good of his people. He causes the word to run, have free course, and be glorified. We have no real cause to fear. His word is sure to succeed; and all our foes shall miss their aim. May the Lord, in the plenitude of his mercy, apply the word to your hearts with Almighty power, that you may feel the word to be the Word of God. May the word of the Lord, then, have free course and be glorified. We shall have to notice *the word preached*, and some of the *effects of the Word of God* that he is pleased to bring forth, working with his own word, bringing it to his own family. He builds on Christ, the only Foundation which God has laid in Zion for his people to build their faith and hope upon.

“Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.” “Unto you is the word of this salvation sent.” The word they preached was the word of salvation. We might try to show you that they preached the word of salvation, and that they had experienced that word of salvation in their souls. What a great word it is! I do not know a greater word in the English language than “*salvation*.” It comprehends all Jehovah is and ever will be; all his love, his power, his goodness, his mercy, and his truth. The saints of God ever desire to feel it brought home. It is a salvation from death to life; it is a salvation from hell to heaven. How many hundreds that have attended the gospel of Christ have been brought into the liberty of the gospel! How many poor sinners before me have occasion to bless the Lord they were brought to hear, and bear their testimony to this great salvation! Though there is abundant cause for lamentation for the great number that do not preach a full, free, and glorious salvation, we have to bless God that we have not been left to ourselves that we should run into the other extreme. The Lord’s mercy has held us fast, and kept us for years, so that we have been brought, some of us years ago, to feel we are poor needy sinners. We now know more about it than we did of the way God leads and teaches his people out of his law. He teaches them what they are. He draws from them the humble acknowledgment of their state by nature,—that they are sinners, lost sinners needing his power. He does more; he visits their souls, takes them and builds them up, and gives them a realization of his great salvation for themselves.

This word of salvation God puts into the hearts of his ministers, that they should tell the people: “By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.” What has all the contention been about; before my time? It has been between a free-grace salvation and salvation by works, To which, dear friends, do

we belong? So at this day there is this great question between two parties: How is a man saved? Is it by grace or the works of the law? Is it according to the "do and live" system, or the tenor of the gospel? Does God have all the glory of saving them, or Christ and the creature? This is the great question; and it is answered by the word of salvation.

Election and predestination are words of salvation, blessed be God. Were it not for election and predestination, none would ever have been brought to love the Lord of life and glory. These great truths of God we should not have known without the Spirit of God, who reveals these things. He has from the beginning chosen his people. "But we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." As he ever was, so he ever will be. For from before the foundation of the world Christ was ordained to be the great Mediator. He was appointed to be the Lamb of God; he was Christ the Anointed. He came in the fulness of time to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And the great Almighty Spirit of God came down, and appointed and anointed Christ to be the Redeemer of his people. He made us new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"To you is the word of this salvation sent." It is the salvation of the Three-One Jehovah,—Three Persons in One God, One in Three and Three in One.

"But all true Christians this may boast,
A truth from nature never learned,
That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To save our souls were all concerned."

The Three Persons in One God are all concerned in the salvation of sinners. The Father chose all his people in Christ; the Son paid the ransom price; and the Holy Spirit engaged to make this salvation known. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in 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." He chose us in Christ Jesus because he loved us. I knew an old man who lived at Trowbridge, now dead. I used to see him twice a year. John always used to tell me that the Lord loved him, and the reason why; not that he was better than any others; but the Lord loved him because he would love him. He used to say, "Blessed be God, his love is his unchanging nature." His love no end or measure knows; undergoes no change. The love of God causes him to save his people; and it is of an unchanging nature.

"Loved with an everlasting love."

We cannot get beyond it; it is everlasting love. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Have we been drawn by the loving-kindness of the Lord from all evil, from vain confidence? Have we been brought down, humbled, with no confidence in the flesh, led to seek after the grace of God in Christ? Have we been brought to build our hopes for eternity on a precious Christ, through his wonderful love received by the grace of God?

"They went everywhere preaching the word." Blessed be God, it will be preached. The Lord has ordained the preaching of the gospel; and he has ordained salvation through the preaching of the gospel for his own dear people. The Lord sends the word of salvation, accompanying it with almighty power to gather the lost ruined sons and daughters of Adam, and bringing them to God. We read in the Word of God what great wonders were wrought by the apostles preaching the word of God,—salvation by grace. Three thousand were brought to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." As it was in those days, so it is now. You may think to find a better way; but there is none so good as that which God has revealed. This is the only way in which poor sinners can be saved, consistent with his own honour and glory. The soul is made willing in the day of his power to give him all the glory. The language of the church is: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

In this way of believing the soul is brought off all dependence on self. Are there not some present this morning bowed down with the dreadful burden of sin? Their cry has been, many a time, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." They have almost despaired of ever finding mercy. But has not God appeared in his own time to bind up the broken heart, and to heal all that are sick? When God comes to bind up broken hearts he effectually heals them; he sets their feet on the Rock, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.

"They went everywhere preaching the word." We read in the Word of God that this is the word of life. When the angel brought the apostle out of prison, the commission was: "Go and speak in the temple all the words of this life." It is a great matter to realize the words of this life; turning men from darkness to light, from condemnation to salvation, and that of God. Where the word of salvation comes into a poor sinner's soul, it is the word of life. It is life from the dead. It is the proclamation of life and salvation to the poor sinner. He feels it, and knows it is the word of salvation, and the word of life. My friends, have you not felt it to be the word of life when cast down and overwhelmed with guilt and condemnation? Do not these words appear life in your souls? You have proved the reality of this life, having passed from a state of condemnation to a state of justification, and (what a mercy it is!) from a state

of death to life. You have been brought to see that there is “no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.”

The Lord sends his servants out to publish the words of life, the words of the kingdom, the living word of the living Lord. Though all the world is opposed to them they shall prosper. All his ministers he hath sent forth to preach this word of eternal life. It is eternal life, life from the dead, when the Lord speaks. It is the word of life, the word of the living God. It gives power; it gives enjoyment; it is perfect freedom from the law of sin and death. Those who are the possessors live a life of faith on the Son of God. The enjoyment, by an application of the precious blood of sprinkling, gives power, and a right and title to eternal life. This is the evidence of life and light. What is your evidence of having a good hope? In what does this good hope consist? What is the foundation for your hope? If these questions were put to you, you would reply,

“My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu’s blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu’s name.”

If your hope is built on anything else, it is not worth having. If your hope is built on the righteousness of a precious Christ, that righteousness imputed to you without any works, you have a right and title to eternal life. Your hope being built upon Christ alone, you are safe for time and safe for ever. You shall never perish, because the Lord’s love is set upon you. To you is this salvation sent. Where can a poor sinner place his hope but on Christ? He is the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble. I know of no place or person upon which to fix my hope but Christ. I cannot conceive any place so safe for a lost sinner as the Lord Jesus. That poor sinner who has the love of God fixed upon him will never be lost, will never finally depart from him. A man who has Christ in his heart has everything. His love is almighty love. “He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” A man who has this hope finds it is a blessed hope. He feels, notwithstanding his castings down, there is hope in Israel concerning this thing. These people shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of Christ’s hand.

“Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere, preaching the word.” This was the word of divine life. The people felt it to be the word of life; they saw some of the effects of it. Those who had been cast into prison had their prison doors opened. Part of this work was “the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, to comfort all that mourn.”

What a blessed thing it is to have faith to believe! Some of God’s dear people long for a greater amount of faith. They can-

not realize whether they have any faith or not. They long for a greater enjoyment. Their language is:

“’Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?”

You have not much faith to boast of. But the existence of a living faith in the soul is proved when there is a real anxiety for more evidence. The people of God want more; therefore their cry is to the Lord: “Shew me a token for good.” They want more evidence of the divine life in their hearts, that they are made possessors of Christ, as the Word says, “Christ in you the Hope of glory.” They long for more living faith in the efficacy of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. This great salvation, this word of life, brought by the Spirit of God into our souls, is the gift of God, through Christ.

“He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.”

The commission to the apostles was to speak all the words of this life. This life is in the Son of God; it is eternal life. You may say, I cannot enjoy much of this eternal life while in this wilderness. Perhaps not. Paul, in speaking of this, says, “In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began.” If you have the hope that God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began, it is a good hope. What do you think are the ideas some people have of going to heaven? Some think scarcely any will be lost; they know so many ways of sending people to heaven. My friends, many who think they are going to heaven will be disappointed. Only those will reach that place who have had the ploughshare of the law of God driven into their consciences, turned over and over by the living convictions of the Holy Ghost, who have had their sins forgiven, and who possess repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. These souls will never be lost. For the Lord Jesus says, “I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death.” As he has the keys of hell and death, he will surely never let any of his people into that place of torment.

“They went everywhere preaching the word.” Blessed be God, it is a word of peace.

“No peace but in the Son of God;
No joy, but through his pard’ning blood.”

“And the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.” Now, it is according to the gospel to bring that peace that passeth all understanding.

“They went everywhere preaching the word,”—“the word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ. He is Lord of all.” My friends, we maintain the glorious truth that Christ is Lord of all,—Lord of the church and of the world. If Christ were not Lord of all, it would be a

bad case with us. What would become of us? Where should we stand? But we proclaim him Lord of all, the Lamb of God, the great Author and Finisher of our faith. He gives faith, and he exercises that faith. He says, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." The poor sinner waits upon the Lord for these things, and sometimes he gets no comfort in waiting; nothing but disappointment. But by and by the Lord appears for him, as David says, and lifts up his head. The Lord appears for his poor cast-down people, and turns their darkness into light, and their night into day, so that their mourning is turned into rejoicing. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." They shall be able to sing praises to him, and they shall not be silent.

My dear friends, the Lord's own sent ministers meet with considerable persecution. "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word,"—the testimony of salvation by grace to poor lost ruined sinners. But people will oppose real godliness. I never expect to see in this world the time when the wicked will not persecute the righteous for being righteous and godly. The Lord's people must have persecution. The Word of God tells us so. Therefore, make up your minds to have it. You will not think so much of it when it comes, if the Lord is pleased to manifest himself to you.

Now, in preaching the word, they honoured God, they preached peace; it was a word of peace. They preached man's utter helplessness, his ruin, his need of a refuge, his want of strength. And the result was that poor sinners were brought to see their utter destitution, and that their only refuge was a precious Christ. Out of Christ there is nothing but ruin and dismay. Have you received the word like this? Can you appeal to the Lord, and say,

"Other refuge have I none;

Hangs my helpless soul on thee," &c.

Do you feel that your souls are hanging on the blood and righteousness of Christ for life and salvation, and that you have nowhere else to hang? Have you been brought sweetly to glory in the Lamb of God? Does the Spirit of God take of the things of a dear Redeemer, and show them to you? What blessed work it is for the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and reveal them to poor, mourning, broken-hearted, guilty sinners! This is what he is constantly doing, and what he will do till the end of time, so that the Lord's dear people shall not be left without the blessing. The Lord will make "the crooked straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The word of salvation is a great word. All those poor sinners who feel their need know the worth of it. The word peace is a great word. The word eternal life is a great word, I am sure. The Lord hath promised his people eternal life, and this life is

given them in his Son, that it might not be lost. In him they rest secure in time; and in him they will glory to eternity. The devil is never permitted to touch this life. If Satan could destroy the interest of the people of God in the atonement, how soon he would do it! But, blessed be God, he cannot do it. The Lord has secured these glorious things to his people in Christ beyond the reach of harm.

A man whom I visited on a dying bed said to me,

“A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding-place.”

Another poor woman on her death-bed, whom Mr. Taylor called to see, who had been a member with the late Mr. Gadsby, was drawing very near her journey's end. Her eyes seemed set; and as soon as Mr. T. spoke to her, she said,

“There shall I sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding-place.”

The Lord kept her to the end. She is now gazing on her glorious Hiding-place in that world where the sun never goes down, and where all who have an interest in Christ shall ever dwell as the blessed people of God.

So we go on from day to day, till we shall have done with all these things. The Lord will bestow the reward of grace connected with peace and love in Christ Jesus the Lord. When Zion is presented to the King in a raiment of needlework, then I hope to take part in the loud shout of “Grace, grace unto it!” And as God has given me salvation and eternal life in Christ, so that I have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, so I hope to take part in that shout, “Grace, grace unto it!” May he command his blessing. Amen.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

WHEN 'rest of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What arm can save us from despair,
Or dissipate the gloom?
No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart;
Nor mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.
But One alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love,
Which seem'd to cease to burn.
Then, O my soul, thy case make known;
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see;
His hand alone can heal.

A GOLDEN LEGACY.

My dear Brother in the Truth, May I not sincerely say, Mercy and peace be with thee?

Your kind letter came to hand; and as you wish for a line, I feel constrained to comply with your request, though you may have no idea of the questionings in my mind as to whether it be right to address you as a brother, and whether it is not taking too much upon me; but in this we are agreed,—that we are the chief of sinners, and saved by the freest grace that can be bestowed on such.

I have had it in my mind, at times, all the week, to give you a line, as my last was a faint description of the sad state I was then in; but, through the freest mercy that can be bestowed on the vilest of sinners, my captivity has been turned as the streams in the south, so that I can set to my seal that all you say is true, though had it come when I was sitting in darkness (unless divine power had broken down the strong bar of unbelief) I should have said, "Labour not to comfort me, seeing the Lord hath forsaken me." But the devil was a liar from the beginning, and ever will be; and never before did I see and feel so much of his rage and malice, and of my carnal mind, which is his ally, as in this last contest against the life of God in the soul of a poor sinner. Dear Mr. Smart may well say, "The life of God in the soul has but one Friend;" for so I find it, and bless his precious Name. He once appeared in the flesh to destroy the work of Satan, and nothing short of Almighty power can destroy it in us and for us.

Last week my bonds were burst by little and little, until at length he brought me into a wealthy place, and has given me to feel the straitness is in me, not in him; and when he admitted me into his presence, and showed me my comeliness through him, and what he had put upon me, with what shame and self-loathing did I appear! How it laid me low in the dust of self-abhorrence before him when he opened my blind eyes to see how kindly and faithfully he had dealt with his people in all ages! Here he gave me to see how he led Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and how he kept his covenant and forsook them not; and how he led Israel through the great and terrible wilderness, and forsook them not, though they rebelled against him.

My dear brother, he has favoured me to see by the eye of faith that my nest is made in the heart of everlasting love, and that he has hid me in the cleft of the rock, and that I shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of their Father, when all the non-elect shall be shut out.

You will think I am taking high ground, my brother; but when a little intercourse is opened between heaven and earth, it makes the dumb to speak; and I have thought to-day, the wise man might well say, "Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?" The voice of faith in a poor sinner says, "He does;"

and the psalmist says, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," and "to call upon his name, and declare his doings amongst the people." Who should speak so highly of him as your unworthy friend Hannah?

I often think of you all, and should be truly glad to see you; but at present see no prospect of it.

To advise you as to going out would be an act of presumption, seeing you have good Mr. H. to counsel you. Could I see you, I might tell you some of my thoughts, which have been many, at times. My desire is that you may be led aright, and the safest way is, I feel, to watch the moving of the Spirit on your soul in the matter; and as far as he may enable you, to beg him to preserve you in the way you should go, and not be left for a moment to say "A confederacy" to all that profess to name the Name of Jesus.

I am not at all surprised about your not understanding some of the people at R., seeing there was a perverse spirit mingled amongst (shall I say us?) from the first; but let not this discourage thee, seeing the husbandman hath long patience until he receive the early and the latter rain; and you will admit you received the early rain; and now you may have many a scorching sun and nipping frost to endure, and that often in ways you least expect. These may be needful to drive you from every arm of flesh; and your own heart will sometimes rise in rebellion, and at other times in self-pity, and this will keep you from trusting in that. Many things you will meet with which will try you keenly from some that you may feel should strengthen your hands; and my dear brother will find, as I have done of late, the great need of crying for patience to wait, and strength to endure all that lies in our path. But you will say I am preaching to you what you know more of than I do; so I will leave off, by wishing you much of the spirit of meekness and godly fear.

With my best love to dear Mrs. W. and Mr. and Mrs. R., who I am glad to hear are well.

Yours very affectionately, in the Truth,

Framfield, Sussex, Dec. 17th, 1871.

HANNAH BURTON.

[The writer of the above letter died Oct. 14th, aged 49. As stated on our wrapper last month, she was on a visit at Mr. Smart's for a few days, and died at his house.]

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF A SINNER'S HOPE.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Concluded from p. 488.)

2. The gift of the Holy Ghost in an abundant manner comes to us from the ascension of Christ. When Jesus was on earth, he promised this blessing to his disciples: "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth." And when

the day of Pentecost was fully come, Peter says, "He hath shed forth this, which you now see and hear." And this was fulfilling a promise that went before: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." (Isa. xlv. 3.) Joel also predicts the same. (ii. 28.) And this particularly comes to us from Christ's ascension. Hence you read that, when he ascended on high, he received gifts for men, that the Lord God might dwell among them. You read that the disciples were in an upper room, and there was the rushing of a mighty wind which shook the house. Thus the Lord went forth with whirlwinds of the south. But in this abundant manner the Holy Ghost had not previously been given, because Jesus had not been glorified.

3. The third benefit arising from Christ's ascension is that in Christ our Head we all entered eternal glory with him; and from this union with him heavenly blessings redound to us upon earth. This is such a union as it is impossible to describe. But what of heaven have we upon earth? To this I answer in ten things: *Rest* is enjoyed in heaven; and this we have on earth. This made David say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." Christ says, "I will give you rest." Paul also says, "We that believe do enter into rest." *Salvation* is called everlasting salvation; and this they sing, and ascribe it to God and the Lamb. Say you, Is this enjoyed on earth? Yes, it is. Read Isa. xii.; it is full of it. "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." "By grace are ye saved." And we sing with grace in our hearts unto the Lord. *Righteousness*. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And the righteousness of Christ is unto all and upon all them that believe. *Peace*. "They shall enter into peace." And there is joy and peace in believing. *Joy*. There shall be "everlasting joy" on their heads. But even here below we rejoice because our names are written in heaven. *Light*. "The Lord shall be thine everlasting light." And on earth: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come," &c. *Life*. "He shall lead them to fountains of living waters." And on earth "they shall drink of the river of thy pleasures." "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." He will also display the riches of his *grace* in glory. And on earth we receive grace to help in time of need. *Love*. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And on earth, says Paul, "the love of Christ constraineth us." Thus heaven begins below. I might add, in heaven there is *praise*: and so also on earth. "The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day."

Now all these things are enjoyed by virtue of our union with Christ, and in no other way. "Christ is all."

Thus we entered glory in our Head, when he ascended. You read that he "sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high;" and we are made to sit with him in heavenly places. What heavenly blessings flow to us from this union with Christ our covenant Head!

4. There is now a complete victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil; and indeed these are three potent enemies. Our greatest happiness lies in that we are engaged in a warfare that is already won; for his own arm brought salvation. Don't you think it would encourage a number of soldiers going into the field to fight were they sure before they began they should get the victory? Yes, say you; it would greatly remove their fears, and they would go forth boldly. Well; and what says Paul? "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us." And Christ says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

By "flesh" I understand the old man of sin that we carry about with us; and this was nailed to his cross; so that there is an end to him.

The devil also, and all devils, are now completely overcome. Christ is King of glory in the highest heavens, in our nature; he is King of Zion in the church; King of nations in the world; and King of kings and Lord of lords. And "the children of Zion" are to be "joyful in their King." And you read that they are to "bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron; to execute upon them the vengeance written; this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord." And Paul speaks the same: "Know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?" "And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

But, say you, if this battle is won, and Christ as a mighty Conqueror has ascended up on high, having led captivity captive, how is it that we feel so much of Satan's power, and are so often overcome by him? I will answer this question as well as the Lord enables me. We learn by our weakness against Satan what a mighty Conqueror Christ must be to overcome him; and in this way the glory is put on the head of him to whom it is due. We also learn by experience that our strength against Satan lies in human weakness; for "to them that have no might he increaseth strength." But do you know there is no way of overcoming Satan but by virtue of our union with this mighty Conqueror, who ascended up on high and led captivity captive? Now, there are six ways in which Satan is overcome, all which depend on this union; so that every soul that is not united to this mighty Conqueror, Christ Jesus, must, in spite of all its utmost attempts, be overcome by Satan, professor or profane.

i. The atonement of Christ must be applied to the conscience; for, as Satan gains the advantage by sin, when sin is removed he has lost his power. Did you never read this text in the Revelation: "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb," &c.? And here I would give my advice as one not a stranger to what I am writing. If you are an experimental Christian, and have known something of peace, happiness, and victory this way, but have sinned against light, life, and love, have backslidden and slighted your mercies, still follow after a union with Christ, instead of resolving to do this or that in your own strength; for Christ tells you, "Without me ye can do nothing." Satan will suggest to

you that it is presumption; but still press after this union; for this victory over Satan is by the blood of the Lamb. Paul says, "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins," &c.

ii. You must be justified freely from all things in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ to get victory over Satan. Did you never read the account in Zechariah of Joshua the high priest standing before the Lord in filthy garments, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him? The Lord said, "Take away his filthy garments, and clothe him with change of raiment." And then you read: "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" But, then, this righteousness comes by union with Christ. "Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

iii. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is the means of overcoming the devil. "All things are possible for him that believeth." And though those who are ignorant of this grace of faith will think lightly of it, yet to a convinced sinner it is very great indeed. It overcomes the world; as John says, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." But Christ overcame the world, as before observed; and faith lays fast hold of him, the Conqueror.

Again. Faith in Christ overcomes the flesh. If you notice, after Paul had made his complaints in Rom. vii., he breaks out with: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." This was a fresh acting of faith.

And lastly, this is the way to overcome the devil; and so says Peter. Peter had been a faithful servant to the devil in times past, and had suffered much by temptations from him; and therefore Peter is a very proper person to give good advice to others. He says, "Be sober; be vigilant; for your adversary the devil walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." But how are we to oppose the devil? "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith," &c. Thus faith in Christ, by laying hold of his victory, makes that victory ours.

iv. We must have the Spirit of Christ to overcome the devil. But why? Because this blessed Spirit is the "stronger than the strong man armed." Christ says, "If I with the finger of God cast out devils," &c. Now here the devil must quit; for this union makes Satan fly, as you read: "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." It was this that made Paul so victorious over devils when the seven sons of Sceva the Jew were overcome, for they made them fly out of the house wounded and naked, saying, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know; but who are ye?"

v. We must receive grace from the fulness of Christ to be a match for the devil. What would Paul have done when the messenger from Satan came to buffet him, were it not that Christ told him, "My grace is sufficient for thee?" Now grace is unmerited love, as you read: "The people that were left of the sword found grace in my sight." And the next verse tells you

what that grace is: "Yea, I have loved thee," &c. It was, in Paul's case, as though Christ should say, "Have I upheld you so long, a chosen vessel to me, showed you the glories of heaven, and sent you forth to be the apostle of the Gentiles, and shall I now leave you in Satan's power? No, Paul; My grace is sufficient for thee."

vi. Satan is overcome by putting on the whole armour of God; and this is nothing else but putting on the Lord Jesus Christ, and walking in him, for he is the sum and substance of every part of the armour.

Thus I have gone through the subject; and seeing that "Christ is all" in his life, death, resurrection, and ascension, may we remember that these things are more than notion; there must be an experience of them all. There is no going to heaven without them. And, remember, there will be great and strong trials, temptations, and oppositions on all hands. Christ says, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth, but a sword." "Ye shall be hated of all men for my Name's sake." Therefore, do not dream that growing up into Christ is an easy thing to the flesh; but expect to be continually crossed. And as fast as you are crossed, look about for this union with Christ; and as you go on, you will get stronger and stronger, and your path will shine more and more. But never expect a cessation of arms; for every enemy, without and within, will fight hard against you till death. When you are well acquainted with these things, they will not terrify and frighten you as they used to do; but the good Spirit will lead you again and again to the inexhaustible fulness of Jesus. You shall find him to be faithful to all his promises, a Friend at all times, and One who can be touched with the feeling of your infirmities.

These trials make a throne of grace valuable. We are compelled to hunt out promises from the Word of God suitable to our case; and the good Spirit helps us to plead them. And every deliverance we have makes the union between Christ and us more clear. By observing these things, we understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

In a little time, at the most, we shall bid adieu to a life of faith; and then the end of faith will be the salvation of the soul. I conclude with these words of the poet:

"When, when will that blest time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to sit, to lodge, to live,
And never part again?"

Finished Aug. 30th, 1810, in the evening.

WHEN God puts his children into the furnace of affliction, he sits by as the skilful refiner, for a twofold purpose: 1. To support them through the fiery trial; 2. To see they lose nothing but dross, which is not worth their keeping. Example: The three Hebrew children had only their bonds consumed by the fire, and they then walked forth more freely in the glorious liberty of the children of God.—*Medley*.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT FAITH AND ITS INCREASE.

(Concluded from p. 434.)

WE have now, in conclusion, to say a few things about the increase of faith. That there is such a thing seems abundantly clear from the Word of God; also that this increase may be not only of a temporary, but of a more permanent nature. The point requires, we think, careful handling. We would shun anything like fleshly perfectionism, or the progressive sanctification of mere nature, on the one hand; but we would also avoid a corruption and denial of the testimony of God's Word on the other. Every word of God is pure; and we count it a very great sin against the Lord to add to or diminish from what he hath spoken. We admire Mr. Hart's sound and sweet exhortation:

“Revere the sacred page;
To injure any part
Betrays, with blind and feeble rage,
A hard and haughty heart.

“If aught there dark appear,
Bewail thy want of sight;
No imperfection can be there,
For all God's words are right.”

Now, the Lord, in his parables, compares the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard seed sown in a garden, which at first is exceedingly small, but by degrees develops and grows into a large plant. This describes, not only the progress of the gospel kingdom of Christ upon earth, but the growth of his inward kingdom in the soul. Now, we know that a part of that inward kingdom is faith. Christ dwells in the heart by faith; consequently, as the kingdom grows, faith grows.

So, again, we read in the Word of babes, little children, young men, and fathers in Christ. Here we have plainly set before us different stages of the Christian life. Babes are unskilful in the word of righteousness, and need milk, and not strong meat; whilst the young men are strong; and the fathers know Him that is from the beginning; that is, have a very enlarged spiritual acquaintanceship with the Lord Jesus as the Christ of God. Here, again, a progress, a growth is plainly indicated. Paul declares in express words that there is such a thing as an increase of faith. Writing to the Thessalonians, he says, in the first epistle (i. 3): “Remembering without ceasing your work of faith.” And, then, in the second epistle (i. 3), he writes: “We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because your faith groweth exceedingly.” In the words of our text, too, we have the apostles praying for an increase of faith; and the Lord, whilst signifying the preciousness of even the smallest degree of a true and living faith, and the danger of turning grace into merit, as though we could make a sort of righteousness out of what, through grace, the Lord has done in us and by us, never reproves them

for making such a request, or indicates that it was an improper one. One of our hymns says:

“We ask for faith a sweet increase.”

So, then, we see plainly that there is such a thing as an increase of this most precious grace. What, then, is the nature of that increase? A word or two, first, as to what it assuredly is *not*.

1. It is not such an increase as shall render the child of God less dependent upon the Spirit of God. This would be a miserable increase. We are said to grow up into Christ in all things. Such an increase as the above would be to grow up so as to grow out of Christ, and, like the poor prodigal, get our portion of goods, and set up for ourselves; of all states the most dangerous and dreadful.

“Man’s wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e’en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.”

“The king shall joy in thy strength, O God; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!”

2. It is not such an increase as that a man’s faith remains at a dead level, or at some particular degree, as to act or exercise, always acting with a certain power, always in the same lively exercise. Far from this. Poor children of God know how often their faith seems weak and sickly, at a very low ebb, and utterly crippled as to its actings; and as if, sometimes, when most wanted, it was in no exercise at all.

3. It is not such an increase as that the man in whom it really is shall necessarily be conscious of, or able to discern its existence. Poor Heman had great faith; yet appeared to himself as if he had none. Moses knew not that his face shone.

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

And a Christian man may have a very good degree of faith, and that, too, in exercise, and yet may not be able to say that he has it. Probably the centurion and the woman of Canaan little thought they had great faith. Sometimes those who have most think they have very little, if any at all; and sometimes those who have very little say they are rich and increased in goods. A very sober, spiritual judgment is required in deciding upon our condition and our possession of faith and its increase.

But now, what *is* this increase? In what does it consist? If we mistake not, the child of God’s growth, as a believer, is his growth in a true, living, spiritual, experimental knowledge of himself as a sinner, and in other divine things. Thus faith increases. Luther describes faith as a certain divine knowledge in the soul. It is truth in the spirit, life, and power of it in the heart. And Mr. Hart very truthfully writes:

“Faith is by knowledge fed.”

Not by mere notions in the brain; these only feed the flesh and a false presumptuous confidence; but by a true, spiritual, divine

knowledge. As this knowledge increases, faith increases; as this knowledge is confirmed in the soul, faith is confirmed and strengthened. Now, this kind of knowledge is imparted only by the Lord himself. It is said of God's people, "They shall be all taught of God." They learn everything which is properly learned under divine teaching. God instructs them

1. By his *Word*. When men cast aside the Word of God, what knowledge is in them? That Word is the perfect revelation of God's mind and will; and by it, and according to it, he instructs all his children. For this teaching they ardently pray:

"The word of truth, from thy blest mouth,
O! Make it clearly known."

They lift up their voices for understanding; and God fulfils that promise to them: "I will make known my words unto you." Those Scriptures, which are a sealed book to others, shall be opened and made known, in their true and spiritual meaning, unto them. God teaches them out of his law, as the psalmist writes: "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." And he teaches them out of his gospel; for they all sit down at the feet of Jesus, and receive God's words at his mouth.

2. By his *leadings*. "He led him about, he instructed him." As it was with the nation of Israel in days of old, so it is at all times with his people. He leads them into a great variety of circumstances; and in these circumstances he causes them to receive instruction. Thus they learn the truth in an experimental manner, and what they receive from the Word is confirmed more and more to them. They discover the vanity of the creature, the evil and wretchedness of their own hearts, the purity of God's holy law, the misery of their natural condition, and the fulness, preciousness, and certainty of God's gospel, as they could not have discovered them in any other way.

Paul shows us, in 2 Cor. i. 10, how his confidence in God, as delivering him in future troubles, was increased and strengthened by what he had learned in the school of experience: "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver." Now, what is the conclusion he is enabled to draw from these things? "In whom we trust that he will yet deliver us." Thus experience wrought increase of faith and hope in God. So it is now. Our repeated experiences of the delivering hand of God produce a sort of persuasion in our hearts that he will appear for us again.

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

Repeated deaths, as Paul says, "in deaths oft," and repeated resurrections out of those deaths, enable us to say,

"God of my life, thy gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul has led;"

and produce a hope in our hearts that "he which raised up the Lord Jesus will raise up us also by Jesus." Thus our very deaths tend to the increase of our knowledge of and faith in God.

Repeated answers to prayer increase our faith in God as the God that heareth prayer; especially when, by an enlarged experience, we learn more and more of the way which God is pleased to take in answering our petitions. Some experimental acquaintanceship with God as a God of providence increases our confidence in him as supplying our wants. And the fulfilment of some promises, which have been accomplished in spite of deaths and difficulties, produces in our minds a hope of further fulfilments.

Thus our true knowledge grows, and faith is really increased, by varied experiences, even if we do not perceive it. These do something for the Christian's soul; they are not in vain. And this very increase may often be discerned by the fact that those trials which at one time overwhelmed us are at length more patiently endured, and do not ordinarily sink us so low; yea, greater trials by far, within and without, are borne with a greater ability and equanimity in after days than some of a much lighter kind were in our earlier stages of experience. Many a child of God who, if he judged by present feelings, might be inclined to say, "I have no strength," has, nevertheless, a divine power supporting him, and carrying him forward; and that power is really derived from the truth of God, spiritually and experimentally learnt, and dwelling in him.

And here we would remark that children of God, judging improperly by their frames and feelings, and, therefore, laying too much stress upon those that are comfortable, frequently overlook the fact that they are sustained in afflictions, and carried forward in work and warfare, by the Holy Spirit, through the power of those truths which they have received when they may not perceive that such is the case. Sickly, declining states there are when the truth is not influencing to the same degree; but ordinarily the child of God goes forward, when himself, perhaps, is hardly conscious of it, in the power of the truth once taught him; and, in this sense, hears a voice behind him saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

3. But, then, all depends upon the Holy Spirit. God teaches his people by his Word, and in a way of varied experience, and thus increases their faith; but the Holy Spirit is the grand Instructor, and enables them to learn to profit. Men may read God's Word, and pass through many afflictions and varied circumstances, and learn nothing profitably, so far as eternity goes. If a fool is brayed in a mortar amongst wheat, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. But the Spirit of God is in and with the Lord's people; and thus they become true learners in the divine school, and increase in the knowledge of themselves and of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit, too, must uphold them through the effects of their past experiences of God's delivering hand and prayer-fulfilling goodness. What the poet says is always true:

"If thou shouldst leave us, we must fall;
Without thee, cannot rise."

And to teach us this, that blessed Comforter, at times, leaves us in measure to ourselves; and then we find how weak we are, and how utterly unable are past experiences, of themselves, to support us. But, even in this very way, a true faith increases; for thus we learn more of our absolute dependence upon the Lord for present and continual supplies of grace.

Thus, then, we grow downwards in self and upwards into the Lord Jesus; and obtain, by various means, in the essence of it, an increase of faith. If any child of God, who has been some lengthened period in the way, is enabled to look back and consider things properly, he will see how very ignorant he was at one time of many things he now knows, how many mistakes he made, and how many wrong and inconsistent opinions he adhered to. This ignorance has been gradually removed, and these errors of judgment rectified, under divine teaching from God's Word and by means of a diversified and lengthened experience. Thus Paul, in the Romans, describes one believer as "weak in the faith;" and then writes concerning himself and those whose spiritual judgment was more ripened: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

But a child of God may not only thus grow up as a believer generally; his faith may be increased as to some particular truth or event, or be brought, at times, into increased act or exercise. How exceedingly incredulous was Thomas as to the fact of the resurrection of Christ! But when Christ had bidden him thrust his hand into his side, and had spoken to him, "Be not faithless, but believing," how his faith was increased and strengthened. Then his cry was: "My Lord and my God!" The ruler, who came to seek Jesus's help for his dying daughter, was very weak in faith, as Christ's words: "Only believe," show. But, no doubt, what had occurred to the poor woman who touched Christ's clothes in the press had encouraged his faith in Christ's willingness and ability to help him; and then Christ's power-giving command: "Only believe," with which he gave the faith he commanded or exhorted the man to have, would strengthen his faith, and enable him to hope in Christ for even the recovery of his daughter, though just dead. The faith of the widow at Zarephath in the truth which she had heard from the lips of Elijah was much increased and confirmed by the miracle the Lord enabled the prophet to perform when her son was raised from the dead. Martha's faith was increased when the Lord spake with her, and when he chided her unbelief: "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

Thus, in respect to particular truths and events, and at certain times, faith may be mightily increased in a child of God. How weak at one time may be our perceptions of some truths, how feeble our hold upon them, how little our faith! And how soon our minds, therefore, may be troubled and bewildered! We do not lose the truth, but our minds are sorely perplexed about it; but at length how established we become in respect of these same truths,

the very exercise and trial issuing in this spiritual increase and confirmation. The truths concerning the Trinity, the Person of Christ, election, special redemption, the completeness of the fall, the work of the Spirit, may all be held thus feebly, or with a strong and firm confidence in our souls. In a time of trial how excessively weak our faith may be, at one time; and then the Lord may come down mightily, as the blessed Spirit did upon Samson, and we may thus slay the lion adversity, and get honey out of its carcase. In waiting upon the Lord in means of grace, how very feeble our faith may be! There may be hardly any hold of the promises made to the children of God for their encouragement in attending upon the Lord. Then the Lord may powerfully visit the soul, and bring faith into lively act and exercise; the promises are pleaded; and the Lord, if we may so speak, is held bound by the chains of his own graciously-given words.

Thus we see that not only may a child of God grow up into Christ as a believer, according to the psalmist's words: "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth," and in this sense have his faith increased; but it may be increased as to particular truths and events, whether past or future, as recorded or as promised; and may also be brought, at times, into increased act and lively exercise under the powerful operations of the Holy Spirit. These things, in fact, are constantly going on in the experience of the child of God. Though faith, in the principle of it, is always in his heart, it oftentimes is much hidden; its actings are hindered and oppressed; it is in no sensible, much less lively exercise; then the Lord visits the soul again, and faith powerfully acts again. Faith is like the eye. A man has sight, but he cannot see in the dark; and sometimes, when there is light, it only discovers painful and unpleasant objects; but, at other times, it is sweet, as revealing fair prospects, and beautiful fields and flowers. So with faith. The believer has always spiritual eyes. The new creature is a living and a seeing creature; but, then, at times, there is no bright shining. The psalmist cries, "The sight of mine eyes," the object mine eyes delighted to behold,—Jesus in his grace, "is also gone from me." So it is still. And, at times, even when there is more light, it may only discover, to the soul's apprehension, doleful things. Just as when there is only a glimmering light, the objects round about us wear a distorted appearance. But it would be a very untrue, absurd judgment for a man to say he has no eyes because it is night, or because the objects he sees are disagreeable ones. So it is a very wrong judgment for a child of God to say, I have no faith because I see so much of sin in myself, and so much of justice in God and holiness in the law to terrify me. Yet a little while, and he shall see greater things than these. The Sun of righteousness shall rise, with healing in his wings; and the same eye of faith that now cannot see because it is dark, or sees doleful things in the partial light, will see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.

The Lord says, "As the days of a tree are the days of my people." Now we know that, though a tree continues to grow, it has to pass through many different days, and stand the test of changing seasons. Sometimes it is cold winter; and then, though the tree is still alive, it shows not the same signs of life; there are no leaves or fruits upon the boughs. Yet it is increasing in strength and solidity, making wood, though, as to appearances, all is at a standstill. Then comes the spring, and a thousand buds burst forth, with numberless flowers. Summer follows, with its warmth; and autumn crowns all with its pleasant fruits. Day and night, too, do not cease. Nights darker or brighter, days clouded over, or days of warm sunshine. All this time the real growth of the tree goes on. So it is with the believer. As one says,

"My soul through many changes goes."

In a spiritual sense, summer and winter, day and night, do not cease. God sendeth forth his frost like morsels, and we cannot resist this cold. The sweet fruit-bearing season is over; but God's work goes on. Spring spiritually returns again; and as we could not loose the bands of Orion, so now we cannot restrain the sweet influences of Pleiades; grace and faith come into exercise again, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Then there is a season of sweet fruit-bearing, and the time of the singing of birds. There are, too, cloudy days, and days of bright sunshine. And in the midst of all these changes, God carries on his work, and the child of God grows up into Jesus in all things. The very trial of faith makes for its increase; that which seems, at times, to destroy it, proves for its advantage. "By these things men live." The destruction of nature is the life of grace; the overthrow of all fleshly confidence is the increase of what is spiritual and really of the Lord.

True faith lives and labours under load, and is strong and in exercise when the child of God, judging hastily, might say he has none. Thus Heman counted himself as a man with no spiritual strength, and free amongst the dead, when those who have any spiritual discernment can see he had much grace, strong faith, and that in exercise. As a good man says, "We judge of a man's strength not by the pace that he goes, but the burden which he carries." Where God gives grace he tries it; and great grace means great trial. Faith and the trial of it are both precious; and the trial which purges away the false purifies the true, and really increases it. The children of Israel multiplied and grew in Egypt, and the more they were afflicted the more they multiplied. Abraham's long trial of faith about his seed did not destroy, but increased and confirmed it. As circumstances grew worse, and flesh grew weaker, his true faith grew stronger in the promise of God. He hoped against hope, and at length, through faith and patience, inherited the promise.

True faith, the gift of God, will endure to the end; it goes through fire and through water; it passes safely through fiery

trials and drowning depths; and comes out of all, purged, strengthened, and increased, into a wealthy place. In Rev. vii. we have, before the hurricane and the great tribulation, a hundred and forty-four thousand sealed. They go into the trial, and come out a multitude which no man can number. So the believer goes into difficulties, dangers, and deaths, and comes forth from them all tried as to his faith, proved, and increased to praise before the throne Him who has granted the petition of our text: "Increase our faith."

"When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" No! Mere human faith will have failed; but the work of his Spirit is quite different. The wise virgins slumbered, the foolish slept. So, in the soul, all that is merely of nature fails in the times of trial; but all that is of God remains, and really gathers strength and derives increase.

"Christians oft pray for faith
To trace God's beauties more,
To triumph over death,
And Jesus' name adore;
God hears and answers their desire;
But 'tis through scenes of floods and fire.

"Thus Jesus wears the crown;
We gladly trace the power
That brings all nature down,
And leads us to adore
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness,
Who saves in every deep distress."

G. HAZLERIGG.

MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THOMAS CASE.

(Continued from p. 397.)

THE certainty of his coming is couched in the verb here: "He shall descend from heaven." He shall, most certainly and infallibly. So all the Scriptures which mention the coming of the Lord speak of it as a most unalterable decree and statute of heaven. Thus the apostle: "God hath appointed a day, wherein he will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance," &c. (Acts xvii. 31.)

See how many words are here heaped together to assure our faith of the infallible certainty of Christ's coming. "He hath appointed a day." There is the divine appointment and decree, passed upon it in God's eternal purpose and counsel. It is a statute (more sure than the laws of the Medes and Persians) enacted in heaven that there shall be a future judgment. Heaven and earth may pass away; but God's decree shall stand. A certain day is appointed for it by the same power, a day which can neither be adjourned nor accelerated. The work as well as the day is determined; that is, the judgment: "Wherein he will

judge." God is resolved on it. He will judge; not, peradventure, he may judge; but, as sure as he is God, he will judge. The persons to be judged are also specified; not less than the whole world. Not a single person shall escape that judgment. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." (2 Cor. v. 10.) As the persons to be judged, so likewise the Person that is to judge, is named and designed to it already; that Man, that special, that peculiar Man, the Man Christ Jesus. That Man whom he hath ordained the Judge, is elected and already commissioned under the broad seal of heaven. (Jno. vi. 27.) And if this be not enough, there is yet further assurance and evidence given of it already to all men, open and evident demonstration, if men will not shut their eyes. What that assurance is which he hath given to all men I shall show anon. In the meantime, see how the Holy Ghost useth all the words and expressions which may create a firm assent to the doctrine of Christ's coming to judgment, that there may be no room for doubting or hesitancy left in the minds of men.

The personal coming of Christ to judgment is established on a fourfold foundation.

1. His purchase. Would Christ buy a people at so dear a rate, and then go away and come no more to them?

2. Also his promise: "And if I go away I will come again." (Jno. xiv. 3.) He will, especially considering the design of his leaving them for a time. It was but to go and prepare a place for them; and he hath done it; the place is prepared; mansions in his Father's house are made ready for them. Why now, Christ being gone to this very end, and all things prepared for their entertainment, if he should not come again, he should certainly fail, not in his promise only, but in his project also; this cannot be. He who never yet failed to perform his promise, nor to satisfy the expectations of his people, will not now do so. No; "I will come again, and receive you unto myself."

3. Witness the ordinance of his last supper, which is nothing else but a pledge and seal to keep alive the memorial of his second coming. "As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.) Now, when the Lord Jesus Christ hath engaged the expectation of his people by so solemn a covenant, if he should fail their expectation, this grand institution has been in vain. Nay, surely, he never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain." (Isa. xlv. 19.) He speaketh righteousness.

4. His resurrection. (Acts xvii. 31.) "He will judge the world," &c. How may we be sure of that? Why, he has given the world assurance of it. What assurance? He has raised Christ from the dead. The meaning is that God could not have confirmed his purpose and promise of sending Christ to judge the world at the last day by a more firm and solemn argument than by raising him from the dead, after he had paid the debt, made satisfaction to divine justice upon the cross.

Now, therefore, O ye saints of God, cast not away your confidence, either in respect of yourselves or of your blest relations which have outrun you to the sepulchre. "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." In the meantime, let the just live by their faith. Keep up your hope, and your hope will keep up your hearts from sinking. "For this cause we faint not," &c. (2 Cor. iv. 16.)

iii. The *manner* of Christ's coming. In the description whereof we find a threefold summons or citation to all the world to make their appearance at this great assize.

1. The first solemn summons is a shout: "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout." The word in the Greek signifies such a shout as is heard among mariners and seamen, when, after a long and dangerous voyage, they begin to descry the haven, crying with loud and united voice, "A shore! A shore!" Or as armies, when they join battle, rend the air with their loud acclamations. In like manner shall the angels of God, with united strength, proclaim the advent of their Lord, crying aloud with a voice audible from one end of the heavens to another. The earth and sea and hell itself shall hear and tremble. "Behold, the Lord cometh." (Jude 14.) "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." (Matt. xxv. 6.)

2. The second summons is the voice of the archangel. This clause some take to be explanatory of the former, expounding the animating shout mentioned before: "With a shout;" that is, with the voice of the archangel. Others conceive it to be added by way of eminence; all the angels should shout for joy, but the voice of the archangel shall be heard above all, louder and shriller than the rest, as captain-general to them all.

3. The third summons is the trump of God. It may signify a mighty trump, after the manner of the Hebrew phrase, which uses to call works and wonders of unusual proportion, works of God, and wonders of God. So it is a mighty trump; a voice of more dreadful horror than all that went before. And it may well be the same with that the apostle calls "the last trump" (1 Cor. xv. 52); this sounding last of all, or continuing longer than the former. Our Lord calls it "the great sound of a trumpet." (Matt. xxiv. 31.)

These summonses are distinct, each of them louder than the former, and may allude to the manner of calling the Jews together to their public worship, which may be typical of this the last and solemn day of judgment, that great general assembly of the living and the dead, which shall be summoned together by the sound of trumpets from heaven; the vastest and most universal assembly ever beheld by the eye of creature.

But a clearer type and prophecy hereof seems to be that at the giving of the law. When God came down on Mount Sinai to give the law, it was in a very glorious manner; "with thunder and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud," &c. (Ex. xix. 16.) This typified

unto us Christ's second coming at the end of the world, which surely ought to excel in glory.

When Christ came in the flesh, his herald was John the Baptist, a man of mean and contemptible presence, a preacher of repentance: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. iii. 2.) Now his forerunners and heralds shall be the mighty angels of God. Then he came in a still, soft voice: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." (Matt. iii. 3.) Now he shall come with a loud and terrible voice, voice upon voice, trump upon trump, alarm upon alarm; in comparison whereof the loudest thunder ever heard from the clouds of God shall be but as the blowing of a ram's horn; a dreadful shout, shaking the heavens, earth, and hell. (Heb. xii. 26.)

To the wicked, surely this will be a tremendous blast, which shall not so much raise as affright them out of their graves, with horror and amazement. Behold, the Judge cometh! Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment. This will be the dreadful meaning of that ministerial excitation in the consciences of the reprobate world.

The threefold alarm, shout, and voice, and trump, shall be no more terror or amazement to the saints of Christ than the roaring of cannons when armies of friends approach a besieged city for the relief of them who are within. These sounds and rattlings, how terrible a sense soever they may impress upon the hearts and consciences of the wicked, will be to them who sleep in Jesus as the sweetest melody that ever sounded in their ears; as the voice of harpers harping with their harps, to awake them out of their sweet sleep with the sweetest music and harmony. "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust," &c.

Ye saints and servants of God, "Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." (Lu. xxi. 28.) And comfort one another with this word also, concerning your gracious relations which are gone to rest. The Lord Jesus himself shall come to awake them; and those triumphant summonses and alarms which shall usher in his coming, as they shall add to the glory and majesty of their Lord, in whose bosom they have slept all this while, so they shall, on the one side, bid war and battle to the reprobate world, and, on the other side, call together the assemblies of the saints, who have made "a covenant with him by sacrifice" (Ps. l. 5); and it shall be for their honour and exaltation in that day of his triumph.

The sum is this: Those dear ones who are asleep in Jesus, who are gone before, though now in the dust, shall arise. Christ himself shall come for them, and that in a most triumphant manner, for their glory and their enemies' shame. (Is. lxvi. 5.)

A REAL Christian has four ways of growing: 1, Downwards in humility; 2, Upwards in devotion; 3, Inwardly in self-denial; 4, Outwardly in good works.—*Medley.*

CONWAY STREET.—GOWER STREET.

[It will be seen from the following letters that the friends who had for several years been worshipping God in Conway Street chapel had removed to the new chapel in Gower Street. The chapel was, we believe, opened July 9th, 1820. If our new editor should not object, and we should be spared, we should like to give a few particulars next year, and hope to have the assistance of Mr. Samuel Fowler, son of dear Henry Fowler, who was the first stated minister. We have still a large number of letters by us.]

Letter to Mr. Oxenham.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by the Committee of Conway Street chapel (now Gower Street) to return their grateful thanks to you for your friendly offer to come and supply them on the 23rd or 30th inst. They would have been glad of the opportunity had we not had Mr. Gadsby for five weeks purposely. But we hope, at some future time, to have the pleasure to hear you, and to arrange our future supplies, until the Lord shall be pleased to appoint a man to go in and out before us. And we hope the glory of this latter house will be greater than that of the former, and that a good and gracious God in covenant will give peace to many a troubled conscience in this place, which is erected for his worship. We hope he will condescend to send us pastors after his heart, to feed us with knowledge and understanding; that we may be built up in our covenant Head in all things, being strengthened in every good work, and increased in the knowledge of God unto all well pleasing; that God may be glorified in us and by us, by rendering thanksgiving to his holy Name for all his benefits towards us, and by a life, walk, and conversation consistent with our high calling in Christ; that our light may so shine before men that they may see our good works, which we were ordained to walk in, and thereby be constrained to glorify him for our subjection to the gospel of God our Saviour. But we know and feel that, without constant supplies from his fulness, we can only live in the flesh to the lusts of men, or to ourselves. But he has promised momentary supplies of grace from Jesus, the glorious Head of influence, and that he will make his strength perfect in our weakness.

Dear Sir, pray for us, that we may be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, and be led to seek the glory of God in the welfare of his family, and not to trust to ourselves or in any other creature, but in the living God. We wish you much success in the work of the Lord, and prosperity in soul, body, church, and family. I subscribe myself, for the Committee,

Yours in the Bond of Love,

London, July 15th, 1820.

JOHN MILES.

Second Letter to Mr. Oxenham.

Dear Sir,—The Committee of Gower Street chapel have requested me to drop you a line to inform you that the friends at Brighton wish Mr. Gadsby to preach one Lord's day for them,

which he thought to do on Aug. 6th., and then return, and preach his last Lord's day for this visit on the 13th, and then to leave London. But the Committee having informed him of your kind offer to preach on the 30th, he said it would suit him as well to go at that time as on Aug. 6th. If, therefore, the letter I sent on Saturday has not altered your plan, they will gladly accept your offer to preach for us on that day (the 30th inst.) and the Monday evening following. A few lines as soon as possible will be esteemed a favour. I remain, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately, for the Committee,

London, July 17th, 1820.

JOHN MILES.

Mr. Oxenham called personally and promised to come at the time.

WAITING FOR GOD.

“He that believeth shall not make haste.”—ISA. xxviii. 16.

THE believer in our text is a believer in God as a just, holy, and righteous God; and as such trembles before him. “To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite heart, and trembleth at my word.” Real humility arises from a deep sense of sin. Now, this believer, if he could, would make haste; but he cannot. He sees that there is all he needs in Christ, but he cannot come at it; and why? Because he has to learn the need and value of it, and, therefore, must wait for it. It is not to be given lightly. “I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.” Again; “I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.” Again; “It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.” Again; “Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.” The purposes of Jehovah are so absolutely fixed (I speak it with reverence) that the Lord has to wait. Hence it is written: “Therefore doth the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you.”

Now, these believers who have to wait are Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise. Abraham and Sarah had to wait twenty years for a son, the child of promise; but how soon Hagar brought one forth! We have plenty of Hagerenes in our day. How quick in their motions are the freewillers, and all the revivalists! But what does it amount to? Only vapour. “He that believeth shall not make haste.”

Dunham, Oct, 30, 1877.

G. M.

LET a man be hewed and squared by the Word and ordinances into outward conformity never so exactly, so that he seems one of the most beautiful saints in the world, yet, if he be not laid rightly upon the Foundation, to derive from thence strength, supportment, and vigour, he will quickly fall to the ground. What, then, will become of their building, who heap up all sorts of rubbish to make a house for the Lord?—*Owen*.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Sir and Brother in our most glorious Lord,—I greet you in his most holy Name. Your kind letter would have had an earlier answer but from the intervention of the Lord's day, which, by preventing all correspondence, tends to the accumulation of more business on succeeding days. Let this plead my apology.

I cannot tell you how much my feelings of thankfulness to the Almighty Head of his church were excited, and affection to you as the instrument, in the discovery, from the contents of your letter, that the Lord hath a people in Frosfield and Steep, who, in these awful times, are followers of the Lord as dear children. Very gracious was the revelation made to the prophet, for the future generations of the church, as well as blessed to himself, that, when he thought himself alone of the true Israel of God, the Lord had reserved to himself seven thousand. And the divine comment of God the Holy Ghost upon it is everlastingly consolatory when, according to our views, the water of the sanctuary is low; for, under this unerring authority, we not only say, but ought to conclude that "even so, at this present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace." (Rom. xi. 4, 5.)

In answer to the immediate purport of your letter, relative to a successor to your cure, there have been times when the bare prospect of such an auspicious event would have gladdened my heart, having had more than one I could have recommended in the faith and fear of the Lord, whom the Lord hath called to his ministry, God-fearing men, whom Peter describes in the fifth chapter of his first epistle, to whom the emoluments and labours would have been as nothing while sweetened with the presence and unction of the Lord. But at present I know not of any. But the Lord, I trust, will provide a successor to go in and out before his people.

I am so truly overwhelmed with the affection of the dear people of God you spoke of, who spoke of me to you, and wished to have a faithful servant of the Lord from my recommendation, that I have not words sufficiently expressive to convey my feelings on the occasion. "My glorious, gracious Lord," I said, as I read the statement, "is it so, that, amidst the scoffs of the many and the reproaches of the not a few that call themselves thy followers, there are some of thine, whose faces I have never seen in the flesh, and have had no opportunity of seeing, who regard me for thy sake? Lord, let me esteem such a testimony a rich equivalent for all the contumely I receive daily from the ungodly." (Isa. lxxv. 5.)

To the dear people of my God, I beseech you, dear Sir, make for me a tender of my warmest, kindest brotherly love in our most glorious Christ. Tell them that my prayers, awakened by grace, will be earnest for them early and late; that the Lord will not leave himself without a witness among them; but that, in

the event of your departure, he will do as he hath said (Jer. iii. 15); and add that, as their indulgent Lord hath through you opened this acquaintance with them as a church and people, I do hope that, while I am in the body, I shall occasionally be favoured with an account from them of the Lord's gracious dealings with them. And for yourself, dear brother in the Lord, accept my thanks, my love, my kind regards. To whatever part of the vineyard the Lord shall send you, his presence, his favour, his blessing go before you and follow you; and may he make his glorious cause to prosper in your hands.

Yours, dear Sir and Brother in Him, the Lord our Righteousness, the aged and almost worn-out

Plymouth, Feb. 2nd, 1825.

ROBERT HAWKER.

My dear Friend,—As out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, so your letter portrays the internal feelings of those who are born and taught of God. But why you should have ever been made an object of Jehovah's everlasting love, and an object of the Son's amazing and perfect redemption, and an object of the Holy Spirit's regenerating and quickening power, I am utterly at a loss to tell. What a beautiful explanation is that: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight!" Why should thousands have been passed by and left to perish eternally in their sins with the wrath of God in their consciences? You have been quickened and washed in the precious blood of Christ. O! What a humiliating lesson does election teach us!

My dear friend, we shall never in this life fully know the blessedness of election. I not only believe in it, but love it too, and also believers' baptism. I want both to know and love every part of the gospel of the blessed God, and to feel of one heart and soul with his redeemed and quickened family. They are the only people I ever feel perfectly at home with, holding the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. They are the only interpreters of my experience; they are the only people who have any adequate idea of the value of the Spirit's teaching in the soul; they are the only people who can keep the commandments and faith of Jesus; they are the only people who can worship God in spirit and not in the letter, whose faith does not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God; they are the only people who forsake the foolish and live, and go in the way of understanding; they are the only people who are one with Jesus; and they are the only people who desire and really live to the glory of God in Christ Jesus. I sometimes have a feeble hope that I am bound up with this highly-favoured people in the bundle of life with the Lord their God; and, at other times, I have a thousand fears in my soul lest I should go to the grave with them that never see the light.

I should very much like to see you face to face, and have a little conversation with you. The Lord is very kind to me in preserving my unworthy life, and taking such great care of my

wife and five children, and enabling us to obtain things honest in the sight of all men. To those, my dear friend, whose hearts are circumcised to fear and love the Lord, it is no small mercy to have a conscience void of offence towards man. I hope you may have strength given you to bear every trial that may lie before you, and that glory awaits you at the end of your earthly pilgrimage, for Christ's sake.

Farewell. May mercy, truth, and peace rest upon your spirit, and the hope of the Gospel bear you up and bear you on.

Yours in Sincerity and Affection,

Kettering, Feb. 16th, 1855.

J. ROBINSON.

Dear Sir,—I regret to find from Mr. Philpot that your health still continues to be precarious, and that you find it necessary, as you feared in June would be the case, to avail yourself of another climate during the winter months. May the change prove beneficial; and inasmuch as you intimated to me when in town that you thought Mrs. Gadsby would accompany you, allow me to add my wish that she, too, may be benefited by it. But whether this shall in mercy be granted you or not, I trust you are not unacquainted with Him who has said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee;" that healeth thee of a worse sickness than any which can affect the body, namely, the sickness of the soul. Happy they who know from blessed personal experience that there is balm in Gilead, there is a Physician there. But, alas! Must we not all take up the lamentation of the prophet, and say, "Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

I have ever had a grateful remembrance of your kind attentions to me when in town, and have several times had it upon my mind to write to you and invite you, should the providence of God ever bring you into this neighbourhood, to make your stay at our house. If you were previously to arrange to be with us on the Saturday preceding the Lord's day on which Mr. Philpot is amongst us, a bed shall be at your service; and the change for even so short a period as from Saturday to Monday might benefit you, though, perhaps, like myself, you prefer to see the country in the spring. To escape the din and smoke, &c., of London, though but for two or three days, would, I think, to me seem very desirable.

I have lately given your "Companion" a second perusal, and it is as interesting to me on the second reading as it was on the first; I mean that the biographical part of it is. It does not occur to me whether I told you when in London how much I coincide with what you say of Mr. Charles Wesley's hymns. I allude more particularly to this expression: "In *my* opinion he was one of the sweetest hymn writers that have existed. There may not be that height of doctrine which is portrayed in Kent, nor that depth of experience which shines so transcendently in Hart; but there is a *life*, and a *breathing out* of that life in most

of his hymns which is not even approached by Watts, and which is certainly not surpassed by even Hart." With this passage I cordially agree; and greatly admire and appreciate those of Mr. C. W.'s hymns which appear in the Selection and Supplement; more frequently, when I have occasion to select a hymn, selecting them for worship in the chapel than those of any other. If you are sufficiently well to attend to business, could you afford me a sight of a few of the many old hymn books which you must have perused in compiling the "Companion," especially the three volumes by Mrs. Steele (mentioned in p. 138), and the one by Simon Browne (pp. 83-4), for the sake of the preface? If you could make me up a parcel of these, or any similarly interesting, you would do me a favour, and I would either pay you for them, as second-hand books, or return you them free of all cost for carriage, &c. You might depend upon my taking care of and safely returning them; but I fear you will tell me you have deposited them in the British Museum,—that receptacle (and to us who live in the country, that inaccessible receptacle) of all that is curious.

I have one other matter to name. I have written, during the past five or six years, some little pieces in prose and verse, which are meant to express my views and feelings in reference to the gospel of the grace of God, and its effects upon the soul. They would fill about 200 pages of the small-sized hymn book. Will you tell me what you could get them printed for, should I ever see my way to publish them, for the sake of those of my friends who may wish to possess them? Perhaps it is only vanity which prompts me to listen to the suggestions which have been made to me on this head; but if your health will permit, and it would not be too much trouble to you, I would send you the two little manuscript books containing these pieces, for your judgment thereon. I suppose I am no poet; nay, I believe I am not; but my trust is that I am a Christian, though one who brings little honour to his profession and little glory to God.

With kind regards to Mrs. Gadsby and your family, I am,

Yours faithfully, for Christ's sake,

Oakham, Nov. 10th, 1852.

WM. PEAKE.

My dear Friend,—Our friend Oliver gives a very pleasing report of your health, and also of Mrs. Godwin's. How good the Lord is to us in our old days! The end will come, which to us, we hope and trust, will be the beginning of freedom from sin, and the beginning of eternal glory. We have many sweet moments here, at times; but they are but short. There it will be one eternal stream of glory,—joy unspeakable and full of glory; where we shall see Him who was slain, who was buried, who rose again from the dead, and is now waiting that his redeemed ones may be with him where he is, and made like him. O! Wonder of wonders! Sense says, Shall it ever be? And faith says, It shall. O for more faith, and while here to be more conformed

to his likeness; to walk with him, to talk with him, and understand all his blessed will!

I hope, my brother, you are blessed with a little patience in your prison of clay. Dogs used to bark at you when you could run about amongst them and tell of Christ Jesus the Lord; but before long you will be far beyond the howl of dogs; and the swine, who have heard you talk of the true riches and grand pearls of grace, will no more trample them under their feet in your presence, nor yet turn to rend you. O glorious freedom from carnal men and carnal self! O! How many crooked things our God has made straight! He has not taken us to heaven the shortest way, but has led us about and instructed us; it has been through evil report and good report that hitherto the Lord has helped us. O to be able to praise his adorable Name for all!

My kind love to friends, and to Mrs. Godwin. May our own God bless you both.

Yours most truly,

Mr. Godwin.

A. B. TAYLOR.

Moss Cottage, Middleton, Manchester, Feb. 2nd, 1877.

Dear Thomas,—This comes with my kind love to you and your family, also to all my dear children. Perhaps you may see some of them to-morrow; give them my kindest love. I have been much pained in my head this week, and have now sad pains in it.

I have just returned from Rainham. I have been preaching too much, I think,—at Gower Street last Sabbath and Tuesday night; Wednesday night at Croydon, for Mr. Covell; and Thursday night at Rainham; on Monday night next to be at Winchmore Hill; and have had to refuse other places because it is too much for me. But I have to bless the Lord for his goodness to me. I have many friends, yet am astonished when I feel such weakness and ignorance; but through the foolishness of preaching it pleases the Lord to save them that believe.

Give my love to Mr. N. and the friends. Tell them that, if all be well, I will try to come and speak for them next Wednesday week. I hope Mr. N. is better in his health. I begin to feel to-morrow is near, when I shall have to stand up as God's mouth between the living and the dead, which I feel to be no trifle, but very solemn work. There was a large congregation at Gower Street, and at Mr. Covell's too. They seemed to understand me at both places. Who could have thought that one so vile should ever be brought out from death and a sinful world, and from wicked companions, and be brought among the Lord's people?

“Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.”

No doubt you will feel the same respecting yourself, in a measure; but if you are spared 40 years you will see and feel more of it. May the Lord bless you with a double portion of his Spirit, that you may be able to take my place at Walsall. I begin to feel

my mud-walled cottage shake. My years cannot be long, if spared till 70. O! What unfruitfulness I see in my past life! Yet I feel my fruit is in the Lord of life and glory. A great mercy it is that I have been so kept from outward shame and disgrace. It often causes me to feel a thankful heart. I have only been kept by God's goodness and love; and to him be all the praise.

May the Lord's blessing rest on my dear family. It has cost me thousands of cries to the Lord for you and all the family; and now I am blessed indeed to see them all, I hope, thinking about their souls. And I yet hope the Lord will bring them to confess his dear Name before men. How would your dear mother have rejoiced to see you and N. come to tell what the Lord has done for you! I should feel thankful if more of you could show their love to God openly. Some of them, I believe, have his fear in them. I hope to get home on Wednesday next. My love to all.

I am, most affectionately, your Father,

SIMEON BURNS.

7, Euston Grove, Euston Square, March 3rd, 1877.

My dear Friend,—You must not think, because I have not answered your kind letter before, that it was not valued; indeed, it was very sweet to me. I knew you would have a tender Christian sympathy with me in my trouble, and your words were words of one who would enter into my sorrows and trials. He who took away is able to soothe and comfort. I had no one else to go to. Through much mercy, the gracious Lord had prepared my heart, some weeks before the sad event, to be locking continually to him, and put me in a position to wrestle with him for some evidences and promises he had given me twenty years ago. He did hear me, and he did repeat the same promises; one in particular, over which a dark cloud had hung. As I awoke one morning, hardly sensible, the same text was sweetly on my lips; and he has kept my mind resting upon it, and I have been enabled to wait quietly. I begin to see the cloud breaking; and I have no doubt he will perform that which he has promised. He never disappoints those whose whole trust is in him for spiritual and temporal things. All my hope for time and eternity is in him. He is my stay and sweet Comforter. I have learned, during the last few years of my life, much of Jesus as my Saviour, Brother, Friend, and Sovereign. I wish him to reign. I wish to care for nothing but him. He has done, I must say to his honour and glory, great things for me, where men could do nothing, and when I have thought, and sinfully so, that the mountains were too high for the Lord to make them plains. And when I have had another Ebenezer to raise to his praise, it has appeared to me so wonderful that surely I was most particularly favoured.

I have also had great contention with the great enemy and my own heart, much unbelief and hardness; and then some deeper

trouble has sprung up to make me call upon the great Deliverer of souls. I have again felt full confidence, and walk about my house and praise him for his mercy and loving-kindness to the most unworthy in his sight.

No doubt my dear brother will tell you the chapel of Bethel is left on my hands, as executrix, another year; and I hope, with the Lord's help, to keep it open by supplies that time. It has been a great weight on my mind, day and night. Now I feel that the Lord is helping me; for, with the exception of two Lord's days, we are filled up till the last in August. When are you likely to be in the neighbourhood? Could you give me two Lord's days? Bridewell Lane chapel is closed, and to be let. I cannot tell you what is to be at the end of the year. The major part of the congregation are my late husband's followers; and I would not, dare not, shut up the chapel and scatter them. My own affairs were light in the balance compared to this. This is the Lord's cause; and no persuasion yet has weakened my determination, as long as it is in my hands, to see it given over to the wolves. This I know, that *somehow* I shall be brought through it; though not without trouble and great exercises of faith. Here I could not venture a read sermon. However, happily, the Lord sees and knows everything concerning us. My confidence, at times, is very strong.

I am about leaving this house; and shall be glad to be in a little cottage higher up this hill. Everything brings my dear one before me; I sometimes fancy I hear him coming up the door-steps. But I would not have him back, although it seems a very mysterious thing. He was in the prime of life, and apparently an honest workman in the Lord's vineyard; many souls he appeared to be winning to Jesus; and he was much beloved for his ministry; and for him to be taken home appears unaccountable. But Scripture tells us that the Lord's ways are not man's. But such a death-bed, I believe, few are privileged to witness. I think, the Friday and Saturday previous, the dear one had a sharp contest with the arch-enemy, if I could judge from an observation or two he made. But the last 24 hours it was all love, peace, and joy beaming in his face. Such a countenance I never saw; it is ever before me now.

My Christian regards to your wife. I am, dear friend, Yours affectionately in the Lord Jesus, who I believe is precious to both,

F. M. ISBELL.

Devonshire Villa, Bathwick Hill, Bath.

[The above letter was by the late Mrs. Isbell, Mr. Philpot's sister, to Mr. Godwin.]

My dear old Friend and long Correspondent,—I have just counted one hundred and sixteen of your epistles to me, and have read several of them once again with heartfelt pleasure. Your last letter, dated Dec. 5th, 1833, breathes the same spirit as your first in 1814. I bless God for his grace bestowed on you, and for

his faithful promises which you have had fulfilled in numberless instances, both in providence and grace. Now you have entered your eighty-seventh year, I cannot reasonably expect many more epistles from you. The goodly land is before you. Christ your Forerunner has entered within the veil; and ere long you will see him, my brother, as he is. No more looking through the lattice, though that is very sweet; but face to face! You have tried our Jesus, and found him a Friend in all times of need, through a long pilgrimage. He gave you the early rain about sixty years ago, and he is graciously giving you portions of his latter rain; so that you are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The reperusal of a letter from an old friend is sometimes like a live coal thrown among the smoking embers; it makes them burn. If you should leave me in this vale of tears, I have determined to glance over your letters as often as time and heart will allow. The communion of saints is one means the Lord uses for their mutual edification; and that is often done by letter, as well as by presence and conversation with each other. Satan, I think, knows this, and therefore labours hard by various maxims to prevent it; for he is a sworn enemy to the saints' peace and prosperity. I believe there is not a company of saints upon earth but Satan is among them as a spy. However, Satan can only touch our flesh, nor even that without divine permission. Our life is hid with Christ in God; there lies our security and our real blessedness. O for more of that precious faith that enables cripples to leap over a wall, and run through a troop!

I do believe, my brother, the Lord's hand has been clearly seen and acknowledged by his saints, in and for his raising me up once again to health and strength, so that I can go in and out before his people, and testify the gospel of the grace of God, which is a glorious subject. But how lame and poor are my best endeavours to set forth the matchless glories of Immanuel! I am ashamed of myself, and sicken at the review of my miserable preachments. I have been long in the school of Christ, and have had opportunities and mercies above many; but, alas! I often feel as stupid and dull as a block. The Lord, to be glorified in me, and by me, must indeed work in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure. I cannot, I dare not entertain a very good opinion of myself, feeling, as I do daily, that I am the subject of manifold infirmities, that I come short in everything. I neither love Christ, nor serve him as he deserves, and as I think I wish to love and serve him.

You will see by my plain statement, my brother, that, if I am a poor companion for the Lord's more favoured ones, I am no fit companion for Pharisees, and such as are strong in natural faith and carnal confidence. Bless God for a salvation without the works of the law, a salvation by grace, a salvation so well suited to such an utterly ruined sinner's case.

London, Jan. 10th, 1835.

HENRY FOWLER.

Obituary.

ANN PEARCE.—On June 11th, aged 70, Ann Pearce, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

My dear mother was a native of Trowbridge, and was called by grace under the late Mr. Warburton. She was baptized by him, and admitted a member of his church about 1831.

She was married in 1835; and soon after, in the providence of God, removed to Corsham-side, whence she occasionally went to Brangton, a distance of several miles, to hear the late Mr. Blake.

In 1864 she removed to Tetbury, where she was for 46 years a consistent member.

Her path through life was one of great tribulation. She was the mother of seven children; and her anxiety for their spiritual welfare was very great up to nearly her dying hour.

In April last she was taken ill with consumption. I went home to see her, when she told me she knew her end was near. During her lifetime she was the subject of many doubts and fears; but these now were all gone. Her mind was firm on the Rock, Christ; and she begged that the Lord would soon take her home. On June 6th she appeared to be distressed for breath, and said,

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;

And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

She then laid her head on the pillow, and said, "O my dear and precious Saviour!" Shortly after this she repeated a few lines from Hymns 160 and 232.

On June 10th it was considered that she was almost gone; but she rallied a little, and said,

"O bless the Lord, my soul;

Let all within me join."

About ten o'clock, my sister Mary concluded that she was past speaking; but, taking her by the hand, she opened her eyes; when father said, "Is it well?" She answered, "The eternal God is my refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms." In a few hours after, she exchanged earth for heaven, without a struggle or a groan. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

She was buried at Tetbury on June 14th; and when taking the last look at her coffin, I heard some one say, "She is well laid in the grave."

JOHN PEARCE.

ANTHONY WATSON.—On Oct. 6th, aged 86, Anthony Watson, of Willington, Durham, and formerly of South Hetton.

The earlier and greater part of his life was spent at South Hetton. About nine years ago, on the death of his wife, he removed to his son's house at Willington. During his sojourn at South Hetton, for many years, he was strongly attached to the Wesleyans. Often, during that time, he had conversations with Mr. Armstrong, a lover and preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus. Although this went on for fully 20 years, he still clung to the Wesleyans, until it pleased the Lord to show him the right way, and that "salvation is of the Lord." He was very much impressed with Matt. vii. 21-23; so much so that he resolved to ask a popular Wesleyan preacher, who was at the time supplying at South Hetton, the meaning of the words. He got for reply that he could not at that time, but would explain them at some future time. Not being satisfied, he came out from among them; Mr. A. having explained the passage satisfactorily to him. He was afterwards baptized by Mr. A.

The writer of this had opportunity of seeing him four or five times

during the last nine years; the last time was in company with Mr. A. Our friend's conversation very soon commenced with the best things, prefacing his remarks in his usual quaint way: "Now you know it is not by works of righteousness which we have done," &c.

Having reached an age so very few live to, his memory failed a good deal so far as earthly things were concerned; but not so regarding the things of God. He was kept in a humble waiting attitude, often in prayer, and was sensible to the last. On the forenoon of his death, he was much in prayer, and thanked his friends for all their great kindness to him. One of the attendants at his death-bed said to me afterwards, "His was a happy change; he gently breathed his last in the afternoon, and I believe he has gone to the bright home above."

S. H.

CHARLES GOLDING.—On July 7th, aged 56, Charles Golding, of Chase Road, Southgate, N., formerly of Cley, Norfolk.

He was a reader of the "Gospel Standard," and his soul delighted in the precious truths set forth therein.

He often wished that he might be taken from this wilderness world suddenly, and told his wife not to be surprised should it be so. His heavenly Father granted him his wish by taking him to himself by a fit of apoplexy. He died gently, having obtained peace through the blood of the cross. His true character is described in Isa. lxvi. 2.

I knew C. G. many years, and can testify to his being the character described in the verse referred to. He was a very consistent walker. He was a hearer at Providence Baptist Chapel, Winchmore Hill, for the last two years.

R. B.

ELLEN WORSFOLD.—On Oct. 19th, aged 56, Ellen Worsfold, of Newdigate.

Our dear departed friend was much afflicted for 14 years; and was, at times, confined to the house for two months at a time. She has only been to chapel once this summer.

She was brought to know the Lord about 35 years ago. She was delivered from law bondage under a sermon preached by Mr. John Risbridger, from the words: "Loose him, and let him go." She has come specially under my notice the last three years, having gone there to speak in the name of the Lord, and staying at their house. Mr. Hart has truly drawn her character in the words:

"Broken hearts and humble walkers,

These are dear in Jesus' eyes."

She was a reader of the "Gospel Standard" and other good books.

A few weeks before she was taken for death, the Lord blessed her with a gracious manifestation to her soul, which was a great support to her in her sufferings. She said that the Lord could not say to her, "I never knew you." I saw her on Sunday evening, Oct. 14th, and prayed with her, and felt a great wrestling in my soul for her. After prayer, I said to her, "What a mercy to have a good foundation to our religion!" She answered, "It is; it is." I spoke several things in a similar way; and she answered, "It is." But as she was so troubled to speak, and I felt quite satisfied about her state, I left her, never to see her again in the flesh. On the following Friday, in the afternoon, I felt constrained to go to prayer, when she came powerfully on my mind; and I wrestled with the Lord that he would be with her, and keep the enemy from distressing her. I have learned since that it was just at the time that death was doing its work. She was like a ship at sea,—had got good anchor hold, and was unmoved by death and sin. Some who saw her, and who knew nothing of God, declared there was something in her religion.

J. B.

MR. HEMINGTON'S ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE OF MR. B. MOORE.

Mr. Hemington had intended to confine the service, for the most part, to the chapel at the cemetery; but finding so large a number of persons outside, not able to get in, he announced that he should simply read some portions of the Word, and spend a few moments in prayer in the chapel, and reserve his address until the friends were gathered around the grave. When the grave was reached, Mr. H. said:

In the little time that it will be expedient to occupy this morning in reference to this most solemn event that has brought us together, I feel that I cannot more consistently engage your attention than by bringing before your minds God's truth,—what God himself says in his Word about death; especially about the death of those who die in the Lord, and of whom it is declared: "*That they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.*"

No two words, perhaps, in all Scripture are more depressing in their sound, and more solemn, according to what they imply and really mean, than *death* and *the grave*. The very mention of death and the grave tends to cast a gloom over the mind. By nature we do not like the idea that we must die, and that our bodies must be laid in the tomb. But, then, there are other words and statements in Scripture, which, when apprehended, according to their import, by a true and divine faith, are sufficient to effectually counteract the depressing effects which are often felt when we reflect on death and the grave. Such words as *resurrection, life, immortality, glory*, when realized in the spiritual mind, according to the blessedness they set forth, will raise us in spirit above all that depression which a sense of our mortality produces.

Again. Only let the blessedness that is couched in such declarations as the following: "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it." I say, only let the blessedness contained in such language as this be brought into our souls with the power of the Spirit, and we at once *feel* that death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory.

What is death? It is the dissolving of nature,—the soul's separation from the body. It is the mysterious means which God has ordained to remove us from this mortal life, this world of sorrow, in order that, as believers in Christ, we may pass into the immediate presence of God, into heaven, which is God's dwelling-place; where, in a disembodied state, and in company with the "spirits of the just," we await the resurrection of our bodies.

But, then, we may ask, Why should death,—so singular a phenomenon as death, be the means of removing us from our "earthly house" to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Well, it is because of sin. Had sin never entered the world, there had been no death. Our God is too merciful to inflict suffering and misery, or to permit it to come upon his creatures, without a cause. He is too merciful to appoint that his creatures should *die*, without either cause or expediency; and the only cause of death is sin. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The whole human race are under this irrevocable law; and all must bow to it, be they willing or unwilling. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Even the chosen people of God, all of whom, without an exception, die as believers in Jesus, have, notwithstanding, as much as others to yield

to this necessity of frail humanity; and, like the fathers under the Old Testament, they must give up the ghost at the appointed time; for, "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling?"

As it respects the wicked, another death, far more terrible than the death of the body, awaits *them*. They only die in order to reap the still more bitter wages of sin, called "the *second death*," and which death is not, as the annihilationists affirm, an utter extinction of being; but *endless conscious* existence in hell, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Should there be any standing around this open grave, who either believe, or may be inclined to believe, the doctrine of annihilation, and who, in consequence, are allowing their minds to be carried away from the truth of Scripture by the dreamy flights of their own imagination; and who, as a still farther consequence of their delusion, are cherishing the lie of a limited duration of punishment for the wicked in hell; I can only pray that God will deliver them, if it be his will, from such an awful delusion, and convince them of the truth of his Word, which declares that, if they die out of Christ, they "shall be turned into hell," and that the "*smoke of their torment*" shall ascend up, not for a limited period, or for ages only, but "*for ever and ever*."

But O! Blessed truth for the believer's comfort, his death is nothing more than a falling asleep in Christ. Death to the child of God is the end of all his troubles, the termination of all his afflictions, the cessation of all the care, and pain, and sorrow, and sighing, which was more or less his daily portion whilst here below. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and *everlasting joy* upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Christ, the blessed Son of God himself, passed through death; it behoved him to do so. He said to his disciples, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" But it was as the Representative of his people that he passed through death, and rose again on the third day. And as their Head, Representative, and Substitute, he now lives at the right hand of God, to intercede on their behalf. He came to redeem his people, and to ransom them from the power of the grave. But, to accomplish so glorious a work, he had to assume their nature, and be made in all points like his brethren, sin excepted. He took their nature into mysterious union with his own divine Person, as the eternally-begotten Son of God, in order that, as the blessed God-Man and Mediator, he might voluntarily suffer in their room and stead. He suffered as actually as his people do in their mortal life; yea, a thousand times beyond what they are capable of. His sufferings were infinite. He died as actually as our brother Moore has died, and as we each must in the Lord's time; but his death was not by a necessity of nature, as being inherently mortal; but it was a voluntary act of his own. He said, "No man taketh it [my life] from me; but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. Neither was it possible that he should see corruption; as God's "Holy One," corruption could not touch him; and the grave could not retain him. He came forth from the grave as having triumphed over death; and was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."

Now all that Jesus suffered in his life, with his death on the cross, and his resurrection from the grave, was the working out of his people's

redemption. It was all vicarious; acting in the place of others by substitution. It is then, my friends, alone through the righteousness of God our Saviour that we, as poor lost ruined sinners, can be saved and justified. Our beloved brother, whose mortal remains we have this day committed to the dust, was a true believer in Jesus. He was taught by the Spirit of God his undone state as a sinner; he was made to renounce his own righteousness and all creature works, even his best, as being insufficient to give him acceptance with God.

“ He built his hope on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.”

He was a sinner saved by grace.

I may be speaking to some here to-day who are strangers to God's truth; and who, in their ignorance of God's way of saving sinners, may think that they can be saved by doing something themselves. They may be upright, and honest, and moral, in their character and practice; they may attend their church or their chapel; visit the sick and the dying, read their Bible, and not neglect their so-called devotions; and they may expect to be saved by such a life, and by such works. But I tell you, poor fellow sinner, you cannot be saved by your own works at all; but only and exclusively by the free and unmerited grace of God. And may it be the will of God to make you understand this; and may he condescend to make his truth a blessing to your souls.

I might, if time allowed, speak of our departed friend as having been a deacon of the church and superintendent of the Sunday School. He was loved and esteemed in both those departments of Christian usefulness; and his absence will be felt in both. What course the church will take is not for me to suggest; it is a matter I would wish to leave between them and the Lord. I hope the dispensation will be overruled for the church's good, and be sanctified to the surviving deacons and members; and no less to the many young friends now before me who are manifesting their grief at the loss of their beloved superintendent. I hope they will be enabled to remember that, great as their loss is, the Lord can make it up. Especially would I drop a word of deepest sympathy towards our beloved sister, the sorrowing widow, and the dear children of our departed brother. Our sister has lost a faithful and most affectionate husband; and the children a loving father. May a gracious God be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless, and sanctify the trial to one and all. I do hope that our dear sister will be sustained and held up under her bereavement; and that she may find God to be her Refuge and strength in this her time of trouble; and especially that she may be enabled to leave the future, with all that concerns her, in the Lord's hands.

I must now bring my remarks to a close. May the Lord be pleased to bless what has been spoken, for his Name's sake. Amen.

The service was closed with prayer.

As stated on the wrapper last month, Mr. Moore died on Oct. 11th, aged 62. He had been for 17 years a deacon of the church in Gower Street, and 12 years superintendent of the Sunday school. He was at the house of Mr. J. Gadsby until nearly nine o'clock on the 6th, and expressed his regret that he (Mr. J. G.) was about to resign his office as manager of the “G. S.” In three hours afterwards he was struck with paralysis, and never again spoke. There were present at the funeral upwards of 200 friends, 24 teachers, and about 80 scholars.

FOR us to go to the Word, and for the Word to come to us, are matters widely different.—*J. C. Philpot.*

MY FAREWELL.

To the Spiritual Readers of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Brethren and Sisters in the Hope, I trust the sure and certain Hope, of Eternal Life,—As stated on our last wrapper, my connection with the "Gospel Standard," so far as any responsibility as to its contents goes, ceases with the present month. It is upwards of forty-two years since, in the providence of God, I was led to originate the work; and I have never ceased, I believe, to give it my best attention as the proprietor and publisher.

But though, from the first, my labour has not been small, yet it has only been during the last eight years that I have felt to have any peculiar responsibility. I have had much to contend *for*, much to contend *with*. Of anything I have said, when contending *for* what I believe is the truth of God, if I except one little word, which got in a wrong place on the wrapper for Feb., 1875, I have nothing to retract; when contending *with* those who were opposed to me, I have used some harsh expressions, which I regret. When contending *for* the purity of our pulpits, especially for the Gower Street one, which was erected mainly through the instrumentality of my never-to-be-forgotten father, I have felt incompetent to express myself in terms sufficiently strong, without stepping over the bounds of prudence; when contending *with* those who seemed determined to introduce error into those pulpits, though in a new and white dress, I feel that 1 Cor. iv. 7 had not its due weight upon my mind. But, when I have found some publishing discourses, as different in character to those previously issued as light is from darkness, and which had the effect of misleading, I have felt it hard to restrain myself.

As regards my own standing before my Divine Master and only and precious Saviour, I stand or fall by what I have written in my recent edition of "Slavery, Captivity," &c. To say much here would only be to repeat myself. Though wonderfully preserved from what are called the grosser sins of human nature, I was made to feel that I was indeed a sinner before a heart-searching God; and not only a sinner, but a great sinner. As Paul was a Pharisee, therefore certainly not a *publican* sinner, I often wondered how he could say he was the chief of sinners, and I tried to think I certainly was not so bad as that; but one sin after another was sent into my conscience, until I had no stone to throw at the very vilest, having at the same time a strong conviction that I should have been ten times worse than others had I not been restrained.—I experienced the pardon of my sins—I fell into a backsliding state, known only to God and myself, but still not into gross sins—I went on for several years with a face of joy, but a heart often full of sorrow; until 1847, when, wonderful mercy! unlooked for, while in the Wilderness of Temptation, I was overwhelmed with a sense of God's love to me in a way I had never before experienced. The only blessing I ever had at all to be compared with this was in the latter part of 1871 and early part of 1872, when, for more than three weeks, I had most uninterrupted peace and joy, with an overflowing heart. The origin is too painful for me to dwell upon it here.

I make no boast of a great experience. I have often found that those who can talk largely and criticize others are not very sound at the bottom. Without dissimulation, without hypocrisy, I can say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

When I look at the piles of encouraging letters I have received for years, I am half inclined to think I am committing a sin in resigning my trust; but when I look at those who are to succeed me, my fears vanish;

for I believe, with God's blessing, the magazine, in their hands, will lose none of its usefulness.

To my dear friends, Hatton, Hazlerigg, Hemington, and Taylor, I owe a deep debt of gratitude for the kind aid they have rendered me; to you, my brethren and sisters, who have supported me and indulgently passed over my infirmities, I am no less indebted; nor must I pass over my many kind correspondents; to my enemies, who have written and spoken against me, I tender my thanks, for they have been the means of making me more watchful and prayerful, than, perhaps, I should have otherwise been; but, above all, the God of all my mercies, I would if I could, every moment of my life, bless and praise his holy name for all his goodness and mercy vouchsafed unto me. Goodness and mercy have followed me, and still follow me, all the days of my life. Praise the Lord!

I had no thought of writing this until we were preparing to go to press, and, therefore, have written in haste; but in true accordance with the feelings of my heart.

Yours in Love, for the Truth's Sake,

Nov. 15th, 1877.

J. GADSBY.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

No regal pomp, no ringing bell,
Announced the birth of Him
Whose might and glory far excel
The brightest seraphim.

The eastern star its radiance shed
To guide the sages on,
Where, in a manger for a bed,
Lay the Eternal One.

Yes! He was come, heaven's Undeiled,
Whom prophets long foretold.
'Then worshipp'd they the Holy Child,
And offer'd gifts of gold.

We have no costly gems to bring,
Nor incense burning flame;
Our humble faith would see our King,
And triumph in his name.

Good Simeon clasped thee in his arms,
And cried, "I die in peace;
Mine eyes behold thy heav'nly charms;
My woes and sorrows cease."

So may our faith embrace thee, Lord,
And see thy glories shine.
Comfort, and peace, and joy afford;
And all the praise be thine.

J. B.

☞ The Sermon on p. 373 was preached by Mr. William Bryant, Pastor of the Baptist Church, George Street, Fitzroy, South Australia. See *Obit.*, p. 312, 1872.

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