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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

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THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1876.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

*To the Churches of Christ, and all our Spiritual Readers, by Land or Sea, at Home or Abroad, beloved of God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and taught by God the Spirit,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you.*

Entering upon another year, we look forward as well as backward. The things that are past have indeed concerned us much, and sometimes the things to come concern us more. O how sweet when we can say with Paul, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 38, 39.) O how sweet that persuasion! How it enriches, humbles, and delights, and makes one say, "Lord, keep me walking humbly with thee, listening to thy sweet words, and rejoicing in thy testimonies." We would always rejoice in God's testimonies if we could; but, somehow, they often seem to lose their sweetness. They are not altogether forgotten, even when not fully enjoyed, and we often ask God to bring again both the sweetness and the comfort we enjoyed under them in past days. When in darkness of mind, Satan often tells us we are living below our privileges, and would persuade us that we have faith at command, though we know we have not at command that faith which is God's gift and of the operation of God the Spirit. No doubt Satan borrowed the above idea from some duty-faith preacher; for he hears all sorts, and is pleased with most of them; and our God suffers men and devils to go so far, and stops them at pleasure: "Hitherto, but no farther."

O how varied the ways of God with man upon earth! The church covered with the wings of the Almighty, blessed with sweet communion with God, through Christ, by the Spirit; while poor heathens are left to bow down to stocks and stones, and worship the sun, moon, and stars. The poor Jews are left to hardness of heart till the fulness of the Gentiles is accomplished, and the natural Christian (if the term be proper) is left satisfied with natural repentance, natural faith, natural everything, having a form of godliness, denying the power; all walking in their own way. As it is written: "All people will walk every one in the

name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever." (Mic. iv. 5.) And see how our God cares for his people! When they turn to the right or left they are to hear a voice behind them, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." (Isa. xxx. 21.) Christ's disciples, observing this difference, said to Jesus, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" (Jno. xiv. 22.) Ah! Yes, indeed! How is it? Let the poor Arminian reply. He, poor creature, gives every one a chance. Not so our God. He hides from wise and prudent, and reveals to babes. Truly, wonders of grace belong to him.

You who know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and have experienced much of his loving-kindness and tender mercies, know it is not of works of righteousness that you have done, but that it is of his mercies you are not consumed; and sometimes, under the influence of divine faith, you can say in sweet feeling, not only that "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it" (Eph. v. 25), but also "Unto him that loved *us*, and washed *us* from our sins in his own blood" (Rev. i. 5); and closer still, "He loved *me* and gave himself for *me*." (Gal. ii. 20.) A stranger also is brought from a foreign land to declare God's distinguishing grace and love (1 Ki. x. 1-9), because the Lord loved Israel, for ever; and in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory. (Isa. xlv. 25.)

The doctrines of God's grace, as you know, beloved, are only taught *in the love of them* to God's people, while others are ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. And under the Lord's teachings the experiences of the family vary according to the leadings of God the Spirit, and the circumstances under which each child of God is placed. And as the soul becomes experimentally acquainted with the doctrines of grace, so certainly will practice follow; so that doctrine, experience, and practice are inseparably connected, like the links of a chain. And though it is painful, yet it is true, we often find carnal persons clear in doctrine, and as straight as an arrow, yet their doctrines in them are as cold as ice. But that is nothing to us; for it is the love of Christ that constraineth us; and through the love, blood, name, and Person of Christ, these doctrines have warmed our hearts and words, and made Christ precious to our never-dying souls. God's sovereignty shines, in all this, in our hearts; and in God's sovereignty rests the foundation of all good. And as all true Christian experience is the work of God, who worketh in us to will and do, so the Christian, in his right mind, will seek to glorify God practically, in working out what God works in, while the sovereign power of God produces the whole. No mortal, without a sense of God's sovereignty, can properly submit to God's will, seeing it lies at the foundation of all.

Beloved in the Lord, it is a blessed task to write to those who know the Lord, whom the Son hath made free, who have felt the

powerful constraining, balmy influences of God's Spirit, sweetening sorrows, healing wounds, comforting heavy hearts, opening blind eyes, and leading the soul to rest in Christ. It is in this blessed resting that the soul sits down with great delight and eats the fruits of the tree of Life, in its precious varieties and realities, and hears those sweet words, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." This sweet welcome is never disputed in the heart when in the enjoyment thereof. Even Satan cannot intrude here; and the soul says with the poet:

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

As years roll over us, our highly-honoured "Gospel Standard" continues useful to Zion. Well do we remember when it first appeared in the year 1835, in the month of August. At that time our eyes were just being opened on the churches of Christ. Only a little before that we thought all churches were churches of Christ, and could not distinguish between a building of brick and mortar and a building of "living stones." Now we find these living stones are the very things Satan levels his fiery darts at, and not at brick and mortar. O how wonderful that we should be "habitations of God," our bodies temples of the Holy Ghost! Yet such is the fact. Christ is formed in the heart the hope of glory, and dwelleth in us who are truly the Lord's. These supernatural facts we continue to maintain, and seek to let the world know what our God has done for us, and in us. Though, being called out of the world, the world hates us, yet we desire to let our "light shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven." And knowing the world hated Christ before it hated us, we are made willing to "endure hardness" as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who fights all our battles for us, and in us, and oftentimes, even here, makes us more than conquerors.

It is wonderful to observe the many innovations which are being made, from time to time, upon the gospel of our Lord Jesus. Surely Satan knows he has but a short time to roar among the churches, and to seek to devour them; but he, too, shall come to his end, and none shall help him. He has been trying a new device of late, viz., attempting to show that water-baptism has now no foundation in God's Word, that it should have ceased when Christ returned from his glorious work of redemption. Poor mortal man! Ass's colt-like born, how wise he would be, and how daringly presumptuous! Because "Christ baptized not," but his disciples did, a breeze, to conclude as above, never blown before, fell upon the souls of certain men, showing them such light, and giving them such understanding in the things of God, that if Christ baptized not, none else should in these our days. And this also in the very face of that stand-



ing commission (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20): "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. Amen." It requires no small amount of temerity, well covered with pride and white-wash, to make such a daring stand as made by those writers in the face of Matt. xxviii. 19, 20,—a command given by the Lord Jesus. But from the heights on certain of our southern coasts there is not only a fine soft air, with balmy sea breezes, but also a fine prospect, if not into another world, yet far across the waters. And then there are the lighthouses. These lights are a wonderful production, revolving as they do. They warn and discover ships far in the distance. And who can tell what may yet be discovered by these revolving lights?

Our readers taught by the Spirit will not be soon shaken in mind by letters or by books, as if our most glorious Christ had not known what commands to give to his people. He is both Leader and Commander of the people, and the faith of the operation of God cannot see mistakes, neglect, or impotency in our most glorious Lord, whatever certain revolving lights may discover.

We know, beloved, that the world, the flesh, and the devil will continue to oppose God's truth to the very end; therefore, we ought to expect tribulation, as our Lord has said we shall have it, while in him we have peace; and that unmerited and sometimes unmingled.

Satan is also shaking himself at Zion in another form, and that as carnal as our old depraved hearts. For some time after the Reformation Satan had not so many "Duty-Faith" preachers on this land as there are now. His kingdom had a shake at that time; but for the last hundred years that leaven has been fermenting in all our seminaries and seats of learning, and now, the man who departs from that evil rule makes himself a prey. Of late, the same leaven has found its way even among the saints, causing no little trouble in Zion; and though blunders have been made in opposing it, with the help of God it has been prevented from spreading far. Long and sharp controversies have taken place on the question. Men of the most honourable character have stood in the field on both sides, and the result has invariably been a drawn battle. This we know for ourselves, that no mortal man can rightly handle the invitations or exhortations of the gospel, except God teach him; and we might as well attempt to shape a pair of shoes for Satan, as attempt to instruct in that sacred art. We cannot well conceive of anything more distressing to a poor sin-burdened creature than for him to be told by a man, in the name of Christ, that it is his duty to free himself, by an act of faith in the Lord Jesus or in the written Word, from the burden of sin, the guilt of soul, and the fear of hell, experienced in the early days of his regenera-

tion; for that faith is the gift and of the operation of God alone. Let us be understood. The distressed one is supposed, at least, to believe that Christ has come, has died, has ascended, and now intercedes for the church. He firmly believes all this; but *personal* interest therein is the question, *individual* pardon is the point, the removal of *felt* guilt the desire. As the Jews said, "Who can forgive sins but God?" So the gently-longing souls must just wait till God do the work for them; and he will satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with goodness. And we know for ourselves that when our sins first were removed, and pardon sweetly enjoyed, no human hand or power did it, but God alone, to our great astonishment and joy of heart. And we must leave "Duty-Faith" men to try their strength, beating the air, knowing the Lord will, in due time, bring *all* his people into the unity of the faith.

And, beloved, while we wish to speak freely of errors, we wish no man, or body of men, any wrong; but would rather do them good. But our eyes are open to see mistakes or errors in others, as in ourselves. During the past year our island has been the seat, we fear, of much Satanic influence. Before Christ came there had been thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them (Jno. x. 8); and the Lord left it on record that many should come in his name after he was gone. And he said, "Go ye not after them." He, our great Head, who gives the above caution, says, "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." (Rev. i. 8.) This is he who holds the seven stars in his right hand. The strangers who have visited our island during the past year seem, to many of us, to be wandering stars; and as the stars of the churches are in God's right hand, these two wandering stars may be in God's left hand; for they have been foaming out their own shame in no small measure. But the sheep did not hear them. Blessed be our God, "a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." We read: "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." But these strangers come from the West to our little island. We have often asked ourselves if they have brought anything new or fresh, and we have not been able to discover any one new thing they have introduced. They have combined, in a somewhat perfected form, all the wild Arminianism, Duty-Faith, and extravagance of expression which could be scraped together, operating upon the carnal mind, producing excitement, alarm, and sometimes delirium. Wild fire is not of the operation of God. False fire has been awfully resented by the Almighty, and, because God does not speedily punish iniquity, the workers of it go on. But there is a day coming that will declare it. When God sent Paul, he inspired him what course, what country he must visit; and he relates his own conduct, as taking fresh ground for his labours, preaching the gospel beyond the Corinthians, and

not boasting in another man's line of things made ready to his hand. (2 Cor. x. 16.)

Had these stars from the West taken this course, and gone into a foreign land, something good might have been expected. But no! They are men of common sense, at least; they chose a land flowing with milk and honey to sport their powers upon. They had, no doubt, read of the open-hearted English and the religiously-educated Scotch, and soon concluded this sweet little island was just the spot for their fearful drama; and they have played it out at no little cost. But another day will come,—a day of inquisition, when “righteousness shall be laid to the line, and justice to the plummet,” when no “refuge of lies” can hide the mocker. A painting of conversion may be well coloured. Satan has many devices; and as he is represented as an angel of light, it requires an eye enlightened to detect the black cloven foot under the borrowed robe.

The gospel of our God is the power of our God in his own hand to salvation,—is an abiding work, under which all the glorious doctrines of grace are revealed in the soul, and loved by those who are taught them. They go on under the eye and hand of the great Shepherd, without the excitement produced by dramatic farce and false fire. The special and everlasting love of God cannot, where it is shed abroad by the Holy Ghost, be moved by the power of a small wind instrument, accompanied by a human voice. Such proceedings remind us of a dramatic poet setting Satan in a certain position to give music to his votaries, exerting all his energies to keep up the hellish dance. The wondrous redemption of Christ is not to be fiddled over in such a carnal manner as has been reported of these wild proceedings.

One thing gratifies us much. We have not heard that any one of the churches who love and read our “Gospel Standard” have given any countenance to the above. This conduct on the part of our churches speaks loudly for the grace that has kept them; and the utterance is, “We have not so learned Christ.” We cannot help wondering what has become of the thousands of converts made, when the flames of wild fire were burning at the brightest. May we suppose their lamps have gone out before the time? It is he that endureth *to the end* that is to be saved. Happy for those who, through grace, are the children of Promise. Their own blunders, nor yet the most glaring blunders of mortals, can alter their state in Covenant engagements. They are “saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation,” and shall be instructed, corrected, and oftentimes sorely chastised in various ways; but still held fast in Covenant love. Our poet says of the Covenant of grace:

“ ’Twas made with Jesus for his Bride,  
 Before the sinner fell;  
 ’Twas sign’d, and seal’d, and ratified,  
 In all things order’d well.”

O how living faith hangs on God! And in dark times, when one scarcely knows where faith is, or if there is any in the heart, if God the Spirit only look through the cloud, faith itself seems lost in sweet enjoyment; and there is such a wonderful mingling of the graces of the Spirit all afloat at once, every power of the new man being fully engaged in sweet meditation, that the "Old Man" seems forgotten in the kitchen among the old dishes. O! What are such moments not worth in the soul! Times of refreshing they are, sealing times, earnest of the Spirit, until the redemption of the purchased possession. (Eph. i. 14.) If a glimpse of love here be so sweet, what will it be to enter, at death, into the glory of his divine presence? We cannot even *think* of it correctly. And as to the redemption of the body from the dust, and the reunion of soul and body, to enter into the presence of the Eternal God, O what a thought!

Before we conclude, let us look around on Zion, and mark her Past, Present, and Future. When God introduced her to the world, men and things had been long at work. Though God had intimated in the garden of Eden, wonderful things, yet Abraham, called "the father of the faithful," appears to have been the channel through which God opened so wonderfully his purposes of love and mercy to Zion, revealing to him that a people were to rise and become mighty, and so numerous that Abraham could not enumerate them any more than he could count the stars or the grains of sand on the sea shore, and to be produced contrary to all natural expectation, which God himself accomplished while Abraham, "hoping against hope," waited for God to work, which, at the set time, he did, and the promised seed appeared. And after the lapse of years Abraham is commanded by God to offer in sacrifice the very son God gave him, in whom all nations were to be blessed. Zion's past had dark spots, as well as Zion's present. In the trial of Abraham's faith, and to the glory of his own name and Zion, God interposed, stopped the sacrifice of the lad, and introduced another victim.

You, dear living readers, can see here what our God represented to Abraham's faith,—God's own Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

In due time, God renews the covenant and the promises to Isaac, after Abraham had fought a long battle, wherein he was sometimes very weak, though at other times strong in faith, giving glory to God, and was at last buried among the other dead.

Isaac now appears upon the stage; he, too, was far from being perfect, and though his life was somewhat more secluded, yet he must experience famine in the land, and seek for shelter even among the Philistines; and though God directed him, and renewed his oath to Abraham to him, yet poor Isaac feared and dissembled, proving he was Abraham's son, as well as God's repository. Many a contest and struggle he experienced about digging wells and fixing boundaries.

God's children of the past all had their trials, as at present. This is not our rest. Jacob's life reveals the same fact, that trials must accompany the living family. Even in the early past the enemy sought to devour. Poor Zion often felt in those days as if entirely in the hand of the enemy, as we often do now. See Jacob after twenty years' absence from his father's house, and having served with a hard master, in returning, pursued behind and met before with enemies calculated to swallow him up. Yonder was Esau, with 400 men, and Jacob a poor defenceless man burdened with a knowledge of past guilt respecting Esau, and his father Isaac also. His heart trembled within him. He was greatly afraid and distressed, and said, "O! If Esau come to the one company and smite it!" And to God he said, when looking at the Jordan he had passed over twenty years before, with only a staff in his hand, "O God of my father, I fear Esau, lest he will come and smite me and the mother with the children."

Past generations had their trials. Say not "that the former days were better than these." Here are outward circumstances producing inward trials,—trials that sent old Jacob to God, as they do you now, ye children of Zion. No matter where God's people live,

"Trials must and will befall."

And God uses those trials for his own purposes of mercy and grace to his praying people. Poor Jacob, like ourselves, after doing all he could himself, sought a secret interview with the God that met him at Bethel. He sent over the ford Jabbok all that was dear to him on earth, remained on the other side alone, and hid himself from the world, like you, dear living soul, that he might commune with God. Sacred work indeed to seek God, who alone can help! O how sweet it is when a distressed worm can wrestle with the Son of God, as Jacob did, when told he had "power with God!"

Poor Zion! Jacob's God is yours. Be he called "a man," an "angel," or "God;" all one here. "The Eternal God is thy refuge." "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Jacob went on; and God did marvellously on his behalf. The revelation of God in his Word, and the testimonies of God's grace in our souls supported by refreshing times, holds poor Zion up now as it did in years that are past. We had often "fainted had we not believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." "Wait upon the Lord," dear tried one, as best you can. "Be of good courage; for he shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord." (Ps. xxvii. 13, 14.)

We soon find Jacob and his tribes in Egypt,—first favoured ones, through Joseph, who went before them, but afterwards mere slaves. When their children increased they were flung to the crocodiles in the Nile. The parents groaned, sighed, and cried, and God heard them. O the past of God's care for Zion!

They leave their house of bondage by the hand of God, Moses being God's servant in their deliverance, pass on in their journey to the promised land, fed and watered marvellously, just as we are now; for we have food to eat the world knows not of. What natural man can tell how saints eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ? Past mysteries and present mysteries have a grand similarity, understood only in the divine life. You may see God's faithfulness even in the destruction of Jerusalem, for upon the ruins of that city was laid, so to speak, the foundation of the universal church; and from that grand centre went out the fishermen of Galilee into the dark places of the earth. The "handful of corn" has indeed been sown. The isles have waited, and are waiting, for God's salvation.

The past has been so marked by a divine hand that the present can but testify to the wonders of God's grace. Sometimes we are strangely moved by reflection on the past, and anticipation when the future will open up to us some of its realities; and we find ourselves standing on a narrow "neck of land between the two."

As to our present state on this earth, though we cannot be stationary, yet we have just time, as it were, to look at the great movements around us. Romanism never was more lively than now. The beast has, indeed, had more power in his hand, and, acting as if he had been God, sitting above the nations, showed himself under his own name, "Mystery," which Daniel the prophet fixed before that monster was revealed, and told the troubled sons of "Joseph" that he was coming. And though the afflictions of Joseph still accompany us, thanks to our glorious Lord, "mighty to save," we live in the very day or time when the monster's fangs are drawn, great part of his dominion is taken away, and, writhing in a state of desperation, he seeks revenge by every means. Therefore, we conclude he is as really active, vigilant, and deceitful as hellish device can furnish.

At this point we might refer to some of the many devices he is daily practising; but we forbear.

Let us now, for a few moments, look at the present state of our churches; not the internal movements thereof, but the external position the church of Christ holds among other bodies professing Christianity. At the beginning, when Christ preached, and his disciples began to struggle among the Jews and the Gentile nations, the battle was sore, even unto blood and death. Not many hundred years passed, when the purity of the gospel was stained even by men professing the gospel. Emperors are but ill qualified to maintain the cause of Christ or his people. Soon the purity of the church was all but lost, and from that day till now the "woman" has been in "the wilderness," where God has fed her. The baptized church of Christ, of which some of you, our beloved readers, form a part, after being sunk all but out of sight, has by degrees emerged from her hidings, and is now "*suffered*," "*permitted*," "*allowed*." Yes, such is the

fact. We know our position; and here, at this day, 1876, Christ's church stands as clearly defined as at any past period of her history. You, our readers, have been, in God's hand, the instruments in drawing this line of demarcation. Our "Gospel Standard" could not have done it in itself, only paper and ink. O that God may continue to separate the mere professing portion of the human family from the true Christian, until we can see more clearly still who does "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Natural men cannot, would not if they could, take God's word for their rule, though plainly given, not to be altered by the decree or wisdom of dying mortals. "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" The laws of Christ stand unalterable. We know where he is, and where his laws are. Blessed be our Eternal Lawgiver, who himself is the true God and Eternal Life. (1 Jno. v. 20.)

As to our future, O how little we can say, write, or think. Yet a future awaits us, and a glorious future too. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable," said our great apostle; and so say we. And though it "doth not yet appear what we shall be," we know that trials await God's family in this world of sin and death, and that "when he shall appear we shall be like him." Though we are not inspired prophets, we may calculate from circumstances around us that Popery has for many years been erecting a platform in England as the most likely place to suit her hellish purpose,—seeking an ascendancy; and knowing as she does the tendency in our national Establishment in the same direction, no doubt the lady once robed in scarlet hopes for an alliance with her; and, judging from many things, we sometimes are ready to conclude that the church of Christ is as much hated by the one as by the other; though we know to a certainty there are many noble exceptions which the future will disclose; and when the struggle comes it will only be about the skin; the body and soul will be in the true church of Christ, which, even at this present time, is scarcely reckoned among the nations.

If we are to contend for the faith, we must *speak out*, or the world will not know where we are. And you know, beloved, we are to be "hated of all men." We are not of the world, or the world would love us. Individually, we shall soon be done with it. May God bring on to the stage men taught by himself, who will not listen to the charmer, be he ever so entertaining; men who will not count their own lives dear to themselves; men willing to endure all things for the elect's sake, that those yet to be born may obtain the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. (2 Tim. ii. 10.)

We will now draw our observations to a close, knowing that the time is coming when we shall open our eyes on those things faith now sees but darkly, as through a glass. May God the Spirit comfort the churches he has planted in this our world of

sin, teaching the servants of Zion to act as such, and not to lord over God's heritage. This conduct has been a curse wherever it has been. Poor Zion has often groaned under it; but it has in the end brought its reward, and will again, wherever practised. We pray for the peace of Jerusalem in pews and pulpits.

Poor Zion's personal trials with the world, the flesh, and the devil are many. But God is in each member of the mystic body, and knows all, and will in due time give strength, and cause grace to reign, through righteousness, when eternal life will again appear at the end of the struggle. Sometimes we are so low as to fear if the work of grace is truly begun. One said, "I am cast out of thy sight;" another said, "Behold, I am vile;" and another, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." Even Paul cried, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?" But at another time he was willing, not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.

Thus each fights, fears, and conquers, as God the Spirit leads to the victory. God Almighty direct our future, and bless Zion. So prays yours to serve in the Gospel.

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#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

THOUGH rough and thorny be thy way, while in the desert here,  
Dear saint of God, be not cast down; Jesus is ever near;  
For help to him look up, and wait, and on his grace depend,  
And thou shalt by experience prove he is thy constant Friend.

Remember, while *thou* art so weak, *He* mighty is to save,  
And can and will enable thee each danger here to brave;  
Upheld, directed, and preserved by him thou shalt at last  
The haven gain of rest and peace, when ev'ry storm is past.

All poor and needy ones who feel they need his helping hand,  
He can and will sustain and save, e'en while in Meshech's land;  
Tho' clouds and darkness *them* surround, *He* all their trouble sees,  
And will, in his own time and way, their griefs and sorrows ease.

Then forward go, depending on his faithfulness and power,  
To succour and defend thy soul in ev'ry trying hour;  
And thou shalt prove he will fulfil his promise rich and free;  
That as thy days, so still thy strength most certainly shall be.

Though base and sinful, poor and vile, and prone to go astray,  
His goodness still he'll cause to pass before thee in the way;  
As hitherto, he still will make thy daily needs his care;  
Then ask and seek, and thou shalt know he doth regard thy prayer.

Thus may his grace to thee abound until thy journey's end,  
And then thy ransom'd weary soul to glory shall ascend,  
From Satan's wiles, and sin's sore plague, to be for ever free,  
And there to sing the praise of him who wrought so much for thee.

Chelmsford.

A. SMITH.

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A TRUE sense of our unworthiness makes every blessing great and precious.—*T. Charles.*



## BLESSED MOURNERS.

“Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.”—MATT. v. 4.

THE children of God in all ages of time have been a mourning people. In various parts of the Word of God they are called “mourners in Zion,” and “mourners in Israel.” Even in our day they are considered mourners. Even the world look upon them as a people of a sad countenance, and a mournful face. How often do we hear carnally-minded persons say of these poor mourners that they are the most miserable that are to be found on the earth. But these carnally-minded people know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm; for, being ignorant of the secret which giveth rise to this mournfulness, they only speak from external evidence, which is no criterion to judge by.

But although they are mourners, they are not miserable mourners always, nor do they at all times wear a sad countenance. There are times, and blessed times too, when their mourning is turned into joy, and for a season these dear souls are led to believe that their days of mourning are ended. The reason is because the Lord himself has spoken to their hearts, and has bid them not to be afraid; and he assures them that he has prepared for them heavenly mansions, and that he wears their names upon his breast continually. None can ever erase those names, for they are deeply engraven upon his heart. Now a knowledge of this communicated to the heart of a child of God fills his soul with heavenly glee; and instead of being a mourner, he now finds that he has nothing to mourn after, but rather to rejoice with joy unspeakable, because his name is written in the Lamb’s book of life, which is a safe passport into the regions of eternal glory when time with him shall be no more. Now a knowledge of these things whispered into the heart of a child of God by the Holy Ghost is, as our text says, a comfort to him: “Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.”

The first thing that a child of God mourns over after the Lord the Spirit has implanted the fear of God in his heart, and has put light and life into his soul, is *sin*. This is the first thing which becomes a grief to the mind, a trouble to the heart, a canker-worm to the conscience, and a great burden to the soul. Sin, when looked at with a ray of divine light in the soul, appears truly hideous. Looked at with an enlightened eye, we see it as it were a huge mass of blackness and darkness, which threatens the poor soul at every turn with destruction and death. “The soul that sinneth, it shall die,” are words sounding continually in the soul. But why does sin cause so much mourning and grief? We answer, Because it separates at one stroke the sinner from God. It will not allow him to approach where God is; yea, it drives him far off from God into some secret spot (if it could be found), where God is not. The eye of the Almighty being upon him, this poor heavy-laden sinner flees anywhere to hide himself from the piercing eye of God. He sees that God is holy,

just, and good; whilst he feels himself just the opposite. He feels unholy in every part, and his goodness is become a stench to himself. He finds that rottenness has entered into his bones, which drinks up his spirits.

Here the poor child of God is brought to mourn in secret, for he desires to hide his grief from all around him. He seeks out solitary places where he can resort from time to time, and vent out his feeling in secret before God. His sins drive him to these solitary places. In due time he is brought sensibly to be honest before God. He says before the Lord, "Search me, and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting." He mourns over his ill-spent life, over the many sins he has committed, and over a guilty conscience which he daily carries in his bosom. "O!" he says, "a guilty conscience who can bear? Do what I will, go where I may, it brings me in guilty before God. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" If he attempts to go upon his knees in prayer before the Lord, he is startled and terrified with past offences; he is amazed at his conduct. "O!" he says, "how can such a great sinner as I expect to be forgiven, and to receive pardoning mercy for all my sins? I am so black and so vile. Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

Now here is a poor mourner, one who has begun at the right place. All true mourners have to be led into these solemn realities before it can be said of them that they are *mourners in Zion*. It really is of no use for a person to say he is a mourner, unless he has something to mourn over. And whatever a person has to mourn over, or mourn after, if sin is not the first grand cause of his mourning, depend upon it such a person has not yet mourned aright; and so he will find in the end. But the one we have attempted to describe has a needs-be for his mourning. His mourning is real; it springs from his heart, and his sins are the cause of it. But he not only mourns; for there are times when his mourning is turned into groaning. This takes place when his sins press more heavily upon him, when he is cast down in his feelings, when the heavens are as brass, and the language of his soul bounds back into his own bosom. It is then that groans take the place of mourning. Although he feels himself to be far off from God by sins which he has committed in his past life, and by many wicked works that he hath done, yet he is not far from God. The Lord is only hiding himself behind these clouds of dejection, only waiting, as it were, to manifest himself to him in all the fulness of his grace, mercy, and love, which are treasured up in himself. No, poor sinner, the Lord is not far from thee; he is near at hand. He knoweth thy sighs, he heareth thy groans, he bottleth up thy tears, he weigheth up thy sorrows, he remembereth thy grief, and he intends that thy days of mourning shall have an end. Now hear what the dear Lord says to thee: "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

“But,” says the poor soul, “what comfort is there for me? I am such a castaway, such a poor, dejected, helpless, worthless wretch that I feel sure there can be nothing but eternal misery for me. I am just like one that has got beyond the reach of mercy. The Lord can never be merciful to one so vile as I; never can look upon me but with the greatest abhorrence. I am comfortless; I am altogether as an unclean thing, and all my righteousnesses are as filthy rags. I feel sure that the day of grace is past. My sins are too big and too black to be pardoned. O! What shall I do? Where can I flee to escape the just vengeance of God?” Ah, poor soul, where can you flee, but unto him who has said, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?” And so he will thee, poor sinner, in his own time and way. Thou shalt never starve, nor die; nor shalt thou come into condemnation. He that hath begun a good work in thee will carry it on, in spite of all thy sins; and thou shalt, in the Lord’s own time, be brought to feel that “Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.”

But the poor sinner may not obtain what his soul so much craves, viz., pardoning mercy, in his own way. The Lord has a way of his own; and he has a set time for every purpose of his eternal mind. He will not be hurried, nor will he alter his course. He is of one mind, and none can turn him; and every one taught by him is brought to acknowledge that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. Now this poor sinner in Zion, whom we are considering, is brought to realize that which his soul so much desires; for the dear Lord of life and glory peeps through the lattice upon the poor repenting sinner with beams of mercy and love, and shines upon him, and into him, in such a blessed way that he is melted into holy contrition, and weeps tears of joy and praise. His sins are gone, removed far away, and buried for ever. Guilt is no longer upon his conscience. His fretfulness is turned into thankfulness, and he begins to see that there is mercy to be found in the dear Redeemer’s heart for one as vile as he. Here he, for the first time, is persuaded that poor mourners in Zion are comforted. This believer does not wear a sad countenance now. His face beams with heavenly joy and love; and the language of his heart is: “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.” He is now rejoicing in the Lord all the day long. He is continually thinking upon the great change that has come over him; and his heart and soul are perpetually shouting forth melodious strains to the dear Saviour of sinners for the matchless grace bestowed upon him. And here he finds it an impossibility to be quiet. He cannot rest quiet now; he must speak out the feelings of his soul. He is obliged to tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour he has found. Mourning now is turned into joy; the soul is comforted. He is brought into the banqueting house of the King, and eternal love is the sum and substance of each day’s employ.

It may be that this once lost, but now saved, sinner begins to dream that he will never mourn again. His mourning being turned into such unspeakable joy and praise, he says to himself, "O! I shall walk with joy to heaven." His heart being enlarged, he can gladly run in the way of God's commandments. At this part of his experience he firmly believes every word of our text: "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." He says: "My sins are so completely put away by the precious blood of my dear Lord and Saviour, that it is impossible to mourn over them again. I have mourned long and loud over my sins, but my days of mourning are now at an end. I have received pardon and peace; and I am now comforted. I have faith to believe that Christ is mine, and I am his; and that heaven is my home, die when I may. I have a good solid hope in the righteousness of Christ, and in his complete work of redemption." He believes, too, that henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which he expects to receive in that day when he shall come into the presence of the Father.

But, poor sinner, thou art talking too fast; thou must be brought down. The Word says: "Blessed are they that *mourn*." I know well where thou art; and a lovely climate it is. It is lovely spring time with thee. The singing of birds has come into thy heart, the sweet voice of the turtle-dove is heard in thy soul, the air is fresh and balmy, the rays of the sun are warm and pleasant, and everything around thee looks delightful! But beware of sudden changes. Thou art still in the enemy's land, and there are so many by-paths close at hand, that I would have thee take heed that thy footsteps slip not. The dear Lord the Lamb, after he saw heaven opened, and heard the voice of his Father saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," was led away by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And if you believe that a crown of righteousness is laid up for you in heaven, I am bold to tell you that there is a cross for you on earth. Divine grace must be tried. If the dear Redeemer was tempted of the devil, so shall all God-taught souls be. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Bastards may escape chastisement in this life, and escape the rod of correction to a certain extent; but all the godly must pass under the Lord's chastening rod, that they may be brought into the bond of the covenant. They are brought to bow to the rod in humble submission, and with David to acknowledge: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word."

But we pass on to show that this godly soul is still a mourner, notwithstanding the great blessings he has received from his beloved Saviour and Redeemer. In an unguarded moment the dear Lord Jesus ceases to commune with the poor soul; that is,

he withdraws himself from him, lets fall a veil over his countenance, so that the soul cannot find him as was his custom. He now begins to search after him in real earnest. He blames himself for not being sufficiently on his guard. "O!" says the soul, "had I not trifled with him, I should not have lost him whom my soul loveth." He searches everywhere in the hope of finding this beloved One. He inquires of the daughters of Jerusalem if they have seen his Beloved. He minutely describes every part of his sacred Person; and his heart is so full of love to him as he describes him that for the want of appropriate words to sufficiently set him forth, he closes it up by saying, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

But all this does not bring the Lord back into the sinner's soul. His heart becomes sad, his mind cast down and dejected, and he begins to mourn after an absent Saviour. "What shall I do? Where can I seek him? I must find him, for he is the life of my soul, and the joy of my heart. To be with him is heaven indeed; but to dwell without him is more than I can bear." Thus he pours out his complaint in secret, and mourns like a dove. He is now in real trouble, heart-felt trouble. The loss of his well-beloved Friend makes his countenance to look sad and gloomy; and those who saw him when his face beamed with love and adoration take notice of him, and wonder what has happened to him. But the poor mourner cannot tell them; he dare not say what is the matter. He now dwells much alone, and passes his time in much self-examination. He ponders the paths of his feet, and looks well to his steps. He examines carefully his prayers, and finds to his sorrow that they are not at all as he would have them. The language of his soul in prayer is not seasoned with Divine love as it used to be; there is not that sweet intercourse and familiarity with the Lord there once was; nor does the Spirit of the living God operate in the soul as it did in days past. The poor mourner takes notice of all this, and begins to grieve over his hard lot. The sorrows of his heart are enlarged; and he finds an aching void within his mind which nothing can fill but that Pearl of great price which he has lost. He is now a mourner indeed; for he mourns after him who is the very life of his soul, and the joy of his heart. But the words are still: "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." "Comforted," says the poor mourning one; "how can that be? I have lost all my comforts. I shall never lift up my head again with joy; for the Lord hath forsaken me. And what troubles me the most is, I fear he will never return to me again. If I go forward, I cannot behold him; and backward, I cannot find him; on the left hand and on the right I seek him, but he is not to be found. Would to God it were with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me, when I walked in the light of his countenance and feared no evil. O that the Lord had then taken me to himself,

to dwell with him for ever, and to behold his glory! I should then have escaped this calamity, and these days of mourning would not then have come upon me."

Thus the soul is like a sparrow alone upon the housetop, or a pelican of the wilderness. The afflictions of his heart are great, for the Lord has smitten him with his correcting rod. He falls under the stroke, and sinks fathoms deep in his soul's feeling. He flies to the Word of God in his trouble, but he finds it sealed and barred against him; he cannot read it with any comfort, nor can he drink into it as he once did. If he should turn upon the places that formerly gave comfort, he now finds that he has nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; and he cries out in bitter lamentations, "O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" His tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth, and all his moisture is turned into the drought of summer. He is now in sorrow's vale, and pants for a sip of those living waters of which he once had such a bountiful supply. These are days of mourning to him. He finds now that all his days are spent in mourning; for he hath rent his clothes and sits in ashes. It may be that some will tell him that he has been too lax in his daily meditations and spiritual exercises; that he ought to have given the more heed to reading and prayer, and have kept up a daily intercourse with God. But this is only adding fuel to the fire; for he has chastened himself for these things time after time, and has seen the folly of it. Others again, it may be, will tell him to be up and doing, to believe the Word of God, embrace the promises, work faith, take God at his word, and he will find rest for his soul. But all these are miserable comforters to him. He is quite convinced that he has no power to do any of these things. He feels like one bound hand and foot, quite helpless; and, according to his own feelings, he is worthless for having lost his well-beloved Friend, and can neither find him nor trace his goings. He calls in question all his former mercies. He is now betwixt two opinions; at one time he is ready to believe that after all there must be something real in his heart, or he could never feel as he does. When he is led into himself, and the secrets of his desperately-wicked heart are opened up to him in all their hideousness and corruption, and when he sees that all his good doings, as well as all his bad doings, are mixed with sin, and that sin lurks and lives in every hole and corner of his heart, then he declares that he does not believe there is an atom of godliness to be found in him; for he feels just the opposite to what he ought to feel, and what a godly soul should feel. How this makes him mourn! Our text really is all for him; it pronounces him *blessed*.

But the poor soul in his worst feelings has no desire to go back into the world to mix up again with his companions in sin. He cannot go back. It is a settled point in his mind that "the soul that sinneth it shall die;" and "the wages of sin is death." He is resolved to go on, hoping against hope; or if no hope

comes, to die in his present position. Truly blessed are all they that mourn in this way. There is no better mourning to be found than for a poor God-taught sinner to mourn after the precious Lord of life and glory. It speaks well for such a sinner. It proves that there is a work of sovereign grace begun in the soul, and that such a soul has tasted that the Lord is gracious, and wants to taste these things again. And although he fears he shall never obtain what his soul is panting after, yet in all these exercises there is a continual supply of divine favours granted, just sufficient to keep him from sinking; for in the most desperate struggles of his mind there is a secret something under all that buoys him up, and causes a "Who can tell?" to rise up in his heart. And this, in some measure, makes him willing to prefer his lonely lot to that Egyptian bondage from which his soul has been released.

But this mourner is so afraid he is not the character interested in our text. He sees that it says, "Blessed are they that mourn;" but feels himself anything but blessed. He is more a companion of the psalmist when he mourned like a dove, when his soul was in great distress, when he watered his couch with his tears, and when he poured out his complaint unto the Lord, saying, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Now the Lord hears these cries, he bottles up all these penitential tears, and marks these sighs and groans. Let me tell thee, poor mourning one, that the Lord will come again. He will not leave thee comfortless; he says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man shall take from you."

"He that hath helped thee hitherto  
Will help thee all thy journey through."

Come, then, poor child of sorrow, lift up thy eyes to the hills, from whence cometh thy help. Jesus, the Friend of sinners, is near at hand. He sees thy distresses, he knows thy sorrows; and he is exalted to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.

Well, by and by the dear Lord the Lamb breaks through that veil of separation that hid him from the sinner. He lets fall into his heart some sweet droppings of mercy and love. How the soul rises up to meet the dear Redeemer! And what a precious time he has with him! How he tells him all his heart, confesses to him all his wrongs, and assures the dear Lord that he loves him with all his heart and soul! He says to him: "Thou art mine; upon thy bosom will I dwell, for I have desired it." Here he feels again that he is blessed indeed; for the Lord Jesus assures him that he died to redeem him from all iniquity; that he has put away his sins for ever, so that they shall not be found; and further tells him that he has prepared a place for him in heaven, which shall be his for ever and ever. What a sweet truth, then, are the words, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." This is comfort indeed.

To have fellowship with the Father and with his Son is a blessed privilege beyond what our finite minds can comprehend. Paul might well say, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." O these reviving times from the dear Son of God! How soul-establishing they are! How they draw us more closely to the Lord by prayer and supplication, and how they make us willing to be led by his good Spirit into all truth! What a willingness comes over the soul to be saved in the Lord's way, to have no will in the matter ourselves, and to resign all we have and all we are into the hands of the Lord. These visits assure us that we are amongst the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. Who shall separate us from this all-glorious Person? Shall tribulations, persecutions, famine, or sword? No; for in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him who hath loved us. And this love is an eternal love; it flowed eternally towards the heirs of heaven. Hence it is said, "We love him, because he first loved us." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And O! Believer, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things that God hath prepared for those that love him. They may be mourners here below; they may be filled with sorrow; but their mourning only endureth for a season, and sorrow, we are told, shall flee away. The Lord Jesus Christ, to his dear people, is a Sun and Shield; he will give grace here to sustain them under all their trials and afflictions; and he has promised to give glory hereafter, which will enable them to lift up their heads with joy. Fear not, then, poor mourning child of God. Thou art really in a blessed spot, although thou mayest have many mournful seasons. Thy dear Lord declares thou art blessed, and he says that thou shalt be comforted.

Now, the comforts the children of God receive are great and manifold. What greater comfort can be bestowed upon them than to possess the fear of God in their hearts, which is an evidence that the kingdom of heaven is set up in the soul by God the Holy Ghost? Every poor sensible mourner in Zion has lodged in his heart the Pearl of great price. It is called a pure white stone, on which a name is written, which none can read save those who receive it. Fools cannot read this name,—it is hid from them; but the simple-hearted, the doubting and fearing, and the mournful soul can read it with pleasure and delight. Hence their minds are comforted in whatever trials they are called to endure; and the trials of a child of God are many. Cowper says:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

As soon as one trial is over, another comes in its place; and this is how the children of God have so many days of mourning.



They will find, as they journey on through this vale of tears, that they will perpetually have something to cause mourning and sorrow. Daily will they find enough,—yea, more than enough, in their desperately-wicked hearts to mourn over. They will mourn over their shortcomings in secret before God; they will mourn over their unfeeling souls, barrenness, and lifelessness in prayer; and frequently a guilty conscience will be the cause of much mourning. They will mourn over an unruly tongue, and over a light and trifling spirit. They will appear so worldly-minded, from time to time, that spirituality will be a thing almost unknown; and this will produce a mourning after daily communion with God, a panting after the light of his dear countenance. The soul will say, under these mournful sensations, “O that I might know him, and be found in him!”

But there are other things that cause mourning. The poor soul, if he lives at a distance from the house of God, will mourn after the preached word and the communion of saints. His heart will be with the children of God, while he may be miles off. This causes much mourning. But, even if the poor soul be placed within the sound of the gospel, so that he can attend upon the means at all seasons, he will have much to mourn over in the church to which he may belong. But, notwithstanding all, the Lord says, “Blessed are they that mourn;” and, whatever may be the cause of this mourning, the dear Redeemer has assured us that comfort shall follow. A spiritual mourner is a precious soul. The Father of all mercies is his Benefactor and Friend; Christ is his Intercessor and Redeemer; the Holy Ghost is his Instructor, Teacher, and Guide; and heaven is his everlasting home, where he shall be crowned with glory and honour. Amen.

E. FEAZEY.

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### THOUGHTS ON JER. XX. 9.

My dear Friend in the Friend of Sinners,—According to your request, I will give you my thoughts on Jer. xx. 9. It very plainly appears to me that the man of God was much hated for his faithfulness in declaring God's judgments and threatenings against the sins of Israel. They did not like him for it, and said many things against him for his honest preaching. This being the case, he, like you and me (for he had not lost his old Adam nature), did not like to have his name cast out as evil, and be exposed to contempt and imprisonment. So he gets into a rebellious fit, and says, “I will speak no more in the name of the Lord.” But he found out his mistake here; for when God revealed anything afresh to his soul, it was like a hidden fire; it soon made its appearance outside, and he was obliged to speak. He was something like Elihu, who said he was like wine in a bottle that wanted vent, and he was obliged to speak, that he might be refreshed.

Now this has been the case with me; and I doubt not with you also. Sometimes, through one thing and another, we have

said we would say no more about religion to any one, nor ever divulge one of our feelings any more; no, not to the nearest friend we had. And Satan is not at all backward here. He tries hard to keep us in this mind, and tells us we shall be much more comfortable in ourselves; and adds, "If you should fall, people would not think so much about it. And besides all this," says he, "you may have been deceived, and deceived others also; so the best way will be to say nothing; no, not even if your heart is hot within you."

All this and a thousand times more have I passed through, both before and since I have spoken in the name of the Lord. But I have felt something like the prophet. When I have felt his word within, it has been like a fire. Yes, and the flame has been so holy and hallowed and pure that I have been obliged to speak, that I might be refreshed and refresh others also. It may be held in for a time: but it must and will, sooner or later, burst out. Nay, further; it will be seen in the countenance; and then those who know us, seeing the change, will be sure to want to know the reason. And then what is to be done? We cannot tell an untruth; and then one word after another comes out, till the whole is forced to come out. And then the devil calls us fools for our pains.

Now, my friend, I could plainly see this change in your countenance last Lord's day. The countenance is a real index to the mind. Therefore Christ cannot be altogether hid in a living soul, either in a bad or in a good state of soul. For when the soul is in a low place, sorrow more or less is seen in the face; and when Christ is precious, it cannot be hid, for there is a cheerfulness in us which must be seen.

I sincerely hope the Lord will continue to smile upon you. My advice to you is to keep close to him by prayer, meditation, and reading God's holy Word; and when you do lose him feelingly, remember he will come again, agreeably to his own Word: "I will see you again," &c. If you feel any desire to be one with us, say so. Do not let either Satan or conscience make you linger. Fear not the world, or any thing else except *sin*, and especially that of disobedience, and a Father's frown. Think of these things; and the Lord give you understanding. I do not wish to force you, or any one else; but still I feel it my duty to lay these things before you for your consideration.

The Lord God Almighty bless you yet more and more, for Jesus' sake.

Yours in Jesus,

Walkern, Dec. 13th, 1860.

J. MARTIN.

[See Obituary, "G. S.," May, 1868, Supplement, page 9.]

It is easy for a dead unfeeling soul to presume, but it is hard for a living God-fearing soul to believe. Servants ride upon horses,—a vain thing to save a man, whilst princes walk as servants upon the earth.—*J. C. Philpot.*

## A WORD FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

We think the following will be read with interest by many :

Dear Sir,—I wrote to you from Nassau, in the Island of New Providence, West Indies; but as I have not heard from you since, I fear you did not receive my letter. Enclosed I send a bill of exchange for £2, from which you will please to pay yourself for the little book of Irons's hymns, and give one pound for the Monument of Mr. Hart, and the balance for the Protestant cause in Spain, if you have opportunity.

It has pleased the Lord, in his great mercy, to preserve us all in health and strength hitherto; which I would desire to acknowledge with true thankfulness, while so many are cut off on every side. We lately followed to the grave the wife of one of our neighbours, a native of Yonkers, whom I had known from a child, leaving her husband and son desolate in a fine house with splendid grounds; but the son remarked that all was nothing to him without his mother. In 1822, a family who lived in the infected district, when the yellow fever was in New York, came to stay a while in my father's house. With their family and my father's there were ten of the younger branches, from 6 to 17 years of age, at that time, which is now more than 53 years since; yet, strange as it may seem, all the ten are living to this day. But of the ten I am the only one, in the providence of God, who has a partner living.

As far as I can judge, that appears to be a nice discourse of Mr. Dennett's in the October "Standard." The remarks on Mr. Müller, of Bristol, so exactly coincided with my own views of him, that I was greatly interested in it, and read the piece several times over. Some ten years since, in a letter to the late Mr. Philpot, I expressed something of the same sort concerning Mr. Müller. I liked his work, and sent him something, at times, towards his hospital; but I told Mr. P. that I was not satisfied with his account of his conversion; nor does he write in that gracious manner, if I may so express it, that Mr. Augustus Hermann Franke does, in his account of a hospital carried on by him in the same way in Prussia. I did not exactly like his repetition of never asking any one for anything; yet I hope the Lord will yet give him grace, if he has not done so, since no works nor money can purchase it. It rather pained me to find that Mr. S— had given occasion for censure and criticism; but I am not prepared to say it was not merited. No man is perfect. Even Paul, who was not one of Christ's disciples, justly reprov'd Peter, who was one.

Things are very dark in a religious point of view in this country. We have nowhere to go to meet the assemblies of the people of God. I have occupied my spare time of late in copying the manuscripts of my mother's life, and her other writings; some of which are, I believe, very excellent. I expect to fill more than two books of 300 closely-written pages in each. I have

written one through, and nearly half of the other. I may, perhaps, have some printed to give away, since I believe no one here would publish them, because they criticize and find fault with the profession of the day. Her account of different professors with whom she was connected, and who proved to be hypocrites, especially the account of Mr. James Osbourn, is very interesting, and the grace of God is very conspicuous in all her writings.

We stayed at Nassau last March nearly three weeks, and then left in a steamer for Jamaica again, and travelled this second time around the east end of the island, in which there were continually splendid and sublime views of mountain and valley scenery; sometimes immense fields of sugar-cane, and green hills with cocoa-nut trees in the background and blue mountains beyond. One long low hill covered with cocoa-nut trees looked terrible as an army with banners. I saw many splendid flowering shrubs and trees, and at one negro cottage a cape jessamine with beautiful white flowers as large as large roses, and fragrant. We half lived upon oranges. Hotel or lodging-house accommodations are generally poor. They raise fine beef cattle there, and some to boast of, considering the hot climate. At Nassau they get their meat from New York for the hotel; their own being very poor.

We arrived home the 2nd of May, with cool weather, after two months of mostly 80 degrees of heat.

Give our best regards to Mr. Hazlerigg, and tell him we should be glad to furnish him with a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick, if he would visit this country. He appears to have better health than several of your ministers have.

We have no apples to speak of this year. Last year they were very plentiful; this year there are comparatively very few.

Yonkers, U.S., Oct. 22nd, 1875.

JOHN CORCUTT.

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### CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Brethren in Christ,—Yours came safely to hand, which I read before the church after the ordinance on Lord's day last, when my friends agreed for me, God willing, to come to supply you at the time you say; that is, on the second Sabbath in April. But they said they could not spare me more than a month. You may, therefore, God willing, and nothing unforeseen preventing, depend on my being with you at the time. Meanwhile, I wish God may abundantly bless you in all your undertakings, that you may be as a well-watered garden, bringing forth those fruits against which there is no law, which alone can be profitable unto us, useful to others, and glorifying to God. For what comes from above is sure to raise us above the world, flesh, and the devil.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee?" This wisdom enables us to cast our anchor within the veil, and worship God in spirit and truth, in the beauty of holiness, as the inheritance of our

soul, and our portion for ever. This is the perfection of beauty to a poor filthy sinner that has no might nor power against the great company that so often cometh and maketh head against him. The battle is not yours, but the Lord's. Thus victory is sure to God's children, because the Captain of God's host stands with a drawn sword in his hand; while we, in our right minds, have nothing to do but to stand in his strength, barefooted, giving up the right of redemption to him who is the Alpha and Omega. One day in the inner court of his holiness is better than all days beside. That God may often unveil his glory to you is my heart's desire, that you may enter more fully into his everlasting love, in all it has done for your souls, abounding in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Without this I know there is no peace of mind, no access at a throne of grace, no enjoyment of the promises, no light in our path, no comforting views of the hand of providence; and everything appears without form, and void of that order that can terminate in our good. But though we believe not, he abideth faithful. "It is I; be not afraid." "Some on boards, some on broken pieces of the ship, they all came safe to land." And so it will be at last. Not a hoof shall be lost when the great Shepherd of the sheep shall gather his elect from the four winds. Happy day! So shall we be for ever with the Lord, to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain for us!"

My kind love to all, not forgetting the weak in the flock, but wishing God may strengthen them and comfort their hearts in himself, that the weak may be as the house of David.

Believe me, Yours in the Bond of Love and Truth,

St. Peter's Lane, Leicester,

Feb. 7th, 1820.

EDWARD VORLEY.

### *THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.*

DAN. VII. 22.

BEFORE the fields, before the hills,

Before things as they are,

Jesus the throne of glory fill'd,

Before the morning star.

Ancient of Days, Eternal God,

In majesty divine,

He sheds his glorious beams abroad.

How brightly does he shine!

His church was ever his delight;

He knew each member well;

And they were precious in his sight

Before their father fell.

He undertook to plead their cause,

To suffer in their stead,

And yield obedience to God's laws,

As their great covenant Head.

C. SPIRE.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF LOUISA GILBERT.

WRITTEN TO HER NEPHEW, AT HIS REQUEST.

In dependence upon the blessed Spirit as my Remembrancer, I will try and tell what the Lord has done for my soul; and will begin where, I trust, he began with me. About the age of 12 years I was made very miserable by these words being with weight on my mind:

“There is a day, 'tis hastening on,  
When Zion's God shall purge his floor;  
His own elect shall then be known,  
For he will count those jewels o'er.  
How stands the case, my soul, with thee?  
For heaven are thy credentials clear?  
Is Jesu's blood thy only plea?  
Is he thy great Forerunner there?”

I felt it most important to be right. At that time, too, a dream about the judgment day made some impression. In a short time I was much comforted by these words:

“O thou of little faith!  
Thy pace is slow, but sure;  
For little faith, the promise saith,  
Shall to the end endure.”

For years from this time I went on seeking and longing to be right; my language being:

“'Tis a point I long to know,” &c.

At times I felt encouraged under preaching, but had not yet the fountains of the great deep opened up; wondered to hear good men in prayer confess themselves such sinners, and call themselves wretches; was a stranger to the depravity of my heart, but anxious to be right; and, to my shame I speak it, limited the Holy One of Israel by saying that if he did not give me assurance of my interest in Jesus in a certain time, I would give it all up. This I smarted for in after years. Changes took place. Dear father and mother died. After a time I went to London, and took a situation in Lady Waldegrave's family. When she engaged me, no questions were asked respecting my religion; so I said nothing, and went to church with the rest. I stayed two years. During that time I got into a wretched state, drank into the spirit of those around me, became worldly and trifling, and lost all relish for spiritual things, so that it became a task to read a chapter in the Bible.

Being in a delicate state of health when I left there, I was under a physician six weeks before seeking another situation. When I obtained one, I entered upon it with much fear and nervous debility, my nerves being a good deal shaken by the haughty treatment of Lady W. I was so overcome by fear and want of confidence, that it rendered me quite unfit for my duties. Here Satan was permitted to enter and tempt me to suicide in a dreadful way. O awful time! I was kindly sent to Brompton. Now the Lord began to teach me terrible things in righteousness. Indeed, while I suffered his terrors I was distracted. The temp-

soul, and our portion for ever. This is the perfection of beauty to a poor filthy sinner that has no might nor power against the great company that so often cometh and maketh head against him. The battle is not yours, but the Lord's. Thus victory is sure to God's children, because the Captain of God's host stands with a drawn sword in his hand; while we, in our right minds, have nothing to do but to stand in his strength, barefooted, giving up the right of redemption to him who is the Alpha and Omega. One day in the inner court of his holiness is better than all days beside. That God may often unveil his glory to you is my heart's desire, that you may enter more fully into his everlasting love, in all it has done for your souls, abounding in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Without this I know there is no peace of mind, no access at a throne of grace, no enjoyment of the promises, no light in our path, no comforting views of the hand of providence; and everything appears without form, and void of that order that can terminate in our good. But though we believe not, he abideth faithful. "It is I; be not afraid." "Some on boards, some on broken pieces of the ship, they all came safe to land." And so it will be at last. Not a hoof shall be lost when the great Shepherd of the sheep shall gather his elect from the four winds. Happy day! So shall we be for ever with the Lord, to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain for us!"

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His church was ever his delight;  
 He knew each member well;  
 And they were precious in his sight  
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tations became more and more powerful. Added to this, four texts of Scripture were thundered into my inmost soul: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." "His servants ye are to whom ye obey." "I will laugh at your calamities, and mock when your fear cometh." "The deceived and the deceiver are his." Indeed, I found the Word of God to be "quick and powerful, a *discerner* of the *thoughts* and *intents* of the *heart*." I saw Satan dancing over me with a malicious joy, saying, "You are mine,—certainly mine! The best thing for you to do would be to put an end to your life." *I really believed him*; and, feeling so utterly lost beyond hope, my one desire was to accomplish the rash act of self-destruction. For this I longed intensely, as every hour I lived increased my condemnation. Language fails to tell how wretched I felt my existence to be at this time. I was tempted that I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and that, therefore, my damnation was sealed. With self-loathing and shame I must add self-destruction was attempted, so that it was deemed needful to remove me to a place of confinement.

For three months I was at a private place, and nine at a public institution. Here again language fails to tell what I passed through. During that twelve months the chambers of imagery were so disclosed to my view that I felt the greatest wretch and vilest monster in existence. The pride, hypocrisy, enmity, infidelity, and rebellion of my heart were opened up, and became a burthen too heavy for me. I felt one mass of sin, a walking stench to myself; and called myself "Legion," for I felt many devils had entered into me. I cursed the day when I was born. I envied the brute creation, and would gladly have snatched at Satan's temptation to believe there was no God; but ah! I was made solemnly to feel it was a lie of his, although at that time I wished it had been true. Thus I went on for months, warring against the Most High for creating me with an immortal soul. So fearful was my rebellion against him for so doing that I would have torn him from his throne, had it been possible. I rejoice with trembling whenever I think that he did not hurl me at once to the lowest hell, as I richly deserved. Well may the apostle say that the long-suffering of the Lord is salvation. I felt certain that finally hell would be my destiny; and, as I said before, every hour I lived seemed to increase my condemnation; so I determined not to live after certain times fixed by me. Thus did I make a covenant with death, and with hell was at an agreement. If by chance I heard the Scriptures read, they utterly condemned me; so that I could not bear to hear them. Walking or sleeping, I was the subject of vile, blasphemous thoughts; and angry every morning to find myself alive; wishing I had never been born.

But, "wonder, O heavens! Be astonished, O earth!" The set time came when "the prey was to be taken from the mighty." The first ray of hope given was in hearing a collect read: "Cleanse

thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit." This prayer suited me well, as the thoughts of my heart were vile in the extreme. I also felt that some one beside me had felt a similar need, or that prayer would not have been written. Another ray was in hearing Manasseh's case read. Remembering he was a saved character, though left to such fearful sins, "*Who can tell?*" arose in my mind. The next was in conversing with a person on Lamentations, respecting my awful condition, and expected fearful end. She spoke to me in a free-will strain, saying I *could* have certain things if I liked. It was miserable comfort, but led me to think and ponder over my state. All at once I felt what a mercy it was I had not been left to commit the rash act I had been so powerfully tempted to for so many months, for had I accomplished it I should then have been past hope for ever; and thus faith in the power of God to save even me was given. "O," said I, "if he would but take me in hand!" This text came: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." "O that he would teach me!" was my cry; "then I should know I was his child." I trust the Holy Spirit indited that prayer, as I did not rest till he witnessed to my heart that he was my Teacher. Your dear mother and aunt had kindly tried to encourage me, but without effect. I must, as Hart says, be told "from his own mouth." Here is the difference between a living soul and a mere professor. The latter can *take* comfort, but the former must wait till the Lord applies the balm.

I went on for months, begging for his teaching. I visited Cambridge in the spring of 1852, but got nothing under the ministry there. Your aunt Whittome came to Cambridge in May. She seemed to understand my case, and said, "You shall go home with me. Who knows what the Lord has in store for you?" It was a prayer and reading meeting the first Sunday at Stamford; but it was the set time to set my soul at happy liberty. The whole service was for me; but in the sermon that was read (Mr. Smart's, from Ps. xciv. 12, 13) my case was so described and proved to be the Lord's work that I could no longer doubt it, but felt my adoption made plain, and my interest in Jesus; consequently all the blessings of his free and unmerited salvation were mine. I cannot describe how rich I felt. Yes, "durable riches and righteousness" I felt to possess; and could look with contempt on the world and all it contained. "I looked for hell, he brought me heaven." The hymns they sang were:

"Sov'reign Ruler of the skies;"  
 "God moves in a mysterious way;"  
 "The souls that would to Jesus press."

Indeed, it was a time never to be forgotten. "I wept to the praise of the mercy I found." For some time the Scriptures were rich pastures. The ministry of beloved Mr. Philpot was much blessed to me, especially once from these words: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." He so minutely traced out my path, I could not doubt being in the footsteps of the flock. I

thought your aunt had told him my case; but she had not. I was three months at Stamford, and had such excellent hearing times, the ministry so met my case. I am sure an experimental ministry is owned and blessed of God, let men say what they will. I wish all who preach experimentally God speed, and bless them in the name of the Lord. Ps. cxvi. so expressed my feelings, I called it mine; also Ps. xl.

I now returned to Cambridge, yet had no thoughts of joining the church, or of baptism. But soon it was laid on my mind, with several texts. I saw great beauty in baptism; and having the sweet assurance that the same Spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelt in me, I was compelled, out of love to him, to follow him in his despised ordinance, and to be buried with him in baptism. But after I spoke to Mr. Marks about it, Satan tempted me dreadfully to believe that what I had passed through was only mental derangement, that, as my nerves were so shaken, it was presumption, and only tempting the Lord; and that I should surely die from excitement attending such a step. But one morning, when busy, that verse of dear Kent's was sweetly spoken: "Heirs of God," &c. With it something seemed to whisper, "There, can't you go *now*? Is not that enough?"

"Enough, my gracious God,  
Let faith triumphant cry;  
My soul can on this promise live,  
Can on this promise die."

I wished I could have gone that very night; but was much tried before the time came for me to go before the church. But the Lord was better to me than all my fears. Several hymns were sweet to me at the time. I had not the enjoyment at the baptizing I anticipated; but a solemn sweetness, as setting forth the sufferings of the Lord Jesus. He only could say, "*All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.*" Indeed, I felt "his yoke to be easy, and his burden light;" and could say:

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes."

"Through evil and good report." Yes, when his love is shed abroad in the heart, it is easy enough.

After all I have told you, I must add that all has been questioned over and over again. The summer after I joined the church, I had one day of severe conflict with our cruel enemy. He completely stripped me, and robbed me *entirely* by his last suggestion, that I could not prove the work to be the Lord's. Does it not say that Satan transforms himself into an angel of light? But in the evening the Lord was pleased to put him to flight. Yes, Satan skulked off when Jesus came. I could only compare it to the two-edged sword being put into my hand. "He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me." "By the blood of thy covenant I have brought forth thy prisoners out of the pit." "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Now, I fear it will puzzle you when I say that after so much mercy and great deliverance, instead of being submissive, humble, grateful, and full of love to the Lord, for the most part I am cold, barren, fretful, and unbelieving; and often "wonder where the scene will end," and fear I shall not come off more than conqueror at last. Still I dare not say I do not "love the Lord, his people, and his ways." "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." His people are the excellent of the earth in my esteem; and, at times, he melts my hard heart with a sense of his love and unmerited goodness and mercy to one of the vilest and most unworthy of his children. I am "a debtor to mercy alone;" and when I get safely landed in glory shall be the greatest wonder there.

" Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sov'reign grace."

The Lord grant us a happy meeting there, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The writer of the above departed this life, Sept. 30th, 1873. She had been very low in her mind for some time previously; but the nurse who was with her spoke confidently of her happy departure. She was known to Mr. Burns, Mr. Garner, Mr. G. Harding, and other ministers.]

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## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—Through mercy I am brought on thus far in this visit to Oakham. I consider that I am rather better than when I left Abingdon. On Lord's day afternoon I engaged in prayer at chapel. If my voice was better, I should be glad to occupy a pulpit again. May the Lord bless me with patience. The Lord has blessed my soul, at times, since I came, and particularly one night, the 18th of July. I came to Oakham 25 years ago, and remained above a year with my brother-in-law and sister; and I was spared to return to Abingdon. Many thought I should have died. I have had good health for the last 24 years, so I must be slow to complain. If I had not been afflicted, I could not have heard friend Hazlerigg so well from Job v. 17, 18; nor could I have given out that excellent hymn so feelingly, "Happy the man," &c., on the 23rd.

What a very great mercy to have the least work of grace! Real prayer, real repentance, real faith, and real love, are blessings beyond riches and honours; for we must all die, fit or not fit, and we know not how soon. A grain of saving faith is worth more than all the world to a dying man who feels and knows that he has a never-dying soul. The greatest blessing that God can bestow upon us is to make us spiritually minded, and to keep us so. If we had to choose our own path, we should not have a rough and thorny one. The Lord brings his people by a right way, though painful to flesh and blood. Those who can make out that they have the fear of God in their hearts,

with such a treasure it is right that they should not murmur about trifles.

I have, in my feeble way, been preaching "Salvation by grace" for more than 34 years. What a very great mercy not to have preached in vain! May the Lord bless, keep, and direct me.

Give my love to inquiring friends. I hope that your wife is better; remember me to her. Greet the friends by name.

Yours in the Truth,

Oakham, Sept. 1st, 1863.

WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

My dear Friend,—You will doubtless have thought me very dilatory in answering your kind and experimental letter; but I am treating you only as I do others of my correspondents, and therefore you must not complain. Where there is a union from God, it will stand in the absence of communication, either personally or by letter; and where there is no such union, all the letter-writing in the world cannot create any lasting tie. Union with the members resembles union with the Head. There will be many things to try it, many hard tugs to snap it, many blasts from hell endeavouring to break it asunder. But as union with Christ outlives every storm, so union with the people of Christ will stand amidst all the gusts and breezes that blow upon it.

Where there is the fear of the Lord in the soul, spiritual humility, simplicity, and godly sincerity, a measure of faith in the blessed Redeemer, and of love to the tried people of God, my soul is glad to unite with such. But I cannot do with vain confidence, dead assurance, and a reckless, careless walk and conversation. My path, indeed, lies more in the darkness than in the light, more in sighing and seeking after the Lord than in sweetly rejoicing in him, more in the valley than on the mount. I have been led much of late from time to time to cry to the Lord to keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. I see such sin in my wretched, fallen nature, and feel so much my weakness against temptation, and see at the same time what a horrible and dreadful thing sin is, that I am led from time to time earnestly to call upon the Lord to hold me up that I may be safe. I feel, too, my ignorance in divine things. How dark my mind is when not enlightened by the blessed Spirit. How unable I am to realize any portion of God's word, to feed upon any one truth, or taste the sweetness of any one promise. And thus I feel myself led to look up for divine teaching, and that the Lord himself would make his blessed truth known to my soul. As I was taking my walk to-day, I seemed favoured with a spirit of prayer, and was enabled to seek the Lord's face with some measure of sincere desire towards him; when those words dropped into my mind: "In everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts

and minds through Christ Jesus." What a sweet promise! And shall not the Lord fulfil it? Can he deny himself? For not to perform his promises would be to deny himself. And what better, what richer, what sweeter thing can we receive into our wavering and often warring hearts than "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding?" Peace through the blood of the Mediator, the slaughtered Immanuel, implies reconciliation to God, forgiveness of sin, blessed sensations of mercy and love here, and eternal bliss and glory hereafter.

But how shortlived are any divine sensations in the soul! If we find the word of God sweet, if we are enabled to meditate on some blessed truth, if favoured to pray with some earnestness and feeling, or to preach with some liberty of soul, we soon have to return to our place, and again walk in darkness, carnality, and hardness of heart. But something heavenly is felt again, and this once more lifts up the soul Godward.

I fear you had not a very pleasant visit to L. I greatly fear that all is not right with the old gentleman, and that there is more crookedness and craft than I once imagined he could be capable of. But I should be glad, for the sake of the few who love experimental truth, that the chapel might be left open for the supplies who have hitherto gone there. In the course of things, his life cannot be very long; and it would seem a pity for the chapel to fall into the hands of the enemies of truth. I would counsel, therefore, the friends at L. to maintain peace as long as it can be done with a good conscience; not, indeed, to sacrifice the least portion of truth, nor wink at any evil, but in unimportant matters rather to give way than strive. I have a good opinion of N.'s firmness for truth, and yet quietness of spirit; and think much will depend upon him. Good, however, will be done where we little expect, and some casual hearer, whom neither we nor the church know, may carry off the blessing. One would hope that in that large town truth has not been preached in vain.

I wrote this last evening, and have now no more to add than that, with my kind regards to your wife and the friends, I am,

Yours very sincerely for Truth's sake,

Stamford, Jan. 5th, 1843.

J. C. PHILPOT.

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My dear Friend and Brother in the Bonds of the Everlasting Gospel,—May grace and peace to you be multiplied. I duly received your very kind note this morning, and it revived a kindred spirit to you-ward. I think I have been very near death, and at one time I could not but think my time here was very short. I had been from home all day on Wednesday, among Mr. Parry's sheep, from nine to six, as I thought it was needful. We had a flock lame; and it took the helpers and myself the time named to pare and dress them. When done I hurried home. I have found, for some time past, a very uncomfortable sensation in my head, like the rushing of water, and the noise of

the boiling of a kettle, and other varied sounds, with tingling round the back of my head. When I got home, it being preaching night, I opened my Bible upon Heb. iv.; and this verse broke my poor heart, and my tears flowed: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." My soul was filled with divine love through the happy prospect of it; and a rush of (I suppose) blood to my brain followed. I never was like it before. I soon seemed a little better, and started to chapel; and on my arrival I fell up by the doors, exhausted with what seems to me to have been suffocation. My senses were confused; and a noise from trying to breathe alarmed my friends. I soon got better, and felt I must bear one more testimony to the Lord's faithfulness. My friends say my speech was affected, as though I was partly paralyzed; be this as it might, I was very happy. Come death, it was very welcome. I had no will, I have none now, in the matter. I am still very happy. How sweet the accents, how divine! The Lord is mine, and I am his. But it is, at times, more than this poor body can bear. My nerves twitch, and I feel renewed symptoms. I take up my pen, and put it down again, and rest. My head, at times, seems light, but not in these blessed matters; for I never was more sensible of my utter unworthiness and the Lord's great goodness. "Grace all the work shall crown."

My soul rejoiced to hear you ascribe all the glory to our great Zerubbabel at Enford. A savour rests still upon my spirit. It is, has been, and I hope ever shall be my soul's sweet theme, while on earth my days are lengthened; there is nothing so blessed. Read at your leisure the following hymns: 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 21, 57, 64, 91, 134, 136, 138, 139, 143, 144, 152, 158, 191, 462, 471, 473. I cannot tell you how precious these and many others have been to me, and are still. The Bible is indeed a precious treasure; it is the word of God, and it is spirit and life to my soul. All its precious promises are to me and for my good. O sweet affliction! O blessed affliction! There is no curse with it; that is borne away by Jesus.

Go on, my dear brother; contend for the Holy Spirit's influence in showing sinners their sins, convincing them of their need of a Law-fulfiller, to pay the vast score of their heavy debts. Tell them that the score, however great, is not objectionable to Jesus. His blood is all-sufficient; he saves to the uttermost all who come unto the Father by and through him. When all hope and help is cut off, all hope of being saved taken away; the tackling cast out, human means all overboard, and the ship broken up, a piece of board will be provided for every one of the Little-faiths. He that has much in that solemn hour will need it; and he that seems to have none shall prove that better wisdom than his own has provided for him all that is needful. It is this extremity that shall try every man's religion, of what sort it is.

My dear friend, I must now rest, as my head is feeling weak, and my nerves are so working that I can hardly hold the pen.

Matter flows fast. O that you may feel the sweet power of it! I know that all the powers of nature cannot serve the Lord aright. Few are working in the Lord's cause through grace received; but all that are will find it help them to the end; and in the end, through grace, they will sing the song of the redeemed unto God and the Lamb for ever. Through grace, all such love him as their King, their Saviour, and their God; but all creature doings will die with the creature, and the religion of many will die with them. "When saw we thee a hungered, &c., and did none of those things?" Such never saw any excellence in David's men, in rags and poverty. Hid from the wise and prudent in their own eyes, the Pearl of great price is concealed within the hearts of such cripples. But that Captain who equips such with sighs and groans, and "loads their shoulders well with woe, and thus obtains his ends," looks upon his own work; and the groaning of the prisoners, and the sighing of the contrite, are means to bring forth his great mercy which he has laid up in store for them; for help for all such is laid upon one that is mighty. Thus far I have proved it; and I do feel persuaded that there is a crown of eternal life, and pleasures that shall never die, awaiting this poor frail worm, and all his poor afflicted helpless brothers and sisters in the path of tribulation through this stormy world. But, dear brother, we shall be conquerors all ere long; and then how sweet!

"The joys prepared for suffering saints  
Will make amends for all."

Give our united love to all friends you may see who inquire for this poor yet greatly-favoured servant of the Lord,  
Allington, March 12th, 1875. E. PORTER.

My dear Friend,—I wish I was more thankful to God than I am. I trust God softened my heart yesterday. The heart of a Christian is like ice, which, if placed before the fire, soon dissolves, but if removed into a temperature of thirty degrees, soon congeals again. True religion is a great gift. It makes a man a stranger in the world; he seems strange to himself, and many strange things does he see and hear. If you and I get to heaven, what an unspeakable mercy it will be! And what cause there will be for eternal praise! Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Since I have written the last two sentences, I feel my heart in want of God. "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." "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

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

Christ's comings and goings are real, though invisible; and the soul that knows them earnestly wishes this glorious Guest to



come oftener, and tarry longer. "In his presence is life." Though there is no room for Christ in the inns of this world, he makes room in the hearts of his people. O! What an inn is that which has Christ the God of heaven and earth for a guest! "To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is *Christ in you the hope of glory.*"

My dear friend, pause and think upon this vast deep, and examine how much you know of it. I feel I must pause and ask myself the question; for know we not that unless Christ be in us we are reprobates? I used to sound, and think I was twenty fathoms deep; but now I have gone a little further, and sounded again, I scarcely find it fifteen fathoms. So that I am obliged to join Asaph, and say, "So foolish am I, and ignorant." Yet, bless God, I trust I know his voice, his still, sweet, precious voice; for, however gently he may speak, he draws the soul after himself. "My Beloved spake, and said unto me, arise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." "The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty." 'Tis not his majestic wrath, terrors, and frowns that draw the sin-smitten children of God; but his majestic power, majestic life, and majestic love. I shall but utter the inward cry of every saint if I say, "Draw me; we will run after thee. Draw me from the world; draw me from sin; draw me from righteous and sinful self; draw me from the unbelief of my heart; draw me from everything that is dishonouring to thee; draw me to thy dear Son, that I may gaze upon his Person and feast upon his love and blood; draw me into the fountain opened in his side; draw me to behold all my salvation in him; and at last draw my soul to eternal glory." These are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is known of him! The devil and our wicked hearts will ever find something to divert our minds, and, if possible, keep us from seeking Christ, and the unsearchable riches of his grace. Hence he often busies us about a variety of things; and when one's soul would seek after and serve God, he will remind the Christian that there is something that needs immediate attention, and suggests that he can pray and serve God some other time. But in reality he never would have the soul serve God one moment.

I had not the slightest thought of writing thus when I sat down; but, like Jacob's venison, it came without hunting. And I am sure, if you feel it only as good as I have, you will not say it is unsavoury.

Yours sincerely,

May 11th, 1875.

J. DENNETT.

Dear Sir,—In 1860 the Lord was pleased to convince me of my real state as a sinner, and to lay righteousness to the line, and judgment to the plummet, by applying these words with a divine power to my soul: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." My sins, which were many, were all brought before the eyes of my understanding; and I saw and felt myself to be a vile sinner

before a holy God. I tried all I could to get rid of my convictions. I felt that my sins had found me out, and that the eye of God was upon me in his justice. But the rebellion and hatred to God that I felt I cannot find words to express. When I got home at night, I went as usual with my companions to the ale-house, in hopes of getting rid of my convictions; promising God that I would be a saint some day. But the word still abode with me: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

This lasted about three days and three nights. I verily believed, according to my feelings, that the Lord was about to cut me down as a cumberer of the ground, and that my soul would soon be in hell, where hope could never enter. In this state I went into a field near Mayfield, and crawled into the hedge upon my hands and knees, fearing every moment that the Lord would cut me down, as I justly deserved. All that I could say was, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

I remained in this state for about three weeks, and could not think that there could be any hope for such a sinner as I felt myself to be in the sight of God. In this state I went to hear Mr. Russell, at Rotherfield. He showed what man was in the fall, and what a poor sinner was brought to feel and see when his eyes were opened by the Spirit of the living God. Then he showed what the dear Lord Jesus Christ came into the world for, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,—such as were brought to cry from a real felt need, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" At hearing this, I felt my very soul melt within me, that there was forgiveness with the Lord, that he might be feared.

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

And so I found it, of a truth.

I went home with a hope in my soul that the dear Lord would have mercy upon me, and pardon my sins. But I soon lost the feelings; and then I thought that I was deceived about it altogether. But O the longings and desires of my soul to know the Lord Jesus Christ and the power of his resurrection! But I had many fears that I should never experience that unspeakable blessing. In this state of soul I went to hear Mr. Burch, at Mayfield. He told me all that ever I had passed through; and I felt the word with a divine assurance that I should never die till I had seen the Lord's Christ.

After many exercises, I was brought into the blessed liberty of the gospel, while hearing Mr. Mockford at East Peckham. As I went from Mayfield that morning, I verily thought I was deceived altogether, and that all my religion was a delusion. I felt in a worse state before a holy God than I ever had before. Then it was suggested to me that God's people were all elected, but that I was not one of them; so that the Lord Jesus could

not save me if he would. I wished that I had never been born, or that I had no soul to be saved or lost. Eternity now stood before me. With a feeling sense of my lost condition, I felt that God would be just if he banished me from his dear people and from a precious Christ for ever. "Is there any way in which he can save my soul?" My trouble was more than I could bear up under. None can tell the feeling but those who have been brought there. Here I saw God the Father, out of Christ, was a consuming fire. I felt that I should be in eternity before night, and receive the just due for my sins, which would be everlasting destruction. As I had been very much exercised about preaching long before this, it all added to the torment of my poor soul, fearing that I was deceived altogether.

But, blessed be God! To my great surprise, when hearing Mr. Mockford that very day, my poor soul was set at happy liberty. I saw Jesus the Son of God, the Second Person in the Trinity, standing between my guilty soul and a holy God. The blessed Spirit, the Third Person in the Trinity, took of the things of Jesus and revealed them to my poor soul. The deliverance was so great that I knew not how to bear it. I saw and felt that the Lord Jesus Christ was crowned with a crown of thorns, and put to death for my sins; and that my iniquities were pardoned through his sufferings, he standing in my room. Here I saw the Godhead,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; Three distinct Persons in One God. O happy day! O blessed day! When all the guilt and condemnation were removed from my conscience by the blood, righteousness, and sufferings of a crucified Jesus! Now I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Here I learned the Godhead, and the office of each. The Father chose me in his dear Son; the Son shed his blood to redeem me; and the blessed Spirit quickened me. I felt that I was in a new world. Before, I had wished that I had never been born; but now my captivity was turned, and I could say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Soon after this, I was very much exercised about baptism by immersion. But I found that the apostle thanked God that he had baptized none other but Crispus and Gaius. I searched the Word and prayed over it, beseeching the Lord to give me a right understanding. I could not mention it to any living creature, but only to the Lord. I felt that he had pardoned my sins by the sacrifice of himself; and now I desired to live and walk in that way that would be most to his honour and glory. In this soul exercise I went to hear Mr. Mockford. He spoke of all the exercises that I had about it, and quoted the very text, showing that the apostle was not called to baptize, but to preach the gospel. By the power that I felt I was sure that what he said was according to God's truth, and I felt that baptism by immersion was right. Then the next exercise was whether it was the

Lord's will that I should be found walking in it. As he had blessed me with a sealing testimony that he had died for my sins, and had risen again for my justification, I desired to walk to his honour and glory. This exercise went on for about twelve months, and then the dear Lord was pleased to apply these words with power to my soul: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I was baptized by Mr. M., and felt the answer of a good conscience, and the blessing of God resting upon my soul.

And now, how can I set these ordinances aside? They have caused me many sighs and cries at a throne of grace, and I have also had his blessed presence, at times, in keeping them. May I never shun to declare the whole counsel of God's truth, as I hope I have been taught it, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.

Yours sincerely in the Truth,

Hurstpierrepont, Nov. 23rd, 1875.

HENRY MILES.

My dear Friend,—I have again been long silent, and am vexed that I should have been so. But sometimes I feel such a dearth, as though I could write nothing profitable or worth reading on spiritual subjects. What changes I feel! How seldom long the same! Sometimes sinking low with fears, then a little relieved with hope. I am prone to think the worst of things and of myself. My nervous fears cause heaviness and sorrow not soon told. Then when I prove, as often I do, these fears groundless, what sweet relief it affords! And how sweet the mercy that spares me the reality! True it is:

"How sharp and numerous are the pangs

Imagination gives!

So sharp that life itself oft hangs

In doubt, nor dies, nor lives."

I know I am sensitive,—it may be to some excess. I know, too, I have often much pain in consequence, which I think many who are less so, in good measure, escape. But I know what is an antidote for it, but cannot use it. "When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? And when he hideth his face, who then can behold him?"

But this is not our rest, though my flesh would find it in carnal things and ways. But I must "arise and depart" from such ways and things. Then I inwardly fret and grieve at the loss, as well as the procuring cause of it. O how much foolishness is in my heart! Yet how much I dread the rod of correction, which is to drive it far from me. And no sooner is one folly removed than another succeeds. How long I have been learning! How little I yet know! And, withal, pride would have me thought wise. I pray for a meek spirit, for humility and love; but what stubbornness, haughtiness, and enmity strive to break forth! How ill-concealed, at times! What a mystery I seem! I speak and write something of myself; but what a nothing it all is! I seem, at times, vexed with nearly

all I say or write; and if all were buried with me, it would seem but little loss. I do think the devil hates me; but if I had not a nature so much like him, I should not suffer so much from him.

What a power is wrought in a Christian, as upheld in his goings in so many ways of danger, both in doctrine and practice! It were a wonder for a spark to retain its light and heat in the sea. So for a soul to be kept chaste in such a spiritual Sodom is a wonder indeed, and only explained as being kept by the power of God.

What a wonder the church will be in heaven! The more we regard the work of the Lord, and the operation of his hands, the more wonderful his grace in salvation appears. How great a mercy to know death and life, to know that to be carnally minded is death, and to be spiritually minded is life and peace, and to prove our quickening by mortification and death! By our first birth we are flesh; by our second we are spirit and life. The first has its fruit unto death; the second has its fruit unto holiness and life. From our first birth we have abilities to act naturally, which are strengthened and fixed by use; by our second we have a new or spiritual life, and abilities suitable to its nature, to perceive spiritual things, which increase and are strengthened by use and exercisc. And the proof of the latter is the destruction of the former in its reigning power. We no longer live there, being dead to it. We are not subject to it, but are alive to God through Christ. "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." What it is at birth it continues, an abiding principle. "Acts follow nature," says one; therefore, there must be a spiritual nature before spiritual acts. "Make the tree good, and its fruit good," says the Lord. New wine will surely burst old bottles. Transgressors shall surely fall; but "the righteous shall hold on his way; and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." His faith will not touch or hold destructive errors, but his delight is in the law of the Lord, which is more precious to him than gold; therefore, for gold he will not sell it. The world and all in it, in comparison of it, is lighter than vanity; therefore, for the world he will not sell it. His faith in, and love to it, overcomes the world. Besides, he sold the world to buy it; and the whole world does not contain enough to repurchase it. What the eye of the new creature sees in the Word has caused all the lustre and glare of the world to become dim, dull, and dirty,—a heap of dung, from which he has been lifted up and set among princes, whose inheritance is an eternal and incorruptible one, reserved in heaven for him by the Lord who has called him to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, who promises

him, after that he has suffered a while here, he will perfect him and make him meet for that glorious inheritance. Whereas, if he had all the glory of this world, he could not with any certainty reckon on a single year's tenancy, but might be discharged and lose his possession any day of it, not knowing which night it might be said to him, "Thy soul is required of thee." So to hold much of it is only to be burdened and to load himself with thick clay, which is earthliness indeed, to be buried alive. What a mercy to have a faith which purifies the heart, unites to Jesus Christ, works by love to God, and overcomes the world!

I hope your outward man is strengthened, and in better health, and your inward man renewed day by day as needed. Mercy and peace be with you. Accept my Christian love and best wishes; also to brothers and family connexions.

Yours sincerely,

Walsall, April 4th, 1872.]

C. MOUNTFORT.

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

Dear Sir,—The enclosed is a letter from the late Mr. James Howorth, of Pemberton, to me.

I hope the dear Lord is prospering you in body, soul, estate, and family. We live in perilous times. Yet what a mercy we are permitted to meet, speak, and write as the dear Lord directs us. And O that he may give more grace, that we may each have a single eye in all we do to his glory. Time is flying, and bearing us on its wings to eternity. We shall soon be beyond the reach of our enemies. An abandoned woman died here the other day. She would allow no one to either speak to her or pray with her. She declared she saw the devil waiting for her, and that she was going to hell with him! Thus she died. What an awful state! Truly it is grace, wondrous grace, that saves such poor wretches as we from her end. The dear Lord grant us his blessed fear, and keep us from evil.

Yours affectionately in the Truth,

THE COLLIER.

Dear Friend,—The Lord be with you, to bless and support you under the present, as well as every other trial or affliction you may yet have to pass under. I have often thought about you; and Mr. Freeman last night told me that you had for the present given up preaching on account of affliction, and that you had gone to Ilkley for the benefit of your health; which news I was not at all prepared to hear. I thought you were, perhaps, nursing yourself, ready for the summer months, so that we might be privileged to see and hear you in your tours in these parts as before. I would pray that the Lord would so bless the means that you might soon again be raised to your wonted usefulness.

Now, my dear friend, if we look at the past, there is cause for thankfulness that the Lord has and does deal with us so

kindly, though we may be under trials or afflictions. What a mercy that he did not send us to the bottomless pit in our sin and in our blood, along with the thousands that have gone there since he first arrested us in our downward course! And how he has borne with our manners, our backslidings from him, in heart, lip, and life, for which he has chastened sore; so that we are living witnesses before the God of salvation that the sons and daughters of the Captain of salvation cannot live in sin; for if they do, they are sure to have the rod, steeped in the everlasting love of the Father, Son, and Spirit. Though it may not be joyous for the present, yet after a while it is sure to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Then, cheer up, dear lad! There is before you a never-ending eternity, throughout which you will sing, "Glory, Glory," to the God of free and sovereign grace.

Yours in Love,

Pemberton, April 23rd, 1868.

JAMES HOWORTH.

My beloved Friend,—Just a line to say I am well, through mercy, and to remind you that a poor unworthy sinner is favoured to sing aloud once more, and to rejoice in the Rock of her salvation. I, who am less than the least of all saints (God knows I feel to be that), am enabled, through the rich anointing of the blessed Spirit of God, to feel once more my drooping spirits revived as with a gentle shower, my weak strength renewed, and my stammering tongue loosed. I want to bless and praise the great and holy name of a Triune God. What a good Samaritan, to pour in the oil and the wine! How true it is that the soul is kept alive in famine! Amidst all deadness, desertion, trials, crosses, and temptations, the Day-star doth arise. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless his holy name!

My dear friend, I want to crown him Lord of all, for his faithfulness, loving-kindness, and tender mercy to such a wretch. I wish I could live more to his honour and glory, who hath called me and redeemed me. I hope it is well with you, and that the lot of dear old Jacob is yours, the land of Goshen to dwell in.

Yours in best Affection,

Maidenhead, Oct. 18th, 1875.

S. ABSELL.

## Obituary.

WILLIAM BAKER.—On July 29th, aged 40, William Baker, of Tunbridge Wells.

About 14 years ago the Lord was pleased to meet with him under the ministry of the late Mr. White. Before this time he was superintendent of a Sunday School in connexion with a free-will place of worship near Edenbridge; and very valiantly and boldly did he contend for free-will, self-righteousness, and creature-merit. But at the time he was in distress about his soul, he felt constrained to follow the advice of his brother, and go and hear Mr. W., of whom he had heard so much. On this memorable occasion the text was Isa. vii. 25. Under this sermon it pleased the Lord to strip him of all his supposed goodness and creature-merit,

and to bring the law home upon his conscience. Thus he was compelled to fall down as a lost and ruined sinner, and in feeling to cry with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

From this time his ears were bored to the posts of God's house. Often have I heard him say how he went with a trembling heart, but with a cry in his soul that the Lord would give him a word. He was greatly encouraged to a hope in the sovereign unmerited mercy of God, under the ministry at Edenbridge; but was more effectually brought into the liberty of the children of God under a sermon preached from Isa. xl. 4. He felt he was the character described; and was thereby enabled to rejoice in the Lord, and have no confidence in the flesh. He was enabled to feed upon the word for many days.

About three years after this, it pleased the Lord to remove him in providence to Tunbridge Wells, where the ministry was, at times, made a blessing to his soul. After being much exercised in his mind for over two years, about the ordinance of believers' baptism, he was enabled to follow the Lord in the ordinances of his house, and remained an honourable member of the church until his death.

I now come to his last illness and death. I saw him soon after he was taken ill, and said to him, "I should like the Lord to appear for you, and open another door for you, so that you did not have to work in the coal dust, which I believe is injurious to you." He replied, "Well, I believe he will; for I believe my time here is short." About two months before he was taken ill, the hymn beginning, "Poor fearful saint," was laid upon his mind; but he was at a loss to know what the night meant. But now he said, "I believe this is the night." Many times did he entreat me to pray the Lord to make it light with him at the other end.

On the 12th I saw him, and asked him how matters looked with him. He replied, "Very dark. Do you think he will appear for me?" I said, "Has he not appeared for you many times?" He said, "I fear sometimes 'tis only flesh. But I should like the same again. I do want the Lord to come." On the 17th he said, "I thought I had given all up." His wife said, "All *what*, William?" He replied, "The things of the world, you, the friends I love, and the Sunday School." But in the evening he said, "Those thoughts so troubled me, I was obliged to ask the Lord to take them away; and now it is all gone. I can leave it all." On the 18th he was much brighter, and said, "It is all right now. I can say the Lord has been a good God to me. I do desire to lie passive in his hands." On the 19th he said, "I believe I am very near the river. The road has been very rough, but I am still on the Rock." On the 22nd he said to a friend, "Ah! When you come into this place you will learn something you have never learned before. It will cause you to pull your religion all to pieces. On the 23rd he said he wanted to be alone, and spent about an hour pleading with the Lord, and begging the Lord to appear for him in his dying hour. In the evening he told me he felt he had had the ear of the Lord, and believed that the Lord would be with him, and hoped it would soon be all over. After this he again begged of the Lord to have mercy upon him; and if he should die before morning, that the Lord would take him home to himself. He begged hard of the Lord to be with his wife, that she might feel that the Lord was her God. On the 25th I saw him again, and asked him how matters were with him. He replied, "Sometimes dark, and sometimes light."

On the 28th he was much worse. He said, "O! I feel so ill. I never felt so ill before." I replied, "The Lord is sufficient to carry you through." "Yes," he said; "bless his precious name, he is. Why is he so long in coming?" I replied, "You want the Lord to come quickly?" "Yes,"



he said, "I do." After arranging his funeral, he said, "The Lord be with you manifestly, draw very near unto you, and bless you abundantly in your own soul." On the 29th I asked him if he felt he was upon the Rock. He replied firmly, "Yes." Shortly after this a sudden change took place; he smiled, and breathed his last.

Tunbridge Wells.

J. H.

JANE B. H. WALKER.—On Aug. 27th, 1875, aged 49, Mrs. Walker, of Malmesbury.

The work of grace was begun in her soul while she was a girl at school in Bath. What her particular feelings were when the Lord began with her, and for some years after that, we have no record of. Not being in the early part of her spiritual course brought into any great afflictions, which are the means used by the Lord to bring his people to an extensive acquaintance with themselves, and which are needful in some form or other to capacitate them for an experimental acquaintance with the Lord's delivering power and goodness, her experience of divine things at that part of her life was not deep. For some years Mrs. W. attended with the Congregationalists; but about 15 years ago she had to leave them, and became for the rest of her life an attendant at the Particular Baptist chapel.

As for the last few years of her life, Mrs. W. occasionally wrote brief notes of her experience, it will be preferable, in narrating her pathway, to let her speak for herself. In the years 1874-5, the work of God in her soul seems to have been deepened; and as her written notes concerning those two years are more copious than of the years preceding, we will confine our extracts thereto.

"March 22nd, 1874.—Awoke much cast down, by reason of my poor body. I tried to beg for a spirit of prayer. Lately I have felt much backwardness for closet prayer. I begged I might be able to go to the Lord's house to-day. Was enabled to get up to breakfast, though much cast down by the trials of the way. I trust I felt the preciousness of the Saviour, and could feel he had heard me in times past. I desired to hang on him again. At chapel Ps. cxv. was read. I never saw it so beautiful before. The 16th verse struck me. I could feel satisfied not to possess this world's wealth, so that Jesus was my portion. I could say, 'I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplication.' The text was Ps. ix. 9, 10. I found it good to be there. Trust I may long enjoy the savour, and feed upon it."

"March 23rd.—I was enabled to realize much sweetness from what I had heard on the preceding day. How sweet is the word when sealed home on the heart!"

Some time before the period to which the above extracts refer, Mrs. W. had been exercised about the ordinance of baptism; but it was not till Sept., 1874, that she attended to that solemn institution of Christ. Here again she shall speak for herself.

"Aug. 28.—As T. was leaving, he told me there was to be a baptizing on the following Lord's day week. I at once felt I must be one of the number."

"Sept. 2nd.—Stayed at the church meeting. The ordeal was a very trying one. Could not speak as I wanted. All received me most kindly."

"Sept. 7th, Lord's day.—My beloved husband and I were awake soon after 3 o'clock. O what enjoyment we had! How we could feed on the Lord's word! We found his word, and did eat it, to the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. My heart was melted in love. While at breakfast Satan came and robbed me. 'Why did I have a good breakfast? No one else would.' It was suggested that I was a hypocrite, and had

no business to join in the services of the day. I was truly miserable. Not a word to cheer me. Got in my place at chapel with my heart ready to break. Could not get a word through the service. And O! What rebellion it stirred up in me! I was vexed at the text. I wished for another. Could not speak to the women who were in the vestry. But as soon as I was at the water I longed to follow the Lord, and these words came: 'I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart.' I did feel that 'in keeping his commandments there is great reward.' I could not have believed that I should be so favoured. O! How I was enabled to triumph over Satan, and tell him that Jesus had obtained the victory! I could sing, and praise, and adore. I was truly in a happy frame, and Jesus was my 'All and in all.'"

"Nov. 7th.—Awoke feeling refreshed by, and grateful for, so good a sleep. The words dropped on me, 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.' I said, 'Beloved? I beloved?' And the answer was, 'Chosen in him before the foundation of the world.' Thus I was beloved in Christ. No deservings of mine to stand for me, no sins of mine to stand against me."

"March 22nd.—Trust I was enabled to feel a little of the power of the word, and to have a hope that I know something of the way, although I feel I am such a vile sinner, after all the love and favour my heavenly Father hath bestowed on me. It is that which makes me feel to be so great a wretch. I do deserve to be beaten with *many, many* stripes. Heard that Mr. J. was much worse, and tried to pray for him. Could only ask that the affliction might be sanctified, and that E. might have strength equal to her day. I felt restrained, and could not ask for his recovery; but these words came to me: 'And devout men carried him to his burial.' By this I feared he would die."

"March 28th.—Mr. J. was buried. Truly it is a solemn time. May I be able to lay these things to heart! May his death be made a time of life to some poor soul! The first of the little band with whom I was baptized gathered to his rest. Who will be the next? Sometimes I hope I may. My poor body is so weak that, at times, I wonder what the Lord is about to do with me. Ah, dear Lord, do what thou wilt, only let me be kept near to thee, and be honoured to glorify thy holy name."

"April 1st.—My birthday. But so cold, dead, and helpless. Could not pray or read. How I do hate myself! Yet I cannot rise."

"April 2nd. Felt better in body, and went to the Dorcas meeting. I question whether my motive in going is right. The Word says, 'Whosoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' My object is to please my dear friend ——. So mine is not a pure motive, and I do not receive a blessing in doing it. God is a jealous God, and he will be honoured, and has promised, 'Them that honour me I will honour. Dear Lord! Show me the path I should go, and give me strength to go in it.'"

"April 5th.—Read Jer. i. Who can doubt the doctrine of election? Election was shown in the case of Jeremiah,—chosen before he was born."

"April 12th.—Some degree of liberty in prayer for my children. I know it is not for my asking, yet I am so encouraged by the Word to ask: 'Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.' 'I will be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do these things for them.' 'I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain.' 'Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it.' 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' Dearest Lord! Teach me what it is to delight myself in the Lord, that by thy grace I may do it. Thou knowest the first desire of my heart is that I may be kept near to thee, and then that each of my beloved children may in early life be manifested as thy own. These are, I know, great things to ask; but thou art a great God, and full of compassion. Thou hast said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'

Thou knowest that even before they were born my daily prayer was that they might be manifested as thy own. I do not ask or desire earthly things for them. All that I desire is to leave them in thy hands."

"April 13th.—Cold, dead, and lifeless. Could not pray or read. Fretful and peevish. Spoke as I should not to my dear girl. O that I could guard my tongue! I am so apt to speak unadvisedly and hastily; and then it makes me smart for it. I want to set before my dear children a right example."

"April 14th.—'I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' After the many favours I have received from thee, what a wretch I feel myself to be, to sin against thee. If I could help it, I would not sin. Lord, help me!"

"April 19th.—Though in the world, keep me, Lord, from being of it. Thou knowest, dear Lord, what a poor, frail creature I am. Yet thou dost, at times, give me a taste of thy love. My poor body is weak; may I be strong in faith, giving glory to God! How can such a sinful creature glorify thee? Teach me to know and do thy will."

"April 26th.—The various things of time and sense demand attention. Keep me, Lord, from being choked with worldly cares!"

"May 4th.—Truly I felt oppressed. After a while was enabled to control my feelings. Was led to think of my many mercies beyond so many others of the Lord's children who love and serve him so much better than I do. As soon as I was led to look to Jesus, all was well."

"May 9th.—Very dead and lifeless. Dear Mr. — sent his kind remembrance to me. I am not worthy to be thought of so kindly by the Lord's people. They do not know what a sinful wretch I feel myself to be. I certainly feel stronger in body, so trust the Lord will bless the means; but should he be about to take me, may the dear Lord be with me to the end! Keep me by thy grace! I desire to be quite passive. Thy will, O Lord, be done! Although for my children's sake I would be willing to remain, yet I know thou canst do infinitely beyond anything I can do for them. I often feel to be such a poor, weak, complaining mortal that I fear I shall be a burden to my husband, and he so thoughtful and indulgent to me. I am indeed a poor, worthless thing. Often feel I am so unfit a companion for him. He is so much better in every way than I am."

On June 11th, Mrs. W. went to Weston-super-Mare, hoping that a visit to the sea-side would be beneficial. She returned home on July 2nd. On July 27th she was compelled to take to her bed. On Aug. 1st she was much worse. Early on the morning of the 4th, the family were called up, and Mrs. W. talked to each of the children separately, and begged them to search the Scriptures. Her death was now expected; but the time appointed for it was not yet come. At night she was very much tempted, and said, "O! If I am a hypocrite at last, deceiving others and myself too." Various scriptures and hymns were repeated to her; but she wanted a word with power. After some time, the words, "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both," were applied to her. After this she was perfectly resigned to the Lord's will, and said, "I did not expect to be here so long." To her husband she said, "I love you, Willie, dearly; but I give you up for Jesus. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.' I want to go home. How long, dear Lord, how long?"

Mrs. W. afterwards became worse, sinking gradually, and she left this world of sin and sorrow on Aug. 27th, without a sigh or a groan.

In conversation, Mrs. W. said but little of her own experience; but the extracts we have given from her papers show that she saw and felt the evils that dwelt in her heart. In her life the fruits of grace were

made manifest. The Christian views his inside, and that he sees to be very ugly. His fellow-Christians view his outside only, and that often, through grace, they see to be comely. In two or three respects Mrs. W. was enabled to be a living rebuke to many who profess to love the truth. She was so in her plainness of dress, which agreeably contrasted with the gaudiness and unbecoming attention to every change of fashion which characterize so many professors of godliness in the present day. Her conduct was likewise a rebuke to those who know the truth, yet study popularity, and seek the good opinion of their fellow-men by concealing their own belief in the presence of truth's enemies, and by cautiously keeping silence when truth is opposed by those who hate it, and should be defended by those who love it. Mrs. W. was not careful to avoid offending such professors as are enemies of the gospel, nor did she encourage in others who profess the truth a cowardly behaviour at a time when truth should be maintained, and pleaded for against its opponents.

With the means of doing good to others, Mrs. W. had also the will for doing it. It was a pleasure to her to perform acts of kindness to her fellow-creatures in general, and especially to the Lord's people. As Mr. W. entertains some of the ministers supplying the pulpit of the chapel at Malmesbury, Mrs. W. had an opportunity of manifesting her kind spirit towards them, which she did not fail to do, and always anxiously studied their comfort. Though Mrs. W. was favoured to be exempted from some afflictions that many of the Lord's people have to endure, yet she proved that the kingdom must be entered through tribulation. Besides those spiritual troubles which all the Lord's people have their measure of, and which Mrs. W. had in common with them, she had her own particular cross, having to endure the weight of an afflicted body, being for many years exceedingly weak, and often brought very low. Doubtless she found the burden of almost continual bodily weakness and affliction to be heavier than could be conceived by those who are favoured to enjoy good health of body; and it was evidently the frequent cause of inward troubles and exercises.

But whatever her afflictions once were, they are now terminated. Her once afflicted body is undergoing a short sleep, from which it will awake without either disease or weakness. The immortal spirit is found a trophy of grace amongst other trophies of the same rich favour. To grace be all the glory!

Lakenheath, Nov. 1st, 1875. \_\_\_\_\_

S. SARGEANT.

GEORGE PEPLER.—On Sept. 18th, 1875, aged 65, Mr. George Pepler, minister of the gospel, of Cuttingham Farm, Wilsford, near Marlborough.

He was brought up in the Church of England, but his parents coming to live at Sandy Lane, he, with his parents, regularly attended the Particular Baptist chapel there, which was built by my grandfather Webley, who was pastor there at that time. The Lord in his providence removed Mr. W., but he occasionally came to visit his old friends. When my dear father was about 24 years of age, on one occasion the word was brought with power to him. He was so led to see the awful condition he was in, that he was afraid to turn into his room at night. He was between hope and fear for nearly two years, when the Lord graciously appeared for him. His bonds were all broken, and he was set at liberty. He felt that the very birds and hedges were praising the Lord, and felt so happy that he knew not how to contain himself.

It was some years before he was baptized, for he feared he might bring some disgrace upon the cause of Christ. But he went to Allington to see a baptizing there; and it was so impressed upon him that he was obliged to follow the Lord.

It was impressed upon his mind years before he preached that the Lord had a work for him to do. The church also could see that the Lord was preparing him for the work of the ministry, and often asked him to engage in prayer at the prayer-meetings, and would press him to speak a few words if they had no minister. On one Sabbath in particular they were disappointed of their minister, and the deacon came to him and told him he must stand up and speak. From that time there were many doors opened for him. But he saw so much of his own unworthiness that he often earnestly entreated the Lord that, if it was not in accordance with his holy will, he would close all the doors against him. Still he was helped on from time to time, and many can now testify to the word being blessed to their souls.

The Lord saw fit that our farm should be sold; and we were obliged to leave. My dear father was very much exercised about coming to our present abode; but on the day appointed for the settlement, whilst on the journey there, the Lord spoke that promise very blessedly to his soul: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." He told the Lord it was enough. There are many little causes near that were glad of his help.

About a year and a half ago he broke one of his ribs through leaning over the arm of his chair. It penetrated one of his lungs, and he was never well afterwards. We consulted several physicians, but they all said he would never be well again. He had an enlarged heart, and a malignant disease of the stomach. He was often blessed in his soul while preaching, and others in hearing; yet he was often between hope and fear, and lamented much to see so much of the form of godliness without the power. He was often entreating the Lord to make it manifest that he would be with him in the trying hour and article of death. On one particular occasion, early on a Sabbath morning, he had been earnestly beseeching the Lord to appear for him, as the Lord had seemed to hide his face, and he was troubled to know how it would be with him in the swellings of Jordan. The Lord graciously took all fear away from him, and blessedly assured him that he would be with him whilst passing through the water and through the fire. He told my dear mother that the fear of death was entirely taken away from him, and that he no more feared death than he should to lay his head down upon his pillow. He rose up in the bed and sang the first two verses of Hymn 473, which were especially blessed to him; and he never sank so low afterwards.

About six months before his death these words were very much impressed upon his mind: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." They followed him several days, and were upon his mind as soon as he was awake in the morning. He thought there must be some trial coming. About a month before he left this vale of tears, he was one morning telling the Lord that he had not favoured him with such an especial manifestation to his soul as he did often favour his children with. But at mid-day he was very greatly blessed in his soul from this portion of Scripture: "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." He scarcely knew for some time whether he was in the body or out of the body. He felt so blessed the whole of the afternoon, that it seemed to him he could not be in the body.

The last month he got much weaker, and suffered intense pain, so that it was often heartrending to see him; but he was wonderfully supported, either by some portion of the Word of God, or by a verse of a hymn. He frequently repeated the words: "But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." He often told us it would soon be over. He longed to be gone to be with

Christ, which is far better. He often said, "I want to go home." The following hymns were very much blessed to him: 467, 468, 469, 472, 473, and 482; especially the last two verses of the last hymn.

On the Sunday before his death, a friend asked him if he felt the same gospel he had preached would do to rest upon, and was his support under his heavy affliction and the approach of death. He looked up and told him that he wanted nothing else; and said that he had always tried to exalt Christ and abase man.

On the Thursday evening before he died he said to us, "Death, death, death will come, prepared or unprepared. What a solemn thing to die, even to the Christian! And what must it be to those that have no Saviour to rest upon?" The same evening, with great difficulty, he said, "I want the Lord to come. I want to go home." On being told it would not be long, he said, "I want to go now." Being reminded that Job said, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come," and that it must be the Lord's time, he said, "Yes."

He said but little the next day, being obliged to be constantly moved. Early on Saturday morning he said, "Jesus is come. Christ is come to fetch me home." About ten o'clock he said,

"Jesus my All to heaven is gone."

But he could not finish it, and my dear mother finished it for him. These were nearly the last words he ever spoke; but he had said much more that we could not understand, his speech being very bad during the last fortnight of his life. He could not speak for several hours before he died, but appeared to be conscious and very happy. He quietly breathed his last in the evening. He is gone to be for ever with the Lord; and we are left to mourn our loss.

F. S. PEPLER.

JOHN HUDSON.—On Oct. 3rd, 1875, aged 75, John Hudson, of Goodshaw Fold.

The calling of this departed saint was in early life. His father was wont to take him to hear Mr. Hurst and others; and perhaps it was on some of these occasions that the arrows of the Almighty began to stick fast in him. In due time the Holy Ghost led him to see what a guilty glaring sinner he was before him who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity. His convictions were gradual, like Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened." But he could say with one of our poets:

"Here, Lord, my soul convicted stands," &c.

One part of his pilgrimage was spent with the General Baptists at Goodshaw; but the preaching of dear Gadsby, Kershaw, Hatton, and many more, some of whom are fallen asleep and gone to glory, and a few remain among us in the desert, who preached the everlasting gospel full and free, had the effect of bringing him from among them. He and his partner in life finally left them, and cast in their lot with the "poor and afflicted" at Goodshaw Fold.

As a man he was very witty and jocular, for which in secret, like all the family of God, he had to suffer. He often confessed that he could not help it, as his nature did not mend. For over 50 years, I think, the grace of God proved sufficient for him, and enabled him to hold out to the end. I have often felt comforted when in his company, and hearing the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. When he heard the verse,

"A few more days, or months, or years," &c.,

which was, at times, repeated at parting, a heavenly smile would be seen upon his face.

But to come to his latter end. His death was as he desired, sudden and sweet. He went up to the house of the Lord in his usual health and strength, little thinking, perhaps, that the time of his departure was at hand. He had been seated a few minutes, when a friend saw him shiver. She asked him if he was cold; but he made no reply. Then he gave a slight sob. Mr. Hinchliffe saw him, and reached a glass of water; but it was of no use. The writer held his hand, and saw him close his eyes for the last time on earth; and as he did so, the saying of the voice from heaven flowed into his mind: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and a line of one of Mr. Hart's hymns:

"Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus."

Is it not a lovely thing to die in the place where the Master's honour dwells?

Thus departed one of the twelve that constitute the church of Christ at Goodshaw Fold. A DESPISED NAZARITE.

CHARLOTTE REDFORD.—On Nov. 8th, 1874, aged 65, Charlotte Redford, of Lower Beeding, Sussex.

She was born at Ewhurst, Surrey, in 1809, and there lived until her marriage with Henry Redford in 1831, when she removed to Horsham. All this time she was "dead in trespasses and sins." She and her husband attended Horsham church, until, becoming dissatisfied with the preaching, they left, and went to services held in the public rooms of the town. At one of these the minister took his text from the Song of Solomon, v. 13: "His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." The Spirit of God was pleased to bless the word then spoken to the quickening of her soul, and brought her, a humbled sinner, to seek his face.

In 1847 she removed to Lower Beeding, and attended Zoar Chapel, Handcross. The preaching of Mr. Newton and Mr. Woodington was, under God, specially blessed to her soul.

While in great bodily suffering, we could hear her say, "I am such a great sinner. There never was such a sinner as I. I can't pray. O Lord, teach me, a poor, ignorant creature." She constantly quoted many precious hymns, such as:

"Prepare me, gracious God," &c.

Her heart's affections were entirely alienated from the world and its treasures, and she longed to be gone whenever it should please the dear Lord to call her. In reading the Scriptures to her, her husband would try, in his feeble way, to expound the truth to her. These seasons she appeared to enjoy greatly. She would say, "There is only one step out of earth into heaven. I long to be gone;" and she would break out with, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy Name."

"I love the Lord with mind and heart,  
His people and his ways," &c.

She continued in this state until Oct. 15th, 1874, when she became much worse. It could be plainly seen that her end was near. From that day, however, I believe the dear Lord shone into her soul with great life, light, and love. The greater part of the time she spent in praising and blessing him.

Having affectionately commended her husband to the care and love of her children, she turned herself in the bed, and breathed her last, without a struggle, sigh, or groan. May our last end be like hers.

HENRY REDFORD.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

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

ONE GOD AND ONE MEDIATOR.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. PHILPOT, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON, ON SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 3RD, 1865.

“For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus.”—1 TIM. ii. 5.

WE often find in the Scripture, and especially in the New Testament, what I may call concise summaries of divine truth; as, for instance: “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” “God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “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.” “And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.” These are so many short summings-up of divine truth. I have thought sometimes, instead of teaching children long catechisms that they cannot understand, if people would make them learn such summaries of truth, these things might be brought, if it were the will of God, to the heart. Not only would it be useful in this point of view, but it would be useful to God’s children. Sometimes we have to fall back on first principles. Sometimes we are placed in those circumstances, we have to fall back on the simplest truths of the gospel, such as, “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.” “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.” How sometimes we have to fall on the bosom of these simple declarations.

Again. As we get older in the things of God, we get simpler. Divine truth is a very simple thing. What the soul in earnest seeks is, the simplicity of truth. When I go to hear a minister, it is not to hear fine words; I want food for my soul. When I preach myself, I want to break the bread of life, and give the people something to feed upon. All appeals to natural feelings may for the time seem to please, but it all passes away; but that solid food, which is communicated by the Spirit to the soul



through the Word, that abides. So a text like this is a concise summary of divine truth; it lays it down as with a ray of light. God enable me to open it up, and bring before you the truth God has been pleased to deposit in it,—that “there is one God, one Mediator between God and men;” and that this one Mediator between God and men is “the Man Christ Jesus.”

We may connect our text with that verse I read this morning in Jno. xvii.: “And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” Here there is “one God;” that connects it with “the only true God.” “Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent;” this connects it with “the Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus.”

There is one God. This does not imply that there is one God, to the exclusion of the Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Essence; but it is to direct our minds to the Father, and show us there is no access to the Father but through his dear Son. Until the Lord is pleased to quicken our souls into divine life, we have no true knowledge that there is one God. I look sometimes on the time when the Lord was pleased to quicken my soul, in the early spring of 1827. I remember as distinctly all the events connected with it as if it were yesterday. I think I can find, in the work of God in my soul, these four features. First, a great sense of eternal realities in my mind. I had talked of religion, gone to church, and said my prayers, yet never had any sense of eternal realities. But when the Lord, in the midst of deep affliction, laid the weight of eternal realities on my mind, then I felt there was an eternity. The next thing I felt was a great softness of spirit. I shed more tears in those six months than I have ever shed before or since. With that, thirdly, a communication of a spirit of prayer, resting on me night and day. And the fourth thing, a bending the ear to hear truth. I am convinced, whatever a man may know by hearing, preaching, or reading books, there is no real acquaintance with God, except there be some ray of divine light, when it shines into the mind out of the great and glorious I AM. “In thy light shall we see light.” There must be a discovery, by taking away the veil of unbelief,—a discovery of his glorious perfections.

There is one God. We did not know there was one God; we lived, having no hope, and without God in the world,—practically atheists. We talked about God, but, as to knowing there was a God in heaven, that knew every secret thought, a God glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders, a God that could save and a God that could damn, a God before whom all creation was but a bubble and a breath; as to any saving knowledge of a God, we knew no more of that than the beasts that perish. But when God is pleased to rise in the soul on his own beams, and bring a discovery of his majesty and spotless holiness, and by the communication of divine light and life to the soul to draw forth a godly awe and fear of his great name,

this is the beginning of wisdom, this is the implantation of divine life, under the drawing near of the Majesty of heaven. Then we know that there is one God. "There is one God, and thou art a sinner before him. He searches thy heart. Before him you stand as a guilty criminal; and you must stand, for you cannot get away from him. His eyes follow you wherever you go. Go to the ends of the earth, his eye and hand are there too. There is one God, eternal and almighty, whom thou canst not elude, and who will bring thee to stand at his bar." Remember this, it is eternal life. Therefore, not to know the only true God is eternal death.

I am not laying down a standard, but there must have come into your mind a discovery of this great God. Paul at Athens found an altar with this inscription, "To the Unknown God." They could not worship an unknown God; so they gave their gods names that they might worship them. How can we love or fear an unknown God? It must be a very uncertain thing to love or fear what is unknown. We know our friends, we know who and what they are, therefore we can love them. So if we are to worship and fear God, and have an acquaintance with him, it must be in knowing him as he only manifests himself to our souls. Now, perhaps, while all this is going on, we have not any right knowledge of the Mediator between God and men. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Our faith first deals with God as infinite, omniscient, omnipresent. We may go on for a long time, with very dim views of there being a mediator between God and us, to give us any measure of confidence, or good hope through grace.

But when God begins his work he carries it on. He first well drills the soul into a knowledge of himself. I am very fond of what I may call good foundation work. In my time I have been a teacher; my aim was to drill the pupils well into the elements,—ground them well into the beginning of things. So in religion. I like a religion in which a man has been well exercised in first principles. To be well exercised about the majesty of God, and the holiness of the God of heaven and earth, that will ballast him. If he is jumping here, and leaping there, before he is led into it by a Divine hand, and drilled every step of the way, made to go back sometimes because he has not learned it properly, drilled well in a holy law, in a knowledge of self, the man does not walk safely. But this being well grounded in him, as the Lord leads, he can follow. Some are in tribulation one half hour, in joy the next; then soon ripe, soon rotten, spring up like mushrooms and like mushrooms perish. As of old in the wilderness he drilled them well, so he drills his people well in the first elements now.

After a time we begin to feel there is no approaching this holy God. Perhaps we backslide; fresh guilt falls on the conscience; we find there is no dealing with this holy God. Like the children of Israel, we say, "Let not God speak, lest we die;"

his majesty is too great, his law too strict. As we are exercised on these points, the Lord begins to open to us a little about Jesus, speaks to us of his blood and dying love, and brings in some great discovery of his suitability. Every now and then there will beam forth gleams and glances; clouds, mists, and fogs; then the sun breaking in; then clouds again; then a breaking-in. By these breakings-in and glorious visitations we come to see, very dimly at first. I believe myself the work of grace is very gradual. I have no idea of these things being learned in a day. Doubts and fears, and then sweet teachings, to lead the soul along; then driven back through fear and a storm. But by various ways the suitability and preciousness of Jesus comes. In reading the Scriptures, the line of a hymn, or some good book, there is some breaking-in of Divine love. All this seems to endear him, yet perhaps we know very little about him all the time; but he appears so blessed, that all his garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia. The soul leaps up, as it were, directly he comes; yet there is no powerful manifestation. Doubts and fears are still working, and yet good hope springs up. Every mark and testimony of the work is genuine; and yet, measured by some great experience, seems to come very short.

Whether it is so or not, the Lord brings his people to this point, that there must be a Mediator between God and men. Look at the words, a Mediator. What does that imply? It implies two parties; the word means a middle man, one that stands between two parties. It also implies two parties at variance, and that the mediator is seeking to reconcile these two parties. Two friends are at variance, and another friend tries to bring them together again; but, in order to do this, he must have some dignity. Say,—may it never happen,—say that our Queen and the Prince of Wales were to fall out, to use a common expression, and say their variance raised up among the people a great feeling of discontent. Who is to bring them together? A lawyer's clerk? A member of the House of Commons? No; they would not have dignity enough. But perhaps the prime minister, or Earl Russell, might have dignity enough. Now, look at this spiritually. Look at God, holy; and man, sunk in sin. Who is to bring these together? What man? What angel? Now, view the beauty and blessedness, and every grace of our gracious Lord, the Son of the Father in truth and love. Who so suitable as the Son of God to mediate, containing in himself all the attributes of God? Let heaven, let earth, let all the realms of space be searched, where can one be found, except God's Son, to mediate between God and guilty sinners? He must be one whom both parties can trust. Now, God charges his angels with folly; the very heavens are not clean in his sight. He can trust his own Son, for he is the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his Person. He can trust him; with a voice from heaven he proclaimed, "This is my beloved Son, in

whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." How the heart springs up in a moment, "I will hear him." God can trust his Son, put all the matter in his hand, and feel certain he can bring it through. God's Son can be trusted with his Father's honour, but how can we trust him? How are we to know him? O the mystery! Well may the apostle say, "Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh."

We see that the Mediator must partake of our nature; that there was a divine necessity for him to become one of us, that he might do the work he had to do. None of God's attributes were to be sacrificed. They talk of God suspending his law. God might as well suspend himself; ignorant men thus so talk. Heaven and earth must go to rack before that.

But to return to our subject. Who could do this mediatorial work but God's dear Son? How did he do it? By being made flesh, taking the flesh of the children in the womb of the virgin Mary. Though it was human blood and suffering, and a human body, yet all the value of Divinity was stamped on it. Therefore (wonder of wonders!) what blessedness is contained in it, that this Mediator was God and man! So as God-Man Mediator, he stands between us and God. One with man in relationship, and one with God as his Son. So we begin to drink a little at the fountain-head of all happiness, as this is opened up to us. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." You must know him now. I have been speaking of glimpses and glances, but these will not satisfy, there must be a manifestation of his Person and work. As I lay in my bed one morning in a severe illness, I had a glorious view of the Son of God in his eternal Deity, and in his humanity, and his glorious Person, as combining in that Person God and Man. When we get this, then we see the Mediator in all his blessedness. If I have been able to write on his Divinity and humanity, it has been from what the Lord showed me on my bed many years ago. Though we often lose the sight of these things, and get into spots where all seems gone, yet the reality abides, there is one God and one Mediator. God could not deal with us except through a Mediator. "No man can see my face and live." We cannot deal with a holy God, but in the face of a Mediator. How beautifully has the apostle opened up this! "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God *in the face of Jesus Christ.*" This is seeing the Mediator. Here is the beauty and blessedness, that every perfection of God shines forth in the Mediator, the holiness of God, the justice of God, the purity, the majesty, and the glory. He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. View, then, these glorious attributes, his unspeakable mercy, love, and pity to the sons of men. God could not reveal them till they came forth through the Mediator, and they all shine forth through

him into a sinner's heart, compatible with the justice and goodness of God.

O the blessedness of a Mediator between God and men! We have not to deal with an abstract God, but a God gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, in the face of a Mediator. O the blessedness of there being a Mediator, through whom every blessing comes and every prayer ascends! O the blessedness of a Mediator always at God's right hand, ever present there, ever living, ever loving, and able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him! Who shall describe what the *uttermost* of some poor soul is? He is able to save to the uttermost, consistent with every perfection of God. O the blessedness of the Mediator,—the Man Christ Jesus! It is a beautiful subject; I cannot enter into it this morning. The purity of his humanity, yet the tenderness of it; we can only approach him as God-Man. As man he has gone through all the temptations we are going through. As man he bore all the weight of the cross. He knows our frame, he still bears a human heart:

“ That human heart he still retains,  
Though throned in highest bliss.”

The humanity of Jesus is raised up beyond all description; not infinite, but raised up into glorious union with his Deity. So his Deity shines through his humanity; the glorious humanity of Jesus illuminated with all the splendour of Deity. Here is the Man Christ Jesus; we have not to deal with an abstract God. You may think of the perfections of God till you may almost tear the hair off your head, all for the want of seeing God shine forth through the face of a Mediator. The sun itself we cannot see shining in the middle of the day; we can look at it through a cloud. When we come to a throne of grace, we come through the God-Man. When he is pleased to manifest himself to our souls, it forms the joy of our hearts, the beginning, middle, and end of all vital godliness.

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MANY men have some convictions of truth, but fleshly and uncertain, and which slip from their minds; but when the Spirit opens the heart he holds the object to the mind, and the mind to the object; starts one holy thought after another about the truth it hath darted in; makes the mind peer about it, and take notice of every lineament of that truth that we eye, and those thoughts lie down, rise up, and walk with us. When Lydia's heart was opened, she attended to the things spoken by Paul; her whole heart cleaved to them. In this respect the Spirit is a Remembrancer, making the soul ponder, and beat over again, with all intensesness of mind, the goodness and truth of those things in the gospel which are brought unto it; that the heart is as Paul was, bound in spirit to Jerusalem. The thoughts of that journey did so haunt him, and follow him, as the shadow doth the body, that no arguments of friends, nor fear of danger, could divert him. So the soul is bound by them, one consideration overtaking another, and all at work beating upon the mind.—*Charnock.*

## HOW MAY WE KNOW IN WHAT WAY WE OUGHT TO ACT IN VARIOUS CASES? AND HOW MAY WE JUDGE, AFTER ACTING, WHETHER WE HAVE DONE WHAT WAS RIGHT IN THE LORD'S EYES?

We propose to write a few things about both these questions, and shall be glad if anything that is written proves useful to the Lord's people. Some, we are persuaded, act with great uncertainty, and some very improperly, from not clearly perceiving how the Lord's mind and will are to be known in certain cases; and many, after acting, are either unduly cast down or vainly confident, forming their judgment upon their past actions on most mistaken grounds.

Both these questions, of course, imply one thing,—that the man is really exercised about doing the Lord's will. We are not writing about speculative matters, but things which enter into the Christian's daily life. A true Christian is a servant of God in his Son Jesus Christ. He is supposed to seek to know what the Lord's will is in all things, and to aim also at doing it. (Rom. xiv. 6-10.) No definition of a Christian man short of this can answer to the Word of God. He has, indeed, in him an old corrupt nature, which is perpetually warring against the new principle implanted in his heart. This old nature is a body of sin and death. It incessantly wars against his soul; that is, wars against what is of God in the man to his soul's injury. It hinders him in respect of all that is good. He cannot through it do the things that he would. It restlessly seduces him as to all evil, and aims at drawing him aside, and brings him, at times, into captivity to the law of sin which is in his members. In the spirit he is an obedient child; as to the old nature a child of disobedience.

But though sin is in him, and will work and fight, hinder and lead captive, restlessly opposing all that is of God in him, and striving to have its own way, which is entirely contrary to the will of God, it does not, cannot reign. He is not under the law, but under grace; dead to sin by the body of Christ; consequently sin shall not have dominion over him. Its power, yea, prevalency, is felt; its dominion is broken. Hence when Paul, in Rom. xiv., writes of a man as he is a Christian, he supposes he may be weak in the faith, or strong; but then, whether weak or strong, he neither lives to himself nor dies to himself. If he eats or eats not particular things, if he keeps the day or keeps it not, it is unto the Lord. No words can more plainly show than these do that a Christian man is supposed necessarily to be a servant of Christ. "I'd seek his will in all I do." And though he may have seasons of soul-sickness and languishing, when his spiritual energy is greatly enfeebled, when his zeal is cold, his purpose of heart towards the Lord much more halting than it was when grace was in more lively exercise; still, as John writes, the seed of God remaineth in him. That seed

is an immortal principle of a new life unto God; is a seed, not of evil doers, but of obedience, and must have some effect upon the man in whom it is; therefore he cannot sin, and must still be a servant of God. The new nature cannot sin, and cannot change its nature; and he in whom it is cannot sin as do others; there is something in him, at his very worst, good and well affected towards the Lord God of Israel.

For such a one we now write. He is sorely exercised, at times, to know what the Lord's will is, and greatly perplexed even as to the way in which he is to seek to discover it; he is often terribly assaulted by the accuser of the brethren, who tells him that in this thing or the other he has sinned against God. Now this man wants some clear rules of judgment to go by. "Make thy way," he cries, "plain before my face." "Lead me in a plain path." And when he has done the Lord's will, he wants the Lord to "bring forth his righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noonday." (Ps. xxxvii. 6.)

Now, the very first thing that is essential in forming a right judgment, as to what is the Lord's will concerning our conduct in particular cases, is *to be spiritually minded*. This the scripture plainly declares. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." He is the man who is qualified, and he only, to form a right judgment in all things. Let others judge as they will, and judge him, too, as they may, this man only can judge properly; for he has the mind of Christ, and the Lord is a Spirit of judgment to him when he sits in judgment. The Pharisees thought themselves seeing men; they despised others; but Christ said they judged after the flesh, and so were not of one judgment with himself, for thus he judged no man. The Laodiceans felt no need of any eye-salve, being very enlightened persons; orthodox in opinions, and decided in expressing them; yet the Lord counselled them to anoint their eyes with eye-salve, that they might see.

Well, then, the grand essential in forming a right judgment as to the Lord's will in matters is to be spiritually minded. But what, for the substance of it, is this? The mind is in reality the judgment, or thinking, judging faculty of the heart, or the heart as forming a judgment and sentiment, or as thinking about things. What a man thinketh in his heart, that he is. It is not what a man may think speculatively, or in a way of barren unaffecting theory, but what he thinks in his heart as affecting his heart, influencing his will, affections, and conscience, that is the man. Says one,

"What think ye of Christ? is the test,  
To try both your state and your scheme."

But he does not mean, "What are the theoretical opinions, however orthodox, which you hold?" but "What is the judgment, thought, sentiment of *your heart* about him?"

Now, to be carnally minded is to think and be affected carnally; to judge according to nature; to have the mind imbued

with merely legal sentiments, natural and fleshly principles. And this is death. But to be spiritually minded is to have the heart cast into the mould of the gospel, so as for the judgment and affections to be transformed into a new and gospel pattern thereby. Thus Paul says, "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." And he tells us that true Christians, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Thus he shows us that this renovating work, this spiritualizing of the mind, depends upon the Word of God; and he in whom it dwells richly in all wisdom will be the most spiritual and best qualified to judge aright in all things. This is the man "renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him." This is the man who, coming down from the mount of communion with God in his Word, is qualified to discern the way in which he ought to act towards others, and in all events.

Well, then, if a man wants to know what the Lord's will is in respect to any action, the first thing is to beg of the Lord for this spirituality of mind, that he may have the essential thing as to a right judgment,—*the right Judge*. The man with the golden scales of the sanctuary, and the just weights of God, is the man whose judgment will be just; not the man with the wicked balances of the flesh, and the bag of deceitful weights, as in Mic. vi. 11.

Now, then, we have the person who wants to know what the Lord's will is; we suppose him to be spiritually minded. Well, before he goes any farther, this man will lift up his eyes unto the Lord to guide him aright. He will have a just fear of his own heart, and an equally just distrust of his own understanding, being consciously insufficient of himself to think anything as of himself. He remembers the treachery of a Balaam, who, wanting to obtain the wages of unrighteousness, asked direction of God, but not in sincerity. He wanted God to send him to curse; he wanted his own will, but inquired what was the Lord's; not that his own might yield to God's, but God's harmonize with his covetousness. This the account plainly indicates. The Christian knows he has the same treacherous heart, and fears its deceitfulness. He well knows that ruling, or prevailing covetousness, worldliness, malice, envy, lust, or pride, or any other evil, will tend to warp the judgment; and, in such cases as bring these principles into collision with the will of God, will not only tend, but actually prevail, to bias the mind, and cause it to swerve from a judgment in harmony with the will of God. Thus corrupt affections "take a gift out of the bosom to pervert the ways of judgment." This the Christian feels and fears; and, therefore, prays the Lord to subdue his inbred evils, lest, regarding iniquity in his heart, the Lord should hear him according to his idols, and let those idols corrupt his judgment, and lead him into paths



agreeable to the flesh, but contrary to the mind of the Spirit. He really, in the main, wants to do in all things what is right,—to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man. He does not want to be given over to self-will and self-direction. He fears his heart, and cries to the Lord: “‘Guide me with thine eye;’ ‘See if there be any wicked way in me’ opposing thy will, and blinding me to that guidance; and ‘lead me in the way everlasting.’”

Now, waiting upon the Lord to know and by his grace do his will, with his eye to Christ, how may he expect the Lord to intimate his will to him and direct his paths?

I. The principal thing the Lord makes use of in this matter is *the written Word of God*. “He has magnified his Word above all his Name.” The Scriptures, as interpreted by the Holy Spirit, and thus made known in their true signification and proper bearings to the heart, are the child of God’s grand directory. Thus the psalmist says, “Thy testimonies also are my delight and my counsellors.” “Through thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way.” And, again, in Ps. xix., speaking of the words of God, he says, “Moreover, by them is thy servant warned.” And in Ps. xvi.: “I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel.” The written Word of God, then, is the great thing in declaring to us the Lord’s will,—the true guide of our actions. Now, God’s Word may, in this respect, be considered in two points of view.

1. As revealing to us the mind and will of God generally in his plan of salvation. By unfolding the purposes of his love, the richness and freeness of his grace, the finished work of Christ, the Christian man’s ruin and wretchedness by nature and recovery through the merest mercy, it does in a more general way prove a light unto his path. There is a course of conduct which becometh this gospel of Christ. Such a mode of acting is in harmony with the vocation wherewith the Christian is called. Such an action, on the other hand, may be inconsistent. “Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ,” says Paul. Are we debtors to the freest grace? Our actions should be in all lowliness and meekness. Are we strangers and pilgrims upon earth? Our actions should be conformable to this condition. Are we citizens of heaven? Our conversation should be in heaven. Are we dear children of God? We ought to be imitators. Here, then, by unfolding to us the counsels of salvation, the Scriptures afford us at once a sort of universal rule for every action. It should be Christlike. But, then,

2. The Scripture gives, in many things, plain and express directions. It bids us do such and such things, directing more intimately our paths. Do we believe in Christ? It bids us make an open profession of his name in baptism. Do we profess his name? It bids us partake with his people of the Lord’s supper. Have we this world’s goods? It bids us

distribute freely to the necessities of others. It tells us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, and to fulfil in an exemplary way all the relative duties, according to the condition of life in which God has placed us.

Now, then, what we want is skill to apply these general principles and particular directions to our ever-varying cases. This skill can only be given us by the Holy Spirit; and here at once we see the needs-be of that spirituality of mind which we at first insisted upon. Such persons, led by the Spirit, will discern what is proper and Christianlike, and agreeable to God's Word :

“They only that fear him the truth can discern;  
For, living so near him, his secrets they learn.”

As one has well said, these persons have a kind of spiritual taste, which makes them instinctively relish what is of God, and dislike what is not so. Peter, at one time, through a want of this taste, this spiritual relish, actually said to Christ, “Spare thyself; this shall not be unto thee.” But Christ told him his mind in this was carnal; he savoured not the things which were of God, but those that were of men.

If The Lord also directs his people by the plain voice of his providence. He brings them into such circumstances and conditions that the proper language of those circumstances is, “Turn not to the left or right.” “Go on; lo, here's the way.” “This is the way; walk ye in it.” For example. A man has to work for his livelihood; the Lord shuts up various means, but makes him a way in some particular employment which he may lawfully and properly engage in. Well, the voice of the circumstance is the Lord's direction to him. Of course in this case, as well as in applying the Word of God, the Holy Spirit is needed. Jonah might fancy he heard God telling him to embark when he found a ship ready to sail to Tarshish; but this would have been all delusion. He was running away from God; therefore the Word of God and Spirit of God would have interpreted the voice of the circumstance very differently, and said, “Ah! Runaways from God shall always find the devil very ready to provide a ship of Tarshish to speed their evil progress.” Providences must be considered by the help of the Spirit, and in the light of the Word. If we cast off the Word and neglect the Spirit, the circumstances may utterly mislead. Mouldy bread and clouted shoes may lead even Israel into a league with Gibeon. “To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because they have no light in them.”

Here, then, we have the two grand rules for judging what the Lord's will is in respect to any of our actions,—his holy Word, and the voice of his providence, rightly interpreted through the grace of his Spirit. But the Lord may certainly, in much condescension, intimate his will to us in various ways; and whilst bearing in mind that all must be subordinate to, and harmonize with, these two, we will mention some of them.

But here let us divide the matters in which we want direction into two classes. First, there are those in which the Word of God is plain and express in its directions. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ, or regulated by its precepts and exhortations, would plainly lead to one course of action, and as plainly dissuade from another. Secondly, there are those in which there is really no such power of directly inferring the will of God from his Word. In the former case, that spirituality of mind we wrote about will not suffer us to err; and thus "the integrity of the upright shall guide them." And again: "The righteousness of the perfect shall direct his way." But, in the latter, even this spirituality may leave a man short of any clear, distinct guidance as to what is right. Thus, the checks and restraints of the Spirit were enough to indicate to Paul and Silas that they were not to go at one time into Asia; but they required a peculiar intimation to direct them actually to go to Philippi. Now, with these things in view, let us notice some ways in which the Lord may condescend to intimate his mind.

1. First, then, we will notice those *special applications* of his Scripture words to the minds of his people, which oftentimes throw a light upon their paths. They have, as we have seen, the Word of God dwelling in them; and, guided by this, they often go forward, directed, almost imperceptibly to themselves, in right ways. But sometimes they come to a stand; they know not which way to go, or how to act; they are in perplexity. Now, sometimes the Lord will, in such a case, bring some word of the Bible home with more or less power to their hearts, and thus relieve them from perplexity and make their way plain. His sheep hear his voice, and they know it, and follow. Now, in this case, the word is assuredly spoken home to the heart, or brought to the mind, by the accompanying power of the Holy Spirit, in its true signification as it stands in the Bible. If this is not the case, it is not any longer a Bible word. What is there written has a particular meaning before it is applied to the mind, and in this meaning the blessed Spirit applies it.

Now, to make this clearer, we must remember that some of the words of the Bible are figurative, some not so. As to those that are figurative, the real meaning of the figure is the proper meaning of the words; the figure merely being the form in which the Lord's mind is conveyed to us. As to those which are not figurative, some can have but one meaning, which is plain and simple. Thus, when Christ says, "This do in remembrance of me," we have a plain, simple direction to keep the ordinance of the Lord's supper. But some have a primary sense, and also a properly-inferred sense. Thus, when God said to Joshua, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," Paul shows us that he virtually said the same to all his people. Thus the words had an original application strictly to Joshua and Israel, but have also a proper enlarged application to all the people of God. Thus, also, when God charges the Israelites to

teach his Word to their children, we may apply such directions in a proper manner to our own cases. In other words, what is spoken in Scripture, as Paul shows us, has its proper bearing upon ourselves; all Scripture having been given by the inspiration of God, and being profitable in various ways to God's people.

Now, then, we see how any part of God's Word may be applied to the hearts of God's people, and throw a light upon their paths, and that in a true, proper understanding and application of it. There it was in the Bible in its proper meaning and bearings, and according to such meaning and bearings is applied to the mind. These views, we think, will keep us sober on the one hand, yet prevent our improperly rejecting the applications of the Word on the other. Any supposed application of that Word, contradicting the general tenor of God's revelation, or opposing its plain directions, any wresting of that Word from its true and proper meaning, cannot be of God. On the other hand, what was spoken ages ago to a saint of God, as Joshua, may be considered as spoken to us, as he was a representative and typical character. And directions given to others in their circumstances, may be taken as directions in ours, when they are similar. The whole Bible, in its proper signification and bearings, belongs to the entire family of God, and each individual of that family; being "profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works."

2. Now, in giving us directions by the special applications of his Word, the Lord may condescend to do this by providentially directing us to read in some particular part of the Word, or to open the Bible in some place containing suitable counsel; and as this will lead us a little more fully to illustrate the former case, we will notice it next.

Now, we most highly disapprove of the method some have taken of opening the Bible haphazard, as we may say, and then taking the first verse, or portion, their eye rests upon, without any due regard to its true and proper interpretation, as connected with what goes before and after, as a divine intimation to them. This is, to our mind, a sad misuse of the Word of God, laying a man open to all sorts of delusions. As has been well noticed, this is nothing better than an old heathen custom. So they dealt with their books. Hence the term *Virgiliana Sortes* (Virgilian lots). We have heard of good men doing this, and opening upon some portion which has nearly plunged them into despair; and we have been exceedingly surprised to find a man like Berridge almost appearing to countenance it. Thus he was decided not to marry through opening upon God's words upon that point to Ezekiel. Just as if many considerations, such as Paul notices in 1 Cor. vii., were not to decide such a matter, but the opening haphazard upon a portion of the Word giving directions to Ezekiel in peculiar times, and under special circumstances.

**Take another case.** Suppose a person is undecided whether to take a journey or not, and he opens the Bible upon David's questions about going to Keilah, or staying there. If his eye falls upon God's direction to David to go to Keilah, he takes that as a divine direction to himself to take the journey; if upon the counsel about not staying at Keilah, he takes that as an intimation he is at any rate not to stay where he is. But what an amount of delusion there may be in all this!

Now, on the other hand, if he turns to the Word of God, not to use it as a lottery or a heathenish oracle, but for directions of a proper kind, and he opens providentially on such a word as this: "Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will be with thee," and sees such a word as indicating that, other circumstances leading him to go to a place, he may expect Jacob's God, who is his, to be with him as he was with Jacob, and thus is encouraged to take a step which of itself appears the proper one, and yet from which there were some shrinkings; in all this we see no fanaticism, but a providential leading, and a gracious sober examination and application of the Word of God. This is a very different thing to opening the Bible and using it as a kind of lottery.

3. But the Lord not only directs, as well as instructs and refreshes, his people by the application of his written Word, whether by bringing it to the mind or providentially leading a child of God to open the Bible upon some suitable portion; but he will also use the words of preachers and writers, who are led by his Spirit to unfold his truths and ways. We believe that, next to the Bible itself, the Lord is pleased to make use of hymns. Indeed, perhaps some would be inclined to say that lines of hymns have been oftener specially applied than express Bible words. This need be no cause of discouragement. These hymns generally contain truth in a form peculiarly adapted to the memory,—a great deal of sweet truth in a very small compass. Of course, the Bible does the same; but, then, God is a sovereign, and so as what is applied is Bible truth,—the pure truth as it is in Jesus, we may feel thankful to God for refreshing and guiding us by it, whether it is a Bible word, or a word answering to the truth contained in the Bible.

Now, when God brings a word home to our hearts to direct us in our paths, it will come to us as spoken from the lips of Jesus. It will be a word of grace and of mercy, a life-giving word. His sheep hear *his* voice. This they follow; but they flee from the voice of strangers. Jesus is the Leader and Commander of the people. He is King in Zion, and full of grace are his lips. "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh; his mouth is most sweet." This it could not be to his people if it only commanded what was right, and did not give what it commanded. Christ communicates life and obedience-producing grace with his speech. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." We are told to hear only him. "This is my

beloved Son," says God the Father; "hear ye him." We have only one Master, and he speaks as no other speaks.

"He speaks. Obedient to his voice,  
Our willing hearts must move."

Christ does not drag his people, as if they were slaves, or govern them by blind impulses, as if they were fools; but he draws them with cords of a man, with bands of love. He counsels by word and by power: "The Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God." This should be duly considered, lest we mistake the applications of Satan for those of Christ. Satan can quote the Bible (Matt. iv.); but he either corrupts its meaning or its application. He changes it from its real sense, either by an alteration of its words, or by false interpretation, or misapplies it to wrong cases and characters. The tree of life brings forth fruit according to its months,—seasonable fruit; but Satan will break bruised reeds, and strengthen oaks of Bashan; will misquote God's words to lead a man in paths of presumption or hinder him in paths of obedience.

Nothing should be more desired or prayed for by God's people than a right understanding of the Word of God and his blessed truth as it is in Jesus; and if they are, at any time, at a loss, that the Lord would grant them the applications of his Word and truth, to be a lamp unto their feet, a light unto their path. "O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THE LIVING SHALL PRAISE THE LORD.

"Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee."—Ps. cxix. 175.

Nor to the silent dead  
Thy wonders are made known,  
Nor in the precincts of the tomb  
Thy loving-kindness shown.

Not in the gloomy grave  
Do any praise thy name,  
Nor in destruction's awful lance  
Thy faithfulness proclaim.

O! Let my spirit live,  
And praises it shall yield;  
And adoration ever give  
For mercy great reveal'd.

Dec. 6th, 1868.

M. BAKER.

WE have a double title to glory,—by inheritance, and by Christ's blood. God respected man unfallen, as the whence of choice and preterition; but not in the decree of ways and means to glory. Omniscience saw at one glance the fallen and unfallen, yet viewed them in two different aspects; the decree to glory respecting man as man, but the exhibition of grace calling for the redemption of man on intuition of the fall.—*Goodwin on the Saints' Title to Glory.*

## THE ADVENTURES, TRAVELS, NARROW ESCAPES, AND MARVELLOUS DELIVERANCES, WITH THE CONVERSION OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God."

God himself, in his great Three-One glory, who reigns in heaven and in earth, is witness.

Dear Christian Reader,—I shall begin my writing by giving you a short account of forty years of my existence, and a little of the awfulness of my depravity, both in nature and in practice. But you must expect only a very short sketch in the beginning, as you will have an opportunity of discovering more of my blackness as you proceed in going through this and others of my unconnected works. And if I mistake not, you will see something of your own likeness in some part or parts of the sequel, for, "as in water face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man." And mark, in the account I shall take both thought, word, and deed; for the Scriptures, which are God's word, declare we must give an account of each and every one of them at the last day before the Judge of all.

When I was brought to look back into my past life, and more particularly into my originality, I was enabled, and am now, to say with the psalmist, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." I was a profane swearer, and was one of those that the prophet Hosea meant when he said, "By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood." (Hos. iv. 2.) I was an impostor, a scorner, a scoffer, a reviler, and a blasphemer; yea, sometimes an atheist, sometimes a deist, and sometimes an infidel. In short, I was ten thousand times more than I can describe; I was all that sin and Satan could make me. And if you, my dear Christian reader, should be writing bitter things against yourselves on account of your awful depravity, look, look, I say, at the blackness of my character; and yet I have obtained mercy.

But perhaps you are of that number who are saying within yourselves, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men," &c. If this should be the case, may you be led to read to profit Luke xviii. 9-14. And, again, may you be led to read in Matt. ix. 12, 13, where Jesus says, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "I am not," says he, "come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

And now I am going to begin to show you that, notwithstanding my awful state by nature and practice, the blackness of my conduct and my hell-deservedness, my awful rebellion against God, with Satan's determination, the world's assisting determination, and my own determination to destroy the body and

damn the soul, yet all this could not move God the Lord from his eternal purposes. He loved me with an everlasting love. "He," says Job, and I say so too, "is of one mind, and none can turn him." "He is the same yesterday," in eternity, "to-day," in time, "and for ever," in eternity to come,—a God all mercy and love to the objects of his love. And I bless God that I can say that all through my life I was "kept by the power of God unto salvation." But in showing you how I was kept by the power of God unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed, I must pass over the first fifteen years, and then begin "to talk of the Lord's doings, and remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

The first circumstance I shall bring to your notice occurred when I was about fifteen years of age. As I was strolling about on the Sabbath day I saw, at the top of a very high tree, a bird's nest. I immediately ascended the same; but when I was at the top of it a bough broke, and, as near as I can remember, it was about forty feet to the bottom. I fell; but there was a river or brook for me to fall into, and I was saved from being dashed to death.

A little after this, on another Sabbath day, as I was in the same depraved exercise, I found a hollow-trunked tree; and thinking there were some owls in it, I got into it, descended to the bottom, became jammed, and was near being suffocated. But another lad got a long pole, let it down, and by great struggling and labour, he dragged me up.

In 1805, being in my seventeenth year, I was, by the hand of God's providence, led down to the sea to do business in the deep waters. I bound myself as an apprentice in Bristol to an African slave-ship. I think we sailed on New Year's Day in 1806, from England; and the same night a gale of wind rose, and we were for thirteen days and nights tumbled and tossed about in a very rough sea; and for the first three days I was so sick that I could not leave my hammock. On the fourteenth day we found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, and there we experienced, in a literal sense, what the psalmist meant when he says, "They mount up to heaven; they go down again to the depths. Their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and are at their wits' end." Yes, it was just like this with us. We could not stand upon our feet; but were thrown from one side of the ship to the other, and all was in confusion. Myself, on one of those dreadful occasions, was thrown from one side of the quarter-deck to the other, and I rolled under the carriage of a cannon which was pitched up on end; and as the ship rolled to the other side, the whole weight of the cannon came upon my legs; which made me lame, so that I was of but little use on board for the rest of the passage out. As my lot was thus to become lame, I was considered by the captain, who was a monster in human shape, as useless. Therefore, either from sport or malice, he frequently before breakfast compelled me to



drink a great quantity of sea-water, and sent me up aloft to the masthead. Could you have seen me up aloft, lame, filled out with sea-water, and, not having learned to hold on with my feet, hanging by my hands, swinging out over the mighty foaming billows, and at the same time a stream of water discharging from my mouth like a long rope, you must surely have thought that I could never have survived, but must have found a grave in the deep. But it could not be; for, as Job says, "Is there not an appointed time for man upon earth?" I say, Yes, and upon the sea also. I was kept by the power of God.

Our ship sailed on until we arrived at the island of Goree, where Governor Wall flogged a man to death, and was hanged for the same in London, after twenty years' escape, part of the time up the river Gambia, where our ship the next day arrived; and we by a variety of means contrived to get the ship up the same river, to carry on that inhuman traffic of bartering trifles for (awful to think upon!) men, women, and children. I shall speak more at length on this subject a little farther on.

But I must now go on to tell how, in a fifth instance, I was kept by the power of God. Whilst lying in the river Gambia, owing, as I suppose, to bad water and provisions, my legs and body became scorbutic; and in a little time I had an inward disease in the most dreadful manner, and with it came the ague and fever, and in a short time the scurvy turned to dropsy, and this fourfold disease soon brought me so that I could only crawl about the deck of the ship on my hands and knees. We were forty men in number when we entered the mouth of the river; but in about ten weeks there were about twenty left. All the finest and best-favoured men to look upon were cut off with the brain fever. Some would be well at night and dead in the morning. Sometimes in the night, as I was crawling about the deck, as I could not have any rest on account of the disease, I was led to look over the gangway of the ship to see the alligators in the water, and the crocodiles swimming round the ship, waiting for the carcasses of my dying shipmates. "Ah!" Sometimes I would think, "if I die in the day I shall be a supper for one of you monsters; and if I die in the night it will be no better; for then I shall be devoured by the savage animals on the shore, as was the case when we buried any in the sand on the bank of the river. We could have no rest all the night after a burial, on account of the noise made by the jackals and other animals; so that, if buried in the water or on land, the bodies were soon devoured. So you see it was my body that I was in so much fear about; for I was so ignorant that I hardly knew that I had a soul. But, notwithstanding my ignorance, my misery, and the dreadful scenes I was called to witness, I was kept by the power of God.

Again. It happened that on a certain day, whilst we lay up this river, it came into the heart of the captain of the ship, as he saw me crawling about the deck, to make a gladiator of me by

fastening to my thigh with a rope a large baboon, and making me fight it; for the captain had several of those animals on board to make merchandise of. To exasperate the ape and me to fight, the monster of a captain would scourge us with a cat-o'-nine-tails; myself, being brought to a state of desperation, choosing strangling rather than life, exerted the little strength I had left, and, falling on the baboon, caught it by the neck and almost beat it to death, and should have quite done so, only the captain, fearing more the loss of the baboon than my life, cast it off from me. But this was not enough. He was not satisfied with that; for, to gratify his hellish delight, he got a much larger one, and the scene was renewed. But I got the master of this one also; and the captain, to complete this African tragedy, let at liberty a large Newfoundland dog that he had on board. The dog set upon the baboon, and they fought in a terrible manner. The rope that was tied round my thigh got round my neck, and I was dragged about the quarter-deck almost a lifeless corpse. At length a sailor that had got a little strength left, being wrought to a pitch of madness at the sight, ran into us and cut the rope. The baboon ran up aloft; the captain fell upon the man; the man knocked down the captain; the dog then attacked the man; and while the man was engaged with the dog the captain tripped up the legs of the man, jumped upon his belly, and knocked his inside so that the blood poured out of his mouth. As I was crawling away for my life I heard the man make a deep groan; he was dragged away to his bed, and the scene ended. Had you, my reader, seen me, you would have wondered how I could have lived under such a complication of diseases and cruelties; but I was in this fifth instance, though dreadful to think upon, kept by the power of God.

Our ship had her cargo complete on board, which comprised, as in the case of the ships of "Tarshish and Hiram, gold and silver, ivory and apes" (1 Ki. x. 20), with 250 men, women, and children. Ah! I could speak largely on this subject if I had ability and time; but I must turn aside for a few moments to tell a little about this awful, crying sin of this nation. I said we had 250 men, women, and children on board. I beg to observe that the articles which our ship carried to this country for the purchase of those poor creatures were brandy mixed with water, muskets or guns, and gunpowder mixed with small coal. The mixing was done on board, on our passage out. Also, some iron bars and a quantity of beads. Fine merchandise for people called Christians, and sanctioned by a Christian Government and nation. But this sufficed to induce the chiefs of the tribes of Africa to fit out expeditions by water and land, and go and surprise one another by setting fire to their towns in the night. This the tribes do chiefly by inducements brought them by people called Christians. And, when the surprise takes place, O the horror of the scene! First a loud shouting or yelling from all quarters of the town. The flames of the straw

houses ascending up into the heavens; the astonished inhabitants fly they know not whither, to escape the fire; and as they are flying all the young men, women, and children are seized by their merciless foes, and tied hands and feet together. I saw this with my own eyes. I saw also an expedition made to go up the river on purpose to supply our ship when our ship could go no farther. The expedition was five large canoes, with about 50 or 60 men each. They were about 15 or 20 days away. When they came back, loaded with their fellow-creatures, tied in the manner I have described, they unloaded their cargoes on board our ship to complete ours. The poor sufferers' hands were untied from their legs; and if any of them had anything to cover their nakedness or shame it was torn off them; so that both men, women, and children were made and kept as naked as they came from their mother's womb. The next thing attended to was, the captain and his doctor examined the victims as minutely as a horse-dealer would horses in a fair in this our land. Then a selection was made. What were called the good and sound were taken and put in irons, and the rest were returned into the canoes; and by what I could learn they were devoured by their murderous captors; that is, eaten, as is the case with cannibals, who eat the flesh and drink the blood of their fellow-creatures.

And what if I should declare that the people of England are no better than men-eaters or cannibals, who call themselves Christians? They profess that they live in a very enlightened age, and can and do subscribe themselves advocates for the abolition of the slave-trade, and subscribe to the support and sending out of missionaries to preach what they call the gospel of Jesus Christ. And what, I say, if I should declare that we English people are at the same time robbers and murderers, and in no sense superior to these African cannibals, even in a sense drinking the blood of our fellow-creatures?

But perhaps you are thinking that I am getting frantic or mad, and rather than I should talk thus that I would go on and relate something further of the suffering of these poor afflicted Africans. Well, then, to proceed. These poor Africans were double-ironed; that is, two and two, hand to hand, and leg to leg; not locked, like our handbolts in this country, but rivetted, so that they cannot be separated again until they are cut asunder with hammer and chisel. Each of these leg-irons has a ring fixed to it; then a chain of iron is drawn through these rings and rings that are fixed in the deck of the ship; so that, as well as being thus ironed together, they are also ironed to the deck of the ship; and instead, as I said at first, of their being double, they are treble ironed. But this is not sufficient. They must be chained below and between the decks, and iron gratings over them or over the hatchways, and they also locked down. It was so that we always kept a few of the poor boys at liberty to carry them their scanty allowance of food and water, and to bear away

their filth. And for further safety we kept two large cannons loaded and primed, full of small shot, and matches always ready to fire upon them in case of an attempt at liberty.

Thus loaded and fitted for our departure, we dropped down the river and set sail for the West Indies. In this, our middle passage, some of the poor women experienced the time of nature's sorrow, and brought forth what made their hearts to bleed again with grief; and many of the men were suffocated, being compressed in so small a room. O my fellow-Englishmen and women, would that the Lord might cause us to fancy, not to feel or experience it in reality, but only to fancy the tables to be turned upon our own heads for a little time! Let me illustrate a little upon the awful subject. Suppose now it should so happen that bands of ruffians should invade our dwelling-places from time to time, and should surprise our towns, villages, or houses in which we live, and tear from us, who are parents, our children, or us from them; the wife from the husband or husband from wife; the pregnant woman from the darling of her heart; the lover from lover, and all the dearest ties of nature broken for ever; and this to be done for purposes worse than death; to burn our habitations and rob us of our peace and liberty for ever. I say, suppose the tables were turned upon our own heads, what would be our feelings? Should we not be calling upon our God to send out his vengeance and fury after them, our oppressors? Yes, I am sure that would be our feeling under such sufferings; and sure I am, and do fearlessly declare that most of Englishmen and women are those very robbers, murderers, and oppressors of our fellow-creatures.\*

But I must pass on, and not look so narrowly at those glaring

\* The picture is not a single mark overdrawn. As dear Cowper says,

“I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And tremble when I 'wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.  
 No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
 Just estimation prized above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave,  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 We have no slaves at home; then why abroad?  
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave  
 That parts us are emancipate and loosed.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein  
 Of all your empire; that where Britain's power  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.”

Happily, as far as England and America are concerned, slavery is at an end.

sins of our nation, and tell my dear children that the wind wafted our ship with haste from the coast of Africa (whence my mind turns thousands of times with indignation) towards the West Indies. But perhaps you, owing to your ignorance, are inquiring what are the remainder of the sufferings and the end of those poor Africans. Well, I will go on and tell you. They are victims of English people's avarice, and consigned to a level with the brutes, driven like a flock or herd into the market, advertised and put up for sale by public auction, and thus ignominiously disposed of to the highest bidder; and from thence driven by the cruel lash to uncompensated toil, not as the result of *their* crimes, but of *ours*,—the people of England's.

But I must proceed, and endeavour to show you, my dear children or reader, that I was kept by the power of God.

Our ship, as I was saying, dropped down the river, and sailed for the West Indies. The disease I found to continue upon me, and dropsy increased more and more, until my whole body became, as it were, like a bladder of water, and in consequence I became much weaker; and, to all human conception, it was impossible for me to reach the West Indies, or to hold out much longer. But the Lord's eye was upon me for good. I could not perish; and, according to his purpose and grace, the Lord caused our ship to draw near to the island of Barbadoes, and then a French rover to come down upon us. The ship chased us, gave us battle, boarded us, and made us prisoners.

But I must remark that in the time of the action, so ill as I was, I was obliged to attend at the magazine, to hand up powder from it; and when the French ship drew near, I was induced to look out at the stern window, and amuse myself with viewing the smoke from the French cannon. The glass of the cabin was dashed to pieces about my ears with the cannon-balls, but not a bit of it touched me.

And now I am brought, by sovereign grace, to look back and see these events, and at that time one of the Lord's promises made good in my experience, though not at that time spiritually enjoyed, where he the Lord hath said, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." And this, in the sixth instance, proves that I was kept by the power of God.

When I found that the French had boarded our ship, and we were taken, which I knew by our seamen tumbling down the hatchways to escape the sword of the French, our men immediately began to plunder the captain's cabin, although they were prisoners. And myself also, on casting my eyes about me, saw a piece of cheese of about two pounds weight. It immediately struck my mind that, if I had it to eat, it would stop the disease; and under this impression I put it into my bosom, and afterwards shifted it into my bag, with a bottle of rum, which I also took from the cabin. Soon after this an order passed for us prisoners to come upon deck, to be transported from our ship to the French ship. Accordingly, myself among the rest went up;

and as I was drawing near the gangway of the ship, dragging my little bag after me, with my bottle and cheese (for from weakness I could not carry it), and because I moved so very slowly, one of the hard-hearted Frenchmen took me by my neck and the hinder part of my trousers, and flung me over the side of the ship. But I still held on my bag. I fell into the French boat, hurt and bruised very much, and I began to cry. Another Frenchman, more humane than the other, picked me up, called me *petit cochon* (a little pig), took care of me, and handed me tenderly on board the French ship. I had been on board but a very short time before the Frenchmen plundered my bag. They swallowed my rum, and were eating my cheese before my face; so that I had not the pleasure of tasting either. It so distressed my mind that I began to cry aloud, and it drew the attention of the captain of the French ship. He reprimanded his men for their conduct, and fed me from his own table, whilst I remained on board.

I should not have been so minute in telling of these trifling circumstances only to show how that the Lord's eye is upon his people for good, even while they are in their state of sin and rebellion, and how he causes all things to work together for their good. Although not then made to love God, neither are they then called according to his purpose, yet, because God's everlasting love changes not, they are kept by his almighty power unto salvation, shut up under the law unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

But perhaps my dear children are inquiring, what is the meaning of faith afterwards revealed? Why, it is a work wrought in the heart of a poor sinner, a child of God, one known of God and experimentally called of God, and sanctified of God through the word of his truth, and justified of God in his own conscience and before the world, through that faith revealed, which is believing with the whole heart in the Son of God; trusting wholly in his life, blood, death, resurrection, and intercession for future happiness and glory; which faith is the gift of God. And until a man is born again, he cannot receive this gift of God.

But I must return and ask you if I was not, in this seventh instance, kept by the power of God. Because I stole the cheese and rum, I was not allowed to taste them, and the Frenchmen were allowed to steal them from me on purpose that I should be fed from the captain's table.

We arrived in about six days after we were taken in Point-peter (?) harbour, in the island of Guadaloupe, where I was immediately sent to a hospital. A consultation of physicians was held over my person, and the great Physician of souls at the head of them, though myself and, perhaps, they knew nothing of his presence at that time; nor for 22 years after was I brought to hear his voice.

However, in four months I was restored to health and made strong; and in an exchange I was transported on board a British

man-of-war, then lying in an English harbour, in the island of Antigua.

Thus, must you not acknowledge with me that I was, in this eighth instance, kept by the power of God?

I was on board of this ship, which was a fast-sailing frigate called the "Galatea," of 32 guns and 300 men, about 20 months; in which time we visited nearly all the islands in the West Indies, and twice for months we cruised upon the Spanish main in South America. We also had many encounters with the Dutch, Danes, Spanish, and French. I frequently had men killed and wounded on my right hand and on my left; but myself was kept through all these scenes by the power of God.

At one time it pleased the Lord to send a fever on board this ship, and men began to drop into eternity very fast. It attacked me in the brain. It happened that I was a particular favourite of the sailing-master of the ship, by name John Rook; and it was suggested to his mind, just at the time that I was taken, that if I had a shower-bath of rum administered to me it would prevent fatal effects. Accordingly my friend paid the purser for a gallon of rum; my person was stripped; I was made to stand in a large tub called the grog-tub, and the rum was poured upon my head. The man lifted it very high, that it might fall heavily upon me. It immediately struck me senseless. I was carried to my hammock or bed; but in three weeks I was completely restored. This, for the ninth time noticed, is another striking instance of my being kept by the power of God.

Again. Being led by the hand of Providence on purpose to experience another great deliverance, our ship sailed to an English harbour in the island of Antigua, there to winter and refit. Mind, this is where Codrington had his thousand slaves. As I was going on shore in a boat, one moonlight evening, it happened that I fell over the bows of the boat. She went over me, passed swiftly on, and left me behind. But God's eye was upon me, and the hand of his kind providence was stretched forth for my deliverance, though in this dreadful dilemma there appeared but little hope. Cast into the sea, and that in the night, the men not missing me, the boat passed on towards the shore; and I was left in the deep waters. Upon this awful occasion my limbs were taught, for the first time, to swim, as I never knew how before, and never before had such an opportunity to try. But this was that I might know at a future time, and tell it to you, that this tenth time I was kept by the power of God.

Again. On two particular occasions while I was on board of this ship I was tied up to be flogged; but on each occasion I had given to the captain of the ship by my friend the sailing-master an undeserved good character, which got me delivered and my back preserved from the torturing lash, which often proves the death of those who are called to suffer in that way. But I was these eleventh and twelfth times kept by the power of God.

(To be continued.)

## CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

*The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to their well-beloved Brother Gadsby, wish grace, mercy, and peace from the Three-One Lord God of Israel;—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

Dear Brother and Companion in the Path of Tribulation,—We received yours with thankfulness on the one hand, but grief of heart on the other, to hear of the very heavy affliction which has befallen your poor dear wife. We do most sincerely entreat our good and gracious Saviour, the good Physician, for his own most glorious Name's sake, to show mercy unto her, by restoring to her her rationality, for thy sake, and for the family's sake, if consistent with his sovereign will, who has said, "all things are possible to him that believeth," and that "all things work together for good," &c. Whether faith be strong or weak, he abides faithful, and cannot and will not disappoint his children of anything that is for their real good. But, by reason of our blindness, hardness of heart, and unbelief, we are doubting, fearing, and calling all into question, and saying, "How can these things be for my good? Anything but this; I could have borne anything better than this." And so it happens with us in every trial. (See page 372, 1875.)

But fathers according to the flesh, that are good fathers, when they take the rod to chastise their children for anything done amiss, mostly do it for the profit or good of the child, and in love, though it appears hard and cruel to the child. And shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? Dear brother, we see mercy mingled with judgment in all this heavy affliction,—mercy towards her and towards you. And, to be satisfied in your own soul that she is a partaker of that grace that will preserve from eternal death, being safe built on that Rock against which the gates of hell can never prevail, so as to take one stone out of mercy's building, is an infinite mercy indeed; and which you, with many others, have enjoyed the blessedness of numberless times, doubtless. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name," for such a sure foundation! And that ever he should condescend to fix our worthless persons on the same, and give to us the blessed Spirit, that we might claim him as our Father, our God, and the Rock of our salvation, and have liberty to come on all occasions to let our requests be made known,—these are some of the privileges we are privileged with; whether we have faith enough in exercise or not to come, as the apostle exhorts, with boldness to the throne of grace for grace to help in every time of need,—faith, with every other grace, being his own gift; and without faith it is impossible to please God.

Therefore we do hope the good Lord is supporting, strengthening, and establishing you more and more, that you may by all these trials be the more able, under God, as an instrument in his hands, to go before the flock, the sheep of Christ, show unto them



the good old way, and unfold the mysteries and riches of Christ, so that their souls and your own may be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is faithful to his promise, and to all the redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

Dear brother, we write not thus to instruct him of whom we need instruction, but to show unto our brother that respect we have towards him as a minister of the everlasting gospel of the Son of God, Jesus Christ the Righteous; being fully satisfied that he far exceeds any of us in experience, doctrine, and every good to be enjoyed here below of a spiritual kind. That the God of all grace and consolation would be pleased to continue to bless you with much of his presence, and fill the earthen vessel with heavenly treasure, for his church's good and his own glory, is the prayer of

Yours unworthily, for the Committee,

London, Feb. 16th, 1820.

J. GAUTREY.

### MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

Dear Friend,—I have for many years wished to see the sayings of the late Mr. Tiptaft in the "Gospel Standard." I forward you two books with them in. I do hope I can say that the good of souls and the glory of God is my single aim. The sayings were collected and given to me by a friend within a few months of his death. They are good indeed; and I felt them so, time after time, as I heard them from his lips. Often I felt that I need not say, "Who do you mean, Sir?" For they came with great weight and power, and the effect produced was, "Thou art the man." I know there are many readers of the "Gospel Standard" who have never heard him, and I have thought it well that the many thousands should have such sentences put before them.

I do hope my soul prays that the Lord will cause them to sink down deeply into the hearts of sinner and saint. I hope to watch as they come out, and send you further particulars. I do believe the same will testify that he, being dead, yet speaketh, and that they will lead many souls to speak of him and the grace that was in him, and praise the Father of all mercies for the gifts of grace bestowed upon him. I often say to friends that I never knew but one William Tiptaft. If another could be seen, I should like to see him.

I can say that I loved him much, and that to me "the memory of the just is blessed."

Yours in Gospel Bonds,

Allington, near Devizes.

E. PORTER.

[Many of Mr. Tiptaft's savoury remarks have appeared in another form; but we have pleasure in complying with Mr. Porter's request, and inserting them in our periodical, in the hope that they may be made useful to many. We may here say that Mr. Porter was one of Mr. Tiptaft's deacons, and his executor.]

## I.—PETITIONS TO THE LORD.

Look upon the unworthy worm before thee. Let him be as thy mouth, separating the precious from the vile. Grant that he may rightfully divide the word of truth, and rightly divide the hearers.

Grant that he may pray that his last days may be his best days. Grant that he may pray *earnestly* that his last days may be his best days.

Look upon thy little Zion here. Look upon those that mourn in Zion. Put their tears into thy bottle. Listen to their sighs and groans.

Bless those who have troubles and sorrows which they cannot tell to their nearest and dearest friends.

Give thy people a spirit of prayer for him who is about to speak. Give him seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. Grant that he may exalt the Saviour, and lay the sinner low.

Bless our meeting together in this place. Grant that it may be a Bethel to our souls, and the very gate of heaven.

Grant that we may be more anxious to die well than to get through the world well.

Deliver us from every evil thing that may entangle our affections and harden our hearts.

Grant that we may hold the world with a loose hand.

Make our consciences tender, and keep them so.

Grant that we may not sin cheaply.

Make us very grateful for the least mark or evidence that we are among thy children.

Grant that thy Word may have free course and be glorified.

Grant that we may have dying strength for a dying hour.

Brighten our evidences; clear up our difficulties; and shine upon the path thou art leading us in.

What sins dost thou see in the nation at large to provoke thy wrath and indignation! And what sins dost thou see in thy people! If thy judgments were to fall upon this land, what could we English people say?

Make us more dead to the world, and more separate in spirit from it.

O Lord, keep our feet, keep our eyes, keep our hearts, and keep our tongues.

Make us hold the world with a loose hand.

Grant, O Lord, that we may be made right in doctrine, right in experience, and right in practice.

Grant, Lord, that our sins may be blotted out as a cloud, and our iniquities as a thick cloud.

Lord, teach us more what we are by nature and what we are by grace. Teach us what we know in the Spirit and what we know in the flesh.

Lord, bless all thy dear people in all their sorrows, afflictions, and troubles. Listen to their cries and groans. Put their tears into thy bottle.

O Lord, do look upon us in mercy. If it be thy sovereign will and pleasure, regard the salt of the earth. If the Lord were to turn this fruitful land into barrenness, what could we English people say?

Let us never cover under the sins of any man, whether dead or alive.

Lord, make us of that spirit wherein thou delightest to dwell. Let each esteem others better than himself.

Dear Lord, teach us what is right, and give us power to do it. Give us right judgment in all things.

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My much-esteemed Friend,—Although I have not the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with you, yet, during my visit to D. last summer, it was quite manifest to me that you were one of those whose faces are turned Zionward, and that you were a true lover of gospel truth, and a favourer of those who fear God and worship him in spirit and in truth. The Almighty has graciously promised unto all the spiritual seed of his dear Son that he will put his fear into their hearts, and that they shall not depart from him. This blessed promise, my dear friend, is certainly verified in your own experience, and you must set to your seal that this my testimony is a matter of fact, seeing nothing is a more evident truth than this, that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and that nothing can subdue the native enmity and carnality of the human heart but the all-powerful operations of the Spirit of all grace.

You have no doubt heard, in the preaching of the gospel, “that the new man is an assemblage of graces,” which are by the apostle called “the fruits of the Spirit” (Gal. v. 22, 23), which are “love joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,” &c., with others not enumerated in that chapter, such as life, fear, patience, hope, &c. Now, it is evident that in regeneration every grace is implanted in the child of God at once; for that soul the Holy Spirit takes possession of. He comes attended with all his blessed train of graces, though imperceptible to us at that period. Light, life, and fear attend the first impressions that we feel; and in a beautiful gradation every grace comes into act and exercise in due order and season, just as the Holy Spirit is pleased to put them forth. “For there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.” In the cultivation of a garden many seeds are sown at once, but they do not all spring up at one and the same time; so likewise in the new creation, compared to “a garden enclosed,” the graces of the Holy Spirit spring up one after another in the different stages of our experience; and what we feel our need of we supplicate the Lord to bestow upon us, being encouraged to “come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.”

It hath pleased the Father that in his dearly-beloved Son all the fulness of grace should dwell, as in an inexhaustible fountain; and from his fulness we receive all our supplies. To him we are enabled to look; on him we depend; for him we wait; and from him we receive every blessing we stand in need of. And as we move on from one stage of experience to another, we gradually learn that the Lord Jesus Christ is our only refuge and hiding-place, the only door of hope set before us in the gospel. It is in times of trial we prove the infinite value of the blessed Redeemer, in the covenant characters he sustains; as our Prophet to teach us, as our Advocate and Intercessor to plead our cause against all our adversaries, and as our King to govern for us and reign in and over us. It is from him we receive the promise of the Father, which is the Holy Spirit, who hath engaged to guide us into all truth, and to be our Comforter in the house of our pilgrimage. And how often doth he condescend to help our infirmities, by quickening us to feel, strengthening us to believe, encouraging us to hope, sustaining us in patience, animating us in life, warming us in love, engaging us in prayer, emboldening us to plead, enabling us to watch and wait for every deliverance we need, and, at times, testifying to our hearts that all things are working together for our present welfare and for our everlasting good.

Thus, my dear friend, we are carried on from strength to strength in our journey through this waste howling wilderness unto that *rest* which is promised and laid up for all those who are enabled to rest on the Lord's arm, and hope in his mercy. Under the Lord's guidance, and by his promised help, how many storms, difficulties, and trials have we been safely carried through to the present day! And for our encouragement and comfort it is recorded in the Word of truth that "the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear." And although we are often disquieted with the prospect of future difficulties, and are ready to shrink at the thought of pending trials, yet in the midst of these perplexities we may argue the matter as blessed Paul did when he said, "He *hath* delivered, and *doth* deliver, in whom we trust that he *will yet* deliver us." Moreover, we are exhorted by the God of all grace, power, and truth, to bring all our hard cases unto him: "Call upon me in the day of trouble" (let the trouble be whatever it may); "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And again: "Casting *all* your care upon him; for he careth for you."

In a letter I lately received from your dear mother, I was led to conclude that you, my esteemed friend, have some kind of trial in prospective before you; and it may be you are, like myself, timid, fearful, and faint-hearted, in the foreview of coming trials. This consideration impressed my mind with a strong desire to address these few lines to you; believing that the Almighty is able, by the most insignificant instruments, to comfort and encourage the feeble ones of his flock. For as he

knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations or trials, so likewise he knoweth how, in ways and means unthought of by us, to stablish, strengthen, and settle the troubled minds of his tried ones in all their tribulations. And who can tell but he may, by means of this poor sheet, incline your dear heart to draw near unto his mercy-seat, to tell him all your fears, and show him all your troubles? And you know that he himself hath given you the blessed warrant of his own word: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. 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."

May the ever-blessed Spirit of all grace incline your heart to attend to the sweet counsel of him who is a never-failing Friend at all times, and who sticketh closer than a brother. My poor petitions, as I am enabled, shall accompany the advice I am giving to my friend, being well acquainted with the path of tribulation, and having found by long experience how good it is for us to draw nigh unto God. I feel persuaded in my own mind that in conveying these few lines, I shall not be accounted as an intruder, nor altogether as an unwelcome visitor, though I come without an invitation; for had I come in person I believe you would have given me a cordial reception, though almost a stranger.

Please to present my kind regards to Mr. Jacques, and all who love and fear God in your parts; for such, in my estimation, are the excellent of the earth; and such are the only companions with whom I love to walk. Excuse bad writing, as I am troubled with a bad cough and other infirmities.

I remain, very respectfully yours,

76, High Street, Shadwell, Nov. 6th 1827.

JOHN KEYT.

[It is some time since our readers met with good Keyt; but we are sure they will welcome him. We shall be glad of his letters.]

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My dear Friend and esteemed Brother in the Everlasting Son of the Father, full of Grace and Truth,—I hope that I feel a little gratitude to the dear Lord for all his great goodness and mercy to me and mine. Yesterday was a high day to my soul. The springs were high, and the water flowed sweetly. And I am sure that all my springs are in the Lord, and that there is a river, and that the streams make glad the city of God. And I am a witness that the well of life is within my heart; and when the living water springs up into everlasting life, then my soul is happy. But what a poor tormented old sinner I have been since you came down from London to see me! O the conflicts, the painful exercises, the powerful temptations, that I have passed through, until my little strength seemed gone, and the old devil has told me over and over again that he should have me at last. But here I am; and this is the last day in the old year; and I look back forty years on the 25th of this month, when I first entered a pulpit to sound out the love of the Three-One God to

poor perishing sinners. How many have been watching for my halting! And I know one who has been watching closer than all my foes; and he has trembled from time to time, fearing that it might prove to be so. And sure I am that it is only by the watchful care and keeping power and delivering mercy of God that I am here; and that it is by the grace of God I am what I am.

The Lord bless you and yours. Our united love to you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

Dec. 31st, 1874.

T. GODWIN.

William Crouch, a poor servant of the Lord Jesus, unto his highly-esteemed friend and beloved brother in the true faith, and fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord of hosts, F. Covell.

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, through the increasing knowledge of him who hath called you unto glory and virtue.

I hereby first acknowledge my debt of the letter, being my turn to write; but almost question that what you expected, spiritual refreshing, will come thereby. But the Lord does all his pleasure, and works by whom, when, and where he pleases. There is no tying him to instruments; that I am well satisfied about. I live much alone in my cot, seldom see any of the preachers who are said to be sent of God, and very rarely hear any. Not that I am careless, or slight the means of grace. I hope, and that from a right principle, I am determined that neither my faith nor ministry shall stand but in and by the power of God alone; being sure if it is not so, the sooner it is made manifest the better. I cannot expect many more days, either for my labour or my life; and although it has been of great weight, at times, both the estate of my soul and that of the ministry, yet now it is much more so. Therefore, I am constrained to be much in private prayer, much in reading the Scriptures, much in watching the hand of the Lord, much in taking heed to my way, very careful that I divide the Word aright, and exceedingly particular in the description of the character that is the subject of the work of the Lord. And is there not a cause, seeing the great Master of the school has said, "Many shall say unto me in that day, Have we not prophesied in thy name?" and "Lord, Lord," yet shall be shut out of the kingdom of heaven? And the great apostle Paul hath said, "Let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon; for every man's work shall be made manifest; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." Now, my dear C., we do not want, nor need we ask, what is fire, or whether it has the nature of heat. It being, therefore, what our minds are decided upon to be hot, burning, purifying, and consuming, we may, therefore, conclude that the unsent minister,—the hypocritical and self-deceived professor, will be put into the fire; and, being found destitute, will be eventually always burning, consuming, and yet never to be extinct; while the true and sent minister,

who has gone on in a heedless way, not minding what the materials were, will be sharply and keenly exercised in his feelings, as much so as if his flesh were burning in fire; and that because he sees and feels the sin of his heedless way, in not being careful that his materials were good. Besides, he will suffer much loss in seeing those bad materials falling into decay; some going out "because they were not of us," and others that must be turned out because of their being useless in the building. But whichever way the minister, although sent of God, suffers loss, and, at a day and time when he required the most peace of mind and acquittance in his conscience, then he is burning in the fire, to be purified of his former sloth and heedlessness, in not being careful to see that his materials were both living and saved souls; nevertheless "he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

Now, my dear C., I do want to escape this burning, and that particularly when I am old, and at the time of my death. I believe that some good ministers are very defective in this,—a nice description of the character that is to be saved, and a careful description of his life, way, and conversation after he is called. But, then, you may object, "How can you know, seeing, and that from your own pen, you see but few, and but seldom hear?" But the sample is generally presented to show what the abundance is. Many calls there are for more candour, many snares to make dim, if not to put out, the discerning eye. Therefore, we find one of the old statutes of Moses to say, "Thou shalt not take a gift to blind the eyes of the wise, or pervert the judgment of the righteous." Some men forbid and cast out the true and sincere soul, as Diotrephes did; and others heedlessly pass over the languishing case of them who have life, but not liberty, as you may see in the account of the angel of the church of Sardis. And others bring in those that should be altogether kept out, as Paul, in the caution to the Corinthians, implies.

Now, as every thoughtful and feeling being would do all he could to escape or get out of the fire, so, as touching the ministry, it is with me. That I have been very close for many years, there are many living witnesses. A preacher's wife from London said I seemed to suspect all my hearers, and would hardly admit of any to be right. A member of Mr. B.'s told me that I described a character whereof there were none. So this is being narrow to a witness. But there were not many in the days of Noah; therefore I do not think there are many now.

Give my and Mrs. C.'s love to B., to the Doctor, to all that are possessed of godly sincerity. I am a poor sinner, a poor saint, a poor preacher, a poor scribe, a poor inditer, poor in composing, and all poor, very poor. Amen.

Jan. 29th, 1847.

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My dear Sir,—It is an unspeakable mercy to be enabled, in some little measure, to discern that we are of God. The Spirit of God teaches nothing contrary to the will of the Father and

the Son; as it is written, "These Three are One." What can be more blessed than to be enabled to trace, as the stream may be traced to the spring, fountain, or cause,—to trace up our union to the Father of all mercies, and the God of all grace, through his beloved Son? We must acknowledge that the Holy Ghost, to make the things of Christ precious unto us, must make known unto us our utter destitution of anything in us to lay a claim unto his favour. Indeed, the longer we live, the more we are made alive to the things of God coming to us in a grace way and manner, because of the ungratefulness of our hearts, and the little returns we make to him. How unworthy we feel ourselves to be of his favours!

The teachings of the Holy Ghost, while he exalts the Saviour in all his suitability, keeps the sinner in a state of humility, arising from a felt sense of his unworthiness. Yea, truly blessed it is, at times, to join and say, with some degree of feeling:

"Although I'm the most insignificant member,  
Heaven cannot be full without me."

As the Lord is pleased to draw out our hearts and minds, in contemplation of those things that pertain to eternal life, is it not often so that we stand astonished, and exclaim, "What has God wrought?" Some years ago, when overwhelmed with sorrow from the circumstances, those words proved as a key to unlock sense and feeling, in a little measure, of what fellowship with Christ was in his sufferings,—viz., "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." I think I may say it was the deepest sight that I ever had of a suffering and agonizing Saviour, and from a feeling sense of knowing what agony of mind was. The effect it had on me was that it filled my soul with joy and thanksgiving, and for a little while my soul felt like the man that went into the temple, leaping and praising God; although at that time circumstances of a temporal kind to me were as a wilderness or desert.

How wonderful are the leadings and dealings of the Lord towards his people! His furnace is in Zion, and he will purge them, and purify them to himself, to be to him for a name and a praise. O for a glimpse of that great testimony: "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee; and thy land shall be married." How this throws into disesteem all the notions of men, of every kind and character! Indeed, what is there besides found among men that can detain the affections of the spouse, the church of the living God?

Well may we, when so privileged, say, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight; and his fruit was sweet unto my taste." And all such as have handled, tasted, and felt that the Lord is gracious, will come again with their wants, and wounds, and woes. And when enabled to plead with the Lord, and put him in mind of his words, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee



good," and such like testimonies, is it not like as seeing the branch is of and belonging to the tree?

Nourishment consists in being in union; and surely old Kent was right in writing:

"In union with the Lamb,  
From condemnation free,  
The saints from everlasting were,  
And shall for ever be.

"In covenant from of old,  
The sons of God they were;  
The feeblest lamb in Jesus' fold  
Was blest in Jesus there."

The Lord bless you, and enlarge you on every side. This is the desire of the unworthy

Wantage, Nov. 11th, 1875.

W. WESTLAKE.

My dear Friend and Sister Beloved in the Hope of Eternal Life,—Yours came to hand. In reading it my heart responded in sympathy and fellowship with you in the sore trials of the way, which often fill me, as well as you, with gloomy fears. I have been much tried in my health since the winter, and have, at times, felt as though I should be afraid to die. At other times a little calm confidence; at others, a dead sloth. But how few and far between have been the moments "*rich in blessing!*" And often I have cause to bring all into question, as to whether I have, or ever had, any real saving faith, hope, and love. I am sure I have bitterly repented of sin in times gone by; I am sure I have felt the guilt of it; I am sure I have cried for mercy out of the depths of a broken and contrite spirit; I am sure that the sweet hope that I was a forgiven sinner has borne my spirit up. But O! What a wilderness of gloom, depression, sin, darkness, and sorrow my feet have traversed between then and now! And I daily feel there is not the least hope for my guilty sin-stained soul, but in that almighty mercy which reaches and saves to the uttermost, and delivers from "the lowest hell."

You can give my name to any one who wants to know where the chief of sinners dwells, one that wants more saving than any other sinner. Mr. Hazlerigg sweetly preached of the power of Jesus in saving to the uttermost, and spoke of some who wanted more saving than others; that is, according to their own feelings. I feel I want more saving than the poor wretched crucified thief who turned his dying eyes upon his suffering Lord in love and grief, and received by a faith more precious than gold, the righteousness that made him just. But then, you know, he never sinned as I have. I have sinned against light and knowledge; he did not. So you see what a great deal more saving I want than any other I have read or heard of. Mine is an *uttermost* case; and if saved indeed, it will be scarcely saved. It will be a wonderful display of Almighty mercy, love, and grace, that I, who sometimes am afraid to die, should be found at his right hand.

O this heart! How wretchedly hard it is! We sing, at times:

“How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys to come!”

Again:

“Those feeble desires, these wishes so weak,” &c.

What an almighty work, to quicken and keep alive such a lump of languishing and fainting life, prone to run away, to backslide, to indulge the flesh, to cast dishonour upon our precious Lord! It well becomes us to fall on our face in the dust before him, in submission to his sovereign will, and cry, “Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.” It is a very becoming position, to bow before him with, as it were, the ropes around our necks, acknowledging his perfect right to carry out the sentence against us. But he will never do it against his beloved people, because he has poured out the vials of his tremendous wrath upon the Person of his beloved Son, who, for the joy that was set before him in saving them whom he was not ashamed to call his brethren, notwithstanding all their sins and sorrows, and the knowledge of all that such hearts were capable of doing against him, gave his soul up to the stroke, without a murmuring word.

So, you see, it is indeed the one thing needful to be one with him. Dear H. remarked at Zoar that for his people he opened his blessed mouth, and “drank hell dry.” My heart is a very dry place; and if reading this scribble should seem dry to you, it will be no marvel. But you know the Lord says he will be “as the dew unto Israel.” So if there should be a little dew, you will know whence it comes.

I hope the Lord will help you in maintaining his cause and truth at — disperse the darkness from your mind, encourage your sinking spirit, and bless your soul with a gracious smile. Only one will make amends for all the trials that stand associated with his dear name and truth. All sorrow will soon be left below, and the joy of your Lord will be your everlasting joy.

I am, my dear Friend, Yours in such a Hope as this,

D. P. GLADWIN.

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Dear Friend,—Our friend W. wishes me to write to you and acknowledge the receipt of 10s., which you forwarded to the church by Mr. S. Ae received it duly, and we both thank you for your kind remembrance of us. “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” saith the Lord. And so it is, when we have it in our power, and, at the same time, a heart to give it when a proper opportunity occurs. The wise apostle esteemed the liberality of the Philippians “an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God;” not only well pleasing to Paul, but also to God. And Paul felt assured that, in return, his God would “supply *all* their need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” (Phil. iv. 18, 19.) And I am sure my desire is, if it be the will of God, that you and your partner may be sharers in the same blessings with the Philippians.

I still feel and believe that all true religion which will be of any real good to the soul stands in the *power* of God the Spirit's operations in the heart. I feel the necessity of it in my own soul, and see the truth of it in the Scriptures; and while the greatest body of almost all denominations are content with the letter and the form, I am taught to contend for and desire the Spirit, life, and power of godliness. Sound doctrine, vital experience, and a righteous conduct and conversation becoming the gospel, is my view of gospel truth, however short I may come; and my shortcomings, failings, and sins often shame and grieve me. But the Lord has of late been very good to my soul. I have had some sweet visits from his blessed presence, which have strengthened my hands.

We are not quite comfortable as a church yet. Some do not fill up their places; for which we shall be obliged to visit them. The cause, I suppose, is their own petted, peevish minds. What a mercy it is to be kept like a child in spirit; for, if left to ourselves, what poor creatures we are.

We had Mr. Tryon, from Deeping, preaching for us last Friday evening. He was well received and heard. He came out of the Church of England.

Yours sincerely, in the Truth, JOHN M'KENZIE.  
Preston, Oct. 23rd, 1844.

My dear H.,—When I look at the date of your affectionate and welcome letter, and remember how delighted I felt with it, I am very sorry I have been so long in acknowledging the kindness. I think and talk of you, and anticipate the day when we shall all meet in glory, no more to be separated, either by bodily affliction or by distance.

What a favour to be brought to the foot of the cross, at any period of our lives! Surely we may say,

“Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room?  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come.”

Surely nothing short of the everlasting love of God, fixed on us in the councils of eternity, blessedly opened up in the redemption work of a dear Redeemer, and made known to our hearts by the Holy Ghost, has won our affections. This is set forth by the blessed Spirit in few words: “We love him because he first loved us.”

I am glad your friend has joined the Lord's family, to attend with them on all his appointed means. This is well pleasing in his sight, and very comforting to his poor afflicted saints on earth. While thus writing, it strikes my mind that perhaps you, my dear sister, heave a deep sigh, when contrasting those privileges with your own long confinement. But ever remember what you have known by experience. As the poet sings:

“Where'er they seek thee thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.”

It is better to long for the earthly courts of the Lord and not be able to worship among the saints than to lack inclination. And it is accepted of God according to that a man hath. And what a mercy, what a favour, that we poor worms are accepted in Jesus without any merit of our own! And a still greater favour when we can read our interest in his great salvation.

Your affliction, and that of your dear parents, is often great; and though I am not present with you all in body, yet I assure you, my dear H., I am in spirit, and in sympathetic feelings. And my heart would fain ascend to our heavenly Father and Friend, that he will comfort you all in all your tribulation. And may the dear Lord enable you to remember me when you have access to the King eternal, immortal, and invisible. This is the best way in which we can remember each other. Patience must have her perfect work as well as faith; and while it is written, "No affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous," and this we know to our sorrow, yet it is also said, "*Afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness," &c. And to this I do hope and believe you and I, unworthy though we are, can add our Amen, and say they have all been for the best. This is our sorrowing time. This world is not our rest. As your dear father once said, "It is sown with thorns from end to end." But we are only passengers, and soon shall reach our final home, where all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and we shall sin and sorrow no more. Then let us all cheer up, be patient, and hope to the end. Soon Christ will call us hence away, and take his poor, tried, and weary wanderers home. Then, with those dear saints gone before, we shall sing and praise our dear Saviour and Friend for ever and ever.

My sincere love in the Lord to your dear parents and yourself.

Your affectionate Friend for Jesu's sake,

Hertford, Nov. 28th, 1834.

ANN STURTON.

[Mrs. Sturton's letters often appeared in our earlier volumes, under the head, "A Saint Indeed."] 

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My dear Friend,—John wishes me to write you a line before you go to London, to thank you for your last kind and welcome letters, and to say he does not know where to find the greatest saint, but believes the greatest sinner lives in the old thatched cottage in Sinwell Lane.

Your sermon has been read with pleasure, and I trust with profit. I know for myself what you say about the tongue is true, and I fell under it. I am a living witness that if our wicked hearts and tongues were not subdued, we should live a hell on earth. I have to my sin and shame felt my heart like a boiling pot. O what dreadful work if not kept under! I have had to run up stairs and fall upon my knees alone before God, and beg of him to have mercy upon me, a vile sinner. Keep, dear Lord, the door of my lips. Keep my mouth as with a bridle. The tongue, it is said, no man can tame, but the Lord alone.

Where is now free-will? Why, as you said, "We are down in such a hole that no free-will can raise us up." It is the Lord alone who can do this, and he shall have the glory. If ever my poor soul is saved, it is Christ must be "the way, the truth, and the life."

In your last letter you said, "What a wandering life mine is!" This morning I said to myself, Mr. F. is off to London on Saturday, and it came to my mind that your Lord and Master had a wandering life, for he went from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, and from house to house. And he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." I then followed the dear Lord, in my mind, into Simon's house, and thought of the poor woman who was a sinner getting behind the dear Lord and Saviour with her box of precious ointment, and washing his dear feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head. When I came to this part I was completely done. My heart melted like wax before the fire, and my tears did drop down. O the love I felt to the dear Lord Jesus! I said,

"I no more at Mary wonder,  
Dropping tears upon the grave."

What I have said is through your letter. I could say much more, but my bad hand forbids me; it gets so cold, I am obliged to leave off to get it warm. I hope you will never have a broken bone. My arm is stronger, and I am better in my health through mercy. We know not what a day will bring forth. We shall soon be gone from this earth.

Yours affectionately,

Dec. 15th, 1875.

MARTHA S.

My dearly-beloved Sister in the Lord Jesus, our Lord and our God,—He is fulfilling his holy word to you as well as to me, that in the world we shall have tribulation. I have been much pained and grieved in mind to hear of your affliction, and would most gladly have come and set you free from every pain and weakness if I could. But I have been led to consider that he who lays the affliction upon you has an infinitely greater love to you than I can possibly have; and seeing he does, in very love and faithfulness, afflict you, he will most assuredly, in love and faithfulness, sustain you under it, and make it conduce to your real good, and in the best time and way will bring you out of it to praise him for all through which you have passed.

I thank you much for the letter you sent me when you were yet able to write; and I would have answered it again, but for my old complaint, as recorded by the apostle in Rom. vii. 18. I hope, however, if it is the Lord's most blessed will, that by this time you are so far recovered that you will experience no danger or difficulty in sending a few lines, and I would be satisfied with a few. I should indeed be very glad to see you once more restored, if Jesu's blessed will. I rejoiced to find that the Lord

gave his gracious presence by the way, and enabled you to leave yourself in his hands, and that he has kept you from taking yourself out of his hands from that time up to the present. O for grace still to commit your way unto the Lord, and to trust in in him also, and he will surely bring it to pass! Our times are in his blessed hand, and "death and hell shall do no more than what our Father please." The remembrance of you is precious to me, and you live in my heart, because I believe the Lord Jesus is dear to your soul. Peace, and truth, and love, and all grace be with you; and my love be with you in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

June 22nd, 1858.

JAMES SHORTER.

"TURN UNTO ME, AND HAVE MERCY UPON ME."

Ps. xxv. 16.

TURN unto me; the clouds are gath'ring fast;  
Shelter me, Lord, from threat'ning storm and blast.  
The night grows dark; thy mercy bring to view;  
My troubles swell; O bear me safely through!

Thou *hast been* my defence, my help, and stay;  
I proved thee such e'en early in the way;  
'Twas thy kind hand in mercy held me up,  
When sore distresses mingled in my cup.

The day of trouble came, when seas did meet  
Upon my helpless bark, with tempests fleet;  
I stood alone, no friend on earth to cheer;  
The lion roar'd, "Where is thy God? O where?"

My foes exulted, and my fears ran high;  
But in my trouble, Lord, thou drewest nigh;  
I found in thee a Friend, a Friend indeed,  
Able to save, and kind to meet my need.

I heard thy voice, above the furious sea,  
Say, "In the day of trouble call on me;"  
"This is the day," I cried, "this is the day;  
THOU bidst me call; O do not say me nay!"

Thou heardst my cry, and made thy promise good;  
Thy mercy wrought a pathway through the flood;  
Thy holy arm for me deliv'rance won;  
Yea, thou didst wondrously, and I look'd on.

And though so froward and perverse since then,  
Of in my trouble thou hast turn'd again,  
Heal'd my backslidings, and my soul restored,  
With thy sweet smile, my dying, living Lord.

Yet, as the dark'ning cloud spreads o'er my sky,  
I'm restless if I do not find thee nigh;  
Thoughts of past mercies and thy faithful word  
Are sweet; but let me have thy presence, Lord.

The path I tread lies through a desert vast,  
 Subject to burning heat and wintry blast;  
 Foes, cares, and griefs abound on ev'ry side,  
 And bonds and sore afflictions me abide.

As from this waste I journey to thy rest,  
 I find no sweet repose but on thy breast;  
 No covert have I but thy Name and blood;  
 Thou art my all, thou dearest Lamb of God.

Turn unto me; the clouds are gath'ring fast;  
 Abide with me; life's day will soon be past;  
 Befriend me now, and when the end is nigh,  
 Lord, smile as oft thou hast, and let me die.

Hastings.

THOS. HULL.

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## Obituary.

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DANIEL WILLIAMS.—In April, 1875, Daniel Williams, one of the deacons of the church of Christ, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

He was a native of Wales, the offspring of parents who lived and died in the fear of God. But, as grace does not run in the blood, Daniel was a graceless youth for a considerable time. The set time to favour Zion came, however, and Daniel was stopped, arraigned, tried, and condemned. At length "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" was revealed to his heart, and this freed him from the law of sin and death.

He never had high flights of experience which some have professed, and was often under a load, yet far from gloomy; indeed, he was rather cheerful. He was a man of few words, but very firm. When a conclusion was come to, nothing could move him. This was not stupidity, but well-balanced judgment on the case. He seldom formed a wrong opinion of a person; he might hesitate long, but was generally correct in conclusion. He cared above many for the best interests of the church of Christ, and was very regular in his attendance on all occasions. If business pressed him, it was only a question of rising a little earlier in the morning, to enable him to be at the week evening service.

In prayer he was most solemn; his manner of approaching the Almighty is beyond imitation. None could hear him without being struck with the conviction that the man felt himself to be a worm, and that the Being he ventured to speak to was God Almighty. There are men who go off in prayer like a clever coachman, four-in-hand, resolved not to stop till at the end of a ten-mile stage. Not so brother Williams; but, like another "Daniel," his face was set to seek by prayer and supplication to the "great and dreadful God," and he longed that the Man "Gabriel," whom he had seen by faith at the beginning of his divine life, might touch him at the evening oblation; and when he rose from his knees on certain occasions, some of us have been ready to conclude we never did pray in all our lives. He was slow, and he explained why: "I have to translate," said he. "The thought presents itself in my mother tongue to me; I have to put it into your mother tongue for you, or else we should be barbarians to each other." (1 Cor. xiv. 11.) It is the *thought* that is one before God; *tongues* are among men; but God knows the *heart*.

Our brother had what we in common call a slight stroke about two years before his death. He became more feeble afterwards, articulation began to fail. He sank slowly but certainly, and at length took to his bed,

where he lingered several months; during which time the Lord was very gracious to him. A steady faith supported his heart. There were short intervals of darkness, at times; but as a whole he was highly favoured. There was no pain of body. In this God was good to him. Many portions of God's Word were made sweet to him, and after waiting, longing, and submitting, for he never murmured, it pleased God to remove the soul to join the spirits of just men made perfect, to be for ever with the Lord.

He has left a widow to mourn his absence; but she is one who knows "her Maker is her Husband," and whose name is the Lord of hosts.

Manchester, Jan., 1876.

A. B. T.

FANNY PRINCE.—On Aug. 16th, 1875, aged 46, Fanny Prince, of Abingdon.

The Lord laid eternal realities upon her mind when about 17 years of age, which brought her into distress about her soul, so that she was obliged to get into secret places, and cry to the Lord to have mercy on her. Through sorrow of heart, sadness was depicted on her countenance, which attracted the notice of those who knew her, who wondered what was the matter, as before she was light and trifling. Her former acquaintances were now broken off, and distaste for the pleasures of the world ensued, which soon made her the speckled bird in her own family and in the world.

She sought for some one to whom she could open her mind, but could find none among the church people, with whom she then attended. After a time she joined the General Baptists; but found among them "that it is not all gold that glitters." After she was baptized the Lord deepened the work in her soul, and she felt there was something in religion that she knew not. Her distress was great, with fearful apprehension that hell was her destined place, together with the enemy continually suggesting to her that her case was hopeless. So powerful was his buffeting, that it seemed wherever she went Satan was close to her, telling her to give it up. Her sleep went from her, and she knew not what she was about.

The last day, while in this state of mind, she felt she could not go to bed again till the Lord appeared, her incessant cry being for the Lord to assure her of her interest in his redeeming love. In the midst of this distress, in the dead of the night, for the set time to favour her was come, the Lord Jesus revealed himself to her faith, as the Lamb of God, who took all her sins upon himself. The change was so great that it was like coming from a dark room into open day, it seemed as though the room was full of light with the glory that shone to the vision of faith. Now sin was gone, the devil gone, together with her fear of hell; and her soul was filled with love, so that she blessed and praised the Lord, till nature being exhausted, she fell asleep. One of the promises which flowed into her soul was: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." Another was: "I will be with thee;" with many others. Her meat and drink was to tell of "that dear Saviour she had found" to all she came near. She has told me that she walked for three months from this time in the light of the Lord's countenance.

At this time she was still among the Generals. In the providence of God she was led to Abingdon, when she was invited by a friend to go and hear that dear man of God, John Warburton, who was then supplying at Abingdon. The old gentleman took for his text Jno. ix. 25: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." The sermon was blessed to her soul. He traced out her path from the beginning; and she could see the way the Lord had led her. This was the first gospel sermon she had ever heard; and now she found that which she



had been long seeking for. The place and the people became dear to her, so that with Ruth she said, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." Her connexion with the General Baptists was now at an end, and she joined Mr. Tiptaft's church.

After a time, we became united in the marriage bonds. At the birth of our third child she was brought, to all human appearance, to the verge of the grave; and for a time was left in great darkness, so that every evidence and way-mark was out of sight. Her cries to the Lord to appear were distressing; she felt she could not die unless he did. A friend said, "The Lord has blessed you." She said, "I want him again." The Lord did come very soon after, and blessed her soul, so that though apparently in the arms of death, she sang and talked most blessedly of the love of Christ. It was truly blessed to be an eye-witness, as many can testify who were then present. She then took her farewell of me and the children, after commending us to the care of her heavenly Father. She then closed her eyes for ever, as she and others thought, on the world; but her time was not yet come, much to her disappointment, as she felt so happy, and the Lord Jesus was waiting to receive her.

After a few days she had these words impressed on her mind: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." From that time she began to mend, and was raised up for 12 years. But from this time she was ever after a poor weak woman. From this time the fear of death was taken away; so that she often said that when she came to that place again, although she might not be favoured as before, she knew it would be well.

I come now to the closing scene. She had been a sufferer from repeated attacks of bronchitis for five years. In Nov., 1874, she was seized with another attack. We thought with care and the same treatment as before she would recover. But the Lord had determined otherwise; for that fatal disease consumption had set in, and was fast bringing her tabernacle down. During the former part of her illness, she felt dead and dark, and longed for another token from the Lord; when he spoke to her heart these words of the poet:

" 'Tis well while life shall last,  
And well when call'd to die."

She felt for a few hours her soul was like a watered garden; there was everything in them she could need. As she lingered on, she felt she could not give me and the children up as she did 12 years before; and it was only a few weeks before her death that all natural ties were severed. During her illness she would often say, "I should like the Lord to give me another token; but if he sees fit to withhold, I can bless him for what he *has* done. He is a sovereign, and does as he will. I have been blessed in life beyond many. I know it will be well.

" Though with no sweet enjoyment bless'd,  
The covenant stands the same."

Twelve years ago I had to sink very low before the blessing came; but even now I am not in despair, nor high on the mount.

" How can I sink with such a prop  
As holds the world and all things up?"

I cannot sink lower than the grave." On another occasion she said, "My tabernacle is coming down fast;" and then added, "None too fast."

After a trying day she said, "I have had a bad day; yet a good one, for I am getting nearer the end. Dear Lord, how long? Give me patience to wait my appointed time." When something was given her to drink, she said, "My Lord had vinegar and gall. My sufferings are nothing to his."

Some friends coming in, she said, "You are all dear to me; but I have one dearer than you," meaning Christ. At another time she said, "My religion has not deceived me. God gave it me; it will do to die with."

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

Here I rest,—not on my experience, nor on my feelings; on nothing but Christ; a great sinner saved by grace; all of grace."

On the Tuesday before she died, she was taken much worse. She said, "I shall soon be landed;" and tried to sing the hymn, but could not. It was the language of her soul. When she saw me weeping, she said, "You should rejoice that I am going home." On Saturday, Aug. 14th, we thought she was dying. She said, "This is death." Her countenance then brightened, and she exclaimed, "O lovely death! Welcome death! The Lord has done great things for me. Blessed Jesus, come and fetch me." She presently added, "He is come. There he is, waiting for me."

After this she revived a little; but her sufferings, from weakness and labour for breath, were distressing. On Sunday, at 5 p.m., she became composed, and kept dozing till about 8, when the cold hand of death was upon her. I said, "You are dying now." She said, "That's good. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

When nearer the end, I said, "Are you sensible?" She said, "Yes." I then said, "You are in the river of death now. How do you feel? On the Rock?" She said, "Yes, yes, yes." I said, "Then there is no terror." She said, "O no! Perfect peace; no sting." She then sank rapidly, and died without a struggle.

I may say of her, she was one of those few who are outspoken, and who thought and acted for herself, without being led by others. She was a woman of few words.

G. PRINCE.

JOHN SMITH.—On Oct. 28th, 1875, in his 91st year, John Smith, of Ludgershall, Wilts.

It is about 32 years since I first became acquainted with him, when I for the first time stood in the pulpit there. He has been a most faithful servant to his earthly employers, and also in his devotedness to the service of God. We may look at John as one among the chosen of God mentioned by Paul in 1 Cor. i. 26-28: "Things that are despised hath God chosen." And John *was* despised by his cruel mother, who absconded, leaving her babe to the mercy of the parish. He was taken to the work-house in Andover, where he was kept until old enough to work, when he was taken out by a Mr. T., and employed on his farm during his stay there. His sufferings were great; but the Lord was taking care of him. Poor lad, without father or mother to pity or care, he used to take off his wet clothes, putting them on his bed, sleeping under them, wet as they were, get up, and put them on again, and let them dry on his back, and face the cold, snow, or rain, as the case might be. But John being "preserved in Jesus Christ," there was nothing could destroy him; for what would have been certain death to some did not prove so to him.

"Plagues and death around me fly;  
Till he bid I cannot die."

After a while he entered the service of a Mr. C., in Wiltshire, as odd man; who afterwards came to the Castle Farm, in Ludgershall. Such was the good conduct of John, that he laboured for that family as long as he was able.

John was now growing up a strong active young man, but knew nothing of the grace of God, until the Lord in mercy put a desire in his

heart to attend the preaching of Mr. Walcot, which was made "the power of God unto salvation." John attended there for a few months. It was then made manifest that the Holy Spirit had begun a work in his heart. He saw and felt the burden of his sins. He could not read, yet he longed to be able to read God's Word for himself. His wife, at his request, taught him his letters, to spell, and to read, until he was able to read the Word of God for himself. His desire was so great, that it was his soul's delightful employ.

In two or three years he began to give out hymns at the prayer-meetings; and, according to a published letter by Mr. Walcot, which I have, John was one of the most faithful and prayerful souls he could meet with. He was led to see that believers' baptism was taught in his Bible, and expressed to Mr. W. that he could see that to be a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, he must be buried by being immersed in water in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This was strongly objected to by his wife, who threatened that if he did, she would be present, and push both him and the parson into the water together. But her courage failed; for, after all, she could not lift a hand, although she had placed herself close to the water's edge. From that time, John was never again teased by anything of that kind at home. This took place on Feb. 6th, 1820.

On Nov. 28th, 1826, he was chosen a deacon, faithfully fulfilling his office as long as he was able. He was very firm, as far as the Lord had led him, in the glorious doctrines of the gospel. His knowledge was "according to the measure of the gift of Christ;" and beyond this he could not go. The cause of God at Ludgershall was very dear to him. He was greatly delighted to hear the Lord Jesus exalted, and was very bold against Arminianism.

Within this last year or two his sight failed, so that he could not be entrusted with many things; but he was happy and cheerful. He began to sink, and took to his bed. I visited the dear old man, and found him peaceful and happy. Our friends called upon him, and all felt pleased to find him so resigned. He said to a dear friend, "Give my love to Mr. P. Tell him I am only waiting." Soon after this, I called on him. I said, "Then you are only waiting?" "Only waiting," was his quick reply. I said, "How many years is it since the Lord called you?" "Fifty years." "How many faults have you to find against the Lord during all this time?" He said, "None at all; none at all." In this sweet frame of mind he found that promise, Isa. xxvi. 3, made good in his precious soul.

On Oct. 28th his ransomed soul passed away to be for ever with the Lord. On the following Sabbath, he was carried to the grave provided for him in Ludgershall churchyard, followed there by a number of villagers and friends, who sang,

"Sons of God by blest adoption," &c.

This closed the solemn scene, the burial of one poor in this world, but rich in faith, and an heir of glory. A stone is placed, by the kindness of a friend, as a token of Christian love, to mark the spot where his ashes lie until the resurrection of the just.

He knew no relations on earth beyond his own children. They can remember his tales of the hardships that he went through after leaving the union. On inquiry I have found it true. I think, by comparing dates, that the old man had been called by grace nearly 60 years instead of 50, as the reader may observe on reading the foregoing account. I was sorry I could not be at his burial, as I was at Enford on that day. We miss the dear old man very much; but our loss is his eternal gain.

Shipton, Hants.

R. MOWER.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1876.

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

## NO CONDEMNATION.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT BETHEL CHAPEL, RYE, DEC. 22,  
1872, BY THE LATE MR. BUGG.

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—ROM. VIII. 1.

I was noticing a little this morning how this portion of God's truth opens with *no condemnation*, and closes with *no separation*. O! What two solemn points! These are the two poles God has fixed, reaching from eternity to eternity.

In the first place, "There is, therefore, *now* no condemnation." What! At this present time? Yes, at this time, and in this imperfect state. As I was lying in bed one night, I fell into a dream, and my dream was this: I was preaching, and my text was, "As he is, so are we in this world." I preached to such an extent that my partner was obliged to awake me. I told her my text; and she said, "That's just what you preached." I said, "And it is that which God has preached to my soul." I love to have a religion which stands in the Word of God. Who can descend or ascend to the depth or height of that blessed "Now?" What! While we feel such monsters? Yes; for there is "no condemnation."

I was speaking principally this morning of those who are in Christ. Out of Christ there is no salvation. In him there is no death, no condemnation, no damnation. If the Spirit has given thee a proof or a well-grounded hope that thou art in Christ, thou standest in this position, although thou mayst condemn thyself for many things, and to such an extent that thou mayst be constrained to say, "Never was there such a monster. Surely, if the Lord take me to heaven, I shall sing of free grace beyond all the rest."

There is no condemnation from the law, for it is magnified and made honourable. A man who fears God was telling me that he heard another make an assertion which made him tremble. It was this: "God does not love you for your obedience, or anything in you; nor does he love you for the obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ." These words came into his mind: "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honourable;" and he was

obliged to tell the man he was a false man. His was an assertion which has no foundation in the soul that has been taught what sin is.

The Father laid upon Christ all the condemnation. Justice could make no more demand; but says, "I have all I require. I am satisfied with the death of God's dear Son,—completely satisfied." And I have seen (I wish to speak for the comfort of any anxious mind), and I hope it has been when I have been before the Lord with a broken heart and humbled mind,—I have seen such a beauty in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and such glory in the honour he gave to law and justice, that I have said, God the Father may well say he was well pleased. I know the justice of God will be manifested in the punishment of the wicked; but this will not come up to its manifestation in Jesus Christ.

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation." O! How great the truth of God is! And how the Holy Ghost must spiritualize our minds to receive it! Many say they cannot believe it. I do not wonder at that; for my life is incomprehensible altogether. And these mysteries by which I live can never be comprehended by me; yet I hope I have been not only brought to acknowledge them, but receive them.

"No condemnation." What would the poor soul say to this, who at the present is at the backside of Sinai, looking, perhaps, and squinting to get some little relief? But when brought to Zion, there is nothing but grace inconceivable; yea, I know I must die to get deeper into its dimensions than I have done.

I must notice next that they who are in Christ Jesus are said not to walk after the flesh. If the Lord the Spirit has given to you and me a well-grounded hope through everlasting mercy that we are in Christ Jesus, then Christ is our Life and our Living. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." Now, if the Lord the Spirit, as I drop the word, were pleased to take away the veil, we should see that, if in Christ, the Holy Ghost, having quickened our souls, has formed Christ in our hearts the Life of our souls, the Glory of our life, and all our beauty and excellence for time and eternity.

When death comes I do not expect to change my religion. I believe death will only take me away, and carry me into full possession of what I now know in part. In my daily life, the greatest proof I have that I am in Christ is that, though a sinner, Christ is my Life. "If Christ be in you, the body is dead." You may well complain of a body of sin and death, if God has set up Christ in your hearts. You are a dead man in yourself; and all that proceeds from yourself is death. Christ is your Life; and the motions of Christ in your soul produce love, when the Holy Ghost is pleased to exhibit Christ, and move sweetly upon your spirit, so that you can feel Christ is in

you, and that you are not a reprobate or a hypocrite. And as your life, he is all your comfort and peace. And communion with him is your feasting-time; and when you can feel in him, and can enjoy fellowship with him, then all besides is death. I trust I have known these things for forty years; and yet how little do I enjoy! But this I know; as soon as the Holy Ghost is pleased to endear Christ, my spirit is alive and full of activity.

“Who walk not after the flesh;” there is the negative. “But after the Spirit;” that is the positive. I hope I know a little about this point. I believe the Lord is making an appeal to the bent of the spiritual mind. The child of God is not all spirit. There is the flesh as well as the spirit; and these are contrary the one to the other. Nor am I going to say the child of God is always under the influence of the Spirit. But I make an appeal to the spiritual mind, and likewise to the practice of the spiritual man, and I ask this question: When is it that the child of God enjoys communion with the Lord? Is it when he is walking according to the flesh, as there are times when he does; or is it when, through the influence of the Holy Ghost, he is walking after the Spirit? I think the answer would soon be returned from an exercised soul, “When left to walk according to the flesh, there is no comfort.” True; the flesh may seek its own gratification; but my soul seeks for satisfaction. And that I can find only when enabled through grace to walk after the Spirit. Then it is that the comforts of the gospel are in some measure known. But, perhaps, the complaint might arise that this is not very often the case. Some tell us the children of God cannot walk after the flesh. In that case they must be all spirit.

But the fleshly part is not dead; nothing but death will put an end to the fleshly mind. Besides, where can we look among the witnesses for God, and those saints of whom God has given the brightest testimony in his Word, and see that they did not sometimes walk after the flesh? David, a man after God’s own heart, did he never walk after the flesh? Was he always walking after the Spirit? But what state did the poor man get into when he was left to walk after the flesh? He got benumbed. Sin is of a hardening nature; and David got into a state of insensibility, and had no feeling of what he had done, until reproved by Nathan the prophet.

Last week I visited a young woman who has become united to one who fears not God. Before she entered the married state, she opened the case to me. I said, “Can you tell me that there is life in your friend?” She said, “I do not see it.” I felt constrained to tell her the result; but she is now as unconscious as though she had never done it. O! What a benumbing thing sin is! The going away of the child of God is his own; but his coming back is of God. I may be condemned by hypocrites for thus dealing; but I would rather offend the whole universe than

my God. See in the cases of Jonah and Peter, and of almost every one recorded in the Word, what the result was when God left them to walk after the flesh. There is no sensibility of what has been done, no cry to God for pardon, or acknowledging the sin before God with humility. I know I am about to leave this stage of time; and I wish to leave a blameless character as touching every branch of truth.

But the time at length came when God made David feel what he had done; and O! What that dear man had to undergo! To flesh and blood sin has something very sweet; but to the heaven-born soul it shall, in the end, be found bitter as wormwood and gall. It darkens his evidences, deadens his faith, bewilders his soul, and brings him where he can only sigh, "My leanness! My leanness! Woe unto me!"

"But," says one, "God sees no sin in his people." What a mercy! But, if you say God does not *correct* his people, you say contrary to the experience of every godly man or woman who ever lived. It is their everlasting mercy that God will not cut them asunder, that he will never give them up. But while they are partaking of the wormwood and gall, do they have the enjoyment of this blessed truth in their souls?

Some speak as if sin were of a very harmless nature, as if the child of God had no body of sin and death. But this is a grand mistake. They will find it out some day. In order to place the thing on a right foundation, I must keep to that which the Lord has laid down: "Who walk not after the flesh."

There is not only "no condemnation" from law and justice, but also none in our own consciences. I have ever found, blessed be his dear name, that when the Lord has favoured my soul with humbling grace I have no guilt to terrify me and nothing to rattle the mind; and I could say with the disciples, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." And dear Watts might well say:

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

Here the voice of the Holy Ghost, producing blessed humility, is heard within.

"But after the Spirit." It is not the life of a child of God to be dabbling about in the things of the flesh. The Lord allows him sometimes to walk after the flesh, that he may know his own foolishness. I lived many years before I knew my sole dependence on the Lord. I was a stranger to my weak parts; and sometimes, when favoured a little, I was ready to conclude I should never more be foiled. But O! I have found it very different, and have proved that I have no strength of myself to stand. If the Lord the Spirit does not keep by me, my heart and soul are after something else.

When God favours, no charge from conscience can take place. I have had enough of this to prize it, and to know that it is

heaven to live above myself and all carnal objects, and to feel what it is to be set apart for God's honour and glory.

"But after the Spirit." There are times when (yea, I take it as a standing evidence whereby to try the child of God) the desire of the mind and soul is that he would favour him to walk after the Spirit. And O! What petitions go up to Almighty God on this account! Why? Because his peace of mind, his happiness, consist in it. And he gives glory to the God of his salvation while he has the answer of a good conscience. Holiness is the element of the heaven-born soul. It is by the favour of God that there are times when the old man is crucified, every limb of him; when sin and the world cannot intrude; when he takes away the heart from all terrestrial things, and endears himself, and the soul is wrapped up in his everlasting love. This is walking after the Spirit, and under his influence.

But I speak more particularly of the bent of the mind. "With the mind I myself serve the law of God." And with the mind the child of God desires to walk under the influence of the Spirit of God. If a man say he is spiritually-minded, and yet does not know what it is to be crucified to the world, and to be favoured to walk after the Spirit, I say that man's religion is vain. O my soul, if thou canst not bear this scrutiny, it is because thou art found wanting when put into the balance of the sanctuary.

It is no small matter to be made right for eternity. What proof have you and I that we have received the Spirit of the Lord, if we have no love to him or his ways, or desire to be found following him, not, as I have often done, a thousand miles off, but in soul nearness, in all the travail he went through here below?

"But," says one, "you leave me behind, because I find these times are so rare." That is the complaint of a living soul. You do not hear the dead complain so; it is to the living that these things become lamentable. Yet they do know some moments when they can sit at the Lord's feet, and their hearts go out after him, and they are wrapped up in the glory that descends from God into their souls. And when left to walk after the flesh, sooner or later they reap the fruits of it. My backslidings have been many; and my mind has been captivated, so that I have escaped only by the skin of my teeth. The child of God knows how he is led to place the crown on the Lord's head with eternal rejoicing. Amen.

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CREATURE comforts are only accommodated comforts to this animal life we now live, but shortly there will be no need of them; for *God will be all in all*; that is, all the saints shall be abundantly satisfied in and with God alone. As there is water enough in one sea to fill all the rivers, lakes, and springs in the world; and light enough in one sun to enlighten all the inhabitants of the world; so there is enough in one God eternally to fill and satisfy all the blessed souls in heaven, without the addition of any creature comfort.—*Flavel*.



## CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Sir,—I address you as the organ of your Committee; and, not knowing your address, have directed this for you at Mr. C.'s.

I by no means wish to dictate to my Christian brethren at Conway Street. The matter having been started, and the question asked, "How a church of Christ might assemble when there was no stated minister," it appeared plain to me from the Word of God that the ordinance of the Lord's supper was kept by Christian men and women as the token of the dying love of their Lord and Saviour. For, as Titus was to set certain things in order in every city where they had gone preaching the word, it cannot be supposed that Titus could be the stated minister in every place; and we find in Acts ii. 46, that the disciples continued in the temple with one accord, and breaking of bread from house to house. It therefore doth appear, as the apostle Paul sent his Christian salutation to the church in the house of Nymphas, &c. &c., that in these houses of Christian friends they met for the worship of God and the administering of the ordinance of the Lord's supper. Although such a practice might appear novel in our days, yet it was the practice of the apostles and disciples of Christ in those days.

Another reason for my writing the former letter, not being ignorant of Satan's devices, who from age to age has endeavoured to sow discord amongst brethren, was, if it had been the will of God, that it might have been a means of preventing a breach amongst brethren; and not with any intent that you should be under any restraint in the choice of your future minister. And permit me, my brethren, candidly to inform you that, although I am willing to assist you with my occasional labours, *I never had, nor do I intend*, whilst God is pleased to own my labours in this place, any thought of leaving my present charge, although such idle rumours have reached my ears.

My advice to many old friends, whom I have known for nearly 30 years, has been "'Stand still, and see the salvation of God,' and be not too hasty."

I have many Baptist friends, whom I love for Christ's sake, although I cannot agree with them to shut out a real saint from communion, because of a difference respecting water-baptism. Baptist friends sit down with us.

And now, my brethren, excuse me thus plainly stating my sentiments. My soul's desire and prayer is for the peace and prosperity of God's real church and people; and I desire to know nothing amongst men but Christ and him crucified. That you and I, my Christian brethren, may enjoy more of the love of God our Saviour, is the prayer of

Your Brother in Christ, and Servant for his Sake,  
Welwyn, Feb. 21st, 1820.

THOS. OXENHAM.

P.S.—I have been informed that you have laid the foundation of your intended place of worship. May God prosper the work

in your hands; and may it be a Bethel to the souls of many.  
Farewell.

To Mr. Gell.

[Mr. Oxenham built a chapel at Welwyn, in which he preached for a number of years. He left it in his will as a place of truth for ever. One of his sons (auctioneer, late of Oxford Street, London) told us the place was unoccupied, and they could not sell it.]

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"SIR, WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

Go forth, ye heralds of the Lamb!

Proclaim salvation in his Name;

And to a lost and guilty race

Display the riches of his grace.

Lift high upon the gospel pole

The Healer of the sin-sick soul,

Whose sovereign word alone can give

The sinner power to "look and live."

"None other Name" can charm the ear

Of him who feels destruction near;

No other arm has power to save,

Or break the fetters of the slave.

Spread forth upon the gospel board

The sufferings of your dying Lord,

Till hungry souls are well sufficed

In feeding on a precious Christ.

Tell of his last tremendous hour;

Assert his resurrection power;

And, when your hearts are drawn above,

Sing of his interceding love.

When once this sinful earth he trod,

The weary Man, the Mighty God,

Oft, with his loved disciples, he

Resorted to Gethsemane.

O that each heaven-sent messenger

Were oftener with his Master there!

Concord, and peace, and union sweet,

Shed all their spices at his feet.

The north wind burst on Christ below;

Come, O thou south, and on us blow!

That all his servants may proclaim

The sweetest savour of his Name.

June 7th, 1875.

W. W.

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THE new creation is the restoration of the soul to God from its apostasy; a casting down those rebellious principles which contended with him, and reducing the affections to the right centre. And when all the lines meet here in one centre,—in God, all the returns flow to him from this affection,—*Charnock*.

THE ADVENTURES, TRAVELS, NARROW ESCAPES,  
AND MARVELLOUS DELIVERANCES, WITH  
THE CONVERSION OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*(Continued from page 76.)*

IN July, 1808, as our ship was again lying in the English harbour at Antigua, I happened to fall into disgrace again. The action and expression I was guilty of are too base to express here, nor can such filthy conversation come out of my mouth. But it caused the officers of the ship, with my friend the sailing master, although he had made his will to me on two occasions when going into action, to determine that my person should know three dozen lashes the next morning for my breakfast. But their design was to be frustrated, and I was not to be rewarded according to my deserts; for it happened at daylight the next morning that I was wanted to go on shore in a boat. The inquiry was put to the first lieutenant about me, and I heard him say I should have my breakfast when I came back. Mind, at that time I thought I could sooner be shot or die in any way than be flogged. Therefore it came into my mind that if I must die I might as well die for a sheep as a lamb. Accordingly, I went to my box and took all the money I had. I also went to my friend's cabin, as it was his morning watch upon deck, and put my hand into a bag of gold, and took therefrom several doubloons, or large pieces of Spanish gold coin of three pounds twelve shillings each. I put it all into my pocket, went on shore, turned my back to the ship, bid my boat-companions good-bye, and never saw them again. I ran and walked all day right across the island; and, after being stopped several times on my way, and once by a gang of slaves belonging to Codrington, and making my escape again by means of making a false report, I arrived at the harbour of St. John's, another seaport town, the same evening; and, with the advice and assistance of a poor black boy who had more sense than myself, I changed my dress and got lodgings in a black man's house. The man agreed to get me a ship, and I was to pay him a dollar a day for my board and lodging. But the next day our ship had sent an officer and boat's crew round by water after me. They searched the town and offered 20 dols. for my person, as a reward to any person who should find me. The black man came into the room where he had me locked up, and told me what was offered. I replied that I had plenty of money, and that if he would keep true I would give him 30 dols. Accordingly, I was kept shut up for five days and nights, until our ship had left the island. And then—awful to think of! My baseness, my depravity and ungratefulness! I was continually rendering evil for good. I had robbed my friend on board the ship, who had twice saved me from flogging, twice made to me his will, and hundreds of times been kind to me; and now again I must slip away and rob the poor

black man, not only of his 80 dols, but of his dollar a day for my board and lodging. I basely made my escape out of his house on the evening of the fifth day, and got on board of a Scotch merchant-ship bound for Port Glasgow in Scotland. She was called the *Lord Melville*. On going out of harbour this ship was searched by the pressgang for deserters; but I had changed my name and appearance, and was called Charles White, the name of an apprentice the Captain had left at home sick. We sailed from thence to Tertonla (?), and from thence, with nearly 300 other vessels, under the convoy of the *Romulus* (?), 74 guns, and several other smaller men-of-war, on the 1st of August, 1808; and, after experiencing a heavy gale of wind, which dispersed our fleet, and three times narrowly escaping being pressed, I arrived and landed at Port Glasgow in October. Thus, it was not for my goodness that I was these many times, though summed up in one, the thirteenth instance, kept by the power of God.

I stayed in Port Glasgow till I had spent all my ill-gotten money, and then set out and walked thence through Scotland to Carlisle. But here again I must tell how I left Port Glasgow, and what was the result of that day's experience. As I lodged in an inn, it may be supposed I soon spent all the money I had; ay, and run deeply into debt into the bargain. The last night I spent in that town was a Saturday, and, according to a purpose fixed between myself and the devil, I awoke about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, tied up my clothes in a bundle, and also three bottles of rum I had stolen from the ship. It happened that some of the bedrooms were on the ground floor, and the landlady, who was a widow, slept in one of them; and as I was coming from my bedroom through the taproom in the dark, with my bundle in one hand and a stick in the other, it was suggested to my mind that there was a watch kept over the chimney-piece among the candlesticks, and I believe, if I mistake not, I heard it ticking, and I went groping after it in the dark. But I made a noise among the candlesticks, which awoke the mistress of the house. She calling and asking who or what it was, I answered and said that I wanted to find the back door. I got out, fastened the door, and made my escape, leaving my intended prey behind me. But why was it providential mercy and restraining grace prevented me from committing an act that might have hanged me? And I was even in this dreadful instance, for the fourteenth time, kept by the power of God.

But I must bring you to one other scene that I had to experience that same Sunday evening in Scotland, which did at that time, although so vile in practice, make me very much ashamed of myself; and even now I am often put to the blush when I think of the solemnity of that evening. It happened to me, after walking between thirty and forty miles, and passing through the great city of Glasgow and other towns leading towards Edinburgh, that I came about 8 o'clock in the evening to a turnpike-

gatehouse on a wide common. I asked the keeper how far to the next town. He said eight or ten miles. I was so completely tired that I could hardly put one foot before the other; but, being answered roughly at the pike, was obliged to go on. It became very dark, and also very cold. In great pain and distress I went creeping along the highway. At last I saw at a great distance a small faint light on my right hand far across the common. I turned out of the highway to endeavour, if possible, to get to it. At length, after great difficulty, sometimes getting into deep hollows and missing the light, and sometimes upon little hills and finding it again, I came to a low thatched house, with a small window in the side of it, from which proceeded the light; and also a door. I stood under the latter and listened, and I heard the voice of a man, as it were, singing a song. I was led to consider whether I should venture to knock, or wander all night upon the mountain. At last I was brought to resolve on the former, which I did, but trembling. A damsel about eighteen years old came to the door with a light in her hand, and unto her I made my request known. I was admitted, and was welcomed by an old man and woman and another damsel, which made four besides myself. They were seated on low stools round a peat fire with a large iron pot over it, and I was placed in one of the corners of the fireplace. I was rather surprised at first, and I was led to consider for a few moments the solemnity, homeliness, and order of the family. There seemed to be a peace and contentment settled in their countenances that is rarely to be seen in a whole family; yea, it was such a sight that a devil could not have beheld without being struck with surprise and solemn awe for a moment or two. After several questions from the family and a great many lies from me, the old man began to finish what I thought was a song which I heard when I was outside; and to my surprise it was a mode he had of reading the Bible. He opened the Bible at the same place he had shut it up at, and went on for some time, raising and lowering his voice like song-singing in this country, according as he found the weightiness or importance of the word impress his mind; and when he had finished reading and was shutting up his Bible, the old man said, "Let us pray;" upon which they all knelt down, and, putting their hands and faces upon the stools where they had before sat, there was a pause or silence for about half a minute. Then the old man fetched a deep sigh and began praying; not with a book, nor, so far as I can remember, did he use a form of words, but, as it seemed to me, according to the feelings of his mind. But, being a custom or exercise that I never knew anything about, nor ever saw the like before, I sat still in the fire corner. At length I began to feel ashamed within myself; and my conduct in the morning at the public-house flashed across my mind. Conviction and confusion wrought upon me in such a manner that at last I knelt down myself; but that made the confusion in me still worse; for just as I knelt

down the old man had made an end of praying, and they all got up; and, as I have many times said in jest, I now repeat in shame and sorrow, that I knelt down just in time to get up with the rest. (See Ezek. xvi. 61-63.)

O Lord my God, when thy judgments and fiery indignation, and the vials of thy wrath, are poured out upon the earth, remember mercy for this family and the family which thou hast given me; for when I was a rebel against thee, a stranger on the mountains of Scotland and benighted, this family, with much sympathy and kindness, took me in, fed me, and lodged me; and in the morning sent me away rejoicing and full. O Lord, may I and my family never forget our obligation to thee, and never neglect to do likewise, for Jesus Christ's sake. Ah! Though I deserved not such favour, yet families have entertained angels in this way unawares in times past; and a blessing has rested upon them. One Manoah once entertained a stranger, and knew not that it was an angel of the Lord; but afterwards the stranger did wonders, and left a blessing behind. "Then Manoah knew that he was an angel of the Lord." (Judg. xiii. 21. See also Gen. xix. 1; xviii. 2.) Ah! Ye careless about the poor and strangers; ye who are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; ye who to all appearance have got your good things in this world, in this your lifetime; how blessed it would be if it was our happy experience, instead of being annoyed at the knocking of the poor at our doors, and instead of haling the hungry stranger to prison for begging a morsel of bread, if we were following the example of Abraham, waiting,—mark the word, *waiting!* to entertain strangers, we should find much more solid happiness; for true hospitality often brings God near to those who are exercised therewith, because it is done for his sake. Therefore he the Lord will own it, and in our blessing others we shall be blessed of our God. (Prov. xi. 24-28, 31.)

Kept by the power of God unto salvation!

Passing from Port Glasgow through Carlisle and the north-west of England towards Stroudwater, I came to a town called Chorley, in Lancashire; and what I experienced there will prove again that I was kept by the power of God. When I arrived at Chorley, after a long and rainy day's walk, I stopped at an inn, where coaches put up; and, having no money, I begged of a man to let me sleep in a hay-loft; but, owing to my being wet and cold, I could not go to sleep. I had not been wrapped up in the hay long when a man came up in the dark to feed the horses; and, not knowing that I was there, he thrust the hay-fork into the hay close by my head. I cried out "O Lord!" and the man, frightened, cried out, "What the——is here?" He told me to remain still while he got a lantern; and when he saw me he began crying, and thought I was his son, as he had a son that went to sea; and, although he had got a letter to prove that his son was killed in Nelson's action, he could not be reconciled without taking me home to his wife. They both cried over me. Then

they set to and cleaned me, and fed me, and put me to bed, and kept me all the next day; and at evening they passed me on my way full and rejoicing. Mark again, my dear reader, how, notwithstanding my awful conduct and deserts, I was kept by the power of God.

I arrived at Cheltenham in April, 1809, and laboured for Mr. Henry Thompson two years. And now I am, by the goodness of the Lord, brought to look back to a certain circumstance that transpired in my experience during that two years. I stand astonished when I see into what lengths Satan and my depraved nature would have led me, had it not been that I was kept by the power of God unto salvation; and I cannot help relating this very striking circumstance on purpose to show the Lord's fixed determination not to suffer his own people to do violence to themselves by transgressing against the laws of the country, to the forfeiture of their mortal lives.

It happened some time in 1811, though I cannot now tell what month, that I lodged in a house in Cheltenham called the Sadler's Wells, in St. George's Street; and a certain woman, a Mrs. Seward, died in the house. She was a widow woman, and had a great and very profligate family. Most of the inhabitants of Cheltenham knew them, for they kept a playhouse. When the old woman was dead, she was laid out upon a great chest or box on the second floor; and in this chest or box were deposited several hundred guineas in gold, to be parted among the family at her burial. Now, as myself and another man named John Hall lodged in the house, we were employed by the family to sit up all night to watch the corpse and to guard the house. We had a fire in the room below, with plenty of beer and eatables, and were paid half a crown each besides. About midnight we purposed to ourselves to go upstairs and view the corpse, and to see if it was all right; and at the same time we had agreed with ourselves and the devil to shift, if possible, the dead body off the box, or chest, and open the same. We accordingly took the candle and went upstairs; and when we were upon the landing, and just upon my lifting my hand up to the latch of the door,—which implies that I was the foremost, or the most bold and presumptuous, to our dreadful astonishment and dismay, the lock of the door of the chamber where the corpse lay, flew with a loud noise backwards and forwards, just as though somebody had turned the key with a vengeance. We looked at each other; our hearts smote us; we turned pale in the face; our knees trembled; and we hardly knew how we got down again to the room below. We shut to the door where we were, got close to the fire, and we seemed to be afraid even to look at each other. We had not sat still long before, to our great surprise and dismay, the latch of the door of the room we were in clacked up, and the door came open very slowly. We looked round with awful expectation of seeing the devil or the ghost of the dead woman come in upon us; but we saw nothing. I got up trembling from

my seat, and shut to the door again; and I was very particular in making fast the latch. I sat down by my companion again; and in about a quarter of an hour the door opened again in like manner as before; but we saw nothing. We, full of fear and trembling, waited till the morning; and as the daylight appeared our fears disappeared; and nothing remained as the effects of the night's experience upon our minds except a something to laugh at. I did not know then that it was the Lord's goodness that restrained me and saved our necks, or that I was kept by the power of God this sixteenth time.

Myself and John Hall, in a little time after this, went to sea together, to do business in deep waters. We were separated from each other at Plymouth. Myself came back to Cheltenham in two years afterwards, after experiencing a great many hardships and trials of which I shall speak presently. John Hall also returned in about seven years, and is since transported from this his native country to Van Dieman's Land, for following the same bad conduct.

But, blessings on the name of the Lord, I am still here, a striking monument, to acknowledge God's discriminating and sparing mercy. And this also proves that I was kept by the power of God unto salvation.

In March, 1812, I found myself on board the *Enchantress*, press-ship, at Bristol. In her about eighty of us joined in a mutiny to get on shore; but our plan was frustrated by one of the party giving information of the plot, by which means bloodshed and death were prevented. From her we were transported to Plymouth, to go on board the *San Salvador del Mundo*, 112 guns, then guardship. I remained on board of her nearly twelve months, when, for smuggling rum on board, I was sent on board the *Iphigeria* (?) frigate. We sailed to Portsmouth, received some pay at the dockyard, and then sailed to Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. Then we sailed from thence to Cadiz, in Spain, which city was then besieged or bombarded by the French, commanded by Marshal Soult. From this ship I was sent on board the *Revenge*, 74 guns, Admiral Legge. After staying on board of her about a month, I was sent on board the *Marlborough*, 74 guns, Admiral Cochrane (?). From her, after about 12 days, I was sent on board a gunboat; that is, a small vessel with two large cannon and about 14 men. I was in Cadiz Bay about three months on board the vessels mentioned, and was employed between two fires; that is, the French army and the English and Spanish armies. During the time of the siege, that piece of ordnance that is fixed on a dragon in St. James's Park, in London, called a mortar, did continually open his mouth every four hours, to tell us, by sending his ponderous shell, what time it was, both night and day; but, notwithstanding the rage of it, and hundreds more of the same kind, I myself was kept by the power of God.

I intended to desert from this vessel by swimming; and accordingly, one day, having liberty to bathe in the water, I tried



my powers in swimming, on purpose to see how far I could go; but when I came back to the side of the vessel, in making a grasp at a rope I missed my hold, and down I went like a stone. I opened my eyes, and beheld all the vessels in the harbour far above my head. As I was going down, "Ah!" thought I, "It is all over with me." At last I was obliged to open my mouth, and then I experienced all the dreadful horrors of drowning. The waters roared like thunder, and seemed to rush into my body at every aperture. Feeling, I suppose, something like the agonies of death, I made a mighty struggle; and my soul at that moment seemed to make a cry for mercy unto God, though I knew not the Lord. I became senseless when my body took in the waters, and then I must immediately have come up again; for I found myself dragged in upon the deck, vomiting water.

Thus was the hand of the Lord stretched out again for my deliverance; and I was the eighteenth time kept by the power of God.

This circumstance prevented my intention of swimming away; but it happened in a few days after that myself and two more had an opportunity of making our escape. We were a part of a party of 12 men, who were landed at Cadiz for some purpose not known to us. The officer suffered us for a few minutes to go into an inn to have a dollar's worth of wine; and while the others were drinking of it, myself and the other two slipped out. We got among the crowd, passed through the city to the other side; then we took a Spanish boat at 5 dols., and went right across the bay, and landed at St. Mary's, where the French had lately retreated from. We walked through Spain and part of Portugal; but, not having passports, we were obliged to experience many dangers, distresses, and difficulties, as in the course of ten days we were in six prisons and two guardhouses. At length we came to the city of Faro; and the same evening we found ourselves on board a two-topsail schooner loaded with oranges and bound for London.

Nineteenth instance, I must subscribe and say I was kept by the power of God.

*(To be continued.)*

**HOW MAY WE KNOW IN WHAT WAY WE OUGHT TO ACT IN VARIOUS CASES? AND HOW MAY WE JUDGE, AFTER ACTING, WHETHER WE HAVE DONE WHAT WAS RIGHT IN THE LORD'S EYES?**

*(Concluded from page 67.)*

But, certainly, there are cases in which there may be no express directions in the Scriptures to guide us. In these sometimes a child of God has to go forward in considerable obscurity, feeling his way, and yet at much uncertainty. There is no clear shining. Now, if he is sincerely desirous to do God's will, and looking to him to guide him, though the Lord may give him no plain direction, he will not let him err. He will guide

him with his eye, watch over his path, overrule his steps, prevent his going wrong, and direct him right, even though he may not at the time perceive it. Thus, as Mr. Hart says,

"That traveller treads the surest here  
Who seldom sees his way."

God says, "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; but they knew not that I healed them." And thus Abraham pursued his enemies, and went safely by a way that he had not before trodden with his feet. If our eyes are unto the Lord, he that keepeth Israel will not slumber or sleep, or suffer our feet to be moved, or go astray. (Ps. cxxi.) We walk forward, using the best judgment we have in the circumstances, fearing God, and desiring to do his will; and he, if not openly, will secretly guide our steps aright.

But sometimes in these, as well as in other cases, the Lord may be pleased to give more extraordinary directions. The grand thing seems, in such matters, to avoid a cold scepticism on the one hand, which would reject everything of an extraordinary nature, and a miserable credulity on the other, which would make us the sport of a wild enthusiasm. With these cautions, let us consider some more uncommon methods the Lord may take in guiding us.

4. God may direct us by dreams. Elihu says to Job, "God speaketh once, yea twice, and man regardeth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night." God also says in Joel, "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Therefore to reject everything of this kind would show rashness; whilst to receive many things would show a most childish state of mind. God certainly may in a dream or vision of the night both instruct and direct his children. He did so in the case of Joseph, directing him to go down into Egypt, and then to return again, and go into Galilee. Thus he did with Paul, directing him to go into Macedonia. No sufficient reason can be given why he should not do the same now. He may warn us against doing certain things, or encourage us in certain others in this manner. Thus we read of a godly minister who was encouraged to go on in his work by a dream he had concerning the heavenly glory,—where he found many to whom he had been instrumental for good upon earth, ready to hail him as their spiritual father in Christ Jesus. Either there is nothing in Scripture or providence to direct us, or we are too dim-sighted to perceive the indications. In the former case God may in a dream or vision give us immediate direction, and in the latter assist our poor feeble apprehensions. We dare not, then, reject all things of this kind, but only insist upon two or three things:

1. It seems to us a very dangerous state of mind when persons are much craving these supernatural guidances. This often proceeds from the fleshly mind, which cannot receive the demonstration of the Spirit, but wants that of sense, and often leads to the wildest fanaticism. (1 Tim. iv. 7; 2 Tim. iv. 4.)

2. It indicates a great deal of childish imbecility when persons pay an undue attention to such things; as Solomon shows in Eccles. v. 3-7.

3. Any dream or vision which contradicts the plain, simple tenor of God's Word, and leads contrary to the truth as it is in Jesus, and the clear intimations of God's Word and providence, must be at once rejected.

5. God may, if he pleases, produce some impression upon the mind, as to the danger of some course of action, or its advisability. As it would be rash to utterly reject all dreams, so it would be to slight and neglect all impressions. Who can read the life of that good Scotch Reformer Wishart, and not believe that God, on more than one occasion, thus preserved him from danger? His enemies were lying in wait for him, at one time, in a certain place. He was riding forward, but, before coming to that spot, he suddenly stopped, being strongly impressed with the sense of impending danger; and thus the Lord preserved his servant.

Our inference, then, is this: That to unduly heed or follow every impression coming upon our minds, as if from God, might lead us to be the sport of Satan and delusion; to slight and neglect all, might be to reject the admonitions of God. Our wisdom, then, seems to be, when anything strongly impresses us, and we are uncertain as to whether the impression is from God or not, to beg of him to decide our judgments; if the thing is of him, that we may not slight it; if not of him, that we may not regard or be troubled by it.

6. God may intimate his mind to us by giving us some peculiar access, liberty, and enlargements in prayer. We are at some uncertainty how to proceed, and God enables us to bring the case to him, and so pray over it as to convey a strong persuasion to our minds that it is his will that we should go forward. In this case two things should be duly considered:

First. We may have our natural affections and our wills very much bent in a particular direction; and this should make us very jealous over ourselves, and examine closely whether we are not seizing, as intimations from the Lord, the conclusions of our own ardent desires and strong self-willedness.

Second. God may give help in prayer to us, as his children, in particular cases, to show his love to us, and readiness to do what is really for our good, at the same time that his Fatherly wisdom may not see a particular course to be for our advantage, or requested thing for our good. Now, we may misinterpret the act of his condescension, in giving us access about a matter, to mean the expression of his will that we should do such or such a thing.

Of course, more ways might be mentioned in which God may, if he pleases, intimate his will to his children. He may, in an express manner, tell them things to come, as he certainly did to various of the old Reformers, and in later days to that good man Cennick; as we see in his life. He may expressly direct their

steps in particular cases, where neither his providence nor his Scripture gives them directions, or where through infirmity, they are going contrary to those directions. Here we would judge soberly, and only insist upon two things: First, that to slight God's ordinary ways of directing, through a morbid expectation of the extraordinary, is both foolish and dangerous. Second, that anything which leads in opposition to God's revealed will, as in his Word, must be false.

Mind, we write not against seeking in all things to know God's will, depending upon his Spirit's power to enable us to perceive it, and waiting upon God for that light and direction we always need. What we oppose is, the looking for extraordinary things, whilst neglecting the ordinary methods God takes in discovering his will; the looking for great things, whilst overlooking and despising the small; the unwarrantable expectation that God will supplement our sloth and neglect of means by miraculous communications and interpositions; the seeking new revelations of God's mind, instead of that light of the Holy Spirit which enables men to discern what is revealed already, and assists us in a proper use of faculties and means already given to know God's will. Some persons are not contented with the plain declarations of God's Word, or the simple voice of his works in nature and providence. They must have a new revelation to tell them they are to do what God has plainly commanded, or what spiritual reason and the merest common sense would dictate. Thus one man, who owns that God has told believers to be baptized, will not be baptized; and another who has property will not make a will; or, if sick, will not call for advice, or take a dose of medicine, without a new and express revelation. But faith and the fear of God will not permit us to ask God to signify, by some new revelation, that we are not to disobey him, or that we are to do his already declared will. Earthly lawgivers do not give laws and then add a multitude of new laws, telling each individual of the community to keep them. So God lays his revealed will upon the consciences of his people, not by a new revelation of that will, as to the matter of it; but by the divine, enlightening, quickening power of his Holy Spirit, producing obedience to that which is already revealed and commanded. To know that a thing is God's revealed will lays it as such on a tender conscience; but a rebellious heart must have line upon line, line upon line, that it may stumble, and fall, and be broken.

We now come to our second question: "*How may we judge, after acting, whether we have done what is right?*"

Those who fear God the most will be the most exercised about their actions before they do things, and oftentimes the most tried about them afterwards. Both classes of exercise have one root,—the desire to do what is right, and an earnest anxiety to please, and not displease, God. These persons want to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. They know, too, that they cannot expect ultimate pros-

perity in wrong-doing. They fear the God of judgment, and are well persuaded that as a man sows, so shall he also reap; and that he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done; and that there is no respect of persons. Hence those conflicts and anguishes of mind which God's people are acquainted with, and which they suffer from, through the temptations of Satan, even when they have done God's will, and acted right. The enemy reproached the footsteps of God's Anointed. If the Master of the house, then, is called Beelzebub, and said to act by his power, the servants may expect, from time to time, similar treatment. The reproaches of those who reproach him fall upon them also. (Rom. xv. 3.)

Now, then, it is of the greatest importance to proceed in this matter upon right rules of judgment. If wrong ones are laid down, the righteous will be afflicted, and the bold, vainly-confident wrong-doer encouraged. The fool, we know, rages, and is confident; whereas the prudent looketh well to his goings, and is usually much more diffident. Some will say, "We do well," when they have done the greatest iniquity; as the psalmist says, "He flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful." Others, through a sense of the infirmity which attends their best things, a tender conscience, and the true fear of God, will be unduly troubled when they have done what is right. Some, walking in paths of scorn and blasphemy, said to Jesus, "Say we not well, Thou hast a devil, and art mad?" Others have had many fears when they really in the main have done the will of God, and sought his glory. (Rev. ii. 9, 10.)

Sound methods of judgment, then, may, with God's grace, strengthen the hands of God's children in doing right; and may, like Dan, be a serpent in the path of evil doing, so that the riders on horses, who go forward in their own strength and vain confidence, may fall backward. (Gen. xlix. 17.)

1. In the first place, then, temporal prosperity or adversity resulting from an action, or course of conduct, is no proof, necessarily, one way or the other, as to whether it has been right or wrong. A man may act wrongly, and yet gain much of the things of this world by so doing. We read of one in Daniel who shall stand up against the Prince of princes, and yet he shall prosper and practise, and through his policy also shall cause craft to prosper in his hand. (Dan. viii. 24, 25.) Here is everything that can be abominable; craft, subtlety, all the actings of a serpentine nature, with impiety, and yet temporal prosperity for a season. So it may be now. Wrong actions may for a season be gainful actions; and he who sells Christ may for a time pocket his thirty pieces of silver. A Lot, too, for a time, may be in ease and comfort in a Sodom.

But, again, wrong-doing may do just the reverse of all this, and bring a swift retribution. Indeed, Judas had hardly secured his money before he bought the halter.

"God's judgments are too deep  
For reason's line to sound."

Some men's sins go before them unto judgment, and some they follow after. God may, for a season, seem to smile on the counsel and work of the ungodly; or he may at once blight them; so that a Jeroboam's arm shall wither as he stretches it out against the Lord.

But, again, a child of God, in acting right, may prosper as to temporal things. God blessed Abraham; and in walking with God he grew rich, even as to this world. So God may now smile upon a child of God's honesty, prudence, generosity, and industry, and make it plain that his blessing is in his basket and his store, and upon all that he has. But, then, it may possibly be just the reverse. Joseph's separation from his brethren as to godliness was, through their envy, a source of his being separated from his father's house, and sold as a slave into Egypt. Joseph's chastity brought him into a dungeon. David's integrity made him a fugitive in the wilderness of Judea. And Daniel and the three children were rewarded by the lions' den and fiery furnace. Of some of the choicest saints it is written: "They wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute." Of the Hebrews Paul tells us that they suffered the spoiling of their goods. And, indeed, Christ warns all his disciples that they must be prepared to lose all, give up all, yea, life itself, for him; and that if such a mind is not in them, they are not fit to be his disciples.

How plainly does all this show that temporal adversity or prosperity must not be taken as a sufficient indication of a man's actions being right or wrong. The rich man (Luke xvi.) did not go to hell because he was rich, but because his riches were his good things, and possessed his heart. The beggar did not go to heaven because he was a beggar, but because his heart feared and loved God.

2. Temporary success or non-success in an undertaking is no proof. As we have seen, a man may make craft prosper. God is not in some men's thoughts; they do not take him into their counsels; they fear not God. They go about things in their own strength, and lean upon their own understandings; and yet for a time they are successful. They accomplish, apparently, what they are about, and carry out their designs. The Lord does not build the house,—indeed, is not taken into account in the building; and yet it seems to rise. The children of God, too, may take wrong steps, and yet the way seems smoothed for them to go in this wrong path. Jonah flies from God, and lo! a ship of Tarshish awaits him to speed his progress. Jezebel plots, and Ahab obtains Naboth's vineyard. Here is prosperity in wrongdoing, both in saint and sinner. On the other hand, a thing may really be of the Lord, and God may cover it for a time with the shadow of death. Men, by their own strength of arm and will, accomplish their designs; and God seems to blight the undertakings of the godly,—they appear unable to perform their

enterprises. The two witnesses prophesy in sackcloth, and seem to effect nothing. Isaiah cries, "I have laboured in vain." And the godly generally (Isa. xxvi. 18) lament that they seem to produce no good results, "neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen;" whereas it is only for beast and false prophet to speak, and the world wonders after them. Many a minister of God has seemed to himself a barren tree, and many a false minister has appeared wonderfully successful. But Paul says, "Judge nothing before the time." Things will one day wear a very different appearance, so that the barren shall be found to have borne seven, whilst she that seemed to bear many children shall sit desolate, and as a widow.

3. The favourable or adverse judgments of men are no proofs. We know what the psalmist says, "And men will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself." "And blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth." Christ himself says, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!"

So then the praise of men can be no proof of an action being right. It does not necessarily prove it wrong; for sometimes God will bring forth a man's righteousness as the light, and his just dealing as the noonday; and the heathen round about shall say, "God has done great things for them." His jailor could see that God was with Joseph. And Saul in a fit of penitence could prophesy about David's integrity and future glory. Nabal shall at one time scout him as Saul's runaway servant; and Saul himself at another testify to his integrity; but neither one nor the other was an infallible witness. A Shimei's curses, or a Balak's flatteries, do not prove David a *wrong*, or Balaam a *right*, doer. For the most part Christ is in his people, as well as in his own Person, a sign spoken against. Actions that are merely fleshly, and even devilish, meet with applause, though God did nothing there; and actions that are really of God in Christ are blasphemed. The carnal mind cannot discern a spiritual action in its true nature; that is, as a spiritual action; and though the morality of the saints may be approved, their spirituality is abhorred. The carnal mind is, and must be, enmity against God. How plain, then, from Scripture and experience, it is that we cannot, from human praise or blame, determine the right or wrong of an action.

4. We have already signified that great exercises about our actions after performing them are no proof against them, no true sign that they have displeased God, but just the reverse. So we can say that very great fears that they may have been wrong, and offended God, and great anguish on account of those fears, are no adequate proof that this has been really the case. In the history of Luther we find that after he had assailed the Papacy, he was for two years in the greatest anguish of mind lest he had done wrong in thus dividing what appeared to be the church of God. We at this day see clearly, as he himself did after a time, that he had only done the will of

God. But, then, for a season, Luther could not see this clearly; hence, though obliged to go forward, he was harassed by the temptations of Satan, and filled with the greatest anguish of spirit. Now, on the other hand, a man may act most impiously, and the result be much ease; yea, even a joyous elation and triumph. Jonah fled from God, and yet slept soundly in the sides of the ship that carried him to a distance. The two witnesses (Rev. xi.) are slain; and they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another, because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth. O what a good day it was to a carnal people when they had thus to appearance driven Christ out of the world! How comfortable was Ahab as he walked a possessor in Naboth's vineyard! What carnal ease, then, may attend a wrong course of action for a time! What a triumph there may be in prosperous Christ-denying ungodliness! How jealous these things may properly make us in respect to our ease and rejoicings! Balaam had a great enlargement when he went on a wrong errand; and men may go to wrong places, and do wrong things, and yet appear to get blessings. By-path Meadow was smooth and flowery at first, but it ended in Doubting Castle.

We need say no more. We have only mentioned these things to clear away some obstacles to forming a right judgment. If we will judge of our actions by wrong rules, we must necessarily stumble and err in judgment.

How, then, shall we judge? Here we need say but very little. What we said of judging beforehand will apply to judging afterwards. Our rule is still: "To the law and to the testimony." Is it an action in accordance with God's will as revealed in his blessed Word? Is it such a one as his providence, interpreted in harmony with that Word, evidently leads to, or properly indicates? Then it is right; and no after event makes it either right or wrong. Actions are good or bad, according as they are answerable to God's Word, and governed by his Spirit; not according to the temporal or temporary issues of them. That which is governed by the faith of Christ, the fear of God, love to the brethren, goodwill to man; that which is preceded by prayer and waiting upon God to know and do his will; that which is governed by the Word and Spirit of God; is right in itself, and cannot be made either better or worse by results of one kind or another. We may say, in respect of such an action as to temporary results, what God said to Laban: "Speak not either good or bad." The action is blessed that has Christ and his Word in it, and no circumstance can reverse it. Sooner or later, indeed, judgment shall return unto righteousness; they shall only part company, even in appearance, for a season. In keeping God's commandments there is great reward. But even this will not make the action itself better or worse. Christ was the King of glory as well on a cross as when enthroned in heaven. Sooner or later, truth and right must win the day.



But this does not make them what they are; it is only God's ultimate crowning them. Sooner or later, too, Elijah shall meet Ahab in Naboth's vineyard; the witnesses shall rise again; and all iniquity stop her mouth. But none of these things make the iniquity to be iniquity; even hell itself does not make the evil, but only punishes it.

We see, then, that actions, both before performing them and afterwards, are to be judged of by the infallible standard of the Word of God. By God actions are weighed, and in his Word he gives us the rules by which he himself will judge them. By these we, as led by his Spirit, should judge them likewise. All the weights of the bag are the Lord's, and the King's mouth alone transgresseth not in judgment. "There is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness; and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness." So it is as to this world and life; so it may be in appearance. But right and wrong remain the same; and if the wicked climb up into heaven, thence will God bring them down, and the righteous shall have dominion over them in the morning. (Amos viii. 2, 3; Ps. xlix. 14.) "For righteousness exalteth a nation; and by strength shall no man" ultimately "prevail." (1 Sam. ii. 9.)

Let us now, then, in conclusion, make two remarks, evidently suggested by the foregoing considerations:

1. That religion is fleshly, fanatical, and falsely enthusiastic, which merely cripples the faculties, sets aside the due and diligent use of means, and a proper laboriousness (Heb. iv. 11); which leads men to neglect God's ordinary methods, whilst morbidly craving something more out of the way; which "refuseth the waters of Shiloah which flow softly, and rejoiceth in Rezin and Remaliah's son" (Isa. viii. 6); which neglects the law and the testimony, whilst looking for Lazarus to leave Abraham's bosom. (Luke xvi.) Whereas true religion purifies, strengthens, and elevates the faculties by implanting in them new and spiritual principles, leads to the diligent use of means, and a proper prudence and industry. "In the way of thy judgments," say the righteous, "we have waited for thee." And at the same time that it leads in these sober, prudent, practical paths, it shows that God only can give the right use of those faculties he has implanted, or crown means, diligence, and labours with success.

2. Hence we may see that we are to seek to discover the Lord's mind in respect to our actions, not in a way of sloth and folly, neglecting the use of faculties and means, whilst craving extraordinary directions; but in the dependent use of those faculties, and by a sober, scriptural, spiritual consideration of circumstances, and the bearings of the revealed will of God upon them; not despising a little light and evidence because we cannot have that clear shining, and complete demonstration which would give ease to the flesh, but really injure the spirit, by impeding its varied and proper exercises. O how easy it is to act foolishly in these matters, to crave a degree of certain direction

which shall satisfy the flesh, whilst neglecting the demonstration of the Spirit! Thus God's people sometimes will not go forward, in what are really sufficiently plain paths if they were contented with the directions God is pleased to give. But they must have fleece wet and fleece dry, and nobody knows what; until God, to chastise their deep incredulity and real rebelliousness, diminishes as with Gideon the thirty-two thousand to three hundred, and sends them after all to his work with apparently insufficient means, trumpets, lamps, and earthen pitchers.

To conclude, God may give extraordinary intimations of his will if he pleases; he is God. But our wisdom, which he gives us, is, with prayer and dependence upon his Spirit, to use a sober spiritual judgment as to our acts before we perform them, paying due respect to his Word, and giving good heed to even the least indications of his will; and then to scripturally and soberly examine them afterwards, when tried about their nature. It were good indeed thus to go forward, pondering the paths of our feet with senses exercised to discern both good and evil, humbling ourselves for what really is wrong, and giving God the glory of all that is right, as it is he alone who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

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*THERE IS A BLESSING.*

THERE is a blessing I would share  
With all the favour'd sons of God;  
It is to see Immanuel bear  
For me the sin-avenging rod.

Like a lone dove that mourns his mate,  
So would I sorrow o'er the Lord;  
His holy soul made desolate,  
Accurs'd of God, by man abhorr'd.

I'd fly to sad Gethsemane,  
And view him bathed in sweat of blood;  
I'd flutter round the sacred tree,  
And own him as my dying God.

For I have known what 'tis to feel  
The rapturous joy of sins forgiven.  
Dear Lord, again thy love reveal,  
And let me taste the bliss of heaven.

Let mingled feelings, discord sweet,  
Of joy and grief to me be given,—  
Grief that I pierced his hands and feet,  
And joy that I am thus forgiven.

My soul is lost in love and praise,  
While with astonishment I see  
The Ancient of eternal days  
Become a worm and die for me.

## MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

*(Continued from p. 80.)*

## II.—SAYINGS ABOUT THE MINISTRY.

SOME want *encouraging*; some want *discouraging*.

I wish I could love Christ more, and be more anxious for his honour and glory.

I do not wish to despise the least mark of grace; but *is it grace?*

I would rather break stones in the high road than delude men in religion.

I would desire to encourage the feeblest work of grace in a sinner's soul.

It is better to wear out than to rust out, as said Whitefield.

Who amongst you have been praying that God might bless my speaking to you?

What is my state before God? Soul-blood stains deep.

We preach repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

Many are going about saying what they are doing for God; but who can tell what God is doing for them?

I have no right to encourage you, if you have not had a sight of your sinnership before God.

Some might say, "If the minister preached better, we should be better hearers." And the minister might say, "If I had better hearers, I could preach better."

"What makes mistaken men afraid

Of sov'reign grace to preach?

The reason is, if truth be said,

Because they are so rich."

I have nothing to say against an assurance, but I would not encourage a dead assurance.

How many are watching for our halting! Lord, grant that their eyes may be disappointed, and that the enemies of thy truth may not say, "So would we have it," and that we may never give the world reason to speak reproachfully of us.

I am never afraid of alarming people too much about their souls. I wish I could see more crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" and, under a feeling sense of their lost and ruined condition, made to cry earnestly for mercy.

If I preach to please men, I am not the servant of Christ. "Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel!"

How many of you have been praying for me, that the word preached may be blessed to your souls? You may say, "The minister does not describe my case." But have you a case to be described? "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Are you at ease in Zion? "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion!"

What a great work is the work of the ministry,—to stand up between never-dying souls and an ever-living God!

I would not despise the least mark of grace. The child two months old is as much a part of the family as the son twenty-one years of age.

They have taken one "woe" off me since I came into this neighbourhood: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for so did the fathers unto the false prophets."

"What! Has the Holy Ghost forgot

To quicken souls that Christ has bought,  
And let them lifeless lie?"

If a man preaches free-will, how pleased men are! But if he preaches free-grace, how offended they are! It is the truth that gives offence.

I wish I could love the Lord more, and speak more of him! If I did not speak well of his name, I should be a base ungrateful wretch, for he has been a good God to me, both in grace and providence. You may think of this when my grey hairs are laid in the grave.

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### EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friends,—I return you many thanks for your letter. I was very pleased to hear you were both better.

Now I must tell you a little more of the dear Lord's dealing with me. I am highly favoured, bless his holy Name. I have got just as much as I can bear,—just enough and none to spare. O the wonders of wonders the dear Lord has done for me, wretched me, filthy me. My dear friends, it is almost more than my poor body can bear; but you must have it just as it flows in. I will pass by three days after I wrote my first letter. Sabbath day, March 1st, I was highly favoured. I saw what I never saw before,—the beautiful sun shining in the firmament, and the sunshine in my poor soul, what I have longed for; the sun to shine in this dark benighted soul of mine. I have had four hours of beautiful sleep this night; and I awoke so happy with these words:

"I saw thee ruin'd in the fall;

Yet loved thee, notwithstanding all."

O! Such sweetness I cannot describe. And then these words followed: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than mine."

O what language for a poor hell-deserving sinner as I feel myself to be! I was so blessed on Sabbath morning, I thought I could not get ready to go to chapel; for I scarcely knew where I was. But when I was ready, the dear Lord withdrew his presence. I felt very weak in body.

My dear friends, you must pardon my ignorance. I have no doubt you will smile; but I must tell you I was before the parson. There was nothing for me morning or afternoon; but at night he was speaking of the glory of the Lord's people. That was just where I was. I could say, "I am a miracle of grace." But he is a good man, and I feel a love to him for the

truth's sake. I am very poorly in body, and very weak. I must tell you this is the twelfth day of the feast, but not of eating and drinking natural food, for my natural appetite is nearly gone; but I do not mind that. My dear Lord has promised to be with me in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not forsake me. I am to arise and shine, for the glory of the Lord has arisen upon me. I felt on Sabbath morning I longed to go home; for I was so afraid I should sin against my dear Lord. I feel I am as helpless as the day I was born; for I have no help in self. My dear Lord has done it all for me. Last week he showed me man was only flesh and blood; and that "from all your idols I will cleanse you."

I know nothing is too hard for the Lord, or he never would have saved a wretch like me. Twenty-five years I have been bound with heavy weights of guilt and sin; but

"He that feels the heaviest load,  
Will prize forgiveness most."

I feel willing to be anything or nothing, just what my dear Lord sees fit to do with me; for my burdens, which have been mountains high, are now all levelled; and I must bless and praise his holy Name for it.

I must now conclude, dear friends, hoping it will find you better, and enjoying the Lord's presence, and then all is well. Bless his dear Name for showing me that; for I feel now I could not live without him. O the sweetness none can tell! And I feel it now. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in me peace." O that peace, I cannot describe!

I shall be very pleased to see you both at home again; and I hope the dear Lord will be with you. If I am spared, I shall come down and see you; and I hope the Lord's presence will be with us; if not, I shall be dumb, for I have got nothing of myself. It must be all from the Lord. My love to you both. What I have written is from the Lord, for he tells me he has put his broad seal upon it. So I can feel all is right; but no thanks to me. But O! What a change for me! You will perhaps think I am going out of my mind. But never mind, I have thought so this week myself; but my dear Lord has promised to be with me. So it will be all well.

I must leave off; I shall be troublesome, I am afraid. I was compelled to write to you. Your Unworthy Dust,

Godmanchester, March 3rd, 1874.

A. SHELTON.

To Mr. and Mrs. Godwin. \_\_\_\_\_

My very dear Friend,—It has come into my mind to-day that I promised to write you a line when parting with you; and now I will do so. Not that I have a heart full of good that wanteth vent; no, no; but only as a token of mindfulness of you and of my Christian love towards you, as one whom I believe will be in heaven, where I myself hope to be at last, for ever to rest from sin and woe, filled with solemn delight in Jehovah's love,

grace, and mercy towards one so unworthy as I, at times, feel myself to be.

My dear friend, I left Fairford in every way as well as I could, with my wife and family, for London, on Friday, Dec. 29th, to preach here the last Lord's day in the year. Our journey was accomplished with ease and quiet, as if we had the Lord for our Guide and Protector. In the evening we all arrived in safety at our new home. Some friends were in waiting for us, with tea provided. I felt thankful for their mindfulness and kindness. The words "God is faithful" would follow me day after day before we took our journey, and all the way up, and after we arrived here. So that was the beginning of my ministry amongst the friends here. The text reads: "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." You may say, and that rightly, an excellent subject to begin with. But, dear friend, I am aware that to prove the faithfulness of Jehovah in his word of promise, there will and must be some troubles and temptations under which to be supported, and through which to be brought. I am told of some about who say they fear I shall get proud. But I hope to be kept from all evil by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation; and if so kept, I know that it will be somewhat with me in the future as it has been in the past; that is, "not to live without the cross," whether I can or cannot say, "'tis my happiness" thus to live. It will be safe for me, even as it has been in times past. I have nothing before me that I can see to feed corrupt nature, but much for its crucifixion. And it is blessed to have the flesh crucified, with its affections and lusts, by the cross of Christ. I have felt in my time those words of Paul's sweet to my mouth: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." O to have the gospel of Christ in one's heart, to support and gladden one's soul in all one's tribulations! This is very blessed, in that it is something like what he saith in another place: "Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not." And other crosses are made lighter.

As I feel my outward man perish, I do feel also that nothing can stand with me in the place of "those things which are not seen, and are eternal." I have been, through mercy, very much helped in speaking as yet, and the Word has been made a blessing to many. So they say; and I feel as if bound to believe their testimony, seeing the manifested presence of the Lord hath been with me. I feel that the Almighty has brought me up here, and that while I am here I shall have my trials, and the support promised under them, that a confidence in his arm and doings might be thereby kept up in my heart. We have all been very poorly, but through mercy are now tolerably well.

Yours truly,

C. COWLEY.

London, Jan. 25th, 1866.

Dear Friend,—I should have acknowledged yours before now, but I have been busy with a work for the press. My success is great, as you will see in what is coming out; and I perceive that great success is attended with various trials. The branch is purged, that it may bring forth more fruit. This purging, in former days, used to be succeeded with much indulgence, some sweet access in prayer, and much enlargement of heart, boldness, freedom, and familiarity; which seemed to make all up, and set all clear, fair, and straight; and it made him more precious than ever, as I used then to consider all my books as settled, and all my accounts fairly adjusted from that day; and much comfort followed upon such considerations, the peaceable effects being then enjoyed. But I have nothing of this now. I fall into fits of unbelief, bondage, wrath, and bitterness; and then come out, just like Solomon's fool, brayed in a mortar; neither humble, submissive, nor resigned; but rather into ease and carelessness, with no constraints to prayer, nor fervour at it; and, of course, the mind is not relieved, which makes me more indifferent still.

Soon after this, I am tumbled into the same dark cells again, and then a little dead ease succeeds as before; which is such puzzling work as I cannot unravel; it makes me fruitful in murmuring and rebelling; but in nothing else, unless it be in the pulpit, where I have in the general much liberty, attended with no small degree of power. But that the ministry should be fruitful, and the minister dry, barren, and dead, is a harder puzzle to me than Samson's riddle. However, this is the way that I go on, and I am as contented with it as the devil in chains.

Fault is found with some for having left their first love; and I have striven, and striven lawfully (I mean by prayer), to recover mine, but never could; nor do I believe that it is recoverable. I have pleaded, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will love you freely;" but the fervent love of former days I never could regain, nor anything like it. With others, fault is found for having a name to live when dead. I have done all, I think, that can be done with that text, in order to obtain life; but to this day I appear in my own soul dead as a wool-pack; enmity, rebellion, unbelief, and carnal lusts are still alive, and lively; but nothing else that I know of, unless it be discontent with a lifeless life.

I have now emptied the dregs of the cask, and all the rusty scraps of the budget, by which you may guess at the abundance of the heart, as I have kept nothing back; for I cannot, will not, act the hypocrite.

Sept. 10th, 1812.

JONAH, UNDER THE BOOTH, NEAR NINEVEH.

[The above letter was written by Mr. Huntington only eight months and three weeks before his death; which shows that, although he had been favoured with such deep experience of the Holy Ghost's teachings, and such success in his ministry, he was not exempt from the trial of his faith, the inbeing of sin, and the same workings of the flesh which made the apostle to groan under them, and cry, "O! Wretched man that I am," &c.]

## INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

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

Dear Brother,—I am a regular subscriber to your periodical. In the providence of God I am stationed here, in a very mysterious manner, as under-shepherd, but am compelled to work for my living, as my friends are not able to support me. Since I have been here (three years), many who can pay have got into my debt. The widows I dare not press for payment, though I have some who have treated me scandalously. I have conversed with some, who advise the County Court; but I fear to do that which is wrong. I read a piece of Mr. Huntington's, in which he says the apostles, referring to gospel ministers, were not allowed to sue at law. Will you kindly inform me if a gospel minister may, with a clear conscience, County Court others who are in a position to pay, and will not? At the same time, I am desirous that I may not "strain at gnats and swallow camels." I have a Christian friend, a deacon, who is in about the same position; and, doubtless, there are numbers of others to whom a scriptural answer would be acceptable.

TENDER CONSCIENCE.

## ANSWER.

We feel that our correspondent's question is a very important one, and requires much care and wisdom from the Lord in answering. May the Lord, then, himself enable us to say a few things, assisting our correspondent and others to form a right judgment.

In the first place, a Christian should always remember the nature of that dispensation of grace and mercy from God under which he lives, and according to which God deals with him. This consideration, if influential upon his heart, will at once forbid his doing many things which, under different circumstances, might be lawful. (See Matt. v.) The gospel, in its very nature, calls upon its professors for humility, tenderness, forbearance, long-suffering. It will lead a man rather to deny himself, and suffer injury, than hurt others, and prejudice men's minds against the truth; and it will positively forbid a hard litigiousness of spirit or conduct. It is absolutely impossible that a rash, harsh-spirited, litigious person can be under the influence of the gospel of the grace of God. The spirit of the gospel is dove-like, not that of the tiger.

But now the question arises, "Is it, therefore, improper for a Christian man to have anything to do with the law and lawyers? Is he in no case to put his person or property under the security which the laws of his country and legal advice afford?" We cannot affirm this. Paul, on more than one occasion, appealed to and placed himself under the protection of the laws and government of the Roman Empire of which he was a citizen. In various cases it may be real wisdom to conduct matters not immediately, but through the instrumentality, and with the aid and advice of



those skilled in the laws of the land. This may be the only way of averting much that might be painful and unpleasant. In other cases it may, as we have seen, be perfectly warrantable for a Christian man to place himself under the shelter of the laws when unjustly and improperly attacked, as to person or property: "I appeal unto Cæsar." And if it is lawful thus to take a defensive shelter, it seems impossible to say, absolutely and universally, that a child of God, or minister, may not act on the offensive for the recovery of liberty or property. We know it is always much easier to settle things in a dogmatic, positive way than to write soberly, considerately, and with the meekness of wisdom. But we want to handle this practical matter cautiously, and, therefore, dare not peremptorily decide against offensive action in all cases; at the same time we feel persuaded that a Christian man, and especially a minister, will act, when in a right mind, with the greatest tenderness, caution, and reluctance.

Having said this much generally, we find our subject leads to the consideration of two cases:

1. We will suppose the wrong-doer is a worldly person. Though gospel principles will, undoubtedly, preserve us from harshness and severity in dealing with him, still it may be not only lawful, but right, absolutely necessary, to proceed to a legal recovery from him of a just debt. Various cases will readily suggest themselves to our readers' minds. We will only mention one. Our own power of acting honestly towards others may depend on the payment of a just debt to ourselves.

2. Suppose the wrong-doer is one we have reason to believe is a dear child of God; a member,—perhaps fellow-member, of a church. In this latter case, the Scripture rules in Matt. xviii., 1 Cor. vi., are quite plain. Shall we dare to drag such a one before the judgment-seat of man in a hasty manner? Can we do this, and ourselves go to God's mercy-seat? Can we, so acting, dare to go on our knees before God, and pray in accordance with the sweet words taught his apostles by Jesus? "Father, forgive me my debts, for I am dragging my brother before the judgment-seat of man. He weeps in vain to me; I look with boldness unto God." Evidently it is not until all other means have been resorted to, and hardly then, that one child of God should go to law with another before the ungodly. We write, "*hardly then*;" but we would not positively affirm that after all the steps in Matt. xviii. have been taken, and a sincere attempt to carry out the spirit of 1 Cor. vi. complied with, and all other ways of settlement exhausted, it may not ultimately be even necessary for a child of God to proceed against one who had formerly been in church fellowship with him, in a lawsuit.

Our correspondent, then, will see that we answer his question not in the way of laying down some hard and fast rule for every case. Circumstances are so varied that this would be impossible. What might be wrong under one set of circumstances might possibly be right under another.

Well, then, without giving a dogmatic answer, we refer our readers to gospel principles. The gospel will teach a child of God to be gentle and forbearing; willing rather to suffer some loss than endanger, especially if a minister, his usefulness; not anxious to exact the last mite, but be lenient, as Berridge writes :

“ With gracious heart I would forgive,  
When debtors have no mite to pay ;  
Nor drag them in a gaol to live,  
But send the bankrupts clear away.  
So let my Father deal with me,  
And strike my debts off full and free.”

But we dare not say that in every case it is unlawful to demand, through the instrumentality of a law court, the payment of a just debt.

Let our correspondent, then, and others similarly situated, search, by God's grace, their hearts before the Lord. Let them pray to be freed from covetousness and a headstrong, litigious spirit; let them examine into the real state of the case, fear to bring reproach upon the gospel, and weaken the ministry; and then, if, whilst shrinking from the step, they still conscientiously believe it is right to calmly enforce in a law court a just claim against an ungodly man, or incorrigibly obstinate and refractory brother, though we dare not say, “Go at once to law,” we dare not absolutely dissuade from it.

One word in conclusion, which we put in the way of a question. Would it not sometimes be more prudent, and avert all necessity for law proceedings, if persons were not allowed to incur these debts? We are well aware that there are difficulties in the way of transacting business without them; therefore only ask the question; but may we not, at any rate, say that it would be both prudent and possible to give persons a very limited trial as to their honesty? And when found bad payers, the best security seems to be “*not to trust.*” We fear sometimes there may be a little carelessness, and even greediness, on the part of creditors, and that they themselves might, in perfect harmony with the gospel, be cited in the County Court of Conscience.

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## REVIEW.

*A Narrative of Mercy and Grace. By P. Leigh. The Author's Experience Revised and Reprinted from the "Gospel Standard." with Prefatory Remarks by the late Beloved J. C. Philpot. London: J. Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street. Liverpool: The Author, 2, Shaw Street.*

WE find from the title-page that this little work has already appeared in print in the pages of the “Gospel Standard,” and was approved by the late Editor of that periodical. The Lord has said in his Word of his people, “Ye are my witnesses.” Hezekiah says, “The fathers to the children shall show forth thy truth.” It seems, therefore, perfectly right that the Lord's people should

say to others, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

We agree with the late Editor that this account is written with that simplicity and originality which characterize a genuine work of grace upon the heart, and have felt similarly interested in reading it. There is much to admire in the way in which the Author's mind seems led by the Lord to trace the Divine footsteps in even the smallest incidents of his life. It is true, as a general rule, that the minutest circumstances are all under the government of God. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." By the smallest things, too, the Lord is continually bringing forth the greatest results; but the sweetness to the Christian, as in the case of our Author, is, that God has ruled and over-ruled in every event of his career, not for his destruction, but for his profit, and final glorification in Jesus Christ. The chain-work of events, all necessary, and all leading to the one end, is well described in the following words, page 22:

"If I had not been led to make choice of the medical profession, I should never have known my beloved father in the Lord; for it was in consequence of being a medical man that I read the medical journal in which Dr. C.'s valuable papers appeared, and was led to recommend my apprentice to place himself under his care. And, wonderful to say, —there is nothing but wonders in all that our gracious covenant God does for his dear people, those very papers had actually been refused by the editor of another journal, on account of the religion they contained! Had they been inserted in the journal Dr. C. intended, I should not have seen them! But the Lord caused his precious truth, which they contained, to be the means of their being inserted in the journal I did read. Thus 'the wrath of man shall praise thee; and the remainder of wrath thou shalt restrain.' (Ps. lxxvi. 10.) Had this link of the golden chain been broken, how God's eternal purposes would have been frustrated! But it could not be. No; the natural enmity of the carnal mind against the truth of God must be shown up, 'that he may do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act.' (Isa. xxviii. 21.) The marvellous consequences which followed I have already told you. What a wonder-working Jehovah is the Lord God of Israel! What infinite design do his purposes manifest in all that concerns his dear people! I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, when I am led to look back at all the way the Lord has led me. Talk of chance indeed!"

The experience of a gracious work upon the Author's heart is very genuine and satisfactory, though not, perhaps, at first so remarkably deep and striking as in some cases. There is the religion of nature, and the zealous worker for God; but upon fleshly principles. Then we have this natural religion broken to pieces through the instrumentality of the faithful letters of a stranger, Dr. C., with whom the Author is providentially led to correspond. Then we have a period of distress and much trouble of soul, and then, through a text of Scripture, to which his attention was remarkably called in a letter, a very sweet and blessed deliverance. The work of conviction was not of long duration, but it appears to have been true and effectual, and then the deliverance to have been sweet and genuine. On

page 21, connected with this deliverance, we have a remark which wants, we think, a little explanation. Our author says, "I am very apt to go into extremes. In my days of profession I was extremely zealous, as I have told you, and was doing a great deal for the Lord. When converted, I went to the opposite extreme, and did nothing," &c. Now, at first sight, this appears to contradict the words of the psalmist: "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart;" and not to be in harmony, either with the Word of God or gracious experience. (Tit. ii. 11-14.) The Word of God here distinctly shows that the effect of the grace of God is to make a man "zealous of good works." So, again, in Col. i. 6 the grace of God being known in truth, is distinctly affirmed to be connected with a bringing forth of fruit. So, also, in perfect harmony with the Word of God, one of our poets writes:

"Now, freely chosen in the Son,  
I freely choose his ways."

"To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,  
And hear his pard'ning voice,  
Will prove a slave to be a child,  
Change duty into choice."

This experience is according to godliness. But how can we reconcile our Author's remarks with these testimonies? If we understand him aright, his meaning really is that, not at first, but *after a time*, the carnal mind in his case, as it has done in many others, began to abuse, in some degree, *the knowledge* he had attained to of the freeness of the grace of God. Thus the true and proper effects of that knowledge were counteracted, and a certain degree of real Antinomianism contracted. Halyburton well says, in reference to his own experience: "Here, in my opinion, lies one of the great secrets of practical godliness, and the highest attainment in close walking with God,—to come daily and wash, and yet to keep as great a value for this discovery of forgiveness as if it were once only obtained, and no more." And Dr. Owen gives this as "the trial and touchstone of gospel light:" "If it teach us to water a free pardon with tears, to detest forgiven sin, to watch diligently for the ruin of that which, we are yet assured, shall never ruin us, it is divine, from above, of the Spirit of grace."

But we need not go to man's testimony. The Word of God (1 Jno. ii. 1) is distinct, and shows us plainly that the true and proper effect of gospel light, and the free grace of God, is to produce a departure from sin and a serving of God diligently in love; and it is not grace, but the carnal mind's abuse of the knowledge of it, which produces anything like indulgence in sin, sloth, or remissness in serving God. We believe our Author to have meant nothing contrary to all this, but should have been pleased if he had a little more fully explained himself.

But we must conclude this brief Notice. Our Author expresses his intention of publishing, if the Lord will, some further

account of his experiences. So that this is only the first of a series of papers. We really shall feel interested in the way in which he carries out this intention; and, perhaps, he will receive it in the same friendly spirit in which the advice is given, if we caution him against a *too minute* dwelling upon the events of his life. We quite believe that the very smallest circumstance in reference to a child of God is of vast importance. "The hairs of our heads are all numbered." But, then, we need not remind our Author that, as we are at present constituted, we cannot take that intense interest in one another which would make the very minutest details spiritually entertaining. There is a sad amount of selfishness cleaving to us whilst in this busy evil world, and we are very unlike what we shall be up in heaven; where, with minds and hearts alike expanded and filled with love, we shall contemplate with unwearying delight all the wheels of God's providence and every footstep of his dealings with, and on behalf of, his dear children.

Might we add one thing more? We find our Author repeatedly writing faithful letters, and giving great offence. He also pronounces, rather peremptorily, upon the states of the unfortunate members of the "Mutual Deception Society," as he calls it; and likewise poor Mr. W. is a little dogmatically pronounced to have been a mere letter preacher. Now, though we greatly admire faithfulness, we must caution our readers against a faithfulness that sometimes has a little too much of our own selves about it. We admire the poet's lines:

"Or faithfully sinners reprove,  
Yet still we do all things in vain  
Unless we do all things in love."

It is hard to be lovingly faithful; and perhaps the want of the former ingredient has sometimes been more the cause of resentment in others than the faithfulness itself.

Again, we do really think it best to leave the judgment-seat about others, as to their final, or complete, states, to the Lord. Is our Author quite sure that he was the only living person in the above-named amiable fraternity? And as to Mr. W., poor man, might he not, if he could speak, turn to our Author, and say, "But was I a letter man to you? Was all you felt in the letter? If I am not an apostle unto others, yet, doubtless, I was unto you?" Might not the more charitable judgment, in this case also, be that the Lord leads some of his ministers deeper and farther than he does others, and adapts one for one kind of work, another for another? In some scholars, too, we have a remarkable aptitude for learning, and they soon leave their earlier teachers behind. Perhaps our Author was so led forward by the Lord in experience that Mr. W.'s ministry could no longer be of use to him; but, after all, this might proceed more from the grace-given aptitude and advancement of the scholar than from the utter destitution of the Spirit in the teacher.

Well, we hope our Author will, by God's grace, send us forth some more parts of his experience, as good, simple, and interesting as the present; and if so, we shall be able very heartily to commend them, as we do this, to the notice of our readers, as, to our minds, profitable and edifying productions.

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## Obituary.

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GEORGE HOLLOWAY.—On Oct. 16th, 1875, aged 33, George Holloway of Oxford.

The subject of these remarks was mercifully preserved from drowning three times before he was eight years old. His parents sitting under the truth, he attended regularly with them. He hated the doctrines of free grace, disliked going to chapel, and even went so far as to curse and blaspheme the Bible and the God who gave him breath. His father occasionally had a few godly persons at his house, whose company he disliked, and would frequently ridicule them, so greatly was he opposed to the people of God.

He long had a desire to be free from parental restraint, and was apprenticed at Oxford. His master had occasion to leave O. to go into business in London. He went with him, being then 18 years old. As he entered the train to leave his native place, he thought, "Now I shall be free from fatherly control; and I am determined to see life in all its phases." However, upon reaching London, he felt a restraint upon him, so that he could not run into the lengths of sin he intended. He felt from a sense of duty he must attend chapel, and went like the door upon its hinges. After attending Gower Street for nearly twelve months, Mr. Smart came to supply. During his sermon, he exclaimed, "Sinner! Sinner! If thou livest and diest in the state thou art now in, hell will be thy portion." The word entered. Mr. S. seemed to point direct to him. He came out of the chapel wretched and miserable, this passage continually following him: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." For nearly a month he went about feeling himself lost and ruined.

One day, while standing at his press at work, these words came to him: "For I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed;" which brought comfort to his troubled mind. The people of God were then to him the excellent of the earth. These words often comforted him: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

After this he fell for a time into a state of infidelity, but was mercifully brought out of it.

In Nov., 1864, his father put him into business in Brighton; soon after which he had a heavy temporal trial, which pressed so heavily upon him, that one night he intended making off with himself. He put the open razor upon the drawers, thinking to do it before morning; but through the goodness of God was mercifully preserved.

In Feb., 1865, he was married; but the union was soon severed by death, leaving him with two children. This was a heavy blow to him; in addition to which he waded through many trials, crosses, and disappointments in business.

In 1871 he married again. Three years after, his health began to fail; and business not prospering, he was obliged to dispose of it. This was another heavy trial to him. He left Brighton for Birmingham; but had not been there many weeks before the Lord saw fit to lay his

afflicting hand on him. He was confined to the house for some time. He again resumed his occupation, but had a relapse.

Living at a distance from the chapel at Birmingham, he was unable to get there as often as he liked, being much attached to Mr. Dennett's ministry. The last time he heard him, which was upon the dying thief, he often referred to as a time never to be forgotten.

One morning, feeling very low in his mind, he opened the Bible, and read Ezek. xxxiv., and remarked what comfort he felt from verses 11-20. In Feb., 1875, he left B. for Oxford to have advice. The physician, after examining him, said he would never be fit for anything again, which was heavy tidings. In a letter he says: "I hope I may be kept from putting on paper what I have not really experienced. I am so afraid, at times, that I have said more than I ought; but I can say that I desire to be made very tender, and kept very low, so as not to think too much of myself. Last night in bed I felt the following verse come with a little power; and I was enabled to take you and all our circumstances to the almighty God: 'O Lord, we are oppressed; undertake for us.' The original is 'I;' but I was obliged to say 'we.' It seemed to convey such a volume,—much more than a multitude of words. I felt such a calmness that it really seemed as though I had for the time no troubles; but how soon I lost the sweetness of it, and began plotting and planning how to get out of our perplexities, looking again to an arm of flesh, which I am so often doing. Is it not wonderful the Lord has any patience with us at all, that he does not cut us down as cumberers of the ground?"

In another he says: "I do beg of the Lord, at times, that he would enable me to leave all things in his hands, for him to work all things after the counsel of his own will. May we both be enabled to lie as clay in the hands of the Potter, and say, 'It is the Lord,' &c. How many things we have to be thankful for! How many of the Lord's people have to work in a weaker state than I am for the bread that perisheth! O that we had more gratitude, more love, and greater access to a throne of grace, to pour out our supplications with thanksgiving! I often think worldly people have trials, and am often tempted to believe I am no more a child of God than they. Yet, at times, I trust I do feel a little humility of spirit under the affliction. But what poor unbelieving creatures we are! How prone to question everything! I do beg of God to give us more patience to wait and see his hand in our case. 'He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' 'He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.' 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' I can say I desire to fear his name; and it is recorded that he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him. I can honestly and truthfully say that I can come in there."

In another he writes: "I was thinking this morning, 'Well, there is my dear wife in B., with the three dear children, and surrounded with cares, perplexities, anxieties; and brought on by whom?' Conscience said, 'You;' and then I thought, 'Why, it is nearly four years since we were married, and it has been nothing but trial upon trial, affliction upon affliction, ever since.' I sank down in my feelings. But at the same time I felt enabled to lift up my heart, I hope, in sincere prayer that the Lord would condescend, in the multitude of his tender mercies, to give you strength and support to bear up under all your trials, and enable you to bear with the vile one to whom you are linked. I hope I can truly say I was for a few moments last evening favoured with nearness of access to a throne of grace, to ask the Lord to graciously undertake for us in our present trouble. Yet, at times, how little it seems I can have of a saving knowledge of the Lord the Lamb; what with felt deadness, coldness, lukewarmness in reading or praying, and

too often, alas! in both. The carking cares of this world, at times, seem to choke even an attempt to draw near; but what a very great mercy that I have now and then had a little light, a little cheering, a little glimpse of Christ as a Saviour, a Mediator, as All and in all! O that I could have more of these feelings! I can, I feel sure, adopt the language of that beautiful hymn:

‘O for a closer walk with God,’ &c.

May 30th, 1875.—Mr. Bond called to see him. He much enjoyed his visit. In conversing with him Mr. B. said, “If it were merely a natural wish to escape the punishment due to our sins, there would still be a love to sin, and a desire for sinful things; but where there is a hatred to it, and a desire for better things, it clearly proves that it is not only to escape hell, but a wish and desire to escape sin.” He afterwards said what a mercy and an encouragement he felt it.

June 23rd.—During the night he had been sweetly meditating upon the covenant, and remarked in the morning how he wished he could oftener, for he had never had such a view of it before. The next evening he was able to get down to chapel for the last time. Mr. Cowley was supplying; and had he known all he had experienced the night before, he could not have described it better. He said the whole sermon seemed for him. After this for several weeks he was in a dark desponding state of mind, fearing all was a delusion; and yet, at times, said he could not give up his little hope.

Oct. 3rd.—In the night he was favoured with sweet meditation, when this verse of Watts’s came to him with power several times:

“There shall I bathe my weary soul,” &c.

The fear of death, he said, was taken away. The next day, feeling very weak, he said, “If I die to-night, I feel sure I shall go to glory. How light are my sufferings compared to what the Lord suffered to redeem my soul from hell! I do pray for patience to wait his time, and to be kept from murmuring. I feel my time here is short.” After this, for a short time, he was greatly harassed by these words: “They have no fear of God before their eyes,” fearing he might be one of those.

On Oct. 5th he managed to get down stairs, which was the last time he left his room. He could scarcely speak for several days, his weakness was so great; but when awake, seemed in deep meditation. Things of this life were burdensome to him.

On Oct. 15th Mr. Cowley called to see him. He said all he wanted to hear was about the best things. He had no desire to get well, but longed to be gone, begging for patience to hold out. About 12 o’clock he complained of a pain in his side. He could scarcely keep in bed. He said, “Surely death must be coming.” In the evening he said, “O for patience!” It was said to him, “You have been blessed with patience, and kept from murmuring;” when he replied, “Was I patient this morning when in pain? But I do pray to be.” His mind, which had been for several days comfortable, was greatly troubled, fearing after all his religion was a delusion. He said, “I feel as though I can see ‘Ichabod’ written on my forehead; and ‘Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.’” It was most distressing to see the agony of mind he was in. One said to him, “It is the enemy tempting you.”

Soon after his father came in, and engaged in prayer, when his mind seemed more comfortable. Again he said, “O! If I should be like Ignorance in Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim,’—get to heaven’s gate, and be asked for my certificate, and should fumble in my bosom, and could not find it. then it would be, ‘Depart from me; I never knew you. Cast him into outer darkness.’”



During the night, to a friend who kindly sat up with him he said, "This is the place to be brought into to test one's religion. It must be a personal matter. How many of the Lord's people there are upon beds of pain, worse than I am, and not surrounded with kind friends to administer to their wants!

"When all thy mercies, O my God,' &c.

When I had that glorious view of the covenant, Satan tried to harass me. I saw how I must have been chosen by the Father ere time began, and that the Son must have been willing to suffer for me before I had a being.

"Let us ask the important question,  
and that beautiful hymn of Toplady's:

"Rock of ages, shelter me,"

are hymns that suit poor hell-deserving sinners. I count it an honour for the Lord's people to come and see me. What a difference when our eyes are opened!

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,  
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
Shall I among them stand?"

There are the two words, 'Shall I?'

Oct. 16th.—In the morning we could see a change in him. He remarked he should soon have to say "Good bye;" but thought he should not have strength enough at the last to say what he hoped to be able to say, namely, to shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" But he said, if not able, he would wave his hand if he felt it; which he did several times. Just before he breathed his last, his father asked him if he were happy. He emphatically exclaimed, "Yes! Eternity of bliss! Eternity of bliss!" He tried to say more, but had not strength. In a few minutes his happy spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss.

R. H.

NAOMI CORBOULD.—On Nov. 18th, 1875, aged 71, Naomi Corbould, of Devizes.

My dear wife, to whom I was united but a short time, was the widow of the late Mr. G. Hunt, and niece of the late Isaac Beeman, minister of the gospel, Cranbrook, which was her native place, and where she lived with Mr. B. for many years in her youth.

Her last illness, brought on by a cold, was accompanied by a severe cough, which continued with her, more or less, during the whole of her illness, which lasted about twelve months. When she came to take to her bed, she often used to say she had a presentiment that she should never get better; for the Lord, she said, had taken away all care and concern for this world, and that she could give it all up, and did not want to be troubled any more with it. Neither did she want to see any worldly people, but only the children of God, with whom she could converse. She often said, "What a mercy it is the Lord ever gave me a good hope! What should I do if I had to seek him now? I should have no power to give myself to God; such a religion as that would not do for me. Nothing less than a whole Christ."

The enemy was permitted to assault her much at times; once especially, when it came to her mind about the blood of Christ; but she was helped to cry, "The blood, the blood!" when the enemy departed. A few minutes after, telling me of this, she said, "What a mercy it is that my sins are all blotted out; not scratched out, but blotted out, nailed to his cross.

"A bleeding Jesus is the way,  
And blood tracks all the path."

Many sweet portions of Scripture and verses of hymns were given to her by the Lord at different seasons of the day, particularly in the

mornings, to comfort and support her while suffering so severely from her distressing and painful cough, which sometimes brought her very low.

The enemy would often tempt her to doubt, and she would ask me if I thought it would be all right with her at the last; when the Lord would enable me to bring some promise to her mind, which often gave her relief; such as: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." At times she would express her fear whether it would be all right in the end. Once she asked the Lord to say unto her soul, "I am thy salvation;" when this came with power, and silenced her fears:

"What more can he say than to you he hath said,

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?"

At another time: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings;" "I will give her her vineyards from thence;" "Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." "What a mercy," she said, "he never slumbers nor sleeps!"

The enemy, at this time, was again permitted to assail her; but she was enabled to say, "The Lord is my strong deliverer;" and

"When lower and lower they every day fell,

He stretch'd out his power and saved them from hell;"

"On the Rock of ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose?"

A short time after this she had two blessed promises given her: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice;" "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you;" "My presence shall go with thee."

When, at times, worn out with the cough, she would exclaim, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take me home. I long to be gone.

"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!"

Many friends called to see her; but she only cared to see those who could talk about Jesus; for she was a poor sinner, and wanted an interest in the prayers of God's people. She was very pleased to see Mr. Hemington, who frequently called; also Mr. Clough and Mr. Collis, when near, who entreated the Lord on her behalf. But, although at this time she had so many blessed promises, she was not fully satisfied of her interest in the pardoning blood of Christ. The dear Lord, however, soon gave her this blessed satisfaction. He was pleased to break in upon her mind while reading these words: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" "Well," she said, "I did not know it, any more than Philip; but I know it now." She rejoiced in the liberty the Lord had given her, saying,

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,

As sure as the earnest is given."

"Yes," she said; "I shall be able to sing as loud as any, when I get a better voice."

"And lest the shadow of a spot," &c.

I told her she looked ill. "O!" she said, "I shall look better when I am in my coffin. 'When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' O to have that glorious white robe to wear! He will purify, for he sits as a purifier, till he can see his image. How wonderful! I shall sing then." "Yes," I said, "'Unto him that hath loved us.'" "Yes," she answered, "'And given himself for us.' What a mercy!

"My soul, ask what thou wilt," &c.

It was evident, about this time, that her end was approaching; and she was aware of it by giving directions for her funeral, &c. On the

Saturday and Sunday previous to her death she was very restless. We scarcely thought she would last the night; but she had a very favourable night, and was much better in the morning. Through the day she frequently asked for water. "O!" she said, "I want to get to the Fountain." "Yes," I said; "to drink of the living waters." "Won't it be beautiful," she said, "to drink of the new wine of the kingdom?"

"And lest we should mistake the way,  
He lined it out with blood."

She was frequently in the attitude of prayer, begging the Lord to take her out of this poor suffering body, to be with Jesus.

The last Thursday morning she was very restless, and sent for me early. I said, "You are very ill." She said, "In the everlasting arms. I want to be gone. Why is he so long in coming?" A little before 11 o'clock she asked the nurse the time, and if she thought it would be much longer. Nurse said she did not think it would, but that the Lord knew best. She then waved her hands in an ecstasy of delight, and with a smile on her countenance exclaimed, "Going to Jesus;" "See Jesus," till nearly exhausted; when she dropped her hands, and her breathing being more difficult and very slow, she turned on one side, and so fell asleep in the arms of her dear Redeemer.

Thus she who, at times, so much feared the last struggle, passed through death without a sigh or the least motion of feet or body. So gentle was her departure that we scarce could say "She's gone."

J. C.

The above brief account of the last days of dear Mrs. Corbould will, we trust, convey to the minds of those who read it and possess spiritual discernment in the things of God, how much our dear friend was supported, comforted, and blessed in her soul, at times, during her very painful affliction; and how divine grace enabled her to triumph, when passing through death, over that enemy. A more remarkable change than what we witnessed in our departed friend, as a believer, in her reserved manner, and the little she felt at liberty to speak of what she knew of the things of God, when we were first brought into acquaintance with her, and her open, unreserved manner, and sweet and blessed liberty of spirit in spiritual conversation during her affliction, we do not remember ever to have witnessed so strikingly in any one before. God most wonderfully favoured her, and brought forth her righteousness to the light, and her salvation "as a lamp that burneth." We felt the truest tie of spiritual union; and though death has removed our beloved sister, we humbly trust our own death will prove that the union we felt to her was divine, and in the Lord, by our meeting together before the throne of God and the Lamb.

C. HEMINGTON.

SAMUEL ROBBINS.—On Nov. 24th, 1875, aged 79, Samuel Robbins, of Leamington.

The above was called under the ministry of Mr. Weldon, at or near Marlborough, Wilts. He went with his wife to hear Mr. W.; but on hearing him the first time was much incensed against him, because Mr. W. said in his discourse that a man's own works, however good he might consider them, were utterly worthless to rest upon for salvation. He left enraged, determined never to hear him again. But some time after he was constrained to go again; and the Lord carried the word with light and life into his soul, under the same ministry. He now felt *he* was a sinner. The enormity of his crimes rose up before him, and he now left the chapel with such esteem for the minister that he could have embraced him.

For some months he had to carry the burden of his guilt without any relief; but on a certain day, as he went into the country, crying to the Lord for some token of his favour, the Lord gave him encouragement from these words: "Though the vision tarry, wait for it." Some time after this he was further encouraged by "Knock, and it shall be opened." Thus he was encouraged to wait upon the Lord.

Some time after this, having heard Mr. Weldon, and about to have his dinner, he was prompted to go to his room and pray to the Lord. He went, and felt helped in doing so. Just as he had ceased, the following Scripture was brought with such sweetness and power as to bear away all his guilt and misery before it: "And the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." This was followed by many other Scriptures, confirming his interest in the same.

The substance of the foregoing I received from him on Jan. 17th, 1870, and penned it then.

This dear friend and his wife, having joined Mr. O. Winslow's church at Leamington, and not being able to profit, took the "Gospel Standard," and obtained sermons by ministers in connexion therewith. In this they found food, but increased misery under the preaching of Mr. W. They therefore withdrew in 1842-3, meeting for reading and prayer in their own house, with any others that might come; which continued for some years. His conduct, conversation, and spirit were becoming the gospel. He was afflicted with paralysis for 14 years, but died of old age. He said a little before his end, "Happy in the Lord."

I knew the departed, more or less intimately, for 32 years. We were for some years bosom friends, and dearly loved each other. During the time of my banqueting, he was enabled to so rejoice with me that often, during the midnight hours, we had a heaven below whilst we conversed and wept together upon the wonders of redeeming love. A little before his death, I said to him, "We shall meet in heaven." "Yes," he replied. "I am certain of that, and have been for many years."

Leamington.

W. STEPHENS.

MARY DENYER.—On Dec. 26th, 1875, aged 63, Mary Denyer, member of the church at Zoar, Canterbury.

She was called by grace when about 21 years of age, and for some time was the subject of intense soul trouble. But in due time the Lord was pleased, in some measure, to deliver her therefrom, and to give her some hope through grace of his pardoning mercy. She was brought to believe in the doctrines of free grace. She was favoured, for a time, to sit under the ministry of the late Joseph Irons, of Camberwell, to whose ministry she was much attached; and was, I believe, in some measure, privileged to hear him profitably.

The death of her husband, which took place in May, 1860, was a heavy trial; but she was supported under it, and, I believe, could, at times, anticipate the time when, having done with the world, she would rejoice him in realms of bliss.

She was one who truly loved the Lord, his people, and his ways, and prized the ministry of his faithful servants. Never willingly did she absent herself from the means of grace. She was for some years a hearer, and subsequently a member, at Ebenezer, Welwyn, and was greatly attached to the place, and the friends meeting there. In 1868 she removed to Canterbury; and, if I mistake not, in Nov., 1869, she passed through the ordinance of baptism, and became united to the church at Zoar, continuing to go in and out among them till within a few Sabbaths of her death.

Although not favoured with the blessed assurance some of the Lord's people have, she was nevertheless helped by the way from time to time.

Two occasions I shall never forget. Once, when suddenly taken ill, and some danger was apprehended, she seemed calm, and, I believe, could feel and realize that all was well for eternity. Since then, I remember entering the house one day at noon, and finding her in tears. She said, "O! I have had a blessed morning." I have never forgotten the circumstance, and I do not think I ever shall.

The Word of God she much prized; and several of Kent's hymns were favourites with her, especially those commencing:

"Cease, O believer, cease to mourn," &c.

"Come, sinners, the Lord," &c.

In referring to her soul trouble, she would tell how, in the Lord's hands, Mr. Hart's experience was made the instrument of encouraging her, and of helping her by the way.

She was taken ill with paralysis on Dec. 17th. Owing to the nature of the disorder, she was unable to say much. During the intervals between the attacks she said a little, chiefly to the effect that she desired strength equal to her day, and submission to the Lord's will, be it life or death. I do not think the enemy was permitted to harass her, although she had no great joys. She seemed to have a good hope that with her it would go well.

On Dec. 23rd the last attack set in. She never rallied, but gradually sank, and gently passed away on Lord's-day morning, Dec. 26th.

May he who writes, and those who may read, meet her at God's right hand.

H. DENYER.

THOMAS SINKINSON.—On Feb. 28th, 1875, aged 64, Mr. Thomas Sinkinson, minister of the gospel, and pastor of the church of Christ at Bedworth.

Mr. S. was a native of Preston, Lancashire, and was born in 1811. He spent 19 years an entire stranger to God, following those things which in after life he was ashamed of. It pleased God after a "prize dance," and pitched battle, to send an arrow of conviction into his conscience on the same night. He left the battle-field without hat, and walked two miles in great distress, fearing death and destruction were close upon him.

Shortly afterwards he was invited to join the Wesleyans, and did so; among whom he became and continued a preacher for several years.

On one occasion he was holding forth on "Preston Marsh," inviting all, and offering Christ to all before him, when a voice from the congregation called out, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." This voice of truth completely closed his mouth. He could not go on, and left the platform. "Where the word of a King is, there is power." (Ecc. viii. 4.)

After this he was greatly exercised, not knowing what course to steer; and veered about strangely, visiting various denominations, and altogether unable to settle. In a solitary walk by the Ribble side, the words, "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin," strangely impressed his mind; and after long waiting and much anxiety, he was induced to observe the ordinance of believers' baptism. In 1843 he was baptized in the river Ribble by Mr. Hervey, and joined a body of Open Communion professors. Here he began a second time to preach; and once a week in a Ragged School he addressed a congregation. On one occasion he gave out a hymn:

"Preach and baptize in every land,  
Adults and infants too."

After reading the hymn, he said, "Though I have read this hymn, I do not believe it." This caused a great rupture and confusion among the people. Such sayings and doings could scarcely be kept under a bushel.

It was reported, and again reported. From error he began to preach truth. And how pleasant when men grow up in the mysteries of the gospel! When they go back, how dreadful! It makes honest men dread, and question the point. When, after a profession of free grace principles, a man begins to "offer" Christ, or tell the dead to flee to Christ, the case is bad. Not so our dear departed brother. "The memory of the just is blessed."

In 1852 this was reported to several of the friends, members of the late dear John M'Kenzie, of the same town, whose ministry will not soon be forgotten. They went to see him, J. S. Warburton, of Wigan, still alive, among the rest. They plainly asked him how he could stop and preach among people who hated God's truth. Honest to his light, he said he thought he had God's Word on his side. After a good deal of conversation, he seemed humbled and instructed, and ceased to reply, evidently convinced of the truth that had been laid before him. It appears our brother's zeal had induced him to fit up, and make very comfortable, the Ragged School above named, where he preached.

The same friends went shortly to hear him there, and became more satisfied that the Lord the Spirit was leading him into the truth; and that though he had had little experience at that time, God's Word was becoming his stand-point. A union of spirit sprang up between them that was never dissolved. The friend before named, being himself a supplying minister, took Mr. Skinson to several places with him, to see and to hear. This offended the Ragged School party, and was the means of his leaving them. Under the warm advice of his friend, who said, "Come out from amongst them, and be ye separate," he replied, "I am turned out, and can go no more; and where to go I do not know." His friend invited him to the prayer-meeting that night; and from that time he settled down in the church of Christ at Preston, and was allowed to go out to supply amongst the churches, and was well received.

His acquaintance with God's Word became more and more visible, and his dependence on the God of the Word was clearly manifest. All the churches of truth valued much his services, for he grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The constitution of his mind was of high temperament. He would rush upon a beloved topic with a zeal peculiar to himself. No one who heard him could conclude he was not in earnest. His pulpit attitudes were not at all scientific, though well defined; and when in warmth of soul he opposed an enemy to the truth, the clenched fist seemed really to deal to the adversary a blow of destruction.

Amongst the churches he supplied, Bedworth was one. His ministry was well received, and the church concluded to give him a call. He accepted the invitation, and became pastor. Many were the cogitations of his mind on the matter of the pastorate,—matter enough to make a little volume. Our brother took the pastorate in Jan., 1866, and laboured amongst them nine years. He was much esteemed by all, and dearly beloved by many, to whom his ministry had been made a special blessing. And though there were ministerial troubles at Bedworth, as at other places, during his nine years' ministry, he always manifested a Christian-like spirit to all the brethren, walking humbly with his God, and contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

During the last two years of his life he seemed to be in ill-health; and in Jan. and Feb. was laid aside for five weeks. Feb. 14th, 1875, was his last appearance in that pulpit, when many said they should not hear his voice again. After the sermon, he wished them to sing Hymn 320:

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform," &c.;

asking also for his favourite tune, quite contrary to his usual manner. He preached the following evening at Thornborough. His text was Phil. iii. 9: "And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Here ended our brother's ministerial labours. With great difficulty he was taken home on the following Friday, taking to his bed at once. Bronchitis had set in, which terminated his mortal life. He was often visited, and one of his deacons was often with him, and asked him many things about faith and feeling. At one time he said:

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,

And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

When asked about a church trouble, he replied:

"No good in creatures can be found,

But may be found in thee;

I must have all things and abound,

While God is God to me."

At another time he said, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of *thy* mourning shall be ended." To another friend, staying with him, he said, "I have learned Job's lesson well, 'I would not live always.'" The friend replied, "Job also said, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" He replied, "Yes, yes. I know that *my* Redeemer liveth."

He often sang the third and seventh verses of Hymn 232:

"His love in time past," &c.

"Since all that I meet," &c.

Most earnestly did he pray for the peace of the church.

His family he left entirely in the Lord's hand. His affliction was very painful, but not one murmur escaped his lips. His last articulation was:

"Range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,

And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

While repeating the above lines, he stretched out his arms, as if to embrace one, and, with a sweet smile, remained for a time transfixed. Two hours more, and he breathed his last, on Lord's day morning, Feb. 28th, 1875.

Thus died our brother in the Lord, after a long struggle, leaving a dear wife and family to lament their loss. May God support them, and guide the "flock of slaughter" our brother left in the wilderness.

A. B. TAYLOR.

"DEATH OF MR. THOMAS SINKINSON.—We regret to have to record the demise of Mr. Thomas Sinkinson, for nine years minister of the Zion Baptist Chapel, Bedworth, who died on the 28th Feb., aged 64 years. The deceased was a native of Preston, Lancashire, where he preached for upwards of 35 years, previous to coming to Bedworth. He was also instrumental in establishing a ragged school in that district. The funeral took place on the 4th inst., the remains of the deceased being interred in the family vault in the Baptist Burial Ground, Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, officiating. A large concourse of friends attended the funeral, to show their respect for the deceased, among whom were Mr. Chandler (Accrington, Lancashire), Mr. Forster (Witham), and a large number of persons from Coventry, Attleborough, Nuneaton, and various other places. The Sunday-school teachers and children, the choir, and a numerous congregation, completely filled the chapel, and the deepest sorrow was manifested by all present. The deceased was highly respected by all denominations in the town."—*Local Paper*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1876.

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

## MAN DIETH; AND WHERE IS HE?

A SERMON DELIVERED IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF ANN WILSON, ON OCT. 17TH, 1857, BY MICHAEL HORBURY, LATE BAPTIST MINISTER, ISLINGTON CHAPEL, BLACKBURN.

"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—JOB XIV. 10.

IN speaking from this portion of God's precious Word, I shall call your attention,

First, to the universal fact: "*Man dieth*;"

Second, I shall, God being my helper, attempt to answer the all-important question founded upon it: "*Where is he?*"

I. Daily observation teacheth us the truth of the fact so solemnly stated: "*Man dieth*." With our own eyes, almost every day, we see our fellow-creatures conveyed to the silent tomb. If, from the earliest periods, we search the history of both nations and individuals, we shall find that the king of terrors, according to the unerring wisdom of inspiration, has accomplished the irrevocable decree of Jehovah, which he pronounced in the garden of Eden: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Where are the patriarchs, who were favoured with visits from the Most High, who were permitted to hold communion with God himself, to whom he first made known his precious promises? Their earthly tabernacles are taken down; their tenements of clay are removed. And, my brethren, these earthly tabernacles of ours only remain to tell us that mankind, daily and hourly, are falling a prey to this august destroyer. Search the Bible records, and there you are informed of the removal of prophets, priests, and kings. The crown passed from the head of one monarch to another, and his sceptre into the hands of his successor.

My dear friends, we see by observation that this messenger of the Almighty pays no regard to ranks and conditions of men. No; the prince and the peasant alike fall a prey to the devouring sceptre of this universal destroyer. When this grim messenger is despatched with heaven's sacred warrant to arrest an individual, the once sparkling eyes sink in their sockets, the ruddy countenance becomes pale with consumption; and ere long down falls the tabernacle, and is committed to the dust. The aged, who



appear to have enjoyed the blessings of good health and strong constitution of body, until their heads are adorned with hoary hairs, they are arrested by this messenger; and, ere we are aware, they are in the arms of death, and drop into the tomb as suddenly as a leaf in autumn.

With regard to ourselves, we know not what a day may bring forth; but this we do know, that the decree has gone from the mouth of God, and you may rest assured that the summons will not be delayed. We cannot step over the boundaries set about us by the Almighty. Have you not frequently heard of men resolving to lengthen the span of their existence? Again and again, have you not been told how man's life may be stretched by the acquisition of medical skill in the cure of disease, and how he may be exempt from sickness, if he will pay strict attention to his earthly house? Now, I have not a word to say against any man paying due respect to his earthly tabernacle, and bestowing upon it all the attention necessary to keep it in a healthy state, so far as he is capable; but I deny that he can lengthen his life for a moment. I take my stand upon the authority of my God, and that will hold good when all the imaginations of men have passed away as a dream: "Is there not an appointed time for man upon earth? Are not his days as the days of a hireling? Thou hast set his bounds that he cannot pass." The apostle Paul says, "It is appointed unto men once to die; and after this the judgment." We know not but this messenger may now be sent to arrest some of us, and at this moment have entered our system, spreading disease in our constitutions, and ravaging all the powers of nature, finally to reduce our frail tabernacles into prostration and death. We have no continuing city here. Our days are but as a hand-breadth. They are passing away "swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

Great efforts have been made to prevent the body from falling into corruption; but God will do all that he has determined. For my part, when death lays hold on me, beyond decent interment, it is a matter of small importance what shall be done with my remains. To embalm them to preserve them from decay would be a piece of folly; for, after all, in spite of all the ingenuity of human nature, in spite of every device to avert the decree of heaven, man must return to his original dust.

II. I shall now, as the Lord shall assist me, attempt to answer the solemn interrogation, "*Where is he?*"

In this Volume God has given to man a two-fold character,—the *righteous* and the *wicked*.

1. I shall direct your attention to the character of the *wicked* man. What is a wicked man? Every man destitute of the grace of God in his heart is truly a wicked man. In the outward actions of life the wickedness of one man is more developed than that of another. So far as my observation informs me, the depravity of the human heart manifests itself under three distinct aspects, dividing wicked men into three classes:

i. Those who are bent on the acquisition of riches. Now we see one class of men bent very determinedly upon obtaining all they can of the things which belong to time. Not the least imagination appears to cross their minds relative to the death of their mortal tabernacles, and their eternal destiny. They are proposing to themselves to lay hold on all they can of riches, and at some time to live at their ease and enjoy them. Their hearts are fixed upon riches, and they are determined to have them. They contrive from morning until evening to increase their wealth. Their schemes bring in riches fast. One successful enterprise sharpens their appetite for another. They are ever straining their intellects to make their riches flow in faster in the future. They are saying to themselves, "We will extend our business connexions; we will increase our productions; we will extend our lands and multiply our cattle; we will have all that can possibly be had; we will have all that we can grasp."

Thus, you see, riches are the object of their lives; and, regardless of anything else, onward they post after them. Here they are, poor grovelling worms of the earth, grasping that upon which, in a short time, they must close their eyes for ever. What a pitiable position is this for a poor sinful dying worm to be in! It is one of the most striking characteristics of a wicked man. Our Lord Jesus Christ, when on earth, gave a severe rebuke to one of this class. This man had been saying within himself that he would increase his earthly possessions, that he would extend his coffers, that he would pull down his old barns, and build new ones. He was persuading himself that, when he had done all this, he would retire and live at ease, and enjoy the abundance of the wealth he had accumulated. Mark the solemn declaration of our Lord: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" My friends, how soon, and to himself how unexpectedly, was this man parted from the idol of his life!

Now, when a man dies, having no other object before his eyes than riches, when a man dies placing all his confidence in riches, "*Where is he?*" Where did the rich man go to, who is described in the gospel? (Lu. xvi.) Mark you, my friends, this rich man was a despiser of the poor of God's people. The end of this man is solemnly awful to contemplate. We are told that when he closed his eyes on his earthly possessions for ever, he sank down into hell. It is said that he lifted up his eyes in hell, and beheld the poor man Lazarus, whom he had despised when on earth. And where was Lazarus? When the poor beggar died, God sent his angels as a vehicle and royal convoy to carry and escort his soul to heaven, lodge him in Abraham's bosom, and place him among the princes of his people, there to enjoy the felicity and blessedness of eternal glory. The rich man was in hell; that was his destiny. Now, do not understand me to mean that all rich men go to hell when they die. By no means; but such rich men as die with their affections wholly fixed on riches, who make riches their god, hell is their portion,

most certainly. I do not for a moment hesitate to pronounce their doom; for I do it on the authority of my God.

ii. There is another aspect in which the wickedness of man manifests itself. Wicked men of this class, at the risk of the loss of both body and soul, seem determined to gratify the propensities of their fallen nature. They will go forth, in defiance of all remonstrances, into all manner of evil, indulging in drunkenness, rioting, chambering, and wantonness of every description, in the vain attempt to satiate the passions of their depraved hearts. They go recklessly forward, pressing after these debasing enjoyments, like a bird to the snare, till at length many of them go to such a dreadful extent, that the result of their indulgences is a spear piercing them through their livers. Then disease seizes their vitals, and speedily brings on decay and death. The whole being of the sensualist is employed in searching out new gratifications of the basest and most grovelling kind; and he persists in them to the very uttermost. He swalloweth sin like the thirsty ox drinketh in water. Eventually he dies; and "*Where is he?*" If not stopped in his mad career by sovereign grace, hell will be his eternal destiny.

iii. I now come to a class of wicked men who take upon themselves a profession of religion on merely natural grounds. Perhaps they have heard that hell is a place of eternal punishment; so in their way they set about to escape it. They take up a profession of religion, work hard, and get a tolerably good name in what is called respectable society. Having acquired a good name by professing to be serious among men, they are satisfied. With their lips they draw nigh unto God, but are without any real love and feeling towards him in their hearts. They attend a place of worship, are found at church or chapel at the hour appointed for divine service, take an active part in promoting good and useful institutions, are benevolent towards their fellow-creatures, and liberal in the cause of God; and, having done all this, they flatter themselves that all will be right. Now, a man may do all this, and know nothing about true spiritual religion. All really true religion is spiritual. I have nothing to say against good morals or individual reformation on natural grounds, when applied to proper objects. What I do contend for earnestly is, that good morals and reformation will not do in the place of true spiritual conviction wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost. The regeneration of the soul is the work of God himself. A natural man in his unregenerate state may attain to a moral rectitude which is good for society, and which will win for him the respect and esteem of his fellow-creatures; but it will never stand the piercing scrutiny of Almighty God. If from this moment I could acquire a perfectly moral rectitude, I should not, on that account, be entitled to heaven. It would not rub off the old debt I had contracted; and, therefore, I should be without the full redemption which I must have if I am saved. No man can redeem his own soul, either in whole or in part.

Now, if your religion does nothing more for you than make you straight and upright before men, as yet you possess nothing to build your hopes upon for eternity. If my religion does nothing more for me than lead me to a moral reformation that makes me just in my dealings with men, consistent in an outward profession, and punctual in attending a place of worship, I say solemnly, my friends, if it does nothing more for me than this, it gives me no guarantee for my soul's eternal salvation when I die. If you are depending upon a formal religion which consists in the performance of a prescribed routine of duties, I will tell you who you are like. You are like the man who built his house upon the sand.

I have now briefly endeavoured to answer the question put in our text in reference to our character,—the *wicked* man. I have drawn a threefold portrait of him,—one a grovelling worm of the earth, grasping hard after riches; another bent on the gratification of his depraved nature; and a third deceived by a false profession of religion which will not stand the day of God.

2. This leads me to the consideration of the second character,—the *righteous* man. What is a righteous man? He is one who has passed from a death in sin unto a spiritual life of righteousness in Christ. He stands justified in the sight of a holy God, who cannot smile upon sin. He is one who can stand the scrutiny of God's holy law, and who will be saved consistently with the perfections and attributes of God. The righteous man possesses a new principle in his soul; which righteous principle is accomplished in his soul by the work of regeneration. Let me tell you, on the authority of my Lord, you must be born again. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The righteous man has a new life given him at regeneration. Without regeneration wrought by the Holy Ghost, no man will have any desire to become a citizen of his heavenly kingdom. There is a birth in the soul of the sinner; and when that takes place, there is implanted in it a principle of immortal grace, which in the Word of God is called an incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever.

When the Holy Ghost arrests a sinner's conscience, he moves upon it as at creation's dawn, when he said, "Let there light; and there was light." The apostle says, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The understanding is illuminated. You know what an illumination is literally. It is to light up that which was dark before to the brilliance of flame; so that the objects appear vividly. So it is spiritually in the soul of a sinner. The understanding is lighted up with a live coal from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Altar of our salvation. This light is communicated to the conscience by God the Holy Ghost. Without it the poor lost sinner could never be brought to see his deplorable condition as a fallen creature. When this light is placed in the sinner's

soul, it brings him to a knowledge of the mysteries of God in Christ. It seizes the poor sinner's heart, and teaches him to know what he really is in the sight of a holy and just God. So will he deal with you, if ever he bring you in mercy to himself. Take this home with you, and see if ever it hath happened unto you according to that saying in holy Writ: "He hath set our sins in the light of his countenance." If it has, a deep sense of God's majesty pervades your conscience; and God's holy law brings your sins vividly before you. You look upon your sins now, not by the light of carnal nature, but with a spiritual discernment; and you discover, to your astonishment, that God requires everything up to the standard of the rigour of his most holy law.

Such a sinner as I have just been describing is fully convinced that, if ever he is saved, he must be just in the presence of a holy and righteous God. He can no longer trust to his own performances as a salvation for his soul. No; he finds that the very best of them are poisoned with the sting of death, and this makes him look out earnestly for a remedy for his leprous heart. All this feeling is the effect of the Holy Ghost bringing sin into the conscience of the sinner, and setting it up before him as it appears in the sight of a holy God. As the Almighty in this manner convinces the sinner of his hot displeasure against sin, it pierces the soul through with deep sorrow, and brings it shrinking down into nothing. All his preconceived beauty now fades away as the flower of the field; his comeliness is turned into corruption; and he sees and feels himself to be one of the vilest of the vile. As he thus reflects on his own depraved and fallen condition, and sees and feels his vileness and baseness, he becomes a terror to himself; and plainly enough he is driven to the conclusion that he can do nothing for his personal and eternal welfare. While left in this state, he is one of the most miserable of all created existences. It now opens very clearly upon his understanding that for the short period of his life he has been led captive by the devil at his will. He wonders how God could bear with him even for a moment, and why he has not ere this consigned him to perdition. He has now a holy principle in his soul which hates sin; and this holy principle dictates supplication to the Most High for deliverance from sin and the power thereof. This makes him cry, with all the intensity of desire, that God, in the riches of his grace and mercy, would be pleased to pardon his iniquity, transgression, and sin, and deliver him from the wrath to come. This crying soul is under the influence of that holy and pure principle which is the gift of God in regeneration. This new man of grace is opposed to his old carnal mind, which is enmity against God. God's plan of saving souls is folly in its estimation.

Perhaps I may be in the presence of some who as yet are in a state of nature's darkness. Allow me to tell you, my dear friends, that while you are in that condition you are living at

enmity with your Maker. Perhaps, before to-morrow's setting sun, I may be in the presence of my God; and I feel, as a minister of the blessed gospel, and a servant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, a desire to discharge my duties faithfully and honestly. I have had a solemn impression, for some time past, growing on my mind that my sojourn here will not be long; and it is my daily prayer that I may unto the end continue steadfast in the faith, with a conscience free from blame before my God. I hope I may be preserved firm in the truth; for it appears to me a matter of but small importance in what estimation I may be held by frail, sinful, dying men.

The soul that has been brought into the state I have been describing, that feels itself lost, ruined, undone, naked, and destitute, needs a place of shelter from divine wrath; and where will he find it? In the meritorious atonement wrought out for lost sinners on Calvary's cross. This sin-bitten and law-condemned soul will ultimately be led by the Holy Spirit to see that it is saved on the ground of substitution,—by the righteousness of another placed to its account; and that this substituted righteousness was wrought out for it by the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Take away the doctrine of substitution, and no man shall be justified in accordance with the perfections of the divine attributes. What was the basis of the life and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Essentially one of substitution. This was typically set before Abraham, when God called upon him to offer up his son Isaac as a sacrifice on Mount Moriah. By this circumstance God was about to reveal unto Abraham the dispensation of his gospel, the day of Jesus Christ, and the economy of divine grace. The promised seed, and the possession they were to enjoy in the land of Canaan, were typical of the church of Christ, and its ultimate possession of eternal rest. Abraham provided himself with a knife and wood, and proceeded on his journey, taking his son with him to the mount, there to offer him up. In the eyes of the world, no doubt, this would be foolishness. But it was God's way of preaching his precious gospel to Abraham, through the medium of substitution; and how that gospel would harmonize with divine justice, and all the perfections of the Almighty. The mystery of God contained in these typical representations was not comprehended by the carnal mind of Abraham. This mystery was laid before the eye of faith; and faith grasped it, and believed it to be the will of God. Under the power of faith he took his son to the mount, built an altar, laid the wood upon the altar and his son upon the wood, bound him with a cord, and stretched forth his arm to take the life of his only child, in whose loins were contained the promised seed. Here the object of God was accomplished; he designed the thing to go no further. The Lord despatched his angel to restrain Abraham: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad," &c. (Gen. xxii. 12.) Abraham turned to see who was speaking; and, behold, he saw a ram caught in the thicket,

which he bound upon the altar and executed in his son's stead, bringing home his son with complacency and delight.

Sinner, hast thou been convinced that God would have been just had he left thee to perish in thy sins? Art thou apprehensive that one day thou wilt be executed by the righteous judgment of the Most High? Has God's vengeance already taken hold of thy conscience? Dost thou fear that he will never remit thy sins, but that for thy rebellion he will positively execute thee with his avenging sword? If these are thy thoughts and convictions, the Lord Jesus Christ is the Ram caught in the thicket for thee, the Lamb of God, who was slain for thy sins. He bore the whole weight of eternal punishment due to thee on account of them. The knife of vindictive justice pierced his holy soul and body. "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," according to the covenant of divine grace. From the throne of God it is declared that his righteousness is made over unto thee. It is said "he suffered, the just for the unjust." O what a blessed exchange! Dolorous indeed were the sufferings he endured on Calvary for his people. What matchless grace! What condescending love! What unparalleled compassion of the Lord of life and glory, to step into the place of the sinner, and bear for him the fierce arrows of the Almighty! He entered upon the conflict in order that he might work out a deliverance for his people from all the powers of death, hell, and the grave combined. When he had endured until he had paid the penalty divine justice had inflicted on him for his people's transgressions, and exhausted the wrath of Almighty God, he cried, "It is finished!" Then he was laid in the grave until the third day; but, bless his precious and holy name, neither could the grave hold him a prisoner, nor the malicious craft and cunning of wicked men and devils combined. He burst the barriers of the grave, came forth with victory, and triumphed over death and all its consequences.

And now it is henceforth proclaimed that his people shall be saved with an everlasting salvation. Thus the righteous are led to look unto him from whom their help cometh,—the Lord who made heaven and earth. The Lord Jesus Christ offered himself unto God a sweet-smelling savour for us. The wrath of divine justice, which would have fallen on our guilty souls, and for ever banished us from the presence of God, and launched us into eternal torments, fell on the head of his dear Son, our precious Saviour. A holy and just God is now reconciled to poor, lost, helpless sinners. Jehovah says, "Fury is not in me." Why not? Because he expended it all on his Son in Gethsemane, and on the cross. There we see him overwhelmed in the deepest agony, the fierce wrath of the Almighty piercing his soul. All the punishment revealed in the Word of God against the sins of his people met in his holy soul. Why did our blessed Lord and Saviour endure all this? Because in the eternal counsel of Jehovah he had determined to satisfy the claims of

inexorable justice, meet all the requirements of the moral law, and honour the perfections of the Most High in the salvation of sinners. When he had suffered, the just for the unjust, when he had risen from the dead and ascended on high, then was accomplished that which was spoken by the prophet Daniel: "To finish the transgression, to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness."

The Holy Spirit leads the righteous unto Jesus, and blesses them with faith to lay hold upon his work as an effectual remedy for the depravity of their nature. He leads them unto Jesus as the Fountain open for sin and uncleanness for the house of Israel. He is the only foundation of salvation and acceptance with a holy and just God. The Lord of life and glory, when he throws his robe of righteousness over his dear people, clothes them with such perfections that when they stand in the presence of Jehovah himself, he declares them to be without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Do you feel that you stand perfect in Christ? Is Jesus the highway upon which you expect to reach the heavenly Zion? Is Christ the object of your soul's delight, the mark set before you in your daily experience? Are you pressing on towards him with all the powers of your souls? Is it your highest ambition to come near unto Jesus, to be brought into his company, to hold communion and fellowship with him who bought you with his blood, and redeemed you in his rich love? Do you feel him to be as necessary unto you for your soul's comfort as food is for the support of your frail bodies? Do you live upon him? Is he the food of your immortal souls? Are you looking forward to a time when your bodies must inhabit the grave? And are Jesus and his beloved people the society with whom you would dwell through eternity? Do you really and truly feel that the righteousness of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the only thing which can cleanse you from your sins, and the only ground of your admittance into the presence of the Most High? If these are your feelings, if these are your desires, you are the righteous. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Now, the soul that is brought into an experimental enjoyment of these blessed truths, and to a firm belief on Christ as he has revealed himself in his glorious gospel, every soul that dies in such a state, Jesus will be its everlasting home. "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall never die." Beloved, it is an endless life. It is called a life of faith. The apostle says, "The life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." The soul that dies under the character I have been describing will go to heaven. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Their bodies rest in the grave till the heavens shall be no more; but they lie under the cogni-



zance of the Most High. He will protect their sleeping dust until, as a shepherd, he will gather both their bodies and souls unto his heavenly fold. Then in the strength of their Lord and Redeemer they will stand on the battlements of eternal bliss, and bid defiance to all the powers of sin, hell, death, and the grave; and, waving the palms of victory in their hands, they will shout the shout of triumph: "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."

Sensible sinner! There is no viewing this monster but in Jesus. There is no viewing its terrors out of Jesus but with the most appalling horror. If ever we are saved from the awful consequences which follow a death in sin, it must be by the precious blood of Jesus.

Our departed sister knew these things well. I have observed her make her appearance in this place of worship with a countenance that bespoke her condition to be that of a soul laden with sin. I have seen her sit in that pew on my left hand, when it was evident that she was labouring under great anguish of spirit, inwardly groaning on account of her guilt and rebellion,—brought to see and feel that she was truly a sinner in the sight of a holy and just God. In my acquaintance with her, she informed me that it was after she began to attend this place that she became acquainted with her true state and character as a lost sinner. Her experience was so visibly traced out that there sprang up a hope in her distracted soul that, after all, she was not eternally abandoned of God. She was led out with great energy of soul in prayer to God that she might be brought to feel and know something of the blessings of salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, for herself, and to know something of the divine reality of spiritual religion.

Now, my friends, the doctrines of grace may be preached to such a soul without being profitable to it. Sometimes such a poor lost sinner wanders from one place of worship to another where frail dying man is told that he yet possesses some remains of his created perfections, and that, if he will but stir himself and put it into exercise, he will be able to appease the wrath of God. Under such preaching, and the manner in which the doctrines of the gospel are sometimes set forth in such places, my soul has sunk fathoms deep. It is one of the most diabolical doctrines that the prince of darkness ever infused into the human heart, or that fallen man ever propagated, to tell poor, lost, ruined sinners that they yet possess some remains of created rectitude, which, if cultivated, will extricate them from the perilous position in which sin has placed them. Before grace takes possession of the heart of man, sin reigns, and has complete mastery over every power and passion of the immortal soul. It is completely under the control and authority of sin. Sin has the soul in its possession, and dictates its operations at its will and pleasure.

Sin is dictated by the devil, and this is the reason why fallen man is led captive by the devil at his will.

Our dear departed sister knew this deeply and painfully. Very frequently tears of sorrow trickled down her cheeks because of the ruined lost condition in which she stood in herself on nature's ground before a sin-avenging God. When she was exercised very much in this way, pressed down under a heavy burden of sin, labouring in great anxiety of soul, distressed almost to despair by a guilty conscience, the Lord was pleased, in the riches of his mercy, to deliver her by applying this passage with great force and preciousness to her soul: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Thus a precious Jesus was pleased to bring very clearly before her mind that he had, in his love for her, borne all the consequences of her guilt. And, even now, he tells all such lost self-condemned sinners that nothing can stand against them. Thou poor sin-cast-down and sin-distressed soul, he has paid all thy debt, he has blotted out all thy transgressions from the debt-book of his law, he hath blotted out all thy sins with his precious blood, so that they cannot be read against thee any more for ever. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." God's will and testimony concerning them is, that he can now take them into his embraces.

Now, in Jesus, the poor lost sinner can stand in the face of the law of God; he can stand before the justice of God. Unto such Christ is a Rock of eternal safety. In him the church of God is free. "He hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness; he hath covered me with the garment of salvation." Faith seizes this robe of righteousness, and applies the blood of Christ as the fountain cleansing the soul from sin. Under the confidence of faith we can say with the apostle, "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Our dear sister knew this. She felt herself interested in a salvation bestowed upon her by free and sovereign grace. Eternal things were continually moving upon her mind. I have observed many times with great satisfaction that, whatever the subject our conversation fell upon, she would be sure to introduce divine things. They were uppermost in her affections.

I cannot speak directly about the circumstances of her death. One very remarkable incident, however, I will just mention. Just before her departure, she began to recount the goodness of the Lord towards her from the first moment when he separated her from the world to the last of her existence. She commenced with the Lord Jesus appearing unto her when in a state of nature's darkness, and spoke very sweetly of his loving-kindness in teaching, leading, and guiding her all through her pilgrimage here below. She told what he had wrought in her and for her in her soul's experience, from the first moment that he shed a ray of divine light into her poor dark benighted mind. She spoke of

the love of her Lord towards her with much tenderness, and with great sincerity of soul. She took the doctrine of redemption, and showed she had had it wrought in her experience by God the Holy Ghost; so that she could adopt the language of the apostle, and say, "We have redemption through his blood." She felt that she had been a rebel against God, that she was stuck fast in the mire and clay, and that on the ground of her fallen and depraved nature she was unable to extricate herself from her lost and perilous condition. Next, she showed how the Lord had brought her to see and feel that, if ever she was saved, it must be by the application of the precious blood of Christ to her soul with divine power. She traced the operation of this divine power in instructing her and holding her up in the midst of all the doubts, trials, fears, and conflicts she had to endure until she was brought to the full and actual realization of redemption in her soul's feeling. Then she took the doctrine of justification, and traced out very clearly how that, by the same Holy Spirit, it had been rooted and grounded in her soul's experience, ascribing it entirely to the grace of God in Christ Jesus her Lord. She could with confidence declare that in him she was justified from all things from which she could never have been justified by the law of Moses. In Christ she had found a religion in which she could stand before the Almighty. I am informed that, with great humility, and with much solemnity, she expressed her confidence that when all the world must stand before the solemn tribunal, when the righteous Judge will place his saints on his right hand and the wicked on his left, she would hear with joy the proclamation of her blessed Lord: "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." Our departed sister could say of Jesus Christ our Lord, that unto her he was made experimentally "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Thus, through the riches of Christ, there is ground for you to glory in the Lord that you are not left as those who are without hope. Thanks be to God for having, of his sovereign goodwill and pleasure, prepared her soul for the solemn change. These solemn realities will stand in the article of death, and live in the raptures of her redeemed soul through a coming eternity.

My friends, let us not repine, but rather be thankful; for our loss is her eternal gain. I am not much in favour of preaching funeral sermons. In this case, I felt it my duty to make a few observations, from the effects produced on my mind by the report of her death, as well as from the close connexion and intimacy I had with her in the precious things which belong to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She has done with this vexatious and trying world which lieth in the wicked one. She has passed through the storms of time; she has gone through the Jordan of death, has reached the plains of eternal rest, and is now before the throne of God and the Lamb, singing the anthem

of the redeemed for ever and ever. I cannot doubt it for a moment. Therefore I have used great plainness of speech.

And now may the God of all grace be with you all, and make such use of these broken remarks as seemeth good in his sight. Amen.

## EXPERIENCE OF A POOR BLACK WOMAN.

ON the wrapper of our magazine for last Dec., will be found a letter from Miss Copcutt, America, giving an account of her visit with her sisters to several meetings of the Regular Baptist Association; but more especially of an interview they had with a poor aged black woman, a servant in the house of a Mrs. Hirst. We expressed our regret that Miss C. had not sent us something of what the good woman had said, instead of merely their own impressions. We have since received the following, which was in answer to a letter from Miss C. to Mrs. Hirst:

"Dear Friends,—I told Sally of your request, and she did not hesitate to give you a relation of her religious exercises. She is always ready to give a reason of her hope, but she did not talk as freely as I have heard her. She had to tell me as I wrote; and she was bathed in tears. She says she has no right to hide the Lord's goodness to her; and says it was revealed to her "to tell it to the children." She asked me to give her best love to you and sisters, and begs you to remember her in your prayers at a throne of grace. She feels herself a poor unworthy creature, not deserving such kind notice from the Lord's chosen ones; but thanks God and takes courage. She is a devoted Christian, and takes religion into her every-day life. Her walk and conversation at all times are as becometh her profession. She lets her light shine. She has been a great sufferer in body and mind; but since my recollection she has tried to look to the Lord for strength and comfort. When I was a young girl, I sat by her sick bed, read the Bible to her, sang hymns, and tried to pray the Lord to raise her up, if it seemed good in his sight. We have had many talks about the good things of the kingdom."

Then follows what the good woman related. How simple the language!

"I am thankful that the good Lord has enabled me to tell to believers how good he has been to me, a poor dependent creature. When I was a child, there was something working in me, telling me I was not right; and I tried to pray and to work out a righteousness of my own. But after I was married, these things left me, till I was the mother of several children. I was lying on my bed one night, and there fell a heavy burden upon me, and alarmed me very much. I cried, 'Lord, what is it that has disturbed me?' And the answer was, 'It is the Lord that has awakened you that you might pray.' I saw that God was holy, just, and righteous; and that I was a hell-deserving sinner. I was afraid to go to sleep, for fear I should awake in hell.

“Time appeared so short, and eternity so long, I had no time to multiply words; but went about praying, ‘God be merciful to me, a sinner. Lord, save, or I perish.’ The words resounded to me: ‘I will show mercy to whom I will show mercy.’ These words convinced me that there was no mercy for me; and I said, ‘I will pray no more.’ I was walking along, afterwards, and I felt an inward crying for mercy; and the words replied, ‘It is good to wait on the Lord.’ And I cried, ‘Yea, Lord, and if there is no mercy for me, I want to die praying. If I go to hell, let me go praying for mercy.’ All I ever did would rise up and stare me in the face; things long forgotten would rise up and condemn me. It appeared to me I could view an angry God frowning upon my naked soul. When I would go to sleep at night, my spirit would be wandering over dismal waters, and something after me to destroy me. I had no peace, day nor night.

“I went out one morning to try to pray to my Master; and as I returned to the house, I lost that burden of sin, and guilt, and awful fear of death and hell, which had so oppressed me; but before I got to the house I felt worse than before. I could not cry, I could not mourn, neither could I rejoice; and I wept for the burden I had lost. I went on in this way for a year, and had many trials; but would say, ‘No matter what befalls me, so I may be brought to serve God.’ I was taken sick, and was in violent pain, crying, ‘Lord, do thy will.’ I got easy, and there was a still whisper that I was going to die. I cried, ‘Ay, Lord, I have a long time been seeking for salvation, and have found no comfort. Perhaps, now, I am going to die, and going straight to hell. If thou send me to hell, thou art just. But not my will, but thine be done. I can do nothing.’ I viewed death at the door, and hell waiting my fall. My tongue twisted in my mouth, and I could not use it; but there was an inward crying for one crumb of mercy for Jesus’ sake. I viewed my Saviour hanging between heaven and earth, with blood and water streaming from his side. I cried, ‘Lord, I have done it.’ I was sitting down, thinking how I had been exercised; and there was a light shined over me. Love and joy filled my heart, and tears ran from my eyes, sweeter than the honeycomb. And in that happy state I felt the dew from heaven raining on my soul. While in that state of bliss I heard these words: ‘Your name is Sally, the apple of the Lord’s eye; through all eternity you shall never suffer. All your enemies shall be destroyed.’ When I found I had the use of my tongue, I employed it in saying, ‘Glory to God and the Lamb, for redeeming grace and dying love.’

“Since that time, I have been trying to serve my Lord and Master in my imperfect way. I am a poor creature; but I have this evidence, I love the brethren whenever I see the image of my Lord and Master. The Regular Baptists are my people. I love the truth they preach. I love to hear the Bible read, the hymn book, and the ‘Advocate;’ and shed many precious tears while listening to the experiences of others.”

## THE ADVENTURES, &amp;c., OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*(Continued from page 110.)*

WE sailed from the city of Faro early in January, 1813, for London; but it was not ordained that I should go to London; for when we came into the English Channel we experienced a strong easterly wind; and the consequence was we were driven on to the rocks off Scilly. We, with the vessel, with great difficulty got into a small harbour called St. John's. But myself within two hours was completely cast away, but not lost, as there was a man-of-war ship lying in the harbour. I was, with others, obliged to go on shore immediately we came to anchor, that we might not be pressed. We went to an inn, and there we found several captains of vessels drinking grog. On making application to them, one told me he was going to sail for Penzance in the morning, and that I was welcome to a passage; and further he told me that I had better get on board directly. One of my companions also got a vessel for Dublin. We left the house to go towards the vessel we landed from, to fetch a few things we left on board her. It was then about 8 o'clock in the evening, in January, 1813; and a very cold, dark, freezing night it was. But I was warm with joy to think that I should be in a direct line for Cheltenham instead of London.

I was foremost as we were going along the way towards the boat; and, it being very dark, I suddenly disappeared from my companions. I walked off the way, and was suddenly precipitated about 30 feet, as I saw next morning. After swimming some time, I found a rock, and rested upon it till my companions could find a place convenient for me to re-ascend to the way.

I bless the Lord that I can now say that I was for this twentieth time kept by the power of God; and many a shadow of death has he in my experience turned into the morning.

Having got on board the other ship, we sailed at daylight the next morning, and in 24 hours I landed at Penzance, and in two days more I had walked to Padstow, a small port on the Bristol Channel. On my making inquiry at an inn, I found a vessel bound for Newport, in Wales, to sail in three days. I was admitted on board her, and was appointed to sleep in the sail-room. My clothes being very much rent, I begged a needle and thread and a piece of candle of one of the seamen; and, as it happened, I placed the candle against one of the timbers in the sail-room, and began to mend my clothes. I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was in a great fire, and thought I was being burnt to death. Mark the special care of the Lord. I dreamed that it was so. I awoke, and, to my astonishment, the sails were burnt around me. In dreadful confusion I got upon deck, found a bucket, and began to bale water out of the sea and pour it down the hatchway to extinguish the fire, which I soon accomplished. The men belonging to the vessel slept in the cabin in

the after part of the vessel; and I could hear them coughing very much, occasioned by the smoke. But they did not awake so as to come upon deck. I remained on board till daylight appeared. Several times I was tempted to jump overboard, to swim on shore. At last I saw a waterman in a boat; and I beckoned him alongside the vessel, and prayed him to land me on the other side of the harbour; which to my great joy he did. Then he wanted me to pay him for the job; but I had only 4d. about my person; and being, as I thought, 150 miles from my home, Stroudwater, I could not think of parting with my 4d. The waterman and myself strove for the mastery for some time, when I got out of his grasp and bade him good morning. I set out, and in the evening came to Clovelly, a small fishing town in Devonshire. I there found a cutter going to sail for Newport. That very hour I was admitted on board, and was upon the watery element again; and the wind wafted me in three days to Newport, in Wales. I landed at that town at daylight in the morning, and I travelled through Chepstow the same day to Newnham Passage, about 8 o'clock in the evening; and, although my father lived only seven miles from that place, I was obliged to remain in the streets all night, as there was no passage across the river after 8 o'clock; and, as there had been some impostors in sailors' dress in the town the night before, the people had all determined not to admit any one of that appearance, not even into a stable; and this proved distressing in the extreme, that after walking all day I should be obliged to walk all night in the street of a place so near my home. But there was no choice for me. Then I endeavoured to go out of the town, to try to find a hay-rick; but it was so dark that I could not see my hand before me. I returned to the streets; and then I found it freezing so hard that indeed walking would not do; for I was obliged to run, at times, to keep life in me. About the middle of the night I saw a dog's house in front of an inn; and, supposing the dog to be there, I seemed to envy him his situation; and flung a stone or two at his house, to prove to a certainty whether the dog was there or not; but the inclemency of the weather had induced its master to take it within his own house for the night; and, after proving that the dog was not there, I took possession of his habitation. But I had not been in above a quarter of an hour when I became alarmed lest I should be frozen to death. I was obliged to get out again and run for my life, until I got warm, then into the house for a few minutes; then out and run again. So I continued for the whole night until 8 o'clock the next morning, when I got across the passage, and in a few hours was again at my father's house. I was such a distressed object that I almost frightened my relatives and friends. I had not been shaved more than once in six weeks, nor slept in a bed the whole time, nor half a night at any time. Many a handsomer figure has been set up in the fields to frighten the crows; and one of the great plagues of Egypt was upon me. I was almost eaten

up with vermin. While I was cleaning my person in my father's house, the old man dug a hole in the garden, and buried all the natives of Spain and Portugal which accompanied me through my passage home.

Thus my experience at Newnham Passage proved again that I was kept by the power of God. And, although the men of the world, myself, and the enemy of souls,—a threefold combination of evil, did call in to their assistance the four elements of nature,—earth, air, fire, and water, with all the host of hell at their back, to join in the conspiracy to obstruct my passage, yet they could not do it, nor frustrate the least of God's purposes which he purposed to accomplish in my experience. I say that all combined together could not alter the counsel of his will, nor prevent my arrival at Cheltenham. I was kept by the almighty power of God. I was wafted along by Omnipotence itself, in spite of self, men, and devils. Neither could earth devour, air freeze, fire burn, nor water drown; but I must be brought to the appointed place where the Lord intended to fix my person until the time appointed, when he should make bare his holy arm unto me, and in much loving-kindness show me that I was interested in his covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure before the foundation of the world; and since I have been able to exclaim with the psalmist, "This is all my salvation, and this is all my desire."

I came to Cheltenham again in the spring of 1813, and was employed by Henry Thompson, Esq.; and in June, 1816, I became a husband, and was the father of many children; and at the time some of them were dying a natural death, I was born again, and made alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by the almighty, powerful work in my heart of the eternal Jehovah. God the Holy Ghost, who quickeneth and performeth all our works in us, hath promised, for the assurance of all the objects of his operating power, that where he hath begun a good work he will carry it on, and perfect it to the day of Jesus Christ.

But, as I shall have to speak more fully of this work in the heart a little further on, I must stop for the present, and go on to tell you that I was near being killed several times in wells, as I became an excavator and well-sinker, and proved again, to the praise and glory of God, that I was kept by his almighty power.

As it happened, on a certain day, as I was sinking a well in Sandford Field, it being very quick land, I had sunk it about 24 feet deep, and had staid it about 16 feet from the bottom, it came into my mind that I wanted to come up out of the well, and for that purpose I got into the bucket, and was wound up by the two men upon the top; but before I landed out of the bucket, there suddenly fell about a ton of sand out of the side near the top, which must, had I been under it, have killed me instantly. But I was just above it, so I was again kept by the power of God.

On another occasion, I had agreed to sink a well for the Town Commissioners on the Bath Road. There happened to be an old



well at the place, and I went down to the bottom of it to get out the pipe of the pump, that was stuck in the sand; and while I was at the bottom all the top of the well gave way, and the staining, or wall, of the well was large stones. It came down upon and about me in an alarming manner. I caught hold of the pipe, and kept struggling to keep above the stones and sand. I heard the man upon the top call for me to come up. As soon as I was disentangled, I climbed up the wall with the greatest rapidity. When near the top I found the man lying across the well, and I crept through between his legs, and found that he was holding up nearly a ton of stones with his shoulder, which, if it had fallen, must have crushed me to death. I took hold of him, gave a powerful pull, and dragged him from over the well; when down went the stones and the earth; the sound thereof made me shudder. I found my arms bruised, and streams of blood running from my head. We wrapped a cloth round my head, and I ran home to my wife. She washed my wounds, and I soon recovered. This astonishing deliverance again testifies that I was kept by the power of God.

Shortly after this, I was in a well about 80 feet deep, mending a pump; and the man at the top was going to send down a bucket with a quantity of tools. My eldest son, about 11 years old, was with the man, waiting for me. The man put the bucket over the well. I heard the little boy say, "O!" And the man said, "O! He is killed!" I fell against the side of the well, put my hands over my head in an instant, when down came the bucket and its contents. They bruised my hands very much; injured my head, and put out my candles. As soon as I recovered from the alarm, I began to swear and use the most awful expressions. The man said afterwards that it appeared awful to him to hear me swear; "yet," said he, "I was glad," because it told him that I was alive.

And, blessings on the name of the Lord, he hath now taught me to look back and remember all the way in which he hath led me through this waste, howling wilderness; and, notwithstanding the awfulness of my conduct, the dreadfulness of my depravity, and the fearful rebellion of my deportment against the Eternal Three, I was kept by the power of God unto eternal salvation.

Thus far I have run swiftly over 25 years out of 40, and have pointed out 25 out of hundreds of great deliverances, and am now the spared monument of God's boundless mercy, to praise him. He is the

"Sovereign Ruler of the skies;  
Ever gracious, ever wise;  
All my times are in his hand;  
All events at his command."

Though

"Plagues and deaths around us fly,  
Till God bids we cannot die.  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit."

“Ye must be born again.” And now I relate the appointed time, place, and circumstance, according to eternal purpose, for the Lord to stay my proud waves, saying, “Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further;” to humble me in the dust, and to make bare his holy arm unto me.

“A view of Jesus’ work divine  
Made glad my sorrowing heart;  
By faith I long and hope to shine,  
With him no more to part.”

It pleased the Lord that it should so occur that I should be found in my 46th year, in 1827, a husband of one wife, and the father of six living children; two others the Lord having taken to himself; and my wife also was far gone with her ninth, when he took her also. I doted on and delighted in both mother and children to such a degree that I actually, as it were, worshipped them, not knowing the Lord God who made me and them. I laboured hard for them night and day, and Sundays also; and whatever I could get by labour, lies, and covetousness, I got for their support. I became very much distressed and tormented in my mind through some of my wife’s relatives in London sending to me for money. I had letter after letter, almost every day; so that I became almost frantic; and it wrought me up to such a pitch that the last letter I wrote as an answer, although I did not send it, was filled with such awful presumption as would have horrified the most hardened to have read it. I wrote that I hoped the Lord would send down destruction on the head of the man, and on the heads of his family of young children.

But, alas! alas! The tables were turned upon my own head; and the distress wished for by me to fall upon his family came to my own house; and many times since has this come to my mind: “The wicked diggeth a pit for his neighbour, and falleth therein himself.” But I bless and praise the Lord for his goodness. According to his eternal purpose, he had ordained that out of this evil, great as it was, should spring exceeding greater good, even the birth of my immortal soul, and also the birth, salvation, and glorification of the immortal souls of three children. I had written the letter above alluded to; but before it could be sent to the post-office, a sister of my wife came to my house direct from the house in London to which the letter was directed. She was immediately taken ill, and we found, when too late, that it was the small-pox. Three of our elder boys soon become ill and died, two of them in one night, and the eldest in a few days after. The other two I took to Stroud, 14 miles distant from our house; but one of them fell sick in a few days with the same disorder; and they were immediately turned out of doors, and I was obliged to have them home again; but these three were spared to live through it.

The first boy that died was named William, nearly seven years old. A little before his death—ah! It pierces my heart afresh; and had you, my reader, seen the sight,—had you looked into

the room and beheld a little boy, seven years old, black and blind, sitting in a bed, with his hands together up towards heaven, crying out, "O, I must die! O, I must die! Let us pray! Let us pray;" and myself and his mother kneeling down at his bedside, attending to him; and the other two boys in another bed behind us in the same room, in the same situation, black and blind. O! the boy William prayed for mercy as long as he could speak, and then his lips kept moving in prayer until he became senseless. He died about four o'clock in the afternoon; and the same night we were obliged to see John, another boy of five years, sigh out his last breath; and that day month Samuel, the eldest, 11 years old, died; and he also was led to pray in his dying hours. The morning he departed, all the blood in his body seemed to come out of his mouth; but I was strengthened by the power of God to hold his head and pass away with cloths the blood from his mouth. The boy Samuel was sensible until the last few minutes. About an hour before he died he was uttering something, when I put my ear down to his lips; and I was again astonished to hear him pleading with and making use of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. But a few days before this boy died the contamination so affected my body that I was obliged to take to my bed; and I also thought I was going to die. But, bless the Lord, it was quite the reverse; for about that time I was made alive, as I here show, by returning to the testimony of the first little boy that died. "The wind bloweth where it listeth. We know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." We cannot always tell the exact moment; but as I was kneeling by the bedside, whilst the little boy was praying, I believe that that was the time the sin-convincing arrow was shot by God the Holy Ghost, previously dipped in the blood of the dear Redeemer, and that it effectually pierced through my conscience, and sank deep into my heart. For a thought suddenly came into my mind which made my blood seem to run cold in my veins. "O what," thought I, "has this little boy a need to pray for? If it be possible that he feels a need of prayer, where or in what condition am I,—I that have lived nearly 40 years in the world; and never, never yet prayed really?" As this thought pierced me through and through, I fetched a deep sigh; which sigh I now believe was the first prayer in the soul I ever made, it being the first fruit of the Spirit's work in my heart. This sigh was succeeded by thousands more; for they continued increasing upon me for months, until it broke out into groaning. This caused me to begin to attend places of worship; to read the Bible also, and other books; but the more I read the more I groaned. This, in the next place, caused me to kneel in secret and pray to the Lord; but my trouble increased; my greatest crimes stared me in the face or came before the eyes of my mind. I kept seeking for peace, but found bitterness. My neighbours began to talk and tell my wife that I was going out of my mind; and she,

poor thing! thought so too; and she would sometimes say to me, "There is a way of being religious without being so melancholy;" and, further, she would sing, and say,

"Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less."

But the most trying circumstance at that time was, the devil was let loose upon me. Go where I would to bow the knee, I was interrupted with either noises or sights, as you will see in my further experience, and I have been led to prove that

"The devil trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees."

It seemed to me as though the devil was determined, if possible, to drive me off my knees; but the more he harassed and roared, the stronger I got; and it made me pray more fervently. Sometimes when I was going to a secret place, a great flow of thoughts would come into my mind, to try to prevent me from going; but every one of those instances made me more bold and determined at a throne of grace. Ah, my dear reader, every one who is brought savingly to know the Lord Jesus Christ and his power and glory, can testify and say with the Lord that "from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Sometimes, as the Bible became my constant companion, a passage from the sacred Scriptures would come in and put all these thoughts to the rout; such as, "Fear not; I am with thee. Be not dismayed; I am thy God."

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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### *CHRIST SAVES UNTO THE UTTERMOST.*

FALL at his feet, poor sinner, fall,  
And on the dear Redeemer call;  
Though in thyself a sinner lost,  
He saves unto the uttermost.

True, thou art vile from head to foot;  
A sinner by thy birth to boot;  
But think of this, thou tempest toss'd:  
Christ saves unto the uttermost.

Tempted by Satan though thou art,  
Who says, "In Christ thou hast no part;"  
Believe him not, nor all his host;  
Christ saves unto the uttermost.

Sinners as great, as vile as thou  
Are landed safe in heaven now.  
Christ came to seek and save the lost;  
He saves unto the uttermost.

Despair not, whatsoe'er thy case;  
Remember Christ is rich in grace.  
I would proclaim, from coast to coast,  
*He saves unto the uttermost.*

## SAMUEL BENDALL.

My dear Friend,—I was truly glad to see the account in the Feb. and March "Standards" of the late Samuel Bendall, of Cheltenham. I knew him, and some of our members knew him, and many in this place now alive have heard from his own lips some of the things now in print. It brings to mind former days of gladness.

He was a lover of the truth, and stood fast for an experimental religion. He had his house open for ministers of the gospel, as advocated by Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Kershaw, and such men. He was a good man, and very tried, and knew the plague of the heart more than the generality of the family of God.

I have reason to remember him from one particular circumstance. More than thirty years ago I came to Cheltenham with a begging case, and was recommended to call upon him and a man named Dover. I called to see Mr. B.; and in his room there was Mr. D. I presented my case to them. Mr. D. read it, and then asked me how I was brought acquainted with the things of God. I told them a little of what God had done for my soul. After this, Mr. D. said, "Who made a parson of you?" The manner of asking me was trying; but I answered as well as I was enabled. After this, Mr. D. said, "Ah! You look like a parson; got on parsonic attire" (a fashionable Macintosh cape). That was too much for me. I could say no more. They gave me something, and recommended me to call upon some others; but I got away, and no more begging there.

Some years after I was invited to preach at a place called Cranham, a few miles from Cheltenham. I went, and lo! Bendall was there. I understood he was one of the deacons. I preached morning and afternoon. Mr. B. asked me to preach in his room at Cheltenham on the morrow night. I consented. Before I named my text on the Monday night, Mr. D. came in. I knew them both, though they had forgotten meeting me when I presented my begging case. As they were both before me, in speaking of some of my trials I named the one I have before spoken of, and how I had sunk when Mr. D. had said, "You look like a parson, with parsonic attire on." I then said, before them and the people, what a sinking I felt, so that I could not tell them how I came by the cape. But, being a very severe winter, a friend sent it me, and I put it on as a gift from God; for I had not the money to buy an overcoat to cover my poor body with; and the one God sent me did not please the two friends. They both dropped their heads, and Bendall after could read but one verse of the hymn, and sat down. Afterwards he said, "Was that you?" And Mr. D. said, "Was that you?" I said, "Yes." "Well," they said, "we are sorry; but it did you no harm." I said, "In one way it did not; but I would not have served any

mortal living as you served me." But we were good friends, and I freely forgave them.

They are gone to their eternal home. Mr. Bendall went to his daughter's at Liverpool about eight years ago. There he died in his 81st or 82nd year. His son was sent for from Cheltenham; but he died before his arrival. His son told me that his sister said he longed to die, to be for ever in his better home. But his sister, being in a state of nature, was one he could not talk to.

If you want to know more particulars, I can know from his son. He has brought me a large book written of the trials, &c., of his father. If you wish to have the book, I will send it.

I believe the account will be made useful to many of the tried children of God.

Yours in Hope of Eternal Life,

Sharon Villa, Cheltenham, March 10th, 1876. G. GORTON.

[We have received the book safely. It consists of about 250 large folio pages, closely written, and is headed, "The Life and History of Samuel Bendall, written by Himself." It contains also Letters, &c.]

## MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

(Continued from p. 121.)

### III.—SAYINGS TO HIS HEARERS.

You must die to know how rich you are.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.

It is a mercy to be well laid in the grave.

There are prepared mansions for a prepared people.

Those are well kept whom the Lord keeps.

It is a great mercy to be made right and kept right.

Are you ready to shake hands with death?

Dead fish go *with* the stream, living ones *against* it.

There is something great in real religion.

We need *restraining* grace as well as *saving* grace.

How hard it is to pray against besetting sins!

He that leadeth into captivity must go into captivity.

The largest oak in this country was an acorn once.

Through much tribulation God's people must go to glory.

The rougher the file, the less rust.

Grace must be tried. We are born, but not buried.

Children take more notice of what their parents *do* than of what they *say*.

"O what a narrow, narrow way  
Is that which leads to life!"

The Lord will give dying strength for a dying hour.

No cross, no crown. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Pain is pain, and suffering is suffering.

How sure I am that, if I go to heaven, grace must save me!

One grain of saving faith is worth more than a thousand worlds.

God can rain money into farmers' pockets, and rain it out. He can shine it in, and shine it out.

Haliburton used to say, "We are all good till we are tried."

"The greatest evil we can fear  
Is to possess our portion here."

"Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth."

It is a great work to make people fit for the cemetery.

If you are to go to heaven, you must be made fit for heaven.

How many people have been glad of a back way to this chapel,—  
Nicodemus's Passage!

How awful to die out of Christ! How blessed to die in Christ!

God is pleased with gratitude; he gets so little of it.

God has been a good God to me. If I were not to say so, he would be angry with me.

Those amongst you who know the most now were once the most ignorant.

A prayerless man is a Christless man. A prayerless woman is a Christless woman.

It is impossible to say how small a grain of grace will take a soul to glory.

What God may do for you before you die is not for me to say.

I can tell you one thing you have to be thankful for; and that is, that you are out of hell, on praying ground, where hope can come.

Show me a man who prays for himself alone, and I will show you a man who is alone prayed for.

Show me a man's books, and show me his companions, and I will tell you what sort of a man he is.

When we see blossoms, we hope for fruit; but where there are no blossoms, we are certain there will be no fruit.

Have you not done anything within the last four-and-twenty hours which you would not like to die doing? You would not like to die in a bad temper.

If you were to go about telling people that you had an inheritance worth a million of worlds, and yet you were to be out of temper for half an hour about a thing not worth sixpence, they would not believe you.

If you had a thousand crowns, you would put them on Christ's head; and if you had a thousand tongues, they should all sing his praise; for "*He is worthy.*"

We must lose things to know the value of them. It is a dry well that makes people know the value of water.

I used to reconcile creature comforts with spiritual consolations. We cannot hold the world with one hand and Christ with the other.

We are all born, but not buried. What may take place before we die, we cannot tell.

(To be continued.)

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

The good Lord continue to carry on his work, and plentifully prosper the soul of my dear friend. Amen.

I rejoice to find, though, as you state, you are fed with some bitter herbs, yet you are blessing God for it, because you perceive it a token for good. This is a proof of spiritual life, and that you have the true hunger; for "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." As the poet saith, so you find it:

"But though our cup seems filled with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all."

Afflictions and crosses the ungodly have; but spiritual good for the soul from afflictions is found only by the children of God. To them only the bitter herbs give a true appetite for spiritual things. We find they are among the "all things" that are *working* (in the present tense) together for our good. The more we find this, the more shall we submit; yea, and be willing to receive the evil at the hand of the Lord. "I will bear the indignation of the Lord." "We glory in tribulations." When the bitter herbs come to the wicked, like Cain, "they go forth from the presence of the Lord." But the child of God hungers more after him. Ah! Mary, I will repeat the old assertion: "You have the right turn;" for the ungodly are not so. The more he smiteth, the more they will revolt; they will not, they cannot, love and desire a chastening God. Job's saying is above their reach: "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." You desire not health, peace, and self to rule; you had rather the bitter herbs and self-denial inhabit your soul. Then, "blessed art thou among women." Rejoice, and "hope to the end, for the grace that is to be revealed."

I have several more letters to write to-day, so you will excuse this short epistle. I pray that the grace of Christ may abound yet more and more with you; and I bless him that you are not only free to receive his favours, but to confess him before men. He saith, "Him that honoureth me, I will honour."

Yours very affectionately,

June 24th, 1822.

D. FENNER.

My much-esteemed Friend,—I am glad to hear from you; and although you do not say anything concerning health, I hope you are well in body and soul.

I feel the impress of age's withering hand; and though wonderfully favoured with health, and a tolerable share of strength, I am often in the anticipation of the great change which is fast approaching. And blessed be the ever-blessed God, who hath given me everlasting consolation and good hope through grace that my name is written in heaven, my soul is redeemed from



sin and death, and I have an eternal mansion of blessedness to enter into when I have finished my pilgrimage here below.

Since I last saw you many have been my trials without and within; but many more have been his mercies; for though my cup has often been filled with gall, yet something secret hath sweetened all, and I have sung of rest in the midst of wretchedness. But, alas! Faith cannot always keep her hold; and although the Lord has told me not to cast away my confidence, and I am not aware that I have wilfully done so, the adversary of my soul hath so powerfully wrought in the old man, that my fleshly heart hath warred with and against the new man, and given him so many wounds, that I am often constrained to say with the Psalmist, "I am ready to halt." How piercing these wounds are! They are so deep that they reach to the soul, accompanied with the most envenomed poison, afflicting my soul until I am quite aghast at my serpent-bitten condition, and feel constrained to fall down with my pains, wounds, and sorrows, and cry to the Lord for mercy, grace, and help, to enable me to hold on my way. Ah! Dear friend, I well know what David meant when he said, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." However, I know that "safety is of the Lord." But fresh assurance sits well with my conscience; and though some may find a much smoother road than I have found, and do find, yet the truth of our Lord's words: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace," will be found to be of general application to the most part of Zion's travellers.

I hope you will excuse the many blunders and great imperfections of my few lines. I scratched them down after the services of the Lord's day, with a bad head, and weak eyes, though I can say with a warm heart towards my friend.

Your unworthy Well-Wisher,

Dicker Common, March 13th, 1854.

W. COWPER.

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My dear young Friend,—Your letter came safe to hand, by which I learn that the Lord, in his kindness to you, has spared you till now, and has given and continued unto you a gracious concern about those things that make for your present and everlasting peace. According to your declaration he stopped you, while so young, in your wicked, thoughtless, and downward career. This is indeed a mercy, and one which I hope you feel such, especially when you look around you, and see the multitudes of all ages, characters, and conditions in life, who are living as though there were no hereafter, without God, without Christ, and consequently without hope in the world. To be made to differ from these is all of grace; for "who maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" The answer to which is, that it is not of works, but of grace, "lest any man should boast;" boasting being excluded by the law of grace.

And as we are still in the world and in the body, liable and exposed to a thousand agencies, all tending to work our downfall, how needful the apostolic injunction to "continue watchful unto prayer," to be found in a continued and diligent use of the means the Lord has instituted for the building up of his people in their most holy faith, and the edification of his dear elect, and the welfare of that "little flock" to whom he has given the kingdom both of grace and glory,—of grace in possession, and of glory in reservation! "For the Lord will give grace and glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

As you profess to be my daughter in the faith and hope of the gospel, it will follow that I should give you a little fatherly and friendly advice, which I think I have done heretofore; namely, that you be very careful of your walk, your talk, and conversation, both before the world and the church, both of which are expecting you should justify your profession by your works, as says the apostle James (ii. 17 and following verses). Also that you keep near God's Word, his throne, his house, and his people; not forsaking the assembling of yourself with them, as the manner of some is; and the more so, as you see the day approaching. It will be an honour to the Lord, and a credit to the ministry, if you are one of the living epistles, read and known of all men; which I trust you are.

When you have an opportunity, give me a simple account of the way in which the Lord has led you, and has made my ministry useful; as I still remember you coming to see me at dear Mr. C.'s.

Expecting soon to see you, with love to friends and self, believe me to remain,  
 Yours in the Holy Gospel,  
 Stow-on-the-Wold, Jan. 16th, 1861. R. ROFF.

My dear Brother and Companion in the narrow path of sorrow and joy, wherein we meet with many bitters, yet something secret, at times, to sweeten all,—I have many times thought of writing a few lines to you, and now I make the attempt. O that the Holy Spirit may influence my heart with a little of his holy anointing, so that the few lines I write to you may not prove altogether unprofitable and vain, but be a word in season.

I hope you, with your dear partner and daughter, are enjoying the best of all temporal blessings,—health, and that you are favoured with much of the Lord's presence, to cheer you onward in the heavenly race. The hearts of the children of Israel were much discouraged because of the way; but they set out for the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. Yet they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but the right hand of the Lord, the light of his countenance, because he had a favour unto them. "Blessed is the man that hath the God of Jacob for his help." This God you and I have proved to

be our God; and he has promised to be our Guide even unto the end. What could such poor worms do without such a Guide and Helper? I feel more than ever my constant dependence upon him from day to day. O what sharp conflicts I often feel to be engaged in! The world, the flesh, and the devil make up my daily cross, the burden of which bows me down heavily. Truly it is a wilderness we travel through before we reach the city of our God. But "who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved?" It is not the worldling; it is not the Pharisaical Arminian; neither is it the licentious Antinomian; but it is the poor and the needy, who can experimentally say,

"No help in self I find,  
And yet have sought it well;"

and who have truly learned that

"The native treasure of my mind  
Is sin, and death, and hell."

Such loathe and abominate themselves in the sight of God, feeling that

"None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good."

These are the sinners that are dear in Christ's esteem, and such will highly value him. "Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious;"—precious in his Person, precious in his love, precious in his characters and works. And when we feel his name precious as ointment poured forth upon us, it makes our poor wilderness souls rejoice and blossom as the rose; yea, blossom abundantly. But cold chilling winds of adversity cause often the blossoms to fall. "They mount up to heaven; they go down again into the depths." And unbelief is ever ready to say that "changes and war are against me." Yet faith, though damped, still lives and hangs upon the promise, and sends forth a cry out of the depths. God hears and answers it, and enables us to say, "Verily he hath heard me; for he hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me." And then we are enabled to say, "By this I know that thou favourest me, because thou dost not let my enemy triumph over me." And thus, like Israel of old, by his right hand of omnipotent power, the light of his countenance, and his manifested favour towards us, we, though faint, are kept pursuing.

Brother, what a blessing and high privilege it is to know what it is to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, to bear about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus! If called to believe in him, we are called likewise to suffer; and if we suffer with him, we shall be also glorified with him.

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

Here in this vale of tears we are called to experience many changes,—changes in our frames and feelings, changes in our earthly circumstances, changes in our family connexions, changes in our poor frail tabernacles, and changes, more or less continually, in this fleeting vain world. But in the world to come all these changes will be for ever done away. What a mercy it is for such poor changeable creatures as you and I that we have to do with an unchangeable God,—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; the same in his love, power, compassion, faithfulness, and promise, never to leave or forsake us until he hath perfected that which concerneth us.

“Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father’s grace.”

Give my kind Christian love to all the dear friends that love Jesus. Time will soon draw round, if spared, to see you once more in the flesh. Kind love to your dear partner and self.

Yours in Hope of Eternal Life,

Sutton Benger, July 20th, 1860.

JAMES HUGGINS.

Dear Nephew,—I am glad the Lord has so far wrought on your soul as to make you concerned for its everlasting state; and I sincerely wish you may hold out to the end and be saved. As to your fears of falling back again, they are no signs that you will fall, but rather the contrary; for none depart from God while they have any fears of departing from him. You do well to hear the gospel at all opportunities, as the means appointed by the God of souls; but always endeavour to look through all means to the God of grace, and depend on his strength and not your own. When you are comforted, bless God for the encouragement; and when it is otherwise, trust in the Name of the Lord and stay upon the God of your salvation. Remember, the Lord will cast out none that come unto him, though they come ever so poor and helpless. The alterations of your frames from warm to cold, from lively to dead, is what all Christians experience; and, therefore, let not that make you cast off your confidence. Remember, we are made partakers of Christ if we hold fast our profession to the end. “The just live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.” Fear not; be of good courage; wait on the Lord; and he shall bring it to pass. When you are weak, then you will be strong, if looking out of yourself to Christ Jesus, whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Be often in secret prayer; and remember that the trial is, not what frames of mind you may be in, but whether you endure to the end.

The Lord strengthen, settle, and stablish you. If I can be of any service to you, write as often as you please. Our love to you and yours.

Your loving Brother,

London, Dec. 29th, 1767.

JOSEPH HART.

[If any friends have more of Hart’s letters, we shall be glad to receive them.]

Dear Sir,—I was tried all last week about writing to you. I told you I had been praying all the way to chapel for you. I dare say you thought I was very full of prayer; but I will tell you how it was. I had been very much tried all the week, till I thought I should sink, body and soul, never more to rise. With such rebellion and wretchedness in my poor soul, with inward and outward trial, I, in a fit of rebellion, told the Lord I would not pray again. I sank fathoms deep in mud and mire. I doubted even the being of a God. O, Sir, that saps the foundation of everything; for if these things are not so, we are of all men the most miserable.

On Sunday morning I got up, not knowing what to do. I could not bend the knee in prayer. I had not a breath of prayer in me; and to have uttered words before God seemed a solemn mockery. I thought I could not go to hear you; I had better walk in the fields all day. However, I put on my things, and took my dinner, not feeling sure whether I should come or not. Ah! How could I go and sing the Lord's songs in a strange land? I felt condemned because I had not prayed for the Lord to come with you and help you. How could I expect anything? It was of no use my coming. My heart was hard; and when I left home I seemed not to have a spark of life in my soul. I was quite alone; and as I walked along, talking to myself, and poring on my sad state, I broke out all at once, and said, "Lord, how can I pray to thee except thou teachest me? Do, dear Lord, teach me how to pray." I felt a cry in my soul, and a spirit of supplication. Before I was aware, I was walking and praying aloud, both for myself and also for you. I thought if any one had been over the hedge, they would think me mad. When I got down to the chapel, and you got up and spoke in prayer, it seemed as if you knew all about it. You prayed for the same things. When you took your text, it was so to the purpose. You traced my path and trials in such a way that it was as though you knew all about them. You spoke very much of David; how he was led to cry unto the Lord under his various trials, and under the oppression of his enemies, but above all, under the oppression of those who had been his most familiar friends. You spoke also of what a needs-be there is for these things, to beat us off from man to trust in God alone. You did not leave David crying. No; you spoke of how the Lord was his defence,—a wall of fire round about him; and you quoted this: "Fear not, Abram. I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward." It was that which touched me. I thought, "Abram's God is my God, and I shall have Abram's deliverance, temporally and spiritually."

I often have come bowed down, both in body and soul, trying to be cheerful, so that others should not see my wretchedness. It is seldom I speak to any one of the deep exercises I pass through from time to time. I have had a little help sometimes at Rehoboth,—twice under Mr. W. Smith, though he is not aware of it. I went to hear him the last Sunday he was there,

much in the same way as I came to hear you. He took for his text: "But we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." The truth was precious to my soul that day.

I do sincerely hope the Lord will prosper that cause, and, if it be his will, send us a faithful minister, and that he will indite prayer in the hearts of the people for the same. O, Sir, what poor helpless creatures are we without him! And what a blessing to be made to know it! It is eighteen years since he gave me the first hope in his mercy, under that dear servant of God, Mr. Brown, of Brighton, who has since entered glory. He spoke pardon home to my soul through him. But O! The deaths I have come into since then! Often have I wanted a resurrection from Jesus! I believe the longer I live the more helpless I get, and the bigger fool. I stand more in need of a Saviour than ever, in every sense of the word. O that he would keep his fear alive in my soul, for I am not to be trusted a single moment. May the Lord come with you, and bless you, on Sunday. Such is the sincere desire of

Your unworthy Friend in the Hope of the Gospel,  
 Frant, Sept. 15th, 1875. M. G.  
 To Mr. Swonnell.

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SIN.—PART V.

O LORD, subdue this hateful monster, Sin,  
 Which doth so tear my restless heart within.  
 I cannot check its black Satanic power;  
 It works from day to day, from hour to hour.  
 Thou holy bleeding Lamb, I come to Thee;  
 No other power I know can set me free;  
 No other balm can ease the deadly smart,  
 Or cure the ulcers in my sin-sick heart.  
 To thee, the good Physician, I would come,  
 Tell my complaint, and be no longer dumb.  
 Hast thou not said thou wilt not turn away  
 The needy soul who at thy feet would stay?

No fancied malady I bring to thee,  
 For well thou know'st I'm full of leprosy;  
 No spot is clean in this vile carnal heart,  
 For sin has tainted it in ev'ry part.  
 I sometimes hope I have a heart within  
 Which cleaves to thee and hates this deadly sin;  
 But ah! It meets me ev'ry step I go,  
 And often plunges me in bitter woe.

Two armies in my soul I daily find;  
 Each to its sov'reign leader is inclined;  
 The new man, with his graces, loves my Lord,  
 And always yields obedience to his Word;

The old man in my flesh with cruel power  
 Assails my better feelings ev'ry hour.  
 This makes a conflict, and a bitter strife,  
 A constant warfare each hour of my life.  
 Sometimes I feel my sin was put away,  
 Atoned for on the cross on that great day  
 When Zion's sins were on her Surety laid,  
 And all her dreadful debt in blood was paid;  
 Then faith can triumph in my risen King,  
 Adore his Name, and his sweet praises sing,  
 Desire his holy precepts to obey,  
 And run with patience in the narrow way.  
 But soon, alas! My wretched unbelief,  
 That infidel, of all my foes the chief,  
 Will question all, will reason, and will pry  
 Into those things for reason's sphere too high;  
 Object and stumble at the truth of God,  
 And bring upon my soul a smarting rod.

Sometimes sweet love my spirit will renew,  
 And heavenly grace all evil will subdue;  
 Then I my precious Saviour can adore,  
 And long to see his face, and sin no more;  
 Love to his people in my breast will glow,  
 Yea, ev'ry one who does my Saviour know  
 Is to my heart most dear; I love them all,—  
 His chosen sheep and lambs, however small.  
 But O! When Satan stirs up hateful pride,  
 And discord rages sore on ev'ry side,  
 Strife and contention quench love's glowing flame,  
 And plunge the sinful child in guilt and shame.

Lord, check these tumults in thy church below;  
 Let thy pure love in ev'ry bosom glow;  
 Make thy dear children live in love and peace,  
 And bid this bitter strife and discord cease.

Humility will bring me to thy feet,  
 And make me glad to take the lowest seat;  
 Let others thrust me down, and never care,  
 But feel my proper place is to be there.  
 But soon, again, self-love and hateful pride,  
 In thought, or word, or deed, will start aside;  
 Troubles will then press heavy on the mind,  
 And I no comfort in the Lord can find.  
 With clouds of darkness he is now conceal'd;  
 My Sun's obscured, nor to my soul reveal'd;  
 And I in darkness have to grope my way,  
 And stumbling struggle on from day to day.  
 When shall the weary conflict, Lord, be o'er,  
 And I be troubled with this foe no more;  
 But through thy merit shall the victory win,  
 And be for ever purified from *Sin*?

## REVIEW.

*Sons of God. A Sermon preached at St. George-the-Martyr's, Southwark, London, Dec. 1st., 1875,—by J. Battersby, Vicar of St. Simon's, Sheffield.*—London: Davis, 1, Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row. Sheffield: Walker, 8, South Street Moor.

HAVING no personal knowledge of Mr. Battersby, we may refer to his sermon, the "Sons of God," perhaps, with less danger of being prompted either by prejudice to find fault or by mere party favour to flatter.

In a day like the present, when error is creeping upon us in all directions, and the discriminating truth of God is becoming more and more distasteful to the bulk of religious professors; when the godly, as in Micah's day, are getting fewer and fewer; and when the few among the real godly who possess a clear discernment in the things of God are getting fewer still, it is, we think, the more to be lamented that such as are spiritually taught God's truth, and are outside the Established Church, cannot be thankful for an outspoken, truthful testimony within its pale. We are no Methodists, and yet dare not quarrel with a Methodist preacher, if such could be found, for preaching salvation by grace and not by works. We are not in the Established Church, yet dare not quarrel with Mr. Battersby's sermon, because it was preached at "St. George-the-Martyr's;" though we doubt not that if Paul, and James, and John were on earth, and were to find a real Jacob and his God wrestling together in a barn, stable, or cow-house, they would regard any such place as being just as sacred in the Lord's eyes as St. Paul's Cathedral or St. George-the-Martyr's. We almost think that that holy inspired apostle who, in speaking of real believers in Christ, said, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a *spiritual house*," and "Christ as a Son over his own house; *whose house are we*," would have smiled at the idea of calling a building of mere brick and stone *Saint* anything.

It is, then, to the sermon itself, rather than to the place it was preached in, that we turn our attention.

Mr. Battersby shows very clearly how the high and dignified title, "Sons of God," "brings out the *relationship* that exists between Christians and their covenant God;" and nothing is more clearly revealed in the sacred Word than that such a relationship does not exist between God and all the human race. In the Gospel by John, the same sons of God are called sheep, whilst the rejected of God in the Gospel of Matthew are designated goats. Now a man can no more make himself a son of God than a goat naturally could turn itself into a sheep. We are made *believers* in Christ by grace; and, being made believers, we thereby become manifest as the sheep of Christ, and as the sons of God.

All the time of our unregenerate state, when dead in trespasses and sins, we are not *believers* in any sense, not even



in the eyes of God. There must be *faith*, a living, spiritually-wrought faith in the soul, causing us to believe through God's power in his dear Son, before we can be believers. But, then, we are *sons* of God, in the eyes of the Lord, even when dead in sin, before we are brought to believe. We are sons by election, by God's sovereign choice of us, and as being set apart according to covenant counsel from all eternity; and to save these sons elect Christ came into the world. For them he died, for them he stood in the gap, for them he cried to God. It was their cause he pleaded and their persons he represented; and by his one offering they are sanctified for ever. Not a single solitary man, less or more, will ever be saved. "All that the Father," saith Christ, "giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Our coming by grace, as poor lost sinners, to Christ for pardon and salvation, is a blessed evidence of spiritual life; and with the manifestation of spiritual life is the *manifestation* of our sonship. We were sons of God *before* such manifestation; and it is *because* we were sons before that God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, "Abba, Father." (Gal. iv. 6.)

We quite agree with Mr. Battersby that the question is important, How do we become sons of God? So far as the Lord has been pleased to reveal for our instruction and comfort his covenant transactions, and *how* we become his sons and dear children; so far must it be to our spiritual advantage and establishment in the truth to have our minds enlightened by the Spirit of God, that we may cherish none but right and scriptural views of our relationship to the "Father of mercies" and "the God of all grace."

The following extract will serve to exhibit Mr. Battersby's view of the origin of divine sonship:

"It is a very important question, my brethren, for us to ask ourselves, How do we become the sons of God? Now let us have, as far as possible, Scriptural answers. I turn to Eph. i. 4, 5, and I read there these words: 'According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him.' Just a word on this fourth verse in passing. We say that this is the doctrine of God's eternal election, or of God's sovereign choice. In other words, it is God giving his children a standing in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world. This is the beginning of all that concerns the people of God for time and for eternity. The fifth verse determines their end: 'In love having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will.' I beseech you to notice well this expression. It is God's sovereign predestination that settles the question of our adoption to sonship, and that, too, by means of Christ Jesus our Lord. All objections are met by these words, that it is 'according to the good pleasure of his will.' The sixth verse in this chapter connects God's choice with God's end in predestination. God has made his people accepted in the Beloved. They always were accepted in Christ, they now are, and for ever will be, to the praise of the glory of his grace. When we speak of God's children being predestinated by

Jesus Christ, and that this is a sovereign act on the part of our God, we turn to another chapter bearing on this point (Rom. viii.), and there it is said 'that we are predestinated to be conformed to the image of God's dear Son.' Now this image to which God's children are predestinated to be conformed is twofold,—that which is *inward* and that which is *outward*. Christ formed in you in holiness and righteousness is predestinate *inward* conformity to the image of God's Son. Christ manifested by you in your life and conduct is *outward* conformity to his image. May we not say, 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.' Behold and admire his great love: 'In love having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ.'

Another question of equal importance, as proposed in the sermon, is, What are the *evidences* that we are the children of God? The three evidences enlarged upon, and, to our mind, in a very scriptural way, are, "The indwelling of the Spirit of God in the hearts of the children of God;" "the witness within that we are the children of God;" and "the sealing of a child of God by the Holy Ghost."

Now, what a thing it is to be able, as in the light of God, to discover these three evidences in our own souls,—to know what it is for the "Spirit itself" to bear witness sometimes with our spirits that we are God's dear children. Perhaps some of the dear children of God are tried and exercised more about the inward witness of the Spirit than about anything else pertaining to their experience. How they long, intensely long, to *feel* the witness! They want it to be clear, and powerful, and demonstrative. Like Thomas, about wishing to put his fingers into the print of the nails, they say, "Except we get a little of the witness within, we cannot believe." But how blessedly satisfying and confirming to our faith and hope is the witness of the Spirit, when we are favoured to receive it! And if we may speak for ourselves, we can truly say we want it *often* repeated. The want of it only yesterday, when groping in much darkness, and much cast down in soul, made our darkness so thick that we could hardly see the three evidences Mr. Battersby mentions in his sermon as being in our possession. But this morning, whilst trying to pray with the family, we got, we humbly hope, a little *touch* of the Spirit's witness. There was a little power, a little freedom with the Lord, and a little faith to believe that all was well with our poor tempest-tossed soul for time and eternity. The Spirit's witness is, perhaps, in these days much more seldom like a land-flood,—seldom so overwhelming and powerful that the soul is bathed and wetted through; but is more frequently, at least with us,—as we found it the other day, gentle, soft, and more like a whisper. A line of a favourite hymn, or a portion of the Word unthought of before, will fasten itself, through the blessed Spirit's application, with sufficient energy and power on the spirit to cause hope to revive, and to strengthen our battered faith in God who raiseth the dead. Such gentle distilling of the inimitable anointing into the soul.

though less powerful, yet is as much the witness of the Spirit as when it comes like "a rushing mighty wind."

The following extract will show how Mr. Battersby speaks of the witness of the Spirit:

"Now, let us just see what a *witness* is, and what the office of a witness. You know the passage that I refer to. It is that in Rom. viii. 16: 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit;' or, in other words, the Holy Ghost gives his evidence or testimony in our hearts and in our spirits 'that we are the children of God.' Let us notice the work of a witness. Our Lord gives it very beautifully in Jno. v. He there says that the witness that he had was greater than that of John. They had sent to John, and he bare witness of Christ; but Jesus says in verse 32, 'There is another that beareth witness of me; and I know that the witness which he witnesseth of me is true.' Well, what did John bear witness to? Was it not to this fact, that 'this is the true Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?' 'Ye sent unto John,' Christ says, 'to know the truth; I am that Truth;' and this was his testimony. 'But,' he says, 'I receive not testimony from man; but these things I say that ye might be saved. He was a burning and a shining light; and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light. But I have a greater witness than that of John;' and what is that greater witness? Well, 'The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me that the Father hath sent me.' These works of Christ gave testimony or evidence of him that he was really the Son of God, and sent from God: 'That the Father hath sent me.' And what more? 'And the Father himself, who hath sent me, hath borne witness of me.' Well, now, when did the Father bear witness of him? The Father bore this testimony to his own dear Son when he was baptized. 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' This was the testimony that the Father gave. And on the mount of transfiguration the Father said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.' Now, the Holy Ghost in the sinner's soul (I mean in the soul of the sinner that is saved) gives in his evidence, his testimony to the child of God, bears his witness, and proves to him beyond a doubt that he is a child of God,—one of those for whom the Son of God shed his most precious blood. Just read what is said in connexion with this subject in Rom. viii. 14: 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;' led away from self, led away from sin, led away from the world, and everything that offends; but led to Christ Jesus the Lord. All those that are thus led by the Spirit 'they are the sons of God.' 'For,' he says, 'ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.' Thus the Holy Spirit reveals our adoption. He gives in his evidence. He bears his testimony to our hearts; and then we cry 'Abba, Father.' He that believeth on the Son of God hath the *witness* or *divine evidence* in himself. Be assured of this, that when the Spirit gives his evidence or proof within that we are the children of God, we become very jealous for the honour of God, for the honour of Christ, for the honour of the Spirit, and for the honour of the Word of God. And no evidence is right except that which answers to the written Word of the living God."

Following upon the three great Christian evidences laid down, we have next in the sermon the "Christian's privileges," such as

being taught of God; being found in the Father's house a son or a daughter of the family-royal; being "heirs of a glorious inheritance;" and these, and all other privileges, being so secured by covenant promise and oath that the sons of God cannot be deprived of their blessings.

We must refer our readers to the sermon itself, in order to see how these privileges of the children of God are dwelt upon, as it would hardly be fair towards the sale of the sermon to give more extracts in this review.

Before, however, bringing our notice of the sermon to a close, we wish to make a remark or two in reference to what is stated about men having certain operations of the Spirit of God upon them, and in them, and yet such operations being *no evidences* of their being sons of God. Inquiries are occasionally sent to our office from correspondents, for our judgment, whether the Spirit of God ever does really operate on the minds of unregenerate men at all. Indeed, we have a letter now lying before us, in which an opinion is asked of "Balaam being moved by the Holy Ghost, and of the Lord giving Saul another heart," as referred to in Mr. Battersby's sermon. So that it is more, perhaps, for the purpose of just offering an opinion than anything else that we refer to that part of the sermon where the ordinary operations of the Spirit on such characters as Balaam and Saul are distinguished from his more vital and saving operations on the minds of the true and spiritual sons of God. We have been convinced for years past that, as Mr. Battersby says in his sermon, it is not "every operation of the Spirit upon the heart of man, it is not every elevation of mind, it is not every flash of light into the understanding, that is to be taken as an evidence of sonship." Mere nature is capable, we believe, of being raised by false religion to an awfully high pitch. We have only to read Heb. vi. for proof of this. The characters spoken of in Exodus, as well as Balaam and Saul, to which the sermon refers, though they all had certain operations of the Spirit on their minds, yet we can trace no evidence whatever that they were the real partakers of grace. Real faith or love to God they had not. Neither can we trace a vestige of either faith or love in that ordinary work of the Spirit, as set forth in the first part of Heb. vi. The characters therein described are said to be "enlightened," to taste "the heavenly gift," to be "partakers of the Holy Ghost," and to taste "the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come." But, for all this, they are only in character unregenerate men, and bear as fruit nothing but *thorns and briars*; and hence God rejects them. Whereas, the real children of God, whom the apostle in the same chapter calls "*beloved*" (see verse 9), have better things than the ordinary gifts of the Spirit pertaining to them; such as "a work and labour of love" for God. They have *real* faith, and *real* love, and Christ *in them*; and hence the things that pertain to them are things which accompany salvation. Such solemn distinctions should teach

us the importance of being satisfied with nothing short of real vital religion in our souls; for

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

We consider Mr. Battersby's sermon a very good one, and as such we recommend its distribution. A penny will buy it, but we would rather give a shilling for it than have whole volumes of some sermons for a farthing.

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## Obituary.

WILLIAM HORN.—On July 28th, 1875, aged 55, William Horn, a deacon of the church at Woburn, Beds, by whom he was much esteemed.

When first concerned about his soul, he joined the General Baptists, and continued with them for some years. He was led one week evening to hear the late Mr. Collinge at Woburn, from Ps. lxxxvi. 8: “Neither are there any works like unto thy works.” Under that sermon he felt there was something in real religion beyond what he had experienced. The next Lord's day he heard him again, still feeling more dissatisfied with himself and his religion. Ultimately he was compelled to leave the people he was in connexion with, and cast in his lot with the people at Woburn. He continued a consistent member until his death.

He was much tried in providential things, having a large family and small means. He was also much exercised in soul, having a deep sense of the vileness of his own heart, which made his conversation very savoury. In his prayers there were very great simplicity, sincerity, and earnestness, mingled with sweet confidence in the Lord, which much commended him to those who heard him.

About three years before his death his wife became deranged, and was confined in an Asylum, where she died. This was a heavy trial indeed to him, and was the means, ultimately, of bringing him to his end. In going for the last time to see her at the Asylum, he walked 20 miles through a heavy rain, and found that she had died a little before he arrived. This so shook his system that he never recovered, but gradually became weaker, and sank from exhaustion.

Some friends saw him on the Monday before his death, and found him in a peaceful frame of mind, resting upon the Lord, but too weak to converse. On Tuesday another friend saw him. He was very comfortable, and said he was satisfied he was on the Rock. On Wednesday, a few minutes before he died, he said, “I am in good hands;” and then quietly breathed his last.

Thus lived and died one of whom it may be said that “he feared God above many.” I have known him for some years, through supplying the pulpit occasionally at Woburn, and felt much union to him in spiritual things. In one conversation I had with him he told me he once sat down under a hedge to eat a piece of bread for dinner, feeling bitterly his hard lot, which stirred up a murmuring spirit and much self-pity, thinking he was very hardly dealt with; when Heb. xi. 37, 38 was brought to his mind: “They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy,” &c. This stopped his murmuring, broke him down into contrition, and enabled him to say cheerfully, “Thy will be done.”

About a fortnight before he died I was supplying at Woburn, and after the services walked with him some distance on his way home. He was then deploring the low state of the church, the welfare of which lay

very near his heart. I little thought it would be the last time we should meet on earth; but I have no doubt he is now where sin and sorrow can never come.

Hitchin.

W. BRAY.

ELIZABETH BUTCHER.—On Oct. 29th, 1875, age not known, Elizabeth Butcher, of Siddal, Halifax.

She was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation; and was for many years taught the plague of her own heart, the deceitfulness of sin, the weakness of fallen nature, and the utter impossibility of deliverance from such a state only through the atoning merits of Immanuel, the Friend of sinners, the Christ of God, who was her only hope in life and in death.

Although she was called to pass through a long series of affliction and trials, yet in the midst of the most trying circumstances I have heard her many times say,

“His love in times past forbids me to think,” &c.

The many tokens and manifestations of the Lord's goodness to her in times of need, trial, and sorrow, have caused my heart to rejoice in the midst of affliction's furnace. She would often say,

“Bound by his word, he does display  
A strength proportion'd to my day,” &c.

I believe she loved the truth as it is in Jesus. She loved the company of the saints, and her delight was to be with them whenever opportunity afforded. She was deprived of meeting with them in the house of God for some length of time, which she deeply felt, as she had been much favoured in former days in hearing the ministers of the everlasting gospel, who are indeed the excellent of the earth. She often would speak of the exercises of her mind, as being so barren, lifeless, and unfeeling. But, at other times, her spirit was overcome with the goodness of God, so that she could say,

“This God is the God I adore;”

and then, with a feeling heart, she would say,

“Reign o'er us as King, accomplish thy will,” &c.

At the latter end of her affliction, she was favoured with a sweet reliance upon the Lord, and a committing of all her concerns into his blessed hands. She expressed to me how comfortable it was to feel so near the Lord as to recline upon his all-sufficient arm, and to feel that her will was absorbed in his will, and that the world, with all its cares, was quite removed from her mind. She said she never felt her mind so sweetly composed with the presence of the Lord as she then did. Some little time after this, she said, one day, as I went in, with such earnestness as I never shall forget,

“Faith in the bleeding Lamb,  
O what a gift is this!  
Hope of salvation in his Name,  
How comfortable 'tis!”

It appears to me that death came so gradually upon her that she scarcely perceived it till the last few hours of her life. Although she was conscious of her position, and many times had great fears on this solemn point, yet when death came she hardly knew it; but fell asleep without a struggle, a sigh, or a groan.

I believe her end was peace, being founded upon the Rock of ages. She was a partaker of my sorrows, both in temporal and spiritual things, and also of the consolations which in our measure abounded to us by Christ Jesus.

ABRAHAM BUTCHER.

**SOLOMON CORDINGLEY.**—On Dec. 9th, 1875, aged 63, Solomon Cordingley, of Alkington, member of the church of Christ at Ebenezer, Oldham.

In early life the Lord brought him to know what it is to be a guilty sinner before a just and holy God; and also to know what it is to have the precious blood of atonement applied to the heart, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. He was baptized by Mr. A. B. Taylor, of Manchester. I have often heard him speak of the precious seasons he has had under the preaching of that man of God. He loved to hear the Shepherd's voice; but a stranger he would not follow. He loved to hear a precious Christ exalted. The Word of God was a lamp to his feet and a light unto his path; and the precious promises were often verified in the experience of his heart. He loved to meet with those who wait at Zion's gates, and to pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Many times he would say:

" My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;  
There God my Saviour reigns."

Solomon was not like many,—half-day worshippers; for while health and strength were granted him, his place was occupied on the Lord's day, both morning, afternoon, and evening. In the church, he was a peace-maker; in the world his walk and conversation were becoming the gospel of Christ. His dear Lord gave him grace, teaching him to live godly, soberly, and righteously, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, as one having a tender conscience.

In his latter days his confidence was firm. A steady faith and a well-grounded hope supported his heart. He was one of those servants who are waiting for the coming of their Lord. He was subject to severe attacks of bronchitis. On one occasion he was brought very low; but it pleased the dear Lord to raise him up a little longer. But he said he was disappointed, for his desire was to depart and be with his beloved Lord. He often prayed that the dear Lord would give him patience to wait a little longer.

About 14 days before his death he had another attack of bronchitis, which proved to be the last, and he gradually got weaker. But he was resigned to the Lord's will; and at the appointed time he departed this life, firmly leaning upon the arm of his beloved Lord. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

J. EDDISON.

**THOMAS SIMMONS.**—On Dec. 17th, 1875, aged 75, Thomas Simmons, of Winchelsea, Sussex.

Our departed friend was born at Warbleton, Sussex, where he held a farm for several years, during which time he walked many miles for the truth. He interested himself much in the building of the chapel at Bodle Street. In 1852, through the providence of God, he was moved to reside at Winchelsea.

It may be truly said of him that he feared God above many. All who knew him on matters of business can bear testimony of him as an honest-dealing and punctual man, desiring to do to others as he would that they should do to him. Even those that were strongly opposed to him in the solemn matters of truth could never lift their voice against him, because he lived outwardly the life of a godly Christian man. Nor was he slow to denounce what he saw in others inconsistent with a professed knowledge of truth. He was truly a peculiar man in the very best sense,—in the world, but not of the world; nor did he find com-

panionship with any but among the spiritually poor and needy. Many such were glad of a little converse with him, he having a kind and suitable word for all that bore the least evidence of the grace of God. He, too, was a good hearer; for his compassionate spirit always sympathized with a man whom he could receive as a servant of Jesus Christ; and he was bold and unflinching for the truth, as being taught by the Holy Spirit, counting all teaching short of this but mere notion and form.

The following is chiefly from his niece, who attended him during his very painful affliction.

"Oct., 1875.—Very poorly. I said to him, 'You will not be able to go to Rye to-morrow to chapel.' He said, 'I hope I shall.' But during the night he had a severe attack, with much pain near the heart and lungs. He felt disappointed, not being able to go, as he enjoyed Mr. T. each time he was privileged to hear him. I read a sermon of Mr. Philpot's to him.

"Nov. 5th.—His sufferings were very great,—he thought more than he could bear. He begged the Lord to support him. He was for years afflicted with asthma, which, with the violent pains affecting his heart and lungs, and his struggling for breath, was painful to witness. During the night of Nov. 11th, these pains lasted eight hours. These repeated attacks so weakened him that all nourishment failed to strengthen. At first he expressed no joy, but a firm resting upon Jesus for salvation. On the night of the 13th, after a comfortable sleep in the chair, he awoke in a bright and happy state of mind. His countenance shone. He was so strengthened that he was like a new man. He was comfortable in body, and rejoicing in soul. The Lord had sweetly visited him, and told him he had made with him an everlasting covenant, and that he would never leave him. Many other precious promises, and many sweet portions of Hart's hymns, caused him to speak freely of the effects of true faith. During the night, three times, he burst forth in blessing and praising the Lord for all his mercies. At another time he said that Satan had not once been permitted to harass him as to his interest in Christ.

"Although the poor old tabernacle had been so torn with pain, a few nights following, in a bright and happy state of mind, he requested Col. iii. to be read. At the second verse he said, 'I can truly say that my affections have been set upon things above for many years, for Christ was All and in all to me.' On the memorable night of the 18th, he burst out in telling us in what beauties of holiness Christ had appeared to him, telling him he had loved him with an everlasting love. He requested several portions of Scripture to be read, with some hymns. At three o'clock he said, 'Now, sit down, and enjoy yourselves. Sing a hymn.' 'Faith in the bleeding Lamb,' and 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' were very sweet to him.

"Nov. 20th.—Continued very ill, with pain and distress in breathing. He said, 'This affliction is not from any fresh-contracted sin, but to make me prize the blessings more. This poor old vessel has the roughest time the nearer it gets to home.' When the agony of body was abated, he said, "Read Job iii.' I said, 'Surely you are not where Job was at that time.' He said, 'I know what such troubles have been.'

"Shortly after, when his happy soul was overflowing with joy, he wished that G., or some old-established Christian, would drop in again, having so much to say of the goodness of God to him in his affliction.

"Suffering more intense. All thought must be the last. He said, 'Give my dying blessing to Mr. T. and friends at Rye.' During these afflictions, many happy seasons he had had in years gone by were



brought to his mind. Here he told me that it was in 1845 that his soul was set at liberty. A friend said, 'It is nice to have some sweet meditation.' He said, 'There are many high heaps and waymarks.'

"Nov. 25th.—Being more composed, and feeling a little strengthened, he said, 'I can only say that, for a moment, the Lord hath strengthened me.' He requested two of Mr. Bourne's letters to be read, which in former days he much enjoyed. Being asked to have a wash, he said, 'O yes! I want to wash in the river of life.' After this exertion he said, 'What a sweet resignation I feel to all this affliction! I would not have one thing altered. Sweet peace and comfort! If the Lord is pleased to give me no more, all will be well.'

"Nov. 27th.—Awoke with an invitation to the feast, and felt himself ready to go. The Lord said to him, 'Friend, come up higher.' To a friend he said, 'O how I long to enter that salvation that never ends, singing Hallelujah.'

"Nov. 28th.—Still enjoying much sweetness from the Word; continued peaceful till Dec. 2nd. In the night the enemy was permitted to set in upon him in a desperate manner, touching his interest in Christ. The poor body shook with agony of mind. He could only utter broken sentences, but said, 'O! I little thought I had such a conflict to go through.' This lasted two hours; but soon the dear Lord broke in upon his soul, and caused a sweet calmness, with an assurance of having loved him with an everlasting love. Then he said, 'O to think of the mansions prepared after such sufferings!' When asked if the refreshment given him was sweet, he said, 'Yes, but I have had something better. Jesus told me his love and blood had cleansed me from all iniquity.' In the evening he said, 'I have had many nice things, but have not strength to tell you.'

"Dec. 12th.—Much exhausted. He said, 'I can't think why the Lord is keeping me here so long. He knows I love him.' Occasionally a sweet promise fell from his lips, but he became too weak to speak much. On the morning of the 15th, after a very restless night, he was bright and full of joy. He said to us, 'You are so sleepy, and I am so wakeful, thinking upon the glories that await me.' So he passed through the day; had a more composed night, but more feeble the next morning, and not able to speak. He continued till the afternoon, when he fell asleep in Jesus; his dear wife having been taken home to eternal rest a little less than twelve months previously."

Truly "the memory of the just is blessed."

Rye.

WILLIAM TAVERNER.

JOHN ALDERWICK.—On Dec. 21st, 1875, aged 95, John Alderwick, a member of the church at Trowbridge, which church he joined in 1827, being baptized by Mr. Warburton.

One friend writes as follows:

"You will doubtless consider that what I now supply is a very meagre account, but you will please observe that most of my calls upon John were hurried visits.

"The first time I saw him after he had taken to his bed I found him in a very weak state, unable to take any kind of nourishment except a small quantity of milk, and apparently drawing near his end.

"About a week afterwards I called again. He was then able to talk a little. He told me that he never in all his life, until he was laid by on his bed, passed through such deep exercises of soul as he had since, and never before saw things in the light he now saw them.

"After a short time I called again. He told me how good the Lord had been to him all the days of his pilgrimage, in providing for him and

in sustaining him, wondering at the patience and long-suffering of the Lord when in a state of unregeneracy. He seemed surprised and astonished at the Lord's compassion and mercy to such a hell-deserving sinner as he felt himself to be; and he quoted these words: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion;" and added, "The Lord loved me because he would love me."

"The next time I saw him, he broke out in the language of Ps. ciii.: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' I then read that sweet psalm to him; and as I went on, the tears ran down his cheeks, and he repeated some portion of it over again.

"The next time I saw him he desired me to reach the hymn book and read where he had turned down the page. I found it, and read it to him: "How oft have sin and Satan strove."

This hymn was much blessed to him. After this he told me that Satan was almost perpetually harassing him, especially in the night, and that he could get scarcely any rest, day or night. I replied, 'Tell him that Jesus holds the keys of death and hell, and that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin.' Satan still continued to worry him, taking advantage of his deafness and extreme debility. This furnished me with an errand to the throne of grace, that the Lord would be pleased to rebuke the adversary; which I believed he did, for his mind became more tranquil and easy. I was informed by Mrs. B. that the dear old man often spent nearly the whole night in prayer to God.

"Sometimes when I called to see him he would be entreating the Lord to keep him from sinning. He would say, 'Dear Lord, do keep me from sinning against thee;' 'Do help my soul to praise thee;' 'Precious Christ;' 'Precious Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;' 'Precious Holy Ghost, do lead my soul to a precious, precious Christ.' He would sometimes grasp my hand and hold it for some ten minutes, telling out of a full heart the goodness of the Lord, the preciousness of his Word, and of his great salvation.

"Whatever little was given him, except money, which he sometimes refused, he received with great humility and gratitude, at the same time rendering thanks unto the Lord for sending friends to help him; and before he tasted a morsel of food, praise and thanksgiving were sure to be offered up by him to the God of all his mercies. Though suffering, at times, from pain of body, he never would make it known unless I asked him. I never saw any signs of impatience, nor do I ever remember a murmur escape his lips.

"I saw him a few days before his death. He was then perfectly sensible, praising and blessing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and his soul was full of the loving-kindness of God. I saw him twice afterwards, but he was not able to speak to me."

Another friend writes: "I knew him for about twenty years. He was well taught of God. He was often brought very, very low, and then soared very, very high in heavenly and divine things. I have heard him say he was as wicked as he could be, and should have gone to hell if the Lord would have let him; for that was the bent of his mind. On one occasion he told me he was intoxicated on the Lord's day, and fell from some steps on the top of some pointed iron fence, which turned down crooked instead of going into his body. He said he should have gone to hell intoxicated had not the spikes turned down. This had a wonderful effect on his mind, and he often spoke of it with humility of soul and brokenness of spirit before the Lord for his matchless mercy towards him, unworthy him.

"After the Lord called him by his grace he was very much tried in providence. I heard him say on one occasion he had no work and no money. No one would lend him a shilling, and the shop where he dealt would not trust him, so he was shut out from every creature. He left the home and went on Trowle Common, where our dear parson once lived, and where he had so much trouble with his pigs when he commenced farming. Poor Alderwick resorted to this common, and fell down on his knees among the beasts that were feeding there. He there spread his case before the Lord, and the Lord heard the cry of his child, took away the cravings of hunger, fed him with heavenly bread, and gave him faith to believe he would turn his captivity. He went home at a late hour in the night a different man in his feelings, and found his table spread with an abundance of food of many descriptions, which served him a long time. Who put it there he did not know; but he said, 'The Lord knew, because he was the Author of it; and he shall have all the honour and all the praise.'

"This was not the only time that poor John saw the hand of God stretched out to help him in the way of providence; for on another occasion he had no work nor any food or money. He went out early in the morning, and a man called to him, and said, 'Look here, John! There is a loaf stuck on the fence.' 'Ah!' said John, 'That is put there on purpose for me;' so that again his needs were supplied by God's goodness. 'O what a Christ! O what a God is Christ to me.'

"Our dear brother John looked after the chapel, as chapel-cleaner, &c., for many years, till old age and infirmity came upon him; and then another took his place. I heard him say on one occasion when our dear pastor Warburton was preaching one Lord's day, the spirit of the Lord was upon him, and the spring in his soul so overflowing that he struck the Bible very hard several times. The sun was shining at the time, so that the dust that flew from the cushion was seen. Our dear parson saw it as well as others. He stopped, and said, 'John, I suppose you forgot to dust the cushion.' This did not offend John; for he loved the parson for the truth's sake.

"At another time our dear parson had some unpleasantness in his church while John looked after the chapel. He told me some who opposed the minister met one evening in the chapel for discussion, when they got to high words; which so vexed John that he told them God's house was a house for prayer, and not a place to quarrel in. So he got round quietly to the gas-meter, and put the gas out, leaving them all in the dark in sad confusion, which upset their plans. I merely state this to show that John was a man of peace.

"When I visited John during his illness, I found him weak in body, but speaking of the goodness of the Lord to his soul. He said if he held back from telling what the Lord had done for him, the very devils would cry shame at him.

"On another occasion I found him strong in faith, giving glory to God for taking notice of such a poor nothing. He said, 'Had I a thousand tongues, that would not be half enough to set forth his praises.' I said, 'I am going to visit a poor wicked man that I used to work with, who is taken ill.' John's answer was, 'Never half so wicked as I; I should have gone to hell if the Lord had let me. It is all of grace, all of grace, from first to last!' Those lines of the hymn were often blessed to his soul:

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

"The Lord applied these precious words to his soul many times: 'Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom, saith the Lord;' and this, he said, was his precious blood.

"I went to see him again, and found him happy in the Lord, and wishing to go home. The great enemy of souls tried him very much towards the close of his mortal life; but the Lord was his support. He lay very calm for some days before he breathed his last. The Lord was his stay in the swellings of Jordan."

Good old John was the oldest pensioner on the A. P. F. Society. He was one of the first persons I had the privilege of putting on to the funds of that Society. In the "G.S." for June, 1862, there appeared the following notice:

"THE LAST APPEAL.—There is a poor man in Wiltshire named John Alderwick. He is nearly 84 years of age, and has been a member of Zion Church (the late Mr. Warburton's) for 34 years. For 42 years he paid rates in his parish (Trowbridge), but was at length, owing to his great age and infirmities, compelled to apply for parish relief himself. It was impossible for the church wholly to support him, having so many poor connected with them. He received parish aid for five weeks, and was then advised to go and live with his daughter, whose husband was a weaver at Melksham. On applying for his parish pittance the following week, it was refused him, on the ground that he had lost his right by going to reside out of the parish. So here is a poor man, 84 years of age, weighed down with infirmities, who had for an unusually long life honourably fulfilled all the requirements of the laws of his country, and against whom not a single accusation could be brought, denied parish relief, merely because he had sought refuge in the house of his child, a short distance from his native town! The object of this advertisement is not to ask for pecuniary assistance, but simply to solicit the votes of the subscribers to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society for the poor man at the next election. Those subscribers who have not yet parted with their Voting Papers are earnestly requested to forward them at once for the poor man to J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street, as the election is fixed to take place on Wednesday, June 3rd.\*"

In June, 1874, accompanied by Mr. A. B. Taylor and Mr. Applegate, I went to see the good old man. He was in a sweet frame of mind, and conversed freely on spiritual matters, but seemed almost lost when the subject turned upon temporals. "This," said Mr. Applegate, "is Mr. Gadsby." "Mr. Gadsby! Who is that?" "Why, it was he who got you on to the Aged Pilgrims' Society." "The Aged Pilgrims' Society!" he said, as though bewildered. "Yes," replied Mr. A. "You know what the Aged Pilgrims' Society is, don't you?" "No," he said, mournfully. "Why, where do all the nice things that you have come from?" "Ah! Why—Mrs. Applegate brings me some wine and some bread." "Well; but who pays for this room and this bed and all your other

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\* The Secretary to the Society writes as follows: "The amount received up to the present time by pensioners nominated by you through the "Gospel Standard" is £1090. This does not include Alderwick's nor any except those now living. Alderwick received £157 out of the funds of the Society. He was the third person you nominated out of the proceeds of your Lectures. Only two of those nominated,—one by Mr. Philpot and the other by yourself out of the Special Fund some years ago and your Lectures, now survive. The amount received by those deceased was upwards of £1000. This does not include those raised by you to the £10 10s. list, whom you did not nominate. The amount for these is very large." This note is inserted to show that all who subscribe to the Society through these pages receive good interest for their money.

comforts?" "Ah! I think the money comes from London." "Well; this is Mr. Gadsby, who got you the money." "Is it? Well, God put it into his heart to do it, or else he wouldn't have done it!" "Do you remember that loaf, John, that you found stuck on a post?" asked Mr. A. "Ay, that I do," he quickly replied. This referred to the occasion alluded to above. He was sure, he said, God directed him down that street, and had had the bread stuck on the post for him.

I understand the good man was confined to his house for about ten years before his death, and the greater part of that time to his bed. The clergyman of the parish, who baptized an adult by immersion in the church (see "G.S., May last), was very kind to the old man. J. G.

FRANCES WEBSTER.—On March 1st, aged 57, Frances Webster, a member of the church meeting for divine worship, Zion Chapel, Leicester.

Mrs. Webster, on joining the above-mentioned church, informed us that she was convinced of her lost and ruined state about 35 years ago, under the ministry of a Mr. Jackson. The work began under one sermon preached by him; and, after a time, she received the pardon of her sins under another. She walked in the enjoyment of the light of God's countenance for a time; but at length lost the sense and sweetness of his mercy. When in this dark deserted state she could no longer hear to profit, and wandered about, seeking food for her soul. She obtained instruction and profit from hearing Mr. Philpot and other ministers.

At length her steps were directed to Zion Chapel, and she attended the ministry there. The first sermon that seems to have thoroughly met her case, and was greatly blessed to her soul, was one from Job xix. 28: "Seeing the root of the matter is found in me." After this she heard with much profit, and felt constrained to join the church. This determination had been sweetly confirmed on the Lord's day evening before she gave in her experience; when she was so much blessed that she felt she should not mind speaking before a thousand members.

Our sister in the Lord, having been received into church fellowship, continued with us to the end of her days, being very regular in her attendance upon the means of grace, and very active in laying herself out for the benefit of others. There was nothing of ostentation about this, and those who knew her best will be the most able to testify to her kindly, peaceable, self-denying character and conduct.

Our sister was at chapel as usual twice on Lord's day, Feb. 26th. The word was made a special blessing to her, so that she remarked to her husband that she felt a willingness to leave all, and depart and be with Jesus. This was the first time he had ever heard her say as much; though one of the friends who had often conversed with her told me after her decease that during the past year she had several times said the same. But no one had any idea that the time for our sister's departure was so near. She felt unwell after chapel, and on Monday morning was very ill and in great bodily pain. The medical men who attended could do nothing; and by Monday evening she was in imminent danger, all hope of recovery soon being taken away. Inflammation set in, and on Wednesday morning, after this short and exceedingly painful illness, she departed out of this world to be with Jesus. She bore this suffering with the greatest patience, never murmuring; for the Lord evidently gave her his support, enabling her in the midst of all to rest on him.

When asked by her husband whether she wished to recover, her answer was, that for his sake and her children's she might have some wish, but so far as herself was concerned, it was better to depart and be with Jesus, as she could not live here without sin. She evidently lay very passive in Christ's hands. Being asked, at another time, if she had any-

thing to say to those around her dying bed, she smiled, and raised both her hands, and said with a holy joy, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy Name. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities," &c.; repeating the first four verses of Ps. ciii. She told them that Medley's hymn was sweet to her: "Jesus is precious, says the Word," &c. When asked if she could wish them Good-bye, she distinctly said, "Good-bye." After this she gradually sank until she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Her end was peace.

Our sister has left a husband, one of our members, and seven children to lament her loss. And the members of the church feel that the Lord has taken away from them one both willing and able to be useful. It is a comfort to us that she has expressed much thankfulness to the Lord for bringing her amongst the people. The word seems, in his hands, to have both searched and comforted, and thus established her, so that she has evidently been ripening during the last two or three years for glory, and has had some blessed experience of the fulfilment of Isaiah's words: "Then shall thy peace flow as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

G. HAZLERIGG.

THOMAS SINKINSON.—The following arrived too late for insertion last month.

My acquaintance with Mr. Sinkinson commenced when he first preached as a supply at Bedworth, September, 1865; and I well remember my feeling of surprise at the great difference in his personal appearance from what I had previously conceived. But when he got into the pulpit he soon found a way into my heart, and into the hearts of many others too. There was such a freshness, power, and savour in his prayer and preaching, that the Word came like a heavenly rainfall into the souls of many of us who then heard him; and I felt, as he went on, such a union of heart with him in the things he uttered that I secretly desired, "Lord, give us that man!" And the more I was in his company, the stronger was the knitting of heart I felt to him. And I believe there was then formed between us a union of soul like that which existed between David and Jonathan; nor has the stroke of death, which, for a time, has separated us, destroyed it; for I love him still, and his name and memory to my heart are dear.

For several years I had constant opportunities of observing him in his ministry and walk, as we were favoured to walk and talk much together; and whatever faults his enemies may lay to his charge, while I do not attempt to prove he was a perfect man, I can testify he was a sincere, kindly, humble, loving, faithful, godly soul.

He used frequently to relate to me different things of a very interesting kind which occurred in his earlier experience, when he was among the general professors; such as the man speaking from among the crowd, when he was preaching at a camp-meeting among the Methodists. He has often said to me, "I have many times thought how I should like to meet with that man to ask him about his feeling, when he called out that passage of God's Word. One thing I know, it was to me like a voice from heaven. It stopped me, and I could not go on again." And I remember his speaking of going to hear the late Mr. Gadsby, but I think the place was so full he could not get inside; and he said, after Mr. G. had been speaking for some time, a number of his (Mr. S.'s) old acquaintances came out in a rage, declaring Mr. G. was sending all the bad folks to heaven, and the good ones to hell. The first time, I believe, he was favoured to hear that good man was once that he took for his

text Deut. xxxiii. 24. Mr. S., not having then been brought to know and love the distinguishing doctrines of grace, said, while Mr. G. was speaking of the children as being God's elect family, he felt such enmity against his teaching that he could have knocked him down; but when he came to the next part: "Let him be acceptable to his brethren," &c., he said, "I could have taken him in my arms and kissed him, the word was so sweet and precious to my heart." And he once remarked, when we were talking of Mr. G., that he thought for soundness and clearness in the whole doctrines of divine truth, there had scarcely been his equal since the early ages of the Gospel church.

I have many times heard him refer to the time when the Lord applied to his heart with divine power those words: "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin;" and the sweet liberty, peace, and joy which followed as the effect; giving him to prove the great difference between his trying to take the Word, and the Lord the Spirit applying the same.

In this way the Lord led him into, and grounded him experimentally in, his truth; so that, after being much tossed about among different kinds of professors, he was brought among the sect everywhere spoken against, and was certainly one well established and settled in the grace and truth of Christ above many.

He passed through many exercises concerning the step he was requested to take,—to become pastor of the church at Bedworth. He felt a great love to and union with the people there from the first; but there were many things presented themselves in the way; these, however, the Lord removed, and he accepted the call. While supplying, previously to becoming the pastor, he on one occasion, after speaking of his exercises, just as he was leaving our house, opened the Bible at Prov. xxvii. 27. And a short time before his death, when we were conversing together, he said, "I have had a great many troubles since then; but that word has held good through them all."

He was naturally of a genial and confiding disposition, and proved, to his sorrow, that there is such a thing as being too free towards possessors as well as professors; and has often said,

"From sinner and from saint  
I meet with many a blow."

But he has passed beyond all that was a trouble to him here; nor will he ever again groan, as he often did while below, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" &c. And while the enemies of Christ may wish that the world was rid not only of him, but of all such, the lovers of Zion can but feel that the removal of such men as Mr. S. makes a void place in the church the Lord alone can fill. O that he may in mercy send forth labourers to supply the felt want.

The flock at Bedworth, and many places beside, greatly miss him; for his ministry was suited to a wide circle of the Lord's tried family, being experimental, savoury, and with power, laying the creature low, and lifting Christ on high.

Hastings.

T. HULL.

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It is only in the valley of humiliation that there is any sensible communion with the Man of sorrows or his broken-hearted, contrite people. And all other union is not worth a straw.—*J. C. Philpot.*

A CHRISTIAN is assailed by his enemy on every side. How can it be otherwise, seeing that the seed of war is laid deep in the nature of both,—flesh and spirit, which can never be rooted up till the devil cease to be a devil to the saint; sin to be sin, and saints to be saints?

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1876.

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

THE SAFETY AND PRIVILEGES OF THE GODLY.  
A SERMON PREACHED AT STAMFORD BY THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BROWN,  
OF GODMANCHESTER, ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 30TH, 1859.

“Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.”—Ps. xci. 14-16.

If you were to find a casket of precious jewels in the street, what would you do? You say, “Certainly, as an honest man, I should try to find the owner.” I have lighted, my dear friends, upon this precious casket, containing promises more precious than gold; and, in looking at it, I think I see the owner’s name engraved. May I have grace and wisdom so to describe the character, that we may see whether our name is there, and whether we have a right and title to put forth our hand and say, “This is mine.”

Well, to whom does this treasure belong? Who is this blessed “*Him*” spoken of? Let us look at the three characteristics mentioned, and surely it is a true portrait of a child of God.

I. “He hath *known my Name*.”

II. “He hath *set his love upon me*.”

III. “He shall *call upon me*.”

I. “He hath *known my Name*.” Though this is not the first thing mentioned in the text, yet we know that it comes first in experience. A man must know something of the Lord before he can feel any love. It is a fulfilment of that promise in Jeremiah: “They shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them.” *They shall all*. Not *may*, but *they shall*. The Lord has declared it. Now, what is the Name of the Lord? It is most sweet. It is as ointment poured forth. It is a strong tower. It is the Lord our Righteousness. It is Immanuel. It is Wonderful. It is the Lord of Hosts, the Holy One of Israel. “And his Name shall be called Jesus.” “And in his Name shall the Gentiles trust.” And the promise in Rev. xxii. 4 is: “His name shall be in their foreheads.”

When God revealed himself to Moses, he said, “I AM THAT I AM.” And we may gather from this that whatever God is, that is his Name. God is holy; God is just; God is merciful;



God is love. Now, the sinner must be brought to know this just and holy God; and when he first begins to learn this lesson, he is astonished, appalled, and terrified. Like Adam, he tries to fly away and hide himself from God. He asks, "How can I, so polluted, appear before God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?" His conscience is full of misery and distress. This is the first work of the Spirit of God. "He shall convince of sin." And it is this sense of our exceeding sin and God's holiness which overwhelms the guilty soul. Enduring the terrors of the law is varied in degree in the experience of the children of God. All do not suffer to the same extent; but all do suffer. The feeling generally is, "O that I had never been born!" Hard thoughts of God are in the perverted mind, the devil suggesting blasphemous thoughts of the Almighty. The poor soul makes many fleshly efforts to be delivered, but only makes the wound worse.

I must not dwell too long upon this subject. Many of you dear children of God now present know what this is; you have gone through it. And you also know that God is a God of mercy, as revealed to you through the Lord Jesus. A bleeding Saviour clears up the mystery. Looking at the cross, you see a just God and a Saviour. Your enormous debt is paid to the utmost farthing by a precious Christ. Here are mercy and truth meeting together. Here we see the Alpha and the Omega, the A and the Z, including all. This is the Lord Jesus, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending; all is in *him*. Here we see that God is love indeed. "Herein is love, that God gave his only-begotten Son." Was ever love like this, to die for the ungodly? Yes. "When we were without strength, in due time," the appointed time, "Christ died for the ungodly." O! What a sweet word that must be and is to my soul: "*For the ungodly.*" I come in here. If it were not for the *ungodly*, I should despair; but he died for such. And herein we see that God indeed is love; and all that God is we find in the Lord Jesus. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." My dear friends, what a mercy of mercies if we know this glorious Name, and if our unworthy names are written in heaven, bound up in the bundle of life, and included in that covenant which is from everlasting!

II. It says of this soul who has been so favoured and brought to know a little of the Name of the Lord, that "he hath *set his love upon me.*" This is the language of Jehovah, the great and holy One, speaking of the sinner. O what condescension, to notice the love of this worm of the earth, who feels his heart to be so cold, and his affections so wandering! Do we not, all of us who have been taught of God, mourn over our want of love, often feeling that we have no love at all? But yet there is some little spark, like a drop to the ocean. And God himself tells us the cause: "We love him because he first loved us." Our hearts are not like the altar at Athens, devoted

"To the Unknown God;" but the God worshipped and adored by the child of grace is a known God, however little and poor that knowledge may be; and it is this which causes the love to flow out. There is a remarkable word in Lu. i. 77: "To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins." As much as to say, You will never know God really and satisfactorily till you know that your sins are pardoned. Then the mystery will be opened; it will not be a speculative point, a mere matter of opinion; but you will know it for yourself. Not the knowledge of salvation, and then the remission of sins; but actually by it, through it, "by the remission of their sins."

The prophet Isaiah says, "Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good." The child of God shall first feed upon the gospel; and then he shall discern, he shall have a right knowledge when he has tasted of the gospel feast. Some there are in legal bondage, who have never been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and yet are set up as critics in the church of God.

"He hath set his love upon me." Yes! This is the result of this divine knowledge in those who are taught by the Spirit of God. We cannot know the Lord and not love him. It is impossible. Our blindness, our ignorance, our unbelief, often prevail, and our love waxes cold; but when this knowledge is realized in the heart, and our eyes are opened to behold him, we are ravished with his beauty. He is the fairest among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely.

III. The *third* characteristic mentioned is: "He shall *call upon me.*" A new-born child cries; it is one of the first marks of life. So with a child of grace. There is a cry, and it must come out. Like the jailor: "What must I do to be saved?" Like Saul of Tarsus: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Like the poor woman: "Lord, help me!" It is the great mark and feature of a living soul. There is a turning to God which can never be described. No creature will do; and none but God can speak peace.

So in every after trouble, all through the wilderness journey; this is still the great family feature. Like as Jonah, Hezekiah, David, Asaph, and all the saints of old found it, no creature help will do.

"Could the creature help or ease us,  
Seldom should we think of prayer;  
Few, if any, come to Jesus  
Till reduced to self-despair."

Whether it be a new-born child of grace, or an aged apostle, saying, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand," it is all the same. All are driven to their knees in some way or other, either by the afflictions of the world or the temptations of the flesh and the devil; and it is to the mercy-seat they go, though often with such trembling feet and feeble knees they can hardly totter there.

But I must go on to speak of the gracious promises which are mapped out before us in this sweet text.

1. The *first* I will speak of is: "*I will answer him.*" Here is something by which to weigh up our state and our religion. We may know what it is to bend our knees in prayer, to utter words, and even to seem to be in earnest; but what do we know of the *answer*? God says, "*I will answer him.*" It is not always just in the way or the time we expect; but an answer will come. We should not like to be continually writing letters to a friend at a distance, and never to receive one word by way of answer. We expect an answer. Now, do we expect answers from God? He says, "*I will answer.*" Do we believe it? Do we wait for it? Do we plead his promise to fulfil it? How does God answer his people? Very often by dropping a word into their hearts. Is the soul in trouble? Well, what is it? For according to the trouble, so is the answer. Is it a sense of sin and guilt? It may be the Lord will drop into your soul a word like this: "*I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.*" O what a precious answer! Did you ever feel it applied, or one equivalent to it? How many unspeakably precious words there are to suit a sin-sick soul! There is a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Is it open to you? Has God never spoken some word to your heart which has been more precious to you than all the world could give? If so, bless and praise him for what you have already received.

But is it a trouble in worldly matters? Why, God can, in his own time, give you a gracious answer there. In the meantime, what does he say? "*Leave it with me; cast thy burden upon me.*" Your heavenly Father knoweth what need you have of temporal things. There is not a hair of your head but what is numbered. Are you in trouble, as some dear children of God may be, about your daily food? The Lord will provide. He knew, when in the days of his flesh he dwelt below, what it was to be weary, to be hungry, and had not where to lay his head. Hear him say, in effect, "*My children, take no anxious thought at all about it. Am I not your Father, your heavenly Father? And will I not provide for you, and manage all for you, in a way you little expect?*"

Is it that your soul is perplexed with a thousand things, and everything seems against you? The Lord will drop, it may be, into your heart his own gracious word: "*All things work together for good to them that love God,*" &c. There are seeming contradictions, I know; providences appear to cross, and circumstances to jar; but in the end they will all harmonize, all work together for your good. We cannot look behind the veil; we must wait for the tangled skein to be unravelled. And at the end, in the light of eternity, shall we not see that "*he hath done all things well?*" Remember, dear tried child of God, that every promise that has been applied sweetly to you is by

way of answer,—an answer to those doubts and fears, to that questioning and misgiving that so distress you now.

“I will answer him.” These words are the dear Lord’s own words, and it is he himself who speaks them to your heart. David might well remind the Lord, and say, “Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.” You see he brings what I may call his holy crutch, and lays it before the Lord. And these sweet words never wear out; they never wax old in any sense after the manner of men. They are ever new, and sweet, and fresh, as God makes them so. The child of God brings the old word in his hand, and says, “Lord, remember. Didst thou not speak it once to my heart? Do speak it again. Lord, revive the work.” And this prayer will be answered. The Lord declares it: “I will answer him.”

2. But the Lord says another thing in the text: “*I will be with him in trouble.*” That is more than sending an answer. You may have an answer if you write to a distant correspondent, and he may give you to a certain extent satisfaction by the answer; but if it is a father or a husband you want him home. What he says by way of letter does not fully satisfy. It may in a measure do for a time; but you wait for his return. This is like the feeling of a child of God. We want this precious manifestation of the Lord. This is sweeter than all. It is *Himself* we want,—a glimpse of his sweet and gracious Person. When the dear Lord was going to leave his disciples, he said, “I will see you again. It is expedient for you that I go away; but I will come again.” Though they had the promise to rest upon, and though he did say, “I will come again,” still they were not satisfied; they wanted something more. What was it they wanted? Why, it was *Himself*. And you remember how the eleven were gathered together in despondency, gloomy, it may be, and perhaps casting one another down; or, it may be, they tried to cheer one another. We do not know what they were conversing about, but we know they were in a strait, and their hearts must have been sad. But the dear Saviour, their Lord, their Master, comes, the doors being shut, and he says, “Peace be unto you.” And then he showed them his hands and his side. And how was it with them then? “Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.” This was all they needed to fill up the measure of their joy. They actually had him with them, in their very midst. O the joy, the rapture it must have been!

I shall never forget one memorable season of trouble that I went through many years ago. I cannot tell the depths of distress into which I was plunged. How I wished to have done with time and sense, weary of life, and longing to be gone! In a moment that passage dropped upon my heart: “Fear not; I am with thee.” All my trouble left me; it was gone. Peace, light, joy, and gladness filled my heart. It was enough. “Fear not; I am with thee.”

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

I could have joyfully left all, and have gone to heaven then; for the Lord, my Redeemer, my gracious Saviour, was with me.

3. But the Lord promises even more than this. He says, “*I will deliver him.*” O what a promise! Not only be with him, but “*I will deliver him.*” Whatever the trouble may be, deliverance in some way is promised. Not only does the Lord support and sustain in the midst of trouble, keeps our head above the water, from sinking in the flood, but he actually delivers out of it. He can cause us to stand as upon dry ground. He can raise us out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and set our feet upon a rock, and establish our goings. “*I will deliver him.*” My dear friends, have you no deliverances to record? No Ebenezers to set up? Can you not look back to many a spot and say, “Yes, my God delivered me there?”

4. But there are other gracious promises made in our text. Let us look at two that seem to fit together. “*I will set him on high;*” and “*I will honour him.*” “Set him on high?” What does this mean? I think it means, “I will set him upon the Rock,” the Rock Christ Jesus, the Rock of ages, the Rock that is higher than he. And how safe a place that is! The winds and waves may roar, but they cannot shake that Rock. So trials and sorrows from within and without may surround us; but if we are in the clefts of that Rock, we are safe; they may terrify, but they cannot injure us. O! What a firm footing is that Rock! How solid! How secure!

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

But not only is it said, “*I will set him on high;*” but “*I will honour him.*” This is wonderful, for us to be honoured,—such wretched unworthy creatures as we feel ourselves to be. Read the whole of this psalm carefully through verse by verse, and you will see what honour and what favour is promised to the child of God. It is, I think, very good and profitable to read a psalm over and over again, and ponder over it. And this is one of the sweetest psalms that we can read. What a comfort some parts of it have been in special cases of distress! How some of us can put our finger upon a certain passage, and say, “That is mine. It was at such a time or during such a trial that it came home to my heart, lifted me above the waves, and set my feet upon the Rock.” There are times when God does seem very near his people, when he takes the word and puts it like a plaister upon our bleeding wounds. May I be allowed, my dear friends, to refer to a time in my own experience when it was so with me, when the Spirit of God during the night season so brought that word, “It shall not come nigh thee,” to my soul, that it was more than I can ever express. It stayed with me for days, kept coming again and again, and brought such power and assurance that every fear of a great trouble which I anticipated

was quite for the time removed. So you may be at this moment, some of you, in a special way, surrounded by great and fearful trials, and the waves may be dashing against your little bark; but every event, every storm, is under God's direction. Commit it to Him, and plead the word, "It shall not come nigh thee."

When the whole living family of Noah was enclosed in the ark, and riding upon the face of the deep, who shut them in so securely? What was it that kept the water out? It was the pitch: "Thou shalt pitch it within and without with pitch." (Gen. vi. 14.) And the word pitch, in Hebrew *Gopher*, signifies also *atonement*. Now, is there not something very remarkable in this? The slime or pitch with which the ark was daubed within and without kept every drop of water out. And is it not the atonement that keeps out the waters of God's wrath, and the floods of vengeance which will sweep away the world of the ungodly? Nothing else but the precious blood of a precious Saviour. The apostle says, "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." God is satisfied, for our debt is paid. He is well pleased with the righteousness of his beloved Son. He demands no more. The sinner stands not only pardoned, but justified. This is to be indeed honoured. The perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus is reckoned as the sinner's, and put to his account.

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

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

Now we come to the last verse of this precious psalm: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." This seems to me to crown the whole. This blessing is like the top stone of the building.

"*With long life will I satisfy him.*" Now, what does this mean? Is it a promise that every child of God shall live to be 80 or 90 years of age? No; it cannot mean that. And, think for a moment, let a man live to be 90, is he content then with his length of life? Is he satisfied? No; there is that in human nature that ever shrinks from death; and however long people live, yet they would still live longer. It is not in the number of our years that we shall find preparedness for death. Then what can it mean? Why, I think it is this,—that God will satisfy his people with their length of life, whether long or short. Suppose the Lord had been pleased to reveal the things of which I have been speaking this evening in the soul of one who had not numbered more than 20 years, and yet the time has come when he shall be gathered home. The Lord does not remove him till he is satisfied with his length of life. You will not find a child

of God on his dying bed, whatever be his age, mourning because he has not many more years to live. No; the Lord prepares the soul. He gives him another visit, shows him another glimpse of his great salvation, and then he longs to be with Christ, which is far better than being here. The fruit is not gathered till it is ripe; and you know that a crop is not ripe all at once. Even upon one tree, I have known some of the fruit ready weeks before the rest. And there are fruits that ripen in the summer, some in the autumn, and some on the borders of winter. When you touch a pear that is ripe, it will drop into your hands with the touch. So the Lord gathers his fruit when it is ready, whether it be ripe in July or in October. It does not follow that all is to be at the same time. God takes his children home at all ages, and he always satisfies them. He always brings them to feel and see that this life is empty and vain, and that it is better, far better, to live in his presence above.

And then, again, this long life may refer to life eternal. Then he begins to live indeed. He shall then rejoice in the very presence of God, with no sin, no fears, no death, no burden to cast him down, no temptations, no crosses, no sorrow, but above all, no more sin.

"There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin."

All will be then life, joy, peace, and rest, and that eternal. We read in Prov. iii. 16 of wisdom having "length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour." And, indeed, if a believer be young or old when he is taken to glory, he will feel that he has lived long enough. And does it not say that "the child shall die a hundred years old?"

"With long life will I satisfy him." You may be harassed by the thoughts of death, and be in bondage through the fear of death, and you may be often saying, "How will it be with me then?" I will tell you. If you are a child of God, I firmly believe you will not be removed unwillingly and reluctantly. You will be willing in the day of God's power. You will be willing to breathe out your soul into his dear hands, to whom you will commend your spirit. You will be willing to go to be with Christ, which is far better. You may not be willing now. If you pluck at an unripe apple, it resists the touch; but only let it be fully ripe, and how slight a touch will make it fall! You shall be gathered, dear child of God, as a sheaf of corn in its season. A farmer will not gather in his corn until it is quite ready. And do you think the Lord will gather his corn into his heavenly garner in an unfit or unripe state? Be that thought far from us, as it is far from the Lord.

"With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." We shall never know this salvation unless the Lord shows it to us. But he says he will. "*I will show him my salvation.*" What can we want more? All that we need in our journey through this wilderness world is included in that promise.

If this blessing be mine, be yours, what can we want beside? The Lord is sometimes so very present with his people in their troubles that they hardly feel them. The three Hebrews in the fire did not feel the flame. It only burnt their bonds; it did not even singe their hair. They were kept because the Lord was with them. Even the cruel tyrant was compelled to see the wonderful sight, and to acknowledge, "I see four men, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

"I will honour him." God's people may be despised, their name may be cast out as evil, they may be persecuted and hated. If we are hated for Christ's sake, welcome hatred, welcome scorn, welcome reproach. We esteem "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." "And I will show him my salvation." O that God may grant that these precious words may have an abiding-place in our hearts! Mark one thing. These promises are in the future: "I will." Thus we may with joy and hope look forward; for the Lord will fulfil every word that he has spoken. Is it not enough to encourage us? He has been with us in many a trial; he will be with us again, even to the end:

"Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

May God grant to you and to me to be partakers of these blessed things, and so to realize them that we may set to our seal that God is true.

REGENERATION is a mighty and powerful change, wrought in the soul by the efficacious working of the Holy Spirit, wherein a vital principle, a new habit, the law of God and a divine nature are put into and framed in the heart, enabling it to act holily and pleasingly to God, and to grow therein to eternal glory.—*Charnock*.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."—A friend has favoured us with the following: When the late Mr. Gadsby was preaching some years ago at Longford, near Coventry, he took the above for his text, and made a remark to the following effect: "There may be some poor soul here to-night who is exclaiming, 'Ah! That text cuts me up, root and branch; for, so far from my heart being pure, it seems to be the abode of every evil, rising up continually, causing me to groan and sigh and cry to be delivered from it; but the more I groan and cry, the more those evils seem to rise up, until I am almost smothered.' Why, now, poor soul, you are just the character whose heart is pure. Every man's heart is vile by nature, and it is only when there is a pure heart that that vileness is really felt. Suppose I use a figure to illustrate my meaning. Let us take two sheets of paper, one black and the other white, and let us suppose that they can speak. Let us take them and put them down in one of the narrow dirty streets of Coventry. The dirt soon begin to bespatter them, and the blacks from the chimneys of the silk-mills begin to fall upon them. The black sheet remains unmoved. It was black before, and it remains black, nor is it made any blacker. But the white sheet, being smeared with the dirt and blacks, soon begins to feel very uneasy, and lustily calls out, 'O take me away, take me away, or I shall be smothered!' Now this is just the difference between a pure, or new, heart, and a heart of our old unrenewed nature."



## CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel be grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and from Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, and from the seven spirits before the throne, and from our ever-blessed Comforter.

I often have in remembrance the affectionate manner in which you received me, and the kind treatment which I experienced from you, and do believe it was for the truth's sake; which is a mercy both to you and to me. I should have written before, but have been waiting for an answer from my friend Chiffins of Sleaford, to whom I promised you I would write respecting his supplying at Conway Street for a time. Several letters have passed between us, and the *ultimatum* is that at present he is confined by the gout. Fears of preaching in London, and a weak tabernacle, he cannot bear at this season of the year. But in spring, if God permit and you desire, he has promised me he would go.

Well, is the foundation laid? And are the walls going on? Through mercy, my text is ready, if there were but a place to preach the sermon in. I have waited anxiously and with patience and impatience for news from London respecting a new chapel; but my London friends are shy of writing. The Lord direct you in all your undertakings, and enable each of you to seek his glory and not your own honour,—his children's welfare and not your own benefit. I find daily that this is not nature. Self is too often sought; and pride works so subtly that it requires divine light to see, and power to subdue it. I have often through grace repeated, but never, I think, with a more humbling sense of the truth of David's words than I did this morning: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Blessed be God for ever for Jesus Christ. He is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. And the Holy Spirit teaches us to use him, live upon him, and enjoy him as such.

I have just finished a piece which I expect will be out of the printer's hands in a fortnight, which I have entitled "Remarks on Dr. Hawker's Pamphlet on 'Sanctification, in Five Letters to a Friend.'" If it meets your approbation, I shall feel much obliged by your assistance in the sale of them. For, wishing to charge as low as possible, it causes me to have a thousand printed; and my connexions being but few, I am often saddled with a loss, which to a weak and sore back is, at times, very painful. I have observed for some time that some popular preachers are fulfilling Hart's words:

"I want no work within, says one;  
'Tis all in Christ my Head."

And others so treat of frames and feelings, temptations, bondage, corruptions, &c., as to leave souls short of trust in Christ Jesus. I have wished to publish something on that account. And as a

friend lent me the doctor's book to read, and begged me to give him my thoughts upon it, I embraced the opportunity. The substance of what I have written is, to treat of sanctification as the setting apart of the chosen family for God's service and glory by the eternal will of the Father, the precious blood of Christ, and the perpetual indwelling and operation of the Holy Spirit in us, called in Scripture the new man, that which is born of the Spirit, the seed of God, the divine nature, the grace of God, &c.; that this is that by which the Holy Ghost doth sanctify us, or set us apart *from* the service of sin, Satan, and the world, *to* the true and spiritual worship of God; and that the principle he produces in the heart is maintained, being strengthened and preserved by him; and that this seed of God in us, if meant by "inherent holiness," and our being preserved by him in God's service, if meant by "progressive sanctification," is a truth. It is God that sanctifieth us; therefore, all idea of creature improvement ariseth from pride and ignorance. I do not approve of the terms "inherent holiness" and "progressive sanctification," because they are made a bad use of. But I have defended the true meaning of them, in order to oppose sanctification being an *idea*, or a mere article of assent and consent. Indeed, I may say, in short, that I have endeavoured to treat of operations, as well as views, sentiments, &c.

May the God of peace be with you.

Yours affectionately in Him,

Sunderland, Feb. 1st, 1820.

SAMUEL TURNER.

*"FOR THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."*

REV. XXI. 26.

"No night" above! Delightful thought  
 To those who are by Jesus taught!  
 How sweet to drop this clod of dust,  
 Every rebellion, pride, and lust!  
 "No night!" How pleasant is the sound!  
 The soul that was in prison bound  
 Will leave the chains behind, and rise  
 Where perfect pleasure never dies.  
 While here, I mostly walk by night,  
 And with the powers of darkness fight;  
 But then their malice all will cease,  
 And war give place to perfect peace.  
 "No night" of dark desponding fear  
 Can ever to my soul come near;  
 These painful nights will all be o'er,  
 Never to grieve my spirit more.  
 The night which hides my Saviour's face,  
 When I cannot one feature trace,  
 That I belong to God's dear fold  
 I shall no more with grief behold.

No frosty nights my soul to chill;  
 The raging foes must all be still,  
 Which often bow me down below,  
 And make my soul in mourning go.

Display, dear Lord, thy sov'reign power;  
 I feel I need thee ev'ry hour;  
 If not upheld, O Lord, by thee,  
 O! What a monster I should be!

Lord, leave me not with sin to fight,  
 With thy blest presence out of sight;  
 But shield me safe in thy dear arms,  
 From Satan's soul-bewitching charms.

And when the night of death I see,  
 Stand by, support, and comfort me;  
 O may I pass that night with joy!  
 May songs of praise my lips employ.

And while I pass through Jordan's flood,  
 O grant my soul sweet peace with God;  
 Till faith and hope are changed to sight,  
 Where there will never be a night.

The paths which crooked did appear,  
 The little while I sojourn'd here,  
 Will prove most clear to be the way  
 Which led to everlasting day.

May I esteem this world as nought,—  
 Not worthy of one anxious thought;  
 And in thy time, O set me free,  
 And bring my spirit home to thee.

May this my blessed portion be,  
 To hear thee say, "Come up to Me."  
 Then shall I see thee face to face,  
 And feast upon thy boundless grace.

The way I yet may have to tread,  
 May I by sov'reign grace be led;  
 Till in that blissful world of light  
 I never more shall see a night.

[The above lines were composed by William Brown, a quarryman, who lived at Langton Matravers, Dorsetshire, and died in 1859.]

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GRACE is everywhere spoken of in Scripture in such terms as convey to us the idea of life and activity; and the supplies by which it is preserved and nourished convey the same idea. Grace is living water; its supplies are streams of living water. The believer is a new creature; his support is living bread. He is a traveller; and the road he travels is a living way, in which he gets strength in an increasing way as he travels on, walking without being weary, and running without being faint. If compared to a stone, he is called a lively stone, built on Christ the living Stone.—*T. Charles.*

## THE ADVENTURES, &amp;c., OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*(Continued from page 161.)*

I now began to think that I was not lost; for I found that the Spirit of the Lord was continually lifting up a standard against the devil's insinuations and interruptions and my own thoughts; for I was enabled in time of need to answer men, the devil, and my own thoughts from the sacred Scriptures. I began to tell people they were in the way to hell, and if they lived and died without prayer they would certainly be damned; but, notwithstanding all this, I knew nothing experimentally of the Lord Jesus Christ. I had heard of him by the hearing of the ear; but my eye had not seen him. I could speak of him in a theoretical manner; but I had no saving knowledge of him. I was constantly praying to God, an offended God. Ah! Could the lanes, hedges, groves, fields, garrets, cellars, and bottoms of deep wells, with other unmentioned secret places, relate the strong groaning, deep sighing, and loud crying that they witnessed of me! I began to teach and warn those that were near me; but some laughed me to scorn; and truly I began to think that I was a new creature to a certainty; for I was really made honest; and, had I been as rich as Zaccheus, I should have said with him, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." But he found me a poor man indeed. There was to be no reconciliation by restoration; but all my pardon was to come by free and sovereign grace. I found one person at this time whom I had wronged out of fifteen shillings for fifteen years, and when I presented myself she knew nothing of me; but, to the person's great surprise, I constrained her to receive thirty shillings. Two other old persons I had wronged out of a pound for fifteen years, I with diligent search found in a hovel stretched on beds of pain and near the verge of eternity. I introduced myself as a stranger to the poor old creatures; asked them their condition, which was distressing in the extreme. I gave them ten shillings, which surprised them greatly. They asked who sent it. I told them the Lord, and walked away. In a few days I called again and left five shillings; and I thought to have continued until I had paid the pound ten times over; but when I called again they were gone from the miserable spot, and I never could find them again.

Further, I could not bear to hear profane swearing or vain talk, and have often put my fingers in my ears to prevent the sound thereof. I also had a fear of God in my heart; but I have often found out since that it was a slavish fear. I likewise delighted to be in the sanctuary of God's house; and I have often thought that I could live and die there. But all this was not salvation. There had not been a repentance that needed not to

be repented of. There had not been a sorrow for sin after a godly manner. There was still a hardness of heart. My sighing and groaning had not left me; and had the Lord left me there, notwithstanding my praying and groaning, my sighing and roaring, and my being, as I thought, a new creature,—I say, notwithstanding all this, if the Lord had left me in that situation, I must have been lost. For I had not believed on the name or Person of the Lord Jesus Christ; as it is written, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Not having known Jesus Christ, I could have no faith in him. Therefore, not knowing Christ, I was shut up under the law; for Paul declares, "We are kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed."

Dear reader, are you among the number of those who wear the name of Christian? For that time is now arrived which is predicted in Isa. iv. 1; the Sardisian Church is become great in Cheltenham; but he that hath the seven spirits of God, and the seven stars, saith unto her, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." But, blessings on his holy name, he says also unto his professing church of Sardis, that is, of Cheltenham, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis," that is, Cheltenham, "that have not defiled their garments." Mind, he says but few; and they, says he, "shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." If you are of those who have the name of Christian and are dead, and remain so, better you had no name at all, or that you had never been born. But if you have a name, and are alive unto God, then rejoice in the Lord, and be glad in the Rock of thy salvation. Thou art in an enviable state. Devils envy and roar upon thee; the world rages at thee; professors hate thy light; but angels admire thy beauty. God the Father loves thee with an everlasting love; God the Son is formed in thy heart the hope of glory; and God the Holy Ghost hath made thy body his temple to dwell in. Thou hast as a present the tree of life; and thou shalt walk with him in white, for thou art worthy.

It was the case with me that, in the experience of my soul, I had been praying, hearing, and reading the Word for, I believe, as much as eight months, and verily thought that all things were going on well; that I was swiftly travelling the narrow path that leadeth to eternal life. I did not know that I had to travel through a waste, howling wilderness, or that it was through much tribulation I was to enter the kingdom. But, as Paul has it, I was "alive without the law." Yes, truly alive, but without the law. But the time arrived when the commandment was to be brought home, sin again to be revived, and for me to die,—die to sin; that is, to the love of sin; die to good works; that is, to put any dependence in them; die to the world; that is, not to expect any favour from it, being crucified unto it, and it unto me; die to the law; that is, to the requirements of the law; "for sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me." And by dying to those I became "alive unto God,

through our Lord Jesus Christ." And if you, reader, have experienced these spiritual teachings, I would say, "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The time arrived; and I bless the Lord that he often brings to my mind the time, place, and circumstance when and how he made my soul feel and know the meaning of the declaration of the psalmist: "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." And I show you, reader, how the law was applied with its spiritual power to my soul. Suddenly, one afternoon, a man who had on him the name of Christian, came to the place where I was labouring, and said to me, "I have something to tell you. I hope it will not offend you." I said to him, "Well, say on." Then, says he, "To-day, as I was going up the road, I saw some men whom you know; and one said to the others, 'Have you taken notice of Sam Bendall lately? Why,' says the man, 'since his young ones died he is turned from a devil to a saint.' I hope," says he, "it will not hurt you;" and away he went. And after he was gone thoughts came into my mind thus: What did ever I do to be stigmatized a devil, or that any man should put such an appellation upon me? I went out into the back yard, sat upon a wheelbarrow, and in a few moments I found a dreadful storm of contending thoughts come into my mind about being turned from a devil to a saint. There were bad deeds and good deeds, as it were, like two armies contending together. Sometimes one party seemed to gain ground, sometimes the other. I seemed to be almost distracted with the awful confusion and noise that I experienced. What with the condemning power of the law, the accusations of the devil, and a loud-speaking conscience, my soul seemed to be hurried with great confusion to appear at the judgment-bar of God. The eye of offended Majesty was looking down upon me, and crowds of witnesses came forward in my mind on both sides, some few making attempts to justify, and thousands upon thousands to condemn. My blackest crimes seemed to come upon me like peals of thunder, and indignation and wrath like forked lightning. I looked on my left hand to see if there was any way of escape; and the enemy of souls was there to condemn me to endless flames. Then I looked on my right hand to see if I could dash myself to destruction. In looking up, the flaming sword of divine justice seemed ready to pierce my guilty soul; and a thought seemed to say, "Why should such a wretch any longer cumber the ground?" I looked round again to see if there was any possibility of escape; and behold, one of the ancients seemed to appear in white, with a large book in his hand, open; and he was called Moses. He looked straight at me, and held the book open before my face, and with a loud voice exclaimed, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." And to prove that my self-righteousness, if I

had any to plead, was altogether abortive and invalid, up steps James the apostle, and seconds Moses, by saying, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." It pleased the Lord, as it were, in a moment to send his law, with all its dreadful contents, in all its spiritual meaning, and with all its awful sentence, into my soul. It also pierced through my conscience into my heart, and brought all my crimes from my cradle fresh to my mind and memory, and set them in order before my face. It also brought to light the corruptions of my nature, and the thoughts of my heart. It also swept away every false hope, and stripped from me every rag of my wretched righteousness, and left me dead. Yes, God the Holy Ghost caused all my sins to appear fresh to my mind, and set them in battle array against me; and O! What a tremendous army they did appear! I sometimes shudder when I remember the time, although the Lord has cast them behind his back, and has declared that he will not remember them any more. The law is our debt-book, as Huntington calls it. It is the handwriting that is against us; and when this book is opened to our view, and its spirituality applied, sin revives, and the sinner finds his soul apprehended, and shut up in an awful prison. At least, I did; and, like Manasseh in his awful dungeon chained, I found the ghosts of my crimes, guiltiness, rebellion, and high treason against the Most High God, appeared before my eyes. All this I was made to know and feel, to my bitter grief and sorrow, and was brought to cry out with the psalmist, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth." But I bless the Lord I can now say with Gadsby, "Truly the law has done its office in me; for when this sentence was pronounced, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' the commandment came home, brought by God the Holy Ghost, with all its penetrating force, discovered sin with its awful sinfulness, worked wrath, and passed its dreadful sentence; upon which sin revived, and I died." All this law work, which I have faintly described, and a great deal more which is unspeakable, I experienced in 15 or 20 minutes. I found myself self-condemned; God to have been just if he had passed sentence of damnation upon me, and driven me, with showers of almighty wrath, into the lowest pit of hell. But O! He is a merciful God, full of compassion, and of great kindness. He, the blessed Lord God, looked down from heaven, and beheld from the habitation of his holiness and glory; remembered his covenant, and showed forth the soundings of his bowels and his tender compassions towards me; and I found they were not restrained. He said of me, "I earnestly remember him still. Fury is not in me." I found my head to be a fountain of waters, and it ran down my face out of my eyes in torrents. I rose from my seat, the wheelbarrow, ran to a dark place, and fell on my knees at a throne of grace, crying, "Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" And there I found the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of life and glory, who was appointed and sent to open the prison to those

that are bound. Then and there my bonds were broken, and I was sent forth out of the pit. Then I could shout and say, "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope. Even to-day do I declare how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty." Yes, my blessed Lord Jesus, thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.

Sinner, professor, Christian reader, this is coming to Christ. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." "I will greatly praise the Lord with my mouth; yea, I will praise him; for he doth stand at the right hand of the poor to save him from those that condemn his soul." And my dearest Lord Jesus says still, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me"—mark the word "shall;"—"and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." God's "I wills" and "They shalls" are like himself, unalterable,—must be so.

Every law essential to salvation is put in the minds and written in the hearts of all God's elect, which are born again by the Holy Spirit. "For," says the Lord, "this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days. I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts; and I will be unto them a God, and they shall be unto me a people; and they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest; for I will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Dear readers, if you are the subjects of this law work in your hearts, you will never forget it long together; for the Lord says to Zion, "If thy children forget my laws, I will visit their transgressions with a rod." The law being written in the heart, not in the judgment, its legibility can never be erased, neither by afflictions, persecutions, temptations, nor tribulations; sin, Satan, hell, nor destruction. There is a certain necessity laid upon God's work; and it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. O how I rejoice when I read God's revealed Word, and find that all the Scripture saints were brought to know Jesus Christ in the same way as myself. I here find good old Job in the same situation when he cried to the Lord, and said, "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." Yes, Job was brought in this way to see and know his Saviour; and he addresses his Lord, and says, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Therefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And the psalmist, when under the same teaching, says, "Innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up. They are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me." But when the psalmist had been brought to know the Lord in the above sense,



he could say, "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." And Isaiah exclaimed, "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered me from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."

I found the law a rugged schoolmaster; for he took from me all my false hopes, vain comforts, and fancied self-sufficiency. He also stripped every rag of self-righteousness off me, laid my horn in the dust, covered me with shame and confusion, and filled me with self-condemnation. Then was I led to the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ, and there the law left me. The blessed Spirit of the Lord, which was working in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure, caused me to lift up my eyes and hands and cry for mercy to him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." I beheld the Lord of life and glory, and heard him speak pardon and peace to my soul. He, Jesus, with the warmth of his love, dried up my tears, took possession of my heart, and sprinkled his precious blood in my heart and conscience, which removed all guilt and condemnation. He clothed me with a robe of his own righteousness, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. And I bless the glorious name of the glorious Three-One Jehovah that I can now sometimes take down my harp from the willow, and tune the apostle's song, and sing, "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."

This is coming to Christ. This is having an experimental, saving, scriptural knowledge of Christ. And this way of coming to Christ is so plain, when taught by God the Holy Ghost, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.

*(To be continued.)*

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## MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

*(Continued from p. 164.)*

### IV.—SAYINGS TO HIS HEARERS *(continued)*.

What a mercy to have a religion of the right sort, a religion that will do to die by, and that will stand when the world is in a blaze!

Those amongst you who are favoured with such a religion cannot be too thankful. It is a greater mercy than if you could call all Abingdon your own.

If your hearts were as full of gratitude as an egg is full of meat, you would have a thousand times too little.

The poorest servant girl would not change places with the queen for a year if she knew she must die at the end of it.

"If more refined amusements please,  
As knowledge, arts, or learning,  
A moment puts an end to these,  
And sometimes short's the warning."

"They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." "No cross, no crown."

It is a great mercy I am on my feet in the great battle with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"He requires pure desires,  
All the heart or nothing."

How many who died last century will be in hell who never committed one-half the sin you have!

Sin in ourselves, and sin in those connected with us, is sure to bring trouble.

"You that die without repentance,  
You must rise when Christ appears,  
Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,  
While the saints rejoice in theirs."

Who amongst you are calling upon God to bless your souls, or calling upon your souls to bless God?

You can hardly meet with any one who cannot tell you of some one who is either dead or likely to die.

Who amongst you here present are more anxious about your souls than your bodies?

What is your state before God? Who amongst you are begging for mercy from necessity?

Kelly says,

"Poor and afflicted is their lot;  
They know it, and they murmur not;"

but they *do* murmur.

"My brethren, why these anxious fears,  
These vain pursuits, these eager cares,  
For earth and all its gilded toys?  
If the whole world you could possess,  
It might enchant, it could not bless;—  
False hopes, vain pleasures, and light joys."

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

Why will you follow the fashions of that ungodly city, Paris? Look at the judgments that came upon Jerusalem for the pride of the women.

Who among you are praying for a religion of the right sort, whatever it may cost you?

If the way to heaven is so narrow to those who seek, and so few find it, what will become of those who never seek?

"Your Master was born where oxen were fed,  
No house of his own to cover his head;  
Content, though he lived as mean as you can;  
Then why art thou fretful to be a poor man?"

Facts are stubborn things. The most depraved characters did not become so all at once. They went from bad to worse; and, like a wheel going down hill, the farther they go, the faster they go.

You cannot always expect the wind at your back in the way to heaven.

You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled; or take fire in your bosom and not be burned.

Fit or not fit, we must all die, and we know not how soon. As death leaves us, judgment will find us.

It is better to be preserved in the brine of tribulation than to rot in honey.

We came into the world crying; we go through it complaining; and we go out of it groaning.

If rich people only knew how, when they died, their relations would scramble for their money, the worms for their bodies, and the devils for their souls, they would not be so anxious to save money.

Can you call God your Father, Christ your elder Brother, and the blessed Spirit your Friend and Comforter?

Who amongst you is asking how a sinner is to be saved, and that sinner *yourself*?

If we were left to choose our own ballast, it would be something light as shavings or sawdust; but grace must be tried. Some might say, "O! I am a hundred-fold bearer." Will those that live near you say so?

If you are a peculiar people, God has made you so, and he must keep you so.

You may get people to do many things for you; but you cannot get people to die for you, nor stand before the judgment-seat for you.

Sinning will stop praying, or praying will stop sinning. Sin will strive for the mastery.

A man must know the *seventh* chapter of Romans by experience before he can fully know the *eighth*.

A sense of sin and guilt will stop the mouth and cut off boasting.

(To be continued.)

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## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My very dear Friend,—You have been very much on my mind the last two days, more so than usual. I have good reason often to think of you, being a great debtor to the God of all grace for using you as the honoured instrument to speak the quickening word to me, a poor sinner, dead in trespasses and sins. I feel oftentimes love bubbling up to youward in an unspeakable way.

"O to grace how great a debtor!"

And I do not think the heaven-born principle, *love*, will ever die.

You uttered a great word in your last that thrilled through my poor soul with a hearty Amen,—viz., that “we should spend a long eternity together.” Now that is a very great thing, and a very solemn thought, considering what a poor vile wretch it was addressed to. But, my dear friend, in summing up the whole total of my little bit of religion, it is the only desire of my soul; it is what for 80 years next April I have desired,—to be found in a *precious Jesus*, not having on my own righteousness, neither to be found naked; but to be found covered in him, washed in his blood, made meet by him to be a partaker of the inheritance of his saints in light. I have never had one doubt of your own interest in all that unspeakable glory in reserve for you; but, on my own part or lot in the matter, it has been tried as by fire. I once thought I had a pretty good stock of what modern religionists, or Pharisees, would call religion. But O! What stripping, killing, wounding, pulling down, and devouring has such a poor trembler been made to understand! I look back astonished; yea, confounded, at my own ignorance, pride, and folly. The Lord’s crucible or fire in Zion will consume wood, hay, stubble. Such cannot abide the fire. I do feel, at times, a little of dear old tried Job’s utterance, “*Behold, I am vile;*” and have nothing but a vast heap of ashes to look upon.

O what a small spark is real religion! And even that can never be found in or of nature. There has, at times, been somewhat of the business the dear woman of old was engaged in,—viz., sweeping for the lost piece. What searching work when Jesus hides his face! How many anxious fears about the precious piece of heavenly coin,—the kingdom of heaven within a poor sinner’s soul! And, after a deal of dust and confusion, Jesus at length shines again; and then, and only then, can one see light in his light. Then we begin to see a little whose image and superscription this is; and as the poor worm looks at it in the dear Spirit’s shining, his whole heart melts, and for want of longer ceremony he exclaims, with a heaven-housed disciple, “My Lord and my God!” This has been a little of the poor sinner’s business of late, and he has, and could then, and always would desire to, “rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.”

My last poor scroll conveyed to you a little of my troublous times. I am not out of the troubles now. But the sinner’s only Hope and Confidence has been pleased once again to see him fulfilling his own word: “I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.” I was shut up two months at home, and could not open the mouth to speak in the Lord’s great and gracious name; brought on, I believe, through family troubles,—from my sons. It seemed I should lose my reason. This acted on the body, and I sank in very deep waters. I had engaged to be at Bath on the 26th ult.; and, after much trembling and many entreaties, I ventured to go, Satan telling me I should surely drop dead in the pulpit. But I went, in much darkness of mind

and weakness of body. I had no word, neither could I get a text. The whole Bible was sealed up to me. I ventured out in this sad state, groaning out, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." And in the street he came down, in a very solemn way, and broke my poor heart, so that I wept aloud, with his own word: "A man shall be as a hiding-place," &c. O blessed shelter! What a safe and suitable covert for such a one as I am, and then felt to be! What an unspeakable beauty I saw and felt in this blessed God-Man! How his Godhead shone forth! I would like to leap out of the clay, and be ever with him whom my soul loveth. I felt as sure he was my God and Saviour as I was sure I had a body. I tried to speak from that in Ps. xxxii. 7; and I could not help telling the people that if I died in the harness I should die in the Lord Jesus. Blessed confidence! "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Now my troubles, as to the cause, remain the same; but I can, through grace, bear them, the Lord enabling. The body is better, but not so strong as I should like to be, if the Lord saw fit to grant it for his own honour and my good.

My soul's desire is that the dear Lord will be with you in the home, in the closet, in the meditations, in the work of the ministry, among your own flock at your chapel, and when you go abroad. May he bless your going out and your coming in, and give you very many seals to your ministry. May you still bring forth fruit in your old age, and be fat and flourishing in the good things of the Lord God of Israel. I think you told me you were 70 in this month,—the allotted time for man's stay on earth. Yet they may be more. They are all numbered and registered in heaven. Whether more or less, the end is certain to come. Yet it will be well with you, in life, in death, in eternity. You have many many times felt it to be well, and as dear Tiptaft said, felt you had "a religion of the right sort," one that an ever-blessed Three-One God is the Author of, and the Carrier-on of. And he will crown only his own work. That alone will praise him in the gates; that alone will shout in bringing the top-stone, "Grace, grace unto it." You have, my dear friend, many many years, been shouting the lower notes in this sin-disordered world. It will be said to you, "Friend, come up higher;" and then the song of songs for ever and ever, Unto him who hath loved us, and redeemed us from among men, and washed us in his blood, and has made us kings and priests unto our God and the Lamb. Ever blessed be his precious name! We feel now, at times, how worthy he is; and when he blesses us with his presence, we then adore and bless with all our heart and soul this glorious Christ, "who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" in a word, our All in all. O that I could love him more, exalt him more, and commit all time things evermore into his hands.

Yours very affectionately,

Feb. 3rd, 1873.

N. MARSH.

My dear Friend and Brother, and the Helpmate the Lord has kindly given you,—Your kind letter came safe to hand, which I was glad to receive. Being kept at home on another Sabbath day through the abundance of both wind and rain, I feel I must drop you a line, for you both lie near my heart, believing that you are vessels afore prepared unto eternal glory, where I trust we shall meet and sit down together and never part again, and be for ever free from all sorrow, grief, and pain, where all tears will be for ever wiped away, and we shall be beyond the reach of all the noise and bustle of this fallen, wicked, ungodly world.

Well might the dear apostle say, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable!" But he, with all the eminent saints, travellers, pilgrims, and sojourners in this gloomy vale, who lived in his day, have all passed through the gloomy vale of death, where they left their mortal parts, with all sins, sorrows, cares, and woes behind them, their precious souls being built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom their precious souls were fitly framed, meetened, and prepared for a dwelling-place in the presence and glory of Christ their glorified Lord, where they are now all casting their crowns at his dear feet, and for ever singing unto him that loved them and washed them, be glory for ever.

Will anything short of redeeming love, matchless grace, and superabounding mercy suit our precious souls in this life? Do we not daily feel our lost, ruined, and perishing state by our fall in Adam? But O to see and admire the richness of God's rich grace, who chose us and blessed us in Christ the Second Adam before we fell in the first; and to daily see that in Christ he hath treasured up all the fulness, glory, and blessedness of the exceeding richness of his grace, and to have the least taste of these rivers, from time to time, in our sojourning here in this Sodom and Egypt, how it does strengthen us to endure and suffer all his righteous will! This makes darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain. But you will say, "I want to feel more of the sweetness of the stream that flows from the fountain in this life." Well, my dear brother, we shall never be fully satisfied until we awake in his dear likeness. But all those little earnestnesses of heaven begun below in our precious souls are blessed signs that we shall one day enjoy the fulness we only taste and see as through a glass darkly now; but when this mortal is put off and immortality is put on, we shall see him as he is, and for ever behold his glory, and never thirst or hunger more, being filled with all the fulness of God.

My dear friends, I do still find my pathway rough and thorny. I often feel desolate, dark, and gloomy in a world of cares, perplexities, and troubles, with the sea rising mountains high, with wave after wave, as if there was no pilot on board. But, bless his dear Name, he is ever in the vessel, and still guides it on through every rough and stormy gale. He never has, and

never can forsake the work of his own hands; but will surely bring every shattered bark home safe to glory. I have spent three blessed Sabbaths of late in the ministry. I felt a most blessed opening in reading and speaking from Isa. lxiii. at the ordinance at Studley last Lord's day afternoon. The savour lasted on my soul all my way home. Though it rained all the way, I did not mind it, for my soul was humble under a sweet view of the overwhelming sufferings of God's dear incarnate Son, in treading the winepress of his Father's wrath and fierce anger, when all the waves and billows went over his precious holy soul. If ever I feel it good to speak amongst the Lord's people it is when my soul has had a blessed view of his sufferings and death.

How uncommon the weather this seed-time! What need for Zion to give herself unto supplication and prayer that the dear Lord would remember the earth, and stay the bottles of heaven!

Yours ever affectionately,

Market Lavington, Nov. 14th, 1875.

JOSEPH TOPP.

Tried Christian,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you.

Having had some most interesting conversation with you about the merciful goodness of God to our souls, I felt a union of soul to you, as one for whom the Great Shepherd laid down his life upon the cross. I have had you much upon my mind, and was enabled to praise God for the grace bestowed upon you. You wished to see me again. Not knowing when I should have an opportunity to see you, I have taken my pen to write a few lines, hoping, if it be the will of God, that he will bless it to your soul's comfort and his own glory. I feel in and of myself unable to think a good thought; and I know, except the Holy Ghost teach me what to write, and bring it with sweetness to your soul, it will profit nothing.

Dear fellow-traveller to the celestial city, think not that your trials are singular. They may have been heavy and long. And our trials are said to be *fiery* trials. The Holy Ghost, by the mouth of Peter, saith that the "trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire." But what a mercy for the tempted soul that the Son of God, who was with the three worthies in the midst of the burning fiery furnace, so that no hurt came upon them, is still with his saints! Not a hair of their head shall perish. You have found it so. Satan desired to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat; but his loving Lord was with him, and gave him a faith's view of his compassionate heart. I was, at one time, brought very low under the chastening rod of my heavenly Father for my rebellion against him. The great enemy of my soul came upon me like a flood, suggesting to my mind that I was one of those awful characters spoken of by the apostle Jude; especially those words: "Twice dead, plucked up by the roots," followed me wheresoever I went. But that God

who knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, delivered me; and I trust he will yet deliver. I have ever found him a God nigh at hand; so that, when my feet have been ready to slip, his mercy has held me up.

But after all the mercies I have received from his loving heart, how cold, lifeless, dead, and barren I feel to be! How little brokenness of heart! How little love to that gracious Redeemer who bore the curses of that law which I have broken, and which must for ever have fallen on my own head! If I seem to enjoy some communion with the Three-One God, the visit generally is short; some unhallowed feeling ariseth in my mind, and darkness and bondage come on. What changes take place in one day! Sometimes indulged with a taste of his love, and a distant view of him whose presence is bliss itself; to-morrow, perhaps, groaning under the burden of indwelling sin, fearing it will separate me from the Saviour of sinners. But whatever be our fears and misgivings, he is still the same, and changeth not; and therefore we are not consumed. Loved before the foundation of the world, loved when in the ruins of the fall, nothing can separate the soul that is united to Jesus, flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone. "Because I live, ye shall live also." Blessed union! "You in me, and I in you."

May the blessed Spirit, the great Testifier of Jesus, lead and guide you into all truth, comfort and support your mind, and after you have suffered all his righteous will, bring you to the haven of his everlasting rest. I should take it as a favour if you would write and give me a further account of the way the Lord has led you. I am but a babe in grace, very weak and foolish, and very slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.

Yours for Christ's Sake,

Ashwell, Rutland, July 6, 1844.

JOSEPH COOPER.

(See Obituary, 1863, p. 307.)

My dear Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you; and may a covenant God abundantly crown with great success your labours of love in the gospel vineyard.

Accept my best thanks for your kind, affectionate, and welcome letter. After I had read it, I said to myself, I shall not receive many more letters from my old and much-esteemed friend. I was sunk very low, both in body and mind. I had been so for some time; and I much feared I was about to go out of time into eternity in great darkness of soul, under the hidings of the Lord's face, a horrible dread overwhelming me, lest after all my profession, and what I had hoped the Lord had done for my precious and never-dying soul, I should be banished from his presence, and my portion be with the lost in hell. And yet I could not help begging and beseeching the Lord to once more appear for me, bring my soul out of trouble, restore to me the joys of his salvation, and again assure me of my interest in the precious blood and spotless righteousness of his dear Son.



When our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Hazlerigg, was here, I heard many things drop from him to encourage me to hope in the mercy of God, and quietly wait for his coming to me again; but I could not realize that the Lord's presence was with me. And, what was much worse, I began to think he never would manifest himself to me any more, and that I should never be favoured with one more smile from him, or that he would speak one word more of comfort to my troubled heart. O what a sad state was this to be in! At least, I felt it to be so; and how I longed to be delivered from my captive state! I could not help telling the Lord that if he would bring my soul out of bondage into liberty, I would indeed bless, praise, and adore his most gracious name. And yet I seemed to have no expectation that this would be the case, neither that he would hearken unto my cries, nor bring my soul out of its distress. On the evening (Wednesday) previous to my deliverance, I was at the prayer-meeting, and attempted to pray (I never had a gift in prayer). Although I found and felt it to be a solemn thing to address a holy God, and did not wish to do it presumptuously, I felt much shut up in my feelings, and I could not get access to the "throne of grace" as I fain would. This rather increased the weight of the burden which I was ready to sink under; and it appeared that this was another mark of the hot displeasure of the Lord against me, and against my numerous sins and aggravated offences. And yet I had not been living in the attached practice of sin; thanks to his preserving care of me, and for keeping me in many hours of temptation.

"Yet have been upheld till now;  
Who could hold me up but thou?"

But in this sad condition, full of darkness, confusion, and dismay, greatly fearing I was about to be given over to a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation to devour me as an adversary of the Lord; yet I could but remember the dear Lord's former loving-kindnesses to me, and two or three special times when he, blessed be his name, had most conspicuously manifested himself to me, brought my soul out of trouble, delivered me from all my fears, and assured me that "all was mine, for I was Christ's, and Christ was God's."

But I wish now to speak of the Lord's goodness to me by turning my captivity, and manifesting himself to me in the freeness of his grace, mercy, and love. On Thursday I was in a most wretched state of mind. I was dark within, and all seemed gloomy without. In the evening, just before going to bed, I fell upon my knees, thinking I would again attempt to call upon the name of the Lord. As soon as I had opened my mouth, these words dropped with some little power into my heart: "He will keep the feet of his saints." My soul immediately went out in strong cries to him, that he would keep me by his power from all evil. I felt my heart softened before him, my spirit was meekened into godly sorrow and contrition, my soul was humbled, and I was

lost in astonishment at the goodness and mercy of the Lord thus once more manifested to me. I went to bed, but not to sleep, for I had the presence of a good and gracious God with me. The whole of the night was spent in blessing and praising him, confession of sin, and earnest prayer that he would bless the souls of his dear people with whom I was in church fellowship, union, and communion. My heart was full of love to the Lord and to his people; and I did indeed talk with him as a man talketh with his friend. And, blessed be his most holy name, he was not offended with the familiar way I talked and communed with him. He seemed rather to encourage me, and helped me to tell him all the feelings and thoughts of my heart. And as to sin, I did not feel I had one to press upon my conscience, and to feel the guilt of before a holy God. All was drowned and swallowed up in love and blood. The Father was most precious to me, the Son was most precious, and so was the Holy Ghost. My heart was full of love to God, and glad I should have been to die, that I might never again sin against him, or offend his most gracious Majesty. I had the peace of God in my heart, and I could say,

"Not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across my peaceful breast."

I watered my couch, at times, with tears, not of trouble or sorrow, but of joy and gratitude, for the great things the Lord had done for me. I cannot tell of half the goodness and mercy he bestowed upon me. And how I felt I did not merit or deserve the least of his favours! Yet how kindly he heaped them upon me! I said, in the simplicity of my heart, and this I feel now, that when I entered heaven, the greatest sinner that ever lived upon this earth would be there. And would it not, indeed, be a delightful employment throughout the countless ages of eternity to sing, "All honour, praise, and glory to God and the Lamb?" "What can I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." And I would desire, the short time I may live upon the earth, to be living upon and unto the Lord.

It is now 38 years this month since I first came to Allington. I esteem it a privilege that during that time I have had for a companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, our much-beloved and highly-valued friend, Mr. Parry. But we cannot now expect to be much longer together in this world. I am daily reminded that to me "the end of all things is at hand." I had need, therefore, to be sober, and to watch unto prayer; for in an hour when I think not the Son of man may call me out of time. Then, should his presence be with me, that will make me willing to leave all things here, that I may for ever be with him.

I should like to see you and your dear wife once more; but such is the state of my health that it appears doubtful whether I live until you come to us in September. I pray I may be in heaven with you and many more of the Lord's faithful servants,

and the saints. As I know you take a deep interest in my spiritual welfare, I have been induced to send you this. When you have read it, commit it to the flames. Love to you and Mrs. Godwin.

Affectionately yours,

Allington, June 12th, 1867.

J. C. TUCKWELL.

[For Obituary, see "G. S.," 1868, pp. 95, 120.]

## REVIEW.

*A few Fragments of the Earlier Years of a Christian Man, now gathered up from Memory by the Author, to prevent their being lost by Himself and Friends.*—Brighton: Farncombe, 8, Duke Street.

WE have read this sweet little book with much pleasure, and gladly take up our pen to review it, in order to commend it to our readers. We have seldom met with anything with which we could more thoroughly feel a union.

The author was a hearer of Mr. Grace, at Brighton, and a member, we believe, of his church. He does not appear to have ever seen the ordinance of believers' baptism, or, at any rate, to have so held it as to have found his views a hindrance to partaking of the Lord's supper with those who had not been baptized. This, of course, makes not the slightest difference in our esteem for him, or union to those things which he relates concerning the Lord's teachings and dealings with his own soul. We believe, both from his writing and what we have known and heard of him, that he is a thoroughly honest and godly man; and much as we prize the blessed ordinance of believers' baptism as a part of spiritual obedience to the Lord, and strict as are our views about what is our own duty, and must, therefore, be our own conduct in the church of God, we heartily say, God forbid that these views and convictions should keep us from warm, brotherly love to those who love the Lord Jesus, and from feeling a delight in those teachings and graces which he has conferred upon them. We love his ways, and, according to the light vouchsafed to us, would walk in them; but we love also his people, and can heartily say, "Grace be with all those who love him in sincerity."

The author of this little work appears to have been born into this world about 1805, and to have lived in his early days in Hertfordshire; but he wisely, as we think, passes by many of the days of his vanity with a brief notice of them, only intimating that he lived without God and good hope in the world, addicted to field sports, and so engrossed as to his affections with the pleasures of the world, that, to use his own language, he many times said in his heart, "I will have my fill of them, let what will be the consequence."

In 1836 the Lord was pleased to visit him with severe bodily affliction. Up to that date his health had been robust; but then the Lord laid affliction upon his loins, and brought him apparently to the gates of the grave, and thus providentially stopped him in his former career. "Necessity," as he says, "now pre-

vented me from associating with my former companions, and in many respects compelled me to alter my conduct." But all this time there was no real change in his heart. "Seven years of broken health wore away," he writes, "and I am sorry to say that I cared for little but my own ease and amusement." He describes himself as during these seven years kept from gross immorality, but wholly neglecting religion, going to no place of worship, and neither opening his Bible nor attempting to pray. What we greatly admire in our author, in these accounts of his godless state of mind and conduct, is the tenderness with which he mentions these things. There is nothing in his way of dwelling upon them calculated to make others think lightly of sin. The grace of God shines forth in delivering him; but that grace made him exceedingly tender as to sin. He writes:

"I wish not to speak of this hardened state in a careless or indifferent spirit; but desire rather, in making this very humiliating confession, to express my sorrow and regret that such was the case. I can truly say I had no one to blame but myself; I chose my own course; and, heedless of consequences, went on frowardly in the way of my heart."

This kind of writing we love; it does good to our soul.

In 1844 our author experienced a change. On New Year's Eve, reflecting upon the close of another year, thoughts concerning his past life of vanity produced in him some disquietude, and resolutions as to amendment. He began to read his Bible every day; and further convictions seem to have been wrought upon his mind, which he considers may have been produced by the Holy Ghost. But it was in his 39th year that the Lord appears to have begun the work effectually upon him; and, as he says, thrust the arrows of conviction deeper into his heart, and more perceptibly ploughed up the fallow ground. He was taking one of those country walks to which he seems to have been so addicted, when he was suddenly and forcibly impressed that his whole life had been spent in sin and rebellion against his Maker. He writes:

"I was then made to feel, in some degree, the greatness of my sins, and the wrath of a justly-incensed God. And by the teaching of the same Spirit I also believe that I saw myself in the same light that God saw me; and the trouble of soul which this occasioned, made me, for the first time in my life, pray to him for mercy. . . . A heavy burden of guilt now pressed from me a cry for mercy, which soon became a matter of necessity; and which, I believe, I could not easily have stopped had I tried, from the great need I felt of a Saviour. The prayer of the publican was truly mine at this time." . . . (p. 12.)

Our author continues to describe his convictions at this period, and tells us how he got worse and worse in his feelings, having still clearer views of his ruined state and condition. He writes:

"In this state of conviction and suspense I remained about a year, as near as I can remember, and without receiving any very sensible encouragement; yet through the Lord's goodness I was not suffered to draw back from the hindrances I met with, but was kept continually pressing on in confession of my sins, and praying for mercy."

But at length a time of help and blessing from the Lord arrived. The author shall give it in his own words:

"I was going one evening for my accustomed walk towards 'The Willows,' when I had such a sense of mercy made known to me, that for a time entirely relieved me of my trouble. This kind touch of the love of God upon my heart was so refreshing, and attended with such power, that prayer for the pardon of my sins, which had so long been the burden of my soul, was suddenly turned into songs of thanksgiving and praise; so that as I went along I could not help giving utterance to the altered state of my feeling in an audible manner, for great joy and gladness were my portion, and out of the abundance of the heart my mouth spake. This was not accompanied with any text of Scripture, which I believe is frequently the case, but it was the power of the Spirit filling me with comfort and consolation without the Word. After the first emotion of joy had subsided, a state of rejoicing continued for several hours, but in a subdued form, and I said, 'Surely this is the Lord's doing; God is indeed carrying on some work in my soul;' but my knowledge of spiritual things being so limited and confused, I could not understand it, although I sensibly felt it."

The fruits and effects of this blessed visitation proved its origin. He now began to attend a place of worship, and no fear of man could make him swerve in this from what he thought was right. His heart was filled with love to the Lord's people of every denomination. And he earnestly desired to testify to those around, who appeared unconcerned about religion, concerning these solemn realities. The Lord gave him great brokenness of spirit, and favoured him with sweet communion, carrying him above worldly things, so that even when with business men, whose conversation was on worldly matters, his mind was abstracted from them, and carried away into heavenly things, and communion with the Lord. We notice one more thing in this deliverance. Our author tells us it was not accompanied with any text of Scripture. It was Scriptural, and according to the Word, but did not come with the application of any particular portion of the Word. Our own experience has answered to this, and the record of these things may prove of use to others. One of the first and most powerful visits we ever remember receiving from the Lord was when on our knees before him, and a light agreeable to his truth broke suddenly into our heart; and our cry was, "I shall be saved! I shall be saved!" Thus it was in this case with our brother, a sweet inshining of the Lord into his soul in accordance with the Word, but without the application of a particular text to the mind. The Lord in these things is sovereign. He can give us healing with a text of the Bible, with the lines of a hymn, with the words of a preacher; or he can give us a deliverance by putting sweet light and life into those truths we have heard and known in the letter of them, and which when thus accompanied become spirit and life to our souls.

Our author soon experienced a change; he had to come down from the mount, and wrestle with Amalek in the valley. He writes:

"The calm and peaceful frame of mind I had lately enjoyed was not of long continuance, and proved to be the forerunner of great trouble;

for, after a time, a sense of my sins returned, and I lost all my comfort, and the path before me appeared to be more beset with difficulties than I had hitherto found it; principally from the working of indwelling sin in my carnal mind, which now became excessively active."

How all this agrees with the frequent experiences of the children of God! And how often they suppose that they cannot have known anything rightly of forgiveness because guilt returns again! They misapply Heb. x. 1-2, through not perceiving the apostle's argument. In the law there must be ever-recurring sacrifices, because the blood of bulls and of goats can never take away sin; but in the gospel there must be renewed and continual actings of faith on the one sacrifice of Christ once offered to maintain the conscience in peace with God. The sacrifice is all and ever sufficient, but our faith in it is always varying as to its strength or weakness, so also our true peace.

Our author seems to have had at this time great tenderness of conscience, mixed, perhaps, with some degree of scrupulousness. But the path is very narrow. Satan sometimes pushes the young convert into extremes. In Halyburton's "Memoirs" we have this most instructively exemplified. He writes: "Mine enemies put me upon vain-work, where the sin lay not in the thing itself, but in the degree of it; there my subtle enemies put me on to war against and seek to eradicate what was really, in itself, lawful. Of this I had many instances with respect to passions and worldly employments . . . Thus the devil drives to extremes." Again: "I projected to tie myself up to such a bent, and stint myself to such a course of walking, as neither our circumstances, temptations, nor our duty in this world admits of. Hereon I remember I could not endure to read those books which were really proper and necessary to be read . . . This was the old legal temper beginning to work again. The devil secretly drove from one extreme to another; and he knew full well that I would not hold here, and that he would easily get me cast into another extreme, to assume a latitude beyond what was due."

Our readers will, we trust, excuse our giving these extracts from Halyburton, as they illustrate the point in our author's experience we are noticing. We imagine, then, that he was at this time tending to a degree of over-scrupulousness; but we quite believe his giving up field sports must have been from the Lord. As to newspapers, we hardly know what to say. There are some things not in themselves unlawful; nay, in a proper use of them, even desirable, which may easily be abused to the injury of our souls and the deadening of them as to the things of God. Men who fear God must judge for themselves. We dare not lay down absolute rules; but we know that what the spouse says is true: "Our vines have tender grapes." We easily contract habits which greatly mar our spiritual prosperity, and are, as Augustine signifies was his own case, as unwilling to give them up as we ought at first to have been in contracting them. The tenderness of a young convert is greatly to be admired, even

if sometimes mixed with a certain degree of undue scrupulousness, and contrasts favourably with the excessive easiness and remissness of some after days. Our author gives us not only an account of some very interesting exercises and leadings as to field sports, but as to the habit of smoking; and we must agree with him that what appeared the accidental breaking of his pipe, since it proved his deliverance from the thralldom of an excessive indulgence, was graciously of the Lord. But here, again, we dare not lay down absolute rules for the Lord's dear people, for to their own Master they must stand or fall. Still we cannot help feeling that it would be well if we asked ourselves concerning this or the other practice,—whether it is really such as we can ask the Lord's blessing upon, or, as our author felt in respect of smoking, a mere fleshly indulgence.

Our author, at this period, went through many temptations, of which he gives us a most interesting account. He was pestered with many blasphemous injections from Satan, and strange temptations to misquote either mentally or vocally the Word of God; and, instead of using words of proper reverence in respect of Christ and the blessed Spirit, to call them by dishonouring names. He had also scenes of horrible corruption set before the mind's eye; in fact, he passed through a great fight of afflictions, a fiery trial which was to try him. We have no doubt that many of our dear readers will be able to enter into these things, having known something of these terrible assaults of Satan. In one respect we think our author was more favoured than some of us have been; he seems, in the midst of the conflict, to have been able to discern a something within him resisting and protesting against all this vileness. Alas! We have had to sympathize with Bunyan; when he writes that so swallowed up did he seem with blasphemies that he could not even see there was room in him, as he expresses it, for anything else, except as God gave him leave to swallow down his spittle. We do not wonder that our brother was tempted to think he should prove a reprobate.

“How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!  
How perplex'd is the path he must tread!”

By these things God brings us into the dust of death, that we may live unto God in newness of life, learn his grace, and prize Jesus as our All in all.

Under these trials our author had various helps from the Lord. On one occasion a dream was made instructive to him (p. 61). On another, 1 Pet. iv. 12 was helpful to him. But more especially the words, “I shall yet praise him” (Ps. xlii. 11), dwelt much upon his mind, raising up a hope that he should yet again, “with full purpose of heart, praise the Lord, and thankfully acknowledge him as the health of his countenance and his God.” The effect of the various helps he received was to raise up in his heart a perception of the willingness of Christ to save such a poor sinner as himself. The case of God's mercy to David, in spite of the greatness of his sin, was full of encouragement. At length,

a time of sweet deliverance and blessing arrived. He tells us (p. 68) how willingly he would have believed if he could, and how he said in his own strength, "I will believe." How, too, this determination caused him to strive with all his might so to do; until his very body was wearied with these vain labours, his head suffering from the continual strain upon his nerves. He justly reflects upon all this in the following words:

"I believe many, like myself, are apt to think it is by a mighty struggle of their own that they can believe; whereas I found it to be just the reverse, and a ceasing from my own work, and, as it were, holding out an empty hand and receiving the gift. It is really so. It is a very simple way indeed, and very free also, if the Lord will but open the spiritual eye to behold it, and give power to embrace it. No one knows it naturally."

What he could not do with all his striving, the Lord himself at length did. He writes:

"I was sitting in my parlour one evening, meditating upon my state, when this portion of Scripture came before my mind: 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The passage attracted my attention to that degree that I was led closely to consider every word. I kept repeating the verse many times over for this purpose."

The grand stumbling-block in the way was, "Will God be at peace with one so vile as I?" And then the Lord showed him how in Christ he was peacefully disposed to returning sinners; giving him at the same time a view of the finished work of Christ; so that he not only saw that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, but was enabled to believe that this great blessing was extended to him. Now his peace flowed in like a river; his righteousness in Christ was as the waves of the sea; and the love of God was shed abroad in his heart. This happy state continued unbroken for several months; there was no hindrance in the way to prevent near access to the throne of grace; and his heart was endued with a measure of holy spiritual jealousy and fear, lest the Lord should withdraw his sensible presence. At this time he was delivered from the bondage of fear of death and infectious diseases. Even from his youth he had been much afraid of the latter; but now the effect of the grace of God was a perfect absence of all these fears. He gives us a remarkable contrast in this respect between his states of mind in 1833, when yet in his sins, and in 1850, when thus blessed by the Lord. But for these things we must refer our readers to the work itself, where, in pp. 74, 75, will be found his exercises upon two different visitations of the cholera.

After this he was exercised about the sealing of the Spirit, so plainly mentioned in several places in the New Testament; and was led to pray for this blessing, pleading the Lord's own words: "Ask, and ye shall have," &c. (Lu. xi.) He also asked to be directed to some suitable portion of Scripture, and Lu. xv. was suggested to him. As the parable of the prodigal son had been already much blessed to him, he thought that the Lord would



make it at this time a sealing portion to his soul. But the Lord will not work according to our plans. The portion that was made a special blessing to him was the parable of the lost sheep. His account of this sweet visit is as follows:

"I believed that I myself was the lost sheep, and that the Lord Jesus was he who went after the sheep until he found it, and then laid it upon his shoulders rejoicing. My faith was so strong respecting my interest in this circumstance, that I felt full assurance; and after reading to the 8th verse I could read no further, for I had found what I wanted. My consolation and joy were great indeed; and I laid down the Bible exclaiming, 'It is wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!'"

After this our author was led to leave the Society of Friends, with which he had been connected from his youth, and to join himself to the people under the late Mr. Gilpin's ministry at Hertford. A very remarkable dream, to which we can only thus refer, threw much light upon his path in this matter; and we have no hesitation in accepting this, under the circumstances, as from the Lord. Where things are used and recorded in the grave, sober way in which they are by our author, we feel no such shrinking back as we do in other cases, where we are afraid persons are led not by the Lord, but a strongly-infatuating spirit of delusion, saying the Lord hath spoken, when the entire leading is contrary to the law and to the testimony. (Jer. xxiii. 25-28.)

But we must draw our remarks to a conclusion. The author of this little work seems from his early years to have taken much pleasure in country walks, and in admiring and investigating natural objects; but when the grace of God visited his heart, and he enjoyed peace with God, he looked upon these things in a different manner. As, then, God's glory covered the heavens, so the earth was full of his praise. He writes:

"But I now looked at things in a different light, and was, at times, enabled to look through nature up to nature's God, and receive spiritual instruction from the circumstances I met with almost daily" (p. 77).

Thus by the grace of God the very creatures were restored to him in a right use of them. No doubt God's grand design in the works of his hands in this creation was that his intelligent creature man should, by means of the proper contemplation of these works, ascend into higher and sweeter views of his Creator, and thus by the works of creation find continually fresh matter for adoring and praising God. This is lost through sin; but grace renewing the soul, the visible creation is in some degree restored to its right use. The heavens declare, to the Christian, the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Seas, earth, and heaven, as in Ps. civ., are full of God's praise.

This precious little book ends with a blessed manifestation of God to the author's soul. On Thursday, Nov. 29, he was taken unwell. We are not quite clear as to the date of this illness; but conclude it was about 1851; and, at any rate, just previous to this book being written; but this is of little consequence.

The effect of the illness was to make him very thoughtful, and lead him to self-examination, and prayer that the Lord would speak peace to his soul; for he was conscious that his heart had sadly wandered from him. He was sitting in his room, and felt disposed to read something; and was about to take up another book, when this thought crossed his mind: "Why not take the Bible?" Acting upon this, he took the Bible instead, and his eye fell upon Isa. lxii. 7: "And give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." This led him to pour out his soul in prayer for a blessing; the words, "And give him no rest," sounding again and again in his heart. This continued until Sunday morning, when, finding no answer, he began to be discouraged; but these words checked him: "My time is not yet come." He thus was kept waiting on. He was preparing for rest, when these words quietly dropped into his mind: "There is no spot in thee." But now we shall give his own words. He writes:

"They came so gently that I did not take much heed to them, although they did not entirely escape my notice. But soon after I had retired to bed they came over and over again, and with such power and unction attending them that I was brought out most fully into the glorious liberty of the gospel; and I could, without the least hesitation, doubt, or fear, call God my Father, and the Rock of my salvation. For more than four hours these words were continually spoken unto me. Sometimes it was, 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee;' and frequently it was these words: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;' and again repeatedly: 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine;' and often the next verse followed: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,' &c. There was such a sweet communion between the Lord Jesus Christ and my soul that I kept from time to time saying, 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth;' and I was answered again and again by the words: 'Fear not; I have redeemed thee;' 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.'"

Our task as reviewers is done; and we can truly say it has been a labour of love. We now have only most heartily to commend the work to our readers. We hope it will meet with a large circulation; and if soon a new edition is called for, perhaps one hint may be kindly taken and attended to. There are, here and there, typographical mistakes, which might be easily removed by a more careful revision. This we consider the more desirable, as we believe the work itself will live and be a blessing to God's people.

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It seems very plausible to be united to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ; and so, in fact, we internally are, if we have any measure of his love in our heart. But as to walking in outward union with some, how is it possible to do so with any degree of consistency? But this they consider so narrow-minded, so bigoted, so exclusive, and to manifest such a proud and self-righteous spirit. Unless the trumpet give a certain sound, who is to prepare himself for the battle?—*J. C. Philpot.*

*"POWER BELONGETH UNTO GOD."*

WHAT evidence my fears afford  
 That "power belongeth to the Lord!"  
 They reign and rule within my heart  
 Until the Lord his power impart.  
 "Once hath God spoken,"—in the day  
 When fears were mountains in my way;  
 "Twice have I heard" the cheering word,  
 That "power belongeth to the Lord."  
 When foes are ready to devour,  
 And concentrate their mighty power,  
 What comfort in the truth is stored,  
 That "power belongeth to the Lord!"  
 When comforts in affliction spring,  
 And sweeten ev'ry bitter thing,  
 Experience then can well record  
 That "power belongeth to the Lord."  
 When death and doubt prevail within,  
 And nothing I can see but sin,  
 Then is the time to feel assured  
 That "power belongeth to the Lord."  
 When prostrate at his feet I lie,  
 And groan, but have no strength to cry,  
 My weakness proves the faithful word,  
 That "power belongeth to the Lord."  
 But when my heart begins to melt,  
 And some sweet liberty is felt,  
 I strike a more melodious chord;  
 For "power belongeth to the Lord."  
 Again the bitter herbs I taste;  
 Again my vineyard is laid waste;  
 But, even when he smites my gourd,  
 The "power belongeth to the Lord."  
 And, Lord, 'tis thine to hear complaint,  
 And strengthen me when weak and faint;  
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,  
 And thine the glory evermore.

Feb. 13th, 1876.

W. WILEMAN.

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## Obituary.

SARAH HACK.—On Aug. 12th, 1875, aged 44, Sarah Hack, of Leicester. Sarah Hack was born at Loughborough of poor but industrious parents, who were members of the General Baptist chapel there. They had a large family, so that at the age of seven she was sent out to service; she therefore had no education but what she got at the Sabbath school.

I believe it was at about the age of fifteen that she was led to feel herself a sinner. Her convictions were so great at that time that I have

heard her say she was afraid the earth would open and swallow her up as she walked along the streets. I do not know how long these convictions lasted, or how she was delivered from them, but I have heard her speak of a time of great enjoyment and rejoicing in Christ Jesus as her Saviour. She was baptized at Loughborough, and united to the church there; and was, I believe, a consistent member. I became acquainted with her, and also joined the same church; but we became dissatisfied with the ministry, and negligent in our attendance on the means, and got into a lukewarm state, and at last were separated from that church. Shortly after this, in the providence of God, we came to Leicester, and after a time began to attend Trinity Chapel. She was greatly opposed to it at first; but did not like to go to a different place of worship, so she began to accompany me, though reluctantly. She used to like the preaching so long as they did not mention the doctrine of election; but the Lord removed all her prejudices under a sermon preached by Mr. Taylor from the text: "Fear not, thou worm Jacob," &c. From that time she was always anxious to attend the means as often as possible, but having several young children, she was frequently prevented.

I believe it was about this time the Lord put his hand to the work a second time, and showed her where she was. She was brought into deep soul trouble on account of the backsliding state she had got into, and was kept in much darkness and bondage for some time. Though she got a little encouragement again and again under the Word, it was not till the Lord brought that affliction upon her which ended in her death that she experienced a full deliverance. Her affliction was a long and painful one, lasting  $10\frac{1}{2}$  years. A short time before her last confinement she had a serious fall, and we never expected she would recover. Her medical attendant said he never knew of such a case where a person did recover. But the Lord had a purpose of mercy towards her, and till he bid she could not die. She was to be brought from the gates of the grave to show forth his praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion. She was confined to her room about six months, but was gradually somewhat restored, though never to her usual health and strength. During her confinement to her bed she was continually crying for mercy, and that the Lord would appear. One morning, about two o'clock, her prayers were heard. She asked me if the words, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," were in the Bible. I got up, found them, and read them to her. She then told me how the Lord had appeared and spoken them to her.

She afterwards said that if the Lord was pleased to raise her up again she would join the church. She was raised up; and then wanted to draw back from her vow. But she could not; and she was enabled to attend the means again. The Lord so blessed the word to her that she was constrained to speak to Mr. Hazlerigg about coming forward; but she was deeply exercised about it afterwards, and sorely tempted by Satan. The Lord spoke these words to her: "I have heard thy prayers; I have seen thy tears." About this time I read to her the late Mr. Gadsby's sermons on "Zion the City of Solemnities," which greatly encouraged her; and also a letter by the late Mr. Warburton, which was in the "Gospel Standard" at that time. We both joined the church meeting then for divine worship in Alfred Street. She went in first, so that I was not privileged to hear her relate her experience; but I believe she was cordially received by the church.

From that time she diligently used the means as far as her weakly body would permit; but she was often laid aside for weeks together, and many times we thought her end was come. I believe she for the

most part went to chapel hungering for spiritual food, and she often realized the truth of that word of Scripture: "He hath filled the hungry with good things; but the rich he hath sent empty away." She often said when she got home, "I have had a feast; it was all for me."

She was not one to talk much; but sometimes the Lord loosed her tongue, and she would speak freely about divine things, though she was sure to be very much exercised afterwards for fear she had said more than she was warranted in saying. I believe her conscience was kept very tender, and that she was one of those whom Mr. Hart speaks about, where he says,

"Broken hearts and humble walkers,  
These are dear in Jesu's eyes."

We must come now to the time of her last illness. About 10 months before her death she threw up a quantity of blood. We got her to bed, and she never left it again, with, I think, one exception, which was for about an hour. She was a good deal in the dark, at times, and Satan was permitted to harass her very much; but the Lord appeared for her again and again. I used to remind her of his past dealings with her, read suitable portions of Scripture, and pray with her; and she used frequently to respond to my prayers audibly, and was often greatly comforted. About six weeks before her death I was fetched from work, as they thought she was dying. But she recovered, and said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

A few days before the last she said to me, "I feel myself a greater sinner than I ever did before; but I have a firm foundation to rest upon,—the blood and righteousness of Christ." She also repeated these lines:

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

Also

"His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

The last two or three days she became unconscious; but I believe it was the last day of consciousness on which she said to me,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest," &c.

The last night she was alive she was very restless, and very incoherent in her speech; but she continually repeated the words, "Each sweet Ebenezer." But if spoken to she did not seem to understand what was said to her. Not anticipating her death quite so soon, we retired to rest, leaving two friends with her who had volunteered to sit up. We had scarcely laid down when we were called; and were just in time to see her breathe her last. Hers was a pathway of tribulation; but I believe we may truly say of her,

"But now her earthly toils are o'er;  
She's gone where sorrows are no more,  
To see her Saviour face to face,  
And join with sinners saved by grace." J. HACK.

[The above account of our sister, Mrs. Hack, was written by her husband, one of our deacons, and will, I believe, commend itself to the hearts of God's people. Much might be added to this simple testimony. Many times during her long illness the Lord appeared for her soul. I remember one especial visit which she had two or three months before her decease. I cannot recollect what precise words were blessed to her at the time, but remember that she was brought into a very sweet frame of mind, and reconciled to death, though leaving behind a beloved husband and dear children, which naturally caused her much anxiety, at times.

Christ, I believe, was the Rock of her salvation. She rested upon him. She felt more and more her own weakness; but found him her All-sufficiency. She was a kindly honourable member of our church, though her afflicted body necessarily crippled her. I believe she greatly loved the brethren, and did what she could to show that love to them.—G. HAZLERIGG.]

JEANNE MARIE SANDAY.—On Nov. 30th, 1875, aged 50, at Quarry Hill Villas, Tonbridge, Jeanne Marie Sanday, wife of Samuel Sanday, butler to J. Deacon, Esq., banker.

The deceased was Swiss, from Canton de Vaud. Her health never was strong in England.

In her last illness she suffered very much. An attack of jaundice brought on dropsy; and, having heart disease as well, death soon supervened. In the midst of her sufferings she was never once heard to murmur. On one occasion she said, "I cannot think why it is that I am brought so low." I said, "Well, I will tell you. It is that you may have to say, with one of old, 'I was brought low, and he helped me.' The Lord alone can help you; and he *will* help you to bear all that he sees fit to lay upon you." And for fear she should have one unkind thought even against the Lord, I put the question pointedly to her, "Have you any fault to find with the Lord in thus afflicting you?" She said, "No; none, none." I said, "Bless the Lord for that, and in justifying him in all his dealings with you."

She was brought to a knowledge of the truth some years after she had been in England. In the providence of God she was brought to live in the same family where I lived; and the Lord laid it upon me to speak to her about her soul. He also blessed savingly to her what I said. She then felt what she had not done before,—that she was a great sinner, sometimes too great for the Lord to save. When visiting Brighton, I took her to hear that dear man of God, the late Mr. Grace, who was made such a great blessing to me, in showing me *where I was*, and *what I was*, from these words: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy God." Never shall I forget the effect it had upon me. But to leave that. I took her to his house to see him; and she was most delighted in finding that he could converse with her in her own tongue, which she very much enjoyed. Ever afterwards she remembered him. He gave her a copy of Hart's Hymns, writing her name in it, which she always prized, and which she indeed found precious to her soul; as in all the workings of her heart, whether evil or good, there was always something in Hart's Hymns to suit her case. And Mr. G.'s letters to me she found as precious as I did myself.

When in London, she attended with me at Rehoboth, Riding-house Street, where I became a member. The ministry of the late Mr. Wigmore was a blessing to her.

On coming to Tonbridge, she could not hear anywhere so well as at Zion. Of the good men that supply there, she enjoyed none more than, or so much as, Mr. Clifford. But she never seemed to have the pleasure of an opportunity of speaking to him, though she often wanted to do so. She was of a quiet and retiring disposition, afraid to say more than she knew, or even what she knew; and the English language she always found difficult.

In his sermon after her death, Mr. Clifford said, "Our friend is gone. I never spoke to her; but I should say, from what effect I have seen the Word of God have upon her while I have been preaching, that she had the life of God in her soul. I have often seen the tears running down her face, which spoke more for her than if she had spoken for herself. And what a blessed end indeed she made,—to see Jesus and the door of heaven open to receive her!"

But I will not enlarge, but come to her last hours. One morning, coming into her room, she said, "The Lord has been with me." "What did he say?" "He told me he would never leave me nor forsake me." "Blessed promise," I said; "he will fulfil it." Soon afterwards, she said she felt herself such a great sinner; too great, Satan told her, to be saved. I said it was great sinners who needed a great Saviour; a little sinner and a great Saviour would never agree. Her niece, a gracious and godly person, came to see and nurse her; and she was a great comfort and blessing to us. The night before she died it was delightful to be with her, thanking, blessing, and praising the Lord for all his goodness, mercy, and love to her. She now began to be very restless, and uttered exclamations of surprise, fear, and terror. Her niece asked her what was amiss. She said, "I am going through such a terrible place, dark and dreadful." I perceived it was none other than Satan, making his last attack upon her as she was going through the valley of the shadow of death. Her niece gave her various Scriptures in her own tongue, which helped her. I said, "Is Satan troubling you?" "He is; he is," she said. I said, "Tell him what the Lord Jesus told him, to go away. Tell him it is of no use his staying, he will never have you. Tell him you belong to Christ. Tell him you are washed in his blood. Tell him you are decked in his righteousness. Tell him to go at once." I was so distressed that I cried aloud to the Lord to help her, and put Satan to flight, and paced the room in agony of mind. Going back to the bed-side, I cried, "Is Satan still troubling you?" "No," she said, "he is gone now." I said much more; but she seemed to have lost my tongue,—the English. Seeing life just ebbing out, I longed for yet another word, though I had abundant proof she was both safe and happy. I said to her niece, "Ask your aunt in French if Jesus is with her. Perhaps she can answer in her own tongue as she cannot in mine." She put the question, and her ears to her lips, and listened. This was the answer, translated: "I am happy, happy. I see Jesus, and the door of heaven open for me;" and soon after breathed out her soul into the bosom of her God.

SAMUEL SANDAY.

Feb. 7th, 1876.

DANIEL MADDISON.—On Nov. 30th, 1875, aged 79, Daniel Maddison, the oldest member of the church at Salem, Peterborough.

The following account was written by his daughter in a letter, who was with him during his sickness, and who is a member of the church at Bolton. His sickness was protracted and trying, and he was made to feel much weakness, darkness, and barrenness. But in the latter end of his time the dear Lord mercifully appeared for him, and blessed him with a triumphant death.

"Last March father sent for me. He was at that time very dark in his mind. He said it was as if the enemy had hold of his flesh. He could not bear the least noise, it made him so nervous. He asked me to read Ps. xxxviii.; and he used to cry to the dear Lord to undertake for him, for he was oppressed. At other times he burst out and said, 'I will praise him while life, and breath, and being shall last.'

"It pleased the Lord to give him a little strength of body, until October, when he was taken with a slight stroke. I found him very much altered, and expecting his end was near. He was one of those who fear the last hour. He used to beg of the dear Lord to come and help him. He said, 'My prayer is a short one; it is, "Lord, help me; undertake for me."' In the night Hymn 255 was very sweet to him. He repeated it, and blessed the dear Lord for all trouble, all trials, all darkness, all affliction, and everything he had brought him through. He

said all was right. The Lord had done all things right; but it was he who was wrong. He could not read his Bible; so he said, 'It will read me now, if I am a right character.'

"I often asked him what I should read for him. He would say, 'Where you like. I love all God's Word.' At other times he asked me to read Ps. cvii. and Jno xvii. He dearly loved the latter; and used to say, 'There is such a union between God and his people,—something inexpressible.'

"Another night he was very restless, and begged of the Lord to help him, and give him patience to possess his mind. Rev. xxii. 14-17 was sweet to him. Then he asked us to beg of the dear Lord to help him; for he said, 'I cannot pray; but the Lord knows all my desire is before him; and my groanings are not hid from him. The Lord knows where I am, and just what I need; and because his compassions fail not, I am not consumed.'

"On hearing of him being worse, I went again. He was one night conversing upon the Lord and the covenant which God had made with his chosen people. He said, 'What a blessed covenant! What a blessed foundation! Nothing can disannul or overturn it.' After this he was quite carried above all earthly things. He spoke about Wisdom in Prov. iv. He said, 'That Wisdom is Christ.' After this he was very sweet on Isa. xl. 4-8 and xli. 17, 18. He would say, 'O be unto me as the rivers of waters in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"After this he said, 'For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.' I said, 'Father, you will soon crown him Lord of all.' He said, 'O! I shall crown him Lord of all!' He longed to be gone; and he would say, 'I want to be rolled on Christ.' He wanted the dear Lord to come and lift him up, and put him in Christ, his living Head. He would say, 'Take hold of shield and buckler.' When we asked him if he would have a little wine, he would say, 'I will drink of the wine of the kingdom, and eat of the bread of life.' He said, 'Tribulation.' I said, 'Father, "these are they who came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."' He said, 'Yes; in the blood of the Lamb.'

"The next morning he was quite calm, and told mother to tell the friends he was resting on Jesus's bosom. He said, 'What a sweet place is this to rest on! O how sweet!' He repeated Hymn 472, and said, 'I am nothing; I am nothing; but Jesus is my All in all.' Soon after, he repeated Hymn 242; and said, 'Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.'

"He was drawing very near his last, when he cried out, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.' He then said, 'They will all sing the same song *there*.' Then in a few minutes he called out, quite loud, 'O my Father! My Father! My Father!' After resting a little, he raised up both hands, and said, 'Let me glorify the Lord; let me glorify the Lord.' These were his last words.

"I was obliged to bless the Lord for all his goodness to us, and to him; for my dear father often talked about the last hour, and wondered how it would be with him. I have often heard him say that his fears often told him he never would find in death's awful day true peace in his mind. The dear Lord triumphed gloriously for him, and was better to him than all his fears. I desire to bless and adore him; for he has been precious to my soul since he took my dear father. I have not felt the loss; for he has made up the loss with his own blessed self.

"Dec. 13th, 1875."

"E. P.



SARAH CALLOW.—On Dec. 8th, 1875, aged 83, at Forest Row, Sussex, Sarah Callow, of Crowborough.

She was born at Rotherfield, Oct. 7th, 1792. Her parents were Church people; and she was brought up in the same persuasion. Her father was a wicked man, and a great swearer; and his children followed that example. Sarah also was a great swearer, and scarcely could speak without using an oath. When about nine years of age she was much tempted to commit suicide. When she heard any one doing it she was afraid she should, and that this would be her end. At times she had great fears of death and judgment; but these convictions wore away until she was 15 years of age. She then went to service. Her master was a professor of religion, and used to go to chapel, which she also attended. She then thought nearly all persons good people who went to chapel. She was stopped from swearing through attending chapel and checks received from the housekeeper. A bridle was put in her mouth that she could not swear. She then tried to be very moral and to please God. She had legal convictions, and went on in legality, striving against sin, endeavouring to be holy and appease an angry God. Thus she went on sinning and repenting, having great fears of death and judgment, until a few years after her marriage.

After her marriage, as her family increased, her soul-trouble increased; and not knowing the way to be saved, she strove and worked hard under the law, trying to please God by her works, viewing God as an angry Judge. She felt sure that if she died, hell would be her portion. These things I have heard her relate with much feeling.

At this time she was not able to read; but in her trouble she used to get a neighbour to read the Bible for her. What she desired so earnestly to know was whether she was born again. This she felt a certainty about,—that such must be the case, or to be for ever banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power. She continued in this state until after the birth of her sixth child, feeling herself a great sinner. She told me she had been very much tempted to commit suicide; after which she felt very unhappy and accused for having such a temptation. She said to her husband, "What wicked hearts we have." Afterwards she dreamed that Satan was with her and tempted her, and that she threw a great deal of water over him, till she had drowned him; and the temptation in her dream ceased. When she awoke she was like a distracted person, and walked to and fro in her room, wringing her hands, and begging for mercy through precious blood. She never was brought to such a place before. She cried to the Lord till she could cry no more. She went into her neighbour's house, and sat down in the chair with hell in her conscience. Something said, "You must be more diligent in prayer." She said to herself, "What can I do more than I have done?" She then repeated the Lord's prayer, as the last thing she could do. This she had often done before to quiet her conscience.

She was then obliged to give up all work. She went into her own house, took up the Bible, and fell down upon it. Upon being lifted up she exclaimed three times, "The Lord has delivered me." She said, "I then felt for the wrath of God, and my sins, but neither could I find. Instead of this, I felt pardon and mercy flow into my soul, and now viewed God as my Friend and God and Father in Christ Jesus." She then enjoyed much spiritual happiness, returned to her home singing, "Hallelujah!" and continued to sing "Hallelujah" all that day. She tried to tell people something of her deliverance, but could not fully do so. These words, "The Lord has delivered me," kept running in her soul for weeks and months. She was then 25 years of age.

After her deliverance, and enjoying much in spiritual things, her

comfort left her. Feeling such abominations in her heart, she was much tried, and questioned much the reality of the work of grace in her soul. This passage was a great mystery to her: "He that is born of God sinneth not;" but the Lord afterwards very clearly led her to see the meaning of it. Sometimes she went with no hope at all that she was born of God; but at other times could see her interest in Christ clear, the Lord giving her the full assurance of faith; sometimes feeling her heart hard, cold, dead; then the Lord breaking in on her soul with light, joy, and liberty. About this time she heard a Mr. R. with very much satisfaction. He came once a month to preach at Rotherfield. At another time, when for a long season she had been tried as to the reality of her religion, she heard Mr. Burch of Cranbrook. The evidences he showed of the new birth gave her an extraordinary lift by the way.

She was baptized at Forest Fold Chapel, Crowborough, in 1844. The church was then formed; twelve were baptized, and she was one of them. Only one now is living. She felt much attachment to the cause here, and would not give up her membership. Although for the last few years she resided with her daughter at Forest Row, she still occasionally came up on ordinance days, as opportunity afforded. I have gone over to speak in the house where she resided, and have found it good to meet with her, and converse with one who was kept so lively in the things of God, and one so far advanced in life, having made a profession so many years, holding on her way, and preserved an ornament to the truth. The nature of one's faith is known by its endurance; and she endured to the end, firm and unshaken in the truth.

Like many of God's people, she dreaded and feared death, more or less, all her life; but was delivered much from this fear towards the last. A month before she died it was completely removed. She derived much comfort from these words, as she drew near the end: "Thy people shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever." (Isa. lx. 21.) The last words she used were, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

The causes of her death were cancer and exhaustion of nature through age. She often expressed a desire to be buried at our chapel, where she was baptized, and where she formed a part of the church at its commencement. She was, therefore, brought from Forest Row, and interred by me according to her wish. Mr. Pratt, who had known her many years, spoke from her last words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

E. LITTLETON.

CHARLES FREDERICK SUMMERFIELD.—On Jan. 1st, aged 29, C. F. Summerfield, of Luton.

In nature's darkness, he followed the course of this world, showing much enmity to the truth and the dear people of God. His health, always delicate, rapidly declined during the past summer. Several means were tried, but all proved of no avail. Consumption had begun its work, and nothing would stay its course. With great concern his friends marked his wasting strength; but there was no change of heart, no concern for his immortal soul.

After months of weary watching and waiting, the Lord was pleased to lay his case upon the minds of several of his dear people, who were constrained to plead for him at the throne of grace. Towards the latter end of Nov. the Lord began to work powerfully on his mind, showing him his state as a sinner. I visited him on Nov. 25th, and found him in great distress of soul, burdened and heavily laden, deploring his black heart. When alluding to his bodily sufferings, which were great, he said, "They are nothing to the mind. I can bear all this, if I knew

that I should go right at last." Liberty was felt in speaking to him, finding Scriptural ground to stand upon. I pointed him to suitable characters in the Word,—the parable of the labourers, who were sent into the vineyard at the eleventh hour, and received their penny the same as the others; and the thief upon the cross, who was saved by grace. He paid great attention, and seemed very grateful, manifesting a teachable spirit. I left him greatly depressed and full of fear that the end would not be peace.

The following week I received a letter requesting me to go up again to see him. He wanted to tell me how mercifully the Lord had dealt with him. I went; and truly it was an affecting scene. The dear sufferer sat propped up with pillows, his poor frame wasted almost to a skeleton, but with beams of sacred joy in his countenance. He could only speak in a whisper on account of an ulcerated throat, and his breath. But with all his little strength he was blessing and praising the Name of the Lord. He told me that for twelve days and nights he was in a dreadful state of mind; that all his sins from childhood rose up before him, and lay with a crushing weight upon his conscience; that the last night was one of agony. At 3 o'clock in the morning, these words came to his mind with miraculous power: "Fear not; I am with thee." They quite removed all his burden of sin, guilt, and misery; and gave him a sweet and blessed assurance of his eternal safety. He said, "O! I am a miracle of grace, a brand plucked from the burning. Bless his precious Name! He did it all himself; I deserved nothing at his hands. O what a great sinner, a black-hearted sinner, to find so precious a Saviour! There is something within, telling me it is all a delusion, and trying to make me disbelieve; but that blessed "Fear not" comes again and conquers all. If salvation were by merit, what would have become of poor me? But no! I feel that I am a new man; old things have passed away, and all things have become new. I have new eyes. I never saw things in the same light before. I have new thoughts, feelings, and desires. Who could have thought that the Lord could have such mercy in store for me? My last days are my best days. The dear Lord has been better to me than all my fears, far beyond all my expectations. Bless and praise him for it. If my poor throat would allow, I could shout aloud to the glory and honour of him who has done so much for me, so utterly unworthy." He talked until quite exhausted, and was obliged to lie down.

What a great and glorious change the blessed presence of Jesus had wrought in that household! The house of mourning was turned into the house of rejoicing. Although that dread monster, death, hovered so near, its sting was gone, its bitterness removed.

I visited him several times, and witnessed the fruits of the Spirit in a conspicuous manner. He had a spirit of sweet humility, patient under all his suffering, grateful, tender-hearted and kind to those about him, quite opposite to his natural disposition. He desired that no worldly friends might be suffered to see him. He showed great affection to and for the people of God; and was delighted to have their company, confessing to some of them his antipathy and dislike of them in former times. He said, "I did not know, I could not see, *then*."

Upon one occasion he said, "The enemy has been telling me that Christ will not be with me in death; and that I am deceived if I think he will. But he would never have said, 'Fear not; I am with thee,' if he had not meant it." His faith in that promise seemed firm, notwithstanding the suggestions of the evil one. Upon another occasion, he said, "'Bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure.' Those words came to me; and how they have been verified! Christ is the bread and Christ the water. Daily has Christ communicated to my soul.

O what sweet half-hours I have in communion with my dear Saviour,—sometimes in the night when alone, and when my cough is so trying! I cannot murmur; for sweet words of kindness he whispers; and from my inmost soul I bless his precious Name."

He longed to be gone, exulting in the prospect of spending an eternity of praise with the glorified spirits above. His last day upon earth was painful. His sufferings were intense. One who sat by him said, "You are suffering." He said, "Yes; but I might have had all this without my precious Redeemer; and then what should I have done?" His wife, hearing the death-rattle, noticed it; when he said, "Is it so?" She said, "I believe it is. You are not afraid to hear it, are you?" He replied, "No; I long for it. Do, dear Lord, come and take me to-day."

Later in the day, his wife went to his side, and saw his hands clasped and stretched upward, his countenance beaming with joy inexpressible. He said, "I see my blessed Redeemer." A short time before he departed, he raised his eyes, looked around upon his assembled friends, and said, "How many of you have your lamps trimmed? The Bridegroom cometh;" and fell asleep in Jesus, at four o'clock on New Year's morn. "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion."

Amphill.

S. E. BURGESS.

CHARLES COLE.—On Jan. 20th, aged 88, Charles Cole, of Witham, Essex.

My departed brother in the Lord was a wicked man by nature and practice, a strong man, and a great fighter. One night he thought of a man that he had heard was a great fighter like himself, and he went to pick a quarrel with him, that they might see which was the better man. On his way the terrors of God came upon him; but he lifted up his hand, and said, "I will go in spite of that."

A short time after, he heard a sermon by a strange minister at the Independent chapel, Witham; and the Lord applied the word with power to his heart. He then became in great distress about his soul, which lasted some time. He was once out with his cart, when he so cried to the Lord in agony of soul that he told me he believed that he could have been heard for a mile. He called upon his father-in-law, and said he should be soon in hell. His dear old father, being a gracious man, knew it was the work of the Lord. When he got home, he put his horse in the stable, and lay down, expecting his doom; but the Lord broke in upon his soul with these words:

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day."

He was filled with joy through a sight by faith of the Lord Jesus.

After a time he joined the church. At that time there were several in the church who loved the doctrines of sovereign grace; and my dear brother joined them. Amongst the number was my now glorified mother. He became a marked man; for he contended earnestly for the faith. I never knew one that had more seals from the Lord than he had. In prayer he was specially favoured of the Lord; his prayers will not be forgotten by us.

In 1837 the Lord called me by his grace; and I soon cast in my lot with those despised ones. I met with him and his father-in-law in his old cottage; and many blessed seasons we had together. In 1845 I was compelled to leave the old chapel for the truth; and because I saw be-

lievers' baptism, my old friend left, and his father-in-law, and many more followed. We made a stand for the truth.

Charles was dependent on parish allowance for many years; and a dear brother, now in glory, allowed him 2s. per week. I was his executor. His widow continued it, and I was her executor. After her decease her niece continued it through me until his dying day. Our church likewise allowed him 2s. monthly for many years; and when he came to take it, many blessed conversations we had upon the work of God in our souls. One morning he said the Lord had given him those words: "Waiting for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." As he spoke the words, they were impressed on my soul, and were a comfort to me for some time. I believe the Lord's dear people would find more profit in thus speaking to each other, like the disciples when journeying to Emmaus.

As long as he could drag his poor body to chapel, he came amongst us. It was painful to see him hobbling along with his poor body, for he was afflicted on both sides. The words the Lord gave him many years ago, and which sustained him,—for I never knew him lose his hope, were: "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." When he was low, I used to say to him, "You have a hope." "Yes," he would say, "but I want confidence."

After he could not walk to chapel, which was half a mile distant, he said to me one Monday morning, a short time before his departure, "I was pleading with the Lord on Saturday evening, that he would bless you on the Sabbath. I asked the Lord to give me a word for my own soul; and the Lord powerfully applied these words: 'Therefore doth my Father love you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came forth from God.'" He said, "How is it, Lord, if thy Father loved thee, that he should have afflicted thee?" And the words came with power: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." While he told me, the tears of joy ran down his venerable countenance. He sat up in his chair until a few days of his departure. One of our brethren, carrying him something for his poor body, also read a portion of God's Word to him; for Charles was nearly blind. The dear old saint poured out a fervent prayer to the Lord; and our brother was surprised at the fervour and earnestness of it; for, as I observed before, I never knew a man of God to equal him.

He was confined to his bed but a few days. On the Monday previous to his death I conversed with him of the things of God. On the Wednesday, when I went, he was blind and insensible; and so remained until Thursday evening, when his ransomed soul departed to be for ever with the Lord. Being insensible, he did not feel the pains of death. *Death* did I say? There is no death to the believer.

Called by grace about 1817, he was a consistent disciple of Christ nearly 60 years.

ALFRED SAYER.

WILLIAM WEST.—On Jan. 26th, aged 74, William West, of Croydon. Though, as often related by him, he was from a child the subject of strong convictions, he was, till past 30 years of age, a lover of the pleasures and pastimes of the world, ignorant of God, and desiring not the knowledge of his ways. One Sunday morning, before he arose, the case of the man being stoned to death for picking up sticks on the Sabbath was laid with such power on his mind, and caused such distress in his soul, that he from that day relinquished all Sunday trading and pleasures. He now began to work for life, and attended church, a neighbour taking him to an adjacent village to hear an evangelical clergyman, Mr. V., for

whom afterwards he had feelings of the greatest respect. But God began to open up somewhat of the depths of iniquity within, which made him feel there was something in religion more than he understood, or than was described by the preachers he sat under.

About this time he commenced attending the ministry of Mr. Covell, and the word spoken was blessed with life and power to him. He said he had found a man that told him all things that ever he did; and would go amongst his old companions to try and persuade them to "come and hear" too. Soon after this the late Mr. Crouch, paying him a visit, desired to hear from him what God had done for his soul; but having as yet known little of the darker side of a Christian's path, his conversation was principally about the joys he had felt. Mr. C. told him he must go deeper; and upon that he did indeed sink, feeling that all his religion was gone, and crying within himself, "What shall I do? What will become of me?" He has said he never could express the trouble and anguish of soul he felt; but in time it pleased God to raise him up. 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15 was blessed to him in a remarkable manner; and he many times expressed a wish that those words should be placed on his tombstone, thinking that as God had done so much for his soul by them, who could tell but they might by this means be made a blessing to others. The following scriptures were very much blessed to him: Ps. lxxix. 1, 2; Rev. ii. 17; 2 Pet. i. 19. Ps. cxvi. he would call his own psalm, it having been made a special blessing to him. He never tired in telling to others what these scriptures had done for him, and what peace and comfort he had experienced in his soul under them. He was always looking for the power, whether in conversation, reading, or under preaching; and if that was wanting it was all nothing to him. When he did get it, it was manifest to those around.

He often related two special answers to prayer. One was in his distress of mind concerning a temporal matter, partly connected with his business. One night when alone he wrestled hard in prayer; and God was pleased to give him the full assurance of faith that his desire would be granted, and his opponent's plans frustrated. He went the next day, and told his friends what God had done, and what he was about to accomplish for him. But the matter afterwards appearing darker, he wished he had not mentioned it, fearing his assurance was vain, and that his religion was wrong altogether. But in a short time God honoured the faith he had given him, by the most complete fulfilment of the thing he had so earnestly desired. The other was at the time of the serious illness of his wife, when God gave him faith to believe the sick should be raised up again; and though for some time after there appeared no hope of recovery (which sorely tried him), yet again God honoured the faith he had given by a complete restoration to health and strength.

The books most prized by him next to the Word of God were Luther's Commentary on the Galatians and Hart's Hymns; and he was led in a most particular way to discern between law and gospel.

About three months before his last illness, while staying at Hastings, Hymn 9 (Gadsby's) being sung at the chapel, was much blessed to him, especially verse 6:

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale," &c.

But to come to his last few days. He was laid aside last October with a complaint from which he had suffered, at times, for many years, which created an intense thirst. He was in much darkness of mind at the commencement of his last illness; frequently saying the word did not speak to him as it used to do, causing him to go back to the hill

Mizar. Still he could not get what he longed for. But as he approached the end, when the Word was read to him he would say, "I never saw so much in the Word of God before." He would often repeat

"Mercy is welcome news indeed  
To those who guilty stand."

One Sunday morning God blessed his soul. He said, "I shall go to heaven, and praise God for his mercy to me. I look forward to the grave with pleasure. All fear of death is taken away, which I have been the subject of for so many years. O to be free from thirst!" When I called upon him in the week he said, "If you had come in on Sabbath morning, I could have told you something of the goodness of God that I felt in my soul then. I have no fear of death now. God has taken that fear away, and I cannot bring it back again. I hope I am not presumptuous. All I want is another special token. I have done with this world. The troubles and trials I have had to endure are now all over. The restless nights on account of the welfare of my children are now ended, and I shall soon be in that place where there is no more thirst." He said to his wife, "I love you as much as a man can love his wife; but I love my Jesus better." He desired his love to Mr. Covell and all who loved and feared God. He said, "You will come and look on this body when laid in the coffin, and say, 'No more thirst; no more pain; but now singing his worthy praises, 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood.'" I shall never be satisfied until I awake in his likeness; for while here, when he is gone, there is fear, more or less. I feel I am now drawing near the grave. O that Jesus would come and bless my soul! I feel I am waiting." Often we heard him in prayer for another manifestation and that Jesus would take him home, that he might praise him as his soul desired.

On Jan. 22nd he said to his wife, "I do feel so happy. Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Come and take me. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name,' for saving such a hell-deserving wretch. I feel my nature is not any better. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh' still." He spoke of meeting the great God. What a solemn thing! But not, as he had before felt him, as a God of wrath and anger. He often spoke of the time when he lay under the wrath and anger of God; and how he was led to Jesus the Mediator, and found reconciliation the moment his faith embraced him. "And now," he said, "my hope is resting on the blood, merits, and obedience of Jesus." In the evening he had a fit, but was better on Sunday, and spoke of the blessed visit he had experienced on the previous morning. He "had not that feeling now, but wanted to bless him for his mercy." He was much in prayer during the day and the fore part of the night following, often using the publican's prayer: "'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' for Jesus Christ's sake." Then he would say, "Blessed Jesus! Praise his holy name."

He was very restless, often asking the time, until a stroke of paralysis deprived him of speech and the use of one side. He did not regain his speech, but continued in the same condition, gradually growing weaker, and taking less notice till Wednesday evening, when he opened his eyes and looked earnestly up, as though gazing at something; and in a few minutes gently breathed his last, realizing the truth of that hymn which had been so sweet to him:

"Slides softly into promised rest,  
Reclines his head on Jesu's breast,  
And proves the Sabbath true."

W. WEST.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1876.

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

## LIVING ON CHRIST.

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SMART AT CRANBROOK, ON SUNDAY  
AFTERNOON, APRIL 28TH, 1872.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."  
—JNO. VI. 53.

DIVINE light in my soul once shone into the meaning of this text. I was meditating about what Christ is to his people, and by and by it came sweetly and powerfully to my soul what Christ was to me; and the moment it became personal, that moment I fed upon him by divine faith in my soul. What an unspeakable mercy to possess receiving grace!

"To see good bread and wine,  
Is not to eat and drink.

So some who hear the Word divine  
Do not believe, but think."

All heaven-born souls want to feel the power and efficacy of Jesus Christ in the great matter of salvation in some measure resting on their spirits. Christ saith in this chapter, "I am the bread of life;" and his people say from the bottom of their souls, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." How can you have an appetite for Christ the bread of life except you are born of God?

There is something very encouraging in my text and its connexion. Once in particular this verse did me good; and I have tried to use it as an argument to help others if I can: "This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." There is a wonderful deal in these words to encourage heaven-born souls who have ever had a taste of Jesus Christ. But what is it to eat? To receive. Food might be ever so nourishing, but it would not nourish unless we received it. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Poor sinner, look at it. Have you ever received of that living bread, and had the blessed effects of it in your soul? If in some measure received, what was the consequence? Why, you never received the least particle of the bread of life, but it created lively hope that you should not die eternally in your sins. You may be mobbed, especially in dark weather, by an evil heart and a spiteful devil; but if ever you received of



that bread, the fruit of it will be lively expectation and good hope that you shall not die. You cannot help yourselves; it will produce it. We receive nourishment from bread to the strengthening of the body. And so spiritually. "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." And the fulness of Christ, the mercy of Christ, never came into thy soul and mine, but we felt the blessing of it. And what was the consequence? "Eat, and not die." And you never had a good hope through grace, nor expectation of eternal glory, nor a blessed lift from fears and doubts about perishing at last, but by receiving in some measure of that living bread. Receiving the least atom will have this nourishing influence on thy soul. I once met with a good man at Hood's Corner, who came for years 15 miles to hear Mr. Beman. He said, "I came for two years before I heard a word to my soul." That attracted me to the man at once. Why, thought I, you tell me so. You are a wonderful man. Some people can always hear; but here is a man in earnest, willing to walk 30 miles, and who came for two years before he heard a word. He is a man of a thousand. He knows the difference between shadow and substance, form and power, life and death.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." You may hear many things under a sermon; but now and then something sounds louder than anything else, something that bedews, and draws forth lively expectation that you shall not die. And he would not have set thee hungering and thirsting after righteousness to send thee away. He has blessed all such, and they shall be abundantly blessed in heaven. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

"This is the bread that cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." Ah! You will not easily forget it, if ever you received but a crumb of the bread of eternal life, to the nourishing of your hope in God. Many a hymn has been written under the influence of the blessed Spirit; and have you not from time to time found one come warm to your heart and fit your case? Has it not been personal? Has not application attended it? And what was the consequence? "Why," say you, "I ate it; and I could not help a lively hope that I should see better days, and live to declare the works of the Lord." Have you not sometimes felt under a sermon as if almost brought into liberty? As soon as Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb. Have you not felt your souls leap? Have you not been revived, refreshed, helped with a little help, and been all attention, wanting the light received in your souls doubled over in your consciences? Let it be a gracious taste of himself, a sip by the way, and the consequence is, "I shall eat, and not die." Can you not call to mind anything? I could tell you of different places where and circumstances under which I have been when words came with power; and I go round them in my mind. As Erskine says,

“Dost mind the field, the house, the barn,  
Where Jesus did thee meet?”

“I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.” Let us put things together. It does not say, Eat to thy satisfaction; but it shall be so in God’s time; for “he filleth the hungry with good things, but the rich are sent empty away.” And what will set thee hungering? Life in thy soul revived by the Holy Ghost. The paschal lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs. You have a sense of your sinnership; and that will set you hungering for the bread of life.

“If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.” You think of that. I will go lower. If a man has a spiritual appetite for that bread, a spiritual relish, longing, suing, desiring to obtain it, how can he perish? And he that eateth, though but a crumb, though the favours are few and far between, he shall live for ever. One thing among many has puzzled my mind. How easy for the Lord to feed his hungry people! But how much of our time has been spent in vitally hungering after Christ? You put down the hours and they would hardly bear looking upon. Have you *ever* hungered? Can a *dead* man hunger? Where is the cry of a child born dead? It needs no nourishment. The living babe comes into the world crying, and needs nourishment. What a mercy that there should be a cry, an appetite!

“And the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.” What! Do you mean that a sinner who gets a taste of Jesus Christ, that such shall live? Yes. God has said it. The Jews murmured among themselves, and said, “How can this man give us his flesh to eat?” Then Jesus said unto them, “Verily, verily” (when ushered in so there is something of vital importance), “except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.” When does the soul receive? When the Spirit applies. “My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” And the poet says,

“When to me that blood’s applied,  
’Tis then it does me good.”

What is it to eat the flesh of the Son of man? To receive in thy soul the peaceable fruits and effects of his broken body, shed blood, and bruised soul; to receive out of that fulness which it pleased the Father should richly dwell in Christ for the children. And if we have ever received this, what a manifest proof he died for us! How can you receive the effects except he died for you? How can you be nourished with peace except born of his Spirit, and united to his Son? And look at the distinction. All else is form. All outside religion is independent of God, and centres in pride and self. And none but the needy and the guilty long to be receivers. And as I said, you and I may think of Christ, and what he is to his people; but

the moment it becomes personal it nourishes, sustains, and revives the soul.

How unspeakable a mercy to have this proof that we are born of the Spirit, and to have the fruit of his death let down into our souls, that we may eat and not die! O the anxiety of a poor sinner warned of God to flee from the wrath to come! When he drowned the world, how those whom he designed to save hovered towards the Ark, and entered in! And all beside were drowned. "He looketh upon men; and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." His living soul shall see the light of God's countenance, and enjoy the full sunshine in eternal bliss.

"All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him.  
This he gives you;  
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam."

As for poor mortals, they get on the tops of the highest mountains, see the Ark, make their comments upon it, see how she takes the water, and is made of gopher wood, see how the higher the water rises the higher she rises, and all the while they are talking about it the waters are rising upon them, and getting nigher their mouths. And so it will be with all formalists, all that talk about Christ in the distance, and have no hungering after him, nor are receivers from him. They can talk about it; but the water is rising upon them; and by and by it will cover the highest mountains, and all will be damned but the regenerated found in the Ark, Christ. Are you hungering? Are you a receiver? And have you had a lively hope that you shall not die? The living, the sensible sinner; the soul in danger, warned of God to flee, his inquiry is, Did he die *for me*? Am *I* interested in his great redemption? Did he bow his head *for me*? The poor sinner cometh with weeping and with supplication. And Jesus saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." And when do you find rest? There is rest at his feet, when there is a lively hope that he lived for thee and gave himself for thee. Nothing can nourish but the fruits and effects of the broken body, shed blood, and bruised soul of Christ.

Do you not see a marked difference between the living and the dead? Which are you? If you see those that can be satisfied without the power, it is because there is no life. The heaven-born soul is after Zion's consolation, the sincere milk of the word. Have you a relish for it? For "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you," and except you have an interest in his death, and know it by receiving life by and through the smitten Rock Jesus Christ. And then you see the divine blessing that follows: "Whoso

eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." Think of that! "*Whoso,*"—all the world over, who needs, who longs, who waits, who is looking after him, and cannot do without him. "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." There is not one in the pit that ever had a relish for the things of Christ, that ever received a particle of the fruits and effects of his broken body, shed blood, and bruised soul. Did you ever desire it? It can only flow to the children. And all the formalists and hypocrites can do without it. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." And except you hunger for it, there is no life. If you do hunger, it flows from life; and you come under the blessing: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

"*Whoso eateth my flesh;*" whoso receiveth in the least degree this my life, desires it, enjoys it, and blesses God for it, for receiving peace by the blood of my cross. Nothing in this world will ever rise above its level. It matters not about a man's opinions, if dead; there is nothing in him to hunger, to thirst, to sue; there is nothing capable of receiving Christ and having their needs supplied, but in the children born of God, and united to the Lamb.

"*Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood,*"—at any time, in any measure. Your flesh is no more after the Christ of God, than he is after your flesh. You must be born of God if ever there is unity between the Lamb and your souls. You cannot upset this; it is what Jesus Christ says: "Hath eternal life." And do you mean to say you have never eaten, were never the better for his death, and his blood has never spoken peace? Not fully, say you. I want to know what will satisfy this side of heaven. Christ saith, whoso craveth, waiteth for, beggeth for, and receiveth, in the least measure, the peaceable fruits of my being delivered for his transgressions, "*hath eternal life.*" If you are not after these things, it is because you have no life. And if nothing short of his favours, the peaceable fruits of his death, will do, it is because you are born of God. And he hath promised, and he will perform it: "I will raise him up at the last day." "For this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." I have redeemed the body and soul, and both shall be reunited. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; and we shall be changed."

And then, poor sinner, hear what Christ says again: "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." I have proved this in my soul. I have been almost overwhelmed at his feet, in heavenly converse with my Redeemer God; and I am a witness to it that his flesh is meat indeed,—to be swallowed up by receiving the fruit of his broken body, shed blood, and

bruised soul, and to have fellowship with him in his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death. "Ye are my witnesses." It is a fact, and we can bear witness to it if we have ever received him, that his flesh is meat indeed.

Poor sinners, try and hear for yourselves. Do you long to receive? Are you sin-bitten, ready to perish, lost, needing Christ, condemned, and nigh destruction? He can bring you nigh heaven in the twinkling of an eye.

"He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." Were you ever the better for him? Did you ever have peace by him? Did you ever feel redemption by him manifested to your heart? Though the visits are far between, he says such dwell in him and he in them. Think of it. All that receive in any measure the fruits and effects of the blood of his cross, dwell in him and he in them. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." O sinner, think of the mystery,—that eaters, pardoned sinners, sinners that feed by faith upon the living bread, and get peace by the blood of his cross, living sinners with life to be nourished, Jesus Christ says (he cannot say less, and what more can he say about them?) that they dwell in him, and he in them. Is it not a marvellous thing, that the Trinity in Unity should dwell in the saints, and the saints in God? "Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people."

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

"With him, their Head, they stand or fall,  
Their Life, their Surety, and their All."

"Christ in you the Hope of glory." What first brought thee to hope in his mercy? Why, a gracious taste of the peaceable fruits of his death.

"Law and terrors do but harden."

When God appeared to me as an angry Judge, I wished I had never been born. I would have dethroned him if possible. But when he began to show himself gracious, then I began to feed upon him and live. When he frowned, eternity was a dreadful thought; but when he smiled, eternity was none too long. Is your eternity to be in hell or with God? You read my text, and see if you are the character. Come to conscience. Did you ever have a gracious taste? Did ever his favour dawn on your soul? Did ever two lines of a hymn come fresh to you? What is that but eating, receiving, and a proof that he loved you? And what does it produce? "Christ in you the Hope of glory." You cannot have peace by his blood, but hope will spring up. You eat, and hope says you shall never die. By and by unbelief will say it is a delusion; but unbelief and the devil are liars. If ever you have been the better for the Lamb of God, you shall not die.

God dwelleth in such, and such shall be found in God for ever. And never did a poor sinner receive, but it created hope; and that hope centres in the Lamb. And he that eateth thus "dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

After a time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. So he said, "Will ye also go away?" Then Simon Peter answered him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Heaven-born sinner, to be from Christ is to go to perdition; but who is to perish that has ever been the better for the peace-speaking blood of Jesus Christ?

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*A CRY FOR MERCY.*

A HELPLESS sinner, Lord, am I,  
 Weary, and sick, and poor;  
 Yet fain would lift my longing eye,  
 Thy mercy to implore.

Art thou not call'd the sinner's Friend?  
 Is not thy mercy free?  
 Will not thy boundless love extend  
 Unto a wretch like me?

I feel I am defiled with sin,  
 And vile in ev'ry part;  
 From head to foot I am unclean,  
 And froward is my heart.

Other physicians I have tried;  
 But all their skill was vain;  
 My pressing wants they ne'er supplied,  
 Nor e'er relieved my pain.

But thou, dear Lord, didst never turn  
 The helpless poor from thee,  
 Nor bid the unclean leper mourn  
 In hopeless misery.

Mine is a desperate case indeed;  
 Yet turn me not away.  
 Dear Lord, I cannot cease to plead;  
 O! Help without delay.

'Twill magnify thy sovereign grace  
 To save a wretch like me.  
 The guiltiest of all Adam's race,  
 I still must cling to thee.

C. SPIRE.

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IF God be the Teacher, no matter who the scholar is; if God be the Workman, no matter what the matter is; if God be the Guardian, no matter what the enemies are. Nothing is too rugged for his skill, or too hard for his power.—*Charnock.*

## THE ADVENTURES, &amp;c., OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*(Continued from page 200.)*

Soon after I was delivered from going down into the pit, my soul began to cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And having been for a time running hither and thither seeking, I was, by the mercy of God, led to a chapel, a little building, where a little flock assembled, chiefly poor and despised, to hear the preaching of his holy word. It was called Bethel, in Cheltenham. "And now, why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized," sounded in my ears and into my heart and conscience to such an alarming degree that it drove me to searching the Scriptures. There I learned that it was one of the great commands of Jesus Christ, who had experimentally become my salvation, to be continued by his followers until his second coming. The word seemed to fall on me continually: "Why tarriest thou?" In consequence, it became a matter of much prayer and supplication with me at a throne of grace; and I was soon brought in effect, though not in word, to say with the psalmist (lxxvi. 16): "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." I was brought in due time to speak a few words before the people called "Particular Baptists" in Cheltenham. I liked the word "Particular" or "Strict," because I had prayed to the Lord to search and try me; and I wanted the people to search and try me too.

Thus, having spoken my testimony before the church, I was led down into the water Jan. 25th, 1829, and was there blessed with boldness to make an open profession of my faith in and attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ, by putting him on in baptism by immersion before a large concourse of people, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, and to the joy and rejoicing of a few of the Lord's obedient chosen.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One. And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one." My having, by special grace, received the witness of God, which testifies of his Son, as says John: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness within himself;" and having borne evidence of the same by following my Lord through the watery grave, I was now, by the same blessed Spirit, who worketh in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure, brought by his constraining love, after a long time of longing desire, to the Lord's table in the same chapel; and was admitted into church-fellowship with the same chosen few on Feb. 4th, 1829. I find it impossible to describe the joy of my soul at seeing myself brought to and blest with the enjoyment of the privilege of the Lord's children. But this my joy was marred for a few moments, as something impressed my mind that I

might have got in by a deceptive way, as without an invitation. And such passages as these were brought to my mind: "And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment," &c. (Matt. xxii. 11-14.) "But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup," &c. (1 Cor. xi. 27-29.) I began to be distressed about these things; but I was kept by the power of God through faith in him. I was led to believe that the above passages, though God's Word, must have been insinuated by the enemy of souls; as it is written: "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." (Job ii. 1.) Then the witness within my breast plainly told him that he was a liar from the beginning. And with renewed strength and joy I was, in my inward soul, brought to shout,

"Look, saints, into his opening side;  
The wounds, how large, how deep, how wide!  
Thence issues forth a double flood  
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood."

On the first Sabbath in the following month, I was blessed with the privilege of mixing with the Lord's people at the Lord's table for the second time. I would gladly have seated myself at the bottom of the table, or near the door; but I was bidden to a seat near the head of the table. After a little contemplation, a thought came into my mind: "What am I, or what is my father's house, that I should be honoured thus much?" I thought I saw the great Founder of the feast smiling upon me, and saying, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Can it be possible that such a vile creature as I am favoured thus? Can it be possible that such a mass of sin and corruption should be blessed with a seat among princes, and be brought up from the dunghill to sit at the right hand of the great Redeemer?" I was led to prove that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth. On looking round, and considering the mass of profession, a thought entered: "Who made thee to differ?" Then with wonder and admiration at the doctrines of free grace, sovereign choice, electing love, and calling power, with exulting love and secret joy I was led to know that

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced me in;  
Else I had still refused to taste,  
And perish'd in my sin."

Yes, 'twas the eternal choice and electing love of God the Father, the perfect righteousness and blood-shedding of God the Son, and the influence and holy calling of God the Holy Ghost in the harmonious revealed plan which made me to differ. And when the emblems came to be administered, I was brought to shout with the poet:

"What creatures beside are favour'd like us?  
Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus," &c.



Brethren, "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Blessed union and communion!

O thou Lover of souls! O thou great Founder of the feast! Can it be that thou shouldst deign to take notice of such a hell-deserving worm as I? Answer: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains." Rejoice, then, O my soul, in the Lord Jesus Christ, thy Portion, thy Beloved, the Lord thy God.

"He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love." It seemed to me that day that the superabounding love of God was so shed abroad in my heart that my heart was enlarged with true affection to him. I called upon my soul and all that was within me to bless and praise his holy Name. I seemed, as it were, filled with holy joy and gladness; and, with the apostle, shouted, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" &c.

But I was not to stay long upon this lofty mountain. In the following week I was brought to experience both calms and tempests. "They shall go *in and out*, and find pasture." "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." I felt cold and barren, and became as low in feeling as possible. My soul became like the mountains of Gilboa; no dew, rain, or fields of offerings. Then doubts, fears, and unbelief came upon me like a mighty tempest, which almost carried me down to the shades of despair. I could not attend to what I had made a conscience of; and worldly business drove upon me with double force. All things seemed to conspire against me. When I attempted to withdraw myself to any secret spot, the instant I knelt down I was either called or abruptly interrupted. One day, after a deal of distress of mind, a dark upper room was pointed out to my mind as a good and convenient place to retire into, so as to escape from the world's interruptions. As I was drawing up a flight of stairs towards this secret and lonely spot, it was suggested to my mind that I might die suddenly, and that if I went to this dark place it might happen when there, and if so, my friends would think I had made away with myself. Still I was constrained to go, thinking that the devil was in company with me all the way to the spot; and notwithstanding my trembling and fears, I was strengthened and emboldened to reply to him, "Die or live, Satan, I must go; for thy Master has promised to meet me there." Now I found this promise made good in my experience: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Isa. lix. 19.) I was enabled, by the assistance of the blessed Spirit, to attend to the exhortation (Jas. iv. 7, 8): "Resist the devil, and he will

flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." I found my Lord and Saviour indeed. He met me there; and the enemy of souls fell like lightning. I held communion with my dear Deliverer again, and was filled with joy and delight with his manifested presence. This promise was applied: "Fear not; 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."

Dear reader, if thou art a poor, helpless, sin-sick, God-fearing, God-seeking soul, seeking to be fully convinced of thy interest in the great finished work of Jesus Christ and his atoning sacrifice, thou wilt be hated and annoyed by the world, hunted by Satan, and perplexed by thyself. Satan will use all his fiery darts and wiles, and he will have close allies in thy own heart; but thou shalt be a match for him, through the strength of him who loveth thee.

Reader, art thou a poor, tempted, Satan-harassed, perplexed, abject soul? Know that it is for thy good, that thou mightest grow in the sense of thy need of Christ Jesus. For the more we are thus tried, the closer we shall live in dependence upon him; we shall understand more of his Word, and experience more of his power. And by means of Satan's continued attacks, driving us to Jesus for the fulfilling of his promises, we shall be kept continually safe.

Yes, my dear reader, if thou hast ever experienced the Lord Jesus Christ precious to thy soul, I would say unto thee, Comfort thyself, and let the roaring lion rage. What have we to fear? Let him go about, seeking whom he may devour. The Lord is our Shield and our Defence. In him is our trust. We are a part of that vineyard of red wine of which he says, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

"Lord, what is man, that thou shouldest magnify him, that thou shouldest set thy heart upon him?" I saw myself magnified and exalted to a standing upon the delectable mountains of God's everlasting love; yes, a beggar lifted up from a dung-hill, made to sit amongst princes, and ordained to inherit a throne of glory. Yea, I was made to possess all that omnipotence and divine love could make; as it is written: "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 28; Jer. xxxi. 3; Jno. xvii. 17-24.)

The first of these delectable mountains is God's everlasting love to his church. The next is God the dear Redeemer's perfect righteousness: "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." (Ps. xxxvi. 6.) "Thy righteousness, O God, is very high; who is like unto thee?" (Ps. lxxi. 19.) It is unto all and upon all them that believe. "And the work of righteousness," through the operation of the Holy Ghost in the soul, is "peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." I will, with David, "praise the Lord accord-

ing to his righteousness; and will sing praise to the name of the Lord Most High." (Ps. vii. 17.)

But we must experience, whilst we are in this howling wilderness, a great succession of tribulation, it being left a legacy to the Lord's people to wean them from this world. I had just experienced a great deliverance out of abundance of soul-trouble by the appearance of a precious Saviour, and had felt much of his precious love shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost given to me. It is written: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," &c. I was again at that time brought into great soul-trouble; and another family trial was about to come upon me. We had a little maid that the Lord was pleased to give us soon after the death of our three boys; and in a few days after it was born it had the small-pox. In the spring of 1829, the child, then about ten months old, caught the contagion a second time. My soul experienced great contention with Satan and my corrupt nature; and only by the blessed Spirit of God was I enabled, in any degree, to maintain a resignation to the will of God. Often was I tempted to murmur and rebel against God; but the over-abounding grace of the Lord humbled me, and my almost continual cry was, "The Lord's will be done. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And with good old Eli I was enabled to say in substance, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." The dear child partly recovered from the distemper, but caught cold, and died. Here nature was again obliged to show itself, and I wept over the little corpse. But this passage of God's Word came to my soul: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." I found that he had, according to his eternal purpose and love, appointed and sanctified these great trials to the manifestation of the salvation of my immortal soul, through faith in the great atonement of the Son of God. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." (Ps. cxxvi. 5.) "For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (Ps. xxx. 5.) Experience proves that there is a time to weep, and a time to refrain from weeping.

It was the case with me, for a great while after the death of our three boys, that I was weeping and moaning continually, always having the sight of them and their sufferings before the eyes of my mind. But at length the Lord, in love to my soul, put a stop to this over-much sorrow, and prevented me by turning my mourning into joy, my sadness into gladness, and my rebellion into thankfulness. It happened one morning, when I was at my work, that I began again to weep very much about the loss of the boys. Suddenly, a still small voice seemed to say, Why moanest thou continually or over-much for the

children? Dost thou not know that they are taken from the evil to come? Why mourn for the dead as a man without hope? Or art thou still making idols of them? Hast thou not need to weep and mourn more for thy sins and thy folly? Hast thou not considered and wept and mourned on account of the sufferings of thy dear Redeemer? Dost thou not know that no sufferings were like unto his? His face was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men. Then I was led to pray that the Lord would be pleased to restrain me from this over-much weeping and sorrow about the departed children, and that I might be led more to contemplate the mystery of the sufferings of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. So from that morning I was restrained from weeping about the children.

*(To be continued.)*

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### CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to their dear friend and well-beloved brother Gadsby, wishing grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, through the Blood and Righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the blessed influence of God the Spirit, sendeth greeting.

Dear friend, we wish you prosperity in the name of the Lord in your own soul by the gracious presence and good will of him that dwelt in the bush; for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and we are complete in him, who is the Head of influence to all his members, from whom each receive a measure of grace and strength to help in every time of need; and from whom having obtained help, we continue to this day; and who has promised, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Both you as a minister of Christ, and we as hearers, we are sure should have withered, died, and come to nothing had it not been for that blessed Root of David into which we have been transplanted by God's almighty power, according to the eternal covenant love of the most holy Trinity in Unity, fixed upon our worthless souls from before the foundation of the world. And by what we daily feel of sin, Satan, the world, and the flesh, we know that we bear not the Root, but the Root us; and that all hope of perseverance ariseth not from any inherent grace, or from grace already received from him, but from that oneness and union there is between him as Head and we as the body; he as the vine, we as the branches, he as the foundation, we as the superstructure, built up a spiritual house, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by him. We are more and more convinced that without him we can do nothing. But, blessed be his holy name, we can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth us. What a mercy it is that whatever changes may take place in our souls, in the family, in the church, or in the world or kingdom, the government resteth upon his shoulders, that he reigns as King within

us and as King without us; so that all things work together for good to those that love God and are the called according to the purpose of him that worketh all things according to the council of his own will. O that we could be still, and let him work his own way! But every fool will be meddling; and such fools we are. How often is the withered arm of self-will lifted up to stay the ark of his strength! How often does our proud nature put forth itself in ten thousand different ways, till we are brought down by hard labour, stripped of our wisdom, strength, and self-righteousness! Then we fall down, and there is none to help. Then we cry unto him in our trouble, and he bringeth us out of our distresses, and saveth us for his mercy's sake.

But we must now inform you how we go on. We are at present supplied by Mr. Fowler, who continues about a fortnight. We bless our dear Lord for his kindness in sending us the suitable supplies he does, by whom we believe the Lord works, confirms the word of his servants, and the counsel of his messengers. Mr. Vorley next followeth; and after that we hope Mr. Turner; which will bring us up to July; the beginning of which month, by God's blessing, we hope to open our new chapel in Gower Street.

And now, dear brother, we hope and desire, if consistent with the will of the Lord, you will hold yourself in readiness to come up and open the same with Mr. Turner; and we earnestly hope that your church will comply with this our request on that occasion; and our prayer shall be that every difficulty may be removed out of the way. It is with pleasure we inform you of the goodness of the Lord towards us in the building of this chapel, which we have reason to believe is going up by the prayer of faith in the hearts of many of God's children; and we expect that the Lord will condescend to visit this house with his presence. We are astonished, after the strong opposition it has met with, to see the wonderful hand of God, and what he can effect in so short a time. It appears as if the builder and his men worked night and day; for they have a mind to work. We have great reason to bless the Lord also for putting it into the hearts of many to help us by their ability which he has given them for building, and also for the help in money to enable us to fulfil our engagement with our friend Mr. Bloomsfield, the builder, according to our agreement. Everything is so far clear before us, and we hope will be until the end.

We shall be glad of a letter from you when convenient. Will write again the time the chapel will open; and remain,

Yours truly, for the Committee,

March 31st, 1820.

JOHN MILES.

A MAN may preach a very good sermon, who is otherwise himself; but he will never make a good minister of Jesus Christ whose heart is not always in the work.—*Owen.*

## THE LORD'S MERCIES.

[From the Experience of Martin Ecob, of Whissendine, Rutland,  
written by himself.]

It is with much fear and trembling I take my pen, feeling, as I do, such a struggle within; but if I do not record the mercies of the Lord the stones will cry out against me. I cannot speak of all the Lord's mercies; they would fill a volume. O thou blessed Remembrancer! Do thou guide my pen, and may thy glory be my aim.

I was born in this world of sin and sorrow on April 13th, 1802. The first divine impression was when I was about five or six years old. I had to leave my playfellows and go aside to weep. I remember the feeling to this day; but it was like the morning cloud, and it soon passed away. I was born of moral parents, and they gave me good advice; but as I grew up I followed the desires of my own heart. But O! Bless the dear Lord, he often hedged up my way, so that I could not take my fill. O that precious delivering hand that held me in! I got acquainted with a young man who led me into sin which I never thought of. But O! Everlasting praise to the dear Lord! He says, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther." We both agreed to go to the chapel on purpose to make sport, as we called it. But I am at a loss to find words to express the goodness of God. I do not remember the text; but I felt as if I were fastened to the floor. No sport for me. When the service was over I sneaked out, like one that had stolen something, left my companion, and never went with him any more. This was when I was twenty years old. Then he turned my greatest enemy. I went home like a condemned criminal, began to pray and read the Word of God, and made vows that I would lead a better life. So to work I went; but I found I had not strength to stand against temptation. Sometimes I thought I was getting on very well; but I found sin too strong for me. Then down I went, as miserable as ever, and wished myself any crawling reptile that had not a soul to be saved.

So I went on for years; sometimes up and sometimes down, working for life. I wanted something, and I did not know what. I attended the class meetings and love-feasts; but I could not reach their standard. It pleased the Lord to lay affliction on my body. O how this stirred up the rebellion of my heart. I kicked and rebelled against the Lord, and wanted to run away from it; but no; the dear Lord held me to it. My religion, my vows, my prayers, all vanished. I had nothing left. It appeared as if I lay between two fires. All my religion was burnt up. I had nothing to say; I could not even ask for mercy. I knew that if the Lord had mercy on me I should be saved; but if not I was lost. I had no hope. I had no more idea of Christ than if I had never seen his name.

Now the dear Lord began to reveal his love and mercy. He

dropped these words into my heart: "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" And at the same time hope sprang up; and the blessed Jesus and his righteousness were revealed to my soul. O! The sweet peace that flowed into my soul I cannot describe. The blessed Trinity was revealed to my heart, as engaged in my salvation. O! The sympathy of the heart of Jesus towards me I cannot describe. I now felt as clean as if I had never sinned. How I admired his righteousness! All the promises seemed to embrace me; and I thought I should live in this happy frame all my life. My vile corruptions were all out of sight; and I thought they were all gone. But, to my astonishment, when the Lord was pleased to withdraw these sweet feelings, my corruptions began to show their vile heads. This filled me with wonder. The enemy said, What you have experienced is nothing. You have not had a deep law work. Look at the experiences you have read; how deep they sank! And down I sank, but could not give up my little hope.

Soon after this I went to hear that dear man of God, Mr. Philpot. He spoke of the same exercises I then was under, and said, "Has the law made a hole large enough to hold the Babe of Bethlehem?" The snare was broken, and my heart was glad. But yet I am not satisfied. I want the dear Lord to say to my soul, "I am thy salvation." I could part with anything for that blessed word; but I have been such a sinful creature, and still remain so. My sins are against high love, mercy, and goodness. O how black. My days of darkness are many, but they are not all dark. Bless his dear Name, he does not cast me off. He comes over all my unworthiness, and shines in upon my soul. Then I can "rejoice and be ashamed." Then I cannot lie low enough in self, nor yet exalt my dear Saviour enough; but amidst all my changes my hope anchors on that blessed word in which he has caused me to hope. I do believe the Lord will fulfil his promises to his children; but my fears, at times, question if I am one. If I am permitted to enter heaven, I think I shall be the greatest monument of mercy in heaven. It must be free grace. Whatever I have received here has all been free all my life. At this present time, if I had a thousand souls I would trust them all in his dear hands. O that I could love him more!

I come now to the providential mercies and deliverances of my ever-blessed Lord. But where shall I begin? I must quote dear Newton:

"Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

O what mercy! My first deliverance from death was when I was thirteen years old. I was riding in a cart, and fell backwards; the wheel grazed my head. Had it gone over my head, it would have been instant death. The next was in trying to get up on a horse. He would not stand still; so I hung the bridle rein on a gate-post. I got my foot in the stirrup, and he began to

jump about, and I could not get my foot out for some time. Had he got the rein off the post, he would have dragged me, and perhaps kicked me to death. I shudder when I think of it. The next was when going out one night with a load of corn. Being weary, I fell asleep as I walked. Something awoke me rubbing down my back. It was the forewheel of the waggon. Had it caught my heel, it would have been death. The next was when driving a waggon-load of coke; and, to my shame be it spoken, I had had too much drink. I was riding on the shaft. I jumped off, and fell before the wheels. The next was when stacking corn. I fell off the stack backwards, and pitched on my head, the effects of which I feel to this day.

Many more deliverances I could mention. When I look back upon my past life, I can but adore that blessed hand that has so protected me,—so unworthy a rebel.

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### MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

(Continued from p. 208.)

#### V.—SAYINGS TO HIS HEARERS (continued).

I was a long time before I could say with David, "I will declare what he hath done for my soul;" but I could say "what *I hope* he hath done for my soul."

Has your religion kept you awake at night? And have you esteemed it a mercy that you are out of hell?

He that will not for Christ's sake relinquish all is unworthy of him.

Flavel used to say that when the Lord found his rod his people could find their tongues.

The apostle Paul said, "By the *grace of God* I am what I am."

God's people ask him to make them humble and spiritually-minded; and when the Lord answers their prayer they fret and murmur, and are ready to quarrel with God. But God will not spare the rod for the child's crying.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people; and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,

It has no charms for me;

Once I admired its trifles too,

But grace has set me free."

If you can repeat the last line of that verse as your experience, you are a blessed people.

We are not going to jump out of Delilah's lap into Abraham's bosom.

Real religion is to be severed from the world, to be married to Christ, and to bring forth fruit unto God.

If you are contented with a sound creed, and a little morality in your lives, you are in an awful state. I should not like to be in your state for a thousand worlds.



If Christ's righteousness will not do to die by, creature righteousness will not do.

If free grace will not save a sinner, free-will will not.

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

Have you ever stood on the same plot of ground with the publican, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?"

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

Who began the work in your soul,—God or you? If you say you helped God begin it, I cannot encourage you.

Berridge says,

"When sin and guilt are understood,  
To Jesus Christ direct the eye;  
And preach a pardon through his blood,  
And bid them on his grace rely."

When a man is brought into the stripping-room, and brought in guilty before God, it is not whether he will be a Christian, but whether God will make him one.

"Chosen Jews must not use  
Woollen mix'd with linen."

Christ Jesus is exalted "to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins."

If you have not found mercy, are you among the seekers?

"Come, all ye chosen saints of God,  
Who *long* to feel the cleansing blood."

It is the living child that draws at the breast.

Is Christ the one thing needful? Are you willing to pluck out right-eye sins, and cut off right-hand sins?

I know nothing more awful to be said of a man than this: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

"Be sure thou hast grown slack,  
And settled on thy lees;  
The Bible thrown behind thy back,  
And seldom on thy knees."

I have no objection to your calling God your Father if he has called you his children.

It is by degrees that we attain to this knowledge,—“first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”

I want to be begging mercy every hour.

"Pity a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word,  
But find my heart, with shame and grief,  
A sink of sin and unbelief."

What a blessed portion of God's Word is this: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

If the queen were to send a reprieve by a messenger for a man that was about to be executed, that man would be ready to kiss the feet of the horses that brought the messenger. And if the Lord delivers your soul from hell, you will honour him, and praise him for it too. If not, the very stones would cry out.

We have not had much persecution in our day. A little of the scourge of the tongue has been the most. What we may have to suffer we know not.

(To be continued.)

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“REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.”

GOD reigneth! He reigneth! What mercy to know  
He reigns as Controller of all things below!  
No sparrow can flutter, or fall to the ground,  
And not his omniscient presence surround.

Not a hair of thy head can be changed at thy will.  
God speaks; all Creation his mandates fulfil.  
The sceptres of princes decay at his nod;  
He orders, and tempests acknowledge their God.

The clouds are his chariot, the lightnings his car;  
He measures each atom, he numbers each star;  
The roar of the hungry young lion he hears;  
Unchangeable ever and ever appears.

This God in creation I meekly adore;  
Of God in redemption, O would I knew more!  
All nature is pregnant with proofs of his love;  
Redemption secures me all glories above.

Redemption by Jesus! Himself be my theme!  
Be present affections concentrate in him!  
My focus of happiness,—greatest delight,  
Till earth's shadows fade into regions of light.

Redemption by Jesus! The one only song  
Which possibly can to redeem'd ones belong;  
All brought to their heaven by purchase and blood  
Of infinite merit, and worthy of God!

Nov. 16th, 1875.

ANN HENNAH.

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WHILE the Father set his love upon his chosen, and God the Son accomplished and completed the work of redemption for them, and honoured every perfection of Deity, God the Holy Ghost, one with the Father and the Son, engaged to bring them to him in the day of his power, and all through sovereign, discriminating mercy and loving-kindness.—*J. Warburton, Sen.*

PERSONS look to us as leaders in the same way as the soldiers look to their officers. And if they see us wavering and undecided, what a discouragement it is to them, and what confusion it is likely to create! So, for my own comfort, and for the sake of others, I feel myself obliged to stand separate from many persons who I dare not say are destitute of the life of God in their souls.—*J. C. Philpot.*

## MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THOMAS CASE.

*(Continued from page 338, 1876.)*

THE next word of comfort is, God will bring his sleeping saints with him,—that is, with his Son Jesus Christ the Lord. For so it follows: "The Lord himself shall descend," &c.; and when he cometh, he will bring them with him that sleep in him. The propriety of the work is ascribed to Jesus Christ, the God-Man, the Mediator between God and man; he shall bring them with him when he descends from heaven.

1. When the Lord shall descend, he will bring the spirits of just men made perfect with him from heaven. The souls of all his glorified saints, whose bodies to this moment have slept in the grave, shall follow Christ out of the gates of the New Jerusalem to attend that glorious solemnity; so it is prophesied: "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints." (Jude 14.) When Christ cometh to judge the world, there shall not be a saint left in heaven, saith Chrysostom. Heaven shall, as it were, be left empty, to attend the King of glory going forth out of his royal palace, to finish the work of the great and last judgment of the world; he shall come attended with all his saints; they shall fill up his train.

2. As Christ will bring their souls with him from heaven, so he will bring their bodies from the grave. Christ, at his coming to judgment, will first go to the graves of the saints, and cry to them aloud in some such language as once he did to their souls, in the days of their unregeneracy, when dead in sins and trespasses, in the gospel call, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and I will give thee light." Or, as in the days of his flesh he did to Lazarus, when he had lain four days rotting in the grave (a lively emblem and type of the general resurrection), "Lazarus, come forth" (Jno. xi. 43); and they that are dead shall come forth. It was the tenor of his own prediction, while yet in the world: "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth," &c. When that hour has come, Christ, by his mighty power, shall command the bodies of his saints to come forth, shall unite dust to dust, every dust in its own proper place, and form it into the same body it was when it was dissolved and laid down in the grave; and thus made up into a beautiful structure, more beautiful than ever it was in its first creation, Christ will put each soul into its own body again, and unite them together into the same sweet conjugal society and fellowship they possessed before their separation. This friendly espoused pair shall now be solemnly married together before God, and men, and angels, never to suffer divorce any more; and they shall become one entire person, as they were in the days of their first contract.

And how will the body rejoice to see the soul again to whom it was espoused, which was the guide of its youth; that, in its

capacity which Christ is to the soul, its King, Priest, and Prophet, and by virtue of whose conjunction with it the very body, as poor and mean as it was in its original extraction, was preferred and admitted into fellowship and communion with the Son of God, and, upon that account, not forgotten all the while it slept in death, and thought not of itself; I say, solace yourselves with the anticipation of that triumph and exultation which will fill this blessed new-married couple; especially when they shall receive one another so much more excellent than themselves at their last parting, that the body shall seem to be transformed into a soul, and the soul transformed into an angel of light. Rejoice, O Christian, to think how these two morning stars will sing for joy in this their new and for ever blessed conjunction.

8. He will bring soul and body thus united. Christ shall bring with him unto the place where the great assize of the quick and dead shall be solemnly kept, which the 17th verse tells us will be in the air,—thither Christ will bring with him all his elect, when he hath awakened them; and that upon a twofold account:

i. For the greater solemnity of that last and tremendous judgment. The saints shall be brought out of their graves to attend the Judge, for his greater state and grandeur, and to strike the greater terror into the hearts of reprobate men and angels, who then shall be brought forth in chains to the tribunal of Christ, to see and suffer the severity and impartiality of that last trial. The glory of a king consists in the multitude of his nobles and royal attendants; the judge of assize is brought in with the power and gallantry of the country, for the striking of the greater terror and awe into the hearts of offenders. Angels and saints shall be Christ's life-guard, as it were; or as his troops and legions, which shall conduct him in state and triumph to the judgment-seat.

ii. That they may accompany him and be with him throughout the whole carriage and conduct of the last judicial process, to hear and applaud his righteous proceedings. This is it which the apostle calls the saints judging the world, and judging angels. (1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.) Yea, it seems that is not all; our Saviour tells his apostles that in that day they shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes, &c. (Matt. xix. 28.) Judging or condemning, how? Certainly, not as bare spectators only, but as assessors, to sit with him on the bench, to justify and consent to the judgment of Christ, the great and supreme Judge; giving in their full and free suffrages to the final sentence which he shall pass upon the reprobate world of Jews and Gentiles, of men and devils; probably in some such language as we hear from the saints upon the downfall of antichrist: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints; for thy judgments are made manifest." (Rev. xv. 3, 4.) Here the apostles and ministers of the gospel judge the wicked of the world by their

doctrine; and both ministers and others of God's faithful servants judged them by their holy lives, and patient bearing of the cross.

But now the preachers of the gospel, with the rest of the saints, shall judge the world judicially; and, probably, by an audible vote too, and with the judgment of Jesus Christ: "Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus." (Rev. xvi. 5.) This honour shall all the saints have at that day. Thus Christ shall bring the raised saints with him to the place of judgment.

4. God shall bring them with him; that is, the last and solemn judgment being finished, Christ shall carry all his saints back with him from the place of judgment, the nether heavens, into the upper, the supreme heavens, where the throne of God is, and the seats of glorified saints and angels. All the saints of God shall follow the Judge in a triumphant manner into the streets of the New Jerusalem, whose gates shall be set wide open to receive them; an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto them into the everlasting kingdom of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, where they shall be welcomed home with loud acclamations of joy; heaven will ring again with triumphant shoutings. Thus, also, God shall bring them with him that sleep in Jesus; he will bring them into the glory of his Father. This is another word of comfort, and there is great need of it, upon a twofold account:

i. In reference to the saints of God yet living. You are now scorned, and persecuted. The ungodly world now judges you, and condemns you. The psalmist observed it in his time: "They gather themselves together against the souls of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood." (Ps. xciv. 21.) Innocence is no security against cruelty and oppression; yea, it seems no wine is so sweet to wicked men as innocent blood: "Ye have condemned and killed the just" (Isa. v. 6); and yet, that open violence may not want a pretence of justice, they act in the form of legal process; before they kill they condemn. But, alas! Those fig leaves will not cover their nakedness. It is the just whom they unjustly condemn and murder. It was so in David's time, and in the apostle James's day, and so it is now; the reprobate world holds on its course, and will do to the end of the world. God's righteous Abels must expect no better justice at the tribunals of these unrighteous Cains. But "be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord; and stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (Jas. v. 7, 8); and then the scene shall be altered; you shall have the law, as it were, in your own hands; your turn shall be to sit upon the bench, and your enemies shall stand at the bar. They judge and condemn you now, but there is a day coming when you shall judge and condemn them; and they indeed unrighteously, but you shall condemn them righteously, because your judgment shall be according to the judgment of that righteous Judge of heaven and earth, the Searcher of the

hearts, who will judge men by those two impartial books,— the book of his own remembrance, and the book of their consciences.

ii. It is a word of comfort in reference to the saints departed, our gracious relations; the sense of whose loss and absence we are not able to bear, while we think of them as silent in the land of forgetfulness, in whose sweet converse we were wont to solace ourselves with much delight; their souls having left the habitation of their bodies, and their bodies resolved into dust; and possibly mixed with the dust of wicked men or of the brute creatures; it may be dispersed into the remotest parts of the world. Ah, these be some of the heart-dividing thoughts where-with we afflict our souls! But give check to your passions, O ye mourners of hope, and make use of the cordials which your heavenly Physician has prescribed to keep you from fainting.

Think not so much on your gracious relations, as lying in the grave, their beauty turned into rottenness and deformity; think not of them as, possibly, by a premature death, snatched from an earthly inheritance before their time; but think on them as co-heirs with Jesus Christ, uniting now in triumph with him, and with the whole general assembly and church of the First-born, whose names are written in heaven, to take possession of their inheritance with the saints in light. Thus behold them, not as they are in the night of the shadow of death, but as they shall be in the morning of the resurrection, when God will bring them with him. These thoughts will, when duly considered, dry up the mourner's tears.

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## REVIEW.

*The Testimony of God. Being Two Farewell Sermons, preached on Oct. 31st, 1875, in David's Church, Holloway. By James Ormiston.*

—London: E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane.

If we speak with heartfelt delight of that good and gracious man William Huntington, it must not be supposed that we approve of all that he has said or written; if we contend earnestly for the baptism of believers by immersion, or for the doctrine of the Trinity,—Three Divine Persons in One Undivided Godhead, it must not be imagined that we can go hand in hand with all who believe in those doctrines, though they may do so as firmly as we; if we applaud the well-known benevolence of the Socinians, let no one for a moment judge that we in the smallest degree countenance their blasphemies against the Lord Jesus Christ or the Holy Spirit. So, if we favourably review a work by a minister of the Church of England, our readers will do us an injustice if they think we pass by as unimportant those forms and doctrines in the Establishment which we believe are contrary to the New Testament. We merely give our opinion of what is before us, and leave the rest.

Mr. Ormiston has been long and well known as one of the few ministers in the Establishment who preach the doctrines of

grace, giving no quarter to those of man's free will in matters of salvation. The church he has left is called St. David's, and is situated at Holloway, London. Why should any church have the prefix "St.?" It is remarkable that the original Greek Testament does not use the word "Saint" with respect to the Gospels. It merely says "The Gospel by [or according to] Matthew, Mark," &c. So we may with reason ask why it should be in our Authorized Version.

It appears, from these Farewell Sermons, that in April, 1866, Mr. O. first preached in the above district. His "church" was then only a little workshop, and his congregation consisted of seven grown persons. "It was," he tells us truly enough, "a day of small things;" but in a few years the capital sum of £14,000 had been raised, including the sum given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for an endowment of £200 a year; the church and other buildings were out of debt, and there was a large congregation. We may have overlooked it; but we do not see that in the sermons Mr. O. gives his reasons for leaving a family so raised up and provided for. To us, it seems as if it would be like parting with our very sinews, under such circumstances.

But, passing by all this, let us look a little into the sermons.

The text is 1 Cor. ii. 1, 2. And from what we have heard of Mr. O., we believe the words were very appropriate. In language plain and simple, he preaches *Christ*, the Saviour of all for whom he laid down his precious life; and *man* so utterly ruined and undone by the fall as not to be able to raise a finger towards his own salvation. In these sermons there is no "Yea" and "Nay;" but it is all "Yea."

"Now, dear hearers, it is a great mercy for any people when their minister has been grounded experimentally in the truth of God's Word, and God has convinced him *what* his distinctive truth is. Paul did not go to God's work like some of your modern teachers,—a 'seeker after truth.' You know that is a phrase which is very often used now-a-days as a sort of excuse for the absence of doctrinal teaching and dogmatic instruction. Many are at this moment, in our pulpits and through the press, avoiding anything like a positive statement of what God's truth is; and, by way of explanation, they euphoniously tell us they are engaged in 'seeking after truth.' Now, the apostle Paul was no seeker after truth. He went down, I repeat, to Corinth as a teacher and a preacher of *fixed* gospel principles. He tells us in the text that he had determined his course from the first: 'And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellence of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined——' He was a man of determination. His *judgment* was duly formed; for this is the force of the Greek word. It is so used in Luke vii. 43, where Jesus asked who was the debtor upon whom mercy was shown in the parable. 'And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly *judged*.' It is the same word that is used here: 'For I determined,' or 'judged'—'that I would know nothing among you; *i.e.*, My judgment was formed.' We are prepared to say that the apostle Paul, as to the matter of his preaching and teaching, rightly judged. He came to the conclusion that there is nothing profitable to man, that there is

nothing God has either promised to bless or will bless as gospel, save and except the preaching of a living, personal Christ, and his finished work. O that God would give his ministers, in these last days, much more grace of clearness in forming a judgment as to the precious doctrines of his grace,—those doctrines which the apostle Paul so constantly insisted upon as being the testimony of God, the whole counsel of God. . . . Not with 'Yea' and 'Nay;' but only with 'Yea' in Christ; Christ first, Christ last, Christ midst, and without end."

"Jacob," as Mr. O. says, "was a plain man;" "and plainness, or gracious simplicity, is the essence of practical Christianity." All the apostles, except Paul, were plain men; and

"Paul, who was a learned man, repudiated his learning and his gifts as being nothing whatever essential to the prosperity of God's church under his ministry. I would call your attention to the negative word which is here employed: 'I came not unto you with excellence of speech.'" . . . "When I came to Corinth, I came not as a learned man; I came not as a popular man, or in the hope of being popular; but I came as a graciously plain man, with the testimony of God in my trust, and my desire was to quit myself as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. I came not with excellence of speech, or of wisdom."

There are some who preach the doctrines of the gospel without giving any proof that they have experienced the power of those doctrines in their own hearts; and there are others who preach experience without referring to the doctrines; but that experience must of necessity be of a very general and not of a discriminating character. Now, though Mr. O. in these sermons does not go very deeply into the exercises of a child of God under the power of sin and the temptations of Satan, it is evident he is by no means ignorant of these things, and is quite right when he says,

"Yes, after the first joy is over, after the first song of triumph,—the song of the Lamb sung by faith, then the Lord brings,—as a rule, he brings, into deep waters, and into circumstances of tribulation, of temptation, and oftentimes of persecution; and the Lord's little ones are, at times, tempted to call into question whether there ever was any work of grace begun in their hearts, whether they have not been self-deceivers, whether their joy was not according to the flesh, not according to the Spirit. But the Lord, dear hearers, *teaches* his people by these things."

We may, however, say that Mr. O., as he advances in the Christian life, as he "grows in grace," will find that not only the Lord's "little ones," but his big ones also, will prove the above, and much more, until, as with Job, their own clothes abhor them. We have heard young ministers going into these things when it was clear from their very manner that they had never experienced them, but were only talking like parrots. Such is not the case with Mr. O. He evidently brings forth only those things which he has himself tasted, and handled, and felt of the good word of life.

Mr. O. is not ignorant of some of the trials of God's ministers:

"There are times which God's ministering servants know something of, when the Lord, in the right of his own sovereignty, compels silence—when his servants, willing to speak and ready to run with trumpet



in hand to sound the blast of warning, are commanded to stand aside. These are trials which need the special grace of God to be borne with patience and with resignation. But those who are under-rowers must needs have an ear to hear the Captain's word at any moment; and immediate submission, prompt obedience, is surely becoming on the part of those who thus stand related to Christ, and to the welfare of his church. 'There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent,' the Lord determining for each one of his servants when that time shall be. The apostle Paul, then, thus called and sent, and thus esteeming the greatness of the work to which he had been separated, was willing to suffer in the interests of that work, and to bear hardness if only the truth of Christ might thereby be served."

What does Mr. O. mean by "under-rowers?" He tells us:

"Paul was called of God, separated by the Spirit, and duly sent—sent to speak. And in 1 Cor. iv. you see he and others are entitled 'ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.' I may just remark, in passing, that the Greek word for 'ministers' employed in this place is a rather remarkable one, one not generally used. If we were to render it literally, it would be *under-rowers*, as those engaged in rowing a galley, or boat, under the captaincy of a recognized head. 'So account of us,' says the apostle 'as of those who are working together under Christ's headship, not independently of him, not as though having got a commission we could rest satisfied with that; but working from day to day, from hour to hour, and from moment to moment, under his immediate instructions.'"

A man may preach experience, or he may preach doctrine, or both; but unless Jesus Christ be the Alpha and the Omega of the whole, his preaching will savour more of the flesh than of the Spirit. And though it is indispensable, in the ministry of the word, that the varied experiences and exercises of the children of God should be, from time to time, traced out, so that a poor seeking soul may see, as in a glass, his spiritual portrait, if we may use the term; yet nothing short of Jesus Christ revealed to him by the power of the blessed Spirit can be of permanent and real good. Hence says Mr. O.,

"The subject matter of the apostle's ministry at Corinth was a living, personal *Jesus Christ*. And, dear hearers, there is nothing else that will meet the need of a poor sinner who has been made sensible that he *is* a sinner, and who has learned that sin, charged home by God's word upon the conscience, is a burden intolerable. O, nothing but a loving Jesus, a mighty Jesus, a gracious Jesus, a present Jesus, will meet that sinner's case. It is not, as I have often told you, preaching *about* Jesus; it is not preaching *about* Christ, however truthful the testimony may be; but it is preaching *Jesus himself*,—preaching the very *personal* Christ of God, and that in the power of the Holy Ghost, which alone can profit, edify, and save; and, therefore, the apostle Paul formed a sound judgment, and arrived at a scriptural determination, when he said, 'I came among you to testify, as God's testimony, Jesus Christ,—Him crucified.'"

Here we must leave our author; and we cannot leave him in a better place than preaching Christ. The few ministers of Mr. Ormiston's class who remain in the Establishment are the salt thereof. The price of the sermons is sixpence; and though the print is good, yet, as sermons are published now-a-days, it seems rather too high.

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Brother and Fellow-partaker of the Blessings of Sovereign Grace, by which we are brought to a knowledge of God, and to joy in him through the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement,—

What sweet employment, to speak or write of God the Father and of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge! It is only when the Holy Spirit, that divine Teacher, tunes the soul, fills the mouth, loosens the tongue, or directs and guides the pen, that we are able thus to employ ourselves, and find a sweet pleasure therein. The knowledge of God is the great thing wherein all our blessing is found. If I can only get here, to possess the knowledge of God, then darkness and the powers of darkness can never injure me. Then I shall be exalted to the highest state of exaltation to which God can lift up his creatures. I shall not sin; I shall not err; I shall see, know, and understand everything aright then. Let but God fill me with the knowledge of himself, then all will be light, true light within; no darkness any more. That light will have dispelled it for ever and for ever.

This is what Jesus is commissioned, appointed, and enabled, in Jehovah's eternal purpose, to bring all whom he has given to Jesus. What says our dear and blessed Lord on this all-important glorious subject? We read as follows (Jno. xvii. 1-3): "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give *eternal life* to as many as thou hast given him. And this is *life eternal*, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent." So Rom. vi. 23: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is *eternal life*, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It signifies not what we possess, what we are, or what we attain to. If we never are possessed of, never attain to, the knowledge of God, we shall ever continue the children and the heirs of darkness. But, on the other hand, let but the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shine in upon our souls, through the command of him who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, and are we not sensibly of those whom God hath called out of darkness into his marvellous light; and at the same time, by the same means, translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of his dear Son? And when we are told to walk in the light as he is in the light, what is that but walking in that knowledge of God which Christ possessed, and which he manifested in the flesh when on earth?

We see and know God only in his own light: "In thy light shall we see light." This light by which we see, and the light we see, are both one light, even the knowledge of God; and this is *life eternal*. Just in proportion as we are enlightened here on

earth with this, the *light of life*, so shall we be delivered from the works and the powers of darkness. The reign of death in us is nothing more nor less than the reign of darkness. The reign of death in us is the reign of sin; it is sin reigning in us unto death; whilst the reign of grace through righteousness unto eternal life is the reign of that light which consists in the knowledge of God.

The chief armour wherein Satan trusts for being enabled, as the strong man armed, to keep his palace in our hearts, is this darkness. As long as that continues undisputed in any degree, we continue of the kingdom of Satan, which is the kingdom of darkness. Jesus takes from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth the spoil, whenever and wherever he comes and shines into the soul with the light of the glory of God in his face. Then Satan's kingdom is shaken to the very foundation in that soul. That soul can never any more rest quiet and at peace, in subjection to sin and Satan. The power of sin and the power of Satan in that man's carnal corrupt self will always cause uneasiness, wretchedness, and misery; as in Paul's case: "O wretched man that I am!" He will ascribe it to a body of sin and death, or, in other words, of darkness; opposing the light or knowledge of God in his soul, which is the law of his mind, the law of God written or put by God in his heart, according to the undertaking and engagement of God in the everlasting covenant. (Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.) Now, when and how is this fulfilled, except in the possession of that knowledge of God which is life eternal? Every word of this covenant has its strictest fulfilment here. There is no other way of putting God's law in our inward part but this; no other way of writing it in our heart but this. There is no other way by which God becomes our God, and we really become his people, but this. And as though God would tell us that it is so, he adds: "They shall all know me." The same is true as regards forgiving our iniquity, and remembering our sin no more. When is this experienced, but when the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Christ has shone into our hearts? or in other words, when Christ has given that eternal life, which consists in the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent?

This is accomplished generally by means of the gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Now, what power of God is greater than that by which he commands the light to shine out of darkness? The gospel is a savour of death unto death, where it is not "the power of God unto salvation." And to what is that to be traced but by introducing the light of the knowledge of God into the soul? The dark soul can make no saving use of it, but perverts it to the furthering of his own perdition. What can or ever does the darkness of the natural man's mind do with the gospel? He would fain have the minister set him something to do with the gospel, that he may be saved; and this is what man-made ministers are always engaged in—setting poor dark souls work

to do in the dark; but to what end is made plainly manifest in them who are of God enlightened with the light of life. To what end or for what purpose did Christ redeem his people, purchase them out of that state and condition in which they were under the law, or from under the law? Why, that he might give to them that eternal life which consists in the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and that he might bring them out of darkness into God's marvellous light. All our salvation is here; all our deliverance is here. Only take the soul away, filled with this light of the knowledge of God in Christ, and all is accomplished. That soul is meet and fit for heaven; that soul can enjoy heaven; that soul can engage in heaven's occupations; that soul is fitted for God's service; that soul can find pleasure in God and the society of all in heaven. But without this one thing he could neither enjoy heaven nor engage in heavenly occupation, nor serve God, nor find pleasure in God or the society of any in heaven.

This knowledge of God, which is eternal life, is that which God's dear people receive from God, wherein and whereby they are made to differ from all remaining in their natural state of darkness. If they differ not here, whatever difference there may be in other respects, it is a difference only of the flesh, not of God. In Jesus "was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." What is holiness in God's people but this life which is light? And what holiness is there in God's people, or ever will be, but God's holiness? And is not this the light and the life in us which is the knowledge of God?

The Lord Jesus is our sanctification; but how, or in what way, but as we have in him this light, and this life, which consists in the knowledge of God? Sanctification does mean, as you say, separation,—setting apart. But ever remember that it is a separation and a setting apart for a holy end and purpose, and by holy means. All separations and all settings apart are not described by the term sanctification, or being sanctified. In Christ we are sanctified or set apart for God in a holy way and manner. And how is this done but in the way of the carrying out and effecting in us of what we have been writing concerning the covenant of grace?

Imputed righteousness is that part of Christ's work whereby we are justified, through faith, before God. But imparted righteousness, the righteousness of God in us, is that whereby we are sanctified; and this is wrought in us by the bestowment of that light which is life, or that life which is light; and this is the bestowment of the knowledge of God. The new man, we are told, "after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness;" and again, "is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him." And this it is which does away with all distinctions of the flesh in God's people. "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian,

Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is All and in all." We are cleansed from all sin and guilt by the blood of Christ; we are righteous in him for our justification; so that the law may not condemn us, so that we may be delivered from under the law. But we attain to nought of real holiness and happiness, except as we are made partakers of Christ in that light and that life which he is of God unto us, and in which our new man is created. This is that life which we have hid with Christ in God; and we are told that, "when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory."

How much there is in all this! What a depth of God's wisdom and knowledge! How all this exalts God, and humbles the creature! It exalts and lifts up the creature, but not in a way of bringing God down to a level with or beneath the creature, as all human notions and ideas of the gospel do. No; while it exalts and lifts up the creature, there is an exalting of God, and a placing of the creature in his proper place. How satisfying is this to those who are made the subjects of such blessing! It makes God everything. And when we acknowledge, as we do, Three Persons of co-equality and co-eternity in the Godhead, how dear to us are these Three Persons, in their distinct Personality but undivided Godhead! How we love and delight in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! And we are enabled to see the relationship in which we stand to each of them, and the relationship in which the Scriptures reveal that they stand to us of their own sovereign good will and pleasure. How blessed, how glorious, is the discovery thus made to our poor souls! How we love and delight in our Triune God, in his Three Persons, but One undivided Godhead! And then how we love all we know and believe to be in Christ, made partakers of saving light, life, and knowledge in him! So it is, and so it will be throughout eternity. Our Jesus and our God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He is the true God and eternal life. Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen.

I have been called to pass through much since I received your last kind letter,—much in a short time; which I humbly hope will be found to have abounded in what I shall prove to have been of the happiest importance to my soul for the time and the eternity that is before me.

I remain, Yours affectionately in the Lord Jesus,  
 Elmley, near Wakefield, Jan. 25th, 1848. ROBERT PYM.

My dear Friend,—If we have *bitters*, we have, occasionally, intermingled with them some *sweets*. The other morning, in reading Mark xvi., the latter part of verse 6 proved such to me: "Behold the place where they laid him." And what, think you, was the first "*hey*" which came up before the eye of my mind? Why this,—My sins laid him there. Ah! I had no stone to throw at either Jewish Pharisee or Roman soldier, either grace-

less professor or ungodly profane. Sins *after* calling, as well as sins before calling; if, indeed, my ears have been circumcised spiritually to hear a voice behind me, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Yes, sins *after* calling; for I must have mercy's streams of blood following me all through the wilderness, flowing on and flowing over.

"Sins against a holy God;  
Sins against his holy laws;"

and also

"Sins against his love, his blood;  
Sins against his Name and cause."

"Well, but," say some, "God will not punish *twice* for sins after regeneration; first the Head, and then the members." No, blessed be his righteous Name; he will not *punish penally*; but he will *chasten lovingly*. But I desire ever to see that

"Sin to pardon without blood,  
Never in his nature stood."

Therefore, say I, with blessed Kent:

"Do thou, my soul, to Calvary fly,  
As oft as sin defiles."

But, dear friend, behold the place where the Eternal Father laid him in the councils of Jehovah:

"In the church's room and stead,  
As her Surety,  
And her everlasting Head."

Behold the place where the Eternal Spirit has laid, and continues to lay him, even in the hearts of poor, vile, lost, undone sinners.

Behold the place where loving hands also, though with broken hearts, laid him. But sometimes they cannot find the place where he is laid. So they go forth inquiring, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" And when Mary was interrogated as to the cause of her weeping, her sorrowful reply was, "Because they have taken away my Lord" (see here the effects of sins, backslidings, and wanderings from him), "and I know not where they have laid him." But a loving Christ speaks, though it is not discerned at first as his voice; and she replies, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and *I will take him away*." Yes, I will take him away in my heart. I will clasp him to my bosom. I will kiss him with the kisses of my mouth. I will bring him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me,—the church of the ever-blessed God. And thus enjoying communion and fellowship with him who is to my soul the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely, I will charge the daughters of Jerusalem that they stir not up nor awake my love, till he please. (See Song iii. 3-5; Jno. xx. 13-15.)

Well, now, dear friend, I have put up a dry wall; fill in the interstices with the concrete of your own thoughts and meditations; and then, perhaps, between us we may raise a wall that will be fit to build upon.

One word as to the cross. The apostle, in his closing remarks to the Hebrews, says, "Let us go forth, therefore, unto him, *without the camp*, bearing his reproach." "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Blessed be God, "They that seek *shall find*." That this may be the happy lot of your household and my household, is the prayer of,

Yours affectionately,

Westerham Hill, Kent, Nov. 15, 1875.

WM. LUCAS.

My dear Friend,—Having received a letter from a friend, and understanding by it you were ill, I send you a few lines.

Illness is a prelude to death; and no doubt you, like myself, are often exercised respecting it, and how we shall meet the King of terrors. But 'tis our mercy that the King of kings has conquered death for us; and

"He that conquer'd for us once,  
Will in us conquer too."

If, my friend, you are on the bed of sickness, or confined to your room, may your soul be much blessed from the visits of him of whom dear Mr. Hart says,

"Christ is the Friend of sinners;  
Be this forgotten never."

Sinners by birth, sinners by practice, sinners before quickened, sinners after being quickened, sinners before pardoned, sinners after pardoned, sinners to this hour, and sinners we shall continue till

"Death, which puts an end to life,  
Shall put an end to sin."

But here is our unspeakable mercy; a sense of sin has made Christ exceeding precious; for

"Sinners can say, and only they,  
How precious is the Saviour."

The Lord bless thee, so that thou mayest bless him, cause his face to shine, so as to make thy face to shine, and thy heart and tongue to sing,

"His loving-kindness, O how great!"

We know and feel that the time is fast approaching when the summons will come; and our prayer is that we may be ready and willing, so as to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

This came again and again on my mind; so who knows but that it may do my friend good? May it prove a word in season, a portion of meat for one of the royal family. Our blessed Lord knows how and when to send a crumb or a cordial, a little balm, or a little honey. He has stores yet unopened for his beloved blood-bought ones; and he has a set time to favour them.

Doubtless your dear partner wants you to be spared a little longer, and your family and friends as well. But good Mr. Philpot said that "It was better to die."

Your unworthy Brother in the Lord,

Goepport, Feb. 7th, 1876.

A. HAMMOND.

Dear Mr. —, — I am a poor letter-writer, yet I feel constrained to write a few lines to thank you for your great kindness in writing to such a poor worthless thing as I feel myself to be. I was reading the other day in some book, where a man said, "Should the Lord ask me my name, I must say, 'Sinner, Lord, Sinner.'" I was much struck with the words, as I felt they suited me well.

You say you hope your coming to D—— is of the Lord. I think there is every proof of that. You will say, perhaps, that one that is blind knows as much of colours as a deaf person knows of preaching. But what I know is mostly by observation and feeling. I believe there is an almighty power attending your ministry at D——, by the effect it has on the minds of the people. I am very tried about my own feelings; for when you are preaching, I feel such an intense desire after the Lord, and to hear his gospel preached, and seem to feel the savour of it on my spirit for days after, if I am not deceived. But do you think I *do* partake of the same spirit as those who are hearing you? Sometimes I fear it is nothing but excitement, through knowing what some of those present are feeling, which does try me so. The hymn you gave out at the Lord's table I found very good, especially this line:

"But O, my soul wants more than sign."

That is what I am longing after; but so often get stumbling on the dark mountains, and fear I am come to the end, for I feel completely destitute of *any good*.

I shall greatly prize a few lines from you, whenever you feel it on your mind to write. I feel you are one that I could open my mind to, but have not the least hope of ever being able to converse with you, as you have a weak chest, and myself a weak head; so that, as soon as I try to listen to any one, I get confused in my mind. But it is said that those that feared the Lord spake often one to another. So, if you can speak to me on paper sometimes, it will not be doing wrong. I get a little of your sermons from Mrs. W., what she can remember, as she has more patience than most, and her voice is rather strong.

I hope you will be able to read this. I have been tried about sending it, and thought I must put it on the fire; but as I was musing, these words came with power: "Let your light *so* shine before men." So, as it is, I will send it, hoping you will not think me troublesome.

Yours truly,

R. DOWNER.

[The writer of the above is very hard of hearing.]

My dear Sister in the Faith, and in the Path of Tribulation, — Mercy and truth, love and peace be with thee, through him in whom they dwell, and from whom they come, even Jesus, the best Friend we poor friendless sinners ever had, or ever shall know in time or eternity. Are we dead? He is our life. Are we naked? He is our clothing. Are we fools? He is our wis-



dom. Are we filthy? He is our cleansing fountain. Are we blind? He is our light. Are we sick? He is our health. Are we poor? He is our riches. Are we starving? He is our food. Are we helpless? He is our help. Are we powerless? He is our power. Are we lost? He is our great Saviour. Are we without shelter? He is our refuge. Are we without one to guide us through the desert? He is our Guide. Are we without armour to protect us? He is our complete armour. Are we friendless? He is our everlasting Friend. Are we unable to plead our own cause? He is our everlasting Counsellor. Are we without strength to stand against the great host that come up against us? He is our Strength. Are we without hope? He is our Hope. Are we nothing? He is our All and in all.

My dear fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer, all this, and ten thousand times as much, is Jesus to his dear people. And truly glad was I to hear that the dear Lord met with you through his word spoken by one so utterly unworthy. Surely you have received the word in much affliction, with joy in the Holy Ghost; and this is a full proof of your election, and that of God. "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God. For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost." So you see in the light of truth that you are beloved of God the Father, redeemed by God the Son in our flesh, and sealed up to the day of endless salvation by God the Eternal Spirit. How sure is your salvation then! It is in God himself. "In God is my salvation and my glory." So that all the storms that may dash against you in this mortal life shall not be able to hurl you out of your place, because you are founded upon a rock, and that by God himself. "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Fear you may, sink you may; but thy dear Lord will come again to you with his Fear nots, and with his Almighty hand, and lift you up again. Be of good courage; rise, he calleth thee.

May God bless you, and keep you from every evil way and work. So prays

Yours in the Best of Bonds,

EDWARD PARSONS.

Tower Street, Chichester, Aug. 28th (year lost).

Esteemed Friend,—We received your epistle safe, and thank you much and our gracious Lord for what it contained. It is one of the privileges he is pleased to give his family that their kindred spirits should converse, though absent from each other. Blessed converse it is, if we are favoured to realize for ourselves that the Lord Jesus has made himself precious to our souls. We do hope he has been pleased, in a measure, to strip us of ourselves. But it is only in a measure. I am often bowed down under this body of sin and death; sometimes hoping, sometimes doubting. But I want to be coming more confidently to him by faith's discovery of his vast and unsearch-

able fulness, and the freeness of rich and unmerited grace to the most unworthy of his notice. I trust the Lord has granted me the favour to hope in him for some years; and has sometimes enabled me to say with some small degree of confidence, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

But O! How many times has sin caused the light of his countenance to be withdrawn from my soul, and I have felt but little evidence of my interest in the precious cleansing blood of the Lord Jesus! The Lord has, for the most part, appointed me to walk in darkness; but I have to adore his name that he has not shut me up in darkness, where hope can never enter. A view of the unchangeableness of the Lord has been a source of consolation to my perplexed mind; believing that where he has begun his good work he never will leave it. O! What a mercy, amidst all the unbelief and backslidings of our hearts, that sin and Satan shall not finally have the dominion over us! May our souls be under the influence of his blessed Spirit, coming continually to his vast fulness of grace for all that we need while in this wilderness; for we need a great deal. May our faith be increased by the Lord and Giver of spiritual life, that we may come and open our mouth, expecting largely from his fulness, till grace shall be perfected in glory. May the Lord be pleased to uphold us under all the troubles of the way, and grant that we may be "looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." May we be exalted to join in that blessed chorus there, through sovereign and undeserved grace.

Yours in Him who is our Hope,

Dec. 30th, 1839.

H. BREWER.

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## Obituary.

JOSEPH GARTSIDE.—On March 6th, 1875, aged 79, Joseph Gartside, of Rochdale.

As the writer never heard him say anything respecting his early days, he can give no account of them.

His death was sudden and unexpected. He entered his house and told his daughter of an internal pain that had seized him. She gave him something warm to drink, but he was taken with a fit, lost his consciousness, and soon expired.

He was connected with the Sabbath school many years, I think 45; and after serving in all offices, became the librarian for several years, and was at his post on the Sabbath before his removal from us. He often said that age and infirmities made him feel as if he must resign; but such was our love to him that we kept urging him to continue at his post, and have one of the young men to assist him. We were not happy if we did not see Joseph's dear face amongst us on all occasions; for, being of a loving and peaceable disposition, he was a universal favourite. Next to the minister, W. Hastings and J. Gartside were the fathers of the school. Our dear brother was also an especial favourite with his dear pastor, Mr. Kershaw, who used to say that Joseph and he

were servants of servants; and whoever or whatever went wrong, they must keep together. And I am not aware that they ever did get wrong with each other.

Rochdale.

A LOVER OF ZION.

MARTHA DREW.—On May 7th, 1875, aged 43, Martha Drew, Swindon.

About eleven years ago, my father was conversing with a woman on religious matters, and mother came to interfere. Father said, "You have no right." That sank deep convictions, at times, on the mind, which made her go mourning for weeks, until she was blessed with Ps. xxiii.: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." In course of time she was baptized at Ogbourne by Mr. H. Pocock. I believe she enjoyed many happy seasons there.

She was a woman of many troubles and trials, and experienced many days of darkness. She would often say, "Truly the hand of the Lord has gone out against us." About three weeks before Christmas, 1874, it pleased the Lord to bring her into a low state of mind, so that we really thought she would go out of her mind; but the Lord saw fit to deliver her by his blessed word. About three weeks after Christmas she was delivered of the 12th child, and enjoyed no health after. She took to her bed, and felt that she was going, and sent for her children to come. She called upon the Lord to bless each one of them. On the following Tuesday morning, she sang Hymn 303:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and told me to help her sing Hymn 143. It was sung with such sweetness that I never shall forget it. My father would often say to her, "Would you like So-and-so to sit with you?" But she would say, "I want no one but you and Jesus."

Whilst on her death-bed, she expressed a wish to see Mr. Lawrence, whom she was very fond of hearing. On the night before her death, she was very dark and wandering; but in the morning she was calm. When my father came home to dinner, he said, "What a mercy it is to have a hope beyond the grave!" She said,

"Now I can tell to sinners round,

What a dear Saviour I have found;"

and commenced singing. She expressed a wish to sit up in bed. She said, "Yonder is my crown. Take me home; my heart is there." She was sensible to the very last breath.

T. C. DREW.

WILLIAM HASTINGS.—On Sept. 14th, 1875, aged 77, William Hastings, member of the church at Hope Chapel, Rochdale.

He was a native of Scotland. In early life he resided upon a farm, and, being a moral and industrious youth, became a favourite with the mistress of the house, who took great pleasure in hearing him read the Bible and the psalms sung in the kirk, and other things belonging to their worship. These things had an effect upon his mind; and as he had, at times, been exercised about eternity and his never-dying soul, he thought he was preparing himself to appear before God, and to be accepted of him. After going on in this manner for several months, he hurt his arm very severely, and was unable to work; but his mistress was so unwilling to part with him that she kept him for twelve months, hoping that his arm would gain strength, and that he would be able to attend to his usual employment. But the Lord had better things in store for him, even the things which accompany salvation.

Having an uncle residing at Rochdale who was able to employ him in a lighter business than farm work, he left Scotland, and came to reside with his uncle, who was a member at Hope Chapel. This brought William under the sound of free grace; and he soon found it suited his

case better than trusting in his duties and filthy-rag righteousness; for, like the poor woman seeking the aid of physicians, he became no better, but rather worse. This soon brought him into union with the people and the minister. He took an active part in the Sabbath school, then in its infancy, and was connected with it for nearly 60 years, being teacher, superintendent, and, finally, the treasurer till the end of his days. He was the warm and faithful friend of his dear minister, who was greatly attached to him. Hart says,

"A faithful friend of grief partakes;"

and truly it was so with him. Mr. Kershaw often said of him and his dear wife "that his troubles were their troubles." I have often heard Mr. Kershaw say that there had never been an angry word between them in all their long acquaintance.

Although our dear brother and his partner in life were so attached to the minister and people at Hope Chapel, yet, from fear that the work of grace was not begun in their hearts, they did not come forward to make a public profession of their love to Christ by being baptized until 1858. On March 3rd in that year, Mr. K., in crossing a brook which was frozen over in Cheesden Pasture, a place where he went once a month for 49 years to preach the gospel, slipped and broke his arm. This circumstance the Lord employed to bring our dear friends to a decision. Our brother was in a railway carriage, when a Roohdale gentleman said to him, "Do you know that your minister has broken his arm?" He replied, "I do not." The event sank deep into his mind. He thought, "How many years have I hoped and longed for Mr. K. to baptize me. Now his arm is broken; and if, instead of breaking his arm, he had lost his life, how sorry I should have been that I had not attended to the ordinance ere this." It wrought so powerfully on the mind of himself and his wife that they could not rest till they came before the church to declare what the Lord had wrought in them. When it was suggested to him by some of the friends that he had better wait till the broken bone was stronger, he replied, in the words of Abraham's servant, "Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way." The steps down into the baptistery had to be reversed, so that Mr. K. could use his left arm in putting them under the water.

On April 4th, after preaching from Jno. xiv. 15: "If ye love me, keep my commandments," Mr. K., with the assistance of a friend, who stood by the side of the pool, baptized them. After enjoying robust health for many years, in the autumn of 1874, the nucleus of a cancer formed in the back of his neck; and, notwithstanding the best medical advice, increased, and went round to his face and throat. As the complaint gained upon his tabernacle, so his weakness increased; but as long as he possibly could he came to the house of God, hoping to reap some comfort and instruction under the preached word, and also to see his brethren who were dear to him in the bonds of the gospel. He could say with David, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy honour dwelleth." During his affliction, especially in the earlier stages of it, he enjoyed much of the presence of the Lord and the comforting influences of the Holy Ghost. The former part of Matt. v. was very precious to him, also 2 Cor. v. Many of the hymns were made very comforting and consoling to his mind. His mind, at times, was beclouded; and, although he did not lose his good hope of an interest in the love of a crucified Jesus, yet he had not the fervent love he desired towards a covenant-keeping God, to whom he owed so much, both in providence and grace. But to the last he was favoured with a firm reliance on the unchanging love of God.

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near," &c.,

was often on his mind. A few hours before his death, he said to his daughter,

"His love in times past forbids me to think," &c.

He said little after this that could be understood, owing to the nature of his complaint. We mourn the loss of him amongst us, but our loss is his eternal gain.

The Lord having seen fit to prosper him in business as a flannel manufacturer, he was enabled to be liberal to the poor, and a great supporter of the cause at Hope Chapel. His remains were committed to the dust in his family vault in Rochdale Cemetery by our minister, Mr. Lovesey, who also preached a funeral sermon from Rev. xiv. 13.

In Mr. Kershaw's "Memorials," p. 360, may be seen the account of the jubilee meeting, at which Mr. Hastings was the friend appointed to present the testimonials. On p. 363 are the interesting remarks made by him on the occasion.

A LOVER OF ZION.

Rochdale.

GEORGE STAPLEY.—On Nov. 21st, 1875, aged 76, George Stapley, one of the deacons of Zoar church, Dicker.

He was one that feared God above many. He knew that he was altogether ruined by sin, and was deeply convinced that salvation was of grace. The substitutionary work of Christ was very dear to him. His hope of salvation was built on that foundation that God had laid in Zion. He worshipped God in his Son; and was favoured with many sweet seasons through the renewings of the Holy Ghost.

When a young man, he was very fond of the pleasures of this life, and was fully bent upon finding happiness in this world. When his conscience smote him, he tried hard to quiet it by promising that he would change his course of life after a certain time, as he thought his pleasures were too dear to be given up so soon in life. He attended the Church of England, and thought it was a right one because it had been so long established, and had learned men in it.

About this time an elder sister of his, who attended the truth, asked him to go with her. He went, being the first time he ever entered a dissenting place of worship. One thing particularly struck his mind,—the marked attention of the people. They all seemed to be listening to hear something for the good of their souls. From this time he continued to attend; and in searching the scriptures, he saw that a church did not mean a building of brick or stone, but a company of believers, united in heart to the Lord, walking in the ordinances of the Lord's house. His judgment was informed, and he became very zealous in his new religion, and thought he should reclaim others from the error of their ways. But one day, while talking to one of his father's workmen, who heard the truth, he asked him if he had ever felt the *power*, the question sank deep into his heart, and he could not answer it. He felt there was something of great importance lacking in his religion, although he had left his church and done so much. "Have I ever felt the *power*?" sank again and again into his mind.

About this time he went to hear the late Mr. Hallett, who contended in his sermon much for the Spirit's power to be known and felt. This brought him into great soul trouble. He also heard the late Mr. Vinall, who said, "A prayerless soul is a Christless soul." This sank into him also, and increased his trouble greatly, fearing he was the Christless soul, that he was graceless, and that there could be no hope for him. He sank very low in mind. His custom was to retire alone to his chamber, and read and pray over the Word of God. He feared now that he never had prayed.

About this time a sister was taken ill, and he felt much concerned about her eternal state. He visited her, and read Isa. lv. Now the set time arrived for the Lord to favour him, according to Ps. cvi. 4, 5. The Lord was pleased to favour his soul and bless him with a good hope through grace. The chapter was much blessed to him, especially verses 8 and 9, that the Lord's thoughts were not his thoughts. His thoughts were that God would not have mercy; but the Lord's thoughts were thoughts of mercy, grace, love, and compassion. He had not felt anything like this before.

After this he heard the late Mr. Reed with much comfort frequently. Hart's hymns were made a great comfort to him. After this he was much favoured for some months. The Word of God was so sweet and precious to him that he often used to leave the family, and retire for solitude and reading the Word. After this he became troubled about a law-work, and felt he had not sunk so low as many of the Lord's people. He was afraid that it would not prove genuine, and feared it lacked depth. This caused him much exercise of soul and some sleepless nights.

After this he sank into a careless state of soul, which was most known and felt by himself, when Mr. Vinall's ministry was blessed to the stirring up of the pure mind. One evening he was left to indulge in light conversation with a female cousin. When he came upon his knees, it was so charged home upon his conscience that he did not know how to kneel before his Lord. He felt the Lord might strike him dead upon his knees. He got into bed, but his eyes were held waking. He was in deep distress, and lay begging for mercy. About midnight the Lord drew nigh, and so blessed him that he felt, "It is enough." He dare not ask for more. The blessing was so overcoming, he felt he could bear no more. The enemy soon sought to rob him of his comfort by persuading him it was a dream; but he put his hand upon the bed, and said, "It is not a dream. I am not asleep." Soon after this he had a blessed manifestation of Christ to his soul, as his suffering Saviour, in the garden of Gethsemane, and that it was for him. Isa. liii. was very sweet to him.

The late Mr. Sloper's ministry was often blessed to him, when supplying at Zoar. He used to walk many miles to hear the late Messrs. Warburton, Gadsby, Hardy, and Fowler, when in the neighbourhood.

The late Mr. Cowper became the pastor of the church in 1837, whose close ministry often reproved when it did not comfort him, and whom he loved for the truth's sake. He sat under Mr. C.'s ministry for 25 years, and much valued him. He was a man of much prayer. In coming before the Lord his family lay very near and dear to him. He was baptized by Mr. C. in 1842, being constrained to walk in that ordinance from the power of Luke vii. 30; and was blessed in his deed. He was also favoured many times under the ministry of Mr. C. in reading the Word and the hymns, and especially at the table. He loved the Lord's people and ministers. The late Messrs. Cowper, Tiptaft, Mortimer, Freeman, and Brown, preached in his house.

About twelve months ago he was confined to his house for several weeks by bronchitis. He was much favoured in soul. Hymn 592 was much blessed to him. The Scriptures and the "Gospel Standard" were very sweet to him. When the warm weather returned he got about again, went to Eastbourne for a change, and was much blessed and comforted in soul. During last summer he attended regularly at the chapel, and was kept alive in soul. The sight of his hoary head has often done me good.

In 1859 he was chosen a deacon, and proved a conscientious man of

truth, one that sought for the welfare of the cause, and a praying man. He

"Loved the Incarnate Mystery,  
And there he fix'd his trust."

He was an honourable deacon, a loving church member, an affectionate husband, a tender, feeling father. In prayer his language was very good, simple, and childlike. He pleaded with the Lord for acceptance through the alone merits of a precious Christ.

In the latter part of the summer he became very feeble. On Nov. 7th he came to the house of God for the last time, poorly in body. During the interval of worship he spent the time with me in the vestry. He told me the ground of his hope, and the comfortable feeling he was the subject of, and that the Lord had "not appointed him to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." He was very comfortable in mind, and wept with the goodness of God. After this at the table he carried the emblems round, and stood up and sang at the close of the service. After he got home, he conversed with the family sweetly on the best things, and spoke of his hearing that day. His wife said, "You are not sorry you went out to-day?" He said, "No; I am very thankful I was able to go." He was often much favoured at the table of the Lord.

On the 17th he was taken worse. I saw him on the 19th, and read and prayed with him. He was quite sensible, and repeated several verses from Isa. lv.; and was very comfortable to the last. On Lord's day, the 21st, he breathed his last breath on earth. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

His mortal remains were interred on the 28th. A very crowded congregation desired to pay the last token of respect to him we loved so dearly on earth, and to see him well laid in the grave. Devout men carried him to his grave. Our loss is his eternal gain.

Magham Down.

WILLIAM VINE.

**JOSHUA MATHER.**—On Dec. 24th, 1875, aged 69, Joshua Mather, of Farnworth, near Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, upwards of 30 years deacon of the little Baptist church, King Street, Bolton.

He was baptized by Mr. Worrall, at Blackburn, and became a member of the church there some years previous to his removal to Bolton.

The beginnings of a work of grace in his heart I do not remember, being separated from each other so long. I believe them to have been deep, marked, and real. He was instructed into the two mysteries,—the mystery of iniquity and the mystery of grace; the curse and bondage of the law and the liberty, mercy, grace, and salvation of the gospel. He greatly felt the fall, was well acquainted with the plague of the heart, mourned and grieved over the corruptions of his nature. He was well acquainted with Rom. vii., and, at times, rejoiced in what is recorded in chap. viii. When indulged with a sweet visit from the Lord, his countenance would be lighted up, and his face would shine. He would smile and laugh as if his very heart was in it, expressing himself most warmly.

He was not a great talker; but his conversation was very experimental on the best things,—rich, savoury, pithy, and hearty, not soon forgotten by lovers of truth. He had the welfare of Zion at heart, loved the services of God's house, was constant on all occasions, always in his seat, and, as far as his means would allow, was liberal in supporting the cause of truth. He was truly a lover of God's people, the ministers of truth, and the truth as it is in Jesus, and an encourager of all God's little ones. He loved ministers of the gospel of the Gadaby and

Kershaw kind; and could not endure any sham or imitation. He was a valuable nurse in the gospel to the babes and children of the Lord, and was greatly beloved by the true lovers of a full, free, and sound gospel, and has left behind him a name and character with a fragrance above many.

His last attendance at the house of God was to witness the baptism of Miss B. He and several of the members were at her house; and as they were about to part, he gave out hymn 286:

"Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound," &c.

He was broken down, and had to be helped to finish each verse, especially the last:

"A few more days, or months, or years," &c.

He was never enabled to attend public worship again, but gradually sank, though only confined to his bed about three weeks. He became very drowsy; but while awake he was much in prayer, and at various times spoke out many verses of hymns and portions of God's Word. At one time hymn 473, was most sweet to him:

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!" &c.

His sufferings, from heart disease and bronchitis, attacked him very severely when asleep, causing him to start with a feeling of suffocation, in which he awoke up struggling for breath. His friends concluded he would be carried off in one of these fits. However, this was not the case. His appetite failed, and he sank and gave himself into the Lord's hands, saying, "Thy will be done."

On the night of his death, in reply to an inquiry how he was, he spoke out and said, "A sinner saved by sovereign grace." He fixed his eyes, fell into a deep slumber, and so passed the river of death. Thus did this man of God pass away to praise the riches of that grace that had done so much for him, carrying him through the valley of the shadow of death, and landing him in eternal glory.

Witham, May 2nd, 1876.

J. FORSTER.

WILLIAM CAM.—On Jan. 27th, aged 64, William Cam, of Acton Turville.

After serving his time as shoemaker, he came to Acton Turville, and commenced business in a small way. At that time we had an infant Baptist cause in the village. We rented a room, and had many good and faithful men to speak to us from time to time. Our friend was led in the providence of God to attend; and there the Lord met with his poor wandering sheep, who, according to his own confession, had sinned foully, and had run the downward road. But now those sins which before gave him no uneasiness became a grief and burden, and led him to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" At that time he used to go miles to hear any good and faithful minister. Sometimes he came back cast down and dejected; and at other times encouraged still to press on. After going on in this unsettled state of mind for some time, the Lord in mercy brought some sweet word of peace to his troubled mind, and gave him a hope that he should at length obtain the blessing of pardon and peace through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Though not brought out like many into the glorious liberty of the gospel, yet he was enabled, at times, to go on his way rejoicing.

Now there was a little chapel built; and a few who had been members of other churches wished to unite. A church was formed on Strict Baptist principles. Soon after, our friend, with two or three others, was led to see the ordinance of baptism to be the way Jesus had appointed and commanded by which to enter the church militant. The Scripture that speaks of Jesus after his resurrection being known by his



disciples in breaking of bread was that which encouraged him to hope and long for a like blessing. Some two or three years after, he was chosen deacon, with two others.

He had to share in the joys and sorrows that attend everything in this sin-smitten world. Having a large family, he was obliged to work hard to provide for them. His wife had a long lingering illness, which terminated in death; an account of which appeared in the "G.S." Aug., 1875. A year or two before her death, our friend's health began to fail. The first verse of the hymn, beginning, "Weary of earth, myself, and sin," was almost constantly on his mind, and expressed the feelings of his soul. The loss of his wife was a great trial; and after that he had another painful family trial. As the winter came on it was evident his strength was fast failing. He complained of a pain at the chest, and his breath being short. The doctor told him it was heart disease of long standing, and that he might die any moment; which proved to be correct.

I called to see him on the evening before his death. He was sitting up by the kitchen fire. His voice was weak; but he did not appear to be worse than for some time. He said solemnly, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" On the morning, he kept his bed all day; and after taking a little supper was left for a short time. Soon after, an unusual noise was heard; and in a very short time his spirit was gone, we hope and trust, from a world of sin and sorrow to a better home.

JOHN PINNELL.

EDWARD BATES.—On March 24th, aged 73, Edward Bates, of Over Darwen, minister of the gospel for upwards of 33 years.

The Lord was pleased to work convictions in him before he was 17. At about 20 he was brought to the bar of God, tried, condemned, cast, and sentenced. He lay there for a long time. One Lord's day he went and heard a preacher who spoke of the blessedness of faith, and what it could do. He said to himself, "If I had that faith I would give a world." A little while after, Christ was pleased to give him faith, under the operation of which he sang,

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood," &c.

He saw and felt he was put in, and lost all his guilt.

He joined the Independents at Bolton. At the first ordinance he saw Jesus by the eye of faith; and he wept at the revelation of such love to one so vile and base. He was not satisfied for three or four years, sitting under a Yea and Nay preaching, which did not meet the deep exercise of soul he was passing under. In the providence of God he was removed to Over Darwen. Mr. Worrall, of Blackburn, went to his house to preach in 1828. His first text was Titus iii. 8. Mr. Bates was convinced that there was a great difference between himself and Mr. W., for he spoke of faith in such a way as Mr. B. had never before heard. He went to Blackburn on the following Sunday, and heard Mr. W. on the prodigal son. He met him as he descended the pulpit, and opposed him, contending for free-will power in the chapel aisle for about half an hour.

He continued to go to Blackburn to hear Mr. W., and at length became a member. At his own request, he was baptized in the open air at Over Darwen amidst a concourse of about 4000 people. From the opposition he met with he was constrained to carry a Bible in his pocket daily, and thus began to preach before he knew it. They gave him texts. One was, "My son, give me thine heart." He spoke about God making them sons before time, quickening them in time to make them know they were sons, and then asking them to give him their hearts. The church at Blackburn, hearing that he had been preaching, brought him before them, showing him that he had no authority to preach without being

first heard by the church, and receiving its sanction and approval. The church at once made arrangements for an early service in the Lower School-room, to commence at 9 o'clock each Lord's day morning. Mr. Bates, Mr. Forster, Mr. Ramsbottom, and (some say) Mr. Taylor were called upon to conduct these services alternately. This continued for a considerable time, and then Mr. Bates was called upon to conduct the regular service in the chapel. After this he was sent out to supply the surrounding churches, and continued to preach until within about 18 months of his death.

During his sickness he had by him an old hymn book, in which, with his own hand, he underlined several hymns and portions of hymns suitable to the exercises of his mind and the experiences he was passing under.

He died resting only on the suretyship and substitutional work of Jesus.

Blackburn.

W. KING.

JAMES GORDON.—On Mar. 29th, aged 51, James Gordon, member of Zoar Baptist Church, Cardiff.

He was convinced of his state as a sinner before God when in Worcester, at the age of 25, by the application of the words, "Lord, save me." Being made to feel his lost and ruined condition, he, at times, feared the earth would open and swallow him up. Eternal realities being laid upon his conscience, he would go into secret places to give vent to his soul's feelings, crying, with the poor publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Under these exercises he went to various places of worship; but found no peace or rest for his guilty conscience until, in the providence of God, he came to Cardiff about fifteen years ago, where he attended an Independent chapel. His wife, having joined our little church, often invited him to go with her, but to no purpose, until that dear man of God, the late Mr. Spire, came here to preach, when his wife again invited him, saying that Mr. S. was indeed a wonderful man. His answer was, "I will go and hear your wonderful man." Accordingly he went; and the Lord the Spirit sent his word home to his heart with power, sweetly melting him down at his feet, and enabling him to realize his interest in Jesus. He came forward; and following his dear Lord in the despised ordinance of believers' baptism, cast in his lot with the people of God.

The last two years of his life he was heavily afflicted in body and in mind. He felt his tabernacle was being taken down; and often feared that in soul matters he should not endure unto the end. At times, under these feelings, he would exclaim, "I shall perish." He was very much tempted by the adversary to put an end to his existence; and on one occasion went very near the execution of the dread temptation, but was delivered and kept by the power of God. On another occasion he had walked into the cemetery with one of the Lord's people, who was to him, all through his affliction, a brother and companion in tribulation. When they saw a man brought to the grave who had committed suicide, our departed friend burst into tears, and said to his brother, "That will be my case." But these words came with a little comfort: "Fear not; I have redeemed thee."

On Feb. 18th he took to his bed. On the 20th, the friend already alluded to called to see him, and spoke to him of the preciousness of Jesus Christ, and his suitability as a Saviour for needy sinners. It was made a blessing, and the Lord delivered his soul from the dreadful temptations of the devil, and kept his mind in a sweet and passive frame.

On Mar. 1st he said he was asking the Lord to make it more manifest that he was his child. These words came with power and sweetness:

"Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." He then said, "I shall doubt no more." On the 4th he had these words applied: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." He felt comfortable and happy in his mind, with a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. On the 5th, a few of the friends came to see him, thinking his end was near, and spent a little time in prayer. He felt it to be a profitable opportunity, and began to speak a little of what he felt of the goodness of God to his soul. But, after the friends were gone, the enemy set upon him; and he said to his wife, "I have deceived them." On the 6th his wife reminded him of what he had said the day before.

On Mar. 11th he was much favoured with the Lord's presence, and felt joy unspeakable, and could leave all things in the Lord's hands. Hymns 195 and 483 were very precious to him. On the 18th he said, "I am on the Rock, and feel a little of the sweetness of these words: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" He then exclaimed, "Sweet affliction! Sweet affliction! Sweet affliction!" A friend reminded him that nothing but grace could enable him to say that. He replied, "I could not say it some time ago; for I was full of doubts and fears. On the 28th he called his wife to help him praise the Lord, saying, "His mercies are new every morning. Precious Saviour! It will all end well. Bless the Lord, O my soul!" On the following day he entered his eternal rest without a sigh or groan.

Our departed brother possessed by grace a meek and a quiet spirit. His words were few, but solid. He endured a great fight of affliction, but came off more than conqueror. For a long time he was held in bondage by the fear of death; but in the article of death he found that Jesus could "make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." His dying testimony to the faithfulness of a covenant God cheered the hearts of the Lord's people here. When his blood-washed spirit joined the songsters before the throne, devout men carried his mortal remains to their resting-place, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

April 27th, 1876.

T. ROBBINS.

GEORGE THRUSH.—On April 15th, aged 78, George Thrush, of Clack.

He was one of the few who were baptized at the first baptizing attended to in Zion Chapel, Calne, after the chapel was built. He stood member at Calne until the church was formed at Clack in Feb., 1843; when George, with Mr. W. Ferris, and two others who stood members at Calne, and five from four other churches, joined in forming a church at Clack on Strict Baptist principles.

It can be said of George that, through fear of death, until April 13th, he was subject to bondage. I went in to see him, and asked him how it was with him. His reply was, "I can find no comfort anywhere." I said to him, "Then you are not beyond the hymn you have so many times read:

"Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry, &c."

The hymn throughout described the whole of his heart before God. I stayed with him over an hour. A few minutes before I left he said, "I want to step into Jordan's flood, that the spirit may take its flight." I said, "Is the fear of death gone?" "Yes," he said. In all the many years of his seeking and following the Lord, this was the first time I had ever heard him say "Yes" on this blessed and important point. After this not many words were spoken by him. He became prostrated and seemingly unconscious to all around until he died.

I have no scruple in my mind concerning the reality of the work of God in his soul, and that his end was peace.

JAMES GUY.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JULY, 1876.

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

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SOWING IN TEARS, REAPING IN JOY.

A SERMON PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, EDEN STREET,  
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, BY THE LATE MR. COWPER.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. CXXVI. 5, 6.

It appears that the psalmist was directed by the Holy Ghost to call the attention of the church to that condition in which, under the afflicting hand of God, she had been placed, when in the midst of numerous enemies he was bringing chastisement upon her, when her captivity waxed great, when she was oppressed and distressed. It does appear that her troubles got heavier the nearer the time of her emancipation approached. We are led to this conclusion from looking back at what we have passed through, and sometimes feel a little thankful at the way the Lord has led us. Have you not, poor sinner, at times, in some of your down-cast moments, when your hearts have been sorrowful concerning your condition, because you could hardly make out where you were, what you were, and what would become of you? As these things increased, weakness increased, hardness of heart increased, carelessness increased; and your carnal mind seemed to gather such strength until you have been afraid of sitting down in dejection, and going into a kind of melancholy.

In this condition, the psalmist appears to take the church by the hand, and says to her in the Lord's name, "Look back." Can you not remember the time when you were without hope, and without God in the world, when you had no soul conflict, knew nothing of heart travail, nothing of the exercises of a body of sin and death? Now, to sum up the matter, could you say you should like to be in that state now? Say, poor, weak, tried believer, who can only believe you are a poor, lost, undone sinner, would you like to be without that feeling of being a poor, lost, undone sinner? But when I say with only that feeling, I do not think there is a poor, lost, undone sinner in the world that is really so in feeling, but is the workmanship of God the Holy Ghost. And, therefore, I must say, that although a poor sinner may think there is nothing done for him, yet, at times, when he comes to look the matter over, he will find more has been done

for him than he was aware of. The enemy has got my heart at that work many times, for this very reason, that if he could get me to believe nothing had been done for me, there would be nothing to be thankful for. The aim and end of the devil in this is to drive us into rebellion. But, my friends, the gracious design of God in calling the church to look back is to stir up thankfulness. You see, you were in a state of captivity, you were in the enemy's land, you were far off from prosperity, dead to all your comforts and privileges, and the enemy dealt very hardly with you; yet you would not desire to be in the state you once were. So it is with some of the Lord's people. Though they have not had enough done to bring them to believe to the comfort of their souls, yet there is enough done to bring them to feel they want more, and that by God himself. Now, friend, if there is enough done to bring thee to feel thou wantest more done, and that by the Lord himself in thy heart, depend upon it thou art in a safe state, because he will never leave his work undone. Thou hast God's blessed testimony for it. "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

I do not doubt that many of you have had many sore trials, and much affliction. Sin is a troublesome thing; for the devil, your constant enemy, plagues, tries, harasses, and perplexes you, which causes you to mourn and sigh. What says Paul on the subject? "And to you who are troubled, rest with us." That man who is not much troubled with doubts and fears, I should greatly question if he were not too good friends with the devil to be plagued by him. But while many of you are troubled and tried by the adversary of souls, a body of sin and death, and the corruptions of your nature, thinking sometimes, as I have, that you do well to write bitter things against yourselves, it will make you look the matter over more closely, to see whether you are deceived or not, or if Satan has set any snares to catch your soul. You will be brought, with godly David, to say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts." This man is not afraid of a search-warrant. A godly man wants God to search him. Now, you see, in the discovery of all these enemies, the poor soul is searched and re-searched. Here arises a blessed reason to say, taking the poor sinner at his worst state, though knowing that the need of the cure is not the remedy, that there is a ground for hope and patience to rest upon, with security and certainty of the cure. "Ah!" says one. "I do not know my interest, else I might." No, poor sinner; the time was when I did not know mine; and sometimes now I am almost ready to doubt the thing. The poor soul who has lost the enjoyment feels and thinks he does well to indulge in a kind of suspicion. He therefore prays the Lord to search him. Look at him. What is it he wants? He wants Christ; Christ to comfort him, Christ to speak to him, Christ to remove his doubts, Christ to calm

his fears, and increase his faith. If this is your desire, poor soul, you must have known him, have had some little intimation of his loving-kindness, else you would not want him again. Here is good solid ground in your experience.

This, I can assure you, is not a flighty matter. The poor soul, in the language of the text, is one going forth, sowing in tears; and as sure as he sows in tears, he shall reap in joy. It will be well with him in life, well in death, and well in eternity. These tears are not such as arise from the fruit or temperament of our nature. I have seen some who could weep almost at any time or at anything. The text passes them by; it points not to natural tears. We must look a little farther than that.

Let us inquire,

I. *What these tears are.*

II. From *what* they proceed.

III. *Where* they are sown.

I. I have already shown that natural tears are not intended here; they are eternal things with which we have to do. We have to weep, sometimes, the same as the world, when we meet with great losses, crosses, and trials in the things of providence. The Lord has never assigned his people a smooth lot long together; the world has the best of it by far. But, taking the church as a body, the Lord has oftentimes called his people to lamentation, weeping, and woe, while the world is rejoicing. Sometimes he calls the world to mourning; so that the church and the world have to mourn each in turn. But there is a great difference between what a child of God weeps for, as a child of God, and what the worldling weeps for, as a worldly man. Our Lord Jesus Christ says, "Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man taketh from you."

From this we may gather plainly that the sorrow in one man's bosom is of a different kind from that in another. There is what is called in the Word of God a *godly* sorrow, and rightly so called too. To this godly sorrow the text points. They who have this godly sorrow in their heart bring forth godly tears. Have you this godly seed? If you have godliness in your heart, you will weep on account of the ungodliness within you, the corruption and uncleanness of your heart. Tears that arise on this account stand for something. The Lord puts them in his bottle; they are all put down in his book. He says of the poor weepers over their hard hearts, over the ungodliness of the old man, which harasses their soul, a body of sin and death, the devil daily tempting and plaguing them, until they are a burden to themselves, of these the Lord says, "They shall be mine, when I make up my jewels."

The feeling of grief, the pouring out of the complaint over the corruptions of nature, is a lasting thing in a believer's life. I

wish you to take the expression home with you; it is a lasting thing in a believer's life. That man who gets over the old man pretty soon never knew what the old man is. The old man of sin is sorrowful company to a child of God all the days of his life. It was this which made Paul give such deep sighs, when he heaved up these words from the tried state of his soul: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And yet, with almost the same breath, he says, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." He thanks God for deliverance. Poor soul, if you cannot do so, may the Lord help you, and then you will. If the Lord helps you, he will enable you to triumph over these enemies.

What sighs, tears, and groans escape from you who feel your bad heart, your vile nature! I do not mean those little drops of water that trickle down your cheeks, but inward sorrow; as an old divine so fully expresses it: "The new man of grace weeping over the old man of sin." Now, I ask you honestly before God, has your old man of sin made you weep since last Lord's day? I know how heavy I came on my journey to London. I suffered almost the whole of yesterday. What sighs, what cries, what dropping of tears, in penitence of mind, contrition of heart, what humbling of soul before God, what abasement! Such is the state of a poor believer, that he has not words strong enough to express the condition of his heart before God; until at last he cries out, "I am less than the least of all." He grieves that he cannot get better. He sighs, and concludes none can be worse. Have you dropped that tear within the last few days?

Again. Look at the poor soul, with regard to the graces of the Eternal Spirit. Though they are all planted in his heart, yet it seems, at times, as if the old man could carry almost everything in the soul. The believer cannot do the things that he would. Satan stirs up sin, lusts, and abominations in his heart. He has got such a cage of unclean birds, hatched by the devil, such a brood of iniquity in his soul, that he cries out, "My carnal, evil, vile, wretched, hard heart! Lord, what will become of such a wretch?" Down goes his head into the dust; up comes the tear of true repentance: "O Lord, how am I pressed and exercised whether I am a real partaker of true and saving faith!"

When the believer is shut up and cannot come forth, people may tell him to exercise faith on the promises, take hold of them, and only believe. The poor thing would fain do so with all his heart and soul; but he feels unbelief is uppermost when he tries to believe. At times, he questions whether there is any reality in religion. Satan has told me many times that there was no soul in my body, no judgment to come, no heaven, no hell, until I have thought my heart would burst, that I must die a wretched infidel, given up of God. Here is weeping, poor soul! Here is crying from the abominations and carnality of thy nature! This is a token for good, poor soul, to thee. And with regard to the

things of this world, thy hopes are destroyed; thou hast not such a good opinion of thyself as thou once hadst; it is all taken away. Therefore, thou canst not say there is nothing done for thee. The Lord help thee to look back, when thou wast without hope, without conflict, without this warfare against a body of sin and death, without exercises of heart, without a bad opinion of thyself. Poor sinner, I will tell thee, as I do my people, thou art half way to heaven, and art sure of the other half. Though thy sorrows increase, and thou art now cast down, troubled, tried, and distressed, yet I know full well that what the text says shall be fulfilled.

This sorrow is quite distinct from the sorrow of the world. The men of the world say they have a good heart; but the poor child of God is led to see he has a vile heart, and that he cannot trust it. Were it not for these internal evils, how comfortable our pilgrimage would be!

II. Let us inquire, *Whence* these tears come.

The Lord frequently lays sorrow on a believer because he has not denied himself as he ought to have done. After your heart has been going out after this, that, and the other thing, the devil urging you forward, when, through the blessing of God, you have escaped the snare, you have wondered at the goodness of God in bearing with your manners in the wilderness. You smite on your breast, saying, "How vile I am! It is through the mercy of the Lord I have not started back. What a cage of evil birds is my heart! Yet, bless the Lord for ever, I have been preserved." Down the soul goes, and drops another tear. Where is the man that is clean without transgression? He will not be here to-day.

III. I am to show *where* these tears are sown. Why I name this is because some persons say we make our religion up of frames and feelings. Others say we preach corruption; and they are not pleased. They say we put experience in the place of Christ. We tell them that we are *not* corruption-preachers, and do *not* put experience in the place of Christ, though there is no Christ in the soul the hope of glory, without experience. In the deepest affliction of a tried soul, when he sees the imperfections of his past life, and confesses what a poor creature he has been, he looks back with shame, and says, "'I am more brutish than any man.'

"'Without thy graces and thyself  
I were a wretch undone.'

But for thy grace, what a wretch I had been! But for thy grace, I had run headlong to the pit of destruction. If it had not been for grace, sin would have been my ruin. What do I not owe to sovereign grace?" Here the poor soul does not rest content, but presses on. While he goes in *this* path, I trust he will get pretty good experience.

I think many pride themselves upon their experience. They talk one another into an experience which is not true experience;



it is not productive of a consistent life. Where such an experience is, it comes from the flesh and the devil, and is embraced by an unwatchful soul. Now, mark, godly experience is the true work of God the Eternal Spirit. Sound experience comes from his divine teaching. Sound experience, blessedly known in the conscience, is such that the soul can no more trust in it than on a broken reed. He knows it will not produce any good before God apart from God, and that every good must come from God. He cannot have any love, faith, or lively hope but what comes from God. I think I shall take you all in here who have the love of God in your souls. You will not trust to a good experience; but, being bowed down before God, will pray to have your hope rightly placed on Christ and his blood. So scrupulous is the soul about trusting to Christ, that he has a thousand fears lest he should have Christ in his head, and not Christ in his heart. This is the place believers try to come at. All their dependence for mercy, all their hope of salvation, is not on frames and feelings.

Twenty or thirty years ago, coming to the Lord, God helping me, I humbly hope that there was a godly embracing, a blessed laying hold of his precious blood, faith placing my tears, sighs, and groans in the blood of Christ; and that prevailed with God. There you can place your tears, there sow your sorrows, there place your hope. When the precious love of Christ fills my heart, such a change takes place that I can scorn the rage of the world, take up my cross, deny myself, and pray that he would help me on from day to day. The Lord help you to be truly watchful concerning your coming to Christ, my friends. A poor sinner that comes to Christ comes to him through the sorrows of his soul. He is so crushed down, as it were, under the burden with which sin and Satan have loaded him that he is almost borne down. He cries, "Help, Lord! I want to have more acquaintance with thy blood than with my corruptions; more precious power from a dying Christ than from an accusing enemy." My friends, this is the sowing place.

"He that goeth forth with weeping." You see, he weeps all the way. It is a weeping road. But I must plainly tell you that, when a poor believer first gets Christ to place his hopes upon, and obtains a view of him, then weeping tears of sorrow will be shut out and shut up. When he gets there, the poor soul will weep for thankfulness that ever sovereign mercy brought him so far, and enabled him to give his heart to the Lord Jesus. The Lord help you to remember this all the days of your life, that you cannot sow too much thankfulness to Jesus Christ in confessing your sins, casting your soul with all true humility of heart before the Lord, committing all to him, making more of his precious blood than the devil tempts you to make of your sins, and the old man with a body of sin and death. When faith is at work in the soul, with the grace and power of God to help, we shall always make more of Christ than of all our sins. The Lord has helped me, at times, so to triumph in a precious Christ that I

have been enabled to say to sin, Satan, and all my corruptions, "I shall see the death of you." My poor soul has thus been brought to feel that I shall see an end of all my corruption, all my vileness, that they shall be all swallowed up in the dear Redeemer. Yet, after all, they have returned again in such power that I have begun to question whether I really have had that enjoyment. Down my poor soul has sunk again. Then, again, I am a little sad, committing my case and my feelings, in humbleness of mind and meekness of soul, to the Lord. When the poor soul pours out his heart freely and copiously to the Lord, and he begins to thank and bless God, something comes to make him sad again. The heaviest of his sorrow is going under the load of this corruption. And as I tell my people, so I tell thee; whatever trouble thou hast, and whatever difficulty thou findest, thou canst not do better than bring it to the blessed Jesus, to God thy Saviour. Poor believer, here is solid ground; coming to this is a blessed safe place. This is where the seed is cast in, and where the Lord will take care of it. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

When I was a young man, I was very much tried by hearing persons declare that there is nothing in the book of psalms but Jesus Christ. That is not the truth; because the work of God the Holy Ghost is there, as well as the work of Jesus Christ. The experience of the people of God is plainly in the book of psalms,—that deep experience the psalmist is directed of the Holy Ghost to set forth; and the work of Jesus Christ, and what he was called to perform in after times. We find many who profess to be walking in Christian liberty saying they care nothing about experience; Christ is All. The people of God are often staggered at it. This was my case. But now I care not for them. They say, "Away with experience! Christ is All and in all." This was very trying to me. I used to think, "These are the favourites of heaven. They have got such enjoyments that I shall never experience." And, blessed be God, I never did. And, blessed be his name, I have seen so far into that kind of religion that I never want to be there.

There is an experience set forth in the book of psalms that none know the height, the depth, the breadth, and the length of, but Jesus Christ. And as I have made the assertion, it is but right I should prove it: "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps." That could apply only to the Lord Jesus; though we have heard rash words from rash talkers, who say they have had the wrath of God in their soul. This is not truth; as a drop of that wrath would sink the soul to eternal death. Jesus Christ alone really felt the wrath of God. You and I may feel to have it hanging over the conscience, and dread the impending storm, until we feel a very hell of horrors, and think we are born for eternal destruction, and dread the Almighty

vengeance to such a degree that we may lose our flesh and health, and even sleep may depart from us. We may become a burden to ourselves, thinking we shall be condemned by the Almighty, disappointed of all hope, shut up where prayer cannot come forth, that we must be lost for ever. These are the dreadful forebodings of some of the children of God. But these are only forebodings, only apprehensions. The wrath of God is eternal fire; his vengeance is hell. It is a fearful thing to be lost. None can tell what the wrath of God is but those who are lost. As soon as it is opened up to a poor sinner, he dreads and expects it coming on him; his life is a burden to him. As I said before, he is worn to a skeleton, as poor Job was, when he said, "My bones are pierced in me in the night season, and my sinews take no rest." The psalmist says, "My tongue cleaveth to the roof of my mouth;" and Hezekiah saith, "Mine eyes fail with looking upward;" "I cannot look up any more; I must give up all my religion, and die in black despair." The poor sinner, while thus exercised, is in a safe place. Though not in a comfortable state, he is in the hand of power, and in the heart of love.

These things exercised me much. It was the Lord's mercy that led me to see that there was an experience that belonged exclusively to Christ. And there is an experience that belongs exclusively to the church. There is also an experience belonging to Christ and the church. There is language made use of in the psalms which refers only to the Lord himself: "Preserve my soul, for I am holy." Who shall say that but he? "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit." None so low as Christ was; and none so holy as Christ. None so sorrowful, and none so pure as Christ. Then, looking at his own language, he says, "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again." This belongs exclusively to Christ.

But there is an experience which belongs exclusively to the church. When I have heard people reading and explaining the psalms in reference to Christ, and have heard them read such a portion as this: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," it has made my soul shudder to hear them say this belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember taking up a book, written by an old divine, who, dropping on this expression, says, "This is an experience that belongs to the church and not to Christ. There is an experience that belongs to Christ and not to the church; and there is an experience that belongs both to Christ and the church." May the Lord set your heart upon it; this is the truth. Let no man lead you headlong into these fancies. I believe Jesus Christ has been made a great stalking-horse for human passions within the last 50 years, for pleasure, profit, and to secure by-ends. The poor sinner wants Christ for nobler ends, for the salvation of his immortal soul.

Well, we say our text belongs to Christ; and it belongs to the church as well; not exclusively to Christ, but to the church and

Christ. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" here is the church. "He that goeth forth and weepeth;" here is Christ. Jesus wept, and effectually; for all that Christ did, he did effectually. When Christ wept, heaven might wonder, and hell might turn away from the sight with astonishment. Though equal with the Father, he appeared in our nature and wept. Behold a weeping Christ to save a weeping sinner. Poor sinner, God help thee to remember that in all thy afflictions he was afflicted. All thy sins were laid upon him by imputation, by a voluntary taking of them, by the sorrows he endured, by the sighs he poured out. He went through all. Thy sins pierced him through and through. He shed his heart's blood for our sins; he atones for them, he pardons them, he removes them with the best remedy,—mercy and blood. God was in Christ, reconciling sinners unto himself.

May God Almighty command his blessing, for his name's sake. Amen.

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"HELP US, O GOD OF OUR SALVATION."

Ps. LXXIX. 9.

God of my salvation, help me;  
Hear me when I cry to thee;  
Dust and ashes I approach thee,  
O thou glorious sacred Three.

God of my salvation, help me  
When I bow of sinners chief;  
Wash me in the open'd fountain;  
Give my guilty soul relief.

God of my salvation, help me  
When I to thy courts repair;  
May I find thee, dearest Jesus;  
Meet the chief of sinners there.

God of my salvation, help me  
When I to thy table come;  
Let me take the lowest station;  
Deign to feed me with a crumb.

God of my salvation, help me  
When on Jordan's brink I stand;  
Jesus, guide me through its waters;  
Bring, O bring me safe to land.

Then, thou God of my salvation,  
When in glory I appear,  
I will join the song eternal,  
Bowling with the ransom'd there.

Oct. 12th, 1873.

J. E. M.

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HE who hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he who hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

## THE EXPERIENCE OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

*(Continued from page 249.)*

ABOUT the same time, whilst at my labour, I was brought into a solemn meditation on the great covenant, and the active work and sufferings of the great and glorious Redeemer. I was led to see with amazement and delight his engagement with his Father, which also astonished angels, his great love and goodness in laying aside his robes of glory and clothing himself with the garments of vengeance, his leaving the realms of bliss, becoming incarnate, being made like unto his brethren, appearing on the stage of time as the great mystery of godliness, stretching out his glorious strong arm, and bringing to himself salvation by overcoming all his own and his bride's enemies, making himself perfect through suffering, swallowing up death in victory, giving his life a ransom for many, humbling himself to the death of the cross, and with the victor's shout exclaiming, "It is finished!" Yes, and *for me*, poor sinful me. This swallowed up and made me forget my labour and misery. I was led to follow the glorious Victor down into the tomb, and to see the weak attempts of men to confine him in prison. "He made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;" and having thus sanctified the chamber of the sleeping dust of his purchased possession with his own omnipotence, he burst the barriers of the grave, and appeared to his bride, exclaiming, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" and then ascended triumphantly, escorted by herald angels, shouting, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." He laid aside his stained raiment and garments of vengeance, having finished the work his Father gave him to do; and is now glorified and exalted above all principality and power, seated on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty on high, where he ever liveth to make intercession for the transgressions of his people, and with authority saying, "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 lovedest me before the foundation of the world."

In these secret thoughts I was brought to experience such deep compunction and godly sorrow, such repentance unto life, as I never knew before nor felt since, especially when I was brought from viewing the realms of light to again have a look into the scene of woe. Then I wept floods of tears of sorrow, mixed with joy unspeakable. I knew that my sins crowned his sacred head with thorns, and pierced his hands and feet. Yes,

"Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear."

Then the Lord caused me to experience what he declared by the mouth of Zechariah (xii. 10): "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth

for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem." So it was with me. I was so filled with weeping, mourning, sorrow, and shame, that it is impossible for me to describe; and not without a secret joy being mixed with it; for I found by a strong manifestative assurance that "he loved me, and gave himself for me," and that I was not forgotten by him when he cried with a loud voice, "It is finished!" and bowed his head.

The blessed and Eternal Spirit, in the work of the revelation of Jesus Christ to my soul, effected in me a meekness that I never felt before, and which continued with me; for afterwards I could not refrain from weeping for the afflictions of Joseph, and for the sufferings of the Lord's people, when I heard or read thereof. But I hardly ever afterwards lamented for the departed children whom the Lord had taken from the evil to come; for the Lord had made it the means of mercifully and savingly convincing me of sin, and of bringing me to a knowledge of myself and of himself, and had by his sanctifying grace caused all things to work together for my good. From that time my sorrow was turned into joy, and my mourning to praise and thanksgiving. As it is written: "And it shall come to pass that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear," &c. (Isa. xiv. 3.) "I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow." (Jer. xxxi. 13.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, and ye shall be sorrowful; but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (Jno. xvi. 20.)

Then I could "enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." And in the sanctuary I found that "the meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." (Isa. xxix. 19.) "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." (Isa. xliii. 21.)

About this time, or rather, after the last related trial, I was led to pray unto the Lord that he would search the secret chambers of my heart as with candles, as he said he would by Zephaniah. (i. 12.) "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.) I seemed as though I wanted to feel the same overwhelming sorrow for sin that I formerly felt when the law, with its killing power, was applied to my soul's condemnation. But I could not find it; and that rich declaration in Jeremiah was fulfilled in my experience: "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve." (l. 20.)

From this time I began to know a little of the plague of my heart, and to find what the Lord meant when he said, "The

heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9.) I also began to feel by daily experience that if the Lord did not by his Almighty power keep me continually, my heart would destroy me a thousand times a day. I found it to be a den of thieves, a sink of iniquity, and a nest of unclean and hateful birds. And it was only as the Lord would whisper to my soul, and say, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," that I could hold up and not despair. The enemies within were the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. The heart was the stronghold for the villains to dwell in; and it, being deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, was continually sending forth its infernal crew to keep up a correspondence with the armies without. As it is written: "But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." (Jas. i. 14; Matt. xv. 18, 19.) Sometimes I thought I should be entirely lost; but then the blessed Lord would strengthen my soul by saying, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." (Isa. xxvii. 3.) Then my soul would get comfort and strength for the battle and another attack of the enemy.

I remember that, when I was at the bombardment of Cadiz by Marshal Soult, we were more afraid of the spies or enemies within than the armies without. Diligent search was made for spies, who, when detected, were hanged upon the ramparts or walls of the city. Thus I, jealous of such enemies, in the deepest distress, and overwhelmed with soul trouble and heavy attacks from without, was obliged to cry to the strong for help, even to him who said, "Without me ye can do nothing;" "O Lord, deliver me from these internal, infernal, lurking foes. Search me and try me," &c.

But O the distress that followed, my pen fails to describe, and my tongue to utter. I seemed as vile as hell and sin could make me; and had I not been kept by the power of God, I certainly should have made shipwreck of my faith, and have become an apostate in this time of trial. But the Lord hath said, "I give unto my sheep *eternal* life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

But what deep sighs, what unutterable groans, what unceasing prayer, what looking up, what longing desires, what hoping that the Lord would again be gracious unto me, and attend unto the voice of my roaring! One night, in particular, whilst under this dark dispensation, as I was going to the house of prayer, I cried unto the Lord that he would, for his own Name's sake, let his grace make these dread contentions cease, and shed his everlasting peace abroad in my poor heart. But this night, at the prayer-meeting, as one of the brethren was addressing the throne of grace, my distress came on more than ever. I not only suffered from internal corruptions, but I was interrupted by infernals. I was brought to cry out, not with the tongue, but within my soul, "O Lord, appear and deliver my soul! O

Lord! Come and help me, for I am in great distress. Have mercy upon me, according to thy promise and thy former loving-kindnesses. Thou hast delivered, and thou hast said that thou wilt never leave nor forsake. Come quickly, for I am greatly bowed down on account of these enemies." My heart fainted within me, and my mind was driven into the shades of despair and darkness. My soul was groaning and crying in language that could not be uttered, whilst the brethren were engaged in prayer.

Then was this made good in my experience: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." The great Lover of souls, the glorious Almighty Conqueror, the Captain of our salvation, the great Deliverer, almighty to save, who hath promised his ready help in time of need, came up to my deliverance.

Blessings on thy holy Name! Though thou dost hide thy visible presence, yet thou dost manifest thyself to my soul as thou dost not unto the world, in sweet meditation, contemplation, prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. And thy most holy Word proves daily to my soul that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

I now often say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." For by his everlasting love felt, by his omnipotent power experienced, by holy communion with his Person enjoyed, by the blood of atonement applied home to my heart, I trust he has firmly fixed my affections and hope upon himself, and has made me rest assured, not only by his love tokens, rich manifestations, great and glorious views of his Person, but also by his holy Word, that he will come again, and take me to himself. He says, "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." "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

These things are some of the changing scenes of life. It is written: "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." "Blessed is the man that feareth always." "By the fear of the Lord men depart from evil." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." David, when near his last change, said, "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, although he make it not to grow."

About the spring of 1830, I began to think seriously, notwithstanding that my partner and household seemed to be very opposed, to establish family prayer in my house. I was wrought upon, with Joshua, to say, in substance, if not in word, "As for



me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This filled me with confusion and distress of mind, at this time, more than anything else I had to contend with; and matters at home hanging heavily upon me, it seemed as though all things were fighting against me. I found in this instance, as well as in others, that when I would do good, I could not, for evil was present with me; and how to do good I found not. I soon began to despair of coming up to Joshua's determination, and was obliged to give up those endeavours and to leave off. But I found this exercise profitable, as it was among the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." I believe that every one who knows the Lord can and does say with Paul,—at least I can, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved;" but, at the same time, can bow to his sovereignty and acknowledge his right when he says, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion."

Thus, my reader, if thou hast ever been exercised with me under family trials, and hast wished to be enabled to say with Joshua, "As for me and my house," &c., I can mark out some of thy footsteps. Judge of my feelings under such circumstances. Sometimes I have been constrained to leave all and go out into the garden, and pray for them. (The opposition and persecution of Mr. B.'s family was very great.)

But, blessed be God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, he did enable me to carry these and all other troubles unto him who hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And Peter also said, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." That blessed and glorious *Him* is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who hath declared himself to be my Friend, Brother, Father, Redeemer, and God. He hath also said, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." "I will guide thee with mine eye." "Tell me thy sorrows, thy crosses, thy troubles, thy temptations, thy soul afflictions; I will save thee from all of them, and will bruise Satan under thy feet shortly." But, like Gideon, I was obliged to carry the matter several times to the throne of grace, that I might obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Dear reader, "many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Tribulation is one of the richest legacies that can come into a believer's possession. It is written: "Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;" and to make full weight, tribulation is included also. As a ship richly laden with a valuable cargo, bound to a foreign clime, must have ballast to keep her from being top-heavy and becoming a wreck, so the believer, in receiving his rich treasure of blessings, must have tribulation also. As the main-spring of a watch keeps the whole of the

works in motion, so "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Not only in the family, but in the world, we shall have tribulation; but in Christ we shall have peace. But we shall be comforted in all our tribulation, and sing and be exceeding joyful in them. There is no other way to eternal glory. As it is written: "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." And when there, it will be sung, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Therefore, if we know and have faith in Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal, that faith must be tried, and that knowledge testified of by great tribulation.

Moreover, we must be plagued with an evil heart of unbelief. As it is written: "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." We must also be troubled by the devil, his temptations, insinuations, injections, interruptions, and cunning devices. It is written of our glorious Deliverer: "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations."

And not only so, but we must have tribulation in the church. It was the case with the Galatians; for Paul lamented, and wished that they who troubled them were cut off. Bosom friends, Demas-like, turn aside, loving this present world; and some, as Alexander the coppersmith, oppose our testimony, and do us much evil. David said, "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it. Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him. But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance," &c. The minister often mocked me, and, instead of praying *for* me, prayed *at* me; and made the hearts of the righteous sad, whom the Lord made not sad.

Dear reader, if you know anything of this kind of trouble, may it be your happy lot and experience to be enabled to thank God always for patience and faith in all the persecutions and tribulations that you are called to undergo; knowing that the righteous judgment of God will render to every man according to his deeds: "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, eternal life; but unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil." "Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled rest with us," &c. Then shall ye have your reward.

"Fear not the powers of earth and hell;  
 God will those powers restrain,  
 His mighty arm their rage repel;  
 And make their efforts vain."

I must here relate another astonishing assault I received from Satan, with the intent of driving me from a throne of grace. Having obtained mercy, and having tasted that the Lord is gracious, and having felt the preciousness of communion at the throne of grace, I was at frequent opportunities every day secretly addressing the Lord of life and glory; sometimes giving thanks for past deliverances, love-tokens, and manifestations, and sometimes praying that he would be pleased to grant me more of the teaching of his Holy Spirit. I besought the Holy Spirit, too, that he would build me up, and more establish my faith in the dear Redeemer; that he would strengthen my hope in him, increase my love to him, and promote a greater joy in my soul on account of his great salvation; and that he would give me more humbling grace, meekness, patience, long-suffering, tenderness of heart and conscience, watchfulness, and prayerfulness, and especially a greater love for the brethren.

It happened upon a day in the same month in which I was first blessed with the privilege of sitting at the Lord's table, that I had a great deal of perplexity of mind, and was brought to thirst after secret communion with the Lord. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." But the world's interruptions came upon me in such quick succession all the day that I was almost distracted. I withdrew several times in the day, but was immediately called or interrupted; and my soul seemed perplexed and distressed beyond expression. I was glad when the evening arrived. No sensible fellowship had there been with my Saviour; only sighing and groaning for the lack of opportunity. I did not then know that the Spirit of the Lord "maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." I did not then know what the Lord meant in Exod. vi. 5: "And I have also heard the *groaning* of the children of Israel, whom the Egyptians keep in bondage, and I have remembered my covenant." When I got home, owing to the confusion and noise of my family, my house could afford me no opportunity for prayer; consequently, I withdrew. My mind was soon brought into a very serious, grateful frame, in rendering thanks and blessing to the God of all mercy and grace for the privilege and opportunity thus afforded me; when suddenly I was powerfully assaulted by the great enemy of souls. Dear reader, did you ever experience any of these things? Know that Satan "trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees." My soul, in the extremity of trouble, called upon the Lord for help. He was near, sheltering me under the shadow of his wings. And if ever my soul was brought to cry for shelter, refuge, and protection, it was then; and not in vain; for he kindly and compassionately rescued me, and caused the enemy to fly. I found it afterwards a very blessed opportunity. I seemed, as it were, close to the side of my Saviour and Redeemer. My soul seemed on fire with fervent love and gratitude unto him for my deliverance on this trying occasion.

Yes, poor sin-sick soul, when the enemy sees us strong in the Lord, it stirs up his malice, and makes him burn with rage. He is well skilled in cunning wiles and sly devices for his purpose; and as long as we live, the enemy's whole plan will be to separate us, if possible, from him whom our souls love. And although he may rage at us and against us, yet it is in vain; for Christ says he will never leave nor forsake us. The foul spirit knows what Christ has done by his Spirit in us. As it is written: "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world; thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word." It is the living word in us which makes it manifest that we are set apart from the world and the devil's service. And this word is the soul's weapon; it is the sword of the Spirit of God; it is the girdle of the loins. The devil hates it, for he hath felt its sharpness and power. With it the Captain of our salvation cut Rahab in pieces, and wounded the dragon. And with it all his quickened and called shall resist the devil, and make him flee from them.

(To be continued.)

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## MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

(Continued from p. 255.)

### VI.—SAYINGS TO HIS HEARERS (continued).

We are born, but not buried. What we may live to see we know not.

What sorrows, troubles, and afflictions attend all the followers of the Lamb!

What a great mercy it is to be made right in doctrine, experience, and practice!

I should not think much of that man's religion who has no changes.

I am tried about every part of my experience,—beginning, middle, and end; and so will you be.

"He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great."

"Afflictions make us see

What else would 'scape our sight,—

How very foul and dim are we,

And God how pure and bright!"

If not washed in the blood of Christ, and clothed in his righteousness, no heaven for you, no heaven for me.

The Lord's people have many troubles to pass through that are not told at every corner of the street.

I have no stone to throw at the vilest sinner. Through grace I am what I am.

I should not think lightly of that man's religion who gets answers to prayer.

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Did you ever thank God for a preached Gospel within your reach? Or is it a barnful of murmuring to a thimbleful of gratitude?

What a very great mercy to have a right religion! If Christ's righteousness will not do for a dying bed, creature righteousness will not. That will sink your soul lower than the grave.

“The soul that would to heaven attain  
Must Jacob's ladder climb,  
And step by step the summit gain,  
In measure and in time.”

If you have one grain of godly sincerity, it is better than if you could call all Abingdon yours.

Those who go with the baggage-waggon are as much a part of the army as those who go in front of the battle.

Whatever little differences there may be amongst God's people, they will be sure to cleave together in prison and in heaven.

If you put a dog into a sheepfold, the sheep will be sure to hurdle together in one corner of the field.

However you may be persecuted, they cannot put you where you cannot pray. What a mercy!

“The soul that with sincere desires  
Seeks after Jesu's love,  
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires  
With breathings from above.”

If you have a grain of grace, you must die to know how rich you are.

What a great mercy to be amongst the living in Zion! You cannot prize it too highly.

Whoever thinks of finding real happiness in this world will always be a day's march behind.

O the awfulness of dying out of Christ! O the blessedness of dying in Christ!

If this world, with its fading pleasures, is so admired, what must heaven be, which God praises?

Have you ever experienced the new birth? If not, living and dying in the state you are now in, to hell you must go.

Many are crying out, “Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,” who never felt their need of mercy.

Did you ever have the wind Euroclydon blowing in your face, and fear you should be shipwrecked?

If a person turns from free will to free grace it looks well; but if he turns from free grace to free will it looks very bad.

You may pay people to do many things for you, but no one can die for you, nor go to hell for you.

How few Christians are so conspicuous as soldiers! Yet they are called soldiers.

Religion will interfere with everything, or it will soon interfere with nothing.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE RAINBOW.

“And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.”—REV. IV. 3.

THE rainbow is set in the cloud to bring to our remembrance the covenant God made with Noah that he would no more destroy the earth with water. And the rainbow spoken of in the above words is also the rainbow of the covenant that God has made with his own dear people.

This covenant is only made with a certain people. These people are dead in sins, as others, before their call by grace; and are sometimes worse in a natural sense than worldly people. But what a sweet mercy it is that God does not look on these people as regards their outward standing; but he first looks on that sweet rainbow of the covenant that is round about the throne, and remembers that he has engaged to save them. He first convinces these people of sin, and brings them to feel that without an interest in this covenant they must perish eternally. Sometimes this storm lasts long, and the sinner feels he shall perish in it, though he may have a hope he shall not. Nothing short of a sight of Christ will suit the poor thing in this case. And as the natural rainbow appears after a storm, so it is in this case. Though the storm may last long, this sweet rainbow appears at last. And what is the consequence? Why, the storm abates at once, and the soul feels that he has an interest in that covenant. He is favoured by precious faith to look on that rainbow, and to feel that it is set there to show him that God will not destroy him, and that God is well pleased with him through Jesus.

When he first gets a sight of this sweet rainbow, he often feels that he shall always see it, and that he shall never have another storm to go through. But, alas! How soon the rainbow is gone, and the soul is in another storm. He feels, sometimes, that the storms that come after the first are longer and stronger than the first.

Just as God sets the natural bow in the cloud to remind us of his covenant, from time to time, so it is with the poor child of God. He feels that this first sight of this rainbow of the covenant will not suffice him in after storms. He must have another sight of this rainbow of the covenant, or he feels he shall perish. Again and again he has to cry to the Lord for another sweet evidence of his interest in this everlasting covenant; and the dear Lord will appear again for those poor seeking souls that long to know that they have an interest in it. How sweet it is to the poor child of God, when he can get a sight of this rainbow from time to time! It makes him forget all the storms he has had to go through. He feels that one day he shall be landed in that blissful country where there will be no more storms, and where he will no more need this sweet rainbow. There he will

“ Bathé his weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest.”

There is one more remarkable feature in this rainbow. It is round about God's throne, to remind his dear people of the impossibility of his ever forgetting them. The bow is round about the throne where he is always sitting; and therefore he is always looking on this rainbow of his everlasting covenant, and is continually thinking of his people.

Another sweet feature in this rainbow is that it is in sight like unto an emerald, which is a beautiful green. This is to remind God's own dear people of the everlasting freshness of this covenant, and that, though all earthly covenants wax old and decay, yet this everlasting covenant is always as fresh to God as when he made it. And so this rainbow of the covenant is always green and fresh, though the poor child of God may not always realize it. And though he may have many storms to go through, yet, if ever he has seen this sweet bow of the covenant, and realized his interest in it, he is

“ In ev'ry state secure;  
Kept as Jehovah's eye.  
'Tis well with him while life endures,  
And well when call'd to die.”

A. BOORMAN.

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*WELCOME.*

WELCOME, sweet Prince of peace!  
A thousand welcomes thine!  
My joys divine increase;  
For my Beloved's mine.  
How poor are earthly joys to this!  
Jesus is mine, and I am his.  
How few they seem to be  
Who seek the Lord to know,  
Who long his face to see,  
And walk with him below,  
Who do the dear Redeemer love,  
And hope to see him soon above!  
How vain is all beside  
When once compared with this!  
My Jesus crucified  
The substance is of bliss.  
My love and joy by faith increase  
The more I know the Prince of peace.  
Come, blessed Comforter,  
And show me things to come;  
More grace on me confer,  
And lead me safely home  
Unto my Father's house above,—  
The mansion of eternal love.

May 11th, 1876.

A. H.

## CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

My dear Friend,—I duly received your letter, and was glad to hear that the chapel was in such a state of forwardness. I do hope that the Bishop of souls will be pleased to consecrate it by his gracious presence, that he will furnish it with a minister or ministers after his heart, and that it may be said truly of many, "This and that man were born in it." I mean to preach no more in the old place; I could not bear it in the summer time. Therefore, if God permit, and the Committee are willing, I will be in London when the new one is ready, and stay two Sabbaths besides the Sabbath of opening it; and hope to be able either to present you with my journey gratis, or to make it very easy. O that I was but in a situation to preach his gospel freely! Most gladly would I give up my right to be maintained by it.

My kind love to the Committee. I do hope that the good Lord will bless them with wisdom, will, and power for his work, that they may seek his glory in the welfare of his people, that they may be sweetly united in the bond of peace, and be enabled to put on charity, which is the bond of all perfectness, that they may be favoured with his presence, and blessed with communion with and nearness of access to a covenant God and Father through Christ the Mediator, and more abundantly know, by blessed experience, the benefit and the pleasantness of brethren dwelling together in unity.

I hope you will be able to get a supply for the month of June. I am much weakened by violent rheumatic pains this winter, and should not, humanly speaking, be able to bear the great perspirations which the exertion of speaking in your present chapel would produce. Be pleased to ask friends H. if they have quite forgotten me, or if they will assign a cause why I never hear from them.

With kind love to all that sincerely love the Lord Jesus, I remain, dear friends,  
 Yours affectionately in Christ,  
 Sunderland, March 29th, 1820. SAMUEL TURNER.

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Martha,—I feel a desire to write a few lines, knowing you are more concerned about your precious never-dying soul and the health of your soul than the health or affliction of your poor body. You have many doubts whether you have the life that God's people have. Well, it is a good thing to be tried; yet it is hard work to be in the dark. But yours is not the darkness the world is in; for you know it and feel it, but they do not; and your desire is, when you have one, that the Lord would send out his light and his truth to lead and guide you in the right way; and that you may see where the beginning was, where you are now, and where you are going to; and that you may know that you have a home when you have done with flesh, sin, the world, death, and the enemies of your peace.



And now I will ask you a question or two. See if you can answer them. If you can, then the root of the matter is in you. I will not try to deceive you. Now, first, do you feel you can do without God, without his help, without his mercy, without his pardoning love through blood? Can you get on well without Jesus Christ as your Friend and Helper? Is not your eye up to him? Do you not wait for and want him to come? Is he not your treasure and your All in all? I believe he is; and you cannot deny it. I will ask you another question. Are you poor or rich, full or empty? I well know what you will say to these things.

And now I will tell you a few things you love. You love a soft heart, a humble mind, nearness to God through the Son of his love, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by and through him. You love his salvation. This meets your case, as you are a sinner. What a mercy that he came to seek and to save! And, bless his precious name, he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

Again. You love God's dear people; you love their company; you love to hear them speak of what they are, and of what the Lord is, and of what they know of him. You also love the gospel, and those who preach it; and I believe you pray for them too. What do you say to these things?

Again. I believe you are among those who want to be nothing and less than nothing, in your right mind, and Christ everything good to you,—your Strength, your Rock, Refuge, Righteousness, Rest, Life, Light, Bread, Peace, Friend, and Portion. Yes, and he is too, and will be when all here will be nothing and can do nothing for you. He will go with you, sinful as you are, through life, with all its trials and tribulations; and when you are called away by death, he will be there to see you at home in glory.

You are blessed above many. Look where you are, where your feet are placed, and what you are resting upon. I will tell you; on Jesus Christ, his life, love, mercy, blood, and finished work. All the sins you have, all the devils in hell, and all your enemies within and without, can never root up or root out your interest in a once bleeding Jesus. O what a good God poor sinners have,—Father, Son, and Spirit!

Yours in Love,

Jan. 4th, 1868.

T. COLLINGE.

My dear Friend,—Through mercy I am brought on to the present moment. What a very great mercy to have a well-grounded hope in God's mercy! I have not the slightest hope of being in heaven if I am not washed in Christ's blood and clothed in his righteousness. How much religion there may be of the wrong sort! What a treasure is the fear of God! I am drawing nearer to the grave, and I wish to hold the world with

a looser hand. I do not want anything to stand betwixt my soul and Christ. You will see by the enclosed what wise remarks William Huntington makes in a letter respecting the two portions. The right sort of religion is bought in the fire; and we would not sell it, in our right minds, for thousands of pounds. Riches and honours are not worth much to a dying man.

I need patience and resignation for my present path. I have many mercies and blessings that very many have not in their afflictions. Sanctified sicknesses are great mercies. At the first there may be rebellion; but afterwards the peaceable fruits of righteousness are manifest. We are not to choose our own crosses; we should pray but little if we did. Real necessity produces real prayer, and then watching and waiting. So a form will not satisfy the living children of God.

Friend Godwin mentioned at the baptizing what an old woman said at Leicester when he baptized her at Alfred Street chapel, before the congregation:

“Down into the water with my Jesus I'll go,  
Not fearing death if I meet him below.”

It would be a reproof to some who are so slow to follow the Lord through this divine ordinance.

I am much the same as when I last wrote. May the Lord give me wisdom to direct me. Give my love to the deacons, the afflicted, and any inquiring friends. May the God-fearing pray for me, and may I pray for them. Remember me to your wife.

Yours affectionately,

Oakham, Oct. 2nd, 1863.

W. TIPTAFT.

“I am more and more enamoured with the better part. There is no life like a life of faith, no inheritance like heaven, no treasure like grace, no portion like God, no honour like adoption, no majesty like the kingdom of Christ. And blessed be God, the life of my soul, energy in pursuing, and the attracting and alluring words of his love do not die or abate in my heart. There are some stretchings after God, though, at times, on a low spot, as an old woman once told me. I arose this morning very early and have been looking all round me; but my mind has been so aspiring as to see all created things a blank and a deceptive shadow, which ere long will pass away. And *then* what becomes of a portion in this life? All earthly inheritances will consume and vanish away in a moment; but grace and truth can never fade, never vanish, never deceive, never be lost. Grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life; and truth shall be settled in heaven.”

HUNTINGTON.

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My dear Friend,—I often think of you in your loneliness, and wish much I could write to you anything that might cheer you, something godly, something to say about Him who ought to be our chief thought and delight. We are both hastening to the silent tomb, and the things of time are fast passing away. May we, as our end draws near, be longing for his appearing, that we

may be able to say, "This is my God; I have waited for him." But the days of darkness I find are many; and I sometimes feel shut out from all feeling that the Son of God is indeed my Redeemer. They are painful seasons, but needful; as scripture tells me that it is the tribulative path which leads to eternal glory, and this path I would not shun, knowing from experience that the sweets follow the bitters. I grieve and lament that I am so unlike Him who has left us a pattern that we should follow in his steps. I feel it sometimes a great mercy that so great a sacrifice has been made as his sad crucifixion, that I might escape so fearful an eternal death, without which I must have inevitably fallen into. I believe none know its horrors and terrors but those who have been plucked as brands from the burning.

I often think of our little visits to Ansty, and the warm welcome we used to meet there. Those who have gone before us are now basking in the glory of their Lord and Saviour, all sin and tears for sin being wiped away through his blood-shedding. I may well pray, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people. O visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the good of thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that I may glory with thine inheritance." I am much crippled in my right shoulder and arm, so that I cannot always write; but I have been intending to give you a few lines for some time. I will now stop. With kind love, I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

Stoke, Feb. 1st, 1867.

F. M. ISBELL.

[Mrs. Isbell was Mr. Philpot's sister. See *Obit.*, "G. S.," p. 356, 1870.]

Dear Friend,—I went with two friends to see Mr. Orton, of Longford, on May 16th, and the dear old man received us gladly. He is now 76. I told him I had a letter to read to him, and that I wanted him to preach. I said I would read him the text. "Ah," said he, "we want the blessed Spirit to read it into our hearts." "Well," said I, "if the Lord should use me as the instrument, that will do."

I proceeded to read the letter. After reading it, I asked him if he remembered the late Mr. Gadsby preaching from that portion of scripture: "Blessed are the pure in heart." Most emphatically he replied, "Yes! Bless his dear heart, he's now in glory, and I hope soon to be there myself." "Then," said I, "you must preach to us from it." "Preach," said he, "I am too full to preach. The feeling comes so fully to my mind." But after a short time he began to relate a little of the effects the sermon had upon him. Said he, "I had been, at times, to hear a Church parson, one of those conditional gentlemen who say we must do this and the other, or we shall be lost. Well, it used so to work upon my feelings that I knew not what to do with myself, for with all my doings I got no better. Time rolled on, and Mr. Gadsby was advertised to preach at Longford Chapel. Upon hearing it, I resolved in my own mind to go and hear him.

The time arrived, and I accordingly went and took a seat in the gallery. His text was: 'Blessed are the pure in heart.' I shall never forget it. He told me in and out and all that I was, and illustrated it by two sheets of paper, one white and the other black. He went on for some time; and when he came to the white paper and how it would cry out, 'O, I shall be smothered!' I felt myself to be the very character. This the Lord used as the means of setting my soul at liberty; and a precious season it was too. Such was the effect it had upon me that I had to put my hands up to my mouth to stop my shouting out, I was so full; but I did not want to make an oration." (See "G. S.," p. 197, May, 1876.

Among the men Mr. O. speaks of hearing were Gadsby, Fowler, Warburton, and Kershaw; "but," said he, "we used to consider Gadsby the bishop. He would give the Arminians such a dressing down, and tell them things that they did not like to hear. Upon one occasion, after coming out of chapel, one of them said to him, 'Mr. G., if it was not for the law, I would take a sword and cut you in two.'"

Upon another occasion, he heard this servant of God preach from a portion in the 1st epistle of Peter: "Unto you, therefore, that believe he is precious." He began, "Dear friends, the first two or three verses of this epistle are Greek, Latin, and Hebrew to me. I cannot read or understand them. But I can understand my text: '*Unto you that believe he is precious.*' Jesus is the marrow of the gospel. His Name, his Person, his blood and righteousness,—this is the place for a poor perishing sinner. This is the ground and foundation of my hope; and I want no other."

Coventry, May 28th, 1876. \_\_\_\_\_

My esteemed Friend,—Soon after I arose from my bed this morning you came rather powerfully on my mind, and I began to think, Is there anything the matter with him? So I thought I would drop a line to ask you if it is well with thee in body and soul, well with thy wife, well with thy family, and with thy little farm and stock. While walking up and down in my garden with you in my thoughts, I asked myself this question: "Why is it that I feel such a secret glow of love to this man?" These words passed through my mind: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Then, while I believe this to be an evidence of life divine, to prove it in myself, I said, "Why do I love him? Is it for any act of kindness I have received, merely? No. Then what is it for? Because of the spirit and savour of his conversation." Last Sunday I was at the Wells, and for years I never was so nervous and troubled with the fear of man as I was then; for in going up the pulpit stairs my legs trembled under me. But after a quarter of an hour I lost it all, and I was like a hind let loose; and so it continued through the day, and

I hope with the blessing of the Lord. But afterwards, when I got up from my night's rest, and after breakfast went into my garden as usual, a spirit of depression took hold of me, and I sank fathoms in my feelings. I have sometimes said that God has given some of his people a fall-back promise, or a blessed manifestation; and were it not for these we should drop to the borders of despair. But when are these fall-backs mostly prized? When in trouble, or sinking through fear. Dear old Jacob, when in the valley wrestling with the angel, what was his fall-back promise? "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Well, I thought, what is my fall-back promise? In a few minutes, I thought, Well, on this spot, Nov. 19th, 1875, the Lord sweetly dropped these words into my soul: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." What was the effect they had? Why, it seemed too great for me. I cried earnestly to the Lord to decide or confirm it to me; and though I got no word, there was as it were a dew on my soul for an hour or two, and I wanted to praise the Lord. These lines dropped into my soul with power:

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise," &c.

If not awfully deceived, I seemed to have the dear and Holy Spirit near me. The other lines sweetly came:

"He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate;  
His loving-kindness, O how great!"

I walked up and down singing them; and though I am often tried about death, yet at this time I could have laid down on the path and died. Never before did I enter into the language of the church in Solomon's Song: "Stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please;" for I was afraid of being called indoors, lest I should lose the sweet feeling. But afterwards this dew on my soul gradually left me. I felt satisfied that it was a prelude of some trial; and O what darkness and deadness I have passed through since, except when in the pulpit! But in reference to that blessed manifestation, dear Hart has left this behind him:

"To look on this when sunk in fears,  
While each repeated sight  
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,  
And makes temptations light."

I must close with a desire to hear from you, and with Christian love to you all.

Southborough, May 1st, 1876.

G. BRADSHAW.

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Dear Brother in the Best of Bonds, that is, Jesus,—I was glad to read yours, and wish to be thankful to the Almighty that he gives us to feel our need of him as a Saviour, and to feel a spark of everlasting love drawing us to him. He is as a wall of fire round about his people. I sometimes have a little glimpse

of his love and faithfulness, and care for his people, and then I am thankful and humble before him. It is in his light we see light, and in his strength we mount upwards when he draws us. How gracious it is that he humbles us, and lifts us up out of ourselves, and gives us to feel and see that all our strength and every blessing is in him! I want to feel more of his love in my soul, and to see more of his eternal love and more of the glorious union that there is between him and his church. O how is his church blessed in him! The love of God flowing in and through Jesus into our hearts is very great, and sometimes I have had a little glimpse of it, and then it humbles me in the dust. For one so vile as I to feel that God is love, and for that to raise a poor sinner's affections above this earth, O what a mercy! His love is a blessed theme for the helpless. I hope the Lord may kindle a divine flame in your soul, and make his Word sweet.

I am glad he has blessed you with his mercy and loving-kindness. I have been unwell myself, and sometimes I feel as though I should be glad to leave myself and the world and go to be for ever with the Lord. But sometimes I have but little desire for anything that is spiritual. But my mercy is that the Lord changeth not, or woe to me. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." I am, at times, thankful that I can rest on that when I do not feel that unction that is so sweet, but can yet trust him, and believe and hope he will bring me safe at last. But I want my heart and mind drawn to him, to feel that he is the Vine and that I am a branch, receiving the sap from him; that is, his love in the heart, drawing me forth after him, and making me cleave to him. I want more union to him. I feel that I am perfect weakness; but the everlasting mercy of the Lord's people is that the Lord is the strength of his people. He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

May he bless us with union to him. It is his love in our hearts that will make it flow to the brethren and family of our Lord Jesus. His love is infinite, buries all our faults, and gives us to love him; and as you expressed in yours, his love is above us, and it is all in all, for it raises us and makes us draw near to him. It is what the Word declares: "We love him because he first loved us." I hope, if his will, that he will restore your health; but, above all, may you enjoy his love.

Wishing you every Blessing,

Grittenham, July 8th, 1840.

JACOB BURCHELL.

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Christian Traveller in the Kingdom and Patience of the Lord Jesus Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. I asked a friend of mine if he had a sermon of Mr. Philpot's from the text you mentioned. He replied that he had. I brought it home and found it was not from that portion of God's Word which I expected. I read it over, and found it contained a rich vein of Christian experience, which, under the anointing of the

blessed Spirit, cannot fail to make us feel the weight of those truths which have been revealed with power from heaven. I have sent it to you, wishing you may feel much sweetness in the perusal of it. I am not well to-day, and could not attend the sanctuary of the Lord of hosts; but it so turneth out sometimes that they which tarry at home divide the spoil. Since I saw you last I have experienced much darkness of soul, and more than usual of the dreadful workings of sin in this body of corruption. O my soul, look forward to that day when thou shalt quit this vile body of sin and death, when, a disimprisoned spirit, thou shalt fly into the presence of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I hope you are feeling sweet access to the Father of mercies, through the blood and righteousness of his dear Son. It is a mercy to be let into the presence of the King. To have even a distant view of his glory soon turneth our own comeliness into corruption, and maketh this world appear a darksome abode. But these divine visits are of short duration. Then we miss the presence of our Lord, and return to grovel with the dust of the earth and rob the serpent of his meat. Now I would cast a wishful eye, longing for some of those happy seasons over again, when with heartfelt contrition I fell before the Holy One of Israel, ascribing all my salvation from first to last to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world.

Yours in the Bonds of Christian Union,  
Ashwell, Rutland, Jan. 19th, 1845. JOSEPH COOPER.

My dear Brother, whom my soul loves in the bonds of the gospel, which can never break, though earth should to her centre shake,—I am sorry that we had not the opportunity, when we met at Trowbridge, of having some conversation upon the things that accompany salvation, and of the affairs of the kingdom of God, and of his eternally-beloved Son, and our Elder Brother. I hope it will not be so should we be spared to meet again in this time state. I know that at my advanced age my stay here cannot be long, being now in my 73rd year, the 53rd of my ministry, and the 50th as the pastor of the church in this place. My great and daily concern is that the Lord may not forsake me in the time of old age, nor cast me off when my strength faileth, but that I may bring forth fruit to his honour and glory. With the apostle, I have a great desire “that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.” I would also say with Paul (2 Tim. iv. 18): “And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

Remember me kindly to all my friends at Studley and Calne, who delight to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and put no confidence in the flesh.

Yours truly,  
JOHN KERSHAW.

Hope Chapel House, Rochdale, Oct. 30th, 1866.

## REVIEW.

*The Experience of R. Anna Phillips, and her Reasons for uniting with the Primitive Baptists.*—Wilson, North Carolina: P. D. Gold.

THE Primitive Baptists! This may be a new term to many of our readers. We have in this country High Calvinist Baptists, Low Calvinist Baptists, Association Baptists, and General, or avowedly Arminian, Baptists. These last named are sometimes called Sandemanians. All the confession of faith they require is that "faith is neither more nor less than a simple assent to the divine testimony concerning Jesus Christ; that he was delivered for the offences of men, and raised again for their justification." Also that "there is no difference between believing any common testimony and believing the apostolic testimony, except that which results from the testimony itself and the divine authority on which it rests." They denounce everything like an appropriating faith, "frames and feelings," and what is called "justifying faith." They rest upon the Word (See "G. S.," p. 414, Oct., 1874), and their simple belief in that Word, not shrinking from such faith, but, of course, enjoying the full assurance thereof, holding weekly communion, and so forth.

Now as to America. The other day, we asked a friend from that country how many kinds of Baptists there are over the water. His answer was, "Their name is Legion." We will not, therefore, attempt to go into them, but refer only to a few. Originally, the Baptists were one body in the United States, and were so only 60 years or so ago. That is, all of one mind. "They commanded," as our friend says, "the respect of the community by their godly walk and conversation. Many sought their company, and their numbers still increased. Then *new* things sprang up, and an *offered* gospel began to be preached: Divisions ensued. Where the original ones had the majority they excluded the new-comers, and where they were in the minority they excluded themselves and lost their chapels; and those that retained them formed the basis of what are now called Regular Baptists." These, we presume, are the same as the Mission Baptists, corresponding with our Association Baptists. Mr. Spurgeon once said there were no less than 36,000 Regular Baptist ministers in America. What a highly-favoured country that must be, if all these are true servants of God!

We must observe here, however, that all who hold the name Regulars are not gone astray. For instance, there was Elder Burnam, who edited the "Regular Baptist Magazine," which he was compelled to relinquish for want of support. The great bulk of the Regulars are duty-faith professors; so we should think Elder Burnam could not feel much at home amongst them.

Now those who separated from the new-comers were called Old School Baptists, or Old School Predestinarian Baptists; and from these the Primitives and many others have sprung. Elder Beebe, editor of the "Signs of the Times," stands fore-



most as leader of the Old School. These are honoured by various nicknames, such as Ironsides, Antimissionaries, &c. The Old School Baptists do repudiate the missionary system as practised by the Arminians; yet our friend assures us no body of professors practise true mission work more than the Old School Baptists.

"From these," our friend tells us, "some were separated for maintaining the doctrine that the old man is born again, or regenerated, as well as the soul. These call themselves Primitive Baptists, but are called by others Means Baptists." That is, when they speak of the "means of grace," such as the preaching of the Word, they speak of them as if there were a necessary *efficacy* in the means. Whereas, when we and others speak of the "means of grace," we simply mean the means, or ordinances, which God has appointed for his people to attend to. And we hold it to be the ordinary duty of all believers to take their children with them when they go to the house of God, as well as to be present when they attend to reading and prayer in their own houses. Mal. iii. 16 gives us a sweet account of one of these "means of grace." We can hardly think that any persons can imagine there is any *efficacy* in the means as of themselves. The *efficacy* is in the power of the Spirit, and through Christ's blood alone. And as to the old man being regenerated, if it be, then we must be perfect in the flesh. But the experience of all the Lord's family sorely contradicts such an idea.

Both the Old School Baptists and the Primitives denounce Sunday schools. Why? One reason that we have heard alleged is, because others turn them into "nurseries for the church." But can we not use a thing without abusing it? We rather attribute it to selfishness and idleness, or to a carelessness about even the temporal welfare of their fellow-creatures. What objection can they have to inviting the poor children around them to meet to hear the Word of God read and explained? Does it follow that they should give Arminian exhortations as to that Word? Certainly not. Another reason that the Old School Baptists give is that "the church of Christ does not need the use of Sunday schools for either use or ornament; and they know that evil has resulted from their connexion with the churches." Indeed! Then why not close your chapel doors against all except regenerated characters? Does not evil often spring from mixed congregations? Does "the church of Christ need the use" of mixed assemblies?

There may be something in all the American Baptists which, in some way, differs from ourselves; but we receive so many contradictory statements that we are content to remain in ignorance of the real facts. There is a little cause of our more immediate friends in New York; another, we believe, in Paris, Illinois; and another, over which is Mr. Clifford, brother to Mr. Clifford, of Tunbridge.

Well. It seems that the authoress of the work at the head of this article is a Primitive Baptist. She was originally con-

nected, she tells us, with the Mission Baptists, and she gives good and solid reasons for leaving them. Her parents, however, were Primitive Baptists; and though their walk and conversation were in every way as becometh the gospel, yet, she says, the doctrine of election stood in her way:

“From earliest recollection I have been blessed with precept and example of the gospel of the Son of God; and the (now) glorious plan of salvation has been given me in detailed theory, from time to time, all my life. I wanted and intended to be a Christian; but this doctrine of election and salvation by grace alone did not accord with my idea of justice and equity. And from this fact, I suppose, I regarded the Lord God as the stern, inflexible law-giver, loving good and hating evil. So I intended to do and become good, and gain his favour, notwithstanding my father's doctrine; and notwithstanding I had implicit confidence in his words and views, yet in this one point I thought him mistaken; at least, my mind would turn to seek another way. I must do good to inherit eternal life. I must mourn and repent for past sins, and amend my life, and then all would be well. I concluded I had no great thing to do after all; that is, no great effort. It is only to repent, pray regularly, and then the Lord would regard me, and help me to be and stay good. And then I had a way planned out. I expected a bright unmistakable evidence of pardon and acceptance, which I had no thought of doubting. Time and again I began the work, but no evidence came. Thus I passed some years, making greater and longer exertions, and becoming just a little more and more surprised and alarmed, while the necessity of my case bore a little more and more upon me. The first real alarming impression of my sins was caused by the experience (told to the church) of a girl I dearly loved, and looked upon as almost perfection. (This was Mittie Gilbert, now Sutton.) In telling the church her experience, she told what a great and guilty sinner she had found herself. The question came up with me—if she, whom I thought so good—so much better than myself—if she was so great a sinner, what was I? Then I concluded to make stronger effort to repent and do good; for my sins bore a little heavier upon me. At last these littles, by constant accumulation, became a great thing; and great was my feeling of guilt and condemnation, I scarcely knew what was the matter. Trouble and distress of mind almost imperceptibly stole upon me. I concluded I had missed the way; nor did I find any way so easy as I expected. I thought I had not mourned for my sins; and now this began to be the great work absolutely necessary. Sometimes I would be free and easy from all this; and then for days I was given to extreme sadness and dejection. Why could I not grasp the necessary principle, and mourn and repent? What were the unmanageable mysteries of my being? Why restless and disquieted in vain? Why had God withheld the answer of peace? Why could I not mourn at will? What hand stayed my will, while my heart was growing more and more restless and impatient at the delay in mourning for my sins, which were fast gaining proportion, and turning to scarlet? O if I could but mourn, I had the words of Jesus for it, I should be comforted. What was I, and what my need? And what was God, and what his law? What was I? A sinner, and my need was pardon. God was immutable and just; and his law a burning Sinai enfolded in tempest and darkness and blackness, and I felt to flee the presence of God as he thundered in his law-character, from amidst its flaming summit. Now, I regarded Jesus as quite a different Personage from God; and while I felt to flee the presence

of God, I craved that I had lived while Jesus was on earth, so that I might have sought and prostrated myself before him, and begged for that help and mercy that was never refused to such.

"But where was Jesus now? A boundless and mysterious distance gave no response. Where was God? Was he not far and high above me? And why should I fear him? Ah, death, the wages of sin, death working in my body,—death would even bring me before his awful judgment throne. And I was only a nearer, and scarcely less mystery. Why, surrounded with everything in life to make me happy, was I so wretched? Why was my sorrowful heart ever asking questions I could not answer? Why were the pleasures of all the world becoming as ashes, and my poor heart pleading for rest I could not find? Why was my soul grasping and guarding my continually increasing unrest, and with a strange vigilance hiding it from the outer world? Why were the faces and voices of my beloved friends an annoyance to me, and seclusion and solitude a most welcome and eagerly-sought friend? Because these, undisturbed, my alarmed and questioning spirit could arise and measure, contrast, and compare her need and power to supply, and devise means of relief. But these moods would wear off, and I would become comparatively cheerful; but when they would return it was with double force.

"Eventually, when about 18 years old, I saw and felt I could do no good thing. I was a poor undone, helpless, lost sinner, justly condemned by the righteous law of a just and holy God. So great a sinner was I that seeing, knowing, and feeling, I could not so much as mourn for my sins. O it was heart-rending, to see, and know, and feel myself such, so as to burden my oppressed heart with the bare fact of its exceeding sinfulness, and not be able to mourn for it. This seemed to be the great impediment.

"Many a time I have tried to believe the doctrine of election, and throw myself upon the would-be-easyself-complacent attitude embraced in the oft-repeated assertion, 'If I am to be saved, I shall be saved;' but my sense of present pressing need of assurance waived this question far away. It was like saying to a starving child, 'You shall have bread in the far future.'

"But still, when I read the Bible, the doctrine of election was presented in theory. I could not understand so as to make it accord with my notions; yet if it was true, O what would I give to know it embraced me in its eternal immutable folds! But the Bible generally condemned me. When I read the precious promises of the gospel to the children of promise, how my soul would crave to appropriate them, so exactly suited were they to its felt need; but I, a child of wrath and of bondage, I dare not, I could not, I was too sinful. My very attempts at prayer seemed as mere vain words falling to the ground, a mocking sound of sin thrown from the solid mass. Sometimes, when I had gone off somewhere to try to pray, I felt so foolish and vain that the least noise startled me, and frightened me from my purpose; and what was to become of such a great sinner who could not so much as mourn for her sins, nor ever find a suitable place and prepared heart to ask the Lord to help her to mourn?"

"The emergency of my case grew strong; and though when in company I managed to appear free and unconcerned, yet, when surrounded by others, I inwardly experienced a peculiar feeling of loneliness and desolation. I felt that earth held no joys for me. It was empty and void, and its pleasures and helps a meaningless farce; but, sadder still, I found no friend or help in heaven. I really felt as one never remembered, or as forsaken of heaven and earth. I read of the

mission of Jesus into the world, but it did not appear to touch my case. My dealing was with the stern, just, immutable, and holy God, and his holy law. Jesus seemed as another; but O, thought I, if Jesus was nigh, so that I might find him, I would kiss his feet in the dust, and plead my case before him; and would he not command my peace? I loved to dwell here in my thoughts; it was a momentary relief. Just what Jesus held in store for the poor, and blind, and helpless,—just what he had ever given them, was just what I needed and craved; and the very delusion in my imagination of coming before him, and receiving tokens of love, pity, and mercy and pardon from all my sins,—as it were, aside from God and the law, was so acceptable and soothing to my weary, hungry heart, that, as I said, the very delusion was a momentary relief. But the necessities of my case would not let me linger long here. I must be up, and meeting the true position; I must away from the merciful Jesus to the just God. I still held God and Jesus as two distinct Beings. I thought if I could mourn for my sins, and get and keep good, that God would forgive me; and then I should, somehow, come near to Jesus, and receive comfort from him also. And then, I thought, I never would doubt the evidences I expected to receive in a miraculous manner, but for ever claim, and joyfully bind to my soul, the blessed gospel promises my soul so much craved to call her own! And that sweet soothing idea of Jesus! I should realize it and call him my own. I had no knowledge of, or how to find, the ascended Saviour. I sought him, in thought, as when upon earth, now he was far removed and hid in a great mysterious unfathomable distance. And, instead of coming to God through Christ, I was looking to Christ through God."

This is a remarkable expression: "Looking to Christ through God." It is looking to a fulfilling of the law by ourselves instead of to Him who has fulfilled the law for his people.

It seems that amongst the Primitives there is what is called a feet-washing ceremony. They take and practise Jno. xiii. 5-14 literally, as the Sandemans do 1 Cor. xvi. 20, overlooking, or not knowing, the true intent of those passages. On one occasion our authoress went with her parents to one of these feet-washings. She had thought that the custom "of itself was enough to drive most people from the Primitives;" but now she says she saw a beauty in it as "*subscribing to Jesus* in some way she did not then understand." She believed the Primitives were the best people upon earth; but they were "so unpopular, so low down in the estimation of the world," and so indifferent, she thought, "to the outside world, so illiberal, narrow-pathed, and selfish in views and works." Still "they loved one another." What a blessing! And what a weight this seems to have carried with it! Our friend says, "This is the testimony of many whom I know: 'You love *one another* more than any other people we know of. You are kind to your neighbours, are honest, &c.; but your dreadful doctrine of God loving *his* people and leaving the rest to perish,—O! How can you be so deluded, so selfish, &c.? If you would give up this uncharitable doctrine, we should love you too.' But that which is a savour of death to professors is a savour of life to possessors, and they cannot give up what God in mercy has taught them.

They hate themselves because they *cannot* love and serve God better than they do."

Our friend tells us there are some in the Southern States who believe it to be their duty to *literally* wash each others' feet as an ordinance, who are otherwise sound in the faith; but he never heard these called Primitives. The Primitives in the west and north-west are not in fellowship with the O. S. B., because the O. S. B. cannot "fellowship" the delusion of the old man being regenerated in the new birth, and know that if grace does not continually subdue it, it will overcome them. Yet they believe *many* of the Lord's children have a name with these, but are powerless to help themselves.

Well. Our authoress goes on. She "attended the meetings of all the different orders in the city." This is often the case with a child of God under convictions. He cannot get on anywhere; yet he believes them all to be right, and he himself only to be wrong. What a remarkable instance we have of this in the case of Mr. Roby, the banker of Rochdale, as recorded in Mr. Kershaw's Memoir; yet he found the right thing at last. Our authoress liked the Methodists and the Mission Baptists the best, because they seemed to her to be more concerned about sinners; which was certainly a mistaken view of hers. "And when," she says,

"I saw crowds of 'mourners' bowed down weeping and sobbing in true contrition, as I thought, O what would I have given to be such! Surely they were no greater sinners than I; but they could repent and mourn; I could not. They were in the way of being saved; I was not. My unfeeling heart would be my ruin! I have gone to the seats tearless and unmoved, and with an aching heart at its own hardness, sat straight up, and complacently beheld the scene of apparent praying, mourning, and weeping around me. I sought not pardon so much as to mourn in dust and ashes for my sins. Pardon would affect myself; but my sins were against a holy God. O my sins! How black and weighty if I could but just feel them! My condition, how ruined, and wretched, if I could but just realize it! And seeing, and knowing, and feeling this, I could not mourn! I would have given the world, yes, all worlds, if mine, for a true godly sorrow for sin.

"For days and weeks such a state has been mine. I would try to pray, to read, to work, to forget, to recall, to be happy, to be miserable. Eighteen years old, in the prime of girlhood, surrounded by everything in nature to make me happy, and not a single joy of soul did I know. The joys of earth were as idle, mocking dreams, that could never appease my soul's deep hunger for bread, whereof one may eat and live for ever. There was a continual craving for something pure, eternal, and divine that I felt to know was not of the world. In fact, I hated the world, myself, and all things that had part with sin."

A certain preacher took great interest in her case, and often prayed over her. But

"Prayer after prayer, and day after day passed, and no relief came to me. My heart felt to grow harder and harder. I therefore felt that I was a lost sinner, justly condemned," and that death, eternal death, was ever preying upon me, and would sooner or later separate

me from all hope, from all that was good and pure. My great fear of punishment was now swallowed up in the greater dread of banishment from God and holiness; to be delivered from sin and made pure and holy was now the pleading earnest cry of my whole heart. But to see myself all sin, how could I help myself, as sin could not atone for, or deliver from sin? And if I should possibly mourn, would not my mourning be sin? How utterly lost and empty-handed was I! How helpless to help! How hopeless to hope! Truly I felt to be without God and without hope in the world! Who knows the world of meaning and of force in this phrase? One day, after morning service, I concluded to leave the meeting; it was no help to me. I wanted to be alone with my poor lost soul, alone to mourn because I could not mourn. . . . We lived in the country, surrounded by a magnificent and extensive forest, which I dearly loved, and where I often wandered, especially if distressed or disturbed. As I wandered about this evening I felt just like I have felt in taking leave of loved faces and objects. Later, I concluded to go further into the woods and pray once more. I walked some distance, but could find no exactly suitable place. At last I stopped beneath a large tree and kneeled down. What mockery! O! If I could but prostrate my stubborn, unrelenting soul, and, with flooding tears of true contrition of heart, thus humbly and in broken heart before God, pray, I thought he would hear me. But, with not a tear, for the fountain was sealed; with not a vestige of dust and ashes, for my garment was scarlet sin; how could I presume to prostrate my body and pray with any hope, while my soul, all guilty, with all eyes open to her pollution and lost condition, stood up, as it were, unfeeling before her mighty emergency? But the case was, from this fact, but the more urgent. I felt to couple the want of feeling with the emergency, and throwing myself into one whole need, I uttered the prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' That was all I said, that was all I wanted to say. I had tried to pray God to help me to mourn, to help me to perform this or that; but now I was removed from every question but that of my own whole great need,—all-need as a helpless sinner. I had thought of getting better, and of being a rather *good* sinner; but that hope was dead, and now even to this prayer there came no answer of peace, no assurance that God had even cognizance of me as an atom of sinful dust. Now, indeed, I was lost. I looked abroad upon the grand face of inanimate nature, and the whole aspect was presented as one of mourning in sympathy. The very leaves seemed to tremble with the dread of impending doom. The sinking sun, as if from sudden conviction of my doom, cast off her dazzling veil, and with subdued open face, looked upon me a moment, as if for the last time, and then suddenly dropped behind a cloud. The darkness coming on moved as though brim full of death. . . .

"From these reflections, but with my burden of condemnation, I turned in; and to keep up appearances I went to the supper table, but could not eat. I looked at my father and mother, and the shadows without, everywhere, rested upon them. The dark impending doom settling down heavily within my soul seemed to be reflecting upon all things. I told mother I was not well, and would retire. O how wearily, and with what an undefinable weight, I ascended the stairs! How alone, how desolate, and destitute I felt as I entered my room and shut the door! I felt now, indeed, cut off from all the world, as I stood alone in my room; and cut off from God, as I stood alone in my helpless help of soul. I was also physically sick, my bodily powers were well-nigh exhausted, and I was feverish. O! I was sick

and exhausted, and no remedy, no physician there! My need was a great present, pressing need; and I no more reasoned of right or wrong, or sought a form of works, nor yet of words, or position of body, but with my breath went the unspoken cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' This was as my breath as I mechanically undressed and went in bed. And there all alone, sick in body and mind, tearless and silent, writhing under a sense of sin as the wages of death, I unremittingly breathed in prayer, until exhausted nature sank with unconscious sleep, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' And when sleep was overpowering me, I remember making a strong effort to remain awake and alive to my condition; but, every faculty giving way, profound sleep held me for many hours."

We pass over much, and come to the set time for deliverance:

"What shall I,—what *must* I do to be saved? God be merciful to me, a sinner! 'Stand still and see the salvation of God!' I was forced to stand still. And for this reason I can have no fellowship for any that have not stood still. So, standing still, as it were, I fell into a profound sleep. God laid me low in death, I hope and trust, that he might raise me up to life. My natural and spiritual self, so to speak, were apparently very similar, as I have just thought for the first time; and this was more than twenty years ago. My body and soul were laid down with every faculty exhausted. I had tried to keep both alive and awake; but when the law came I died. I was soul and body folded in the irresistible, silent, solemn, symbol of death, to be raised, if raised at all, 'in a figure from the dead.'"

She then tells us that her body became as prostrate as her soul. She had no more power to raise the one than the other. "The symbol of death was stamped upon her, outwardly and inwardly. A little child was not more helpless than both soul and body. And both awoke at once; for in the very act of awaking from sleep, and before she was conscious of anything, as she remembered, a question sounded through her mind: 'For what did Jesus Christ come into the world?'" A strange feeling came over her; and then came a sweet, still, soothing voice within her, saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, —to save sinners!" This appears to have been wonderfully blessed to her. Why, she must have heard and read it scores, perhaps hundreds of times, yet it had never before been sent into her heart with power. The words "embraced" her "so entirely, effectually, completely, that she was glad she was a sinner." She then goes on on to say:

"I cannot tell how or what I felt. They know, without telling; who have been just here; others could not know though I told never so well. I do not, never did, remember whether it was daylight or not. I distinctly remember that I was kneeling at my sister's bed in another corner of the room, with a soul brimming full of praise, repeating the first verses of Ps. ciii. My fervency of thanksgivings to God, my love abounding and pouring out with it, was so strong, and yet so overpowered by the great gladness that was actually crowding me inwardly that I could scarcely articulate, or even speak aloud, but, in broken whisperings I cried, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name,' &c. I have no knowledge of knowing these words before; but now almost overcome of a strange new joy I was pouring them forth in broken accents. I

did not think at the moment I was changed; but my heart was full, running over with praise to God at the thought of Christ, the Saviour of sinners,—as my Saviour.”

She adds:

“O! If I could but find a sinner how would I point them here,—aye, bring them to the Saviour of sinners! I could make it so plain that any sinner could see and must believe. I would show them that being a sinner had caused me to be embraced. My heart leaped for joy at the thought, at the feeling realization, and I began to walk the floor and sing,

“O that the world would taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would sinners all embrace.”

We well understand this feeling; for one of the very first things which a sinner set at liberty under the gospel is often anxious to do is

“To tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour he has found.”

“His worth, if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole world would love him too.”

“‘The arms of love that compass me,’—me, so wholly a sinner, so sinful a sinner, would the chief of sinners embrace; there could be no doubt about the salvation of a sinner. I opened the front door and walked out upon the portico, regardless of my night-dress, and looked abroad; and O, what a change! What a glorious sight! The house was not astir, and I was all alone, not a human being did I see or hear; but I heard ten thousand voices praising God. All nature, so lately draped in mourning, and bowed beneath a weight of gloom, was revived and relieved, and seemed to meet me with all-pervading, grand, full, acclamations that all things were new, and in harmony with my glad soul in praising God, praising my God, and nature's God! Like the rich morning incense from the Jewish altar of old, universal praise in one grand anthem, one grand flooding of sweet savoured cloud, seemed ascending to God through Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners. The very foliage trembled in weight of glorified praise; the forest trees, the lovely grass, the firmament above, the humble flower-beds, and birds, all, all things joined me in praise to my God. \* \* \* No wonder I was glad to be found a sinner; it clothed me with Christ. No wonder I praised him for the riches of grace; all else had failed me.”

We might extract much more, but we forbear for the present. We may probably refer to the work at some future time. Can we award to it our unqualified praise? We dare not say so. It consists of upwards of 200 pages, and treats of a variety of subjects more suitable for a pulpit than for a female relating her experience. Much of the language, according to our English notions, lacks simplicity, nay, we will go further, and say, is strained and extravagant; yet the work contains some blessed truths,—truths which will do to live by and to die by; and, so far as we have read and observed, no glaring errors. We would not, therefore, be too severe upon expressions which, though objectionable to us, may not be so to those for whom the work was more immediately intended.



## Obituary.

MAGGIE PAYNE.—On April 17th, aged 27, Maggie Payne, of Liverpool.

She was not under serious convictions for sin until a few months before her death. It then became evident that the Lord had commenced a work of grace upon her heart, and truly in answer to a father's prayers. In conversation one day she said, "Father, I will not see any one. I can speak to no one. I will never say one word but what is true. I do not want any one to ask me any questions; I cannot answer them. You know what I want, father; you understand me." But as the Lord gently carried on his work in her soul, she felt a desire to see me. I visited her, and made inquiry of her as to the state of her mind. I felt a great hope, from several things that she said, that the Lord had put his fear into her heart. There was such a fear of not being sincere, such a backwardness of speaking what she felt, such a dread of deception, lest she should lead people to think she was what she wanted to be, but feared she was not; viz., a true seeker. But O! What an earnest listener! What attention to God's Word! What a teachable spirit was discernible in her! I put this question to her, calling her by the familiar name I had ever been used to, "Maggie, what would be the greatest blessing the Lord could bestow upon you,—to raise you up again?" She looked me earnestly in the face, and said, "Mr. S., *to pardon my sins.*" I read Ps. xlii., and felt much liberty in describing the experience of a thirsty, panting soul, and also had an earnest pleading time with the Lord on her behalf. It was remarked that many others felt their hearts filled with living desires for her, that she might truly be manifested as one of the Lord's own people.

When spoken to, at all times, she was fearful and timid, and refused to be comforted. I remember calling to see her and reading to her that hymn of Hart's, "A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul," her parents leaving us alone, thinking she might feel more at liberty to speak to me if they were not present. When I had finished the hymn, she said, "O what a hymn! It seems so sweet, as if he knew what was inside me. Will you turn it down, and then I can look at it again." I read Isa. xliii., and commented on it. When I had done, she said, "I am such a poor blind creature! I can see so little into God's Word; but when you are led to speak from it, it might not be the same book. How can I thank you enough for coming to visit me?" I replied, "Maggie, I have been just where you are now, and therefore know what suits you." She said, "And you were delivered. O Lord, help me!"

The next time I saw her, she said, "I think I can talk a little now, if my cough will let me. My dear little girl was playing with some tickets used in the Sunday school, and she brought me one, and said, 'Mamma, here is a pretty one. Will you read me just this one?'" (It had a coloured border, and the colour, I suppose, attracted the child's notice, so she called it pretty. But see the sovereignty of God and his condescension to work by a little child. O Sunday schools! Are you nothing worth? God forbid I should say so.) "I read it," she went on to say. "'I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight.' Indeed, the whole chapter was very sweet to me. I cannot often read thus. Even now some of the sweetness is left with me." This gave me an opportunity of pointing her eyes to the way in which God could be just and yet the Justifier of the ungodly, and in prayer of thanking God for his great mercy towards her. After prayer, she said, "I feel so troubled at my

prayers. They do not seem right prayers. They are not like sincere prayers to me. I fear I cannot pray."

The next time I saw her she was full of fears lest she should not have pardon fully revealed to her before she died, and thought if she had been right it would have come before now. I read Ecces. iii. and Hymn 64, and spoke of the Lord's time being the best time. She said, "I am sure of that. I do not want it before his time." The Lord made her sick-room profitable to my soul, and not only was my heart opened to plead for her whilst there, but whenever I had access she and her parents were sure to find a place in my poor breathings.

The next time I saw her, she said, "I have felt a little hope in the Lord raised up in my heart since I saw you last. Jno. xiv.-xvi. have been very precious. The light upon them is a little gone, but not all gone. I am not without a hope that all will yet be well; but I sink so, at times." I pointed to Abraham, Jacob, the woman who came to seek a blessing for her daughter, Mary, &c. She said, "Ah! They were true seekers, and they found."

One night, being in great pain, she said to her father, "Father, I am in great pain. I think I am dying, and I have not got what I want. What shall I do? I try to pray, but I cannot pray. Do pray for me."

I called upon her soon after, and felt constrained to speak much upon the freeness of the gospel invitations, and to describe the characters to whom they were spoken. She turned an anxious look towards me, which I shall not soon forget, and said, "*Who can tell?*" I asked her what I should pray for. She replied, "That the Lord will manifest himself to me as he does not unto the world."

The last time I saw her she was very weak, and could say but little. On parting from her one night, she said, "Thank you much for your visits. I think I shall never see you again." I replied, "O yes, in heaven."

The last day she spent upon earth, no immediate change being anticipated, her father went to chapel, but had not been there long before she asked for him, and he was sent for. She said, "Father, I am dying. I feel I am dying, and I have not got what I want yet." He said, "O Maggie, it is Satan's device, to cause you to undervalue what the Lord has done for you. I feel sure that you are washed in Christ's blood, and other Christian friends believe so too. I ask you, have you any other trust but him?" She emphatically answered, "No." "Then," said her father, "it is written: 'They that trust in him shall never be confounded.'" She then raised her poor thin arms, and with a countenance which spoke that the snare of the fowler was broken, declared emphatically, "If that is so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

About 5 o'clock on the morning of April 17th, whilst her father was seated by her side, with his finger upon Hymn 386, waiting for consciousness once more to return, she turned to him, and said, "Father, read for me." He read the hymn, and said, "Is not that you?" She replied, "Yes." She then sank into a calm, and with closed eyes repeated the following lines distinctly and with solemn emphasis:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood."

Then, turning her eyes upon her father, she said, "That was blessed to me, if anything ever was." After this sweet testimony in the midst of the very waters of Jordan, she became unable to speak, but her lips were seen to move; and in about an hour her happy soul fled.

S. G. SPENCER.

ANNIE BOOTH.—On April 25th, aged 19, Annie, daughter of Mr. W. Booth, of 23, Dagmar Road, Camberwell. She would have completed her 19th year had she lived until May 9th; but the number of each one's months is with the Lord. (Job xiv. 5.) Her Obituary is written by the special request of her parents and friends.

She was brought up to hear the truth, and was a child of many prayers, being born of praying parents, who feel the importance of the salvation of their children, next to their own. She consequently partook of their care for her temporal welfare, and had an interest in their prayers, as also the other members of the same family have. For her parents to have so conspicuous an answer in the eleventh hour, by an open vision of the victory and triumph of a child of theirs over death, is very blessed indeed, and encouraging to them. There is likewise an encouragement for godly parents to be urgent at the throne of grace with their petitions for their children; for who can tell? Yea, though they should see no signs of an immediate answer to their earnest appeals to God on behalf of their offspring, yet they may reap a good harvest in the end. Therefore faint not, but press your suit. For Annie Booth, though brought up under the truth, grew up like all others in a spiritual point of view, a stranger to God and godliness, and had no spiritual desire for spiritual things. For though strictly moral in every sense of the word, death reigned over her whole soul, and she was dead to God, dead in trespasses and in sins, like every one else born in this world. (Eph. ii. 1.) Being, therefore, dead in sins, she was incapable of receiving spiritual truths until born of God; of which great mercy she was not a partaker when first she was laid aside by her fatal malady, heart disease.

On this account her parents became extremely anxious about her, seeing no concern of soul, and yet laid prostrate by a disease which assumed an alarming aspect. They were thus plunged into two heavy trials, one concerning the body, the other concerning the soul of their beloved child. With regard to the first, Dr. G. Johnson, Mr. Gadsby's brother-in-law, was called in for consultation as to the nature of her disorder, and what he thought the result of it might be; and he gave it as his opinion that she could not recover, and that there was no reasonable hope for her life. This caused her parents great uneasiness, and to feel more acutely the unconcerned state of her mind about eternal matters. In fact, she had no serious thoughts that her illness might terminate in death. Their anxiety about her, therefore, became so intense that many friends felt much sympathy for the parents as well as for their child, and were moved thereby to offer up prayers on their behalf.

She showed no desire to see any one to converse with her about her soul, and to enter into serious reflections about eternity with her. She did at length say she would see me, and so I was written to to come up and see her, and to break the news to her of her precarious condition as gently as possible, fearing any sudden alarm might terminate her existence. At the same time her parents wished me to try to engage her in conversation about her immortal soul. This task was accomplished without any serious consequences to her body. She appeared to feel the awfulness of death, but yet she could not give up all hope of recovery; but I could see no ground of hope that she was even alarmed about eternity. I then left her, and promised to write to her; which I did on the following day, and earnestly pleaded with the Lord to make it a means of opening her eyes to perceive her sad state. This letter had the desired effect in the hand of the Holy Spirit, and was blessed to the awakening of her soul to feel her lost condition, and to cause her to cry for mercy; and so urgent did she become that she really groaned out her distress in pitiful moans bordering on despair. Most earnestly did she

now beg to be prayed for, because she felt she could not pray herself. She did not esteem her groans as prayers; and when any one attempted to encourage her to both pray and hope, she would reply, "O, it is too late now;" and the thought of it being too late caused her to wail again with an agony of distress. Little could be said to her, at times, on account of her disease, and the excessive pain of body she was in. These, coupled with her mental agony, rendered it needful to be careful with her. But she became at length so distressed that she could endure it no longer; but would be pillowed up in bed to write to me, and in that position she wrote a most earnest, touching appeal to me to come and see her at once, and to pray for her; or, if I could not come, I was to write to her without delay. As I could not go that day, I wrote to her as encouragingly as I could, believing God had quickened her soul, and would in the end appear for her, and grant her the joys of his salvation.

I went to see her as soon as possible, and she received me most affectionately. I had a long talk with her about the solemnities of death, and what, and what only, would take away the sting of it,—the blood of Jesus. She still complained of her inability to pray, and said she feared it was too late now, even if she could. "O!" she said, "I do want a look from him, but he won't give me even a look. What shall I do? Do pray for me. You will, won't you?" I said, "I will; but what makes you want a look from Jesus? What do you know about a look from him?" She replied, "I know that if he would give me a look it would be all right; but he won't;" and her moans of almost despair were most distressing to hear. "But," I said, "you have a *desire* for his look, because you said you *wanted* him to look at you; and if you really desire that from your heart, that desire is prayer, and is treated as such in the Word of God: 'The desire of the righteous shall be granted.'" But she would have it her way that hers was not prayer; so after a long conversation, and having read and prayed with her, I left her. She took a most affectionate leave of me, and again said, "Do pray for me. You will, won't you?" I promised to do so, and she was much on my mind all through her sickness; and so she was on the minds of very many friends.

She now frequently uttered expressions of deep concern for her soul's salvation, and confessed most heartily her felt miserable state as a sinner in the sight of God; and her thoughts were much occupied with the solemnities of death and judgment. These subjects grew in intensity evidently as she drew near her end. Her complaints also, when her mother inquired about the state of her mind, became more piteous in expressing her inability to pray. Hers, she still maintained, could not be called prayer, because she could not get an answer to even one of them. She had, however, become an attentive listener to spiritual things; and at one time, during a period of great suffering, she was heard by her mother to be entreating the Lord to have mercy on her, and to grant her a little relief. Shortly after she fell into a sound and peaceful slumber, and slept for some considerable time, and awoke much refreshed. Her mother said to her when she awoke, "There, the Lord has heard your prayer, has he not?" "Yes," she said, "he has." Her mother said again, "God is good to you to hear your prayer, is he not?" She could do no other than acknowledge that this was an answer to prayer; but it was not a "look." It was a "look" she wanted, and nothing short would do for her. She had set her heart upon it, so it must come in the end.

Her mother writes: "She said to her sister, 'O! Rhoda, we are both alike lost; we *are* lost; what shall we do? We are lost; I know we are; and it is too late for me now. The Lord will not have mercy on me

now; it is too late!" While sobbing aloud and wringing her hands, her pitiful looks I can never forget. My feelings were a mixture of grief and hope, grief to see her in such pain and distress, and hope that the Lord had heard my prayers and those of others on her behalf. She said again, 'What shall I do? O what shall I do? I cannot pray; no, I cannot pray. O do pray for me! O that he would look upon me! But he won't. O that he would hear Mr. H.! I want Mr. H. here always. I do like him; and so I do those I did not once, for I believe they are sincere.' I told her that not only I, but many of the Lord's dear people had prayed that God would have mercy upon her soul, and bring her to see and feel her lost state as a sinner in his sight; and make it manifest to us that he had redeemed her with his own precious blood. 'Yet, my dear, it grieves me to see you in such distress; but until you felt you were lost and helpless you knew not that you needed such a great Saviour; and is there any other Saviour that can save poor lost sinners?' 'O no,' she said, 'I want the Lord Jesus to make me know that he has had mercy on me, and that he has pardoned me; but he won't; it is too late. O! What can I do?' I said, 'No, it is not too late; bless his dear name, he never brings poor sinners to himself crying for mercy unless he has determined to become their Saviour. He says, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" "Look unto me, and be ye saved." The dying thief found pardon on the cross. He got the very look that you so crave; and, my dear Annie, I cannot help thinking the Lord will come and smile; yes, and show himself to you as he doth not to the world, seeing Mr. H. and many more good people have had you on their minds when pleading with the Lord. And, at this present time, and indeed through the whole of your illness, notwithstanding the severe trial, those words of the psalmist have been, and still are, very sweet and encouraging for me to go on and pray for you: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I have told you before how good the name of the Lord is to me, even in this trial. Surely some good will work out of all these prayers!' She said, 'O yes, I do think he will hear; I can wait now. He will hear Mr. H.; O yes, he will!' She said, 'What a mercy to have praying parents, and so many to pray for me! O, he will hear them. O yes, he will!' I said, 'He waits to answer prayer!' She said, 'I can wait now.'

She expressed a great desire to see me again; and I went to see her according to her wish. Her old complaint had returned, and still continued with her, namely, "I want him to look at me, but he won't." Hence her frequent cry was, "I want a look;" and her cries for mercy were piteous indeed. "O Lord," she would say, "have mercy upon a poor sinful creature. Do have mercy upon me, a poor sinful creature." These and similar ejaculations would be almost incessantly coming forth from her distressed soul.

At one time her father was holding her up in bed, and while doing so, hearing her piteous cries for help and mercy, he, bending his knees against the bed, besought the Lord to hear her cries; when suddenly light and peace flowed into her mind, and both herself and her father blessed and praised the Lord together for about an hour for this manifest token of goodness and mercy to her soul. "Ah," she said, "God is good;" and she and her father sang together,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.

But yet this was not that "look" she wanted. It did not satisfy all her desires. She wanted the spirit of adoption, and that did not accompany this favour from the Lord; but her love to the people of God was intensified by it, and her mind made more spiritual. She became completely separated from all her former friends and companions

who did not fear God; that is, she said, "I cannot associate with them again as I have done." This was not said in a legal spirit, but from a felt disgust to the vanity of them. What a proof of the holiness of divine grace, and of how effectually it separates those who fear God from those who fear him not! What a proof, also, that the love of the world, and the things of it, will not do to die by.

On the following Lord's day, April 16th, her father, at her own request, read and prayed with her, and, to the surprise of all present, she insisted on being allowed to kneel down with them during the prayer, although in her weak state it seemed to be a thing impossible for her to do so, as her legs were so much swollen with dropsy.

During the week following she expressed to her mother her abhorrence of the kind of music she had been so fond of, and said, "No more of that for me." Her mother replied to her statement by asking her a question, thus: "Can you wonder at my disapprobation of it, and at my objections to it which I expressed?" She said, "No;" and she talked freely to her mother on the subject, and condemned all light music. This, reader, will not do to die by, and is very unprofitable, and in many instances positively injurious to the living.

She manifested a great love to the Lord's people, and especially to those at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street. She felt warmly attached to them for their fervent prayers on her behalf; and was frequently saying, "O! I do love the people at Zoar." Her love for the people of God formed a remarkable feature of her real change of heart, for she said, "I do not want any one but God's people near me, for I do love them."

I called to see her on Monday, April 24th, but she was too ill to say anything. I read and prayed with her; and she placed her hands together and joined in the supplications, as well as she could. I then wished her good-bye, which she returned in a most affectionate manner.

I called again on Tuesday, April 25th, and had a little conversation with her; but her frequent exclamation was, "I want a look from *him*." She had not had that "look" she wanted to have; for the blessing she had already received did not amount to the one coveted "look." Her father said, "But you remember how the Lord did bless you. You have not forgotten that, have you?" She said, "O no." Again, her father said, "You do remember, don't you, how we sang, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow?'" She said, "Yes, I do; but I want a look. O! I want a look, and I can't get one. O, if he would but give me a look!"

She was evidently sinking fast; and her parents were very anxious to have a clear token that her soul was saved; but her exhausted state was as a blight resting on their hope. Again we read and prayed with her; but she was very drowsy; yet she roused up and clasped her hands together, and so remained for some time, apparently in earnest prayer.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th, she was, by her own desire, lifted out of bed and placed in a large chair, where she remained until she died. It was now evident she was rapidly approaching her end, and sinking into the arms of death. She sat thus in the chair, occasionally coughing; but it was observable that the attempt to cough was gradually getting more feeble. Her mother was now become in an agony of distress for a manifest token of the Lord's mercy to her soul. I left her soon after; and, as I was going out of her room, I said to her, "I shall still pray for you, Annie." She replied, "Ah! And I must pray for myself too."

About seven o'clock in the evening, a visible change came over her; and being quite conscious (though, in fact, she never for one moment lost consciousness, but now she appeared to possess a glorified conscious-

ness) she said to her mother, "I don't know what is the matter with me." This she repeated several times. Her mother being anxious to have everything real, and to know whether she was sensible or not, tried her in various ways, and found her not only sensible, but cheerful and happy. Again she said, "I don't know what is the matter with me." Her mother said, "O! I think I can tell what is the matter with you; you have had a look from the Lord. That's what is the matter with you." "Ah," she said, "that's it. I have had a look from the Lord." She clasped her hands together in the attitude of prayer, and uttered a few words; and thus made her mother and sister understand that she wanted her father. He was quickly at her side, and then, turning her head towards him, she kissed him, likewise her mother, sister, and eldest brother. After which she requested her father to engage in prayer on her behalf, which, of course, he did, embodying in his petition the request that he would grant her a happy release, and said, "Lord, grant her a peaceful dismissal from her sufferings, and take her to thyself, to join the glorious throng around thy throne, and to sing, 'Unto him that loved us,' &c. She sat with open eyes and clasped hands during the offering up of prayer, and smiled frequently. While her eldest brother was gone to call her brother B., she said, "Now we will sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'" &c. This well-known verse was commenced, but in too high a key; she stopped them, and said, "You have pitched it too high." She wanted to sing it, and for them to join her. It was again started in a key in which she could join them, and she took the lead, uttering nearly every word audibly. Her brother came into the room just before they began to sing, and she took an affectionate leave of him also. He, being deaf, could not hear anything; but he says he saw "a faint smile frequently flitting across her countenance as her head lay on one side, as if from weariness or exhaustion, and a sort of joyful radiance *would* struggle to appear in her countenance, notwithstanding the look which pain and disease had wrought there."

She then wished a hymn to be sung, but could not call to mind the one she wanted. Her father said, "Will you sing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood?'" She said, "Yes; that is it; that's the one." The first two verses were sung, and she very distinctly joined with them, and sang every word of the first two verses; but they could not remember the first line of the third verse, so her sister began to look for the book to find the hymn; but Annie commenced of herself, and distinctly sang the fourth verse, the others following her:

"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."

When they arrived at the last word of this verse, *die*, she ceased to breathe, and her redeemed soul passed away, about a quarter to eight on the evening of April 25th, to finish, or rather to begin it afresh, by seeing the Lamb himself who was slain.

J. HATTON.

MEN, left to their own wills, will rather go to hell than be beholden to free grace for salvation.—*Elisha Cole*.

SPIRITUAL gifts will require continual ruminating on the things of the gospel in our minds, which makes it a difficult ministry, that our hearts and minds may be cast into the mould and form of these things which we are to deliver to others. And it is surprising how a little necessary diversion will unfit the mind for this work.—*Owen*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1876.

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

## THE RIGHTEOUS SINGING.

A SERMON BY THE LATE JOHN WARBURTON, PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, EDEN STREET, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON.

“But the righteous doth sing and rejoice.”—Prov. xxix. 6.

We read these words as a text in the morning, and in the first place considered the righteous to be those who are the objects of God's love and choice. They are chosen in Christ, in union with Christ. Christ is their righteousness. We considered they were made righteous by an act of God's sovereign grace. We noticed, secondly, the proofs of their being righteous. They are one with Christ. They are the body of which he is the Head, making up one perfect man. God the Holy Ghost, in his own time, separates them from the rest of the world, and sets up his kingdom in their hearts. We noticed, thirdly, that wherever this kingdom is set up in the soul of the righteous, it is made known by its fruits and effects. It always leads to God, and from ungodliness. We then considered that the righteous were blessed by God with an appetite for his truth, and the provision of his house; with a longing, thirsting, panting appetite for God's truths to be received into their hearts, to eat them, and realize them for themselves. You know, my friends, that nothing will satisfy a craving appetite but partaking of food.

We will just further notice that the righteous will never be satisfied, nor can anything satisfy them fully, till the Holy Ghost bears witness with their hearts that they are children of God. The righteous have many sips and drops, many intimations of God's loving-kindness, which crumble the soul, and give a little encouragement by the way. He blesses them with an appetite for that blessed provision which comes from his fulness; and nothing short of the witnessing of the Spirit that they are part of God's righteous ones will satisfy them. It must be the witness of the Spirit in the heart that they are born of God to satisfy their souls. Though tens of thousands of professors are satisfied without this, my friends, the righteous, who have an appetite for God's provision, will not be satisfied without partaking of it. Therefore, when God blessedly visits a man with his truth, he bears witness in the spirit that he is



the Lord's. How blessedly can he testify that "The Lord is my light and my salvation. He is my God; I have waited for him!" Some people seem to be afraid of throwing out a little encouragement to a poor hungry and thirsty soul, lest he be contented and satisfied with his hungering, and built up in this state, instead of being built up in Christ. Surely they must be a parcel of dead folks who have such views. Sure I am they are neither living souls nor sensible men. They have not common sense to say that they would be satisfied with their hungering and thirsting. Some think there is danger of bringing a poor soul to rest satisfied short of Christ. Let me ask thee, poor soul, who hast been panting and thirsting to take up the text of David: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When shall I come and appear before God?" Can any one bring you to be satisfied because you are hungering and thirsting after God? No; thou wantest the Object of thy desires. The wise man saith, "The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul;" not the desire itself, but the Object.

The Lord must bless the provision to this poor soul, or else he will not feel satisfied. He wants the Lord to come to his soul, and to have it decided in his own conscience, that he may be able to say, "The Lord is my righteousness and strength." A poor hungry soul cannot come to this until righteousness and strength are revealed in his soul by the Holy Ghost. Some people say, Why do you not take God at his word? This poor hungering and thirsting soul dare not; he is afraid of presuming. He cannot take a morsel and drop it into his heart, and therefore he is like a living dog in his own sight; he will sit under the table, and beg of God that a crumb may drop into his heart. A drop that sweetly breaks the heart, and humbles and crumbles him down, makes him long for more; a little drop is so good, so humbling, so sweet, so encouraging, that he longs for more.

Let me tell thee, poor soul, what the Lord says,—not what I or any other person may say, I have nothing to do with that, but what the Lord says: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Can this fall to the ground unaccomplished? No, in no wise; it never can. "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" "He filleth the hungry with good things; but the rich he hath sent empty away." "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." When the soul is blessed with such a display of his glorious sovereign power, love, and sweetness, all from the same fountain, that it crumbles his heart and gives him a hope, he is raised to a hope in his mercy. He then bears testimony to the glory and blessedness of this scripture: "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy." This is the work of God; it comes from the same source. That God who blesses him with this little sip by the way encourages

him to long on. "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and shall not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

But the text saith, "The righteous doth *sing and rejoice*." I do not understand that it means perpetually, constantly, habitually, and from day to day. I do not understand it to mean that the righteous have no troubles. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." I think that a plain testimony from the Word of God that the righteous are not continually singing and rejoicing. Abraham does not appear to have been in a singing mood when the Lord spake to him, saying, "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." From this he appears to have been drooping and fearing. It is evidently plain that he was sinking, that he had his misgivings, his slavish fears, not in exercise that filial fear which is a fruit of the Spirit of the living God; else the Lord would not have said, "Fear not." I believe from my soul that Abraham was doubting and fearing whether the Lord was there, and would appear. I have been in this spot hundreds of times. But as soon as the Lord spoke these words, I believe the Lord blessed them to his heart.

Jacob was not singing and rejoicing when he cried out, saying, "All these things are against me." He concluded everything was going against him on every hand. And poor Job was neither singing nor rejoicing when he said, "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?" Or when he said, "Even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off." No singing or rejoicing here. People might have told Job that it was his privilege and duty to rejoice in the faithfulness of God; but, poor soul, the devil was trying him, and God had hidden his face. He cries out, "He hideth himself, that I cannot find him." Here was neither singing nor rejoicing.

Was Asaph singing and rejoicing when he cried, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? And will he be favourable no more?" David was not in a singing and rejoicing frame when he cried, "My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long." He also cried out, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Here was neither singing nor rejoicing. It was the same with Isaiah, when he said, "We roar all like bears, and mourn sore like doves; we look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far off from us."

My friends, the Lord says that he will bring his people with weeping, and lead them with supplications; and I believe that those souls who never know anything of this sorrow never know anything of true singing and rejoicing. All the rejoicing they ever have is with their lips and mouths. It is not by the Spirit bringing the word home, blessing it to their hearts, and causing

them to rejoice in the God of salvation. The poor child of God often has his harp on the willows. His enemies say to him, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." The poor soul cries out, "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

My dear friends, singing is one of the happiest spots the dear child of God ever comes into this side home. It is glorifying God, praising and thanking God. But how is it, and when is it that he comes to this? The apostle says, "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." How come they to get this grace in their hearts? How do they arrive at this melody? Neither more nor less than by God the Holy Ghost sweetly bringing forth the glory and grandeur of the Lord Jesus, and dropping the truth into their hearts, bearing witness, as the Spirit of truth, with power in their hearts, that they are born of God. When this comes it breaks the heart. There is such melody, sweetness, and glory that the poor soul cannot help singing. When this is the case, "the righteous sing and rejoice," through the blessed testimony the Lord brings into their hearts. There is no possibility of their doing this till they have something to sing for. People tell them that it is their duty and privilege to do this, and that they dishonour God by not doing it. But there is not a poor child of God in this world but from his very heart and soul will sing and rejoice as soon as the Lord blesses him with a song of thanksgiving. How it breaks his heart when the Lord pours it into the heart, and breaks in with a glimpse of his mercy. When the Lord shines into his soul as his covenant God and Father, it so humbles and melts his heart that he does not come with groans, but with songs. "He loved me, and gave himself for me." "We love him because he first loved us." David says, with a sweet and blessed confidence, "He brought me up also out of the horrible pit and miry clay." Did he sing when his feet were sunk in the clay, as when they were upon the rock? Nothing of the kind. But had he not as much ground and warrant from the Word of God to believe that the Lord was his God when his feet were in the clay as when they were on the rock? Yes. God's faithfulness to his people is the same; he is their God in the dark as well as in the light. It is not their joy and comfort that make God a faithful God. But, my friends, singing and rejoicing are the effects of God's mercy. David could do none of these things; and, therefore, he says, "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, 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."

My very soul has been in these things; and I know that when the Lord brings the sinner's feet out of the miry clay,—the devilishness of the human heart, in which the soul sometimes sinks up to the neck, when God comes with his mighty truth, revealing it in the heart with his power, and dropping it into the

soul, it raises him up, and sets his feet on Christ the Rock of ages. Is it not so? He can neither sing nor rejoice, if he would, until God puts a new song into his mouth. When God raises him up, he comes with such power and divine love into his soul that he is ravished, and his soul is broken, to think of the Lord raising him up. "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." This is the way God's people come to sing. All of them, my friends, in their turn, in the Lord's own time, sing of grace and of the mighty power of God. They sing of his glory and of his faithfulness. There is never any such thing as human merit once mentioned in this song. But, my dear friends, we learn a new song; and nothing pleases God's children like this new song. I have heard those who are singers say, though I am no singer myself, that they are very fond of new tunes, and that no man can learn to sing correctly unless he has an ear for music and knows how to keep the right time. Now, my dear friends, when the Lord tunes the heart of his dear children with love, dropping it into their soul, they pay no regard to what is the outward tune. I was once at a prayer-meeting in the north, and an old man sang and made such a noise that he was not in tune. I said, "John, you will put all the people out." "Ah!" said he, "my heart and soul is in tune, and I will sing."

Thus, my friends, we learn to sing *in the heart* of the sovereign grace of God, of God's choice, of God's sovereign work in the soul, of his finished, complete redemption, of the work of the Spirit, and of the sovereign glory of God in calling, drawing, and keeping us. "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever." God's people are learning this new song all their journey through. And it is made out of an old tune, even out of the ancient electing love, justifying righteousness, and glorious faithfulness of the Holy Trinity in Unity, and the power and security of God's grace.

"The righteous doth sing and rejoice." Some poor soul may say, "I have had a sore night, a dreadful night; and it has been night so long that, at times, I fear whether I shall ever come out of it. I cry out, 'Watchman, what of the night?' I am afraid the morning will never come." But the morning cometh; wait for the morning. It will come by and by; and as soon as ever the day-star arises in your heart, a glimpse of light, life, and love from God will shine into your soul, the darkness will fly apace, and the day will break, so that you will sing and rejoice, saying, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." The righteous man cannot come singing and rejoicing only as the Lord brings him up out of his trouble. He sings the song of grace; he rejoices in the covenant love and mighty power of God in communicating his glory and grandeur.

There is not a poor worm in all the world that loves rejoicing and singing more than the one in the pulpit, though I have

often had a deal of darkness. I have begged of God hundreds of times, wept like a child, and have told him, "Lord, thou knowest I am but a little lad; and if it would please thy blessed Majesty, grant that I may not have so much of this work in such spots as these." But when the Lord has shown me how all was right between him and me, I have been enabled to bless him for the way in which he has brought me. What a song my heart has had! What rejoicing in my soul! I have been enabled to put the crown on the right head, and have crowned him Lord of all. My soul can sing, at times, and rejoice in covenant love, through the blood and imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. But it is just as God brings it into my heart. I cannot look back and take it, unless the dear Comforter leads me back with divine life, power, and unction. Then I know that it is the same light, life, love, and power that have come before. The dear Lord says, "But the Comforter shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Yesterday afternoon, as I sat in my room by myself, I thought the Lord would make manifest to the people what a fool I was, and that after all he had left me. I sat for two or three hours thinking there never was such a melancholy, drooping, fearing, sinking soul as mine in the body. This text came to my soul: "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." All came to my mind as fair and fresh as the noon-day;—where the Lord met with me; how the Lord stripped me; how by Moses's law I was brought in guilty, with a rope about my neck, expecting to drop into hell; how the Lord blessed me with grace and love, and revealed a suffering Jesus to my heart; how he had brought me through all my straits and difficulties for fifty years; how he had led me on and brought me through; how my soul had been cast down as if without hope; and how he had raised me up again. My dear friends, what a sweet song I had in my soul! I would say from my very heart, "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us." I would say, "Ebenezer; hitherto hath the Lord helped me." "Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

When the Lord comes in with such sweet testimonies as this, there is singing. I believe it is the same song the good people have in heaven. We are only lisping and learning it here on earth; we shall sing it at home for ever and ever. None sing this song but the redeemed of the Lord; they are taught it by God, and sing it here before the Lord as they are instructed. But, my friends, when the blessed ransomed of the Lord enter into glory, there will be no sighing because of trouble there. No; they will always sing. It seems to be above our comprehension to comprehend this song. It will be immortal glory.

They will sing with sweet melody: "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." We have sung this song, many of us, here below at different times. Methinks one poor longing soul says, "I wish I could have a song. My soul is ready to say I love him; but does he love me? He is the chief among ten thousand; but am I the object of his love?" Ah! Thou art, else thou wouldst never have been carried away with the fitness, beauty, and suitableness of the Saviour, or seen and felt thy need of him. But when we come home, it will be one song, one rejoicing; there will be no clouds there, no darkness, no devil to disturb the song, no bereavements, no breaking up of family connexions, no lamenting the loss of a husband, wife, child, father, or friend. No; we shall all shine as the sun in the firmament, in immortal glory. It will be one eternal song of happiness; and all of grace from first to last. O! What shoutings there will be, when the top stone is brought forth, of "Grace, grace, unto it!"

May the good Lord bless the few hints dropped, and to him be all the glory. Amen.

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## THE EXPERIENCE OF SAMUEL BENDALL.

(Concluded from page 297.)

ON a certain day, I was for about an hour brought to experience great darkness of mind, even down to the borders of despair, by a train of thought on the subject of death. Before this, I had been saying, "Surely the bitterness of death is past." But on this occasion, as I sat upon the threshold of my door, "my heart was sore pained within me, and the terrors of death fell upon me. Fearfulness and trembling came upon me, and horror overwhelmed me." (Ps. lv. 4, 5.) But though the Lord chastened me sore by the fiery trial, yet he gave me not over unto death. And though "the waves of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid;" though "the sorrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me" (2 Sam. xxii. 5, 6) for a time from looking up to the Name of the Lord for help; yet I proved finally that "the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." (2 Chron. xvi. 9.) Then again "in my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God; and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears." (2 Sam. xxii. 7.) "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." (Ps. lxxviii. 20.) "For thou hast delivered my soul from death," &c. (Ps. lvi. 13.)

I bless thee, O Lord Jesus, that thou hast exultingly exclaimed, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I

will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." (Hos. xiii. 14.) And I bless thee, dear Lord Jesus, that thou wilt soon bring to pass in my experience this saying that is written: "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." (Isa. xxv. 8; 1 Cor. xv. 54.) And I bless thee that thou hast caused me, even now, at times, to shout, "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, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (55-57.) And, with the apostle, I can further say, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 37-39.)

Dear friends, I hereby testify to you by my experience that Satan is never tired of going to and fro in the earth, or of walking up and down in it. (Job i. 7.) He is never weary of trying to drive the Lord's chosen and called ones from the throne of grace. It was my blessed experience, after being taught to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, to hear the Lord's exhortation in Matt. vi. 6: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet," &c. Among the numberless spots and places of retreat for secret prayer, there was one hallowed and favoured spot, where I first felt the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Saviour and my God. It was a secret corner, between three walls, a space of about six feet by two, at the salt manufactory, in the Bath Road. At this spot I was often found; and I need not try to tell you the various exercises I was the subject of; but they were "things which accompany salvation." But here, as in other spots, I have been startled at the shaking of a leaf, the flight of a bird, the sound of a footstep, or the noise of a beast; and fiery darts in the mind have moved me from my knees. But, with the thousands of interruptions, I can record deliverances also. "They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord." (Judg. v. 2.)

On Jan. 21st, 1855, I was obliged to take to my bed, being afflicted with a bilious fever. It lay heavily upon me for a week. The doctor, my wife, and my friends were unceasing in their attendance upon me, doubtful how it would terminate. As the fever abated, I began to recover slowly; and on Feb. 4th, with help, I came down stairs. And on this day, Feb. 11th, I am enabled to pen this; for which privilege I feel a desire to have a grateful heart and a thankful tongue, so that I may render an acceptable sacrifice of praise to my Creator, my Preserver, my Almighty Saviour, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my unchangeable God.

In the deepest stage of this affliction, when in my reasonable moments, it came into my mind thus:

"His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink," &c.

And in this affliction I was led to see myself to be more vile than ever I saw myself before, and a spared monument of God's mercy. I cried, "O Lord, have mercy upon me! I am a vile, polluted, base speck in thy creation. I have, in times past, feared thy Name; I have trembled at thy word; I have hoped in thy mercy: Through faith in thy dear Son Jesus Christ, I have confessed thy Name before men. I have rejoiced in his great and glorious salvation as finished upon Calvary. I have embraced his ordinances, and loved his people. But I am vile still; I am an abomination to myself. O Lord, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. Be pleased in thy great mercy to lift up my soul out of this dust of death, and from this dunghill state." Then I longed for his word as the watchman longeth for the morning. I felt myself, in body and mind, like a little child. And as my wife administered nourishment to my body, so the Lord appeared and fed my mind. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." (Ps. cvii. 8, 9.)

Whilst my mouth was open before the Lord, the following Scripture was applied to my mind with power: "Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies. And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin." (Isa. i. 24, 25.) Then I was led to look back upon the twenty-six years since I first believed, and saw the great bulk of wood, hay, and stubble which I had laid upon that foundation. Then I said, "O Lord, wert thou to deal with me according to my deservings, I should be punished with everlasting destruction from thy presence, and from the glory of thy power. It is of thy mercies that I am not consumed, and because thy compassions fail not. 'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.'"

On another occasion, whilst very weak, I was greatly troubled; and I again called upon the Name of the Lord. "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." (Prov. xviii. 10.) "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Isa. lix. 19.) And this is the standard: "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord." (ver. 20.) The Lord again appeared for my soul, and I pleaded his precious blood. And I do know and bear testimony that the blood of Jesus Christ is an all-prevailing and overcoming plea. "They overcame him *by the blood of the Lamb*, and by the word of their testimony." (Rev. xii. 11.)



It is a prevailing plea at the throne of grace. It is the blood of a perfect sin-offering, an acceptable atonement for sin, a satisfactory price paid for the redemption of all sinners who are brought to believe in Jesus. It is a perfect sin-cleansing fountain: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"And there have I, though vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away."

In Feb., 1862, in my 74th year, as I was walking along the side of a cutting, the earth gave way under my feet, and I was thrown sideways into the excavation. The whole weight of my body came upon the end of a rammer that was standing up on end. I thought I should never fetch breath again; but the bruise was healed, and I recovered in about a month.

In Nov. of the same year, I was standing upon the fourth round of a ladder in my garden, nailing up something under my vine tree; when suddenly the round of the ladder broke at both ends, and I was thrown sideways unconscious to the ground. The same short ribs which were hurt in the spring came in contact with a sharp piece of wood, and my head with the edge of the pavement, which cut open my left temple. I was found by my wife senseless and bleeding upon the ground, where I was restored to consciousness by the attention of the doctor and my family. I knew not what had happened to me until I was told. I was always sensible of the presence and keeping power of God whenever I descended into a well or ascended from it. "He that dwelleth in the sweet place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and my Fortress; my God; in him will I trust."

I had a seat under my vine; and often gloried in sitting there, as an emblem of what is written: "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid." (Mic. iv. 4.) And in my garden I had an apple tree, which bore much fruit. I had a seat also under it, and sometimes I would sit there. Then it would come to my mind: "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, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." (Song ii. 3.)

The following is a copy of a letter written by Mr. Bendall to his son. It was, we believe, written from Birkenhead:

Dear Son Thomas,—I am still a wonder to myself and others. Yes, there is and always will be a people wondered at. Yes, angels wonder and praise at seeing sinners brought to repentance; devils wonder and rage at losing their captives; and the world wonders and hates you because you have left the broad road that leads to destruction. The multitude hating your light makes manifest the gross darkness you have been brought out of, and proves their deeds to be evil. And self wonders too:

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

Yes,

“’Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perish’d in our sin.”

I am pleased to hear of the welfare of my old friends and acquaintances. I hope their souls prosper also by the use of strong meat and good old wine. Tell them that is my wish and prayer for them. Tell them that rich nutriment is not to be had amongst the great multitude without; but it is supplied plentifully to the little flock within. “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” “All are yours; and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.” “Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but unto them it is not given.” Tell Mr. M. I sent a letter to — a little time ago, to try his spirit and see if I could get him to a reconciliation. I had a reply, but I found him as far off as ever. He tells me that we shall settle matters at the bar of God, in the day of judgment. I have no fear of a controversy there; for I have been at the bar already, and have been acquitted.

You seem to lament the condition of the church, being in a low place, and the number small. The little church always was in trouble; and there would be a woe unto it if she were at ease.

He then goes on to name a number of his old friends, to whom he sends his love; and proceeds: I hear that old W. has gone at last, after so long a stay. I also am near my 81st year.

Although in the midst of such multitudes, I can find no one to talk to. I am in a wilderness, and wonder this vast mass of mixed multitudes is not destroyed. I used to compare Cheltenham to Sardis; but this is Sodom. You, dear Thomas, would be surprised if you were here for a few days and saw the sad condition of the place. You would be glad to get into a swift train and get away, lest it should be swallowed up.

May the Lord be with you and bless you.

Your affectionate Father,

July 17th, 1868.

SAMUEL BENDALL.

We conclude Mr. Bendall’s experience, for the present, at least, by inserting the following letter, written in 1852, to Lady Lucy Smith, of Wilford Hall, Nottingham:

To Lady Lucy Smith, elect, and her household. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love.

Dear lady, chosen from eternity to everlasting life, God hath by his efficacious grace and wonder-working power made you and yours choice and lively partakers of the divine nature, and sincere believers of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; not on account of your high birth, or your abundant wealth, but because you were among the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, loved of him before the foundation of the world, chosen of God

in Christ Jesus, predestinated in him, and, according to his eternal purpose and grace, called out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light, and made to possess an inheritance among his heaven-born family. And I am persuaded by your humble walk and practice and works of love that you are among that happy number at whom the finger of the Lord God is pointed, when he exclaims, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise."

I am a poor aged sinner, saved by the Lord, redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb, and justified through faith in his righteousness, which is unto all and upon all them that believe. I was called about 23 years ago by the all-powerful voice of Jesus Christ, through the quickening operation of the Eternal and ever-blessed Spirit, who is one with the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, God over all, blessed for evermore. And unto the riches of the full assurance of understanding I am blessedly brought, to the acknowledgment of Christ Jesus; "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

I wish for you and your partner in tribulation, and all about you who love the Lord Jesus Christ and long for his appearing, the most abundant enjoyment of all the new-covenant blessings which proceed from the redeeming mercy and grace of God our Father, through Jesus Christ our exalted Saviour; and that you all may be thereby animated to walk in truth and love, according to the tenor of that glorious gospel with which he has favoured us.

Dear lady, I was astonished when I found your servants so firmly established in the truth; and more especially in finding that God had not left himself without witnesses among the people who are possessed of an abundance of this world's good. And my surprise increased to a marvel when I saw one or two among the rich rejoicing in that they were made poor. I have often been wrought upon, when surrounded by multitudes of professors, to exclaim, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" Bless the Lord, it is not said that "not *any* mighty," &c., are called, but "not *many* wise men after the flesh, not *many* mighty, not *many* noble are called," &c. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"

What a wonder it is that God, in his abundant mercy and everlasting love, should have chosen you and your dear partner in life to glory and virtue, when the great and rich are generally contemned of him, and left to their own hearts' lusts, or to be persecutors of his people and blasphemers of his holy name and religion!

Dear lady, the Lord's mercies are new to me every morning, and renewed every evening; and great is his faithfulness. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." And it is written: "But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches

in glory by Christ Jesus." Nevertheless, whilst travelling through this waste, howling wilderness, tribulation must come to work patience, and experience must produce a good hope, even a hope which "maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

I have heard that you have in your dwelling a Museum. Your servant saw a heart of stone in my collection of fossils, which he thought you would like; I therefore have sent it to you. But I had one much harder before its power was taken from me, and substituted by a heart of flesh, that I should walk in God's statutes, and keep his ordinances, and do them. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. xxii. 14.)

You inquired of me if I knew any person in Cheltenham who had written any tracts, or record of their experience. I send for your perusal my humble and simple testimony of the Lord's dealings with my soul. I was 40 years in a state of nature, kept by his almighty power, shut up under the law unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed. I experienced the new birth by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost in my 40th year. I have been kept since then by the power of God for 23 years "through faith unto salvation." Annexed is a variety of experiences, from the time that the new covenant was written upon the fleshy tables of my heart. At the time of writing the disconnected work I have submitted to your ladyship's notice I was continually at the throne of grace, and searching the Scriptures, with a strong desire to sanctify the Lord of hosts himself. My supplication was: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Dear lady, the Lord, in making his new covenant with his people, puts his laws into their hearts, makes himself known to them as their God, and calls them his people. They are all taught of him. He is merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and iniquities he remembers no more.

That the Lord may abundantly bless your soul with his truth, that you may be rooted and grounded in the truth, and that it may bring forth fruit to the glory of a Triune God a hundred fold, is the prayer of

Yours in the Best of Bonds,

SAMUEL BENDALL.

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Last April I had an interview with one of Mr. Bendall's sons, now residing at Cheltenham; and from him derived some information respecting his father.

About the year 1842, the late Mr. John Smith opened a room in Bath Terrace, Cheltenham, and Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Cowley, Mr. Isbell, Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Ferris, Mr. Morse, Mr. Shorter, Mr. Tanner, and others of the same faith and order, preached in it. Mr. Tanner preached in it the first sermon he ever preached from home, and also the last. Mr. Bendall joined them soon after the room was opened, often giving out the hymns and engaging in prayer at the prayer-meetings.

He was very hospitable, and especially kind to any poor blacks with whom he came in contact. His son mentioned one case particularly, when he took home a "big dirty-looking black," who frightened the children sadly; but B. fed and clothed him, and sent him away happy.

Once, when going from worship, he saw a poor profligate woman lying in the street in a most filthy state. An Independent minister (I think the son said) passed by, and B. begged of him to help him carry the poor creature to some place of refuge; but he would not touch her. B. then paid a man to help him. He subsequently gave her employment, and had the happiness of seeing her afterwards married.

On one occasion, as he could not get his money in, he failed in business. He paid 10s. in the pound to the principal creditors, and in a year paid the smaller ones in full. The lawyer was so pleased with him that he charged him as little as possible for his labour.

He does not appear to have been slow to speak, and, as a consequence, sometimes gave offence to those who could not bear to be contradicted; but, unlike some in the present day, he was swift to forgive. He once had a difference with one who, as I well know, differed from well-nigh everybody, and seemed unable to unite with anybody. B. sought to be reconciled; but the other would not be. B. said to his son, "Let him alone. He thinks he has a work to do." This is the person referred to in the letter to his son, already given.

I also had an interview with the present Mr. John Smith (son of the one already mentioned), who built the new chapel near the Bath Road, in which Mr. Gorton for some time preached. He stated that he knew Bendall well. He described him as being rough in his manner, but firm for the truths of the gospel. Once, when Mr. Tiptaft had been preaching in the room, B. gave a little account of himself to Mr. T.; but he did it in so rough a way, that Mr. T. was not very favourably impressed. He seems to have had a good deal of the off-hand sailor manner with him to the last.

When his wife died, in 1866, he lost his earthly stay, broke up his house, and went to live with a daughter, being mainly at Birkenhead. He was compelled to walk with two sticks, and was unable to get to Shaw Street Chapel.

He died at his daughter's in 1870, in his 83rd year.

Mr. Gorton a short time ago called my attention to a letter by Mr. Bendall, which was inserted in the "G. S.," 1840, p. 78. This letter will probably be inserted next month.—J. G.

I want no new doctrines, nor any new religion, as I want no fresh Bible and no new Lord; all I want is to live more daily in the sweet enjoyment of them, and to manifest more of their power in heart, lip, and life.—*J. C. Philpot.*

I HAVE had more advantage by private thoughts of Christ than by anything in this world; and I think when a soul hath satisfying and exalting thoughts of Christ himself, his Person, and his glory, it is the way whereby Christ dwells in such a soul. If I have observed anything by experience, it is this: A man may take the measure of his growth and decay in grace according to his thoughts and meditations upon the Person of Christ, and the glory of Christ's kingdom and of his love. A heart that is inclined to converse with Christ as he is represented in the gospel is a thriving heart; and if estranged from it, and backward to it, it is under deadness and decays.—*Owen.*

**"YE ARE GOD'S BUILDING."**

1 Cor. III. 9.

The church of God doth represent  
 A building all complete;  
 With precious stones and rich cement  
 It is indeed replete.

The "Corner-stone" on which it stands  
 Was laid ere time began;  
 Fashion'd by God's eternal hands  
 Was the stupendous plan.

O how this living Stone was tried  
 By sin, and death, and hell!  
 What he withstood and well defied  
 No mortal tongue can tell.

Stern Justice, with revengeful sway,  
 To him no mercy gave;  
 He bore the stroke, to make the way  
 His own dear church to save.

The "Corner-stone" was thus approved  
 As finish'd in God's view.  
 If this Foundation be removed,  
 What would the righteous do?

From Adam's lost and ruin'd stock  
 God chooses sinners base,  
 To fix upon the eternal Rock,  
 In their preparèd place.

The righteous law is first applied  
 To sinners dead in sin;  
 And after they to this have died,  
 The gospel is brought in.

From this they learn their hope to build  
 On Christ, and nothing less;  
 Here they discern what glories gild  
 His blood and righteousness.

When modell'd thus by God's own hand,  
 Each sinner forms a stone  
 Of that blest building, which shall stand  
 And ne'er be overthrown.

When the last stone is gather'd in,  
 To make it all complete,  
 Each heart shall join God's love to sing,  
 And each his praise repeat.

Birmingham.

A. S.

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God's great design, in the method of salvation made choice of by infinite wisdom, was to stain the pride of all glory, that no flesh might glory in his sight, but that he that glorieth should glory only in the Lord.—*Italyburton.*

## MR. TIPTAFT'S SAYINGS.

*(Concluded from p. 298.)*VII.—SAYINGS TO HIS HEARERS *(continued)*.

If your religion has cost you nothing it is worth nothing. Do you put it on with your Sunday clothes? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Parents get the most praise from their children when they themselves are laid in the grave.

Let a man walk about ever so proudly, six feet by two is all he will want. Yes, six feet by two.

Show me a man not straight in his words, and I will show you one not straight in his actions.

How different is a young recruit spending his bounty-money from an old veteran who has had to encounter the enemy!

"Young Christians oft please their vain minds

With wonders they hope to perform;

But soon they come limping behind,

Their courage all foil'd in a storm."—*Gadsby*.

How many of you would come to chapel to-night if you were going to receive a hundred stripes to-morrow?

"Take heed and beware of covetousness." The Lord saw the need of doubly warning against the besetting sin of covetousness in old age. "Take heed," &c.

"Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

Whoever may be panting after a real soul deliverance will prize it when it comes more than they have any present idea of.

How wonderfully rich are those who have grace! How wonderfully poor those are, however rich in this world, who are dead in their sins!

Better to be in the union poor-house with a grain of grace in your heart than in a palace without it; for what would the palace avail you a thousand years hence?

Actions speak louder than words. You may deceive yourselves, but you cannot deceive God; for "God is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed."

In baptism the water represents a grave. "Buried with Christ in baptism." However men may despise this ordinance, if you go to heaven, you must be saved by a Baptist [Christ].

The children of Israel took no more of the land of Canaan than they took by sword, conflict, and conquest. "Their soul was much discouraged because of the way." Are you better than they? Do you expect to get to heaven in an easier way?

If you owe Moses ten thousand talents, and could pay all but one farthing, Moses would send you to hell for that farthing. "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

The world think little of God's people, but they expect much. They would be more surprised to see any of you who attend this chapel at the races than any other sect. How they would talk about you!

How do you know you can do nothing towards your own salvation? Have you ever tried? How willing was the rich man when in hell to make his father's house a chapel, and to have Lazarus to preach to his brethren!

I know that when I am favoured in my soul all things are right. There is no murmuring about the past, nor fretting about the future. We can then say, "Thy will be done, O Lord!"

Those in much sorrow of soul, and those in much enjoyment of soul, are not very fit for the world. But there are not many mourning as sinners, or rejoicing, knowing themselves to be sinners saved by grace.

What a very great mercy to have a right religion! What an awful thing to be deceived,—to see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out! What can be more awful? "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut."

"If this be, Lord, thy way,  
Then who can hope to gain  
The prize such numbers never seek,  
Such numbers seek in vain?"

O that seeking in vain! How awful! "If thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul." But I must of necessity come here:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Jesus and my All."

### CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

*To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.*

Dear Brethren in the Bond of the Everlasting Covenant,—Yours from friend Miles, dated April 15th, I received this day. I also received your others. The reason I have not written sooner is that I am so fixed in the providence of God that I scarcely know how to reply. My dear wife still continues very ill. She is at this moment labouring under a fresh attack of her complaint, and I really fear it will end in her death. I know the Lord cannot err; but I find my mind really much perplexed. Now and then, through the abounding of rich grace, I feel it all to be right, and am quite satisfied with the will of God. But such seasons are but short.

At this moment, my dear wife is so very ill, and my mind so confused, that I know not how to write at all; so you must excuse me saying any more than what is really necessary upon the



point in hand. God willing, I will endeavour to be in London for the opening of the chapel; only you must let me know a few weeks before the time. But one thing I wish to observe; and that is, if my wife does not get somewhat better, I cannot leave home to come to London. But this we must leave with the Lord. I believe there will be an alteration before then; and if it be the will of God, I hope my wife will be better. However, I have this consolation, that whether she lives or dies she is the Lord's.

I cannot see it to be necessary for me and Mr. Turner to be up at the same time. I certainly should be glad to see him; but I fear you will be short enough of supplies without having two up at one time. But I must leave you to judge of that. You will not forget to write a few weeks before the time. Give my love to Mr. Vorley and to all friends. I hope it will please the Lord to put it into your hearts to pray for us. The Master's presence be with you. This is the prayer of

Yours in the Truth,

April 17th, 1820.

WM. GADSBY.

*"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH."*

REV. XXI. 4.

WHILE the dear saints of God are pent  
 In tents of death and sin,  
 How oft they bitterly lament  
 The death they feel within!

In feeling lifeless as a stone,  
 They sigh and cry again,  
 And pant for life with many a groan;  
 But lifeless oft remain.

But when their ransom'd spirits stand  
 On Canaan's peaceful shore,  
 Safe in the heavenly better land,  
 Their conflicts will be o'er.

Inscribed in glorious characters  
 Amidst its blessings fair,  
 This one conspicuously appears:  
 "No death may enter there."

There is the blissful Fount of life,  
 By all the saints enjoy'd;  
 It flows with boundless blessings rife;  
 And death shall be destroy'd.

Ye, then, that mourn your lifeless state,  
 Almost with every breath,  
 For that blest hour expectant wait,  
 When there shall be no death.

## GIDEON AND HIS ARMY.

METHINKS now Israel should have complained of indignity, and have said, Why shouldst thou think, O Gideon, that there can be a cowardly Israelite? And if the experience of the power and mercy of God be not enough to make us fearless, yet the sense of servitude must needs have made us resolute; for who had not rather to be buried dead than quick [alive]? Are we not fain to hide our heads in the caves of the earth, and to make our graves our houses? Not so much as the very light that we can freely enjoy. The tyranny of death is but short and easy to this of Midian; and yet what danger can there be of that, since thou hast so certainly assured us of God's promise of victory, and his miraculous confirmation? No, Gideon; those hearts that have brought us hither after thy colours can as well keep us from retiring.

But now, who can but bless himself to find, of two-and-thirty thousand Israelites, two-and-twenty thousand cowards? Yet all these in Gideon's march made as fair a flourish of courage as the boldest. Who can trust the faces of men that sees in the army of Israel above two for one timorous? How many make a glorious show in the warfaring church, which, when they shall see danger of persecution, shall shrink from the standard of God? Hope of safety, examples of neighbours, desire of praise, fear of censures, coaction of laws, fellowship of friends, draw many into the field, which, so soon as ever they see the adversary, repent of their conditions; and, if they may cleanly escape, will be gone early from Mount Gilead. Can any man be offended at the number of these shrinkers, when he sees but ten thousand Israelites left of two-and-thirty thousand in the morning?

These men, that would have been ashamed to go away by day, now drop away by night; and if Gideon should have called any one of them back, and said, Wilt thou fly? would have made an excuse; the darkness is a fit veil for their paleness or blushing; fearfulness cannot abide the light. None of these thousands of Israel but would have been loth Gideon should have seen his face, whilst he said, I am fearful! Very shame holds some in their station, whose hearts are already fled. And if we cannot endure that men should be witnesses of that fear which we might live to correct, how shall we abide once to show our fearful heads before that terrible Judge, when he calls us forth to the punishment of our fear? O the vanity of foolish hypocrites, that run upon the terrors of God, whilst they would avoid the shame of men!

How do we think the small remainder of Israel looked, when, in the next morning muster, they found themselves but ten thousand left? How did they accuse their timorous countrymen, that had left but this handful to encounter the millions of Midian? And yet still God complains of too many; and, upon

his trial, dismisses nine thousand seven hundred more. His first trial was of the valour of their minds; his next is of the ability of their bodies. Those which, besides boldness, are not strong, patient of labour and thirst, willing to stoop, content with a little (such were those that took up water with their hands), are not for the select band of God. The Lord of Hosts will serve himself of none but able champions. If he have, therefore, singled us into his combat, this very choice argues that he finds that strength in us, which we cannot confess in ourselves. How can it but comfort us in our great trials, that if the Searcher of hearts did not find us fit, he would never honour us with so hard an employment.

Now, when there is not scarce left one Israelite to every thousand of the Midianites, it is seasonable with God to join battle. When God hath stripped us of all our earthly confidence, then doth he find time to give us victory, and not till then, lest he should be a loser in our gain; like as at last he unclothes us of our body, that he may clothe us upon with glory.

If Gideon feared when he had two-and-thirty thousand Israelites at his heels, is it any wonder if he feared when all these were shrunk unto three hundred? Though his confirmation were more, yet his means were abated. Why was not Gideon rather the leader of those two-and-twenty thousand runaways, than of these three hundred soldiers? O infinite mercy and forbearance of God, that takes not advantage of so strong an infirmity, but instead of casting, encourages him! That wise providence hath prepared a dream in the head of one Midianite, an interpretation in the mouth of another, and hath brought Gideon to be an auditor of both, and hath made his enemies prophets of his victory, encouragers of the attempt, proclaimers of their own confusion. A Midianite dreams, a Midianite interprets. Our very dreams many times are not without God; there is a providence in our sleeping fancies. Even the enemies of God may have visions, and power to construe them right. How usually are wicked men forewarned of their own destruction! To foreknow, and not avoid, is but an aggravation of judgment.

When Gideon heard good news, though from an enemy, he fell down and worshipped. To hear himself compared to a mere barley-cake troubled him not, when he heard withal that his rolling down the hill should break the tents of Midian. It matters not how base we be thought, so we may be victorious. The soul that hath received full confirmation from God in the assurance of his salvation, cannot but bow the knee, and by gestures of body tell how it is ravished. I would have thought Gideon should rather have found full confirmation in the promise and act of God than in the dream of the Midianite. Dreams may be full of uncertainty; God's undertakings are infallible. Well, therefore, might the miracle of God give strength to the

dream of a Midianite; but what strength could a pagan's dream give to the miraculous act of God? Yet by this is Gideon thoroughly settled. When we are going, a little thing drives us on; when we are come near the shore, the very tide, without sails, is enough to put us into the harbour. We shall now hear no more of Gideon's doubts, but of his achievements. And though God had promised by these three hundred to chase the Midianites, yet he neglects not wise stratagems to effect it. To wait for God's performance in doing nothing is to abuse that divine providence which will so work that will not allow us to be idle.

Now, when we would look that Gideon should give charge of whetting their swords, sharpening their spears, and fitting their armour, he only gives orders for empty pitchers, and lights, and trumpets. The crackling of these pitchers shall break in pieces this Midianitish clay; the kindling of these lights shall extinguish the light of Midian; these trumpets sound no other than a soul-pegal to all the host of Midian. There shall need nothing but noise and light to confound this innumerable army.

And if the pitchers, and brands, and trumpets of Gideon did so daunt and dismay the proud troops of Midian and Amalek, who can we think shall be able to stand before the last terror, wherein the trumpet of the archangel shall sound, and the heaven shall pass away with a noise, and the elements shall be on a flame about our ears?

Any of the weakest Israelites would have served to have broken an empty pitcher, to have carried a light, and to have sounded a trumpet, and to strike a flying adversary. Not to the basest use will God employ an unworthy agent; he will not allow so much as a cowardly torch-bearer.

Those two-and-twenty thousand Israelites that slipped away for fear, can, when the fearful Midianites fled, pursue and kill them, and can follow them at the heels, whom they durst not look at in the face. Our flight gives advantage to the feeblest adversary, whereas our resistance foileth the greatest.—*Bishop Hall.*

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## THE EXPERIENCE OF JAMES HOWORTH, OF PEMBERTON.

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MAY the Lord enable me to write and the reader to read in love; so that each may give praise unto God and not man. My heart at this time is full to overflowing with love to the Lord and his people, though of sinners I am the most vile, and desire to feel less than the least of all saints. If ever my poor soul is taken to immortal bliss and blessedness, I must and will sing with Paul, Peter, Mary Magdalene, Moses, Lot, David, and the whole host of sinners saved by sovereign grace an everlasting song of praise and thanksgiving, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," &c.

I was born into this world of sin and sorrow in 1822. I lived in a state of nature till 1847, when, I trust, it pleased God to commence a work of grace in my poor soul. I shall mention a few things which I have some knowledge of from 1822 to 1847, and then give that which I sometimes think to be a work of grace.

The earliest thing I remember, was being washed by my mother one Sunday morning when I could just walk. Being born of parents in connexion with the Church of England, we were sent to the Sunday School in connexion therewith from infancy. When we were not able to walk a mile to the school, my father used to take us on his back. How few parents there are who will even do this in order that their children may be kept from worse company! Ever since that time, I have been, more or less, in connexion with a Sunday School. I have been, and still am, a lover of Sunday Schools, when conducted on good principles. But how few out of the thousands of teachers are there who know their right hand from their left in divine things! I have found few, also, among those who are experimentally taught in divine things that are willing to use a little self-denial in order to assist those institutions in connexion with the place of their birth or worship in one day out of seven.

I remember once being disobedient to my mother, and she shut me up in a room. How I rebelled and kicked against this, cursed and swore, and said things too base to name! But this she did not hear; for we were not allowed to tell falsehoods or swear; if we did we were sure to have the rod. I have often passed that house since, and thought upon that evil hour with sorrow of heart. Our parents used to make us "say our prayers." Sometimes we were stupid, and would not, till our father hit us with his fist on the head. Then, with tears in our eyes, we muttered something. This was the way our parents taught us to pray. What solemn mockery! What vast multitudes, both of parsons and people, know no better! What a mercy if we are made to differ!

I remember once looking out of a window and seeing smoke. Having heard and read about the judgment-day and hell-fire, I began to pray to God, as I thought, that he would make me one of his elect; and then, I thought, I should be all right. I thought he would make anybody his elect, if he asked him in sincerity; and so do thousands. But the smoke went away, and I was secure.

I used to think that all rich people who went to church would go to heaven. I used to wish sometimes that I had been a cow and had no soul. I was sure that all the Church of England ministers would go to heaven when they died. I used to envy them of their office. They looked so holy, and seemed to be so sincere, when in the upper and lower box.

I had a desire to make a more public profession; but this I put off till I got married and settled in life. I thought there

would then be no obstacles in the way; but this I found to be all of self; for then I fell deeper and deeper into sin, and walked in the way of transgressors. I was kept, before marriage, from being a ringleader in vice. I could not think it seemly to do so, and yet I had pleasure in them that did; thereby proving that my heart was like theirs. I was led to the public-house, into bad company, lying, stealing, cheating, &c. It was a great mercy I was not imprisoned or transported.

I got into business for myself, and was married to a Baptist. I did not take into consideration her religion; but she had mine, thinking that she could win me over to her side. But she could not. To the Church of England I would and did go, and she to the Baptist chapel. My father, having found me a little money to begin business with, would have it back. We had an increase in our family; and, being a Churchman, the baby must be sprinkled. I tried its mother hard to take it to church for that purpose; but it was of no use. Yet I was determined to have it done. This caused things to be more crooked than ever.

About this time, also, my creditors were pressing me for money, and denying me any more goods till I sent some cash. What with this, unpleasantness at home, shyness from my wife's parents, and disagreeableness with my parents, I was in a warm nest for a year or two. My parents, at one time, had forsaken my house; and her parents had left the shop to purchase elsewhere; and my parents did the same. About this time, I thought these words were very sweet to me: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." I tried, while in these circumstances, to borrow a little money; but every door was shut. I, therefore, did the best I could to get into better circumstances by doing what was not right in the sight of God. What it was, I need not here name, as I may have occasion to refer to it again.

As time rolled on things began to have a better appearance. My wife and I were more reconciled to our lot. She went to the Baptist chapel and I to church. I would occasionally go with her, and she would sometimes go with me, thereby making things as easy as we well could. Yet they were often otherwise; and, strange to say, generally when I went with her to the Baptist chapel the minister was baptizing. I used to think it was a made-up thing that I should go then. I thought it was a solemn ordinance, and most like the Scripture mode; but this I kept to myself. The minister once said that infant sprinkling was a popish figment, and sprang from the Church of Rome. This did not please me; and yet I could never find any proof from Scripture of infant baptism. Yet I never thought anything about the character fit for baptism; it was for any one who had a mind, for anything I knew. I read all I could lay my fingers on that endeavoured to prove that infant baptism was according to Scripture; but I could not get any satisfaction. Still I per-

severed in the way in which I was brought up. I read about sixty-six bishops meeting on the point, who decided that it was scriptural. Surely, thought I, if all these bishops and ministers and thousands of people believe it, I must be wrong. I also bought a prayer-book with references, so that I could prove from Scripture that the book of Common Prayer was scriptural, and therefore according to the mind of the Spirit. I was determined, if possible, to be as wise as the compilers thereof; and yet I could not satisfy myself that it was right.

I was extremely fond of the ten commandments, and their use in the Church of England, being painted in bold letters over the communion-table. I thought I should keep them; and I am sure I did my best, vainly hoping to be saved thereby. But one of these I could not keep. I remember once saying to myself that, as Christ had suffered for sinners, it must be for the sin against this particular commandment. I did commit it; yea, and I could not help it, either.

"The more I strove against sin's power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled yet the more."

Yea, I sinned because grace abounded; and I should have gone on in this way until now, or till hell had proved my destined place, had not God stopped me by his invincible grace.

I once heard Mr. Gadsby at Bacup, in 1842. I did not go for the purpose of hearing him in particular; and yet I had heard something about him. I went after something else. All I remember him saying was to this effect: "I should like you Church folks to think what you are saying when you say, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.'" I did not know then what he meant by it, but trust I have known something about it since; for that which I thought to be unto life I found to be unto death.

I remember hearing Mr. F. preach at B., and I was convinced that it was the truth. On this night, for the first time, was I brought on my knees in prayer. I remember reading Warburton's "Mercies of a Covenant God," and that I was broken down to see the Lord's delivering hand. I never asked myself how he got into those straits and difficulties. I afterwards heard him preach at B.

I will now come to a more pleasing and interesting part of my experience. It pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon me in the latter part of 1847. I well remember, on the night before I was seized with the affliction, how cross, dissatisfied, and surly I was in the shop. Things did not please me; and, what was worse, my heart was the greatest disturber. I was, and am naturally, fond of smooth things; but this is just as the Lord will. He will do all his pleasure; and none can let or hinder him in his work. I said it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon me. I was seized suddenly in the night. I went and sat down with the door open, and a face quite black. I could scarcely breathe at all. Sent for the doctor, but he could

administer little relief to me. I was expecting nothing but being cut down every time that my cough troubled me. The sins which I had been the subject of stared me in the face. The workings of sin in my affections, the terrors of a broken law, the holiness of God, who seemed to frown upon me, I felt. I sensibly felt my state and condition. I covered myself over head in bed, and thought upon this Scripture: "And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne," &c. Then came thoughts about my soul, which could not be destroyed by the mountains and rocks. And then came thoughts of eternity and my guilty soul. Every night and morning I expected to be my last, especially night. How I did dread that, lest it should be the last! The doctor forbade me any company. The state of my mind I did not describe to any one. How many days or weeks I was in this state I know not. Surely hell can be no worse a place than this. Guilty, guilty! Lost, lost!

I sent for a Sunday-school teacher, having known him from infancy, not daring to send for the minister. He came; and after a little conversation, I asked him to read a chapter and engage in prayer. He did so. I did not pray myself. I thought it was all over with me; but had some recollection about this portion: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I looked on that person as a righteous man; and this was the ground of my asking him to engage in prayer. He came to see me again in the course of a week; but before he came again my mind had been relieved.

One day these words were on my mind, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." I began to wonder what they meant. I called for a Bible. I thought they must be somewhere in the book of psalms. I did not know where, neither do I remember that I had ever seen them before. I found them; and O how sweet was that psalm to my soul at that time! Yea, I did call upon all the powers of my soul to bless the Lord, in the words of the whole psalm. Tears of love and joy rolled down my cheeks, so that I could scarcely see to read. I had a view of Christ on the cross, showing how my sins were pardoned, and how I must be saved. What a relief this was to my poor soul! Yea, I did bless him in my soul, feelingly. What tears of joy and sorrow flowed from my heart and eyes!

This is what I sometimes think was the beginning of a work of grace on my soul; for it was the first time I had known anything about being really distressed on account of sin, or anything of rejoicing in salvation or a Saviour. I can truly say that I knew no more how God saved sinners, or the way of salvation, than they who have never seen or read a Bible, though I had gone so much to school and meetings. I thought it was doing good and getting good, and then the Lord would save all such; but this was wrong. I believe that millions of these characters will be found at the last with lamps without the oil, and, therefore, the



door will be shut against them. What a mercy that salvation is by grace, through faith!

But I did not continue long in this sweet enjoyment. It was suggested to my mind that that psalm was not for me: "Look at its title,—'a psalm of David.' It was for David, and not for you." I was distressed at this, and sank with it, for I could not say that it was not so. Now began a struggle which I have never been entirely free from since, neither do I expect to be so until this body of sin and death is laid in the grave. An old friend came to see me, and I told him a little of what had occurred. He said it was remarkable, *if it were real*. How this sunk me again! I had little to say then. Before he left me, he read a portion of Scripture and engaged in prayer. The portion he read was Ps. cxvi. How suitable and sweet did that Scripture seem to me! My mind, notwithstanding what he had said to me, was carried back to the former relief; so that hope and love were again raised in my poor soul. Often have I gone to those two psalms to enjoy that sweetness again in my soul; but I find to the present day that it is one thing to go to God's Word, and quite another thing for that Word to be brought with divine power to the soul. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

After this, I began to recover in health; but I found the disease of sin was not healed. I was plagued with sins of heart, and, therefore, thought that what I had before experienced could not be true. I did not think that God's children were plagued with sin and unbelief. I expected to go singing to heaven all my days. At this season of my experience the things of time and sense had a lowering in my estimation, and eternal things, soul things, were sought after. I experienced a loathing of self and a clinging to Jesus, his truth, and his people, so far as I then knew.

I was once standing behind my counter, looking out at the window, and was completely enveloped in eternity and eternal love. I could find neither beginning nor end. My very soul went out thus: "Why me? Why me?" I was encircled in it. How sweet and how solemn thus to realize an eternal interest in the eternal God, eternal Son, and eternal Spirit, and to have a good hope that our names are written not only in the church book, but in the free, eternal, everlasting, and electing love of God the Father in Christ Jesus, from which none shall ever pluck them, world without end!

(To be continued.)

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It is Christ that hath done all for thee that is done. He looks down from heaven upon all that fear him. He sees when you are in danger by temptation, and casts in a providence, you know not how, to hinder it. He sees when you are sad, and orders reviving providences to refresh you. He sees when corruptions prevail, and orders humbling providences to purge them. Whatever mercies you have received, all along the way you have gone hitherto, are the orderings of Christ for you.—*Flavel*.

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Very dear Brother in the Lord,—I acknowledge myself your debtor for your last favour. The Lord hath, I trust, opened a door of utterance for us to commune with each other upon those marvellous transactions of the Lord Jesus with our souls, in a way of divine manifestation, in that hidden path which is so deep, secret, and mysterious that the vulture's eye hath not discovered it, so safe and secure that no lion has passed by it, and so certain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not finally err therein.

I told you in my last that I appear to be passing through the paths of judgment; and here I remain. The Lord hath a controversy with me, it appears. At times I cry, "Do not condemn me. Show me wherefore thou contendest with me." A heavy cross in a shattered tabernacle he has made my own; and that for life, I have reason to believe. Many other things of a galling nature are added; and in my sober moments of reflection I conclude that the removal of any one will only make way for another. Sometimes the Lord gives me a desire to take it up, and follow him. I see the needs-be and the certainty of a daily cross to keep me sober-minded. If I estimate rightly, the Lord's design in crushing the outer man is to press the inner man closer to Jesus. He makes the suffering cases of his people his own. "I in them, and they in me" contains a volume of mysteries, to be unfolded by the Lord the Spirit in a hidden life of fellowship and communion with the ever-blessed and ever-to-be-adored Immanuel, Jehovah, the God of the whole earth, most blessed for evermore. Amen.

But there is another cross within which I cannot so well define, nor, at times, well understand,—a body of death and sin. I may call it a cross, for it is a heavy burden to the new man. It crosses, opposes, and oppresses life in all its actings. The apostasy of Adam in the garden of Eden has procured us a heart that is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. This man of sin in my fallen nature discovers himself in various forms of carnal and spiritual wickedness, with a host of fallen spirits on his side, whose name is Legion. How often is Gad overcome by a troop of these infernal archers! Joseph in the person of his redeemed is sorely grieved, shot at, and hated. Judah is to be taught the use of the bow; and it abides in strength. The arms of Joseph's hands were made strong; and David's hands were formed for war, and his fingers skilful to fight. Out of weakness the strength of Israel is conspicuously manifested, and Gad waxes valiant in the fight, overcomes at the last, and is more than conqueror through the immortal conquests of Jesus.

The development of iniquity in man's fallen nature is a most painful illustration of the lie in Eden: "Ye shall be as gods." Apostasy, rebellion, and deception mark every sin. The saved

sinner must be led about to be instructed in the mystery of iniquity and into the mystery of godliness. He must go into captivity and eat Ezekiel's roll by the river Chebar, with the hand of the Lord down upon him in a way of discipline and instruction, with his bread, his water, and his path weighed out to him, and eat it with trembling, not knowing but it may prove his last meal. He remembers Jerusalem afar off; his temple-songs are turned into howlings; and he has lamentations and woe. Jerusalem, being desolate, like a forlorn captive, sits upon the ground; and in this way she is caused to know her abominations. The hand of the Spirit pointing at the text, and the rod at her sin, a practical comment is given upon some parts of Ezek. xvi. One exercise of the mind, at times, is to collect the different parts of the dissected map of Zion's road, and fit them together by the rays of divine light, which dawn to discover, if possible, the way by which Jacob is to return to his own land. "They shall call on my name;" and "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel." Jer. xxx. 4-7 is wrought in by the Holy Ghost. Jacob hath seen no day like this in all the soul travails that have gone before. Alas! For the day is great indeed. Pangs, as of a woman in travail, take hold of him, and his hour is come. His face waxes pale with fears; and, with his hands on his loins, he heaves the full-charged bosom, big with sorrows, and he casts them forth in agonies of mind, which bear some faint resemblance to the soul travail of Jesus. "He shall be saved out of it" carries strength to bring forth; and Jacob is assured of deliverance. These soul exercises stand as a lasting way-mark in his mind at the head of the way, and a durable monument of the city of Babylon. "With weeping and with supplications will I lead them." "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance." He passes through fire and through water, leading to the wealthy place. The Lord keeps "his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem."

If these paths of judgment lead through the fires and the waters, I have an explanation of my present experience; but when I have passed through one season of fire and water, and have had a word or step tried, or a case of experience, or have had a resting-place, I sometimes fall fast asleep, and say, "A little more sleep," till the sluggard's vineyard is overrun with thorns. I sometimes fancy Satan has prepared an opiate for my spiritual senses. The dearth, death, and torpor which I feel are hardly to be described. I fear lest Achan's wedge of gold, talent of silver, or Babylonish garment should have found its way into my tent. I fear being searched, and yet searched I must be; for "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." What a den of thieves is the temple in my Lord's absence! And what mischief is discovered when he enters with the searching lamp of the Holy Ghost, the dissect-

ing knife, the sword of the Spirit, the balances of the sanctuary, and the plumb-line! The heart is dissected, the reins are tried, the chambers of imagery are entered, and the misshapen monsters conceived and portrayed upon the wall are discovered, with the abominations of the house of Israel in the dark. The lordship of self-will sets up his dominion, a throne is erected, and independence is contended for; and if self-will may not rule a part of the world in a state of apostasy, it will try for a share of the government of the house of David. And sometimes there is a long dispute between the saint and the sovereign, who shall sway the sceptre in spiritual state affairs. But Jesus will reign down pride and independence with every other high thing that exalteth itself against his throne. "O Israel! I will be thy King" I think is more than a promise in some cases. But in this court of self-imperial dignity are his lordship's counsellors. A crafty Ahithophel, with the wisdom of the flesh, is like an oracle of God, and would dethrone the spiritual David. The philosophy, arts, and sciences of the world, mammon, and self-righteousness sometimes aid the counsel. The understanding, that part of it which is natural, would presumptively demand a reason and an explanation of all the proceedings of God in providence and grace.

This business is sometimes carried on to a great extent in the dark, and that by the house of Israel, I believe. The affections, an idolatrous vagabond tribe of them, wander out in quest of, and even hire, lovers, and bring them into the Lord's temple, till Ephraim's head is grey, and his strength gone. He is old in the practice of sin and idolatry, a cake not turned, and stiff in a stock of past experience. The balances of deceit are in his hand; he weighs his stock, and concludes that he is rich, and has found out substance. The Holy Ghost, being grieved, has suspended his influence. The lamp burns dimly from a suspension of divine influences in the daily renewings of the Spirit. The spiritual conscience, the vice-gerent of God in the new man, almost ceases to act. A great deal of formality goes for spirituality, and self before Christ.

When these things are discovered, at times, I feel surprised at the secret abominations, confounded at my conduct, that, after all the burning judgments and conspicuous mercies, I should have profited so little as to require more crushing, drilling, burning, and drenching, to bring me down to my proper place, in deep self-abasement, with my mouth closed in silence before the Lord, no more to open it because of my shame. But, notwithstanding my extreme unworthiness, the Lord is good. He opens the Volume of love in the everlasting gospel. By the spirit of wisdom and revelation I read that my name, though worthless, is enrolled in heaven; and, therefore, my record is on high. In this perfect law of liberty I discover my freedom; and I enjoy it according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Degree and duration in my feelings are limited by the sovereign

operations of the Holy Ghost. In this glass I behold some glimpse of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Inwardly transformed, I feel, in a measure, outwardly conformed. The world appears a toy-shop; and I wonder that I should at any time become so childish as to be delighted with toys and pictures. Christ is put on, and the old man is put off; self is nothing, and sin is hated. I feel willing to take up my cross; and to be allowed to follow Christ and to trace his footsteps is a favour too great to be estimated by the worthless wretch. At times, I have ventured to ask an Enoch's portion, who "walked with God;" and as frequently have reproached myself for my presumption, thinking that a great fool like me, if I were in the path one moment, would be sure to be out of it the next, having a marvellous dexterity at getting wrong, losing the sweet Comforter, and frequently making base returns for the Lord's kindness.

I thought last night I should like to take my seat in heaven, when I arrive there, by the side of Mary Magdalene. This dear woman seemed a suitable companion, in reference to the dreadful score of sin. But in making this comparison I am not wise. The woman loved much. I, on the contrary, have followed him afar off, in my actions have frequently denied him, and in many respects have done worse than the heathen. Then the least, the last, and the worst of creatures must go softly alone; and if any one will regard me, I can impute it to no other cause than the marvellous loving-kindness of Jesus. Much of his company, I think, has a transforming effect upon the sinner's life and conversation. "He has been with Jesus;" and men are constrained to acknowledge it, for his speech betrayeth him. When the head of Jacob is anointed, his countenance shines; the dew is upon the branch, the fleece is wet, the parched ground becomes a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. The river of life flows as clear as crystal out of the throne of God, under the threshold of the sanctuary, and waters the valley of Shittim and maketh glad the city. Some get it ankle deep, some to the knees, others up to the loins; while to others it becomes a shoreless ocean, a deep over which no man can swim; but all find it life. Incomings produce out-goings; and the morning and evening rejoice.

The Lord, for the most part, pursues a course of fixed order towards me, as it regards his manifested presence. After clouds, burdens, exercises, prayers, cries, groans, sighs, tears, breakings-down in spirit, labourings in fire and water, hungerings, fastings, temptations, and watchfulness till ready to faint, I then, for the most part, have a visit; my Lord condescends to come and tell me to arise and eat, because the journey is too great for me. My favours bear some proportion to my exercises. When my Lord departs I begin to go down in my feelings; and my treasure is soon gone. And sometimes I have another visitor. This smith blows up a fire, and forms an instrument for his work. I

have a "thorn in the flesh," formed of the most pointed and filthy blasphemy, accompanied sometimes with a sensation of being buffeted, ridiculed, and made sport of. I beg of the Lord to deliver me from this messenger of the devil. Sometimes, when I am not assailed in this way, Satan comes in a sly insinuating form: "Hath God said so-and-so? Were you not deceived?" Or he comes in another form to fill me with pride and self-conceit. Frequently wilderness feelings await me, and I appear alone in a desert place. At other times, my enjoyments have subsided without sensible temptations, and I go down into a state of death. My fleece becomes dry, bonds await me, and I have to travel, in the bitterness of my spirit, another journey for another resting-place, where the Rock flows with honey and oil.

It appears, in the Lord's order of divine teaching, that there are certain cases in experience, certain stages of the pilgrim's road, different degrees of age and stature,—the new-born babe, who hath tasted that the Lord is gracious; the little child that can run alone, marked by childhood and youth; the young man strong in the Lord, exhorted to be sober-minded; and the father in Christ, who has known him that is from the beginning, and gone down to a second state of childhood, weaned from men, toys, pictures, the world, and self, and who lives wholly upon God, as the Fountain of Israel. To each case, in each stage of the road, according to age and stature, the Lord hath a certain lesson, somewhat to communicate, a certain work of an inward nature in soul-transformation, which produces, in a measure, an outward conformity in the believer's life, manners, and conversation, to the ever-blessed Jesus. The men of old took knowledge of Peter and John, that they had been with Jesus.

Christ is to be known in the church, in his Person, as the Immanuel, God with us; in his names, titles, attributes, and perfections; in his sovereignty, as being Jehovah, possessed of all the glory, dominion, and power which constitutes the everlasting God, his throne being established of old. If Jacob can at any time lay hold of Divine strength, he engages Omnipotence on his side; and the earth shall help the woman, if it be necessary. His works of creation, providence, grace, and glory are unfolded, in a measure, in the church's experience, in the way of the paths. All lead to him as the Centre. The way of every right path leads into him. All spiritual experience takes its rise in God. He is the Author and Alpha; and it ends in his glory, he being also the Finisher, the Omega. "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things," in reference to the church.

I can discover something of the gospel mystery, at times, as led by the Spirit down to the Potter's house, to be formed on the wheel by a Divine hand. I trust the many turns I have had, and the discoveries made of my original nothingness, creature vanity, dreadful depravity, the pressure of burdens, crushing body,

soul, and spirit down into a state of awful solemn silence, being instructed with a strong hand, which I could neither elude nor resist, have obliged me to attend lectures on anatomy of a spiritual nature; dividing between the flesh and the spirit, the joints and the marrow, with a dissection of action and movement, the heart, where the design was formed, and the reins that guided, governed, and directed the movements to the end! The thoughts and intents of the heart are opened, and stripped of all false glare; and the first spring of action, which influenced the movement, is discovered. A fire of Divine jealousy is kindled, and the sinner is almost consumed.

In these paths of judgment, no decisions of man can settle the business; for the Lord is Judge himself. "To the law and to the testimony" the business must be submitted; and the decision is: "My glory will I not give to another, nor my praise to graven images." All the pride, presumption, and independence are broken down, and all the secret hypocrisy is ripped up. Every secret thought and work is brought into judgment; idle words, vain and unprofitable conversation, foolish talking and jesting upon solemn spiritual truth which is not convenient, are utterly condemned. The solemnity of the new man is distinguished from the sour popish malice of the old, that would enforce the gospel of Jesus with a curse for not acknowledging the authority of his Holiness. The serene joys and enraptured affections of the new man are separated and distinguished from the levity of the old man, who would lay hold of the joys of the new, run wild in a wanton stream of levity, and turn sacred things into a joke. The sacred garments of salvation, introduced in comic appearances, will not fit a broken spirit. Carnal self, legal self, and self in any form or shape is to be denied, put off, and mortified, whenever and wherever it shows itself. The sacred fire of the Holy Ghost is distinguished, in a measure, from fire of nature's kindling, and diffuses light and heat. There is no spirituality without the anointing, no impressions of a spiritual nature without the hand of the Lord, and no certainty without his sealing testimony, in bearing witness as a Spirit of truth.

If I understand right, the sinner is put into certain places to learn certain lessons; and if the Lord hath given me to understand my own case, I am now in the paths of judgment. Here the Lord causes me to understand judgment. The Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son. He is the Almighty Aaron, the great High Priest. The breastplate and the ephod are connected together by the four rings. He was sworn into his office in eternity, and confirmed by the oath of the Father. The use of the ephod is for time. The rings may imply the eternal transactions, which are to come down to the church, by asking counsel at the hand of Jesus. All is order in his arrangements, certainty in his appointments; and the sweetest harmony subsists between his counsels, his promises, and his

providence. Glory crowns the executions of his plans, in creation, providence, and grace. The church has to do her business of faith at Judah's gate and Immanuel's throne; and no business will succeed without the counsel of this wonderful Counsellor. The Lord hath taken away my judgment, nor am I allowed to exercise any. All that I know, in reference to myself, is that I have none, and that it is the Lord's; and, therefore, every step and case must be submitted unto him. The Lord keeps his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem; and he sits as a Refiner to purify the sons of Levi.

The golden graces of the Holy Ghost are weighed in the balances; and if their bulk is unequal to their weight, the dross is to be separated. The seven pillars of gospel doctrines, upon which Wisdom has founded the house, aptly compared to silver for their lustre and purity, are hewn out. They are the workmanship of Divine wisdom, and perfect as to number and design. These must be built up in the understanding by the Holy Ghost. Thus the sinner is caused to understand doctrine, and is built up and established in Christ. The church is called "the pillar and ground of the truth." All the doctrines of the everlasting gospel are engraved, inscribed, and anointed upon and into it. Having Christ for her centre, she stands and becomes an iron pillar and a brazen wall in the midst of the world. Truth is her motto, and Christ her banner. All her enemies will be found liars, and must perish if they fight against Mount Zion. Christ, the Truth, is her foundation; and thus, having Christ for her basis and centre, she becomes the pillar and ground of all the spiritual truth, and, probably, moral too, that is to be found in the world. Nearly six thousand years she hath borne her humble testimony to the blood of the cross, frequently at the expense of her own. All doctrines gathered up, whether from books, men, study, or argument, that are not accompanied by the engraving, building up, anointing, sealing; establishing, and witnessing power of the Holy Ghost, prove tin in an hour of trial. "Ye shall know the truth," says Jesus. And if Jesus has caused the sinner to understand doctrine, it proves to be silver, though there may be a mixture of tin collected with it. This is separated in the furnace of affliction, and a distinction is marked between letter and spirit, form and power, shadow and body, life and death, sound and substance, law and gospel, church and world, and flesh and spirit. In this fire curious arts and books suffer loss. (Acts xix. 19.) The types, figures, shadows, and imagery of the Word of God must be opened up by the Holy Ghost. For it is the mind of the Spirit only that will stand when the furnace work commences. Fanciful or borrowed illustrations of men handling the Word, however amusing, will be found only combustible matter in a burning day. Nor will the name of a man, however great, form a sufficient screen to prevent the Holy Ghost from kindling upon it. Charity must have truth for its foundation, or it will not last for ever.



But, as led down by the Spirit to the house of the Potter, I have been led, at times, to discover that man can only be what the Lord is pleased to make of him; that grace makes the difference between the church and the world, and between the babe, the little child, the young man, and the father. The flesh must be dumb, for boasting is cut off. "Behold, I am vile," is the best thing a man can say for himself, and the worst, that he has no sin, if he speaks of himself. Divine sovereignty has, at times, been unfolded to me a little, I think, in the dispensations of providence and grace, and in the diversity of gifts, feature, stature, order, and intellect, that are to be found in the world. It is the same in the church. The features of Jacob's countenance bear some likeness to Jesus; the features of the old man to fallen Adam. The gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost are divided to every man in Christ severally, as he will.

The covenant of grace hath bound all up in Christ in a bundle of life, with a threefold cord of everlasting love. Jesus hath taken our nature, and become the Husband of the church. When she can claim him in this endearing relationship, she has Beulah prospects and Hephzibah delights: "I in them, and they in me." Charity and peace are bonds to the church. As it regards myself, my principal business at the throne, as I pass through these terrible paths, is to try the affections of Jesus by imploring his pity, and by entreating him to make bare his arm. Thus his pity and his power are my resources.

Another effect of the furnace is, I think, to make the poor, fanned, sifted, burnt, and drenched believer cautious and fearful. The spirits, books, and doctrines of men are received almost with trembling. He opens his Bible, at times, with a trembling hand, lest he should not get the mind of the Spirit, or should meet with some levelling sentence, and thus fall among the slain that are cut off from the Lord's hand. The Lord roars out of Mount Zion, and shakes the heavens, the earth, the dry land, and the sea. And the soul trembles in himself for the consequences. No running away if the Lord pursue. No deserting the field if the Lord gives commandment concerning Jacob, that his adversaries should be round about him; he must fight or die. No rebellion can stand, or be successfully maintained, when the Lord commences a war with battles of shaking. No secret design can be hid when the Lord pierces universal nature through, and dissects the poor trembling sinner with a glance. Being a son, though a disobedient one, he must now learn obedience by the things which he suffers, and become, as one expresses it, "meek and ruleable by woe," and obtain the victory with strong crying and tears unto him that is able to save him from death.

Christ, in his priesthood, mediation, humiliation, cries, tears, conflicts, sorrows, agonies, and death, is exceedingly precious. Every drop of his sweat, every tear that fell, every cry, every word, as they fall upon the spirit of the conflicting believer, are of more importance than a thousand worlds. It is said: "Being

in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." (Luke xxii. 44.) Such things as these, when revealed and applied by the Lord the Spirit, anointing the believer with the sorrows, sufferings, and death of Christ, are received with an eagerness far beyond that of the wrecked mariner who seizes the plank, if haply he may reach the shore.

The Book of God, which contains those solemn wonders, becomes the Book of books. It shines in this dark valley with a lustre and purity, as being the Word of Him that made the worlds. How marvellous that he should die to redeem a part of what his hands had formed, and call it his peculiar treasure! "O Israel, thou art my servant, in whom I will be glorified." And thus Christ is glorified in his church as she is led into him, as her dwelling-place, resting-place, communion-place, meeting-place, and union-place. He is her life; and he gives out of his fulness grace, mercy, peace, pardon, faith to live by, hope to hope in him, the Hope of Israel, love to love him and what he loves in the persons of his redeemed, patience, meekness, long-suffering, with all the fruits of righteousness which adorn the fair tree of life. Much of this fruit has fallen into your lap; your letter contains much of it. I have read it many times. I perceive by it that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." It found me, with all my honours, in the dust, mortified. It pointed out the path, and I felt encouraged. After some time had elapsed, I took up my pen to write, but have been much hindered by a variety of things. My daughter, on a visit, was taken very ill with inflammation at the chest. Here I had a time of severe exercise. Through mercy, she is much better, and has returned home.

I now send you my letter as an acknowledgment of your favour. You will kindly excuse mistakes, ignorances, repetitions, and all that is my own. If there are any of the things of the Spirit, may the Lord make them acceptable. May he anoint them, bless them, and seal them with his Divine testimony. I hope you continue to pray for me, and I hope you will favour me with a letter when convenient. Your letters are always very useful to me. They find my feet, and point out the road in which I hope to follow on. The path is very mysterious. How often I am brought to stand still, confounded and astonished with what I witness! Yet I am helped, and I rise up to go on my way. I am much tried with death, darkness, and bonds, so that I can neither go in nor come out. I am a marvellously dull scholar, and very unprofitable.

These things cause much anxiety, at times. Could I refer the whole into the Lord's hands, the business would go well, I believe. Submission, humility, and a closer walk with God I want. I walk at too great a distance from the Lord. The self-denial, the daily cross, and the narrow road require much discipline and much Divine teaching. "Wisdom is too high for a

fool." The Lord must give all, do all, and be All in all; and self must be nothing at all. The Lord alone is to be exalted in the gospel day. What a marvellous development of Divine wisdom is the gospel scheme of salvation! Angels desire to look into it. I sometimes feel like a beast, and appear to have neither knowledge nor feeling; but, at other times, there are periods when I feel Jesus to be precious, and his salvation glorious.

I must conclude by telling you how much, at times, I think of you, and feel as if I was present with you in spirit. I should like much to see you, if it were the Lord's will. Farewell, dear friend in the Lord. May Jesus's sweet presence be with you.

King's Cliffe, May 30th, 1839.

R. H. IRESON.

[The preceding letter was addressed to Mr. Wade. See "G. S.," March, 1861, for some account of Mr. Ireson.]

My dear Friend,—A poor worm of the earth, now in adversity and prison, your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, sendeth greeting; wishing you much mercy and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

I can assure you, my dear friend, it has gladdened my heart, and drawn out my soul in thankfulness to the Father of all mercies, and God of all comfort, that your faith is spoken of, not only in that part of the world in which you dwell, but the report has reached to the distant regions of the Dicker, even to the house of a poor prisoner, where I have been confined about seven weeks, and where I must be, to all probability, two months longer. But, blessed be God, his word is not bound, nor is he confined to any place, but has promised to be a little Sanctuary to his poor afflicted ones in all places where they may be scattered, or by affliction confined. 'Tis true, I do not find it all sunshine; but I can say,

"In darkest nights, if he appear,

My dawning is begun;

He is my bright and Morning Star,

And he my rising Sun."

I often wish, as David did, that I could fly to his tabernacle, have a place in his sanctuary, and build my nest about his altar, where I have often seen his goings, and where he has often sat upon his throne to redress the grievances, hear the prayers of, and dispense his favours to the poor and needy, and such as have no helper but himself. And I have heartily united with the four-and-twenty elders and the four beasts who are sitting round him, in ascribing praise and adoration to him that sitteth upon the throne, and saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." These were clothed in white robes, and had on their heads crowns of gold; being kings as well as priests to God and the Lamb. This is the sweetest employment I ever found on earth; and I hope it is the beginning of what I hope to be employed in

to all eternity in heaven. And this, I know, you are no stranger to; but the day is fast approaching when we hope to see him as he is, face to face; and then shall we praise him more perfectly, and love him better.

There is one assertion in your letter which is not right; nor can I agree with you in it. You say that I am superior to you in judgment and experience. I can assure you, my friend, I am one of the greatest fools, and slow of heart to believe what the prophets and Moses have said, both of Jesus Christ, of myself, and of any that belong to him; and I am one of the weakest worms that ever constituted a Jacob. Whilst I lay on my bed this morning, I very sensibly and deeply felt myself a poor, fallen, helpless, needy, depraved, and ruined sinner; sunk by the fall far too deep into guilt and misery for any human arm to reach me and bring me up, or my own efforts to render me any assistance. In this I can say, as David did, "My reins instruct me in the night season," and teach me one very profitable and lasting lesson: "That in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." But this, though it be a painful lesson to learn, is among the "all things" that work together for good; seeing that it drives us out of all confidence in the flesh, by which we escape that dreadful denunciation given by a most righteous God: "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh." But, "blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river," &c. It also makes us to esteem and set a high value on an all-sufficient Saviour, "who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." It is his character and office, to which he is called, to stand at the right hand of the poor and needy, and to save such from those who would condemn their soul. Yea, "he will deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

I thought this morning, while lying on my bed, mourning over my poverty and helpless condition, of what dear Mr. Hart says:

"Then, while I make my pensive moan,  
 Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,  
 Though I have nothing of my own,  
 My treasure is immense in thee."

This is an inexhaustible treasure, that never can be diminished; "for it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." And he hath blessed us in him with all spiritual blessings, and hath told us to come boldly to his throne, "that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." And he has never yet denied us when we have come in truth, with a feeling of our wants. He is still a merciful and a faithful High Priest, who can have compassion on the ignorant, and those

who are out of the way. And as our great High Priest has gone into heaven, there to appear in the presence of God for us, in our names, representing our persons, and has taken possession of the kingdom to which we are appointed, and provided and prepared each one his mansion (nor can any power on earth or in hell deprive those of it for whom it is prepared); though he may see it best, in his infinite wisdom, to exercise you and me with many sore trials and afflictions, and appoint us a very rough and thorny path to travel in, his eye is on us still, and his ear always open to our cry, however we may fear to the contrary; nor shall any thing hurt us but sin, and that he hath said shall not reign. He will make a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters, where we cannot trace his footsteps. I have been, at times, so tossed by the mighty billows that I have thought my poor weather-beaten bark would be swallowed up in the huge billows that have rolled over me, and have been brought to my wits' end. Like Habakkuk, my belly has trembled, my lips have quivered, and rottenness has entered into my bones. But even then, "he that holdeth the winds in his fist, and measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand," has overruled and managed it in such a way as to make every wave effectual to waft me nearer to the desired haven. He enlightened me, once in particular, by these words: "So" (in such a way, after such a manner) "he bringeth them to their desired haven." From which I gathered then, and think now, that there is no way to get into the haven of eternal rest but by crossing a boisterous sea of troubles in this life. Therefore it is vain for us to expect a smoother path. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." 'Tis true, we have been favoured, at times, to ascend some of the mountains of Israel, where the sheep rest at noon, and where the chief Shepherd feeds them in green pastures, and where they lie down in safety; where the birds sing, and the voice of the turtle is heard, which gladdens the heart. Here we can not only look back northward to the hill Mizar and the land of the Hermonites, and see how the Lord has helped us hitherto, but in the brilliant light of the sun we can look southward, and see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off; and by the sweet anointing of the Holy Ghost feel assured that we are heirs of it, and shall soon possess it. But, alas! How soon, and almost in an imperceptible manner, have I wandered down the hill, till I have found myself in the dismal regions of Bochim, or by the rivers of Babylon, where I have hung my harp on the willows and wept, as David did when Ziklag was burnt and his wives taken captive, till I appeared to have no more strength to weep. But as it is the path of the just, which they, in all ages, have trodden, we hope it will lead us to the same rest, where we shall put the crown upon the head of him who brought us thither. He hath on his head many crowns, and is worthy to wear them.

Yours in the Lord,

Chiddingley, Jan. 6th, 1863.

ISAAC DUNK.

My dear Brother,—The body is but a part of man, a mortal part, like the grass and the flower of the field, mere dust of the earth; and yet it is an important part, and as dear to Jesus as our souls. Hence that scripture: "The dead in Christ shall rise first." Yes, he will raise the vile body up at the last day. Not another body; no, the same body, but fashioned like unto his glorious body. And so shall we be ever with the Lord. We shall no more be carried away captive into a strange land, nor sit down by the rivers and weep, for there will be no more going out. We shall ever bless and praise him who redeemed us from all iniquity.

O, what a change! It is not to be comprehended by the most highly-favoured of God's people in this life. John once had a revelation of Jesus; but the glory was so great that he fell before him as one dead. He could not endure the light. But when our bodies are, by his power, fashioned like unto his glorious body, there will be nothing to cause fear. Our bodies here are a burden to the new creature which is created in Christ Jesus; but then they will not be so. Here the old nature and the new are opposed the one to the other. Here they are ever working and striving one against the other, but in heaven there will be none of this contention. Our sleep in Jesus will for ever put an end to the strife.

I daily find that I cannot do the things that I would. I would ever be with the Lord, even here. But my old nature is all averse to this, always working against it. But my dear Lord will not suffer the old man to have things all his own way. Blessings on his name, he, at times, makes me a visit. And when my Beloved comes to eat and drink with me, and to feast my soul with himself, the old man is bound down, so that for a season he is obliged to be as still as a stone. But these visits are short, and not so frequent as my soul desires them to be; but they are sweet, and very precious to my soul. But what will it be in glory, where there is no sin?

"And then, through endless days,  
When all thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me thine."

Here I am often cast down, but not destroyed; dead, and yet I live, for Christ liveth in me. And I believe, with my whole heart, that where Christ takes up his abode, there he will abide for ever. He will never leave it. Nothing shall turn him out; for it is now become his delightful dwelling. His delights were with the sons of men from eternity. When I am cast down, my unbelieving heart imagines thousands of things, false, foolish, and wicked. But what a mercy! Our Jesus knows all about me; and when the time to favour is come, then comes Jesus and lifts my soul out of the pit, mire, and clay. Thousands of times have I fallen by mine iniquities; and had there been none to help, deeper and deeper I must have sunk, until I had sunk into

the deeps of hell. Men boast of power to help themselves; but if any man glory, let him glory in this, that he knoweth the Lord. And the man who has this knowledge will glory; but, with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." This killed Paul to the world, and the world to him. Here lay, then, the apostle's power. And if there is not enough in the cross to deaden a man to the world, sure I am there is in nothing else. By the body of Christ we become dead to the world and alive unto God.

Few know this secret. All power comes from union. The child of God is espoused to Christ, married to Christ. And this comes to pass when a stronger than he (that is, the devil) comes; and this stronger one is Jesus. The devil can hold a soul in death no longer when the ever-blessed Jesus says, "Live." There is power in the word, and the devil must turn out to make room for Jesus. Death must give place to life, sin to holiness, unbelief to faith. What a marriage! What a union! Nothing is like it on earth, for the Holy Ghost unites the parties. And look at them,—an Almighty Saviour, and a poor, miserable, helpless sinner. And this poor sinner becomes united to God through the manhood of the God-Man Christ Jesus. O heavenly, divine union! God hath done it, and who shall undo it? Unbelief, rebellion, all manner of sin, nothing shall break up the match. God hath made it; yea, even when we were sinners.'

Now, my brother, here is the source of power,—our union. What matter how weak we are? The more we feel of it the better, for it will down with creature boasting, and lay us low at the feet of an Almighty Saviour. Out of weakness we wax strong. And the more we know of our weakness, the more we shall know of our strength, which is Christ. The man who talks of power apart from Christ is a fool; for Christ is all power,—the power of God unto salvation to all the Father hath given him. My brother, he can rend the heavens and come down, and break through every cloud which hangs over thy soul, and they are black and thick, at times. They are with me; and so weak am I left that I wonder when these clouds will be riven asunder again, that I may both feel and see I am in the good old way, and in the footsteps of the flock. But Jesus has all power. May you, may I, in him confide. To whom else can we go? He hath power, he hath life, to manifest again and again, until he shall say to our souls,

"Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;  
With my own blood I ransom'd thee;  
Come, taste my perfect favour."

He can divide the sea, and make a way for his ransomed to pass over, which would baffle all the powers of men and angels. And they no sooner want a way made for them than there it is. What is too hard for our Jesus? And, my brother, let me tell thee there is no better way than that which he makes for their deliverance. No other would do. Men bridge rivers, and thus

pass over; but Jesus *makes* a way right through the deep; and the floods cannot overflow. His power will bring us through, for his mercy faileth not. O that you and I could praise him more and more all day long! How blessed that would be! Well, it will come; when not all day, but to all eternity,

“We’ll make the heavenly arches ring  
With loud hosannas to our King.”

This mighty One left heaven for no other purpose than to do his Father’s will. The Father had given him a work to do which was too great for angels to stand under, viz., to save the church from death and hell. And though he did this by his life, and by pouring out his soul unto death, yet he is still his people’s Saviour. And I am daily crying unto him to save me from sin, self, the world, and the devil and his temptations. And had I the power some pretend to have, I could save myself; and then there would be no need of Jesus to do it. I can get into bonds, bring the yoke upon myself, bring my soul into prison, sink myself in the pit, get entangled in the devil’s net, fall into his hellish traps; but have no power to get out. He has all power. “He shall save his people.” And this is how I am to get out. Yes, bless him, multitudes of times has he thus saved a vile sinner like me. And I believe he will save me out of all, and bring me safely home. What a union! Nothing can turn his heart from Zion.

I believe, my dear brother, you are of the household of faith. Some of the children have more strength than others; but that matters not; for “the weakest saint shall win the day.” Christ destroyed death as much for the one as for the other. You may be among the little ones; but, then, being a little one, God is thy glory: “I will be the glory in the midst of her.” All shall see and feel this precious truth. There were little children to whom John wrote: “My little children, I write unto you.” John, as a shepherd of Jesus, would lead them to the bread of life, the water of life, the wine of the kingdom, and the blood of Jesus.

May God in his mercy bless to your soul these few lines. They will be all dead without his blessing. I believe he will; for my soul has felt blessed whilst I have been writing. Grace and peace be with you and yours. I remain,  
Canterbury, July 5th, 1871. Yours in Jesus,  
JOHN ROWDEN.

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My dear Friend,—Through the tender mercy, compassion, long-suffering, and loving-kindness of my covenant-keeping God and Father, I am spared up to this present day, and not left without a good hope through grace. And as the dear Lord has favoured my soul with some little nearness, brokenness, humbleness and contrition this morning, I feel my heart drawn out to drop you a line, as I believe you have the fear of God in your heart and a tender conscience, and carry the fear of God behind the counter. I have no doubt the devil tries with all his might



and power to draw your soul into sin and covetousness, giving place to the old serpent; but notwithstanding all the workings of covetousness and the devil, that precious grace of fear and a tender conscience will overcome all the power of sin and devils. Sin and Satan will try with all their force, spite, and malice, to get the dominion over the poor soul; but grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life.

What life and power there is in the fear of God! And when the conscience is made tender in his fear, how it makes the poor sin-sick soul undo many things that he has done! How the poor child is obliged to weigh everything up in God's balance, and measure everything in God's measure! He cannot carry the wicked balance and the bag of deceitful weights any longer. No; they must be all put down in the conscience and left off in practice; justice must be done between man and man as well as between God and conscience; and the wronged must have four-fold restored. The fear of God guides the hand. The conscience is brought up before God in putting on the profits; and matters are weighed before a heart-searching God. This fear produces self-denial, crucifixion unto the world, a dread in the soul of doing wrong, a desire to know and to do that which is right; groans, sighs, and cries unto the dear Lord to be led in the right way, even in the Lord's paths, in the strait and narrow path, where the deeds of the body must be mortified, and the cross taken up,—a real separation from the world and professors,—cross-examination of one's thoughts, words, and actions, and honest dealing in the sight of God. The living soul must go on in his business in the fear of the Lord, stand or fall, with moderate profits, trusting in the Lord, hoping in his mercy, relying on his faithfulness, and begging him to give wisdom to know how to act, how to buy, and how to sell. My dear friend knows these things by painful and blessed experience.

My soul is a living witness that grace will make a rogue honest, a liar speak the truth, the extravagant moderate, and will bring down the lofty into a low place. What a mercy to have such a religion put into one's heart and conscience as will bear testimony to the truth of God set forth in his blessed Word! Notwithstanding all our misery, sinfulness, wretchedness, and discontentedness, there is a hope that we shall be delivered out of them all. And there is hope in your end; for I do believe that you have plenty of trouble with yourself. Grace has made you a man alone. Blessed is that man whom God hath set apart for himself; for it is God that setteth the solitary in families, and bringeth out those which are bound with chains; but the rebellious dwell in a dry land. My dear friend, my soul is a witness that when I have been blown up into a state of rebellion, I have lived to prove what it is to dwell in this dry land. And truly it is a dry land; for there is not one grace of the blessed Spirit in feeling exercise. The fear of God seems to be gone, a tender conscience is lost sight of, and a meek and quiet spirit,

which is in the sight of God of great price, seemingly gone too. There is no dew, unction, light, life, love, meekness, joy, nor peace felt in the soul when rebellion is boiling up, but everything that is devil-like. But what a mercy that Jesus ascended on high, led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them. When the dear Lord makes manifest his mercy, love, blood, and righteousness in my heart and conscience again by the blessed Spirit, how it does humble, melt, and soften my soul down at the feet of Jesus! How it makes my soul abhor myself, and crown Jesus Lord of all!

May the Lord bless you, shine upon you, appear for you, and keep you under all your troubles, temptations, and sorrows.

Yours in Tribulation,

Pewsey, Nov. 8th, 1844.

T. GODWIN.

My very dear Brother Steed,—Love, mercy, and peace be ever unto you, from our dear heavenly Father, and from the Lord Jesus, by the most blessed ministry of the Holy Spirit.

I have just received yours clothed in black. How I do wish you had let the money question alone! 'Tis like snow in harvest, in the same letter as the account of God's great salvation in your house. How fully I remember the coming down of our God to your domestic garden before, to gather flowers for the bosom of love in heaven. What a large handful he took from you then! Now he has come and taken from you the lily of your valley, to plant it round about the throne, that he may water it in the midst of the paradise of God, from the river which flows from the throne of the Lamb.

Surely, my brother, these are the grand proceedings of our own dear covenant-keeping God. You must be a very great favourite with the Lord of hosts that he should have taken you out of the wild woods of this sinful vile world, and planted you in the garden of his grace,

“Where all his streams in Zion flow,  
To make the young plantation grow;”

and now have taken so many of your children, with your dear wife, to people the heavens with monuments of his mercy and trophies of his matchless grace. I see by your letter that you are thanking, adoring, and praising the dear Lord for his very distinguishing mercy to you. The Lord reaped three into glory, and two into grace, when he came down into the field of your family before. What a glorious harvest the Lord then made, in which I wept and rejoiced with you fervently in the love of Jesus, in which our hearts were knit together in love, which has remained in great strength and sweetness, and which has given pleasure and permanency to our fellowship in the Lord until this day. And now the Lord has visited you again, after about seven years, and has taken the companion of your bosom into his own in glory, giving you evidence that more of your dear

ones are in the everlasting covenant of our God, ordered in all things and sure. Glory be to his holy Name for all his heavenly love, tender mercy, and amazing grace.

You will remember that, when I visited you seven years ago, I told you eternal life was then in the soul of your late wife. I felt sure none could desire to love and long for the Saviour, as she appeared to me to do, if they had no life in them. There must be life to feel.

If the Lord has not made you great in the ministry, by great things in the church to which you minister, he certainly has made you very great in your own household, by the manifestations of great grace and glory in your family.

How sublimely blessed the thought that forty years the Lord has kept you praying, and now has answered your prayers, in grace and glory being given to your dear partner in life; so that as you have been heirs together of many sorrows, and some joys, in human life, and now at last joint-heirs of eternal life, even so you shall soon be heirs together in glory too! What a mercy to be in Jesus, where relationship never ends, where love never fails, and where parting is unknown! Glory be to the Lord Most High! You and yours, gone before, are now in Jesus together, encircled by his love in the same bundle of life with the Lord of life. Soon you will be with them, encircled in the same glory; and there will be no more parting there.

Wait, then, my brother, wait a little while, and God shall bid you go up to them. And then,

"With God eternally shut in,  
There you shall see his lovely face,  
And ever dwell in his embrace."

We all join in weeping, joyful love to you all.

Your loving Brother,

Sydney, Oct. 17th, 1874.

D. ALLEN.

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My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied by Jesus Christ our Lord. I am truly sorry to find from yours that Mrs. M. is so seriously ill. I hope it may please the good Lord to spare her to you and family, and that the affliction may be sanctified to her, to you, and family. You appear to have had a good share of prosperity literally; therefore you must not wonder if you are called to bear the cross in some other way. For consider, the day of prosperity and the day of adversity are set one over against the other, that man should find nothing after him. In one case we are exhorted to be joyful, and in the other to consider; and it is our mercy that our Lord saith, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." But we are to be of good cheer, seeing he hath overcome the world. And we also are to be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

I am glad to find that any word I dropped enabled you to hold on, and that you reaped in due time,—God's time; and so

we shall go on until the final reaping, when the shocks of eorn will be gathered into the eternal garner.

Last Sunday morning I was led to call attention to Ps. cv. 5, 6; speaking first of the character,—the seed of Abraham, tracing evidences, family features, family likeness, panting after communion and intercourse, earnestly desiring holiness. These are marks of the children of Jacob,—God's chosen, chosen in him before the foundation of the world, predestinated to the adoption of sons, ordained to eternal life. Such were to remember the past, especially in the way God had led them, his wonders in creation and preservation, but more especially the wonders of redeeming love and blood, and the judgments of his mouth, in strict integrity, justice, and righteousness, in the sentence passed upon the ungodly, and the justification of the righteous. May God grant you profitable musings.

Yours in Christian Love,  
 Sept. 21st, 1875. E. VINALL.

My dear Brother,—The year that is past was one of the most remarkable of my poor little history from beginning to end. No good thing in temporals did God withhold from me; but not, indeed, for my upright walking, or the cleanness of my hands. No, by no means; for I am the same old untoward, crooked, unbelieving wretch that ever I was when left to myself. But, blessed be my unchanging God, I feel, at times, that he loves me, notwithstanding all; and when that is the case, I can snap my finger at affliction, poverty, quarter-days, and all the rest of the devil's Whys and Hows. "O magnify the Lord with me; and let us exalt his name together."

"Let us sing, adore, and wonder;  
 Why, O why such love to me?  
 Grace has put me in the number  
 Of the Saviour's family."

O, my dear brother, what a God is our God! But my poor wretched, vile heart is ever more prone to believe the devil's lies than God's truth; and though I have proved the emptiness and vanity of the one and the blessedness and fulness of the other a thousand times twice told, I am the same when left to myself.

That the Lord may bless you and yours, is the prayer of  
 Yours truly in Christ,

March, 1862. C. ROGERS.

[See Obituary, p. 85, 1874.]

My beloved Brother,—I received your welcome letter, and felt my own heart respond to your complaints. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." You complain of your lack of wisdom. My brother, so do I; and I am obliged to draw the same conclusions as you. The longer I live, the greater fool I get. If I am indeed a child of God, I am the most unworthy, and less than the least. I am ashamed of my own

foolishness and ignorance, after all these years. How little do I know of Christ! How little do I bear his image! How little do I partake of his Spirit! How little do I understand his Word, his ways, and his dealing with me! I read that "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I contrast my experience with it and am perplexed. I know that there is a rod for the fool's back; and I often think the Lord has afflicted me because of my foolishness; and yet it does not depart from me. O that I could learn wisdom by the things which I suffer! I keep saying and doing the things that I allow not; and my own thoughts trouble me. "When I would do good, evil is present with me." I want to be rid of sin, and to feel that my iniquities are purged away. Mr. Sargeant once remarked to me that what was a besetting sin to one child of God was not to another. I believe it; but I am often puzzled to know which is mine; for, alas! I often seem like Gad, overcome by a troop. I feel, to my sorrow, that the Canaanites still dwell in the land; and I have to mourn my defilement within.

It is now nearly seven years since the Lord first put me into the furnace. What dross has been discovered to me since then! I keep looking for the pure gold; but still the dross meets my eye. I want to see and feel that my affliction yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness; and I want all the graces of the Holy Spirit to be in lively exercise in my heart. It is not head-knowledge nor a multitude of words that will pass with God as the genuine fruit of his own Spirit; for whilst man looks at the outward appearance, the Lord looketh at the heart. I want godly sincerity and true humility to be stamped upon all I do. I want the fear of the Lord ever before my eyes, and for it to influence all my actions, words, and motives; but, alas! how have I to lament that I cannot even write a letter to my brother but Satan has put in his paw. I cannot even converse with a dear friend but self and pride poison my speech, and I am frequently stung. O that cursed pride! Surely that is one of my besetting sins.

"It puffs me glad, torments me sad;  
Its hold I cannot break."

And yet how often do I get it mortified and wounded, but not slain; it keeps raising up its odious head, as if in defiance of all. It is the very spirit that cast Satan from the realms of bliss; and yet our wicked hearts encourage it, and thereby grieve the blessed Spirit. "Learn of me," says the dear Redeemer, "for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

May the Lord bless us, my brother, with humbling grace. May we be much in secret prayer. May he often visit our souls, so that the mountains shall flow down at his presence. May he give us, now and then, a token for good, to smooth the rugged way. If it were his blessed will, may he grant us some sweet glimpses of his matchless beauty through the lattice. O that

he would favour us with the kisses of his mouth! His love is better than wine. May we often feel it dropping into our hearts. May the Lord bless us with frequent communion, and grant us free access to a throne of grace, to breathe our sorrows there. What an unspeakable mercy it is to be enabled sometimes to carry our sorrows to the Lord, to cast our burdens upon him, to carry all our hard things to him. What we cannot tell to our nearest and dearest earthly friends he permits us to carry to him, and he deigns to incline his gracious ear unto our cry.

My dear brother, may the Lord keep you moving with trembling steps, and hold up your goings in his paths, that your footsteps slip not. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths." "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." May the Lord ever give you strength equal to your day, supply your every need, temporal and spiritual, bless you with his smiles, and clothe you with humility.

Your affectionate Sister,

Trowbridge, Nov. 10th, 1870.

SUSAN TABOR.

[See Obituary, p. 460, 1874.]

## Obituary.

**HENRY RAMSBOTTOM.**—On Sept. 29th, 1875, aged 69, Henry Ramsbottom, minister of the gospel, Accrington, Lancashire.

He was born and brought up at Clark Hill, near Whalley, Lancashire. He was a very wild young man; for if ever there was a fair, he was sure to be engaged in fighting or something worse. His dear wife used to be afraid of a fair-time coming, as she was sure he would bring some trouble.

One night Mr. Kershaw was preaching. Mrs. Ramsbottom went up stairs and begged the Lord to lead her husband to chapel. She could see down to the bottom of the road from her house, where there were two roads, one to the fair and the other to the chapel. His brother asked him to go with him to chapel, but he would not say anything; but he washed, dressed himself, and set off. His wife watched which road he went, and saw him turn towards the chapel. He heard John Kershaw; and the dear Lord nailed his ear to the door-post. He returned home, fell on his knees, and prayed to the Lord for the first time his dear wife had ever known him, with his eyes overflowing with tears.

The blessed Spirit afterwards sealed his heart with the sweet pardoning love of God in his dear Son Jesus Christ. He then walked eight miles each way to hear Mr. Kershaw; and they loved each other until death parted them.

After a time he removed to Enfield, and joined the church at Blackburn. I think his first sermon was there. About this time I became more acquainted with him. I do not know any one more steadfast in preaching the doctrines of a free-grace gospel in Christ Jesus, and his

labours were often blessed. He has walked scores of miles for a few shillings, and when going home he has given it all away to some of the poor of the flock. I can confidently say he did not preach for filthy lucre's sake, but of a ready mind. His and his dear wife's hospitality I shall never forget.

He gave up his membership at Blackburn about 1860, and joined Haslingden church, in which he took great interest until his death.

He enjoyed good health; but his death was rather sudden. He was preaching at Billington on Sept. 19th, was taken ill on the 21st with inflammation of the lungs, and died on the 29th. On the 27th an old friend called to see him, and asked him how the best things were with him. He replied, "Only middling at present. I have been asking my Master a few things; but he has not told me yet." On the 28th, one of his daughters was with him, and he spoke very freely, and said, "I am going to die, and to drink of the new wine of the kingdom; for the Lord has told me so." He told her to bring the Bible, and read in the beginning of Hebrews. When she came to the end of chap. iv., he said, "Read ver. 3: 'For we which have believed do enter into rest.'" Said he, "I know this is from the Lord."

Another old friend called in, and they had some sweet conversation. Then a kind gentleman called; and a great friend sent him a basket of grapes and a bottle of wine. He took a glass, and said, "It is very nice." He felt thankful, and said, "Doctors and physicians are all very good; but it is of no avail to me."

He gradually sank and got weaker, until he could not speak much to be understood. He was heard many times giving praises to God and to the Lamb, Jesus Christ. He fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of Sept. 29th.

I committed his body to the grave in Accrington Cemetery, where I laid his wife some time before. A goodly number assembled from Burnley, Heywood, and the surrounding churches, to show their love and respect to our brother in the Lord.

I can bear testimony to his preaching a free, full, and everlasting salvation in Jesus, and electing, predestinating, justifying, and eternally glorifying love. He spoke out, not courting the smiles or fearing the frowns of any. I have often asked him whether he believed there was any doctrine in the Word of God like the doctrine of election, sealed on the heart of a poor sinner by the Holy Spirit, calculated to lead him to walk and live according to the commands, precepts, and ordinances of Jesus Christ. His answer was: "No, none." His outspokenness, both in the pulpit and in the world, gave rise to many enemies; but the Lord overruled all for his good.

I lived with him many years, and we never had a wrong word. A more loving companion I never met with. He often spoke of his own sinfulness and weakness, and the need of the precious righteousness of Jesus, as his Surety, to cover all his imperfections, and to present him to himself without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. This I believe the Lord has done, and taken him to eternal glory as a trophy of his electing, sovereign grace.

T. W. RITSON.

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WELL may we wonder that the great God should stoop so low as to enter into such a covenant of grace and peace, founded upon such a Mediator, with such utter enemies, base creatures, sinful dust and ashes as we are. This is the wonderment of angels, a torment of devils, and the glory of saved sinners; and will be matter of admiration and praising God for us to all eternity.—*Sibbes*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

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

THE PRECIOUS AND THE VILE;  
DOCTRINALLY, EXPERIMENTALLY, AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

A SERMON BY MR. HAZLERIGG, PREACHED AT GALEED CHAPEL,  
BRIGHTON, ON THE ANNIVERSARY, OCT. 17TH, 1871.

“If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth.”—JER. xv. 19.

If these words are to stand, the preacher who does not take forth the precious from the vile cannot be taught and led by the Spirit of God. We sometimes hear people say, “He was very searching;” as if the Word, in the power of the Spirit of God, could be anything else than searching. “And,” say they, “not only searching, but cutting;” as if God’s Word must not cut as well as search. I suppose none of you would say that there is nothing in you for the Word of the Spirit of God to cut to pieces. You would not pretend that you have no flesh about you. Would you, then, have a minister in his preaching please and foster that flesh? I know this is the kind of preaching some like. Some persons would get flesh and blood into the kingdom of heaven if they could; but the Spirit of God says, “Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption (and flesh and blood is corruption) inherit incorruption.”

The preacher, if an honest man and taught of God, must, therefore, use the sword of the Spirit, and cut right and left with it. “Not at an anniversary like this,” perhaps some one will say; “you will spoil the collection.” Well, if honest and searching preaching spoils the collection, let it be spoilt, for it must be vile, or it would not be hurt in that way. If you have right hearts, you will not be hindered from giving by searching preaching; and I hope, therefore, that, in spite of a searching word, we shall have a good collection.

This is God’s Word, remember. Jeremiah was sometimes in very low places. Surely a man must have been in a low spot when he said to God, “Wilt thou be altogether as a liar unto me, and as waters that fail?” Not that Jeremiah deliberately charged God with telling lies, or deemed it possible that he could; but God’s word to him seemed so entirely contradicted by events, that he remonstrates with God, and begs him speedily to appear. When the child of God is thus sorely put to it, and



tempted to fear the worst, the Spirit sometimes leads him to look about to find evidences, and to pick up a little scrap of comfort from them. It was so with Jeremiah. "Thy words," says he, recalling the past, "were found, and I did eat them." This is what very few professors know anything about. If the golden nugget of truth lay on the top of the ground, how many professors would have it! But it does not. "Thy words were found." This implies that it required some deep digging to get at them. Most people dig deep to get at the riches of this world. Men readily enough go deeply into business to enrich themselves. But where do we find a man or woman who will dig deep in the things of God to get to the riches of Christ? "And thy word was the joy and rejoicing of my heart; for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts." The fact that the word of God had been found by him, eaten by him, and had caused him to rejoice, was regarded by the prophet as an evidence in his favour. We may learn from this, then, that it is only the children of God who find the words of God, and eat them when they find them; who count them as inestimable riches in one point of view, and eat them as blessed food in another.

Still, the good prophet was in a sad state. "Why is my pain perpetual, and my wound incurable, which refuseth to be healed?" This is often the case with the people of God. I am inclined to think that many of the prophet's troubles arose from his preaching and prophesying so faithfully, and that the temptation which was presented to him was to make things a little smoother. "See what trouble you bring upon yourself by preaching such a searching word. Cannot you make it a little more pleasant and comfortable?" The Jews, no doubt, spoke thus, and the devil and the prophet's own heart as well. And I dare say he was almost tempted to say, "I will try not to be quite so harsh, and then, if I am smooth to them, they will be sweet to me." Just like the false people in the Galatians, who rewarded by their approbation those false apostles who made it their business to please them and bewitch their minds. The prophet was almost tempted to walk in this path, but the Lord checked him. "Therefore thus saith the Lord, If thou return [from all such thoughts as these], then will I bring thee again, and thou shalt stand before me; and if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth."

I trust, then, my friends, that we may never make the word palatable to the carnal taste of the people in order that they may be pleased with us; but that we may ever preach an honest gospel, as the Lord hath taught us the truth as it is in Jesus. Before the Lord sent me out, he said, "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." That was the word I had when I commenced the work of the ministry, and it has been my motto ever since. Wherever God sends me I hope to go, no matter whether men or devils oppose; and I hope I shall never go any-

where else, or speak what I am not commanded. The God of truth cannot falsify himself. Therefore, what a blessed thing it is to have a word from the Lord! This will support us in the most trying circumstances.

Now, we see what our business is,—to “take forth the precious from the vile;” that is, the precious in the sight of God and of his people. Worthless things may be of high esteem among men, but they are vile and an abomination unto God, who putteth away all the ungodly of the earth as dross, in spite of universal charity. Let us, then, endeavour to take forth the precious from the vile in *four* particulars; for this division of the text seems very plain and simple:

- I. In respect of *doctrine*;
- II. Of *experience*;
- III. Of *practice*;
- IV. Of *profession*.

Now, if we do a little of this work to-night, we shall be, I hope, as God’s mouth. Some people may say, “But you will cut off the little ones.” What! In taking the precious from the vile? No, we will take the little ones from the vile. Never think that honest truth will cut off such, though it is true they may sometimes wrongly think that they are cut off.

I. First, then, as to the precious and the vile in *doctrine*. Some people say, “We do not like doctrinal preaching.” Nor do I, in one sense; but I like the preaching of doctrine in an experimental manner. If experience be not founded upon right doctrine, what is it founded on? Why, it must be founded upon a basis of doctrinal error; and it is surely better to have true doctrine than erroneous for a foundation. Let us notice one or two religious doctrines, and try to take the precious from the vile.

1. In the first place, there is the doctrine of the blessed Trinity in Unity. It is a foundation doctrine; for if a man has not right thoughts of God, he worships a false god, and pays homage to a false king. It is a vital and leading doctrine; and we believe the precious to be this: That there are Three blessed, co-equal, co-eternal Persons,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, in the Unity of the Godhead or Divine Essence. That is the doctrine of Scripture. It is a plain and simple one as there stated; but if you wish to know more about it, I can only say that we cannot and must not go farther than God has been pleased to speak. He has revealed that there are Three eternal Persons in One *Jehovah*, a word signifying the Divine Essence. Thus far we go, and no further;

“And tread, whilst we taste of the bliss,  
With reverence the hallowed ground.”

But what is the vile doctrine? To deny the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, as though Son and Spirit were inferior to the Father, or only emanations and powers; or to deny the Unity

of the Godhead, making not a Trinity of Persons, but three Gods; or to make out that the Three Persons in the blessed Trinity took upon them the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in covenant, with respect to the redemption of the chosen race, and not as expressive of eternal relationships in the Persons of the Godhead. Our doctrine, the precious doctrine, is that, apart from anything God did, the Three Persons were from all eternity Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Perhaps a person may say that he cannot comprehend a Trinity in Unity. If you could, friend, I should put it down as a vile doctrine. If you could show me a God and Creator whom his creatures could comprehend, I would show you a Creator who would be no Creator at all. We must receive the truth concerning his being from his own blessed lips. And it is a precious truth when received by faith; but as for comprehending what is infinite, it is ridiculous to think of it. Mr. Hart well says in such matters,

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

2. A second doctrine we may briefly notice is that of the Person of Jesus Christ. And here we must take forth the precious from the vile. The precious doctrine is this: That the second Person in the glorious Trinity, God the Son, did take upon him, in due season, proper, perfect, and pure human nature in the womb of the Virgin Mary by miraculous conception. Thus he was bone of his people's bone, and flesh of their flesh, and a brother born for their adversity. And yet he was not in covenant relationship to Adam, as we are, and did not, therefore, partake, as we do, either of Adam's guilt or corruption in the smallest degree. He was the only-begotten Son of the Father from all eternity, clothed in pure and perfect human nature. That, I think, is the precious doctrine. But we do not pretend to comprehend it. One of our poets says,

“How it was done, we can't discuss;

But this we know,—'twas done for us.”

And this is the preciousness of it.

The corresponding vile doctrine is to make out that the Lord Jesus Christ became the Son of God by taking upon him human nature. He became the Son of man by that; but he was the Son of God from all eternity. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, writes thus: “Concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which 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.” (i. 3, 4.) This is a most exact definition of the Person of Christ. We understand the precious doctrine to be, then, that the Son of the Father in truth and love, and full of grace, took upon him humanity in the womb of the Virgin; and the vile, that he became the Son of God by entering into the covenant of redemption, by his incarnation, or by his resurrection. Of course, there are many vile doctrines about Christ's Person, such as

those denying his essential Godhead, eternity, and equality with the Father in respect of his Person as the Son of God; or those affirming the pre-existence of his human soul, or separating him into two persons, instead of distinguishing the two natures,—human and divine, in the one Person of the Christ of God. But we have hardly time to even enumerate these things.

3. Another precious doctrine is that of the everlasting covenant. What a precious doctrine is this! And what a precious promise: "He will show them his covenant!" The Three Divine Persons in the Godhead did enter into an everlasting covenant before the foundation of the world on behalf of those particular persons whom God the Father chose from among the human race to be vessels of glory throughout the ages of eternity. This glorious covenant was ordered in all things and sure, and was confirmed by the oath of God. The Triune God swore by an oath in eternity that he would bless these chosen people, and bless them to all eternity.

The vile doctrine on this point is the one that introduces creature merit, and confounds the old covenant of works with the new covenant of grace. What a view of the purity and sweetness of covenant truth and mercy does the Holy Ghost give us by John in Rev. xxii.! "And he showed me," says John, "a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." There was nothing of the creature mixing with that water, for it was pure and clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb. O my soul, mayest thou be favoured to bathe in this blessed river while in the present time state, a river now issuing forth according to the everlasting covenant made in eternity by the Trinity in Unity! And then, O my soul, eternity will be to thee eternal peace, eternal joy, and eternal bliss. Thou shalt drink of this river of eternal covenant love; yea, bathe in it, for ever and ever.

4. Another doctrine we may touch upon, for we can only notice these things with the greatest brevity, is that of God's election. In its preciousness it is this: That God the Father (but remember that Son and Spirit were of one mind and will, though election is generally ascribed to the Father, redemption to the Son, and operation to the Spirit) from all eternity, without any respect to their future good or bad qualities or works, as causing him to elect, elected a certain number of angels and of men, but we speak now of the latter, to everlasting glory. This is blessedly shown to us by the apostle Paul in Rom. ix. He there takes the case of Jacob and Esau as an illustration, both conceived at one time by Rebecca, and both, therefore, on a complete par naturally, and says, "That the purpose of God according to election might stand," it was said, before they came forth into the world, "The elder shall serve the younger. Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." How clear is this!

But what is the vile form of the doctrine? To assert that God elected those persons in whom, by foreknowledge, he knew he

should find something good. Such a doctrine would crush the poor child of God into the dust, for he knows that God will never find any goodness in his heart but what he puts there. But this vile form of the doctrine is sometimes represented in a more subtle way; viz., that God elected them for the faith or other goodness it was his purpose to put in them. This is simply to say that the child begets his father, and is the parent of his parent; which, of course, is absurd in natural things, and equally so in spiritual. The pure doctrine is that he chose whom he would choose, both to glory and to good works, which he before determined to work in them, and not on account of any goodness that he either saw or foresaw.

5. The next doctrine we will allude to is that of redemption, which, in its precious form, is briefly this: That God the Son, having, for the sake of his people, yielded a holy and perfect obedience to the law of God in his spotless life, died specially for their sins upon the cross of Calvary. God the Father, we believe, put every single sin of his people upon the head of his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who suffered a particular, special, and proper punishment for those sins, and then bowed his holy head in death, after crying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" By reason of that special atonement, the child of God may say, "I am a sinless sinner in the sight of God. In myself I am all sin; but my Jesus has removed my sins from the sight of God as far as the east is from the west."

Now, the vileness, in this case, is to make redemption general, as though God redeemed every one, Judas as well as Peter. That is the vileness of vileness. But here, again, we have it, sometimes, in a more subtle form, which would make redemption indefinite. "One drop of Christ's blood," it is said, "was sufficient for the whole world." This sounds very Christ-glorifying; but it is only specious. No doubt Christ's blood is more precious than the whole world; but the point is one of proper satisfaction to God's justice in a broken law. I believe the punishment Christ endured was a proper, adequate, and necessary one for the sins of the church. God the Father did not put him to unnecessary grief. Christ bore, by imputation and punishment, his people's sins, but has not done anything to remove the sins of the whole world. Christ's blood was not shed in vain. He did not suffer without a cause. He did not suffer more than the case justly required. He has perfectly redeemed the elect, and the rest are unredeemed; for the redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever.

The atonement, then, we believe, was limited to the church. Not one outside that number can be saved. No one will ever be put into the covenant or amongst the redeemed that was not so from eternity.

6. Another of the principal doctrines of our faith that we may notice is that concerning the Divine operation of the Holy Ghost in the quickening, teaching, and sanctifying of those whom Christ

redeemed. "The wind," says Christ, "bloweth where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." It cometh from eternal election, and reaches every child of God. The blessed Spirit comes and quickens the elect family of God. It is he who begins the work, carries it on from beginning to end, and completes it in the day of Jesus Christ. Man has nothing, as to origination, to do in the matter; for everything he does rightly is done in, by, and through the operation of the Spirit of God. Every person that the Spirit teaches is made feelingly to know that "power belongeth unto God." This is the precious doctrine.

Its vile counterpart is to put in human intermixtures. Some tell us to believe of ourselves, to get rid of our doubts and fears by our own will; while the Scriptures tell us that we cannot turn one hair black or white. It is, indeed, a vile doctrine that would ascribe power to the creature instead of God; and he makes his people see its vileness and reject it.

II. Having thus given a very brief sketch, and it must be understood as such, of the more important doctrines, I will endeavour to say a little on the second head,—*Experience*. Mind you, I am not at all in favour of mere doctrinal notions and nothing else. I want experimental things. I want to taste, handle, and feel these things in my heart, and in a proper manner. With doctrines, therefore, we must connect experience; but here, again, there is the precious and the vile. There is a deal of experience which I must honestly confess I cannot accept, but fully believe to be of the wood, hay, and stubble kind, which will not stand the test of fire. Every man's work shall be tried, of what sort it is. Let us notice a few points. As we have hitherto treated of doctrines, perhaps some one thinks me a doctrinal man. Well, let us see.

1. There is a precious and a vile in respect of *knowledge*. I mean that the same things may be acquired in a precious and a vile way. Let us explain. To know election, special redemption, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the other things we have alluded to, by being taught them of God, is exceedingly precious. There is an anointing from the Holy One which teacheth believers all things. And all true children of God are thus taught; not some one way and some another; for "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." What, then, must be the knowledge that is acquired in any other way? Can it be anything else than vile? We see, then, that what God has taught by the unction of the Holy One, what he has put into the heart by the teaching of his own blessed Spirit, is precious, and everything got by any other means is vile. There is a great deal of vile knowledge. A man may have got acquainted with all the five points of Calvinism; but if it is by his own investigation, and not by the teaching of the Spirit, his knowledge is vile. He may be clear on the eternal Sonship; he may even be so convinced about it as to fight for it; but if he did not get it by the

revelation of Jesus to his own soul, his knowledge, as to his holding it, is vile. Perhaps he got it by the word of ministers, or by the works of persons of authority; vile still. If he has not got it in the only proper way, we must stamp his knowledge as vile in the sight of God. It will, therefore, be seen that there is a great deal of vileness in the way of knowing things. But let us go further.

2. There is a precious knowledge of sin,—*conviction of sin*, if you like; and there is a vile knowledge and conviction. “You do come close,” says some one. “What! To have convictions of sin, and yet these to be vile?” Yes, to be sure. The Spirit of God makes a man know the “exceeding sinfulness of sin;” but while he is doing this, he will support the soul, so as to prevent utter despair. Even when the child of God thinks he is in despair, there is a secret hope supporting him under that terrible feeling. The Spirit of God is not the source of absolute despair, only of self-despair. The convictions of the Spirit do not lead to destruction, and are, therefore, precious.

But there are also vile convictions; and what are they? Such convictions as Judas had, for example, when he bought a halter and hanged himself; such convictions as Cain had when he went into the land of Nod and built a city; such as Ahab had, who went softly for a time, and very differently afterwards, put on sackcloth first and the murderer's robes afterwards. Surely this will show that there is a precious and a vile, even in convictions.

3. Then you may ask, “Can there be a precious and a vile in respect of believing?” Yes, to be sure. There is a precious faith: “Your most holy faith,” for God is the Author of it. “Having received the like spirit of faith.” A spirit of faith is the precious faith, for it is founded on the truth of God, and wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit.

But there is also a vile faith,—a faith that stands in the wisdom and power of man. When ministers tell unconverted persons it is their duty to savingly believe, and urge them to do so, ignoring the work of the Holy Ghost, and conveying to the hearers' minds that faith is a work of the old man, in the creature's own power, and not of God, they are really calling upon the poor creatures to do something that is vile, and not precious. Supposing, for argument's sake, a natural man were to take such a preacher at his word, “do his duty,” and believe, the Holy Ghost not giving him faith, what good savingly would he get by it? I will undertake to say that he would not, by such a fleshly faith, obtain eternal salvation; for such a faith is vile. (1 Cor. ii. 5.) The only precious faith is that which is new-created in the heart by the Holy Ghost. It is the gift and the workmanship of God, and it stands in the power of God.

4. There is a precious and a vile in *hope*. The precious hope is one produced by a knowledge of Jesus Christ. God implants a hope in the child of God, and it is a hope that hopes against

hope. When all things cry out that there is no hope, the Spirit of God, by his own almighty power, produces a hope in the heart of the child of God; so that his hope, the precious hope, is a hope rising out of the sepulchre, as it were.

But there is another sort of hope, such as Ignorance had, in the "Pilgrim's Progress." He had a false hope all through his journey. He was carried over the river by "one Vain-Hope, a ferry-man," and he was landed in hell. A hope in the absolute mercy of God, a hope that is not founded in the heart by the Spirit, is a hope that is both vile and vain. But, alas! How many there are that have nothing better.

5. There is also a precious and a vile in *love*. What! In love? There are many people who say, "We must love our Saviour. God is so good and benevolent that we cannot but love him." The child of God speaks very differently. "I have a heart full of enmity, says he; I cannot love." I would rather have your enmity, I mean, the sense of it, fellow-sinner, than their love; and that is the truth of the matter. "We love him because he first loved us;" and we learn that we should never have loved him unless he had first loved us. This love, then, is produced by the same Divine Spirit that works the faith and hope we have already spoken of; and it is a precious love.

But there is also a vile or fancied love to God and Jesus Christ; and those who possess it know nothing either of God or Christ. The subject, you see, is so large that it expands as we go on.

6. There is a precious and a vile in respect of *humility*. Real and precious humility is produced by Divine convictions of sin, on the one hand, and Divine manifestations of mercy on the other, such as Job had. On the near approach of Jesus Christ, the soul cries, "Behold, I am vile." "Now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." When the child of God hangs down his head in such humility as this, it is indeed precious.

What, then, is the vile? When a man humbles himself in order that he may rise.

"The devil himself can self-denial use,  
And that with selfish devilish views;"

and humble himself too. People may bow down their heads like bulrushes when they are prompted only by pride. What deep things there are in religion when fairly examined! As it respects faith, hope, love, humility, patience, and all other things of the same kind, which, if precious, are the fruits of the Spirit, and gifts of the eternal covenant, there are counterfeits, imitations; and fleshly counterparts, which, when tested by the Word of God, are found to be only vile.

III. We must pass on to the third division of the subject,—*Practice*. Some say that we do not insist upon practice and precept. Well, if that be the case, we are taking a part of the Word of God, and not the whole. But there are two sorts of practice;



and the apostle's rule is what I like to insist upon, for I believe it is precious. Speaking of the new creature, he says, "As many as walk according to this rule [*i.e.*, the rule of the new creature], peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." (Gal. vi. 16.) The children of God must, therefore, walk after the workings of the Spirit in the new creature, and not the workings of nature in the old. This new and spiritual obedience, this walking in a newness of life, is acceptable, precious, and sweet. If any man walk according to this rule, he is created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works. There is the basis of such a one's obedience,—he is a new creature. If there be this new creation, all proceeds properly. Faith proceeds from it, and works too; love proceeds from it, and labours; hope proceeds from it with patience, and endures. The new creation in a man's heart embraces the promise, and delights in the precept as in harmony with it, and coming likewise from the lips of Jesus. Christ's sheep hear his voice of grace, whether he speaks in the doctrine or the word directing practice; but strangers will they not follow, even if they look like lambs; for they find them speaking really like lions, even when uttering the precepts of Jesus. The gospel precept speaks in harmony with the life of the new creature and the bias of the spiritual mind. It re-proves, corrects, and instructs; but all as coming from the lips of Divine love. The new life within loves to move in newness of life; it is its own proper motion.

We insist, then, upon obedience and practical things; but it must be according to the apostle's rule: "Faith which worketh by love." The precious faith which is of the operation of the Spirit of God brings love into the heart, and makes the Christian, conformably to that love, desire to do the will of God. And the Spirit of God enables him, in some degree, to yield obedience. This sort of practice we preach. This is regulated by the gospel precept, which is spirit; but we reject as vile all that merely proceeds from the flesh, all mere walking according to the letter. "That which is born of the flesh," be it faith or practice, "is flesh," and is vile.

This leads us on to notice *holiness*; and we must say a word or two about it in the light of the text. But it is a very nice point. Some say we make nothing of holiness, and do not like to hear of it. Well, I cannot say that I dislike it; but I like to have the proper meaning of the word, and the proper holiness set before me. I believe I can honestly say before God and man that my heart cries to God, "Lord, I would be holy. I would serve thee with every breath I draw." But it is not all sorts of holiness that I would have. There is a distinction here. For instance, we know from Scripture that there is a legal holiness; that is, the holiness that man possessed when God made him upright. But that is not the holiness I long after, even in its perfection. If God were to give me my choice, whether I would be a holy, innocent man as Adam was, or have the holiness of a

saved sinner in Jesus Christ, I should infinitely prefer the latter. I would not have the innocence of Adam if I could. I would not even be an angel; for I would be holiness in Christ, and that is better still. A legal holiness, then, is not the one that I would insist upon. And I am sure a fleshly Pharisaical one is not. The Pharisee said, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." But his supposed holiness was merely a mending of the flesh, a natural morality. It was fleshly, and it was vile. There is a superficial holiness, a whitewashing of the outside of the sepulchre, while inside it is full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. I do not want any of that. I want holiness in Christ; and what is it? A conformity to Christ in his death and resurrection; that is, to die to my own righteousness, goodness, wisdom, strength, and everything belonging to self, and to live and move in Jesus Christ, God's Son. "There shall be holiness," says God by the prophet Obadiah. Cleaving in self-nothingness, or rather sinnership, to Christ, abiding by faith in the Vine, this is the best sort of holiness as to the person. And Paul describes the best kind of holiness of walk: "As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." I received him as a poor sinner; and I count it my highest holiness to continue walking in him as a poor sinner. I want no better holiness than this in this world. Do you know of anything better, poor sinner, than to be chosen of God the Father, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit,—to feel you are a wretched, helpless, and hopeless sinner, while Jesus Christ is your All in all? I want to feel that I am the chief of sinners, and to see this more and more, and to find Christ more and more necessary and precious; and thus in the beauty of holiness to worship and walk humbly with God, seeking to know his will, loving to do it, mortifying through his Spirit the deeds of the body, and by the same Spirit having a conversation inwardly and outwardly becoming the gospel of Christ. David, I believe, was of the same mind, and, therefore, wrote: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." There is the best walk, leaning upon the Beloved. "And will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." There is the best path, and the best robe to walk in.

IV. Our fourth and last division is *Profession*; and here we will be very brief. John will serve us on this occasion in expounding his brother Jeremiah; for it seems to me that he very blessedly describes all sorts of professors in a very few words. He makes out that there are three sorts vile, and one precious. He puts it in this way, speaking of the real children of God: "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (i. 13.) "Not of blood" shows of what the first vile class consists. Yes, there is what we may call an ancestral faith and profession. Persons whose parents and grandparents were godly, sometimes take it for granted that they must be a sort of saints likewise. Mind, I do not at all

object to religion being, as it were, hereditary, when God makes one generation after another gracious. Timothy had the same faith as his mother and grandmother, but God implanted it in all three. Timothy did not naturally inherit it. All that religion which comes merely by inheritance is, therefore, vile.

“Nor of the will of the flesh.” We all have a natural religion about us, inasmuch as we do not want to go to hell. In some men, it is true, profanity overpowers this natural religion. Thus, Voltaire in a thunderstorm wanted holy water; but it needed a thunderstorm to show that he had got any natural feeling of religion about him. Some have a good deal more of it than others. Such seem as though they would like to manufacture themselves into a sort of saints; but “that which is born of the flesh is flesh,” and it is vile. Some may think it harsh; but that there is a vile in profession as well as a precious the Word of God shows as clearly as possible.

“Nor of the will of man.” It is a solemn thing to say, but I believe that there are man-made Christians and man-made professors. One sort is made by the gifts of ministers, instead of by the grace of God through those gifts. And I believe that the more eminent the minister, the more these Ishmaels will abound. Most highly gifted ministers are in this like Abraham; they have spiritual children, born through their ministry by the Spirit of God effectually working in it. These are their Isaacs; these are the wise sons that make a glad father; these adorn the doctrine, and are the really precious sons of Zion, dear to God and useful to his people. But they also have a sort of children born after the flesh, produced by their ministry; and these have only a religious work upon their old man, a work of enlightenment, or even one that to some extent reaches the feelings, but it is only old nature still. These are the Ishmaels of profession, the plagues of the Spirit-born sons of Zion; and though too often fondly and fleshily loved by their doting parent, they are the greatest trials possible to other ministers, who are raised up by the Lord to fan his floor, that the true grain may be gathered, and the chaff scattered abroad.

But, blessed be God, there is a fourth class: “Born . . . of God.” In these he begins the work and continues it. He implants faith and love, and fosters and cherishes them. They have a new birth from above. Of his own will God begets them again by the word of truth, that they should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.

“No, it was not the will of man,  
My soul's new heavenly birth began.”

They are solemnly called *the seed of God*. They are born of the Spirit of God, and the seed of God remaineth in them. That incorruptible seed shall outlive all corruptible things, and the precious sons of Zion shall reign with their precious God in Jesus Christ in a precious heaven throughout eternity, whilst everything vile shall be cast into hell.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF MR. BROOK, OF BRIGHTON.

Mr. Brook was contemporary with Mr. Huntington. His Letters are well known. Some of them have been inserted in the "G.S.," and we hope to insert others. He was originally a minister in the Establishment; but resigned his living, which was worth £600 a year.

The following was written by Mr. B.'s widow to some friends at Cranbrook in 1811.

My dear Friends,—Although in a very weak state, and to appearance not quite capable of undertaking this task, yet my mind has been much occupied respecting the things, or, rather, the suspicions your letter contained; but with the help of a kind and gracious God, I am desirous to furnish you with the particulars you wish to have. But after all that is done, I am persuaded it will not, it cannot remove prejudice from the prejudiced mind. As was the dear man, as was his ministry, as was his walk, as was his conversation, as was his book, as were his letters, so was his death; believed by few, questioned by some, doubted by others, and wholly rejected by very many. Therefore, all I can say will by some be placed to the score of whatever it may be termed, as coming from his widow; but I conceive my relationship to him is beyond such ties, and I can, therefore, say more than wives in general can say of their husbands.

The Lord brought us together under particular circumstances. We were both in deep soul-trouble; both in the state described by the words: "Who will show us any good?" both afflicted and persecuted in our families, and despised and rejected by all. In that state we came together. He was to appearance in such a declining state of health, that I had no other prospect than that of being a nurse and a widow; but I loved him, because I believed him to be a man who loved the Lord, and I earnestly desired to walk in the ways of God.

In nine months after we were married, the Lord gave him faith to leave all for Christ's sake. He gave up six hundred a year, and the prospect of a good living, which he was told he might have for the asking. This he did, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

I had not then experienced the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sin; but through the tender mercy of a covenant God he kept me quiet, and in his own time rewarded me by suffering my husband to be the instrument of conveying life to my soul. And herein it is that I say I can take upon myself to speak more than wives in general. And herein do I conceive myself capable of judging and speaking from that time to his death. I have been a sharer in afflictions which were neither few nor small; and you know that the close connexion subsisting between husband and wife is such that we have opportunity to

see the dark as well as the bright side of each other. But in this I can say, as Paul when writing to Timothy, "Thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience, persecutions, afflictions; but out of them all the Lord delivered me." I knew how tender his conscience was, how he laboured day and night for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, how concerned for immortal souls, how earnest for the honour and glory of God; yet what offence has always been taken at his doctrine! Of this I am persuaded, that whoever knew him well, and compares Paul's doctrine with his, will allow that, much as times and circumstances differ, their manner and doctrines agree.

His little book; how various are the sentiments respecting it! It has been the means of convincing some in a sweet and blessed manner. Others, who, under a mask of friendship, were near to us, were in a moment separated from us, and became and continue desperate enemies. After the death of my dear husband, I received a letter from London, enclosing a five pound note, at the same time lamenting that he should ever have written such a book. When they heard of his illness, they supposed that the Lord meant to consign him to eternal death. I returned the money, saying that my sentiments differed so widely from theirs that I begged leave to return the money with thanks. In a little time, and from the same person, I received another, begging my pardon, and acknowledging that, when they first wrote, they had not read the book; since which they had, and that it had been much blessed to their souls.

The other day a person from London called on the young man who sells them, to ask if Mr. Brook had written more than one book. Being informed he had not, she expressed much surprise, as there was such a general outcry about it. She read it, and finding it so different from Mr. Brook's ministry, she put it aside. Within a month she saw what she conceived to be another book, but which in fact was the same, and that had been sweetly blessed to her soul. Now what say you unto these things? Is the man wrong, or are the people? In this way has that dear soul been handled from the first; and I do conceive that from his faithfulness who, like Paul, could not for a moment give place to that which his conscience testified against, it was his lot to have so many enemies. And what made it more trying was to meet with it from good men. Therefore the world was not worthy of him. He laboured night and day for the good of immortal souls; and yet how his ministry was rejected! He wrote, and every day seems a fulfilling of what he wrote; and if he had been spared, and he had it upon his mind, would have confirmed it still more. All, all this was despised and rejected, and, therefore, in mercy the Lord was pleased to take him to himself.

When at Brighton I informed you of all particulars respecting the commencement of his illness; and all you now wish to know

is, whether there was any inconsistency in his death. If Paul's was inconsistent his was, for he was in this state: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour; yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." A weighty sense of this upon his mind led him to cry to God to spare him, seeing the perilous times we live in, and the few faithful men there are. When you came, I told you of his faith, and this led us to believe the Lord would spare him, as his strength was returning, though very slowly, and as he was beginning to walk without assistance. And yet, when I look upon that time, I can see we were very short-sighted, for it rarely happens that a soul brought to such a foretaste of future bliss is permitted to return to time and sense.

From the very commencement of his illness he was at a point respecting his eternal state, that, living or dying, all was well. But he was concerned for others; and, therefore, he was desirous to be spared, and yet not anxious. His ministry being abundantly blessed to the poor of his flock, he would say, "If the Lord has any more work for me to do, he will raise me up; but if not, he will take me to himself. And if the Lord should raise me up again, I shall not be very anxious to get out; I must have some very particular movings of God first." To a young man, whilst describing the glorious views he had of the state of bliss into which he should enter, he said, "Viewing this, how grievous to return to the old state of affliction and sorrow, which I must for my ministry to be useful!" To the same person he remarked, at another time, "All is well. The Lord goes to bed with me at night, gets up with me in the morning, and is my portion all the day long. If he sees fit to keep me in this state and in this room till I am seventy years old, all is right. I can trust him with my body; I know he will provide for that."

For two months previous to his death, I believe he never lost the presence of the Lord Jesus in his soul, not even for a moment. Before that time he had, at intervals, been most sorely exercised.

About three days before his death, though no certain signs appeared, he said to one of his flock, "I never could till now say with Paul, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'"

The following morning he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one side. We had a physician and an apothecary called in, who apprehended a speedy dissolution. Of his little flock, most were at one time or other around

his bed till he breathed his last. To the doctor he said, "If the Lord is pleased to raise me up, I am content; if not, I am ready to face the Lord my Maker." His conversation was so sweet and heavenly that the same influence spread on all around.

The following morning he called me to him, and gave me two parting kisses, and said, "My dear Anna, you and I have but one Friend, one Refuge; cleave close unto him, for he will never leave you nor forsake you." And, bless his holy name, he has not. He kissed the children before they went to school. At twelve o'clock I gave him something to take, and laid his head comfortably on the pillow, and kissed him. He had just thanked me, and I was going from his bed, when I heard him sigh. I turned to him, and saw that he was dying. Three sighs closed his life in this world of sin and sorrow.

Will this recital, my dear friends, satisfy your minds, or will you say, as some persons have, in answer to a letter containing the same things in it, "You have told us the bright side; now let us have a little of the other, in order that we may believe?" To all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, may this be the means of satisfying their minds, and be the cause of their rejoicing that another has landed safe on that shore which Mr. Hart describes:

"Heaven is that holy, happy place," &c.

Many thanks to my kind friends for their affectionate regard to my dear departed husband. Yours in Christian love,

ANNA BROOK.

### *ASHAMED OF WHAT WE HAVE DONE.*

"And if they be ashamed of all that they have done."—EZEK. XLIII. 11.

YES, Lord, I'm asham'd of all I have done  
 Since first my eyes gazed on thy beautiful sun.  
 A sinner I've been from the hour of my birth;  
 And sin has polluted each action on earth.  
 But the depths of my vileness can never be felt  
 Till thou with thy mercy my hard heart dost melt;  
 Then, humble and contrite, I mourn like a dove  
 O'er the sin that abusèd thy wonderful love.  
 And when thus asham'd I oft see reveal'd  
 The depths of thy mercy which once lay conceal'd;  
 As I lie at thy footstool, expecting the rod,  
 I get nothing but love from my bountiful God.  
 But O! What deep shame oft covers my face,  
 To think that my actions should still be so base,  
 That I still should abuse all thy mercy and love,  
 And ever ungrateful and negligent prove!  
 I never can render one jot that I owe  
 For the manifold mercies the Lord doth bestow.  
 But O! When subdued, I can fall at his feet,  
 And feel that his pardoning mercy is sweet.

C. SPIRE.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF JAMES HOWORTH, OF PEMBERTON.

*(Concluded from page 350.)*

The Church of England was the place where I sought an entrance. One Sunday (it is fresh on my mind to this day), after coming out of the church (it was "Sacrament" day), I stood looking back inside the walls, thinking how happy those persons were who were partaking of the emblems, and having a strong desire to be with them, expecting some signal blessing to my soul. I thought, also, that I might not live another month; but resolved I would write to the minister ere another "Sacrament" day, to see if he would admit me to that number. During the month I had many strugglings in my mind about writing this letter to him. I had not courage to go to him. However, in the last week of the month, I made bold to write. I expected he would come to see me on the reception of the letter, but he did not until the Saturday afternoon. He then said very little to me; only he was glad to find that I was so inclined. I was much tried when he came, and thought I should have to be examined strictly on experience; but not a word did he say on that point. Well, I went on the following day. When I got to the table, I thought what a place it was for hypocrites. They could all say, "We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings. The remembrance of them is grievous unto us. The burden of them is intolerable." I could not say so with them; but I was very low, expecting what I did not receive. I expected to feel more comfortable in mind after. I felt as if I was in the wrong place. I was a little child at this time, thought as a child, spake as a child, and acted as a child. I did not care what people thought about me, if I could feel happy in soul.

Before I joined the Church of England, I thought much upon baptism; for it was stated in the prayer-book that they will either dip or sprinkle. I should like to have been baptized by immersion, because I could find it was the custom in the apostles' days, and because the prayer-book was in favour of either, just as the parents wished. But I dared not say a word about it, for two reasons: first, because my wife was a Baptist; and, second, because I never knew it so done in the Church of England, and I should make myself conspicuous, and, perhaps, be denied. I, therefore, would try to be content, having been sprinkled in infancy. However, I could never get over it, because it is a divine command. But more on this subject as my pen travels on.

In this way I went on a few years. I was led on step by step, receiving "here a little, and there a little." I was led to see more and more into the doctrines of grace,—election, final perseverance, &c. I sometimes heard a Mr. H., and thought him the cleverest man that ever entered a pulpit. I went into the neighbourhood where he resided, and thought upon removing, so that I could sit under his ministry regularly. Then I thought



all would be right and smooth. But I did not go. I kept to school and church; and if my place was vacant at either place, it was known, for I had begun to be a speckled bird among them. I was sure to be told about it by either minister or people. One Sunday morning, in entering my pew in the church, behold, there lay on the top of my books a slip of paper, with a portion of Scripture very beautifully written on it: "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. xxiii. 29.) I was astonished, and could not help saying in the feelings of my soul, "Yea, Lord, it is." I cannot describe the effect it had upon me. The Word of the Lord was precious in those days,—very precious. There was a power then I often in after days found I lacked. This slip of paper I put into my pocket, and often looked at it.

I remember with what gracious feelings I read Gen. xxxix. for the first time. I could then say, "So did not I, because of the fear of God." I was cut off from the world and its pleasures, and looked upon all earthly things as vanity; nor could the world a joy afford. The arch-foe, that roaring lion, that accuser of the brethren, that disturber of peace and tempter to evil, that he may distress the souls of the weaklings in grace, because he could not get me back to my old ways in actual transgression, was permitted to disturb and distress me in a thing in which he knew my carnal mind and heart loved to revel,—when asleep on my bed. How this did distress me when I awoke the following morning! I did not expect to be plagued with such things as this; but before I had finished dressing, these words dropped into my mind, which gave me a little peace: "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." In a short time after this, I heard a Mr. F. at the room I went to occasionally, who related a similar case in his own experience. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man" in experience. I was quite willing to part with sin, but find to this day that sin sticks to this body of corruption.

I was not tried at this time in a way of business, but I had my share of trouble, for my family increased fast. My wife was troubled for six years, more or less, with hysteric fits. We tried all we could to remove the cause of them, but all to no purpose. Sometimes I had her, the children, and the shop to mind, it not always being convenient to get assistance. I found this hard work indeed, internally and externally. How far before gold and silver is health of body!

I found that I must not long be without one cross or another, and yet there were some good times with me. One Sunday I went off to another church in the neighbourhood. The curate took for his text a verse from Ps. ciii. How sweet this psalm was to my soul! My mind was carried back to the time when I first felt its sweetness, and was again refreshed by another sip by the way. I then felt that I could bless the Lord from my soul; but the sweetness being gone so soon, I was often tempted to be-

lieve it was not real. Going to this room occasionally, I found that they were something like myself,—subject to changes. The preaching was sweet and savoury, such as suited my soul well; and I really loved them because of the truth there preached. One thing I thought very remarkable. When I had been to school and church in the morning, the ministers who were preaching there in the afternoon very often would take the same scriptures we had at the school and comment upon them. This both pleased and surprised me; for there seemed to me, at times, such contradictions that I could not square up or tell any one about. I was only a listener, seeking instruction; and this I got many times in this way, together with a little conversation I had, at times, with some who attended this room.

On one occasion, when I went to this place, there was a supply whose ministry was to me in those days very acceptable, because there were dew, power, and savour, and to others also, for the room was generally crowded when he was there. This time he was treating on the fear of the Lord, where it dwelt, how it operated, and the fruits it brought forth in the life. He said the fear of God was not in that man's heart who could mix, cheat, and practise the lies and tricks of trade. Now this was what I had been guilty of some years before; but I wondered who had told him. I was not aware that I had told any of the people who went there; and I never told him about it. I thought he must think I was a bad character. But I found after that no one had told him; and having formerly been guilty of such things, and then having forsaken them, it did not at all lessen my confidence in being a fearing character, but rather strengthened my faith. "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil." "The fear of the Lord is clean." "The fear of the Lord is to depart from iniquity." If men or women live in any known sin, can such say that they hate evil, are clean, or that they depart from iniquity? I say, No. Nor do they give any proof that the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made them free from the law of sin and death. Reader, there are bastards, and there are sons. It shall be well with the righteous, but with the wicked it shall be ill.

I was very fond of going to prayer-meetings; yea, I loved them as my daily bread. Knowing that the friends met at this room on Sunday evenings for prayer, I went by the door many times, but could not go in, because I did not see any one. I thought, also, that if I went, I should look rather strange among a few; and yet I had a strong desire to be with them at prayer, because of the truth preached. One Sunday, when I went, they were without a supply. I was glad, for I wanted to hear or feel them in prayer. One old man prayed that God would raise up ministers who would not push with horns or shoulders. He got an answer to his prayer, which I may allude to hereafter. What a poor sign of vital godliness it is to see prayer-meetings neglected by so many, especially by those of whom we hope

better things! The Lord breathe forth a spirit of prayer among his little hills of Zion, in this day of great profession.

My class at school began to be vacated too often, also the pew at church. The minister came to see where I had been, and I always told him the truth,—to this room. But he did not like it; I must try to be content at school and church. Sometimes I thought I would. But where is the man who can give up going where it has often proved a Bethel to his soul? What can stop him? Can the devil, sin, wife, children, brothers, sisters, friends, relations, the world, loss of reputation and customers, father, mother, loss of daily bread, frowns and sneers of a professing world, ministers or hearers? None of these things can stop them; for they must needs go that way. The Lord will break every fetter that would hold their souls from the place and people they so ardently love and long to meet with, in order that the dew of heaven may fall upon the souls just ushering from bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

I have said that I tried to be content, and settle down in the Church of England. I found it to be a struggle indeed; but, however, I broke through every barrier again and again, and they did not stop me from going to the upper room where the gospel of Christ was so precious to my needy soul. One Sunday morning, the minister, before opening the school, called me up to the desk, wanting to know where I had been the Sunday before. Of course, I told him the truth. He told me it was Satan, and that I must say to him, "Get thee hence, Satan." But I did not believe him, and, therefore, never put his advice into words; for I could not believe that it was a temptation of Satan that I should be drawn to and so soul-satisfied with this little upper room, where none of the rulers or nobles of the land attended. I told the minister about the sermon on the fear of the Lord, mixing, cheating, &c. To my surprise, the following Sunday morning, he had a sermon on such things,—honesty, cheating, just and false balances, &c., which he carried to every branch of trade. He made the church ring again with his powerful voice, for he was a good orator, and could preach either with or without written sermons. There was something attracting about his sermons, and I dare not say that he was not a Christian man, though he did not love God's naked truth. One hymn was quite a favourite with him:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," &c.

This hymn I could heartily join in singing, especially ver. 3:

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine," &c.

How desirable to the hungry and thirsty soul is a well-grounded hope of an interest in Christ Jesus! I feel to this day that I love this man. May he be found among the ransomed of the Lord.

But to return. Once, in going to this room, I thought the minister (a Mr. F., whom I had and have since heard, I trust,

with power and sweetness to my soul's satisfaction) rather too sharp with us Church of England people. There were generally a goodly number from that place of formality when he came, who seldom went at other times of worship. This he knew; and, therefore, he took us to task while in the pulpit. He said there seemed to be many in the congregation who liked, enjoyed, and relished the things he preached, but stuck fast to the church. I vowed I would never go any more to church; but that and many more vows I have broken; and, if ever I begin to make vows of this sort, they are sure to be broken, and the sooner they are the better. But, however, I did hold this vow for some time. But the minister having left the church to which I stood so closely connected, of course we must have another minister. Well, another came; and we thought we had made choice of a very promising young minister, about my own age. I became more closely connected with him and others, and thought I could be content to settle down where I was. I, therefore, doubled my diligence, and was determined not to go to the room any more, thinking if others could be content in the Church of England, why not I? So I was held. One sermon this man preached, from Isa. xii. 2, laid hold of me; especially the verse itself. After this, I was more settled than ever to stop.

Some time after I sat down with them at the "Sacrament," I heard that the bishop was coming into the neighbourhood to confirm. I thought I would be confirmed too, and went to the meetings for that purpose before the bishop came, until we were properly instructed. There was I, among a lot of giddy boys and girls, getting ready to take upon ourselves what our sponsors had promised for us when we were christened. Yet I vainly thought it might be of some benefit to my soul. I also read about confirming in my Bible, and thought this was after the same way, and, therefore, was Scriptural.

I stopped here so long as to prove to my satisfaction that this minister was not what I anticipated he would be. I began also to get more tired of a formal worship, and read my Bible behind the organ instead of joining in the prayers. I must go to the room again, and was determined that no one should see me go. It happened, which way or when I went, straightforward or to my left, morning or afternoon, some one or more would meet me. Then the Baptists said I might as well go to their place if I would be a Baptist.

Soon after this young minister came, he had a public meeting about distributing tracts. The first person he asked in the meeting was myself. What did I think about distributing tracts? Of course I had no objection to tracts being distributed; neither have I to this day; but I would know something about their contents ere I distribute any. Well, he procured a lot not worth reading. This made me think worse than ever of him, to find that he knew no better. I began to think it was wrong to have my name down as a teacher, and neglect was not right. We had

teachers' meetings to have our lessons fixed. He said some one was always teaching from Rom. viii. He said he believed in the doctrine of election, but it was a subject not fit to speak about only at the fireside; it was not fit to speak about either in the school or in the pulpit. I, therefore, told him at once, in the presence of the other teachers, that he did not believe in the doctrine of election. He said, "You tell me that I am a liar." But I still stood to what I had said, and never went to another teachers' meeting.

Can a man, a minister, professing to have been called by the grace of God, and moved by God the Holy Ghost to preach to perishing sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus, say that the blessed doctrine of election is not fit to be spoken about in the pulpit, or read in a Sunday School? Then I say that I stand in doubt of such a man's religion. I am sure that, if ever God the Holy Ghost had taught him his sinfulness, his lost condition, the holiness of God's righteous law, and his own inability to fulfil it; if he had been led to despair of his natural life, and feared that hell awaited him; if the Spirit of life had pointed him to Christ Jesus on the cross bearing the curse due to his sins, telling him that as far as the east is from the west, so far had he removed his transgressions from him; and if he had felt that his soul was in that ring, that eternal electing love of God the Father in Christ Jesus, and had been so overcome as to burst out and say, "Why me? Why me?" it is impossible that he should say that he does not think it worth his while to talk about it in the school or in the pulpit, but only at the fireside as an idle tale. He would say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. Yea, and he would call upon all the powers of his soul to bless his holy Name. And if God the Holy Ghost does move men to preach, and I believe he has many, they will say, as Peter and John said, "We ought to obey God rather than man." The Holy Ghost has given testimony in our heart to the glorious truth; and we believe it and will preach it, though you beat and imprison. He hath delivered us, and we trust that he will yet deliver till our work is finished; and then he will say, "Come up higher." I know that there have existed, and do exist at the present day, men who preach and talk about both doctrine and experience, but it is through the nose, and not through the throat. God bless all those who love his truth; and may their feet testify that they love Jesus.

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LOWLINESS of mind is a flower that grows not in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus.—*Boston.*

FROM the intimate conjunction that is between Christ and the church, it is just and equal in the sight of God, according to the rules of his eternal righteousness, that what he did and suffered in the discharge of his office should be esteemed, reckoned, and imputed unto us, as regards all the fruits and benefits of it, as if we had done and suffered the same things ourselves.—*Owen.*

## SEPARATION.

"All that are with me salute thee."—TITUS III. 15.

DEAR Brother M—, Grace be with thee. May the Spirit of the Lord exhort thee by me to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. I am fully persuaded, from internal and external testimony, that thou art set for the defence of the gospel. (Phil. i. 17.)

I understand thou art shut out of the pulpit at C— for speaking the truth in love, and contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. Dear Brother M—, this day I leave our dearly-beloved sister M. C., and she informs me she has been brought through fire and water, yet she has been neither burned nor drowned. The Lord Jesus Christ hath been made precious to her immortal soul; hath said unto her, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, out of the hands of Satan, and as a brand out of the fire, from under the law and its curse into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Our dear sister informs me she heard on Lord's day last a glorious voice of inquiry, thus, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" And the blessed Spirit of the Lord led her to search the large town of Cirencester, upon the ground of her inquiring text, that she might find some of the despised and rejected of men; and she found, shut up in a small room, about seven poor people, yet rich in faith and heirs of eternal glory, and a servant of God ministering unto them the finest of the wheat, the wine, and the oil, and the glory of God filled the place. On inquiry they informed her that they belonged to a Baptist church, that they contended earnestly for the faith of the gospel; insisted upon church rule, order, and discipline; were made God's witnesses to testify of him; refused to say "A confederacy" to all them to whom the people say "A confederacy;" hated false love and mock zeal; could not drink the waters of the sanctuary when mudded, neither feed upon the flesh of swine, nor eat the serpent's meat; therefore they were counted narrow-minded, untractable, wicked, Calvinistic Antinomians, and were obliged to come out from amongst others, and be reckoned the offscouring of all things. Thus, dear brother M—, our beloved sister M. C. was instrumental in strengthening and encouraging my soul by the way, in bearing tidings that we were not left alone to fight the Lord's battles.

Dear brother M—, we congratulate thee in that thou art counted worthy to suffer shame, to be cast out, and to be hated of all men for Christ's sake. Great is thy reward, for so dealt they with the prophets of old. The blessed Lord hath commanded us to "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, 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." (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.) "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" Further it is written: "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils."

Dear brother, the following are the reasons why we (and we trust they are thine also) came out of the church at C——.

1st. There is fulfilled in them the declaration of the Holy Ghost (1 Tim. iv. 1, 2): "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." Does not this witness against them, my brother? Does not the church at C—— suffer their pastor to become all things to all people that he may gain all? Does he not minister to the people called a church, south of C——, who deny the third Person in the Godhead, and his work in a sinner's heart? Yes, he does. Also, does he not furnish a table for that troop on the east side of C——, whose very elders can with impunity follow after gambling, and daringly affirm it to be as lawful to raffle for swine in a house of prayer as to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? Yes, he does. Does he not, at C——, withhold the glorious doctrines of God's everlasting love, eternal purpose, electing choice, preserving power, calling grace, forgiveness of sins, and final perseverance of all true believers? Yes, all this he keeps back, and says it is dangerous to the villagers. Is he not calling the dead to arise and have life, to accept of offered mercy, to attend means of grace, to commit awful abominations by telling them to pray and obtain, strengthening the hands of the wicked by promising them life if they will do, do, do? "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord," and do, do, do, is a stench in his nostrils.

Dear brother M——, the doctrines of devils are duty faith, free will, human power, universal redemption, universal charity, and love of the world. From such a nondescript pastor and people all that know the truth must exclaim, Good Lord, deliver us. "Because thou hast prepared a table for that troop, thou shalt no longer be a priest unto me." "Thus saith the Lord, if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth." "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?"

The second reason why we came out from amongst them is, they have not attended to the apostolic command, but have called a novice to be their bishop and deacon. "Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Not greedy of filthy lucre; holding the mystery of

the faith in a pure conscience." (1 Tim. iii. 6, 8, 9.) A novice, who can give no account nor reason of the hope that is in him, except it is the hope of a hypocrite, which shall perish with him,—a novice, who hath followed a continual course of change from strict communion to mixed, from mixed to strict, from strict to open, from open to anything, if so be he might obtain a purse of gold,—a novice who is predicted by Paul to be one of the men who shall be "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, unthankful, unholy, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." Let us bless and praise the name of the Lord for giving us grace to come out from such; for of this sort are they "which creep into houses, and lead away silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth, men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." (2 Tim. iii. 1-13.)

But, brother M—, "continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them." (2 Tim. iii. 14.) "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." May the Lord enable thee and me always to shun profane and vain babblings; \* \* \* \* for "they will increase unto more ungodliness, and their word will eat as doth a canker, of whom is Hymenæus and Philetus, who, concerning the truth, have erred, and overthrow the faith of some." "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are his." "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth, and some to honour and some to dishonour. If a man, therefore, purge himself from these (that are of wood and earth), he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use." Blessed be the name of the Lord, he has given us grace to come out from amongst them, and has not allowed us to touch the unclean things of either open or mixed communion. The Lord's name be praised for ever and ever. Amen.

Dear brother, think it not strange that they should cast thee out of their synagogue, or separate thee from their company. Fret not thyself because of evil doers. Jezebel proclaimed a fast, and took from Naboth his vineyard. "The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? Fear them not, therefore; for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." (Matt. x. 24-26.)



May the Lord bless thee abundantly, and keep thee valiant for the truth, and bless the labour of thy hands at C——. The Lord is saying unto thee, "Fear not, 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." Does the devil tell thee thou wilt go to prison for the want of means to pay thy way? Remember, he was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies. God only is faithful and true; he is thy God and my God; and he hath said the gold is his, and the silver is his, "and the cattle upon a thousand hills." My God, therefore, shall supply all thy need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ our Lord. It shall not be as it hath been aforetime, when they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes; yea, they said, "When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes?" (Amos ii. 6; viii. 6.) Do impassable mountains of difficulties beset thee? The Lord says, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." Do empty professors laugh and say, "Even if a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall?" The Lord says, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee," and the diviners made mad. "Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings; for the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool." "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."

Brother M—, the Lord saith, "I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art my people." And with astonishment we are constrained to make the important inquiry, "*What hath God wrought?*" Why, he has wrought a covenant with sinners, before the foundation of the world; "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," before the foundation of the world. (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) Why, he has loved sinners with an everlasting love: "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me," and "thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (John xvii. 23, 24.) Why, he has chosen sinners, preserved sinners in Christ, through time and for eternity; built mansions for sinners: "If it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." He hath redeemed sinners by the blood of his only begotten Son; ("It pleased the Lord to bruise him;") justified sinners for his righteousness' sake; becomes the Father of sinners, experimentally, by giving them the Spirit of adoption, and makes them heirs of all things, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ; changes sinners from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the

Lord; makes them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"*What hath God wrought?*" Why, built for himself a house at C——, gathered together his outcasts, bid his banished ones rejoice, and said unto them, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem. Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee. How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! Put on thy beautiful garments, O captive daughter of Zion!"

Thine in the best of bonds,

Cheltenham.

S. BENDALL.

[As mentioned last month, we copy the above from the "G. S.," 1840.]

### CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Brother Collier,—I suppose by this time you expect to hear from me. Through mercy, I got home safely, and found all friends well, and they were glad to see me.

I suppose your new chapel is enclosed by this time, and the work going on well. Hope the committee has had good success in getting their money in to make their first payment good. This work will require much faith, patience, and prayer; but, as I hope the work is of the Lord, the gold and the silver are his; and though to us he seems long, at times, before he makes good his promises, yet he is sure to do what he has promised. But it must be in his own good time; he will not be hurried. No sovereign among men likes to be hurried; neither is it likely that the Sovereign of sovereigns will. He has said it, and he will do it; but he has not told us when, either the day, month, or year; but it is to be done when he pleases.

I still think, from what I felt on the day the stone was laid, that God has a work to do in that place, notwithstanding I may never live to see it done; yet my faith takes hold on the earnest given. It surely was a good day; and God was pleased to bedew some poor souls that morning, and I found the refreshment in my own soul. Surely we shall not commit sin if we do as Jacob did,—anoint the pillar, and say, "Surely this was no less than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Therefore he called it Bethel.

Hope you are going on well at Conway Street, and that the Lord is blessing the word amongst you by the ministry of Mr. Fowler. I suppose his time will soon be out. I know him not; but give my love to him. We shall meet, I hope, in the upper world, if we never meet here.

That the Lord will bless and keep his truth amongst you is the prayer of yours to serve in the gospel of Jesus Christ. My

love to all gentlemen that love me for the truth's sake, and to all friends and their wives that may inquire after one so unworthy.

Edenbridge, March 29th, 1820.

GEO. PAYTON.

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REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Dear Brother,—It is with the greatest pleasure I comply with the request of the committee in answering your letter. We were happy to hear you were well. Mr. Fowler delivered his last sermon for this time to us on Monday last. He took these words: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified;" which I pray may be our happy portion. He was well attended; and I hope it was profitable unto many.

Mr. Vorley is expected next Lord's day. May the Lord of the Sabbath come down as rain on the new-mown grass; and may we feel his power, and know that the Lord is risen indeed; for it is only when he is pleased to give testimony unto the word of his grace, by his blessed Spirit, that it is made profitable to poor sinners' souls, which my dear friend knows well.

The chapel is nearly enclosed. The committee has been very successful in paying the first payment of £500, which was paid about 14 days ago. And as you and many more of the friends found it a time of refreshment, I hope we shall find it to be a Bethel to many souls. It is expected to be finished in July. I hope you will be so good as to let me know when you will be in London, as there are many friends that will want to know; and I hope the Shepherd of Israel will bless your testimony among the people.

I hope, dear friend, you will remember me. The committee, my wife, and family, are all well, and join with me in wishing you every blessing.

I remain, your unworthy brother,

London, April 20th, 1820.

JAMES COLLIER.

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GRACE makes a heart-memory, even where there is no good head-memory.—*Boston.*

UNLESS there be an almighty power to turn the course of nature, no man will ever come to Christ. A man may as well say he will make a clod of earth a shining star as say he can make the carnal and dead heart of man like the image of God. It must be the Spirit of God himself that must do it; it is a work above nature.—*Preston.*

How marvellous a contrivance is there where the blessed Majesty of God finds an argument in himself, when man had none wherewithal to plead! The Son was found in the form of a servant, and became our near kinsman to redeem the inheritance. This people's standing is ensured by another surety and strength than their own; not on their apprehending, but their being apprehended. The Lord does oblige himself by bond to make that good which is only of grace, and is most freely given. He both frames the desire within the soul, and satisfies it.—*Fleming.*

## GOD'S LOVE COMMENDED.

"God commendeth his love toward us."—ROM. v. 8.

DOES God commend his love  
To sinners vile as we?  
And shall we careless prove  
Of love so great and free?  
Good God, forbid that we neglect  
Thy sov'reign love to thine elect!

O let us daily muse  
On what thy love has done,—  
That love which did us choose  
In thy beloved Son,  
And sent him down to live and die,  
To raise us up to dwell on high.

While we were sinners base,  
In league with death and hell,  
Our Saviour, full of grace,  
Came down on earth to dwell;  
Then on the cross was crucified,  
And there gave up the ghost and died.

Incomprehensible  
The love of God to man!  
My soul would on it dwell,  
And its deep wonders scan,  
Till lost in this unfathom'd sea,  
The love of God in Christ to me.

This is a deep profound,  
Deeper than tongue can tell;  
Though angels cannot sound,  
It suits poor sinners well,  
When they by faith are blest to trace  
Their interest in this wondrous grace.

Come, Spirit all Divine!  
Thy light and life impart;  
Within me rise and shine,  
And dwell within my heart.  
Come, holy, blessed, gracious God,  
And shed this sov'reign love abroad.

Gosport, July 2nd, 1876.

A. H.

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WHEN we are most ready to perish, then is God most ready to help.—*Luther*.

ALL my hope, as to freedom from that darkness which is my burden, is from Christ's prophetic office; and my hope of freedom from the guilt, pollution, and power of sin, and acceptance with God, arises from his kingly and priestly offices. In one word, I have no hope of any mercy, in time or eternity, but only through him. It is through him I expect all, from the least drop of water to the immense riches of glory.—*Halyburton*.

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—You have been much on my mind since I left you. Very many times my poor spirit is wondering how you are supported, encouraged, directed, and comforted; for I feel certain you are one that mourns on account of that within. “Who knows what dwells within?” You, my dear friend, know a little of the bitters boiling up within, and you mourn a hard heart of unbelief, a daily warfare without, and mourn after the visits of the Lord’s face, and mourn because you fear you may not be the right sort of a mourner after all. Well do I know that the Lord hath comforted and will comfort all such mourners. “Blessed are they that mourn; for they *shall* be comforted.” You have also tasted a little of that comfort that flows from the God of all comfort into your inmost soul; and this has given a sure relish for more, and made all the vain earthly comfort of a worldly professor kick the beam. You esteem the tender fear of the Lord, his gracious smile, his felt mercy, his atoning blood, his beauteous righteousness, his precious love shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost, as the greatest of all riches. O, my dear friend, when this is felt a little, how it puts all the crooks straight! How you can reckon, in a divine way, that God is good, and doeth only good, that goodness and mercy shall follow you all the days of your life, as it hath hitherto!

But you will be ready to say, “I know so little of this. I fear I may have been causing a wrong impression.” Well, the adversary ever was and ever will be a roaring lion; but he cannot devour your little hope, nor keep you from desiring, praying, or hoping in God’s great mercy. Nor do you cease loving God’s Word, people, and the prosperity of Zion. This neither you nor I should have ever desired after, but for God’s great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins. We conclude, in truth, that it is by grace we are saved, and that by grace we stand. This grace, how “exceeding abundant!” How timely, unmerited, and free!

My soul desires your welfare. I do hope you may be favoured in seeing the cloud go before you in removing from your present abode, and that you may have much cause for gratitude to the Lord for guiding you right and answering your many cries respecting this matter. May the Lord make the new abode a sweet Bethel to your soul and that of your dear wife. May he meet with you there at the daily appeal, and make both your souls as a watered garden. This will put all the furniture in its right place, and all the other things in working order. My friend will then conclude: “This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my guide even unto death.”

May the dear Lord keep you close to him in earnest prayer, and confirm the word of his servant to your souls; and may a divine, particular, savoury unction rest upon his spirit and the

spirits of the church and people. You will not find all smooth. It may be so in this matter; it is not likely you may; but let your eyes look right on. May the Lord give daily grace in your daily needs, and keep you in a humble, watchful, waiting, prayerful mind. The issue is with the Lord and not man. I do hope the end of this matter will prove that the beginning was of the Lord, and that a Triune Jehovah may be abundantly glorified, and your souls much edified. May the Lord make and keep all in the same mind. May love's bond be firm and strong to each other in the Lord.

Yours very affectionately,

Nov. 25th, 1875.

N. MARSH.

My dear young Friend,—I hope, if the Lord's will, that ere this you have had a return of his gracious presence in your soul. It is he alone who can make the crooked straight, and turn our night to day. But, no matter how dark the night may be, when the Sun of righteousness is pleased to look upon the soul, sorrow is turned into joy, and mourning into praise. This made the psalmist pray: "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Adversity makes prosperity the sweeter; and so the paschal lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs. But, no matter how bitter the trial, or rugged the path, as soon as a poor sinner can realize the Lord Jesus in his soul, he feels that in him he has that which overcomes and goes beyond them all. And what a mercy it is that, beyond all the darkness and desertion through which we pass, at times, there is a sensible feeling kept alive in the soul that the Lord Jesus is all we want, need, or desire. When he has brought a poor sinner thus to lean upon him, to hunger and thirst after him, and to wait for his appearing, however he may exercise, he will never forsake nor cast him away.

"The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,

I will not, I will not desert to its foes;

That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,

I will never, no, never, no, never forsake."

Read Jer. xxxii. 36-44, and the whole of chap. xxxiii., and may the Lord shine upon it to the comfort of your soul, so that you may prove that he has not turned away from you, but put his fear in your heart, that you shall not depart from him.

I know it is a trying place to be in, where the preached word seems to be nothing to one, and often to feel in the soul as though there is no real concern; but even here we are often concerned because we are not concerned as we would be; as the poet says:

"Uneasy when I feel my load;

Uneasy when I feel it not;

Dissatisfied for want of God,

Though oft of Him I've not a thought."

What a mercy that "he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust!" And he will never suffer the weakest lambs in all his flock to be tempted above what they are able to bear, but will surely, in his own time, which is the right time, make

a way of escape, and bring them safely through. You may, and no doubt will, think it strange that you should come into such a trial; but the Lord in and by these things teaches us more of ourselves, to make us out of love with everything of our own, and thereby to know and prove more of his sweet grace and suitability, as our only Hope and Friend, on whom we can lean for salvation and comfort, or any real good whatever. The Lord help you to follow on after him. May he bless you with grace to be much at his dear feet, both in season and out of season; and you will surely in the end prove him faithful to his word: "Him that cometh unto me *I will in no wise cast out.*" The Lord continues to be very good to us in every way. I hope, at times, I can say, with a thankful heart, that he has led us by the right way. O for grace to love him more and serve him better.

Yours in the best Bonds,

Hastings, Jan. 12th, 1872.

THOS. HULL.

Dear Friend Pegg,—I was at Lynn yesterday week, where I first heard of you. By a little book I got there, which you have just published, I find that you are resting for life and salvation upon the Nail fastened in a sure place. I looked your book through, and felt a sweet union of soul with you on the death of that man of God, Mr. Creasey. When I know you get these few lines, I will write a few particulars of his visit here.

I discover also, by your book, that you are a young man. If it is God's blessed will to keep you in that part of the country, I hope that he will make you a burning and shining light. I always thought there seemed to be nothing but death all around your part. I am quite a stranger to you in the flesh, but I feel as I go on that my pen is one of a ready writer, for I feel no check, but quite a freedom in it. Some time ago, I was told of a Mr. S., who professed to be awakened to a sense of his lost estate, and to the deadness of professors generally in and around Burnham. I wrote to him, but received no answer. But your book shows, so far, at least, as I can judge, that the work is real.

I have heard that the Lord has opened your mouth in his great Name. I am just fifty years old in sin, but only a little more than eight years in grace. Since the Lord revealed mercy to my soul, I have sometimes supplied the place of ministers, where they are destitute, by reading sermons and making a few remarks.

"Some long repent, and late believe;  
But when their sin's forgiven,  
A clearer passport they receive,  
And walk with joy to heaven."

In some blessed measure, the above is fulfilled in my case. After living to be near 42 years of age, in almost despair and desperate sorrow, the Lord turned my captivity, and enabled me to sing, with blessed Hart:

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

So special it is, my dear friend, that few, very few, are favoured to carry about with them this special favour. But then, on the other hand, I am overwhelmed almost with temporal trials, and have to watch the hand of my God for every providential mercy almost; and this is as ballast to keep the poor vessel of mercy from being upset with pride, &c.

One motive for my writing to you is to say that the little place that I am connected with in Norwich is sometimes destitute, as our minister goes out a good deal; and we are always glad of a supply rather than read sermons. Would you visit us for once if we should be destitute?

What a mercy, my friend, that you are thus favoured in early life! As says the psalmist: "O satisfy us *early* with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." Nothing will enable a poor sinner to rejoice like that; for

"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."

Yours affectionately, for Christ's sake,  
Norwich, Oct. 30th, 1848.

A. CHARLWOOD.

My dear Friends,—After I got home I was obliged to take my Bible; and this verse was very sweet to me: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." I thought it was the light I had enjoyed.

Yesterday morning, when I was doing my work, it came with sweetness and love, "Thou art the bride, the Lamb's wife." I cried out, "What! Me, Lord? A wretch like me?" And then the wise and foolish virgins were shown to me in such a beautiful way: "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut." O, my dear friends, I enjoyed such sweetness for an hour and a half as none know but those who have tasted it. And, I think, this morning for four hours far exceeds it all. I was having my breakfast when the love-song came: "I have brought you into a wealthy place. I have set your feet on a rock, and established your goings, and put a new song in your mouth, even praises unto your God. And I will feed you with milk and honey from the Rock." And then it came:

"Don't dispute; your title's good,  
Sign'd and seal'd with my own blood."

Over again it was repeated:

"Sign'd and seal'd with my own blood."

I cried out, "It is enough, Lord; it is enough." Then it followed: "He brought me unto the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." I felt it was almost more than my poor body could bear.



Now I can say that the prison door is open, and the poor prisoner is set free. I have not named this; so was obliged to write to tell you. I feel I do not want to go out, for I think my little home is a taste of heaven below. Bless and praise his holy Name for saving a sinner like me!

My kind love to you both. May you have a taste of the same in reading this. Your unworthy dust,

Godmanchester, March 21st, 1874.

ANN SHELTON.

Dear Mr. Forster,—You will be surprised, no doubt, at receiving a line from me, after seeing my shy conduct at Jireh when you were supplying there. Well; I have been pained and grieved through it, and that is the reason of my now writing.

I had a good time during the morning service; for I was like the lime-stone you named when the water was poured upon it; and I certainly did think I should come round to speak to an old friend if I had been allowed; but the devil, I think, and my past conduct threw me down as I was coming, and so I failed.

My path has been one of trouble and sorrow, darkness, rebellion, doubts, and fears; but I have had many mercies, and my mercies have been greater than my troubles, because I have deserved them all and hell at last. My mercies, too, have been free, sovereign, and unmerited; yet for all that I often murmur and fret.

To-day at noon I took up the "Gospel Standard," and in my garden read the Obituary of John Thornber, which I think to be one of the most remarkable things I ever read. It appears to be a bit of sterling religion. I read it, I believe, with profit. There are some words which are said he often repeated during his sickness, which put me in mind of the Lord's goodness to me about four years ago last winter, and which I can hardly refrain from naming. On the evening of one Lord's day some unpleasantness occurred in the house, which stirred up my rebellious spirit; and this brought on such darkness and distress, and such a sense of God's displeasure, that I could hardly bear. I crept up stairs into our bed-room, in which you have often slept, to try to bow before the Lord, if haply he would hear my cry and have mercy. I had such a feeling sense of my sinfulness that I hardly ever had before. I cried and wept like a little child and begged for mercy; when I believe the Lord whispered peace into my soul with these words: "I am thine, and thou art mine." I afterwards went to take a short walk in the dark of the night; and I looked up to heaven, and said, "Dear Lord, if the blessing which I have just had was from thee, do confirm it, if it be thy heavenly will;" when these words were applied: "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. Go and sin no more." I shouted out in the street aloud. It was too good, it seemed too much for your unworthy

Pemberton Village, July, 1875.

H. P.

Dear Charles,—I received your kind note this morning with the bill for — all right; for which accept my thanks. Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that he will reward you seven-fold. You, my dear brother, have been the means, in the Lord's hands, of ministering to my necessities once and again; and I thank my God that he has so disposed your heart to minister to the needs of a poor unbelieving old grey-headed sinner. I assure you that my God has put me to the blush many times with his manifested goodness, both in grace and providence; and I have been enabled to sing more than once:

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

I hope the God of all grace will be pleased to preserve both thee and thine as you travel this rough world, and give you an abundant entrance into the kingdom. “So shall we be ever with the Lord;” and that will be far better.

I was glad to read your kind letter, because I felt sure it came from an exercised mind. My dear brother, it does not matter how the blessed work of grace is begun. Whether in the whirlwind or the still small voice, it is all the same in God's account. “Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.”

I was also pleased with that part of your letter in which you have your mind exercised about scriptural baptism. I hope our God will let you have no rest until you have followed your Lord into his watery grave; for “in the keeping of his commandments is great reward.”

Yours in Love,

Bedworth, Feb. 26th, 1874.

THOS. SINKINSON.

My dear Brother,—I hope this may find all the true friends of Jesus well.

If I do not feel liberty in writing to you, I feel more bondage in neglecting it; and, therefore, I write that I may have release. When I have liberty, then I have not time; and if I wait for liberty and opportunity to meet, I cannot tell when they will step in together to this poor desolate heart of mine, and prolong their visit sufficiently for me to write a letter. Therefore, if you cannot receive me with goodwill, when I come to you in bonds and shackles, and destitute as poverty itself, please to tell me, that I may know how to proceed. For if I may only come in a time of prosperity, I fear my visits to you will be very seldom; for my nights of adversity are very long, and my days of prosperity usually very short.

All this has arisen from your saying in your last that you were cast down through fearing I had bondage in writing to you, which seemed rather against you. But I think, my

brother, it argues greater love to you when one endures something for you than when my very writing is eating and drinking and making merry. Be assured, it is my felt regard for you that induces me to scribble this line or two, although I do it with a heavy heart. For my Beloved hath withdrawn himself, and is gone. I call him, but he gives me no answer. I seek him, but cannot find him. My enemies that dwell within me get the mastery over me, and bring me to the starving-point. I seem to feed others, while I myself am perishing with hunger. London, with everything which connects me with it, is, at times, a burden and a terror to me. I am enough rebellious to earnestly wish my end was come. Yet I see it was God who brought me here, contrary to my will; and sometimes I hope he will remove me according to my desire, though of this I can see no prospect. These words are a prop to my mind at the present: "Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations," &c. It is but very seldom that I am made truly to acquiesce in the Lord's divine appointments, although I know them to be truly and infinitely wise and good. I seemed on Monday evening last to be entirely resigned to his holy pleasure in all things; nor do I feel worse since I commenced writing this to you. I am certain it is the work of true affection to you for the truth's sake, and as such I hope you may receive it.

Your affectionate Brother in the Truth,  
 Jan. 19th, 1844. JAMES SHORTER.

### INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Sir,—If it is not too great a favour to ask, will you have the kindness to give a few words, what you consider to be the real meaning of Col. i. 15: "The first-born of every creature?" Why I ask this favour is because a person will have it that he was born before any creature. I asked what it was that was born, but the person did not know. Was it not in purpose? "No; but it was an intelligence." The person would not own to be a Pre-existerian; but I cannot see that it amounts to anything short of it.—J. C.

#### ANSWER.

Col. i. 15. That "the first-born of every creature," in the above passage, means that the human soul of Christ was brought into actual existence before time, according to the Pre-existerian doctrine, is, we believe, a most unscriptural notion. He was "made of a woman, made under the law," and, therefore, must have taken soul and body *together* into union with his divine Person as the Son of God, when he was miraculously conceived of the Holy Ghost. The angel said unto Mary, "Therefore, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." He was not made, in respect of his human nature, partly without the woman, and partly of the woman, the one

part—viz., his soul, being born, or created, ages and ages before the other part, and as many ages before the woman of which he was born had any existence. No part of his human nature had any actual existence whatever prior to its being said to Mary, “And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.”

In what sense, then, must we understand the passage in Colossians, where Christ is said to be “the first-born of every creature?” We believe it may be taken in two senses. First, according to the primary, or legitimate sense, Christ is “the first-born of every creature,” as being the “only-begotten of the Father”—begotten by an eternal, inconceivable generation in the Godhead, by which he is truly and properly the eternal Son of God. See Heb. i. 6; Isa. liii. 8; Acts viii. 33; John i. 14–18.

But there is a secondary sense, in which, perhaps, the portion referred to may be taken. Christ, as the eternal Son of the Father, was set up in the *purpose* of Jehovah from everlasting as the God-man Mediator, and was viewed by Jehovah in the character and relation of God-man. Not that he was actually God-man until made so, in time, of the woman; but was reputed by the Father as being such in the divine purpose, and also in the prospect of his being actually so “when the fulness of the time was come.” (Gal. iv. 4.) So that, according to the order of things in the eternal purpose of God, Christ, as Mediator, might have had a priority in the mind of God over and above all the creatures, either angels or men, whom God purposed to bring into being; and hence, as he stood in Jehovah’s secret thoughts and counsel, might have been, in respect of priority, “the first-born of every creature.” Perhaps Prov. viii. 22–31, inclusive, favours this view.

Again. The first-born was always amongst the Jews considered the head of the family. This fact may, therefore, be referred to in the passage; meaning that Christ is the head of the whole creation. All things were made by him and for him, and without him was not anything made that was made. So again, in Rom. viii. 29, he is called the “first-born among many brethren.” That is, he is the head of his family,—his body, the church. He is their Elder Brother.

It is certain in experience that with a poor and slender *It may be*, at the first, many a soul hath cast anchor within the veil, blindfold, and yet in the end hath found a firm and sure holdfast in the heart of God and the grace of Christ to hang upon with the whole weight of their soul, the weight of their sins hanging upon them also.—*Goodwin*.

By virtue of Christ’s union with the church, which of his own accord he entered into, and his undertaking therein to answer for it in the sight of God, it was a righteous thing with God to lay the punishment of all our sins upon him, so that he might freely and graciously pardon them all, to the honour and exaltation of his justice as well as of his grace and mercy.—*Owen*.

## Obituary.

**ELIZABETH HAWKINS.**—On Jan. 29th, aged 68, Elizabeth Hawkins, of Trowbridge.

The Lord first wrought upon her soul while attending a service to witness the baptism of her brother. The particulars of her soul-feelings at this time are not known; but we gather from the account of her husband's experience that the work of God was very marked, as it aroused the enmity of her husband to a great degree. But the Lord very shortly after tamed his lion-like spirit by convincing him of his awful state; and they both walked together in sweet communion for upwards of 40 years.

She always enjoyed good health until last Nov., when she was taken with sickness and loss of appetite, which gradually wasted her frame. At times, she sank very low at the prospect of leaving her poor helpless husband behind; but towards her death the Lord removed this and every other care from her mind; so that she was blessedly resigned to the will of God.

She was confined to her bed a few days before her death; but her end was not expected so soon. In fact, the friends thought her a little better until about half an hour before death, when a change was observed. Looking up, she quoted the following lines:

"A soft and tender sigh  
Now heaves my hallowed breast;  
I long to lay me down and die,  
And find eternal rest."

Her poor husband, who had retired to rest, could scarcely realize her approaching departure, but began to remark upon the sweetness of the lines she had quoted. She said, "Ah! Jacob, I shall now need no more preaching;" and quietly breathed her last.

A LOVER OF THE SAINTS.

**JACOB HAWKINS.**—On May 3rd, aged 73, Jacob Hawkins, senior deacon of Zion chapel, Trowbridge.

His mother was a godly woman, one of the 42 members who first formed the church in the Waggon office, where Mr. Warburton first settled over them. She was confident that it was the will of God that Mr. W. should take charge of the church from the first time he preached to them; and once, during the month he stayed with them on trial, she held quite an altercation with him. He avowed his determination never to settle at Trowbridge; and she as constantly affirmed that he would have to smart for it if he did otherwise. And this she stood fast to until the Lord decided the controversy in the way dear old John so vividly describes in his book. The Lord suffered her son Jacob to go on in a most dreadful course of sin and shame until he was about 30 years of age. The beginning of a work of grace upon the soul of his wife seemed to give a spur to his wickedness; and such was his enmity against her religion that he again and again threatened her with bodily harm. He conducted himself with so much violence towards her that on a certain evening she had to fly from the house for safety. The next morning, being Sunday, he spent in the fields, returning home at mid-day, still further threatening his poor wife, if she did not consent to go with him to a distant town that afternoon. But the Lord had ordered otherwise for him; and as he could not prevail upon his wife to accompany him, he said he would go with her to chapel in the evening,

which he did; merely deferring, as he thought, his evil designs until another time.

Of this evening he many years after spoke as follows: "I was sitting in the chapel, and, while that dear man of God, Mr. Warburton, was preaching, I was planning in my mind dreadful cruelty to my poor wife, which I fully meant to carry out in the following week. Such was the hardened state of my mind that I determined no one should stop me in what I intended. But suddenly, while I was sitting in yonder gallery, it seemed to me as though the parson pointed his finger straight at me, and said, in a voice I can never forget, 'Be sure thy sins will find thee out, either in this world or in that which is to come.' I was stopped in a moment; and in my very feelings I cried out, 'Lord, what must I do?'"

This put an effectual stop to all his plans of cruelty; and he left the chapel a poor despairing sinner. The Lord deepened his own work, and brought him to a very solemn point,—to confess that the Lord would be just if he condemned him to eternal perdition. The sins of his past life came up to view, and he could see no way of escape. And nothing could he do but cry for mercy for his poor self-condemned, despairing soul.

In this state he one evening crept into the chapel and sat upon the pulpit-stairs, where he thought he should not be seen, while the people were holding a prayer-meeting in the schoolroom. But his poor mother, who had waited for so many years for what she then perceived, passing through the chapel, saw him, and constrained him to go in with the people. He did so, feeling there could not possibly be mercy for him. Mr. Warburton opened the service with that blessed hymn of Gadsby's:

"Come, whosoever will,  
Nor vainly strive to mend;  
Sinners are freely welcome still  
To Christ, the sinner's Friend."

This just met his case; and as they were singing the hymn, a little hope sprang up that after all the Lord would show mercy to him.

After this he felt anxious to open his mind to his poor wife, whom he had formerly so ill used. He felt certain that she was a partaker of grace, but as yet he could not speak to her of his own soul-feelings. But one evening, as they were about to retire, he felt powerfully impressed to open his lips in prayer with her. While hesitating through fear, these words fell upon his mind: "Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my words," &c. He stood astonished, but the words came again still more powerfully; and, addressing his wife, he said, "Betty, down upon your knees, for I can stand it no longer." From this time they enjoyed sweet fellowship together in the things of God; and this was the commencement of family worship in their house, which was continued as long as they were spared together here on earth.

How long he remained in a state of condemnation is not exactly known; but after a considerable time had elapsed, on a Sabbath morning, while Mr. Warburton was preaching from the words: "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd," &c., the Lord broke in upon his soul, and blessed him to feel the pardon of his sins sealed upon his conscience, to see Christ as his Sin-bearer and Law-fulfiller. To use his own words, he "felt as fully justified before God as though he had never committed a sin in his life." His burden now was all gone. The Word of God was his sweet delight, and to love and serve him his constant aim and desire.

After this he travelled many years, experienced many changes, knew much of the hidings of the Lord's face, and often feared how it would be with him at death.

In the latter years of his life he endured much chastening of soul before God, as he would sometimes say, "On account of my sins, my vile, black sins." The moroseness of his natural disposition often caused him pain; but though he was, on account of this, sometimes rather awkward to deal with, yet, when under the influence of the sweet visits of the Lord, which he now and then enjoyed, a mere child-like, broken-hearted believer in the Lord Jesus could not be found.

Through all the changes of his pilgrimage the Lord held him fast to his truth, and never suffered him for a moment to give place to anything contrary to the doctrines of free, sovereign, and discriminating grace.

About a fortnight before his death, he was very weak and ill. His friends thought his end very near. He said, "I am only waiting for the dear Lord to come and take me home. I do long to be with him. This morning, about six o'clock, the dear Lord so blessed my soul that I was enabled to say, 'My precious Jesus, thou art mine, and I am thine.' Now all that I want is to go to be with him. I have no trouble."

A relative, who saw very much of him during the closing days of his life, gives the following:

"He was very low, at times. When I have called to see him after service, and have told him of the sermon I had just heard, he has sometimes read the text and chapter, saying, 'Ah! that is for the Lord's people; and I fear I am not one of them.'"

His wife's death was a sad trial to him. Many times he exclaimed, "I wish I was as sure of going to heaven as I am that my dear wife is there!" I said we must hope it was for the best that the Lord had taken her before him. He said, "I wish I could feel it so;" and added that it was the greatest trial he had ever been called upon to endure.

The Lord's day before he died, when very ill and unable to read, he asked me to read Ps. ciii. I did so. The text that morning was from verses 12 and 13: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us," &c. He spoke with feeling, and said, "The dear Lord has removed mine. What should I do now if he had not? This is the place to prove him. O to think that he ever had mercy on such a vile sinner! Do, dear Lord, give me patience to wait thy time."

I went in the evening to stay with him through the night. I found him very ill in body, but better in mind. He said his time would be short, and asked me to read. I read him Mr. Brown's sermon in the May "Gospel Standard," from Ps. xci. 14-16. He made several good remarks thereon, saying, "I am on the Rock;" and talked much of the goodness of the Lord, so that the night passed most comfortably.

On May 2nd, I stayed up with him again, and found him very restless, begging the Lord to give him a little quiet. About eleven o'clock the dear Lord broke in upon his soul. He cried out, "Precious Saviour! Everlasting Father! Dear Immanuel! Glorious Redeemer!" He was dying, but quite conscious. Once, as I wiped the perspiration from his face, he cried, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" But it was in a tone of sweet confidence, as one who had found mercy. After this he said,

"O may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face."

He said, "I hope the dear Lord will take me in my sleep. How good he is to me! I am not so ill to-night." I said, "The Lord has answered your prayers." He said, "Lord, come and take me. This is dying. How I dreaded death! And now I am on the Rock; and underneath are the everlasting arms."

In the morning, when leaving him, I said, "I hope we shall meet in a better world." He replied, "Yes, I hope we shall." In the afternoon a

friend called, whom he recognized, and called him by name. He said, "Dear Lord, come." The friend said, "You want him to come?" He replied, "Yes, I do, I do."

"How can I sink with such a prop  
As bears the world and all things up?"

Some time after, he said, "Hark! do you hear that voice? It is the voice of the Lord." In the evening he said to the friend who was with him, "I am waiting for my dismissal. I thought it would have been before this."

Some time after this, he threw up his arms, and said, "Lead me to the Rock." The friend added, "That is higher than I." He said, "Yes, Yes." After asking for water, he breathed his last without a sigh.

He left a particular wish that the following verse should be inscribed on his tombstone:

"No heights of guilt, nor depths of sin,  
Where his redeem'd have ever been,  
But sovereign grace was underneath,  
And love eternal, strong as death."

A LOVER OF GOOD MEN.

WILLIAM DEIGHTON.—On May 31st, William Deighton, of Market Lavington, late of Devizes.

He was a member of the "Old Baptist" church, Devizes. He was called in early youth, and was enabled to live a most consistent life. Through a long profession, it might most truly be said of him that he "walked in the fear of the Lord." For 28 years he was in the service of one family; and testimony was borne, in the record of his death in the newspaper, to the faithfulness of that service. His soul was kept much alive and exercised about the things of God, although this was more manifest to others than to himself; his frequent complaint being that he was so dead and cold in his affections towards the Lord. His simple earnest breathings at the prayer-meetings found an echo in the hearts of the more peculiarly tried ones among the people of God. He often made use of the words: "Thou precious Lamb of God," with an evident brokenness of heart and warmth of love which bespoke the preciousness of Christ to his soul. He was one who waited upon the Lord, being frequently overheard in prayer; once, shortly before his death, for more than two hours.

His last days were a blessed fulfilment of the promise: "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." He was a peace-lover and a peace-maker, and love to the brethren shone conspicuously in his character. Yet, though favoured with much tenderness of conscience and godly fear, his experience was much like that described by Hart:

"Their pardon some receive at first;  
And then, compell'd to fight,  
They feel their latter stages worst,  
And travel much by night."

Great spiritual depression, together with nervous weakness, caused, at times, a degree of irritability; and he would complain of his want of submission to the will of the Lord. But his grief for this fretfulness of spirit testified to the reality of the work of grace in his soul.

For the last few years he was so deaf as to be unable to hear more than broken sentences of any sermon; and this he felt to be a heavy cross. But the Lord taught him, and kept his soul alive, though as "in famine." He was also greatly tried, at times, as to how it would be with him in the swellings of Jordan. He would not be in the company of the Lord's people for five minutes without beginning to speak on soul



matters, thus plainly showing where his affections were set; but was often saying that he felt almost without hope, like one cut off, and, at times, as if almost on the borders of despair. But it was a great encouragement to those to whom he was accustomed to open his mind, and who were often travelling much in his path, to see how the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God was manifested in smiling away his fears in his last long and most distressing illness, and blessing him, for the most part, with felt peace and rest in the dear Saviour of sinners. He was enabled to speak with a confidence, and even assurance of faith, in a way that he had not been heard to do for many years; and though his affliction was extremely trying to those who waited on him, as well as to himself, yet they expressed themselves as being well repaid for any trouble, by witnessing the manifest power of the grace of God in supporting him through all sufferings and conflicts, and bringing him off more than conqueror, through him that had loved him.

A little of his early experience is given in the following unfinished letter written by himself, and some of his last expressions in one from his son-in-law to a fellow member:

“Dear Friend,—I am going to try to tell you a little of my awakening, as far as I can remember. As I made no memorandum, I have only my own memory to trust to; but I can remember, when I was very young, about 10 or 11 years of age, I had convictions of sin, which caused me to shed many tears. I thought I should be lost for ever; yet I thought much of those that appeared fit for heaven. I used to go to church, and I looked at the clerk, an old man, and thought him all right, and wished I was like him. But after this, my convictions died away, like the morning cloud and the early dew; and, to my shame, I went into paths of sin in a fearful manner, even to become a blasphemer. Yet I trust the dear Lord did not leave me in that state. But I went on sinning and repenting for some years, up to about 18, when my mind was powerfully arrested with the fear that I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Then I thought there could be no hope for me. But still I begged for mercy, yet could not see how mercy could come to such a sinner as I.

“At this time, I was living at home with my father, and all my friends wondered what was the matter with me. I could not tell; but at night I dared not go to bed without asking the Lord to bless me. I used to go into a private place, to try to call upon his blessed Name. The first words I can remember which were blest to my soul were Ps. lxxiii. 4, 5. After this I left home, and was removed in the providence of God to a place near Malmesbury. There I met with a Christian man. He found I was in trouble, and thought it was about my soul; and true enough it was. He used to talk to me and tell me of the mercy of God. He was a member of a Baptist church, and persuaded me to go and hear the minister. I had never been into a chapel, and thought the church way the right way; yet I felt very great union to this man of God, because I believed him to be a Christian. After some time I went. To my surprise the minister (Mr. Martin, of Malmesbury) took for his text that solemn word which I had been in so much trouble about. The words were in Matt. xii. 31: ‘All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, &c.’ The dear man of God opened it up in such a solemn way that I never shall forget. It seemed as if the words were spoken to me; and the burden was removed from my mind.”

“Dear Friend,—I feel a desire to write a line to you respecting my father-in-law. I have had, at times, some sweet conversation with him, and have felt it sweet to hear him speak of the goodness of God to his soul. Although he was the subject of many fears lest after all he should

come short of the one thing needful, yet all those fears were groundless. Those words were precious to his soul: 'This is my comfort in my affliction; for thy word hath quickened me.' He said, 'The Lord quickened my soul 50 years ago.' This he said with great feeling and with a broken heart. After this he was much tried about the reality of the work of grace in his soul; but the change was soon felt again, and he said,

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

At another time, he said,

"Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love;  
When men of spite against me join  
They are the sword, the hand is thine."

What a great mercy that is!

"After this, he was much in prayer, begging the dear Lord to come, eight or ten times following, and take him to himself: 'Do, dear Lord, come quickly.' After this he said, 'What a poor sinner I am! What will my end be?' I said, 'Peace in the Lord,—a peaceful end.' He then said, 'Take me under thy special care. Hide me under the shadow of thy wings. Cover me over with thy feathers. Come, dear Lord, and take me to thyself.'

"After this, he said, 'How vile I am!' and was much tried by the enemy; but again the dear Lord shone in upon his soul, and he broke out, and said to us,

"Yes, I shall soon be landed,' &c.

"Many more blessed things he said. At times, 'Dear Lord, come and take me to thyself!' After this, he spoke but little, and gradually departed to be for ever with the Lord."

A FRIEND.

CAROLINE MOORE.—On July 4th, aged 85, Caroline, wife of Mr. Moore, minister of the gospel, Knockholt Wood Chapel, Knockholt, Kent.

About a week before she died, a Christian friend called to see her, but found her too weak to converse much. But at the close of the conversation, she observed to him, "I long to be gone to my blessed Jesus." "Then," he answered, "you will have to learn Job's lesson: 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.'" (Job xiv. 14.) To which she replied, "I hope I shall have patience."

The day before she died her husband said to her, "How do you feel your mind now?" She replied, "I feel quiet now. The enemy is not permitted to harass me." While another friend was sitting by her bed-side on the Lord's day evening preceding her death, he noticed that she was much in prayer, and could hear her mention the name of Jesus repeatedly; but as she was then gradually sinking, and in a very enfeebled state, she was unable to convey in words to those about her what was transpiring in her mind.

Though not one of the ready talkers, yet she was a "humble walker;" and these, as Hart says, "are dear in Jesu's eyes."

On one occasion, when Herbert's hymn (680 Gadsby's) was sung in the chapel, on verse 4 being read out, she was heard to exclaim audibly, with much feeling, "Ah! Why me, why me?"

She appears to have been one of "Mr. Fearing's" sort, whose characteristics are described in such a masterly manner by the immortal tinker. Like him, too, when approaching the dark valley, she appears

to have been specially favoured by her dear Lord. When Mr. Great-Heart relates his passing through this valley with Mr. Fearing, he says, "This I took very great notice of, that this valley was as quiet when we went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose those enemies here had now a special check from our Lord, and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing had passed over it."

She dearly loved the Word of God, the house of God, and the people of God.

Westerham Hill, Kent.

WM. LUCAS.

ELIZABETH BALDWIN.—On Nov. 14th, 1875, aged 63, Elizabeth Baldwin, of Maidenhead.

She lived with her parents until 14 years old, and then went to live with a person of Baptist principles. Whilst living there, she was convinced of her state as a sinner. This verse of Dr. Watts's was applied with power to her soul:

"That awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test."

After some time she went to see some persons baptized, and could not rest after this until she passed through the ordinance herself and joined the cause at Ickford. She remained a member with her husband about twelve years, until they got dissatisfied with the ministry. She often said there was something more in real religion than what the minister set forth, or else she was deceived.

About 1850, she heard Mr. Tiptaft at Ickford, and was convinced that he preached a gospel she had never heard before. She afterwards attended at Stadhampton, till removed in the providence of God to Loudwater. She then attended at Maidenhead; and many happy seasons had she there.

Her path in providence was a very trying one, and she proved the truth of the promise: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

She was a poor timid one, and was the greater part of her life in bondage through fear of death. As she journeyed on she proved the faithfulness of the promise: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

She was afflicted with asthma for four years, and her sufferings, at times, were very great. She much feared being left to murmuring or impatience under her heavy afflictions; but was kept from both all through. About the beginning of her illness she was very much tried to know how it would be with her when she came to die. The Lord brought her out of that trial by this Scripture: "At evening time it shall be light." And so it was.

I visited her many times during her affliction, and during the twenty years that I knew her she seldom, if ever, rose higher than a hope in God's mercy until a few days before her death. The last time I saw her was a week before she died. She was then in the sweet enjoyment of the peace that passeth all understanding, and longing to depart to see her Saviour's lovely face. Hymn 242 (Gadsby's) was a great encouragement to her; and many times have I heard her repeat the last verse, hoping it would be so with her.

A friend called to see her in the afternoon in which she died, to whom she said, "I can hear you, but I cannot see you;" and in a few minutes her ransomed soul was taken home to be with him whom she longed to see, and to lay her crown at his dear feet.

B. G. COLLIS.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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OCTOBER, 1876.

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

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PARDONING INIQUITY.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SINKINSON, ON LORD'S DAY  
MORNING, NOV. 9TH, 1873.

“Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.”—MICAH VII. 18.

In the prophecy of the Old Testament it is clearly set forth that the Lord judges his people. I have heard it said by persons who profess to believe and teach the truth that mercy is God's darling attribute, and judgment is his strange work. It was very grating on my ears. I believe justice and judgment are as much attributes of God as mercy. He is a just God and a Saviour. Such an expression as that does not, in my view, agree with the declaration of God's holy Word. Those of you who are led to feel your sinnership have felt you have broken God's holy law. You felt the wrath of God was upon you, and that you were cut off from all hope of salvation. You could not see how it was possible for you to be delivered from impending ruin, from that awful hell you felt in your conscience. Under such circumstances, many a child of God has wandered about for days and months, and has cried, as Micah did in the first verse of this chapter, “Woe is me.” You could not see how a holy and just God could justify such a wretched, ruined, hell-deserving sinner as you felt yourself to be. You could not say you had any claim on God; nor have you said so since. You felt that if God had sent you to hell for your sins, and shut you up in the pit of black despair for ever and ever, he would have been just in the act; for when you were under the convincing power of the Holy Ghost you felt you deserved it.

But, my dear friends, although God was just in giving you to feel what a sinner you were, nevertheless he exhibited his mercy in such a way that it broke your heart. You were brought to contrition; and when the Lord said, “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else,” you were brought by precious faith, the faith of God's elect, divine faith, the faith of God's creating, of God's giving, you were brought by that blessed power to look unto Jesus

Christ, the God-Man Mediator; and Christ was appropriated to you as your lawful Redeemer, your Salvation. You felt that there was no other salvation than Christ; and you feel so still. You have not yet been beaten off that ground, though you have had many tossings in your mind. There is much free-will rubbish about you; but still, after all, my dear friends, you know it is through Jesus Christ solely and entirely. That everlasting covenant of grace is based on a firm foundation, a sure rock. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are the foundation of the covenant of divine grace.

When you are led to see and feel your interest in that covenant, you endorse the language of the text. It is a question proposed: "Who is a God like unto thee?" Proposed by whom? By those poor sinners who have been led, in soul feeling, to realize mercy; to prove the greatness of the God of heaven and earth, the God who upholdeth all things by the word of his power; not the gods of the heathen, not the gods of wood and stone, not the gods that Israel sometimes in their backslidings ran after. "The eternal God is thy Refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms."

I was just glancing over this chapter; and I could see, from the first verse to the words of the text, that the prophet was brought to feel experimentally his own helpless condition. In the first verse he represents himself as being in the vineyard. Of course it implies that he had got into the vineyard in order that he might have some grapes. Grapes are of a very refreshing nature. The juice of the grape is often referred to in the Word of God. The grapes of Eshcol were esteemed by Israel of old a delicious fruit. When the grapes were squeezed and the juice drunk, how invigorating and how cheering! The Lord Jesus Christ is set forth in these grapes, and in that wine that maketh glad the heart of both God and man. The Lord Jesus Christ is distinctly represented in the Scriptures of truth as everything lovely, everything beautiful, everything to be desired by the Lord's people. So it is here. Micah wanted to have some grapes, but he could not find any. "Woe is me! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape-gleanings of the vintage; there is no cluster to eat; my soul desired the first ripe fruit." But he could not get it, although he had the desire. He did not know that there was one single berry left for him. The summer fruits had been gathered, and the grape-gleaners had come after; and he was the third person that had got into the vineyard with a desire. He could not see any fruit left; it was all gone; and he was looking about very anxiously for a cluster. The poor man was cast down, and in a very distressed condition. He did not know that God had reserved so many berries in the top branches. The Lord had fruit in reserve. Micah was cast down, bemoaning his sad condition. He thought Israel was all gone, and Samaria and Jerusalem were swept away. What a sad con-

dition to be brought into! But the Lord had his eye upon him. Although he was in that dark state, feeling his helplessness, he had a desire. That is the point. If you feel you have a desire from the Lord, the Lord will satisfy that desire. You do not want to be in a barren land. Neither did Micah; he wanted to be in the vineyard, where there was plenty.

You have been in the vineyard, and desired the first ripe fruit; but there seemed to be none. You have said, "If I knew I was the Lord's, and the Lord mine; if the Lord would but testify to my conscience that I was his redeemed child!" Like Micah, you have wanted the first ripe fruit. Like David, you have wanted the Lord to say to your soul, "I am thy salvation." You desired it, and you believed it to be true; but you wanted the Lord to speak the word with power unto your soul. You have desired to know that the Lord was your Portion and your God. So it was with Micah; but when he was brought to prove in his own soul that the Lord had not forgotten him, that he had manifested his mercy to him through Christ Jesus, pardoned his iniquity, and passed by the transgression, not only of him, but of the remnant of his heritage, then he could say, "Who is a God like unto thee?"

Friends, if you have spiritual views of the character of God, if you have been led to see God in his justice, in his holiness, and in his purity (for he is a holy, just, and perfect God), and if you have been led to see him as the God of all grace, blessed be his adorable Majesty! Peter could say, "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory." Mark, "His eternal glory;" not the glory under the law. There was a glory, a brightness, a special manifestation of the Divine power when the law was given on Mount Sinai; but the apostle says, "Which glory was to be done away." It could not continue by reason of the glory which excelleth. What is the glory which excelleth? The glory of his grace; the riches of his grace.

"Who is a God like unto thee?" My dear friends, you cannot understand God in the fullest sense of the word. God is a sovereign Ruler, and he does all his pleasure. You may sometimes think that the purposes of Jehovah must be suited or brought into unison with your contracted reason and your finite minds. People try to bind and subject the mind of Jehovah to their poor, feeble, polluted minds. "Who by searching can find out God?" "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" This God that Micah had in view at the time he wrote this prophecy is a God that pardoneth iniquity; and Micah seems evidently to be enraptured with the view. And are not you? Are not all God's children, at times, completely overwhelmed in their feelings, when they see God in Christ? God out of Christ is a consuming fire. But you have seen God in Christ, God reconciled to you through Christ, pardoning your iniquity through Christ, acquitting you, and setting you free from the claims of his Divine law

through Christ, the Law-fulfiller. So it was with Micah. He could well exclaim, "Who is a God like unto thee?"

What a mercy, what a favour, if you have really proved that God justifies the ungedly! How opposite to the ideas of the people of the present day. Their idea is that God justifies the righteous, that he takes the good and leaves the bad. It is just the contrary; for the Lord did not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. It is a display of his mercy. If the Lord had not come on that errand of mercy and grace, there would be no hope for you and me. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." You know what that means. You know that your God is a God "that pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage; because he delighteth in mercy." And he will make you to delight in mercy too. He will make you to exclaim, with Paul, "But God, who is rich in mercy," &c. Blessed be his gracious Majesty, we do know that he is rich in mercy, that his grace is boundless, and his love everlasting to all the chosen seed. We do know that the eternal Jehovah pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of his people through the blood-shedding of Christ. "Without shedding of blood is no remission." But the blood has been shed; the sacrifice was made more than 1800 years ago. The Son of God offered himself without spot to God; and "he hath by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified." "Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Jesus Christ, and called."

"Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?" &c. He can do it on the principles of strict justice. He pardons the iniquity of his people on the very ground of what his own dear Son hath done for them. And what hath he done for his people? He stood for his people as their Representative, as their Substitute. He is the Bridegroom of his church, bone of his church's bone, and flesh of his church's flesh. There is a union, an indissoluble tie, a sacred bond that never can be severed or destroyed between Christ and his church. It is an eternal union based on principles of justice, mercy, and grace, according to the purpose of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Kent sings sweetly about it:

"Come, saints, and sing in sweet accord,  
With solemn pleasure tell,  
The covenant made with David's Lord;  
In all things order'd well.

"'Twas made with Jesus, for his bride,  
Before the sinner fell;  
'Twas sign'd, and seal'd, and ratified;  
In all things order'd well."

This is a different covenant from the Adamic covenant; that was of works, not of grace. But, according to the eternal purpose of Jehovah, the covenant of grace was prior to the Adamic covenant. Some people say it came after the other; but it pre-

ceded it, for it was in the Eternal Mind. Some people say that Adam fell from grace; and that he lost spiritual life in the garden. Nothing of the kind. Adam never had spiritual life. What he had came through the law he was under, and on account of his obedience to that law. That law said, "Do this and live." Adam disobeyed that command of God; and so he died. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." All died in Adam; all sinned in Adam; and all come short of the glory of God. Adam's happiness depended on his obedience, because he was under the covenant of works. The happiness of God's elect depends upon what Christ has done for them. What has Christ done for them? He hath redeemed his people from the law of works. Christ hath once and for ever liberated his people, saved his people with an everlasting salvation. And, therefore, the apostle said, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." You scribes and Pharisees may say what you please; it is the name, the blessed name of Jesus we preach, the Christ of God. The apostle Paul, writing to the church at Corinth, said, "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block," &c.

Poor sinner, if God would give you a faith's view of these things it would gladden your heart, and lead you to exclaim with the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" I do hope, if it be the will of God, that you may be led to see God's character in the covenant of grace, that you may be led to true repentance, and that you may be brought, with a broken and contrite heart, to confess your sins. The Word assures the poor penitent, "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy." "There is mercy for thee, if thy heart is broken on account of sin. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Loose him, and let him go." It would be an infinite mercy if the Lord should bless you this morning, in liberating you and setting you free. It is emphatically declared by the Saviour, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; and if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

"Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?" There is the character, the *remnant*. In a commercial point of view a remnant is an article of very little value. It is so in a spiritual point of view. God's remnant is very little esteemed. God's elect people have from the very foundations been looked upon as earthen vessels, very common, and as things of no value. But they are not looked upon in that light by their God. Thy God esteems thee, poor tried one, as precious gold. This is the estimation that the Lord puts upon his own family: "Precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold." The Lord esteems you



highly. You are his heritage, the purchase of his blood. "The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in a waste, howling wilderness. He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

But you are ready to say, "I feel the load and burden; my conscience is wounded." I can sympathize with you; for I do know that it is the experience of all the Lord's family. And it will be to the end of time. David, when he felt his iniquities to go over his head, and to be a very heavy burden, and when he was brought to feel naked and bare before a holy God, his cry was, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath; neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. For thine arrows stick fast in me." "Lord, be gracious unto me." "I am thine; save me." "Out of the depths, [the depths of sore trouble, the depths of conscience, the depths of sore distress], cried I unto the Lord." Did you, poor sinner, ever cry unto the Lord? If you did with all your heart cry unto the Lord, he will hear your cry. He will not disregard the prayer of a poor sensible sinner. He is a God "that delighteth in mercy, and he passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage."

Some people say that when Israel's God once cast them off, he would have nothing more to do with them. When Israel sinned, God chastised Israel for his sin. When Israel destroyed himself (you know Israel's history), God said, "In me is thy help." There is the mercy. Israel of old was a typical people, a representative people, a people who, in their various circumstances, in their ups and downs in the wilderness, set forth, in my view, and, I believe, in a scriptural point of view, the experience, the trials, the ups and the downs God's people have in this wilderness world, and will have to the end of time. Israel was brought down to the dust; but they were not always in the dust. When the Lord has punished you, he does not retain his anger for ever. They were sometimes very anxious to be mixed up with other people, and do things contrary to the mind and will of God. What was the result? God visited them for their transgressions, punished them for their sins, and was wroth with them, though not to such an extent as not to have anything more to do with them. No. When you read of God's wrath and indignation, and his meeting his people like a bear bereaved of her whelps, and rending the caul of their hearts, it means God's chastisement and correction.

Now, my dear friends, has not God corrected you for your sins? Have not you been brought as a poor helpless one in private before the Lord to ask him to have mercy upon you, and to pardon your sins? This does not imply that Christ has not atoned for the sins of his people. It does not mean that God's people who feel sin in this way are cast away. Some people say they can fall from grace. But God's people cannot fall from grace, or fall out of the favour of God. Blessed be God

for it. If it were possible, you know you would fall a hundred times a day. "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end." Some people say, "Did he love Peter when he was cursing and swearing?" *He did*; though he did not love his sin. His love was the same to Peter when he was thus taking a solemn oath that he did not know him. Christ turned and looked upon Peter. Do you remember how he has looked upon you?

"He brought my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsook his ways;  
And led me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace."

That look broke Simon's heart; and that look has broken your heart, and has brought you close to Christ. Blessed be his dear Name.

"He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." And yet you think there is never going to be an end to your darkness. You think you are never going to see again the sweet smiling face of Jesus. You have sinned against him; your mouth is stopped in prayer; you have not that sweet fellowship with God's people you used to have. Is there not a cause? Shall God be blamed? Is not the cause in yourself? You are ready to say, I am the sinner, vile and guilty. O! If I could but believe and trust God, and feel the flowings of his grace in my soul as I was wont to do formerly! The text says, "He retaineth not his anger for ever." Now you are in darkness. "For a small moment have I forsaken thee." It is only for a small moment. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways," till he vomits up his own doings. "But with great mercies will I gather thee." It is "*thee*." He will gather you with his arm, and carry you in his bosom. He will bring you back again. You have been carried into captivity and brought into a barren land, where there is nothing to subsist on,—no stream, no refreshing spring. "He retaineth not his anger for ever." He has come again when you have not expected him. He has led you to feel a desire after God in your soul. He has led you to feel that you wanted a place where you could pour out the desire of your soul unto him. And you have found that place; the Lord has blessed you there. That place you will never forget; for the Lord met with you there. Like poor old Jacob, in your extremity, trouble, and distress, you have exclaimed, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

"Because he delighteth in mercy." The Lord takes pleasure in his servants. He delights in them that fear him. Is your religion a natural thing, or is it spiritual? Are you carried away by a mere carnal notion about God's truth, or have you been led by God's Spirit to feel the power of that truth? If your religion is only a notional thing, if it is only built on free-will and merit, living and dying in that religion, hell will be your doom. I will tell you the truth, according to God's Word:

“Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again.” A spiritual birth is a new creation, a renewing in the spirit of your minds, being brought spiritually to Christ by precious faith, not by outward things. “It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.”

“Because he delighteth in mercy.” Have you been led to prove that mercy, to value that mercy that God delights in? The free, unmerited mercy of the eternal God,—sovereign mercy, how well it meets your case! How suitable to a poor, wretched, filthy, blind, helpless thing! You can see nothing right; you can believe nothing, can take nothing, only as you are led by the blessed Spirit of God.

It is delightful mercy, the mercy of God. He will show mercy, pardon the guilty, and be gracious to those who are brought to confess their sins. Natural religionists are making a stir about confessing to the priest. Do you not see how the State-church of this country is going over to Popery and idolatry? They think they can serve God by forms and ceremonies, and make people religious by training them up. I deny it; that work belongs to God. You can never make one fallen sinner a child of God, or an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. They write books and circulate them among young people, and want these young people to go to them and confess. Confess to God. When you are brought spiritually to confess to him, he will be faithful and just to forgive your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness. If I were to go to confess to a priest, I should say, “The Word of God says, ‘Confess your faults one to another.’ You confess yours to me first, and then I will confess mine.” They take a wrong view of the Scriptures. When you have done anything to a brother to injure him, then, according to the gospel law, go and confess your fault to him.

“Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.” Thy help, poor sinner, is in God, in the God of grace, the God of salvation, who has in strict justice set his people free through Christ. “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.”

I do hope the Lord will give you eyes to see this truth, and prepare your hearts to receive it. Of course, I can only speak it to you in a blundering way; but I speak it as I believe and feel it. The forgiveness of sin is with God, and not with man. He pardoneth iniquity and blotteth out the transgressions of his people, not merely dasheth over them with one line. A tradesman may cancel a bill and just make a line with a pen across it, and you may read it after all. This blotting out means a covering so as not to be seen, to be put away for ever, never again to

be preferred against the poor child of God! Do you feel sin in your carnal heart, and feel shame on account of it? Bless you, poor soul, it is all put away, and carried by the scapegoat into the wilderness of forgetfulness. Nothing can be brought against God's people, because they are united to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord does not retain his anger for ever. You may not feel it this morning. You may feel it hard work, a great struggle to hold this truth fast through such trying scenes, through such darkness; and you may tremble from head to foot. I can sympathize with you; but God is your help and salvation. He will surely appear in his own time and way. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." The Lord says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Poor Israel! You are much dried up in your feelings, like the mountains of Gilboa. What a poor sterile thing you feel yourself to be! But God, in his mercy, says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." His smell shall be beautiful. The Lord permits such wonderful things, because he delights in mercy, and because he regards you. That regard which God has for you is an eternal regard. It is not as the Arminians say,

"Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,  
A gracious soul may fall from grace;  
The salt may lose its seasoning power,  
And never, never find it more."

A better-taught man did not look at matters in that light. He was better instructed, and said,

"O Love, thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me;  
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,  
Mercy, eternal mercy, cries."

When you are led by the Holy Spirit to an understanding of the truth, you will see that this mercy which God delighteth in is in accordance with the character of the eternal God; it is free mercy, mercy unmerited by the creature, and it endureth for ever. And this mercy is round about them that fear God from henceforth and for evermore! What a mercy for you if you fear God! And what an awful position you are in if you have never felt that fear! Poor soul, I would not be in your position for ten thousand worlds,—to live without God, without a knowledge of God, and to go on in a course of sin and iniquity. There are only two characters in this world, and only two places to which we can go after we have done with it,—heaven or hell. Those who live and die in sin will be where the devil is. Those who love and fear God he will come again by and by and take to himself, that where he is they may be also. It is the will of the dear Redeemer.

May the Lord command his blessing. Amen.

[See "Obituary," March and April, 1876.]

## THOUGHTS ON MATT. XVIII. 23-35.

LET such a one preach, pray, weep, confess, or do what he will, God resists him. There is no access to God, nor communion with him. Let him appear ever so zealous in the pulpit, ever so affectionate to the people, caution them, warn them, weep over them, suckle them, swaddle them, invite them, woo them, entreat them, or whatever he may, he does not partake of the altar; for still the language of God and conscience is, "Go thy way; be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer thy gift." Nor shall he ever be honoured till he is humbled; for "before honour is humility." Nor shall he ever find access to God as his own Father till he has acknowledged his offence, and is reconciled to his brother. God will stick to his text while he sticks to his pride. "With a froward man I will show myself froward;" and "he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh." Thus "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;" which makes terrible work for conscience. And to be put lower in the presence of the prince is an intolerable mortification to pride. This is being in the hands of the tormentors. His soul is at a distance from God, and is resisted by him; he is buffeted by Satan, is ground by envy and malice, is in bondage to the law, and swarming with concupiscence; his life hangs in doubt, tormented with servile fear; he is hoodwinked by the old veil, confused in his judgment, fettered in his speech, straitened in his spirit, callous in his heart, sinking in his reputation; with a blight upon his joys, and a blast upon his labours; while God owns and honours the injured brother who is the object of his indignation; which inflames his rebellion till his heart fretteth against the Lord. Such a one may sometimes be found among the tombs, but never on the mount; for honour shall never uphold any but the humble in spirit.

Thus it appears that this parable, which the Arminians have laid in the way of thousands as a stumbling-block, affords no help to their cause, nor any proof in favour of their notion of finally falling from grace; seeing the apostles themselves were threatened with the same punishment by the tormentors, as the Saviour's application shows: "So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto *you*,"—you disciples and faithful followers, you apostles, who are to have your names engraven on the twelve foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem, as the grand Sanhedrim of the spiritual Israel; you whom I have chosen out of the world, and bid rejoice because your names are written in heaven; you to whom I have given the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and promised you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the devil, and nothing shall by any means hurt you; yea, you who shall have a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting; you whom I have pronounced clean through the word I have spoken, and have promised that where I am ye shall be also, and that I go to

prepare a place for you, and will come again, and receive you unto myself; in short, you who are to be saved with an everlasting salvation, and glorified with eternal glory, shall be delivered by my heavenly Father to the tormentors, as this man was, if ye from your heart forgive not every one his brother their trespasses. Before, it is said, his lord was wroth; which is manifestly Christ, for we are under the law of the Spirit of life in Christ. And here it is said, "So shall my heavenly Father do unto you;" which shows that when the Saviour is wroth with any of his seed, his Father visits their sins with the rod, and their iniquity with scourges. Or it may denote that when the Saviour is thus provoked to wrath, his intercession shall not ward off the rod of affection when the folly of a stubborn child calls for it. Or it shows that Christ and his Father act in conjunction; for "what things soever the Father doeth, those also doeth the Son likewise."

Hence observe that forgiving a brother is *heart* work: "If ye *from your heart* forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." It is often done in word, when the heart is not concerned; as Saul forgave David, saying, "It is thy voice; return, my son David, for thou art more righteous than I." But while the evil spirit is still upon him, the breach is sure to open again, and he appears a second time in arms to take away his life. So some forgive their brethren in word when in company with others who enforce it, only for fear of their refusals bringing the whole blame upon themselves, and sinking them and their reputation deeper in the eyes of their friends. But this is only hypocritical and partial; it is loving in word only. The old leaven is still working at the bottom, which soon breaks out again. Envy must be removed before the breach can be closed; for a gap within will soon make a Pharez without. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit." And if anything makes a breach in the spirit, it is envy and hatred against a brother, which in God's account is murder. And, therefore, all pretensions to love and good works are no better in the sight of God than Cain's offering, for he is still a wicked servant. And "the sacrifice of the wicked is abomination to the Lord; how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind?"

My friends, be each of you careful not to give the first offence; for the woe is to him. Thou mayest act upon the defensive when they become thine enemies without cause; and vindicate both thy faith and thy conduct with truth. Nor are we to give up any part of the gospel of Christ to gratify the humour of any; we are to contend earnestly for the faith, to be valiant for the truth, and to keep the good thing committed to us by the Holy Ghost that dwelleth in us. This ground must be maintained, and every enemy to it opposed. But there is a way for thee to escape this snare of the fowler, which is envy against a brother; and, consequently, thou wilt escape the punishment executed by the tor-

mentors. First, as was before observed, give no just offence, either to Jew, Gentile, or the church of God, unless it arises for the gospel's sake; when this is the case, God is to be obeyed rather than man. Secondly, defend thy faith, experience, and conduct as far as truth and conscience will carry thee; which is every Christian's duty. Thirdly, gain a brother, if thou canst, without nursing his pride or his errors, without bowing to his folly, and without sacrificing any branch of the mystery of the gospel; for we are not to give up the Word, nor nurse the devil in him. We are to give no place to the devil, nor suffer sin in a brother, nor fall down before the wicked; but to rebuke the devil, even if he comes in Peter, with a "Get thee behind me, Satan." If he sins against thee openly, to the injuring of thy reputation as a saint or servant of the Lord, thou mayest rebuke him before all, that others may fear; for "open rebuke is better than secret love." But if, by his errors, his fleshly savour, his conduct in life, and his malice against the saints of God and the power of religion, he appears to be an enemy to the truth, he is not a brother, but a hypocrite. God hath made it manifest that he is not of us. He that is of God heareth God's word; he that hears it not is not of God, nor he that loveth not his brother. He that keepeth Christ's sayings, he it is that loveth him. And if a man hath not the doctrines of Christ, the same hath not God; nor is he to be received into our houses, nor into the church, much less into the perfect bond of love, which is the bond of the covenant. By their fruits ye shall know them; not by their external fruits only; for a Pharisee, who is a painted sepulchre, may in appearance outstrip Jeremiah in the dungeon, or Job in the stocks; one is at war with the world, the flesh, and the devil, while the other is in alliance with them; but by the fruits of the Spirit, the good treasure of experience, and truth that comes out of a good heart, as well as by their life and conduct, and by the fruits of their ministry, if they are preachers, or seals to it, or souls converted to God by them, as Paul says: "Salute Epenetus, who is the first fruits of Achaia unto Christ." By their fruits ye shall know them.

Furthermore, when thou findest that prejudice is conceived, indulged, nursed, and encouraged against thee, see that thou draw not forth thy breast to nurse their offspring, nor harbour their infant at thy door. If prejudice operates upon thy mind, and the devil labours to fix it upon thee, take it to God; inform him of it; confess it; pray him to remove it, and to give thee a heart to love thine enemy, and a spirit of prayer to pray for him, and prevalence at a throne of grace to prevail with God in his behalf, considering thyself, as also in the flesh. This shall please God better than a bullock that hath horns and hoofs. "Pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you," is enforced by the Saviour himself. If a brother in church communion sin against thee privately, he is to be told his fault. If he sin against thee openly, to the injury of thy character,

reputation, or usefulness, deal faithfully with him in open rebuke. If he opposes Christ or his Gospel, confute him. The mouth of a gainsayer is to be stopped; and if God does not bless it to his conviction, he will bless it to his confusion, in discovering the rottenness of his heart, that others deceived by him may flee from his shadow. This faithful dealing is better than the flattery, deceitful fawning, or candour of hypocrites, which consist chiefly in defending the unconverted, justifying the wicked, levelling the walls of Zion, stabbing the power of religion, and uniting Christ and Belial, believers and infidels, together. But if they are false brethren, deal accordingly: "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit;" and this is done when his folly is answered by wisdom, and exposed by truth. When we are commanded not to answer a fool according to his folly, lest we be like unto him, it means we are not to answer his vanity with vanity, nor his folly with foolishness, for that makes us appear like unto him. The wise man must make use of wisdom, if he contends with a fool, whether he rage or laugh; and then he will always differ widely from him. In short, deal faithfully with all men, and thou wilt have the approbation of God, conscience, and Scripture, however men may disapprove; yea, and of the children of grace too; for though reproof be grievous to him that forsaketh the way, yet he that reproveth him (when the reproof is seconded by humbling grace, and his pride and stubbornness are dissolved), shall find more favour in his eyes than he that flattereth with his lips. There are some to be found in the churches, whether false brethren or true it is sometimes hard to tell, who are unstable in all their ways; always biassed by the last report, whether true or false; always carried away with the last acquaintance, and wonderfully ravished with every new doctrine or new observation, whether right or wrong. These, receiving every report, and being easily deceived, are always imposed upon, and are sure never to want tattling visitors. And when once an evil report of another is brought to such, whether it has any foundation or not, they immediately become your enemies, and spare neither your grace, character, ministry, nor usefulness. These are not the excellent of the earth, nor such as excel in virtue; therefore thou art not obliged to take all thy delight in them; but, contrariwise, make them no part of thy privy council. Keep them objects of your love, and subjects of your prayers; but make them neither bosom friends nor companions in travel. Thou mayest gain such a brother and lose him a hundred times in a week; yea, two or three such intimates as these will cut you out work enough to employ you all the year round, only by going from John Nokes to Thomas Stiles, to prove or disprove every tale of a tub; which ill becomes the real saint, who ought to mind his business, his Saviour, and his conscience; knowing that it is his witness, and that of his own conscience, which must buoy him up and bear him out, if ever he end in peace, or stand



before the Son of man with boldness. Furthermore, if such do you any act of kindness, it shall afterwards be thrown in your teeth, and proclaimed to the wide world, without considering that he who sows spiritual things has a right to reap carnal things. Such, if they are benefactors, soon repent of their liberality, forfeit the enjoyment of the blessing promised to the secret and cheerful giver, and make their bounty a matter of reproach, to injure the work and workman of God. I would sooner have three such friends as Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre, who were confederate with Abraham, than have confederacy with a hundred such Israelites as Reuben, who are unstable as water, and excel in nothing but childish things.

To conclude, my friends. The only happiness upon earth is union with Christ; and to abide in him is to abide in safety. Neither prejudice nor envy can strike a lasting root in a mind that is truly heavenly, nor grow nor flourish in a soul that abides sensibly in Christ Jesus. It is the silly one that is slain by it. And where it captivates a saint, it proclaims him at a distance from his God. The more he nurses it, the more fuel he adds to his future furnace of affliction; and perhaps at last he may be ranked among those who are saved by fire. If ever thou findest it working in thy mind, never come from thy knees without a stroke at that; and every temptation that nurses pride, or moves thee to prejudice, fall to praying for the object Satan moves thee to hate. To be led by the temptation is giving place to the devil; to act counter to it is to improve it to the honour of God and the confusion of the adversary. I have found a heaven upon earth in praying for those who without cause have offended and injured me. I have met with the sensible approbation of God to my heart, and my prayer has procured an answer to my own bosom, whether it was heard in their behalf or not. And God, that searches the heart, best knows who they are that in their heart forgive their brethren their trespasses. God turned the captivity of Job when he prayed, though his prayer was put up for his friends, when in very deed they had behaved themselves more like enemies than friends; for they had not spoken the things that were right, even of God; nor had they convinced, though they had condemned Job. Be cautious not to disclose all the secrets of thine heart to every one that says, "A confederacy;" neither cast your pearls before swine; nor frequent the houses of gossiping professors, where the life and power of religion are wanting, where no unity of judgment or union of soul are to be found, and where nothing but tattling and tale-bearing abound. Such are Solomon's wood-pile, where strife is generally kindled; and where there is no such wood, the fire goeth out. You will find that the objects of their hatred and raillery are, in the general, such as God loves; and their hatred is raised by the knowledge, honour, and power that attend the just; which lay their superficial profession and hypocritical hopes in the dust. A bosom

friend in soul union, whom God hath made manifest in your conscience, and who is in your heart to live and die with, who is sound in faith, steady in his profession, harmonious in his confession, consistent in his life, dead to the world, and alive to God, diligent in the means, experimental in his heart, and savoury in his conversation, is a friend and a brother indeed. And when thou findest such a one, stick by him; two or three such as he at a throne of grace are terrible as an army with banners. I have known many a hypocrite plucked out of his profession, and cast without the pale of the church; all his schemes blasted, and his heart discovered; the prejudiced weakling undeceived; the breach that he had made closed; the object of his hatred exalted; and all this in answer to a few petitions put up by two or three in private, while he himself never knew who dealt the blow. It was this sort of work, in the hands of Mordecai and Esther, that hung Haman at his own expense, and brought Herod to his death by worms; and it was a few fellow-servants telling their lord of the conduct of this unmerciful servant that engaged the lord to deliver him to the tormentors. This is the way; and blessed is the man who lets all his requests be made known unto God; for he may say as Paul did: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Commit thy way unto the Lord, and in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall establish thy thoughts, and direct thy steps. Be not like the horse or the mule, that have no understanding; and he will guide thee with his eye, and steer thee over many a trap and snare which thou wilt be ignorant of till he discover them to thee. Do nothing without thy God; nor scrape acquaintance with every one who makes a profession, or speaks well of the minister who was sent with the first tidings of peace to thy soul. The devil has introduced many a child of his with this compliment of the season, and it has served as a key to pick the pockets of the simple in the end. If a man live near to God, and is alive to him, and enjoys a good conscience before him, his feelings, under the influence of the Spirit, will be tender; and such are more discerning, more acute, more susceptible than those whose joys are withered, and whose love is cold. Nor will God let such souls who depend hourly upon him make a covenant, like the princes of Israel, with every pretended pilgrim that comes with his old sacks, clouted shoes, and mouldy bread, under the pretence of being foreign ambassadors, and coming because of the name of the Lord, when they were only hypocrites, with lies in their mouths, come to save their lives; and took God's name in their lips to cover their guile; and were cursed, and set to the drudgery of hewing of wood and drawing of water for their pains. It is no wonder the princes were deceived when they asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord. If thou livest in communion and fellowship with the Lord, he will both keep thee and guide thee, he will bar thy heart against those whose hearts are barred against him, and

draw thine affections forth to those who love him; and will often turn a pretender inside out before thee, and so exhibit him that thou wilt see through him as through a glass lantern. Like Simon Magus, he shall bolt out something that will be sufficient to convince thee he is in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.

Thus, my friends, I have complied with your request. That the publication and perusal of this epistle may be a blessing to you and to thousands, is the desire and prayer of,

Dear Brethren,

Your willing Servant in Christ, and for his sake,

Winchester Row, Paddington.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

(No date.)

“*WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?*”

Ps. XLII. 5.

WHY thus cast down, my mourning soul?  
 Why gushing tears bedim thine eye?  
 Though poignant sorrows o'er thee roll,  
 And comfort seems to droop and die,  
 Hope thou in God, whose gracious ways  
 Will succour bring to cause his praise.

Why throbbest thou with doubtful thought?  
 Let not disquiet reign within.  
 He'll not withhold the mercy sought;  
 The Comforter will solace bring;  
 And thou shalt praise redeeming grace,  
 When Jesus shows his smiling face.

Hope thou in God; for sorrow's night,  
 Though fraught with conflicts, keen and sore,  
 Shall swiftly pass, and heavenly light  
 Disclose the glory of his power.  
 The bitter shall to sweetness turn  
 When thy Beloved does return.

Hope thou in God; thou yet shalt praise  
 His sov'reign grace, whose saving power  
 Hath watch'd me from my earliest days,  
 And kept me to the present hour.  
 Thy hope shall never be in vain,  
 For Israel's God remains the same.

Billows may rise, and clouds may lower,  
 My safety is in him alone;  
 My times are in his hand, whose power  
 Sustaineth every “hidden one.”  
 He to the end secure will keep  
 The weakest of his ransom'd sheep.

## A SWEET HILL MIZAR.

[We are quite sure the following letter will be read by many with deep interest and, we trust, with profit.]

To Mr. J. Gadsby.—Dear Friend,—I thank you for your kind inquiries after my health. Suddenly, after the hot weather, there came a cold north wind, and my back not being properly protected, was struck with rheumatic pains. I have suffered from similar pains before. It was attended with fever, sickness, and violent fits of hiccough, which brought me very low. I am, through mercy, slowly gaining strength, and am not without hope that I may be able to speak at Gower Street the last Sabbath in this month. I hope I can say that to publish mercy through blood to sinners, and to glorify the Lord my God for ever, are the two chief desires of my soul. I have been longing in sympathy and love to get among the babies again, and try to put the nipple in their mouth; but the blessed Spirit must give them power to suck.

I received an affectionate letter on Saturday, from a friend who attends Gower Street, assuring me of their sorrow at the disappointment, and the prayers that I might be spared to come amongst them again. The thought of having a place in the affections of the Lord's people set me off crying; and in the midst of my tears and sobbings I found these words escape me in holy indignation against sinful self: "A wretch that ought to be in hell, to have a place in the affections of the Lord's people!" It is his felt mercy to one so unworthy produceth self-abhorrence.

The soul that is truly after Christ, Christ is after that soul. All true religion stands in the life, power, and blessing of God; and it is a good thing for the heart to be established with grace. "That no flesh should glory in his presence. But let him that glorieth glory in the Lord."

So you are lodging in Preston Street,—a street never to be forgotten by me while memory lasts! There! I received the greatest blessing I ever enjoyed. I was supplying at Brighton in June, 1838. On the Saturday evening I went for a solitary walk down the Western Road. I was musing in my mind what Christ was to his people. My heavenly Father drew nigh in his dear Son, and I began to feel what he was to me, and feed upon him by living faith. I returned to my lodgings, sat on the sofa, and covered my face with my handkerchief, and was almost overwhelmed and swallowed up in love and blood. I had distinct union and communion with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as everlastingly concerned in my salvation. Truly the sweetest tears are made by the blood of Christ; the sweetest joys are mixed with mourning over Christ. I said, in holy humility, "Merciful Father, why pass by millions, and fix thy love on me?" But more especially my fellowship was with the holy Son of God in his sufferings for me. I grieved for grieving him. I could not get self and sin low enough, nor my dear

Redeemer high enough. And then the blessed Spirit, —“ Why pass by millions, and bid me live?” As soon as it was a little abated I got Hart's hymns, and read those precious ones on the sufferings of Christ; and not a line could I find but I felt the substance of it then in my soul. From that hour to this, I have never been able to give up the reality of the blessing. I believe nothing short of God himself could have produced it, and that it is utterly impossible to enjoy what I then enjoyed and perish at the last.

I did not intend sending many lines when I began. My kind regards to your wife.

Yours truly,

Cranbrook, Sept. 11th, 1876.

D. SMART.

### “APPROVED IN CHRIST.”

ROM. XVI. 10.

THIS is to be blessed indeed, and safe. There is everything in Christ of which the Father approves, in which he delights, and with which he is well pleased. There is the fulness and glory of the Godhead bodily. All the perfections of Deity dwell in him spotless and perfect, the majesty of goodness, love, and sympathy. Christ is the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. He is mighty to save, and he does not save by halves, but altogether. It is not left dependent upon the will of men; but will and power dwell in him, according to which and by which his people are made willing, born again of the Spirit, convinced of sin, and drawn by cords of love. They seek, and Jesus is revealed. They are saved by grace, through faith in him.

We are fallen sinners, and we lost in the fall the image of God in which we were created. We were despoiled of the Divine likeness, yea, of everything of which God approved. Methinks the creature man, as he came out of the hands of his Creator, was possessed of a dignity, perfection, beauty, and glory well pleasing to God as his own workmanship, but of which we can now form no conception. Sin has involved us in degradation, pollution, condemnation, sorrow, trouble, affliction, and death; and if we are dealt with according to our just deservings, sin must involve us in eternal and justly-merited punishment. God can see nothing in us to call forth his approbation and favour, or to approve us in Christ.

But, even in our fallen state, how distinctly manifest is the superiority of man to all the other creatures! There is the development of mind, and, under favourable circumstances, the manifestation of amiableness of disposition, uprightness, and integrity of conduct. How some men take pleasure in doing good to others! And they do not lose their reward. And yet how sad is the solemn truth, that by nature all men are in a state of rebellion against God, enmity to God, blind, ignorant, and dead! With respect to spiritual things, and apart from the new birth, the faith of Christ, there can be no well-grounded hope with respect to the future.

Approved in Christ. Our standing, personal interest, living union, are all in him. How the Father regards us in Christ! How the channel of communion is open, peace made, and the way to perfect communion in heaven made manifest; and this according to the Father's choice of us in him from before the foundation of the world! "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." (Eph. i. 3, 4.) There is the blood-ransom. The price was costly. None but the Lord Jesus could meet the demand. He has done it, and the redemption is complete and sure. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." (Eph. i. 7.)

Again. Imputed righteousness. "Abraham believed God; and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him, but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." (Rom. iv.)

Again. Quickening power. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace ye are saved." (Eph. ii. 4, 5.)

Again. The glorious inheritance. "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." (Eph. i. 11.)

These are great and glorious truths; and, under the inward anointing of the Holy Ghost, living souls find in them living food, because a living Christ fills them. They meet in him, and from him partake of their stability and glory, according to the immutable counsel of the great Three-One. We know the great truths of the gospel may be held in theory where there is no spiritual life and power. The natural man may grasp the harmony of gospel truth, may see a beauty in it, feel a joy in the discovery he has made, feel proud of it, make a profession, perhaps become a preacher, think himself safe, and after all be a stranger to the inward work of the Spirit and the saving knowledge of God by faith. How solemnly important it is that we should examine ourselves, in prayerful dependence upon the light and teaching of the Spirit!

Approved in Christ. Precious truth! Christ and believers stand together; and Christ can never fall. Hence his people are secured from final falling. And it is by grace from him that they are through faith at any time preserved. He has borne our misbehaviour and atoned for our sins. We participate in his righteousness and all the blessings of grace. Believers are one in the Father and the Son. They dwell in God and God in them. The

love of God is shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them. They love God, and delight in obedience to his commandments. They take the yoke of Christ, learn of him, and by grace abound in good works. But they do not attach any merit to their obedience, or to any good works done by them. They do learn by experience that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; and they know well that ungodliness is just the contrary. But after they have done all, they count themselves unprofitable servants. They look for the approbation of their Father in heaven, only in Christ, through the infinite merit of his doing and suffering.

Approved in Christ. O to feel and know that we stand approved in him in the sight of our Father and our God! O to live beneath his smile, in glorious hope of life everlasting! O to know that his approbation is unalterably secured in Christ, and that nothing can separate us from his love! The faith of this will by the Spirit exercise a humbling holy influence on our heart and life, knowing that he cannot approve of sin, or of anything wrong in us or done by us. We shall be concerned to be saved from sin, and to do that which is pleasing to him, while we look unto Jesus for grace sufficient for us, that in felt spiritual union with our Lord we may bring forth much fruit to the glory of God.

The sweet assurance that we are approved in Christ will support, comfort, and encourage us amid the trials and afflictions of the present state. The world may frown upon, persecute, and oppress us; but we are approved in Christ. Satan may accuse; we are approved in Christ. The flesh may harass, teaze, and vex us. The tried child of God knows that the flesh is just what it ever was, corrupt, sensual, restless, discontented, and rebellious, yea, full of all evil. The conflict between the flesh and the spirit is sometimes severe; but we are approved in Christ. We may be greatly cast down by reason of our felt weakness, failings, and sins; but we are approved in Christ. Trial and sorrow may arise from sources from whence we looked for happiness and joy, and we may be greatly discouraged; but here is a never-failing source of consolation for all true believers,—approved in Christ.

In this great truth is triumph in death, acquittal at the judgment throne, and a welcome to the mansions in our Father's house above. Remember, dear friends, God does not approve of sin. Out of Christ he could not approve of us, for we are sinners; and without the Almighty Saviour, we could not participate in the love, approbation, and favour of God, but must fall beneath his frown, and suffer his just displeasure for ever. O the love and grace that bringeth salvation! Are you true seekers? Has the blessing been graciously bestowed, and are you living in the enjoyment thereof to the glory of God?

## DAYS OF DARKNESS; DAYS OF CHANGE.

My dear Friend,—I have duly received your kind letter, and thank you for your friendly reproof for my not writing. I feel myself so poor and needy that I am fit for nothing that is good; and it is never a pleasant task to record the dark side of our experience only. When we can talk of answers to prayer, of faith in sweet exercise upon Christ as ours, speak of heavenly-mindedness, of the comforts of the Holy Ghost, of walking in peace, of sensible fellowship with Christ, of much joy and peace in believing in him, of abounding in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost, of times of refreshing from the Lord's presence, of spiritual-mindedness, and of the earnest and foretastes of heaven in the soul,—when thus indulged, we like well enough to talk or write to others about it; our pen is the pen of a ready writer, and there is no end of our subject. But when shut up in unbelief, exercised with hardness and impenitence of heart, when rebellion works, darkness overspreads our souls, when bound in fetters, when shut up in dreadful confusion, when straitened in speech, when our souls cleave to the dust, when not a thought worthy of God is in the mind for days together, when slavish fears possess us, and dreadful forebodings pour in upon us, when a workhouse is anticipated, and when we find no access to God in prayer, the heavens appear to be iron over our heads, and the earth brass beneath our feet, when our souls appear to be adorned with no spiritual blessings, no fruits of the Spirit enjoyed,—when in this state, when the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart is really felt, then we are not in tune for much letter writing. We like to be alone. We can then only chatter with complaints; and none are very forward to dance to our tune in this path of tribulation when thus exercised.

Blessed be God, we have his promise of a change; and, in his own time, he does appear to revive his own good work of grace in our heart a little. But, my friend, the days of darkness appear, in our experience, to be many. Much tribulation is, I think, appointed for us both; and this, perhaps, to wean us more from earthly things, and to be a means, by the blessing of God, of our being brought to follow more earnestly after the knowledge of those things that make for our everlasting peace. The poor in this world are to be rich in faith; and such are to be brought to trust alone in God for every needful supply. "I will," says God, "leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people; and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." And such shall never be ashamed nor confounded, world without end. O what a mercy it is that our unbelief shall never make the faith of God without effect.

I feel sorry for your trying situation, and humbly hope and pray that Christ, the wonderful Counsellor, will undertake your cause, and in his infinite wisdom give you that deliverance which



will be for his glory and your good. To him may you refer your case, having infinite wisdom in all its fulness. He, and he only, knows how to deliver the godly out of temptations, all their temptations, trials, and troubles. Your soul is safe, being a living soul. The appetite it possesses fully proves it. You shall not hunger and thirst after Christ's righteousness in vain, because the Word of God is true. Only hear it: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." This word of God must be fulfilled. The vision of Christ to the full satisfaction of your soul is yet for an appointed time; therefore you must wait for it. It shall surely speak when the set time comes to favour Zion; and the set time will come. "God is faithful who hath promised; who also will do it." If God had meant to destroy you, he never would have brought you to experience such things as you do. A hypocrite never walked in your track, nor ever will; therefore be of good cheer. Thou shalt at last see him as he is, and shalt be like him, and dwell in his presence for ever; as David says: "I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness." We shall be all noblemen ere long, when we come to enjoy our heavenly inheritance, and come to take possession of our heavenly mansions; and if threescore years and ten be about the time from our birth, we have not now very long to wait.

Grantham, Oct. 19th, 1838.

C. GOULDING.

#### A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

SOME years ago, Mr. Hazlerigg, preaching at Attleborough on the parable of the sower, in speaking of the devil taking away the seed sown, made this remark: "Now, I tell you, the devil is waiting outside, close to the chapel door, to steal the seed as soon as you get outside."

Some time afterwards, in the providence of God, my steps were directed to Stoke Golding. I called at the house of the late Mrs. Mary Brotherhood, a poor woman as it regarded the affairs of this life, but rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom. She was one to whom the Lord had a special favour, one who was well fitted to comfort poor tried souls. I believe there is a place for every living stone in Zion's building; and that the Lord just dropped her into the place she was designed from all eternity to fill. In the course of our conversation, I was led to remark that I had heard Mr. H. at Attleborough (Mr. Orton's chapel), and of the remark he made about the devil waiting outside to steal the seed. Mrs. Brotherhood observed, "He was nearer than the door; he was in the chapel. I had by some means ripped my dress at the bottom, such a rent that all my attention was engaged in getting into the seat without some ladies seeing my torn dress. All my anxiety was how to hide it, and, besides, where to get another. All I could do was to entreat the Lord to make it up to me."

In the course of a little time, being out, a person brought a parcel to me, asking if I would take that to Stoke Golding,

knowing that I came from that place. The address was upon it, where it was to go. As soon as I got to a light, I looked at the address. It was for Mrs. Mary Brotherhood, Stoke Golding. When I got it home, she opened the parcel; and, lo and behold, a new dress!

So you see how the Lord appears for his poor people in every time of need. As Mr. Hart says:

“If Jesus seems to hide his face,  
What anxious fears I feel!  
But if his Spirit whisper peace,  
I'm happy; all is well.”

Yours to serve,

THOMAS PLAYER.

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### CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

THE Committee of Conway Street, to their Friend and Brother, Mr. Turner, send greeting.

Beloved of the Lord, and for his work's sake,—The receipt of yours, dated March 25th, gave us not a little concern to know how to act for the best, as respects getting suitable supplies for the pulpit; for our arrangements had been previously made amongst ourselves for you to come for a time before the opening of the new chapel, and to be with us at the opening. Had it been the Lord's will, no doubt it would have been even so; and it is not impossible even now, if it is consistent with his sovereign good pleasure. Therefore, beloved, we shall be glad to know whether you can, if health of body will admit, come the last Lord's days in June, or the last Lord's day and the first in July, and afterwards at the new chapel; or whether it will be more agreeable to you to come after the new chapel has been opened, by whatsoever minister may then be with us, and has served his time amongst us. The good Lord direct both you and us to act in his holy fear.

We have abundant reason to bless the Lord, and are sorry we cannot bless and praise him more, for his great kindness in sending us such able supplies, who are instruments in his hand of refreshing the souls of his poor in themselves, but rich in Christ Jesus, with the precious things contained in the everlasting gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We have had Mr. Fowler, of Birmingham, for six weeks, and now have Mr. Vorley, of Leicester, whose six weeks will end on Whit-Sunday. After that, we are unprovided till the opening of the new chapel. If your health will permit you to come to speak to us in your Master's Name for two or three Lord's days before that time, we shall esteem it a blessing, though for the Lord's days only. Dear friend, we wait your speedy answer. The time appointed to open the new chapel is the second Lord's day in July.

We hope the Lord is with you, giving testimony to the word of his grace, causing the Name of Jesus to be precious to the people in every place where his providence may appoint you to

go, whether at home or abroad; that you, with the family over which the Holy Ghost has been pleased to make you an overseer, may prosper in soul and body. That your present tabernacle may be strengthened to go through the work the good Lord has appointed for you, with pleasure and delight, is the sincere desire, if the will of the Lord be so, of

Your very unworthy Servant and Friend,  
London, May 5th, 1820.

J. GAUTREY.

### NO MORE TEARS.

EARTH-BOUND spirit, upward soar  
To the realm where tears are o'er!  
Let not trial bind thee down,  
Not the wicked,—not their frown.  
Earth-bound spirit, upward soar  
To the realm where tears are o'er.

Evil workers, though a sword,  
Are restrain'd by Christ the Lord;  
Though they pierce thee through and through,  
Mercilessly maim thee too,  
Earth-bound spirit, upward soar  
To the realm where tears are o'er.

Rest thee in the Lord, my soul,  
Though tempestuous billows roll;  
Though they rear their crested head,  
Desolation round thee spread,  
Earth-bound spirit, upward soar  
To the realm where tears are o'er.

Thy Beloved feels each smart  
Of thine agonizing heart;  
He will pour in oil and balm,  
Breathe into thy soul his calm.  
Earth-bound spirit, upward soar  
To the realm where tears are o'er.

Think not, think not Jesu's care  
Lessens, though thy heart despair;  
Trust his guidance; walk by faith;  
Keep the straight, though narrow path.  
Earth-bound spirit, upward soar  
To the realm where tears are o'er.

Turn from earth, yes, turn thine eyes  
Yonder to thy glorious prize;  
Crown of immortality,  
Peace and rest awaiting thee.  
Earth-bound spirit, upward soar  
To those realms where tears are o'er.

ANN HENNAE.

## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—It is now a little more than eighteen years since it pleased the Lord to bring unworthy me into this wilderness world, which, to the believer, is only a stepping-stone to a fairer and better country. For some years, like the whole race of Adam, I went astray, till the set time was appointed for me to be sought out. From the enclosed you will have a little insight into my career, and I trust will be enabled to find something in it which savours of a good work begun in my soul.

It is only recently that, by the gracious dispensation of God, I was brought under the faithful ministry of the dear man to whom this letter is addressed. I still go in and out among the people at Salem as a total stranger; and I thought that, by means of this letter, they would be able to see something of the language which I hope the dear Lord has taught me.

I desire to remain, Yours, &c.,

June 17th, 1875.

A. S.

My dear Friend,—Since last Sunday I have felt desires springing up in my heart to send you a few lines; but how and what to write I know not. I seem so destitute of those secret teachings which the Lord's people are exercised with, that it appears folly for me to attempt to write concerning spiritual things; for how can I testify of those things which I have never tasted or handled, or describe that which I have never known? Still, if I am not deceived, I trust I have, in some small measure, realized the goodness and mercy of an unchangeable God to my poor unworthy soul; and, at times, have had a sweet assurance that the Lord has a purpose of mercy concerning me. At such blessed seasons, too, how I have been led to feel that it is of the free and sovereign grace of God that I am what I am; and that, if such an undeserving wretch ever forms part of that people whose robes are washed in the blood of the Lamb, it will be to the praise and glory of God's grace.

“O to grace how great a debtor,

Daily I'm constrain'd to be!”

I think it is now about three years since the Lord, in his mercy and condescension, passed by me, and brought me to know something of my base and wicked heart, and what was my state by nature. Like little Samuel, I did not at first recognize the voice of him who called, and, therefore, endeavoured to find relief for my sin-stricken soul at fountains which deepened my wound rather than afforded me a healing balm. Up to this time I had been on very good terms with one “Morality,” which companion, you know, puffs up with pride and self-righteousness; but I was now to realize that there lay beneath all my seeming goodness a mass of corruption,—a heart desperately wicked, only evil, full of evil, and that continually. I now began to find that my goodness was as the morning cloud and as the early dew, and my righteousnesses nothing better than filthy rags. The hidden

evils of my heart now rose up in such blasphemous thoughts against God and his Son Jesus Christ, that I was cut off from all hopes of ever entering the promised land by good works, and thought I should surely go to hell instead. These salutary lessons were contrary to flesh and blood, for I found them to interfere with those worldly pursuits which I still loved. I could not enjoy the company of the world as I once did; for, wherever I went, I found such wickedness to boil up in my heart that it marred all my so-called pleasures.

It was in vain that I strove to get rid of this burden which weighed so heavily upon my soul. How could it be otherwise, when I hewed out for myself "cisterns, broken cisterns, that could hold no water?" So vile were the imaginations of my heart, I dared not unbosom my mind to my nearest friends, and thus find a little relief; for I did not think it possible that any one could be the subject of such awful thoughts as myself. It was on this point I was made to understand something of the meaning of those words: "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." In such a state as this I was led to believe it was all the work of the devil; and thus I charged God foolishly. I did not understand that I must be wounded before healed, and lost before found. It is my mercy that the Lord leads his people by ways they knew not, and in paths they have not known; for I trust I have been enabled to trace the hand of the God of Israel in all those things which I once thought were the very outcome of Satan's devices.

I was now brought by compulsion to cry to the Lord for deliverance. I say *compulsion* because I am sure I should never have visited the throne of grace without it. At length I found my face turned toward Zion, inquiring the way thither; but suffering much from the workings of sin within. I began to doubt whether I had been brought by the right way, or had any part or lot in the matter. My experience, too, in divine things, seemed to differ so much from that of the professing Christians among whom I was cast, that often I came to the conclusion I was among those who have a name to live and yet are dead.

It was about this period that I became somewhat familiar with that great craftsman Arminius, whose hateful doctrine I began to embrace and uphold. At times, however, when speaking in favour of this God-dishonouring doctrine, I was upbraided in conscience, knowing it was altogether contrary to my practice; but still ignorant of the glorious truths of God's discriminating grace. It is my unspeakable mercy that the Lord brought this Babel building to the ground, and by painful experience made me to feel my utter unworthiness of the least mercy.

It was not till I began reading the "Gospel Standard" that my eyes were opened to see that the Lord had a people set apart, — a remnant according to the election of grace, a people who should show forth their Redeemer's praise. Such a blessed truth as this awakened in my soul humble desires to be found among

those who are loved so as never to be hated, who are chosen so as never to be cast away, and who are "preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." It also aroused fears as to whether such an unworthy wretch could ever entertain such a glorious hope as they possess, even that hope which maketh not ashamed. Under a sense of my sin and unworthiness I was now made to cry and groan after the Lord, after telling him I was worthy of nothing more than the lowest hell, but, at the same time, craving to be blessed with the same favour which he bears unto his children. And for ever blessed be the dear name of Jesus, he more than once caused me to hope in his mercy, and with a feeling heart to call him "my Lord and my God." O what a depth of mercy to such a wretch as I! Had I ten thousand tongues, they would be insufficient to show forth the riches of the grace and mercy of God to unworthy me. How often I bewail my lack of gratitude to him who is alone worthy of praise! How is it that such a one upon whom the Lord has conferred such great honour can remain so hard-hearted and ungrateful? I feel it is not in my power to call forth one good desire, much less one accent of praise; for it is the Lord who must work in me both to will and to do of his good pleasure. My cry would ever be; "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

"Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount, O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love."

From the time when, I trust, the Lord first quickened me into newness of life, it has been mostly my lot to walk in darkness; and yet I cannot complain, for when some little light has broken in upon my soul, I have been able to say, "It is good for me to be here." There have been times when the world, self, and sin have been lost to my view, and I have been made to exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Though short has been my pilgrimage in the narrow path, I trust I have had a little interest in those secret groans which issued from a dear Redeemer in the garden of Gethsemane; and by that precious faith which is freely given unto the whole house of Israel, have alike been enabled to look within the veil, where he ever lives to intercede for his children, and there behold him as my Surety, my Mediator, and everlasting Friend.

What reason have I to bless the God of Israel for ever bringing me, under your faithful ministry, into the place where he unfolds his beauty to the poor, weak, and trembling sons of Jacob, to whom he says, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom!" Though I have found much comfort in meeting with the despised few at Salem, I sometimes fear I shall come short of those blessed realities which they enjoy. Still, my desire is to be found among them, to know the secrets which are revealed to them, to be exer-

cised with the same things with which they are exercised, and to have those soul-exalting, yet humiliating views of Jesus which I know they, at times, realize.

With these scattered and imperfect testimonies of God's undeserved favour to an outcast, I will no longer weary you, seeing

"I am but a learner yet,  
Very weak, and apt to slide."

Praying that He who is Head over all will continue to bless you as a church and people,

I beg to remain, Yours truly,

June 16th, 1875.

To Mr. Dennett.

A. S.

Dearly-beloved Stranger and Pilgrim in this land, who hast left the land of Moab, and, like the dove, buildest thy nest in the hole or clift of the Rock, thy unworthy fellow-traveller sendeth greeting, wishing that great grace may rest upon thee, to enable thee to walk humbly with the mighty God of Jacob.

It is written: "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord." This blessing, that many professors escape, through the tender mercy of our God, we have been brought to inherit; and, though a blessing painful to flesh and blood, yet it is an evidence of our sonship. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." None are admitted into the bond of union of the glorious covenant of grace but such as come under the rod; and we know, by painful experience, that there is no passing under the rod without feeling the pain and anguish that its strokes cause. But how often, when the rod is used, and God corrects us for our profit, we fear that it is not in fatherly judgment and pity, but in anger and wrath! This makes us cry, "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."

The Lord our God is a jealous God; therefore he is jealous over our affections. This made the apostle say, "Set your affections on things above." But, alas! How often our affections run away from our best Friend, get entangled in some earthly object, and entwine themselves around it; so that, instead of our affections being set on things above, they are set on things below. Then barrenness and death follow; "for to be carnally-minded is death." Now we are visited again with the rod; "for as many as I love I rebuke and chasten." The object of our affections is swept away, or our mind is drawn from it, to visit the Lord, to pour out a prayer for the soul to be restored and to walk again in the paths of righteousness. The prophet says, "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." We are troubled to think what fools we have been to forsake the fountain of living water, and hew out to ourselves broken cisterns. We mourn under the hidings of his face. We reproach ourselves for our evil treatment and base ingratitude to the dear

Lord. Looking at our deservings and wickedness, fears arise lest the chastening should not be in love and pity, but in wrath and indignation. The rod is heavy; our sins are brought to light; and now we visit the Lord in earnest, and cry, "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." "O visit me with thy salvation." Now in our own nostrils we stink and are corrupt, because of our foolishness in having our affections engrossed in those things that bring death. We say, "O fool that I am to forget my God and run after that which cannot profit! O my inordinate affections! How base to be set upon earthly objects and to be satisfied with them, to have no room for the Lord! How could I wander thus astray from the Beloved of my soul? How could I act so treacherous a part as to deny the Lord the first place in my affections? Now what can I expect but an eternal divorce, seeing I have committed spiritual adultery upon high places?"

Here we see the blessedness of the rod. It brings to light our sins, shows us that God hateth iniquity, and brings us to cry to the Lord to heal our backslidings and love us freely. And when the Lord doth appear, and say, "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married to you," and the Lord the God of Israel saith he hateth putting away, then our affections fix again upon our Beloved, while earth, with all its vanity, drops its charms. He is the altogether lovely to our souls. We say again, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Now we realize the blessing of being chastened, and can say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray. O the love and mercy of a covenant God, to visit me with the rod, to hedge up my way with thorns, that I should not overtake my lovers! After them I should have gone till I had dropped into hell; but he brought me into affliction, and visited me with the rod; and now into the wounds that it made he has poured in the healing balm of Gilead, the oil of joy for mourning, and saith to my soul, '*Nevertheless, my loving-kindness I will not take from thee.*'" These are the things that purge the affections from all false lovers, fix them on things above, and cause the soul to walk humbly with the God of Israel and to feed upon the peaceable fruit of righteousness, and to find that the effect of righteousness is peace, quietness, and assurance for ever. The affections are so set upon the Lord that we talk of him with delight, and our meditation of him is sweet. Thus far we prove the blessings of the rod in purifying the affections.

"His chastening, therefore, prize;  
The privilege of a saint."

The Lord keep thee in his fear, humbly at his feet.

Your affectionate Friend,

Rotherfield, Dec. 4th, 1860.

THOMAS RUSSELL.



My dear Friend,—I received yours, and I perceive by it you are being led about and instructed, as was Israel of old. I believe you are and will be kept as the apple of the Lord's eye; for I can discover in your exercises and trouble the common lot and portion of true Israelites; such as the plague of the heart, the power of unbelief, the infirmities of the flesh, the rage and malice of hell, the emptiness and vanity of the world, the thorns and briars of the wilderness, the poverty of the soul, and the all-sufficiency and suitableness of Jesus Christ for the supply of every need, the cure of every complaint, the healing of every disease, the soothing of every sorrow, the escape from every danger, deliverance from every trouble, and for strength and safety to turn every battle to the gate, and to be more than conquerors through him that hath loved us and given himself for us. And while true faith holds the Head, the body shall receive nourishment suited to every necessity. Poverty felt, trials, afflictions, and temptations abounding, will check the growth of pride, prevent slothfulness and sleep, increase watchfulness and prayer, promote the soul's growth in grace, strengthen faith in the promise of God, destroy vain hopes and creature confidences, discover false lights and blind guides, make manifest many errors, search out secret faults, detect self in its many wiles, self-righteousness, and worldly affections, and issue, more or less, in the experience of grace abounding to a great sinner, in the greatest unworthiness, producing a well-grounded hope which maketh not ashamed, "because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." This sweetens every bitter portion the soul is afflicted with, and sometimes enables us to rejoice even in tribulation, knowing it is but for a moment; and in comparison with either what we deserve or what the Lord endured for us, we are ashamed of calling it *suffering*, and prefer to say, "*light affliction*;" while a good hope comforts us under all, that a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory awaits the soul, which cheers in endurance of hardness, as seeing invisible or spiritual things, and keeps us quietly and patiently waiting upon God to reveal them, and more perfectly instruct us into the mysteries of his heavenly kingdom.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations. It is clear the godly are in temptations; and, as the words imply, such temptations they do not know how to escape from. "But God is faithful," who knoweth how to deliver, and "will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able," or gives us strength to endure, "but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." The Lord will make a way of escape, which lets us see there are trials common to the godly which are to bring us to a felt and experienced dependence upon the Lord; first, to deliver, and make a way for our escape; secondly, to give us strength to bear, to wait, and patiently endure till the set time comes; thirdly, that it may be known who hath done it, and that the praise and

glory may be ascribed to him who worketh in us that which is well pleasing in his sight; that we may know and confess that it is by grace we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, but as the gift of God.

May the Lord bless your sickness of body and your exercises of soul to your spiritual profit and increase; and in your restoration put a new song in your mouth, even praise to our God.

Yours sincerely,

Walsall, May 1st, 1872.

C. MOUNTFORT.

My dear Friend,—We must go through the fire and water into the wealthy place. What a sea of troubles has my soul had to pass through! And the worst of it all was the hiding of the dear Lord. In my deepest distress I could not find him; but my own wicked unbelieving heart and the enemy Satan did all they could to crush me to dust, and I truly felt as if I should never rise more.

I have been made to feel that all the vessels of the sanctuary must be led to hang upon a precious Jesus, from the vessels of cups to the flagons. I was forced to hang upon him, and felt it close work to hang upon him alone. I seemed to cling to the creature so much; and to be knocked off from all creatures and props of every kind seems most desperate work. Stripped of all my supposed goodness and pretensions to righteousness, I felt what a poor, undeserving, guilty, helpless creature I was. Yet it is a blessed thing to hang upon him. No clouds, no darkness, nor even death itself shall finally separate us from his dear Majesty. Several times, parts of Hymn 56, particularly verse 2, keep coming to me, and make me feel it is the way all the true Israel of God must go. We only feel a part, and a small part indeed, to what our dear Lord and his apostles did. We are only a little sodden; he was roasted in the flame of Sinai's horrible heat. O what a fire was that!

After passing through these dreadful distresses, I find my dear Lord more precious than ever; for the bitter herbs make me feel the dear paschal Lamb sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. I am quite sure I could not have written you such a letter last week. My soul was pressed down with such foes and fears as made me fear destruction was close upon me; but the dear Lord put a cry into my mouth, and my heart, too, for the blessing which he was pleased to give last Lord's day. At chapel, the minister read Ps. xxxvii. He said it was his psalm; but I thought I knew another whose psalm it was, for it came to me when I was in America, in deep soul trouble. I am sure it was from the dear Lord, for it continued with me; and, I believe, more or less powerfully, it will continue with me for ever; for "the Word of our God abideth for ever." When the minister read that psalm, the blessed Comforter entered my soul with it; and I felt it sweet indeed. I had a precious view of the promises, and of the dear Lord being for ever the

same, like lign aloes spread out by the waters, that could never fade nor fail. How suited to my state was the whole psalm! I felt as if the dear Lord was wholly engaged speaking to me.

When the minister came to his text, which was the prayer of Jabez, I knew it had been my prayer many a time; but when the words were repeated that "Jabez was more honourable than his brethren," I felt as if I was out of the secret. But light shone into my mind, and I discovered that this honour was from the Lord. That the dear Lord should honour me, led me to loathe myself in dust and ashes. What a stench I felt arising from my vile self! And I hated sin and all my vile lusts more than ever, and felt truly I was black because the sun had looked upon me. Truly I found the Lord's day a rest indeed. What a blessed resting-place is the dear Lord! When *he* gives us quietness, who then can give trouble? What a sweet foretaste of heaven I had! So calm, so full of love to a precious Jesus and his dear people, I felt it sweet to sit under the droppings of the sanctuary. Who can bless like the dear Lord? I know Satan is watching me, and will cast me down if he can; but my cry is: "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." My enemies will soon be upon me when the dear Lord withdraws; but my mercy is they are conquered foes, and held in chains by him whom my soul loves. O to be kept from all evil, how desirable!

I hope you are still enabled to preach the blessed gospel. My throat is still very bad, and I do not know how it may terminate. But this I do believe, I need all my afflictions. "I will purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin." "Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer." Yours in the Love of the Truth,

P.

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My dear Friend and Companion in the common Salvation,—

Your kind letter duly came to hand. I have noted its contents, and will briefly reply to the various points therein named.

With regard to me "being brought to publicly declare those blessed realities," I would say that I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ when the dear Lord shines with his healing beams upon my soul. He does, at times, so fill my earthen vessel that I cannot refrain from recording his matchless acts; but my sphere of labour appears to me to be in a *private* way, among the poor flock of slaughter, to whom I feel a strong union. And I may add that, when my dear Redeemer is absent from my soul, I have either to be very quiet, or else vent forth some unsavoury speeches. I find it hard work, at times, to bridle my unruly member; and, at other times, I experience what you say about the tongue of the stammerer speaking plainly.

I quite concur with you in saying that we have many preachers who give the dear children of God the colic; and I wonder sometimes where some of them got their credentials. I have, at times, been sorely wounded in hearing some prating fools darken

the counsel of the Almighty with their great swelling words; for there are some who appear to me to have entered in at the door of the fold, and who neither understand law nor gospel, who have stored in their memory a few passages of Scripture which seem to satisfy them. But, most assuredly, all such will starve the family of God.

I could like to add more on this subject; but I fear I shall weary you with my tedious style, and I am well aware that you are conversant with the solemn work of the ministry and what constitutes a real God-sent servant of Christ, and also what specious pretensions those intruders can make, and the effect of their testimony upon the hearts of the living tried family of God. It is a mercy that there are a few who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and who know whom they serve.

I believe there are a few hungry souls here, who have profited under your ministry, that long to see you again in the flesh. Our numbers have decreased for a few years past. Many of the old hearers have been taken away by death; and few there are in this neighbourhood who love God's way of saving a poor sinner.

Yours to serve in the Gospel of Christ,

Clayton West, April 2nd, 1871.

ROBERT MOXON.

Dear Friend,—According to promise, I will now forward you one of Mr. Tiptaft's weighty sayings that I shall not easily forget. At times, it comes up very seasonable for a reproof to me. He once said to a few of us, after he had been preaching, "The devil stands like an angler upon the shore with two baits,—one for the young, and another for the aged. The young he catches with the pleasures and the vanities of this life; but you older ones have broken the drum-head, and have found that to be but an empty sound. *You* he catches with profits; a good market will suit you best."

But, dear friend, I believe dear Mr. Tiptaft was quite clear of these two charges, though many of us are not. Yet I hope it is my desire and prayer to be kept from vanity and leasing, and the many ensnaring temptations of the enemy of souls, and the corruptions of a fallen, sinful old man, that proves a heavy burden for me to drag about. But it must be so, as I have to carry him down to the river. Then I hope the conflict will be over. One of the poets says:

"The spirits of the just,  
Confined in bodies, groan,  
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,  
And then the conflict's done."

That will be a great mercy for us, if the conflict is ended then. I do hope, at times, it will be. May the Lord bless and preserve us, and then it will be well.

Yours affectionately, for Christ's sake,  
Studley, July 20th, 1876.

GEORGE WILTSHIRE.

My dear Friends,—This day fortnight, God willing, I hope to be at Thirsk. Blessed be God, who hath taught our hearts to say, “If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that,” knowing that our lives, our hearts, our thoughts, our intentions, and our works are all in his hand. The belief of this is the means, under the Holy Spirit’s influence, of causing us to implore his direction and his working power. Sovereign grace has made it the desire of our hearts to be led and guided in the way everlasting; and that desire has been expressed by prayer, over and over again. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and by “faith that worketh by love” do we walk in that way. To be *led* and *guided* appear to be the same; but I believe they differ thus: one signifying to be instructed or directed which is the way; and the other signifying a powerful drawing, or enabling to walk in that way. We are ignorant, and want instruction; perverse, and need attraction; weak, and need strength. Therefore, Moses saith, “He hath guided us in his strength to his holy habitation;” spoken in the past tense, because, though man’s intentions often fail, the purpose of God never can. Therefore, what he purposes is the same as if done. O precious truth to those who see, by precious faith, their interest in the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush!

The bond-family rebel; but the child of promise rejoices in his heavenly Father’s gracious, and unalterable, and sure-to-be-accomplished purpose. We find no rest to the soles of our feet till we get here; and here is solid rock. What a mercy! What condescension and goodness, to reveal his will to us, and that what is revealed belongs to us and our children! The *servant* knoweth not what his Lord doeth; therefore his pleasure is in his own works. But Christ’s *friends* have the spirit of wisdom and revelation given them in the knowledge of God; and what God doeth, and hath promised to do, is, as they are able to bear it, revealed to them. Therefore “the works of the Lord are great, *sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.*” Our own works can never please or satisfy; but the honourable and glorious work of Christ, and the begun and engaged-to-be-continued work of the Holy Spirit, most sweetly satisfy and truly delight the heaven-born soul, when discovered in the light of the Holy Spirit and the Word of truth.

God bless you all, and enable you to bless him, because he is good, and because his mercy endureth for ever.

Yours affectionately,

Sunderland, Nov. 12th, 1825.

S. TURNER.

My dear Sister in the highest Relationship,—Of myself I have nothing to say, but that I am weak and helpless, poor and needy; nor do I wish to feel any better in myself, but rejoice, or rather, *desire* to rejoice (for I am in the valley to-day) in the strength and righteousness of the dear Redeemer. O let us try to unite in praising his dear Name; for there is nothing

but Jesus can do us good. He has promised us peace in himself, but has also told us in the world we must have tribulation. All the family of God find this true in one way or other. You, my dear friend, have an afflicted body, and this is a very heavy cross; but, bless the Lord, you are not without good hope in your soul that after the clay tabernacle has dropped in the dust of death, and has there waited its appointed time, it shall be raised, in power and in glory, a spiritual body, blooming with immortality, no more to fade, droop, or die. The dear Lord enable you to anticipate the day with pleasure, and keep your eyes fixed on that happy land where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick."

Many trials of various sorts have been ordained for me, so that I have been afflicted with wave upon wave. The last trial, the death of my never-to-be-forgotten dearly-beloved son, has pierced my very heart. The wound will bleed, occasionally, till God shall have wiped all tears from my weeping eyes. But O! The goodness of God to my dear child in his last moments! His precious soul was filled with joy and peace in believing, and he sang the praises of God with his last dying breath. O happy Richard! All my prayers for him are answered. I have nothing more to hope nor to fear for him. He has a full deliverance from all sin and sorrow, so that I sing of the Lord's goodness, though I weep while I write. A few more trials, and then I shall join my child and all the blessed above in endless praise to God and the Lamb. O happy, glorious day! Soon, I trust, we shall meet around the throne; but while here we stay, may we have much of our Lord's presence, to cheer us and light us along the dreary walks of life. We have exceeding great and precious promises given unto us, quite sufficient for every trial we can be called to pass through. May the Holy Ghost apply them for our comfort; and I am quite sure we shall be willing, ye, desirous that God should have the glory.

Yours affectionately, for Christ's sake,

ANN STURTON.

My dear Friend,—I feel sensibly, at times, that my time is short here, but the unspeakable blessedness of having something from the dear Lord himself to rest upon, and to put him in remembrance of, supports the sinking spirits; and were it not for this unspeakable blessing, I should be most miserable. I want to trust him with wife and children; but the enemy shoots his fiery darts cruelly, at times. But, blessed be God, it is not always so, for the sweet sun ariseth. How sacred and overcoming are God's love and his sacred testimonies! They are, as David says, wonderful. It is indeed wonderful that worms, sinful worms, should ever be one with the Lamb, who is one with the Father. And I must and can say,

"His love in times past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink," &c.

I feel it a mercy of mercies, at times, to remember his love, goodness, and power in times past, when his works did praise him and my soul did bless him.

My dear friend, I do hope you will be kept faithful, not courting the smiles of men, nor fearing their frowns; for the testimony of God is not only wonderful, but it supports the soul when all things else around give way.

“What think ye of *Christ*? is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme;  
You cannot be right in the rest  
Unless you think rightly of *Him*.  
As Jesus appears in our view,  
As he is beloved or not,  
So God is disposed to you,  
And mercy or wrath is your lot.”

Truly I can say, and have said from my very heart, “He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely.”

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth.

“Gracious God, thy children keep;  
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep;  
Fix, O fix our fickle souls;  
Lord, direct us, we are fools.”

Yours affectionately,

Croydon, March 14th, 1876.

H. GLOVER.

My dear Mrs. Godwin,—Many thanks for your very kind letter. I was pleased to hear of your safe arrival at Brighton, and to know you had the presence of your heavenly Friend on Lord's day. You did not say if you were coming here before you return home. I do hope you will. Mr. Hull was out all last week, and again all this. He does not seem very well. Mrs. H. has just got out again from her confinement. Mrs. D. is well. I met with Miss K. last week. She hopes you are coming here. Several have said they should like to hear Mr. G. again. I had a nice letter from G. W. He said he had been to Godmanchester for a week, and heard Mr. Godwin well, and hopes to hear him at Southill.

But I must tell you a little about the Lord's dealing with me, unworthy as I am of the least of his favours, and yet he has conferred the greatest. I, who deserve the lowest place in hell, shall one day be with him in heaven. Last Friday morning he came in such a sweet manner, like a soft shower on parched ground, to prepare it for greater.

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

I felt the oneness sweet indeed. I said, “Blessed union!” I passed the day feeling some sweet nearness to the Object that

was drawing me. On Saturday morning I was awoke with these words: "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." He broke my heart. I was obliged to tell him I had oft forsaken him, and had gone after idols. I was led to pour out my soul before him, and tell him all. And on Lord's day morning, a morning never to be forgotten, he came again with these words: "And thou becamest mine." I stood amazed; and then I said, "I can hold no more." I could only weep. I had such a sight of heaven,—the Lamb in the midst of the throne, that had claimed me as his own. I was so entirely lost in wonder, love, and praise that I scarcely knew what I was doing. So full did I feel, that I thought I was going home; nor do I think it is far off, when I shall see him as he is, and be like him. I went to chapel, and Mr. Hull took for his text: "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable," &c. How I sat I could scarcely tell. So full did my heart appear of his love, I wanted to get alone. I wanted nothing to come between my Beloved and myself. I did say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his."

I went on the hill between services, and I had a blessed time indeed. In the afternoon I met Mr. H. going to chapel, and told him I should like to sit down at the Lord's table; which I did, and the King himself served. The day I never shall forget. I feel I either have something very trying to pass through, or else I am about leaving you; but I have not a wish. I can leave everything with him who has done so much for me. I was kept awake to praise him. I have nothing to pray for, only for the Lord's dear family. How dear they are to me! But I must leave off, or you will tire. With kind love to yourself and dear Mr. Godwin, believe me,

Yours in the everlasting Bonds of the Covenant,

Hastings, Aug., 1876.

E. R. S.

My dear beloved Friends,—My heart does burn within me just now, for my ever-blessed Lord has been pleased to revive me and let me see that, though my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. His love to me is wonderful. It covers me all over. Every sin is gone, and not one can be found. When my dear Jesus is feasting my soul on the fat things of his eternal love to a poor sinner, he is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

My soul is humble within me, that the Lord should ever take care of one so base and hell-deserving as I am. I feel myself to be the very blackest of all, and the chief of sinners. My ever-blessed Jesus has been leading me through deep waters, and I have reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and have been at my wit's end. I have sunk in deep mire



where there is no standing, which made me feel that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing. To will is present with me; but how to perform I find not, until the blessed Spirit comes and leads me into rest. O what a sweet resting-place is the Rock of ages for a poor weary soul! How sweetly can my soul lean upon him! And it makes the rest still sweeter when the soul has been tossed up and down and found no place for the sole of her foot. I have cried day and night unto him; and, blessed be his precious Name, he has heard my cry, and has given me another token of his loving-kindness. The dear Lord has always given me strength equal to my day. O that I may be enabled to trust him at all times. Bless his precious Name!

Your afflicted Sister in the Path of Tribulation,

E. P.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Hope of the Gospel,—Another year has passed away since we exchanged letters, I think. We are so much nearer the end of our pilgrimage; and the trials of the past will not overtake us again. As Paul says, "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed;" that is, at first.

I trust you are in good health of body, and also of soul, and that the brethren there are feeling times of refreshing, dews, and showers of blessing in their season. God is good, merciful, and gracious, or we should have been consumed long ago.

Dear brother, since the loss of your dear wife, you have experienced many new trials, had new thoughts, new prayers, and also new blessings. Your young charge would much exercise your mind, and business increasing would cause you many hours' anxious labour. All these things are to be grappled with in this present evil world; therefore, be not surprised if sometimes you find yourself over head and ears in the things of time and sense, and wishing you could run away from them all. The Lord hold you up, and direct your thoughts, and keep you in the narrow way leading to life. I trust you drink sometimes at the wayside well, and feel refreshed, and that you hear also the voice of the great Shepherd, and enjoy the pleasure of following him. It is then we live. It is then we feel and know there is a reality in religion. The hope of eternal rest makes labour sweet sometimes, when the Lord seals upon the soul that a rest remaineth to the people of God.

I am, dear Brother, yours in the Truth,

Oct. 27th, 1862.

A. B. TAYLOR.

THERE is nothing of more certainty to the souls of any than what they have real spiritual experience of. When the things about which men are conversant lie only in notion, and are rationally discussed or debated, much deceit may lie under all; but when the things between God and the soul come to be realized by practical experience, they give a never-failing certainty of themselves.—*Owen*.

## Obituary.

EDWARD HAWKINS.—On March 5th, aged 49, Edward Hawkins, of Lower Winchendon, Bucks.

Our departed friend had to bear many privations in his boyhood, and was permitted to go on in the broad road till about 19 years of age.

I have no recollection of ever hearing him speak of any passage of Scripture being made the arrow of conviction to him by the power of the Eternal Spirit; but I have heard him say many times how full he was of duty-faith and free-will for some few years after he had realized the peace of God which flows through the precious blood of Christ, and the Spirit of adoption bearing witness within.

He was baptized at Cuddington, and for a few years helped the aged pastor, taking one or two of the services on Sundays. The theory of his preaching for some time was to enforce repentance on all, so opposed did he seem to God's sovereign and discriminating grace at this time, yet so full of zeal. I believe this is the experience of many of God's living family in their first stages; but our God is a Sovereign. He teaches his children "here a little and there a little" of their own weakness and their utter helplessness in themselves. I think I never knew any one more deeply led to feel it than our departed friend, after the Lord had led him to see and feel what a sink of iniquity he had within him. Many times he said that if one good thought or desire would save him, it would be impossible for him to create it.

I had known him about nine years when he was taken from us; and I must say that I never felt my soul knitted to any man on earth so much as to him. He was kept faithful and strictly honest to the doctrines of grace, and in temporal things. It mattered not to him whether master or men came within the sound of his voice, he would not flinch in declaring the whole counsel of God as far as the Lord had taught him.

He continued to preach there occasionally till they would have him no longer. He then joined the Strict Baptist church at Waddesdon Hill, finding a union of soul with the pastor there, who was the instrument, in the hands of the Eternal Spirit, of leading him more fully into the truth as it is in Jesus. The union and love which the pastor and the departed had for each other was never broken. They had agreed that whichever died first should bury the other; and so it was. He often went to several places round to preach to a few of God's people that loved the truth. Many can testify that he was greatly respected, both as a faithful preacher and in his life and conduct.

I have wished many times that I was enabled to hold the things of time with as loose a hand as he did. I have heard him say many times there was nothing in this world he desired to live for, apart from a precious Christ and the care he had for his wife and family; and his life corresponded with his words.

He had a greater share of tribulations and afflictions than many of the Lord's people. Sometimes, when we have been talking about them, he has said that his old man and carnal reason would bubble up within him, and kick and rebel at the Lord's dealings with him. He was laid by, I believe, every winter since I first knew him, more or less; sometimes two or three months, sometimes more. His affliction was asthma and bronchitis; and it was with great difficulty he worked, his breath being so bad. He had no other source of maintenance, unless a little help from a few friends, and to get into debt was a great trouble to him.

Many times, when preaching in the cottage where a few poor outcasts met for some years, how earnestly has he endeavoured to exalt a pre-

cious Christ, and his sovereign and discriminating grace towards his chosen people. He would cut up all workmongers, and human merit, seemed to be a detestable thing to him; though he loved to see good works, proceeding from grace, as much as any man.

I must now come to his last illness. The Lord's time was now near at hand. He seemed to ebb and flow,—sometimes a little better, and then worse again. He was taken worse, never more to come down alive; and all around him thought every breath must be his last for about three hours. I went to see him when he was a little easy. He was quite exhausted, and hardly able to speak. He caught hold of my hand, and said, "This is the place to test a man's religion. Nothing short of a precious Christ will do here." He was kept clinging and hoping; but was seldom enabled to say, "I know that my Redeemer is mine and I am his."

During the last month, he often said it was not with his soul as he could wish. He said, "It is a comfort to know that though we are such poor, finite, changeable creatures, our God is unchangeable. Whom once he loves he loves for ever. We want to live in the enjoyment of it always; but our God has not so designed it."

A day or two before he died, he said the words of Paul had been made a comfort to him: "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." All earthly objects and things seemed to have entirely left him. Most of the day his lips were continually moving; and his poor body seemed as if it could hardly contain his soul. For four or five hours before the spirit took its flight, his arms were continually lifted up, as if longing to be gone. We have been readers of the "Gospel Standard" together some years.

W. WRIGHT.

EMMA LOCKE.—On March 29th, aged 29, Emma Locke, of Tunbridge Wells.

Our friend was brought up strictly to regard the outward forms of religion; but having, like all others, the seeds of sin within, they brought forth fruit after their own kind. She used to say she was determined to have her fill of this world's pleasure. Living in a gay family, she was the life of her companions. Her whole mind was bent upon frivolity and worldly pleasure until, upon one occasion, while walking out on a Sunday evening about nine years ago, the Lord was pleased to send home the arrow of conviction into her conscience. She said of this occasion that she could go no farther, but was obliged to return home. All whom she met seemed to stare her in the face and add grief to her already smitten conscience. She, however, hoped to wear this burden off; instead of which it grew heavier.

One of her fellow-servants, a godly woman, seeing her in this condition, spoke kindly to her, and asked Emma to go with her to chapel. Emma had hated this person's religion; still, she thought she would go to chapel with her for once. The Lord was pleased to deepen his work under a sermon preached from the words: "Who is the King of glory?" Emma could no longer do as she had done; but as often as opportunity would allow, she would be found attending the means of grace.

She was, after a time, set at liberty in the same chapel, but not under the same minister. She had been prejudiced against Dissenters, especially Baptists; but she was led to see baptism as the Lord's ordinance, and felt greatly exercised about being found walking therein. Her fears, together with the opposition she met with from her own friends, kept her back until she could stay no longer, but was obliged to go forward and declare what God had done for her soul. She cast in her lot with the

Lord's people, and remained an honourable member of the church meeting for worship in Hanover Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, up to her death.

During her short, but very painful affliction, she experienced much darkness of mind. Shortly before her death, the Lord broke in upon her soul. She longed to be gone, saying, "I can now give up everything. I have been too near heaven to want to stay here. I long to go to be where my precious Jesus is. How long have I to stay here? O that my eye-strings would break in death!" In an ecstasy of joy she exclaimed,

"Rock of ages, shelter me;  
Let me hide myself in thee," &c.

She became unconscious, and breathed her last in death.

I will now give a few extracts from her letters.

Nov., 1872.—"Your letter this morning gave my poor downcast soul great comfort, in finding that you, as well as myself, are plagued with many doubts and fears. But I hope, after all, the Lord has some thoughts of mercy towards us; and that, though our love to him is so cold and faint, our one desire is to love him more, 'because he first loved us.' He will bless us, though in a way we least expect. But, alas! I grieve to acknowledge the world, the flesh, and the devil so creep in and rob me of all my pleasure that I am obliged to cry again and again, 'Lord, save, or I perish!'"

July, 1873.—"I hardly think there can be a good thing in my heart towards the Lord, I feel so full of the world, and so unlike a child of God. I would be different. I do not like anything to come between me and the dear Lamb of God, who gave his life to redeem his people from their sins. Am I one of them? If so, I shall not be left to myself; but shall be led in a right way. Those only are safe whom the Lord keepeth. Bless his dear name, I can say that hitherto he hath helped me."

Jan., 1874.—"My sins were a burden too heavy for me to bear. I knew not how to approach a holy God. I went on my knees and told the Lord he knew all about me, and what I would be. Could I but tell you what I felt for about half an hour, I should send you a long letter. I had not been on my knees long before I felt such nearness at the throne of grace, in pleading what the Lord had done. If ever I poured out my soul in praise to God, it was then. I seemed to forget everything, and arose from my knees blessing and praising God for his mercy towards me. If I felt myself a great sinner, I felt somewhat of the sweetness of having a great Saviour. Bless his dear Name, I have not lost its sweetness yet. I have now no fears as to the future. The Lord knows how I have been oppressed on that account, and he will undertake for me."

June, 1874.—"I cannot help telling you how the dear Lord was pleased to speak peace to my poor troubled soul last evening. I went to my bed-room, tired in mind and body, thinking, 'How can I, a sinful creature, approach a holy God? I surely cannot be a child of God, or the things of time would not have so much hold upon me. If left to myself, what would become of me?' I looked up, and on the door hung these words: 'The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord shall preserve thee from this time forth and even for evermore.' These words went home to my soul; my fears vanished, and I blessed God for his mercy, and felt all would be well."

Tunbridge Wells.

J. H.

NAOMI CRIPPS.—On June 11th, aged 60, Naomi Cripps, a member of Providence Chapel, Bedford.

She was for several years deeply tried about her state, and oftentimes in great distress. This continued until she was brought under the ministry of Mr. Thornber. One Lord's day she entered the chapel

almost on the borders of despair. This tried and exercised servant of God took for his text: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." He so exactly entered into her case that she exclaimed, "Surely, God is in the man of a truth." Her soul was set at happy liberty, and she felt a union to Mr. T. ever afterwards, and continued a consistent member until her death. She often expressed her thankfulness that she was privileged to sit under such a deep, rich, experimental preacher.

Her disease was of a most distressing nature, being cancer. When she knew she could not live long, she was brought very low in her mind. These words dropped into her soul with much power and sweetness: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." After this, she became calm and resigned, and often repeated with energy those words of the poet:

"But O! The blest day, and soon 'twill arise," &c.

Once, in an ecstasy of joy, she exclaimed:

"All over glorious is my Lord;  
To be beloved and yet adored.  
If all the world my Saviour knew,  
Sure the whole world would love him too."

A fortnight before she expired, she had a most severe attack from the enemy for about two hours. She was now quite prostrate. All of a sudden she clenched her hands together, and held them over her head for three hours and a half. She said to the friends, "O how beautiful!" I wanted to take hold of her hands, but she replied, "O, no! I shall lose him!" The sight was truly blessed to behold. She afterwards requested Hymn 468 (Gadsby's) to be sung in the chapel after her death. She then gradually grew weaker and weaker. Just before she expired she raised her hand twice over her head, and then fell asleep in Jesus.

MARTHA EVANS.

ANN PEDLEY.—On July 30th, aged 78, Mrs. Ann Pedley, widow of Mr. Joshua Pedley, of Forest Gate, West Ham, Essex, many years deacon of the church at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London.

She was called by grace in early life. Before that unspeakable favour was bestowed upon her, she was careless of spiritual things, satisfied with herself and earthly enjoyments, and ignorant of her lost and helpless state, the requirements of the holy law of God, and his wrath against sin.

She was requested by a friend, one Sabbath afternoon, to go and hear Mr. Ovington, pastor of a Baptist cause at Clapham, preach. He took for his text Jno. vii. 46: "Never man spake like this man." When he read it, she had not the slightest knowledge to whom it referred; but as the servant of the Lord opened up the subject, and showed that it was Jesus Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, who was filled with wisdom and power, her attention was fixed upon him; and as he brought forward many of the solemn things spoken by the Lord, such as the necessity of being born again, of repentance for sin, and, like the poor publican, to cry for mercy, and the poor prodigal to go to his father, the Spirit of God, whose office is to convince of sin, righteousness, and judgment, caused them to sink into her heart, and have an abiding place therein.

But Satan does not like to see the Redeemer's kingdom flourish, and his Name glorified in the salvation of poor sinners. In our sister's case he began to stir up opposition, even to wrath; for, as she has told a friend, she tried to shake off these thoughts, saying to herself, "I have

heard and read about people having such thoughts and becoming Methodists; but I will not." When she could not suppress them, she would be angry with all she had to do with. She often said, "What a blessing mercy was free, and grace all conquering! If God had only offered me his grace, I should have spurned it from me, not knowing my need of Jesus as the sinner's Refuge." But as it is said in Ps. cx. 3, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power," so our dear sister was made willing to go and hear the gospel of free and sovereign grace, and attend Zoar Chapel, where she grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord.

The exact time or manner of her deliverance from bondage is not known; but a friend still living thinks it was about the end of 1826, as she well remembers her going about the house joyful, and often singing,

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue," &c.

"The wond'ring world inquires to know  
Why I should love my Jesus so?" &c.

"Had I ten thousand tongues,  
They'd all be far too few  
To give my Jesus all the praise  
And glory to him due."

The love of God being felt in the heart constrained our sister to come forth and declare before the church her desire to walk in the ordinances appointed by the King of Zion, who said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Her testimony being satisfactory to the church, she was baptized on the first Lord's day evening in Nov., 1827, before many witnesses. She continued a consistent member of the church till the time of her removal from the church militant to the "general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven." She was made a mother in Israel; and as Paul said of Phebe, "She hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also." Some of God's ministers, now in glory, could add, "And of us also."

Being well established in the things of God, she was often the means of speaking a word of encouragement to her dear partner, when ready to faint through the troubles of Zion, in which herself deeply shared, but by the grace of God never shrank from.

She was constant in her attendance on the means of grace as long as health and strength permitted, but was laid aside for several months before her death. As a friend used to remind her of what dear Mr. Tiptaft said in his last long sickness, "That after being the Lord's *active*, he was then his *passive*, waiting servant;" so she assented.

Her change was gradual, accompanied with great weakness; but she was enabled to be patient, and did not murmur, being sensible that she had many comforts that some of the Lord's afflicted ones were not favoured with.

As mentioned on the wrapper of the "G.S." last month, Mrs. Pedley was buried by Mr. A. B. Taylor, in the family vault in the City of London Cemetery, Ilford, Essex.

After reading several suitable portions of Scripture, Mr. T. made a few remarks on the solemnities which accompany death; in the course of which he observed that "death was the common lot of the human family; but," he continued, "the death with which we are now concerned is something more than the common death of men. It is the death and burial of a saint, one 'redeemed from among men;' and is truly one of the 'solemnities of Zion.' The solemnities of Zion are many. Every ordinance in God's house is a solemnity. The building itself is a build-

ing of living stones, brought together under very solemn circumstances indeed, and kept together by the power of God, through faith, until the solemn time come, when these lively stones are for a short time separated one from another by death. Friends, at parting, are called, oftentimes, to witness glorious solemnities at Jordan's brink, when the soul is about to take its flight to the world of spirits, to be with Christ, which is far better. And though many sobbing ones may surround the death-bed, and experience such solemn moments as they did not anticipate, yet the expectants of glory, those who may be there experience pleasure, solemn pleasure, to see a sister or brother about to change worlds. O how glorious! It is one of our solemnities indeed to see one removing from the kingdom of grace to the kingdom of glory."

After a short prayer, the grave was reached. It is a large tomb, in which many bodies are laid. When the body was let down, Mr. Taylor said, "We now lay in the cold grave the mortal remains of our departed sister, and say, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes. Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' One said, 'Let me bury my dead out of my sight.' O how soon after death the most beloved one becomes loathsome! Abraham buried his Sarah; Isaac buried his Rebekah; Jacob buried Leah; Joseph buried his old father; and, one after another, we bury our dead.

"The dear friend we have now laid in the grave was not only a Christian, but one who had much pleasure in making the ministers of the gospel comfortable under her roof. As a wife, she was a pattern; as a mother, she often felt her own guilt in tender indulgence of her offspring. But who can touch a mother's love? Who can limit it? And when she weeps tears the most bitter over slighted parental tenderness, no human hand knows how to wipe such tears away. From Zion, she will be much missed; for she was 'a succourer of many, and of myself also.' God grant that prayers and longings presented by her long ago may be answered in the experience of her offspring now around this tomb; and may they rise up to bless the God of their mother and grandmother when our grey hairs are laid in the dust.

"But, beloved, the dead shall rise again. Christ has risen from the dead; and so sure as he has risen, so sure shall all his redeemed rise. Yes, beloved, 'the earth shall cast out her dead.' The prophet says, 'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust.' All that are united to Christ rest in their graves till the trumpet shall sound, when 'the dead in Christ shall rise first.' When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then the iron bars of death shall be broken. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' We leave our beloved friend in the hand of him who hath died the death for the saints.

"Earthly cavern, to thy keeping  
We commit our sister's dust;  
Keep it softly, softly sleeping,  
Till our Lord demands thy trust.

"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."

A LOVER OF ZION.

A BELIEVER'S heel may be bruised, but his vital parts are out of reach.—*Elisha Cole.*

HE who lives in sin and expects happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.—*Bunyan.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

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

## COMING DOWN LIKE RAIN.

A SERMON BY MR. ABRAHAMS, PREACHED AT BEDWORTH.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."—Ps. LXXII. 6, 7.

You find in this psalm some very great and blessed things penned by David under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. They are as rich waters or streams from the Holy Ghost,—living waters in the soul of David. While they flowed in, he was enabled to pour them out; when they ceased, he was silent. The servants of the Lord, when the word of life does not flow, are obliged to be silent. He was so satisfied with what the good Lord had poured into him, at the same time helping him to deal it out to the people, that he uttered some puzzling words that the Holy Ghost has left on record, which must be puzzling to some persons in looking at the close of the prophecy: "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended." Did this mean that he prayed no more,—that he had done praying? O no. If he lived any time he was sure to pray. How long, think you, did he live without prayer? He would not have existed twenty-four hours without prayer. Therefore he must have meant that his prayers were ended for his son. Is there any dear child of God present whose prayer the Lord has answered according to his heart's desire? When the poor soul hath been praying for certain things, and when such things have been granted, I ask, Are not your prayers ended with respect to the petitions that have been answered? "O yes," say you, "and I must offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving. He has heard my mourning; my cry has come up before him; truly he has come into my heart, bringing into my very soul the fulfilment of every desire."

Then the dear child of God is all praise, and offers the sacrifice of thanksgiving. Such is the satisfaction, such is the substantiality of a precious Christ, that he comes down as the dew into the soul, according to my text, and according to the tenor of the whole psalm. The soul then sings, as the psalmist in ver. 19: "Blessed be his glorious Name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." When this is the case, we



can cease praying, and say, with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." How many times has this been your case? The Lord teaches his people, both Jews and Gentiles, all the same things. Many a time my gracious God in Christ has made my soul glad with the glorious and marvellous work of a Triune Jehovah. Many times, when this has been the case, I have wished to die and go to heaven. In that sense our prayers are ended, as there is no praying in heaven, but all rejoicing. Something like dear David, the child of God says, "Dear Lord, my heart is so full with thy goodness, that I have not another petition to offer, not another prayer to put up." Nothing then is wanting. We can then acquiesce in all his ways, feeling that they are all in accordance with his wise and sovereign appointments.

I trust I felt my Lord precious to my soul in prayer. Satisfied I am of this,—that it is of the greatest importance to be enabled to stick close to the spiritual meaning of the subject, knowing it is all the work of the blessed Redeemer, who has promised to give wisdom to his ignorant children. When in possession of this wisdom, the greatest and most learned will give up every display of their learning and criticism, and really bring forth what is brought to their minds by the Holy Ghost, willing to sit at his feet and receive of his words. For want of this wisdom, many who get into a pulpit, though as to natural learning very clever, yet as to all spiritual attainments the greatest novices. They set forth that something is to be done by the creature in order to obtain salvation. Thus they set their hearers to work; but it is of no avail. Salvation is complete, and bestowed without money and without price.

I heard a great man in London once say, and he seemed to talk very comfortably, that he had his morning's discourse ever since Wednesday. I thought I was very well off if I could obtain mine by Sunday. And this was said by a man greatly run after. My mind was made up to preach from a portion in the New Testament; and I was inclined to think that it was the portion I should preach from, at least once, if not twice. However, about half-past four this morning I awoke, and these words came into my soul: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." If you had given me all the world, I could not sleep for thinking of this blessed and glorious King of Zion, who was to come down as the rain on the mown grass. I could not give it up. There was no more sleep for me when the Beloved came. This was how I came by my text. Thus, dear child of God, I am not my own; I am bought with a price.

In speaking from my text I must be a little orderly. May the good Lord help me to open the Word rightly, that it may be done as God teaches; and so divided that it may all be put

together again. By the help of God, I will now show the order of my text; and will state,

I. The *objects* of this glorious King: "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son."

II. *How* this King is to come down: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."

III. His *coming down* on the mown grass; not sending down by his prophets, or priests, or any messenger, but coming himself.

I. The *objects* of this blessed King of Zion's care are those who were chosen in Christ by God the Father before the foundation of the world, predestinated unto the adoption of children, according to the good pleasure of his will. And you may be sure it is according to his first love, of which there are abundant evidences in the Word of God. It is the work of the Holy Ghost to bring nigh the objects of God's care, by applying the blood of sprinkling to their consciences, as it is written in the Word of God. There is no uncertainty about it. If you go to hear a man who gives an uncertain sound of the trumpet, how shall you prepare yourself for the battle? If you are a child of God, with your eyes opened, such a man will bring you into bondage and distress. If you do not believe it, go back to such, and solemnly and strictly listen to him, and watch him closely; and if you find him not as I tell you, then remain with him, and do not come here any more. The discourses of such a man are nothing but confusion. You cannot discern whether he is speaking to babes, children, young men, or fathers. It is all jumbled together, for you to choose from it. If that is the case, how can you make out to whom he is preaching? If he delivers what is called a gospel sermon in the morning, in the afternoon or evening he will turn it into offers and proffers, so that you must be very inconsiderate if you do not come in. How such men manage it, I cannot tell. I do not want to hear them.

This shows the necessity of the Word of the Lord being rightly divided. For instance, I trust many of you have come here this morning for the purpose of hearing what the Lord your God will say to you. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly." Your desire is that you may be enabled to discover to whom the word of the Lord is sent this morning.

The objects of the King of Zion's care, then, are called "*grass*,"—"grass of the earth." The holy and ever-blessed Spirit has in many places in Scripture used this term "*grass*." It was for this very reason that I read Isa. xl., in which this term is recorded by God the Holy Ghost; as also in Ps. ciii. 15 and 1 Pet. i. 24. In these passages all mankind are compared to grass; but the "*grass*" in my text setteth forth the children of God in a very particular manner. We read this morning: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass."

If you take notice of the idea in my text, it is *mown* grass; that is, grass after it is cut down. This is a figure exceedingly beautiful, referring to the first teaching of the Holy Ghost in the soul of man. It is clear, then, from all we see, that in the human race there is something very much like grass. When the grass grows up, it is fresh and green. There is something very beautiful about it, so that we frequently say, "How beautiful the grass looks!" Some looks ripe and fit for the mower's scythe; but when it is cut down, in a very few hours it is withered. Some imagine there is something of ability in them, as they walk, talk, eat, drink, and reason that they can do this, that, and the other. There is the grass, fresh and green. Would you make me believe it is dead? "No," says the vegetable life therein. From this, then, man would argue that there is an ability in himself to do something; and thus the poor soul is led to vow, determine, and promise what he will do. But, by and by, the Lord takes the man in hand. All at once the voice says, "Cry." "What shall I cry?" "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Then the grass will wither, and the flowers will fade. How comes this to pass? "Because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." There is the secret. When the Holy Ghost blows upon a poor sinner, in his mighty work and operations, he feels his beauty fades away. His glory is blighted. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

Thus Peter uses the same figure: "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." The Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. It is as much the work of God to bring down the proud heart as to exalt him to heaven. I am sure, however some persons may affirm that the men who bring forth these things are corruption-preachers, that neither the sin, nor the guilt, nor the inbred corruption that were in me, were discovered to my view till the Holy Ghost revealed them. At the sight I cried out, "Lord, I must go to hell! Lord, I am vile." I did not know this before, being brought up a Jew; I thought by fasting, praying, and giving of alms, I should upset the decrees of God. I attempted several times to pray. The Jews have long prayers; I could recollect a long list. I tried my Hebrew prayers, in all which there was not one word of God's salvation for my poor soul. But I was brought to feel the very power of the royal psalmist's words in my soul: "None can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him. For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever." Therefore, no man can redeem another; but both must be damned together who attempt this work, dying in a state of nature.

Here, then, is the mown grass in my text. Cut down, it withers, and is good for nothing. Thus the dear child of God knows what a mercy it is that he was cut down. It was to bring him to know what he was in himself. And that is the end of all real gospel preaching,—to abase the creature, and exalt and lift up Christ above all. As Kent says, it is

“All for the lifting of Jesus on high.”

When the Lord takes the sinner in hand, cuts him down, and shows him his awful state by nature, the poor soul feels well-nigh overwhelmed, and fears that Satan will surely swallow him up, and that he will become a prey to his teeth. A little respite is given, and he is led to see that, though the devil is mighty, Christ is Almighty. Christ is an Almighty Christ. He is the Saviour of his people, the King of glory. Christ has the care of his people; and as an Almighty Christ, he can manage mighty enemies. He is, as dear Romaine says, “A full Christ for empty sinners.”

II. “As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.” This portion of God's Word sets forth the fourfold likeness of the dear children of God, after grace comes unto them. The wind, coming over them, causes them to feel dryness, barrenness, and deadness. I do not know what some persons feel; I only preach what I feel. Some may say, “Can a child of God be in that state?” Paul said, when the devil touched him and vexed him, and it is the same with a minister of the gospel, “Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.” What was his meaning? That as an object of the grace of God, he was not only under his care, and secure, but his delight. When the Holy Ghost cut me down, withered me, made me feel, brought me under the law, tried me by it, and condemned me thereby, “sin revived, and I died.” Though I am an object of his choice, a recipient of his grace and love, his fear being in my heart, I am thankful; though I cannot make it all out, I come to the conclusion that it is better not to attempt it. All I know is, that being the object of his peculiar care, he is mine, and I am his; and, therefore, I am constrained to say with the spouse, “My Beloved is mine, and I am his.” And certain I am of this, that I shall be his care till he has brought me where he is. And as he has been pleased to reveal his grace in me, I dare not throw away his blessed promise.

The servants of God, whenever they attempt to speak to the dear people of God, should only utter what the Holy Ghost teaches them. My object may be to say one thing, but I may be led to speak of another. A poor wretched woman entered the tabernacle while Whitefield was speaking. She was so discarded that no one took any notice of her. She saw crowds going, and said she would go in. Standing near the door, and seeing such

an immense assembly, she thought she had better begone, as she was not fit for that blessed company. According to her idea, they were all good people. She felt herself too wicked for that company, and only fit for the devil. While this was passing through her mind, Whitefield began; and, being taught by the Spirit of God, was led to speak of Christ as the great Salvation of the poor and needy. She caught the words, and her ears were nailed to the door-posts. The good man went on speaking of the salvation of the church, and of Christ as the church's peace. He said that there might be some poor souls present to whom Satan had been suggesting they were lost, and that God did not care for such poor creatures. He said that Satan was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies. He then described the state of the man who fell among thieves, and was left half dead. Though the priest and Levite had no regard for him, but passed him by, yet the good Samaritan went to him, had compassion on him, and bound up his wounds; thereby proving that he was an object of his care. The Lord, through the instrumentality of the preacher, sweetly spoke to her soul, and she was set at liberty.

So a dear child of God, thus tempted, may have come here this morning, feeling himself one of the worst of characters. Let me tell him, there is the same consolation in the blessed gospel of God's dear Son for him. He comes down, he says, as showers. What a mercy that he should condescend to come down, as he has promised, "as rain upon the mown grass." There it lies, dead, cut off, withering; and there you may be sitting in the pew, as miserable as you can be. And sure I am, if the Lord does not come down into our souls, we cannot go up to him. Let no man reason you out of this. The Lord's people are a poor people, poor in spirit; no inherent grace or holiness in them. They were, when found by the Lord Jesus, cast out in the open field, with none to pity or pick them up but he. And when he passed by them, and picked them up, it was the time of love. Frederick the Great, of Germany, is represented, in a German town, on a horse, with an infant in his arms. The story is told that the poor child had been abandoned, or lost his mother. The king passed, picked him up, took him to a place of safety, and ordered him to be taken care of. So when the Lord speaks to us by his Spirit and his Word, he makes us hear a precious Christ. Yea, he does more; he reveals himself. What would be the use of speaking of his great salvation, and saying nothing of the Person of Christ? The Lord Jesus Christ must not be kept in the background. Men pretend to offer salvation to people who do not know anything of the offices and characters he bears. He has promised to be a Shepherd, to take the lambs in his arms, and that his poor sheep shall have his almighty arm to rest upon.

III. "He shall come down" as the King's Son, the King of Zion; as God over all, blessed for ever. He is, as the Holy Ghost ex-

presseth it, the Son of God, the King. "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son." By the Son of God I understand, not by his office, in a figurative sense; or by the woman's nature only; but the Son of God by covenant. He is by covenant arrangements the Son of God, the Second Person in the glorious Trinity, equal with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the Eternal Jehovah.

But in this expression, "coming down," something is intimated. There is a step taken by this Almighty King, the King's Son, Jehovah, the King of glory, the Eternal Jehovah, God the Creator of the ends of the earth. A countryman of mine, a Jew, once put this question very seriously to me: "Abrahams, if God, as we understand him, is the Creator and Eternal Jehovah, who is so immense that he fills all space, how could he dwell in the virgin's womb, in a body like to yours or mine? This is my greatest trouble in embracing Christianity." My reply was: "Do you believe the five books of Moses?" "Yes; I believe the five books of Moses." (There I had him fast; because Moses is everything with a Jew.) Then I turned to my Hebrew Bible, and read in Ex. xxv., telling him to listen while I read: "And thou shalt put the mercy-seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims, which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." I continued: "I understand by the Shekinah the Godhead and glory of God. It was the similitude of all his glory, made to dwell in this chest that Moses made. How do you understand this? If the Lord would condescend, according to his promise, who is incomprehensible to you, to dwell in this little place, made according to the pattern given in the mount, could he not dwell in a body of his own making, made expressly for the purpose?" "Well," said he, "that is a singular thing. I cannot make it out. The whole of the learned Jews have overlooked this, your father among the rest. And so I should be fearful to be baptized." There I left him.

"He shall come down." He is very high. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." How will he do it? The Holy Ghost says he will do it in this way: He shall come down and take upon him the seed of Abraham, in that nature being 'Immanuel, God with us.' He was the Word that was God from everlasting to everlasting. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This is what I understand by John, when he says, "For there are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One."

Now, as regards his coming down. In the economy of grace, "in the fulness of time, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them who were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." This was certainly great condescension, that the Son of God should engage to do the work. Whatever he engaged to do, that he performed. Hence he is called the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The thing is certain and sure. He came down really and truly, dying the death of the cross. What humility! "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." What great condescension! The royal psalmist speaks of this great condescension of the everlasting God in Ps. cxiii.: "Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth! He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people." How does he do it? "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet." If ever he bows the heavens and comes down into your heart, what does he find there? Darkness. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." "What!" say you; "were the Jews so wicked?" If you had had your will, you think you would not have said, "Away with him! Crucify him!" Ah, brethren, if left to ourselves, Gentiles and Jews are the same in this respect.

When the Holy Ghost discovers something of your heart to you, you will say, as a dear man of God, a clergyman, once said. He was a most singular man. George IV., who came to the Royal Chapel to hear him preach, said that "he read very correctly, but his preaching was ridiculous nonsense." After hearing him a second time, he said, "I cannot tell what to make of his preaching; if Brook is right, we know nothing about it." That was the truth. One of the ladies of the court was very partial to Mr. Brook. She once said she thought he set forth the human heart too bad. But he affirmed that he gave only a very slight description, and that only now and then; and told her that if the Lord opened her eyes she would see a great deal more. So it is with the poor child of God. Some may say, "This is not so. We are not so bad as you make us out. We can certainly do something." Yes, we can do something; and that is mischief. We can do nothing more.

But to return. Did the Lord ever come down into your soul? "He came unto his own." If you are his, it is by the gift of God from everlasting. Did he ever come to you? If so, you are members of his mystical body, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." For a long time this text tried me: "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." I thought God shone into my heart for

the purpose of damning me, and I could not make it out. I would not give a straw for that man's experience which is not proved by the Bible. One Bible saint said, "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?" There was the light searching him, but he did not comprehend it. Thus the true light shines more and more until the perfect day appears and all the darkness is driven away.

"He shall come down." What will compel him? His own love compels him. The Son of God agreed to come down; and the Holy Ghost anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows. He comes down to provide for his own people. Some of his people are very poor, and brought into great distress. Remember, he lived on barley loaves. He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." He had no resting-place. What a coming down was this! So, if a child of God is very poor, and so tried, at times, that he knows not where to get a bit of anything to eat, let him learn for his comfort that Christ came down to the utmost trial of his people. Is there a child of God here, down in temptation in such a way that he dare not name it? The gracious Lord came down as low as all that, for he was tempted in all things like unto his brethren. Are you tried? So was he. He came down into the very heart of the trials and afflictions of his children. Though you may be so cast down and dejected that you are fearful hell and damnation will be your lot,—so overcome with sin, law, and condemnation that you fear there is no escape for you, he condescends to come down. He came and was made a curse for us. What a low stoop of condescension was that, to make the dear Son of God, the holy, harmless, separate from sinners, to come so low as to be made a curse for us, that his people might be made the righteousness of God in him! He was not only made so by arrangements in covenant, but really did so. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written: Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." This cursed death he died, gave up the ghost, and was laid low in the grave, that he might for his dear people perfume the chambers of the grave. This is set forth by Isaiah: "Thy dead men," saith the Father, "shall live." The dear Son replied, "Together with my dead body shall they arise." "Awake and sing," said the Holy Ghost, "ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." This is "coming down," according to my text.

What is this "coming down" experimentally? I love the doctrines of grace, and from my heart love to preach them, independent of any man. If there were not a man in England that would believe them, still they are true, and, therefore, must be preached. It is better to feel the malice of men than to tell lies to God's dear people. Wherever the true grace of God in



the doctrines is, there is the saving health of all nations, the light of his countenance coming down.

“He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth.” Observe the metaphor: “Like rain upon the mown grass.” What is the meaning thereof? Why, coming down experimentally. If you were to see a field of grass, newly mown, in want of rain, parched and dry, the husbandman would long for a shower. Presently it comes. Says one, “I know there is a shower;” holds up his face, and feels the rain. So it is under the preaching of the word, when the poor soul finds his heart melting, his affections drawn up, by feeling the drops of the love of God the Father, pointing and drawing his affections to the Son, through the Holy Ghost breathing into his heart. “It *may* or it *may not* be his work,” says Satan; but you feel the refreshing when it comes. And you are led to cleave to the truth in the love of it when experimentally preached; but when men preach the doctrines only in the letter, and endeavour to set light by these holy breathings, these gentle dew-drops, these soft showers, these blessed gales of the Spirit, which cause thee to sigh and cry for the abominations done in the land, and for the abominations in thy heart, with a godly mourning and sorrow, it grieves you; “for,” say you, “under experimental preaching I am sure the Lord comes down. The work of God is in my soul. I feel the coming down; and I experimentally enjoy it.” The Holy Ghost tells us by Ezekiel: “And I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.” “The blessing of the Lord maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow therewith.” “My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.”

Thus, if the Lord sends his word into your hearts, what a comfortable, refreshing shower! How sweetly you feel,—like the latter part of my text, which I must leave for the present: “In his days shall the righteous flourish.” We never see so much flourishing as when the old man is dropping into the grave, and the grace of God shines into the heart, causing our face to shine. God grant that it may be our happy lot, for Christ’s sake. Amen.

[See our Sept. No., p. 385, for account of Mr. Brook.]

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## GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. XI. 28.

Dear Brother in a precious Hope,—I feel a desire to talk about these words of the dear Saviour, for I have felt their power. How tenderly compassionate they are! And how clearly and definitely their comfort is directed and limited to the poor, ignorant, and utterly helpless, both by the words themselves, describing the

characters as labouring and heavy laden, and by the declarations immediately preceding! Not by the exertion of any powers of our own, nor by any will of our own, but by revelation, according to the will of the Son, are these blessed gospel truths known and felt; and that revelation is made, not to the wise and prudent, not to the natural mind of men, but to babes; to the faith of God's elect, who all enter the kingdom of heaven as little children.

All do not labour, even naturally; and all who do labour are not heavy laden. Some have inherited riches, and need not work; some have accumulated enough, and can now take their ease; while some from indolence do not care to work. Those who may be called labourers in a natural sense, for the greater part, are able to support themselves by their work. But sometimes a labourer becomes maimed, halt, blind, or sick, and so falls behind in his work, which so accumulates upon his hands that he becomes heavy-laden with impossible tasks, growing weaker and weaker because he cannot earn enough to satisfy his wants, and from the disease working in his system. It is so in religion. Some have inherited their righteousness, as they suppose, from their parents, and have no need to work for it; some have already obtained an abundance by their work, and are now at ease in Zion; while others care for none of these things. Among those who profess to be working for salvation, how few are heavy-laden! Far the greater part are satisfied with their ability to work, and with what they perform, doing all that they suppose necessary to obtain the favour of God. But now and then one who has been going on satisfactorily in his work is suddenly checked by some weakness or pain, and from that time never satisfies himself again, but falls farther and farther behind, and grows less and less perfect in his work, until he utterly fails.

When Moses entered the court of Pharaoh and demanded the release of Israel in the name of the Lord, the children of Israel first felt the full power and malignancy of Pharaoh's hand upon them, and for the first time utterly failed to perform the work demanded, labouring under increased difficulties, and heavily laden with unfinished work. So when the law enters a poor sinner's heart, which is the beginning of the Lord's work in manifesting himself as the Deliverer of his people, sin, which had reigned there all the time, but had shown to the darkened sinner no necessity for more work than he could do, now manifests its power and malignant disposition over the poor trembling wretch, and sets him such tasks as he cannot perform, especially as he has to gather stubble for straw. We now see faults in all of our work; and when we try to do it over we only make it worse. Our prayers appear faulty; and when we try to pray in a more holy way we seem to be more wicked than ever in the sight of God. The entrance of the law into this court of sin works wonders; for "by the law is the knowledge of sin." If we try to satisfy the demands of the law by reforming our conduct,

as we shall certainly do, the very motives of our reform will appear black with sin in the sight of God. The law goes down with a searching power into the depths of the heart, discerning its thoughts and intents, and finding abominations there. We try in vain to control our thoughts or root out sin from the heart. This is an impossible task. And even could we do this, yet, as the law is the strength of sin, when one transgression has been recorded against us, we cannot remove it, but must suffer the penalty. And so "iniquities prevail against us." The work increases on our hands, and at the same time our strength grows less and less. "Hungry and thirsty" after righteousness, our souls faint in us. Sick and helpless, we still try to press on under the burden until we fall; and even then still try to creep along to our work, hoping against hope that we may yet be helped in some way to work out our deliverance from the curse of the law. For we can see no other way, any more than the lame man could at the pool of Bethesda.

O how weary are our souls now with this burden of sin! And with the burden of work we can never do. We have to give up at last, for we are heavy laden. We feel justly condemned; and, therefore, see no way to be saved; and yet as we give up we cry for mercy. Here is the change. No longer hoping for acceptance on the ground of work done by us; no longer praying as a duty; but now, in this great and terrible day of the Lord, calling upon his Name for mercy because we cannot help it. This is the passing of the poor sinner from death to life. It is the power of the dear Saviour's voice in the soul, saying, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." How sweetly it draws us into that holy, glorious rest! Twelve years ago I experienced this rest from unavailing labour, this peace of God that passeth knowledge, most unexpectedly, and just when I felt most unworthy of God's favour. And the first experience of it, with the unspeakable gladness it awakened within me, can never be told, nor ever be forgotten. The words through the application of which this rest and joy were experienced by my astonished soul were these: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

The words of the text constitute one of the sweetest invitations in the whole Book of God; and yet they are something, in my poor judgment, beyond an invitation. It does not leave the poor sinking, labouring, and heavy-laden soul the freedom to sink and die under his burden that a mere unapplied invitation would. With all the tenderness of an invitation, it has also the power of a command, which brings the soul to the enjoyment of that which is presented. I like the scriptural term, the word our Saviour uses: "Call." "He calleth his own sheep by name." "Saved and called." "As many as the Lord our God shall call." What would an invitation do for a poor bewildered babe (for these things are revealed unto babes) struggling under a burden too heavy for it? The Father does not invite his child to come

out from under the burden, to come away from the danger that is already upon it. But he calls, and accompanies the call with all the power that paternal love can bring to his aid. So infinite power accompanies this heavenly call, and brings us into rest. The dear Saviour shows us that he has finished the work which we could not do; and now where are the sins that so lately pressed us towards despair? We have done nothing to atone for them, but they are gone. They are sought for but cannot be found. (Jer. l. 20.) What love to the dear Name of Jesus fills our heart!

Often in our pilgrimage, when perplexed by worldly cares, pressed down and overburdened by a renewed sense of our sins and vileness, harassed by temptations and fiery trials, wearied by fruitless labour, do we experience again the sweet surprising power of these words, releasing our souls from perplexity, sorrow, and toil, and giving us to enjoy again the fulness of that holy peace and rest. How vain are all our efforts to overcome any of our enemies, to thaw our frozen hearts, to remove darkness from our minds, or the painful effect of sin from our conscience! But when the dear Saviour appears, the work is done. The Name of Jesus felt with power in the heart leaves nothing to desire. His sweet voice satisfies every yearning of the soul. The perfect love his presence awakens in the hearts of his people casts out all fear. O to know this by a blessed experience,—to be lifted like a little helpless babe in the everlasting arms and laid tenderly in the bosom of his love, there to rest for a little time in perfect peace, without the shadow of a fear or a want! Such a season the dear Lord gave me to enjoy once; but it cannot be described. Above the sorrow, pains, and joys of earth, the soul experiences a holy serenity and unspeakable blessedness.

Love to all the people of God must follow such an experience; tenderness towards their faults and infirmities; and also that trust that can leave them all in the hands of the dear Saviour. Wherever they are, we feel that he knows them, and will care for them. The churches of his planting in every part of the world, among all nations and languages, are under his gentle, watchful care. He knows the condition of each, and his hand is over them, whether in perfect health or in any degree of sickness, and he will supply all their needs. His love in our hearts leads us to desire and pray for their peace and prosperity. Though widely scattered, surrounded by different worldly circumstances, and perhaps appearing under different names and connected with some different forms, we yet think of them as branches of the one church, loved by the same dear Saviour, essentially of one mind, striving for the same faith of the gospel, and manifesting the teaching of experience, though some of them may be far away from gospel order in some points, and consequently from full comfort. But this holy love and confidence in our hearts will not cause any false charity towards Antichrist, but will

make us rejoice in the line which is so clearly drawn between the churches of God, however faulty, and the organizations of carnal men. The more the love of God fills our hearts, the more earnestly shall we contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, being jealous of his honour. And how restful we are in spirit while so contending against a gainsaying world, or struggling under any trial (while we experience the power of God's love, I mean; not at other times); for we know that he will defend his truth, and will raise up servants wherever he needs them to speak in its defence and to comfort his people. And we can leave ourselves, with all that it is given us to do, say, or suffer for his name, in his hands; knowing that he will do all his holy will, and desiring (in such a season of holy exaltation) only that his blessed Name be glorified.

SILAS H. DURAND.

Herrick, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, Aug. 9th, 1876.

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*THE BREAKER.*

SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,  
 Who bears the Breaker's wondrous name;  
 Sweet Name, which doth become him well,  
 Who breaks down sin, and guilt, and hell.

A mighty Breaker, sure, is he,  
 Who broke my chains, and set me free;  
 A gracious Breaker to my soul,  
 Who breaks, and also maketh whole.

He breaks through every gloomy cloud  
 Which doth my soul with darkness shroud;  
 He breaks the crafty hidden snare  
 Which Satan doth for me prepare.

He breaketh open gates of brass,  
 To bring his faithful word to pass;  
 And though with iron strongly barr'd,  
 None can this Breaker's work retard.

Great Breaker! Thy sweet love impart,  
 To break my hard, my stony heart;  
 Break forth, and shine upon my soul;  
 One look from thee will make me whole.

With beams of heav'nly grace break in,  
 And thereby break the power of sin;  
 Break through the hosts of mighty foes,  
 Which thee and thine so much oppose.

Break down my unbelief and pride,  
 And let me at thy feet abide;  
 And by experience prove, dear Lord,  
 Thou dost not, canst not break thy word.

*From a Magazine published in 1783, altered.*

## CONVERSION A REALITY.

Dear Reader,—I have now passed my sixty-sixth year, and, as a consequence of the flight of time, the wear and tear of life, feeling also, as the natural result of each, infirmities peculiar to age, as well as symptoms of organic disease, you must do me the credit to suppose that I am not an aspirant to fame, notoriety, or worldly aggrandisement. Could I deduct thirty years from my life, you might conclude that one motive or the other of those above-named might influence my pen; but, sensible that "there is but a step betwixt me and death," I must ask you to lay aside prejudice and groundless suspicion, and unhesitatingly accept the following testimony,—a testimony made as in the presence of God, who searcheth the heart, who knows what is in man, and who is acquainted with all the secret springs of thought as well as of action; made also in vindication of his revealed Word and Truth; and, I trust I can affirm, made with all godly sincerity, for the glory of the Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

You may possibly like to know my reasons for publicly disclosing the soul's transactions with the All-glorious invisible God, "the God of the spirits of all flesh," he who dwelleth between the cherubims. You might, moreover, call in question the propriety of my so doing. If so, I confess I have often entertained a similar thought; and that, too, in the face of the Scripture: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." (1 Pet. iii. 15.) But are these the days for keeping silence? Are these the days for ceasing to bear witness for God? Are these the days to be ashamed of Christ, or to confess what his grace has done for our souls? I think not. David invited all those around him who feared God to come and hear what he had done for his soul; and, however much the world may deride or laugh to scorn the theory of a supernatural religion, derision cannot do away with the fact, though it may seek to annihilate the truth, that there is yet a passing from death unto life, a being "born again," a being quickened from spiritual or natural death into a new-creature, or new-creation in Christ Jesus. With such an impression on our minds, we cannot but speak of things which, to use apostolic language, "we have seen and heard." Therefore, whether we do right "to obey God rather than men, judge ye."

Again. Should you desire to inquire why, after so many years of silence, I now write, I will tell you. My reasons are, because I have heard it stated in the pulpit that there "is no such thing as being called by grace." Moreover, being present very recently at a Bible reading, the leader, looking very earnestly around the room, asked, "Can any persons here tell *when* they were converted?" I did not then consider it a fitting opportunity to reply to his query, nor to enter upon the subject

of the Divine sovereignty in my own individual conversion; but when I reflected how much the conversion of the soul is set at naught and, alas! flatly denied, from the scientific professor through the pulpit and the press, to the scoffing peasant, it appeared to me that it might tend to the glory of God if I committed to paper the wonderful display of sovereign grace, the needless interference of man, and the all-sufficient power of the Holy Spirit to carry on his own work, and the fulfilment of his mission to "testify of Christ."

It was during the morning of Jan. 20, 1830, that my mother came to me and said, calling me by name, "Your father (an experienced medical man) says that John (the man-servant in the house) is very ill, and he does not know whether he may not die. I think we had better send round and put off the card-club; for it would be dreadful to think of cards in one part of the house and death in the other." I should here explain that, in order to promote sociability in the parish, the clergyman set on foot a weekly card-club, to be held alternately at each member's house; the established rule being for the company to assemble punctually at 5 p.m. to partake of a simple tea, after which to spend the remainder of the evening until 10 o'clock at cards. The day to which I especially refer happened to be that on which it came to my father's turn to receive the card-party. Being passionately fond of what I then thought a harmless amusement, but which in reality forms a little world in miniature, in which very nearly every evil of the human heart is apparent, if not developed, I was so unwilling to be disappointed that in reply I said to my mother, "John won't die. Let us wait until the afternoon, and see how he is; it will be time enough then to send round and put the party off." My mother yielded to my suggestion; the servant man did not get worse. The party came; cards were introduced; the evening passed away as other evenings had done, and each guest went to his or her home. Was there any consciousness of sin, or any sense of God's displeasure, at this time within my breast? None! I was intent on pleasure, seeking it in my own way; and the foremost to join in a quadrille or waltz wherever it was to be had. But, however the railer may attempt to deny it, there is a "set time to favour Zion." The time for my tabret and harp had ceased. Sublimar pleasures than earth can offer her votaries were in store for me, when I was to realize the truth that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths substantial paths of peace.

After the card-party had dispersed, I took my lighted candle to retire to bed; but thought, "I will first just go into the kitchen to inquire how John is." My mother had preceded me, and was standing before the kitchen fire with her bed-candle also lighted in her hand. We were alone in the large kitchen; but hearing footsteps approaching from the back stairs, near which was situated the servant's bed-room, we waited. Soon a most intimate friend of his came down the stairs, a

blacksmith, and one who in company with our servant had spent the Sabbath afternoons and often week evenings in going about from place to place, exhorting sinners, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. Seizing the opportunity, after replying to our questions about the servant man, he said, "Mrs.—, Shall I read a chapter before we part?" My mother, in return, said, "I have never any objection to hear what is good." So, with eyes closed, he began to tumble over the leaves of an old Bible kept in the kitchen for the use of the servants. It might have been that his eyes were closed in silent prayer; be this as it may, he at length selected Rev. xvi., and began to read, sometimes pronouncing the words right, and as often wrong. However, it was not himself, his manner, nor want of learning which arrested my attention. No! It was the Word of God, which was both sharp and powerful, keener than any two-edged sword, which absorbed all my thoughts; for as this illiterate blacksmith read on, verse after verse, the inquiry arose, "If those judgments are to fall on a guilty world, what will become of *me*?" The truth, at the same time, flashed on my mind, that God was true and could not lie; and again and again came back the question, "What will become of *me*?" The chapter being finished, the reader then said, "Perhaps, Mrs.—, you will not object to my offering up a little prayer." My mother again assented, and we each knelt down; when still the question in my mind, "What will become of *me*?" over-topped, as it were, all his petitions.

With the same inquiry uppermost, I went to my bed, when the impression was lost in the slumbers of the night. The servant did not die; but on the next morning the same question returned, but with deeper and more intense interest than on the preceding night. Momentous as the question was to my peace, it was a secret locked within my own bosom from father, mother, brother, sister, minister, or friend. I began, too, to feel there was *no escape* for me from those judgments which *must* inevitably fall on mankind. No! there was no escape. Go where I might, be employed as I might, there was the indwelling thought embittering all. Ah! dear reader, those only know the pangs of a guilty conscience and how deep are the wounds of sin, who are convinced, convicted, arraigned, and brought to judgment by the Holy Ghost. As it is written: "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

With this inquiry uppermost in my mind, could anything of earth afford me pleasure? The charms of amusement were gone; the society of others became distasteful; yea, what even did beauty or admiration avail to one who felt, with keenest anguish, that God's wrathful indignation must shortly be endured, and that, when life was ended, after death came judgment? The before-neglected Bible was sought; but its threatenings against ungodliness seemed only the portion to belong to me. Then, too, the remembrance that my prayers were only, as it were, accidental,



a repeating of the Church of England prayer: "Lighten our darkness, O Lord, we beseech thee;" and before its completion falling soundly asleep, added to my guilt and condemnation, and extorted more fervently, if possible, the cry, "What can I do? How can I be saved from everlasting destruction?" I resolved to live without sin, but failed. I tried to think *only* of God, but found my thoughts unawares fixed on some earthly object. I tried to do as the Church Catechism taught: "To love God with all my heart, and soul, and strength, and my neighbour as myself." But of what use was this? For louder than the voice of good intentions or natural resolves came the inquiry, "But how have you lived hitherto?" Conscience again pointed out that the object of man's creation and his life should be to glorify God; but that *I* had lived for myself; and that instead of glorifying him I had lived in pleasure, and mis-spent my precious time in singing, dancing, and card-playing; living, in fact, as if there were no God. Again I endeavoured to extract comfort from a survey of the moral law, or ten commandments; saying, "I have not broken *this* commandment, and have not broken *that*." But O! With what power came those words into my mind: "The wicked shall be turned into hell; and all the nations that forget God." O, the increased agony those words inflicted! "Yes," I said, "although I have not broken the commandments outwardly, yet from this I cannot escape. I have *forgotten* God, have lived in utter forgetfulness of God, and *must* consequently be turned into hell." I endeavoured to prevent sleep, fearing I might awake in endless torments. Again and again, throughout days of mental anguish, did I fall on my knees and beseech forgiveness; but little ease came to my mind, or, if any, it was momentary and transient. I sought not to human counsellors, and to ask the advice of religious friends never once entered my mind. No, the wounded spirit shrank from publicity. I tried to read religious books which were in my way; but being of a legal nature they only added sorrow to sorrow; whilst the certainty of judgment and the punishment of sin were ever present to my view. All hope vanished; the bottomless pit stood, as it were, open to my sight, with all its pitch-darkness; whilst a sort of thunder appeared to reverberate along its sides. With what awe and trembling did I again kneel down, considering myself a hopeless, helpless, lost sinner, yet with the fullest conviction that *nothing* I could myself do could save me from hell! Truly my prayers were little more than ejaculations for mercy, the cry of a contrite, broken spirit, without a ray of hope or expectation to counterbalance the certainty of being lost for ever.

On my knees, in my solitary chamber, and when in this state of distress, there seemed to come into my heart a little whisper, "Go to Jesus." I replied in thought, "I have heard that there was once One who lived, called Jesus; but *who* he was, or *what* he was, I do not know. But I will ask him to save me from hell; and if *he* does not, nothing else can!" At this time, having

found no relief by prayer to God abstractedly, I poured out my heart's misery to the then Unknown God, Jesus Christ. And having staked my eternal all on his mercy and kindness, I felt, though slightly, more consolation, and fell asleep.

I awoke early on the following morning, Jan. 28th, full of the deepest anxiety for salvation, and yet equally hopeless as to any means I could employ for its attainment. All other channels of hope being dried up, with nothing but the mercy and compassion of Jesus to rely on, again and again did I pour out my prayers to him, clinging to him as a shipwrecked sailor would cling to a floating plank or to a rock for rescue from the devouring wave. Suddenly, with a divine but indescribable power, come these words into my heart: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God." (Jno. xx. 28, 29.) O! I felt indeed then that Jesus was both *my Lord and my God*. A heavenly peace and tranquillity flowed into my heart. The fear of death vanished; and instead there was an intense longing to depart and be with Jesus. Where then were those sins the burden of which had been before so intolerable? All gone! Where, too, the ghastly sight of the bottomless pit? It was exchanged for bright rays of heaven. That fear which had manifested such torments was gone, and the love of God was shed abroad, animating every thought and directing every word in heavenly praise and joyful gratitude. Groans were no longer mine, and tears gave place to smiles. Then, too, did my eyes appear opened to discern the impress of Jesus in all the surrounding works of nature. I could see his fingers in the formation of a leaf as well as in the springing blade of grass. I searched the Scriptures for information about Jesus, as diligently as I might before have sought for hidden treasures. My heart then clung to the people of God, to his house, and to his ordinances.

Truly old things had passed away, and all things had become new. So evident was the change in my tastes and pursuits, that he who subsequently became my husband inserted in his diary, "——— become a saint!" But Satan, though mercifully forbidden to destroy, soon began to worry, by suggesting, "All this will soon pass away, and you will turn out a backslider or prove a hypocrite. How can you expect to be able to continue these frequent prayers?" Being altogether ignorant of his devices, and ignorant of the very meaning of the word temptation, the very thought of turning my back on him who had been so full of love, of tenderness, and of mercy towards me, filled me with dismay; but, as I have previously stated, neither kinsman nor friend possessed a knowledge of what transpired between the all-seeing God and my soul. There was no human intervention, no priestly monitor solicited; to the Fountain of all truth did I, with childlike importunity, apply. And that God who had by

the Holy Spirit implanted within my breast a jealous fear that I might become more than ever in love with the pleasures of the world, might again be numbered with those who had no fear of God before their eyes, might at length fall into the pit of destruction, himself condescended to apply a soothing balm; and by this extraordinary means—viz., by a dream. One night, after being the subject of many fears that I should eventually “fall away,” I dreamed that I was sitting in the corner of our dining-room window. There were present three or four of my former intimate acquaintances; and whilst swinging round a small black silk bag, there fell out from it a small piece of folded paper, which, on seeing one of my friends take up, I exclaimed, with intense anxiety, “O! Give it to me, for I would not lose it for the world. It is a promise from the Lord: ‘I will keep thee as the apple of my eye.’” Never before then had I even imagined a similar passage was in the Bible; but it was written as with the finger of God upon my heart; and for many, many years afterwards, through scenes of trial and of danger, this, as it must be granted, divinely-sent message was as a stay or a staff on which my soul leaned.

Dear reader, can you again doubt, after what has been stated, that the religion of the heart is of divine origin? And will you hereafter disbelieve the reality of true or heart religion, or the reality of being called by grace? I do not tell you that all those whose names are written in heaven undergo the same measure of conviction of sin, or that such a clear and blessed realization of the truth of those words is vouchsafed: “To give knowledge of salvation to his people by the remission of their sins.” (Luke i. 77.) No; God is a Sovereign. He bestows his grace *to whom* he likes, *when* he likes, and *as* he likes; and, therefore, I would say to those who know what the burden of sin means, who feel that they are destitute of all righteousness, that they cannot mend what is so hopelessly broken, who are earnestly asking, “What must I do to be saved?” and are inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, to all such I would say, with the prophet: “Wait upon the Lord that he may be gracious. Seek him with your whole heart,” as your only Refuge from the wrath to come. “Seek, and ye shall find.” “Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings;” when you, too, shall sing of mercy as well as judgment, and testify also of what God has done for your soul.

But to those who have clothed themselves with a cloak of religion, adopted the form of godliness whilst ignorant of the vital change within, the change of heart, with all affection I would say, Your profession will be as useless to support you in the hour of death as a spider’s web. Your foundation of hope will then slide away as shifting sand; the sparks you have kindled will go out in utter darkness; and your bed of early profession will be found too short for your wants. May the Holy Spirit be pleased to put the same solemn inquiry into *your* mind

as was so indelibly imprinted on mine: "When God's judgments are poured out on an ungodly world, what will become of me?" And may the same blessed Spirit lead you on, step by step, for safety here, and eternal blessedness hereafter, to him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. And to the Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shall be ascribed all and endless praises. Amen. A. H.

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### THE GRACE OF GOD.

THE word *grace* has in it a sweet sound to all who are taught of God. To others it is hateful, because it cuts at the root of the matter, and does away with the sinner's merits and free will. The carnal mind revolts at the rich, free, sovereign grace of God, and deprecates the idea of salvation being entirely of the mercy of the Lord.

"By grace are ye saved;" that is, by the free, unmerited favour of God. In this word all the blessings of the everlasting covenant are summed up; mercy to pardon all our sins, the regeneration of the Holy Spirit, the imputed righteousness of Christ to cover our souls, and eternal life in glory above. Salvation, then, does not depend upon man's acceptance; neither are we able to accept or reject at our own will. By grace all who are in the happy number of God's elect shall be saved; for "by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Grace, then, is the spontaneous act of eternal love; for how can it be of grace if it depends upon the sinner? Truly the grace of God hath appeared unto us, bringing salvation; that is, unto those who know their lost and ruined state by the fall, and realize the condemning power of the law. Notice how plain and unmistakable the words are: "By grace are ye saved, through faith." "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Therefore, if we have no faith, we are yet in our sins; or, in other words, not manifestly saved; therefore destitute of the grace of God. For wherever there is that faith which is vital and wrought by the Spirit in every regenerate heart, there the grace of God is manifested. Unregenerate men may believe in God as Creator or Maker of all things, and in his providence; but the faith here spoken of is altogether different from what we may possess in our dark state by nature. It is a loving faith, the free gift of God.

If, then, we possess this faith, we are amongst the elect. We may doubt it ourselves, and think we are being deceived, or are deceiving our own hearts, because we feel so many doubts and fears, and sometimes think that, after all, we are in the wrong. But this does not alter the fact; for salvation is of the Lord, and depends upon him whose love is always the same, and whose eternal purpose in Christ towards the family of his choice cannot be changed by man or devil. Not all the power of earth and hell combined can shake the foundation or security of

the people of the Lord. The Word of God is: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

Here, then, we have the blessings of the new covenant, not offered, but brought to us by the mercy of Jehovah. O the freeness, fulness, and boundlessness of grace! No room for works here: "Not of works, lest any man should boast." Truly, if it were left to our choice, we should be lost for ever. "We love him, because he first loved us." How different God's way from man's.

The text, too, is very clear as regards the safety of Christ's people. "By grace are ye saved." Not, as some say, if you are true and faithful. Who can say he is faithful? How true it is that the more we know of our own hearts the more ready shall we be to acknowledge our unfaithfulness! Nay, the elect are in Christ; and, therefore, enjoy all the blessings of redemption, and are saved with a present and eternal salvation. They are in the keeping of him who has all power in heaven and in earth. Therefore, they cannot be lost, but are kept by the power of God unto salvation. The saints above are more happy than those below, but they are not more secure. They enjoy the bliss of paradise, and bask in the sunshine of Divine favour; they sing the songs of heaven, and are blessed; they gaze on Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely, and hold sweet and uninterrupted communion with Jehovah,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Yet all who are below are safe. In short, all who love God and are the called according to his purpose shall reach that place where Christ is. May we be found among that happy number, and then we shall indeed be blessed.

Tottenham.

T. H.

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## CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

*To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.*

Dear Brethren, whom I love in the Lord, I can say in my heart, mercy and peace be with you. Though I have been so long in writing to you, it has not been for want of love and affection; for your welfare lies near my heart, and I can say you are often with me in my addresses to your God and my God, to your Father and my Father. Is it not surprising that such worms of the earth should ever be favoured with such a privilege? To call him *Father*, what is to equal it? Nothing in this world.

My dear friends, I still find plenty of work for faith and patience. Indeed, I have been for these last nearly twenty years expecting more ease, the path smoother, corruptions stiller, the devil more peaceable, and the world more at a distance; and, poor fool that I am, I have wanted to get above trouble. But instead of me getting above it, it often gets above me; and, dear friends, instead of the devil being more peaceable, I really think sometimes he

is ten times more savage with me than ever; for sometimes he tells me that I cannot prove the Divinity of Christ. And, indeed, when I get into the dark and consult reason upon it, I cannot; for it is out of the reach of reason. But, bless his precious Name, I have proved what the poet says to be a real truth:

"That Christ is God I can avouch,  
And for his people cares;  
For I have prayed to him as such,  
And he has heard my prayers."

And this I know he has done many times, both as a God of providence and grace, when all other refuges have failed. I have proved him to be my present help in trouble, "A Hiding-place from the wind, a Covert from the storm, as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land." There is a deal of difference, friends, between a little head knowledge of Christ, as revealed in the letter, and the power of it revealed to the heart by the Holy Ghost in answer to prayer. And this the Lord's people know by experience; for we are not to learn God's truth as school-boys learn their lessons; but we are to be witnesses. "I, even I, am the Lord; and besides me there is no Saviour. I have declared, and have saved, and I have showed when there was no strange god among you; therefore ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God." And we have proved the truth of it in our experience, both for body and soul, time after time.

The Lord was pleased to favour me with many precious visits for several weeks, after I left London last time. I had much intercourse with him, both in public and private, and found the work of the Lord to be pleasant to my soul. Indeed, I could view the bulwarks of Zion, and count her towers, and speak of her beautiful situation, the joy of the whole earth, exalt her King, set forth her provisions, describe her beauty and strength, and, at times, my tongue indeed was like the pen of a ready writer, and I did hope I should never be such a fool again. But, alas! alas! What I have passed through of darkness, deadness, and horrid abomination is out of my power to describe. No more spirit of prayer, no more intercourse with God, no more light in the Bible, no more love to God, his cause and people, at times, in exercise, than if I was a devil. Time after time in the pulpit shut up and in chains, and verily believed in my heart that God would stop my mouth as surely as I was born. And instead of these things humbling me, I raged and raved, foaming with madness against God. My dear friends, I blush to go on any further. I do not wonder at the dreadful abominations committed in the world by professors and profane; but I am astonished things are no worse.

I am as confident of it as I am this moment writing that it is by grace I am saved, through faith; and that not of myself. It is not of works, lest any man should boast. And I am heartily thankful, at times, for a covenant of grace, that is ordered in all

things and sure; for a justification in Christ Jesus without works to the ungodly that believe in Jesus; for a complete salvation through the blood of Christ that forbids damnation finally to take place in the vessels of mercy; for an Almighty power to keep; and for the many exceedingly great and precious promises, which are all Yea and Amen. My dear friends, if it were not for such things as these, I must sink for ever in black despair, and never more lift up my wretched head to the place where God's honour dwelleth. But, bless his dear Name, he brings us through the fire, and through the water, neither to consume us nor drown us; but to cleanse us, empty us, strip us, purge us, and bring us from all other gods but himself; for he will not give his glory to another, nor suffer his praise to be given to graven images. And bless his dear Name, who should have the glory but himself, who loves so freely, provides so mercifully, keeps so powerfully, delivers so wonderfully, cleanseth so effectually that there is not one thing wanting? When he is there all is perfectly right; the way is right; the circumstances are right; every trial, cross, loss, affliction, whether of body or of soul, all are right when he is there to commune with us by the way.

I have been quite struck with astonishment, when I have been so shut up in preaching, to see the Lord bless the word. Particularly one Lord's day, not long ago, I did really believe it would be the last time that ever I should be able to speak. I went to chapel full of nothing but misery, and preached in chains. Several poor souls were constrained to come to me, and tell me they had lost their burdens, guilt, misery, and bondage; and in particular, one of them, who had been in bondage four years and a half, and had entirely given it all up for lost, with a determination never to think more of it, was sweetly set at liberty. Her stammering tongue did speak so plainly of the power, the love, the grace, mercy, kindness, compassion, and tenderness of her God and Saviour, and the good Lord so came with her, and it so melted my frozen heart before my God, that I wept for sorrow and joy; for sorrow to see my dreadful pride and rebellion, because the Lord did not give me that liberty which I desired; and joy to see his sovereign mercy, grace, and kindness in bringing the vessels of mercy to his sweet banqueting house, and his banner of love over them. My dear friends, it humbled me, and crumbled me into nothing before him, to think that he should ever own such a poor, vile, ungodly fool as I for his mouth, and cause the golden oil to pass through such a pipe. It so humbled me that it beggars my poor speech ever to describe it. I know such things bring me willing to be anything or nothing, that God may be glorified.

Dear friends, I understand the Lord is with you, and giving testimony to the word of his grace. It rejoices my soul to hear it; for I do wish well to the cause of God and truth. I pray God that his Word may run and be glorified; and my prayer

to God for you is that he will direct you in all things, that you may ever have his presence to go before you, his power to keep you, his love to comfort you, and his Spirit to guide you into all truth. I understand Mr. Vorley is with you; give my love to him. May the God of Jacob be with him, and favour him with sweet access to him, and much communion with him. My prayer to God is that his preaching may not come in word only, but in power. Give my love to all the friends; and the God of peace be with them all. And, dear friends, pray for me, a poor worm.

Yours in Him,

Trowbridge, April 29th, 1820.

JOHN WARBURTON.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 494, Vol. XL., 1874.)

### CHAPTER IV.

*Verse 16. "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."*

We have already considered the church, or individual believer, as the garden of Christ, planted, cultivated, as well as selected by the Lord. This church, this believer in Jesus, is his place of delights. He loves to hold communion with his saints. This is the habitable part of God's earth, in the contemplation of which he rejoiced from eternity, delighting in these sons of men. (Prov. viii. 31.)

But what a strange aversion to divine and spiritual things remains in God's people, even after they are called by his grace! There is a nature in them whose language is: "He is altogether lovely."

"O beauty, beauty rare!

Ten thousand thousand heavens are not so fair."

There is also another nature in them, which says, "He has no form nor comeliness; neither is there any beauty in him that we should desire him." He is despised and rejected of the merely carnal nature in his own people. The light shines through a new-creation work in the midst of this darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. In one believer there is both Egypt and Goshen. They are in respect to the old nature darkness and enmity to God; in respect to the new, light and love to the Lord. Through these opposing principles they have at once a panting heart after communion with Christ, and a heart that cleaves to the flesh-pots of Egypt. "When shall I come and appear before God?" cries the new man of grace. "We want none of his ways," says the old corrupted nature. Now, sometimes one of these principles gets the upper hand in the Christian; sometimes the other. "When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth; but when the wicked rise, a man [the new man of grace] is hidden." (Prov. xi. 10.) Thus, sometimes the child of God is most in the new nature; sometimes, alas! most in the old. Or, in other words, for a season the new nature prevails against the



old and over the whole man; then again the old nature gets greatly the ascendancy. "Iniquities prevail against me." "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity." Augustine well describes this conflict of the two natures in his Confessions: "Thus two wills, the old and the new, the flesh and the spirit, contended within me, and between them tore my very soul. . . . I indeed was actuated by both; but more by that which I approved than by that which I disapproved."

Now from this it arises that the child of God who, at times, seems swallowed up in desires after Christ and communion with him, to such an extent that he appears in favoured moments to be all desire, perhaps suddenly relapses into a state of apathy, coldness, and seeming indifference. "None but Jesus" is the embodiment of his heart's feelings; and then he is wondering at himself to find that Jesus and eternal life and glory appear objects of hardly any concern at all to him. Well may one describe us in the following words:

"But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,  
Faint and imperfect emblems are;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So fickle and so false as we."

And well may he breathe out his godly lamentation and desires thus:

"With flowing tears, Lord, we'd confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness;  
When shall these hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd on thee?"

This wretched fickleness and this miserable apathy and undesirousness through the flesh are indicated in the words we now purpose, through God's grace, to give a few thoughts upon.

Some gracious men,—men, too, at whose feet, in divine things, we are content to sit, have considered that the words "Awake, O north wind; and come thou south," &c., are the words of the spouse. We do not agree with them in this matter. They may be right, and we wrong, for we dare boast of no infallibility. We are too conscious, we hope, of our ignorance and liability to err for that; but we give our view, whilst by no means despising theirs. Where what we think a mistaken interpretation is in harmony with the general testimony of the Word of God and gracious experience, we do not wish to parade our opinion in a vain-glorious way, as if we were wiser than others and despised them.

Our view of the text, then, is this,—that the Bridegroom, the Lord Jesus, still continues to speak in the first part of this verse. Seeing some dear child of his, or some church and body of his people, in a torpid and carnally secure and indifferent state, and purposing to hold communion with them in love, he proceeds to use those means which shall answer this end, by stirring up and arousing the slumbering faculties and torpid desires of their souls. Then, in the end of this verse we have the spouse re-

sponding to all this; Christ's design being answered, and vehement desires after Christ and communion being expressed in these words: "Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

Such is our general scheme of the verse. And now let us go a little into particulars. Observe, again, we suppose the children of God, in spite of all Christ may previously have said to them and done for them, to have sunk into a condition of great carnal security and spiritual undesirousness. Like the Laodiceans, they may have got into a vain, self-conceited, complacent condition, counting themselves rich and increased in goods, whilst forgetful of their being wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. They may have still the greatest orthodoxy of opinions, not deviating, so far as the form goes, a hair's-breadth from the soundest sentiments. They may even contend for such things, and this with considerable zeal and vehemence. They may still walk in the exact routine, too, of outward godliness, attend the means, keep the ordinances, be exact in family worship, and have their very walls adorned with texts of Scripture in the largest type; and yet the Lord's Word, by his Spirit, may be "a name to live." "I have not found thy works perfect before God." O how easy it is for such poor creatures as we are to die out of the experienced power of godliness, whilst retaining all the outside form thereof, and whilst, even with vehemence, contending for the form of sound words and sound practice, lose sight of the essentials of godliness, a daily sense of sin, repentance, faith in the Lord Jesus, and holy sweet communion in him with God! Some, alas! that we are apt, too forgetful of ourselves, to despise, may, perhaps, have with less clearness of judgment greater soundness of heart than we possess, who, whilst boasting our orthodoxy, may be sadly defective in earnest desires, thoroughness of purpose, and a daily life in our closets with our God. I write, at any rate, of myself in this matter; and my heart feels the force of the words:

"Better's a babe that would be wise  
Than those who mind high things;  
Whose long profession scorns advice,  
Those old and foolish kings."

"Lord," say I, at times, "make me a wise child; and give me not over to the folly of fancying myself something when indeed and in truth in and of myself I am only 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' O Lord, grant me, as a poor child, thy peace, and keep me far from self-conceit and improper disputings which

"' Only 'gender strife,  
And gall a tender mind;  
Whilst godliness, in all its life,  
At Jesu's cross I find.'"

Now the children of God being in such a state, what course is the Lord Jesus pleased to take? We know he is a Sovereign,

but at this time he is pleased to bid the north wind wake and the south wind blow, and thus effect his purpose. "Awake, O north wind." The natural heart is entirely opposed to the ways of God; hence natural men are for dancing when God calls to mourning, and for mourning when God pipes to them. (Matt. xi.) Thus natural men, loving ease and carnal security, hate the searching rebuking Word of God; and say to preachers, "Speak to us smooth things; prophesy deceits." They must have nothing but loving Johns, as they call them, for their preachers; and God frequently punishes them by giving them what they desire. When God's children are at all in their right minds they tremble at the thought of all this. They know full well that they have a sad amount of folly about them, and that there must be a rod for the fool's back; and they dread the thought of being unrebuked and unpunished. They know God says, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And again: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." They would sooner be chastened children than spared reprobates. But sometimes, if they get into very fleshly states, they become too like natural men and dead professors. "My people," says God, "love to have it so." Will, then, the Lord humour these vain desires of his people's fleshly natures? Though even ministers, at times, swerving from integrity, and wanting to please the hearers, may hold back the sword of the Spirit from the blood of old nature, Christ will not. The life of the old man is the death of the new. The old man, then, must be crucified and mortified, that the new may live. "By these things men live." "If we would judge ourselves we should not be judged" by the Lord. But when we will not, but are for sparing ourselves and sin, we shall in mercy be chastened of the Lord, that we may not be condemned with the world. O! These flesh-sparing ministers are to be dreaded. Christ's rods and strokes are to be prized. "Let the righteous smite me friendly," says David; "but let not their precious balms break my head," misleading my judgment, deluding my mind, and injuring my heart.

Well, then, the Lord, who is faithful and true, here first calls for the north wind to awake. But what is this north wind? As we understand it,—Adversity. Not only the Holy Spirit as convincing of sin, but adversity generally. We include spiritual convictions, but understand the words to have a more extensive meaning. Some have limited the application of the word Wind to the Holy Spirit; we enlarge the application. The north wind is a cold rough wind; and, therefore, represents to us that which is trying and painful to God's people. For instance, there may be the north wind of outwardly adverse circumstances. A child of God may be pinched with poverty. He may be poor by birth, or, what is far more trying, may have been reduced to poverty from a naturally higher position and better condition. The beggar lying at the rich man's gate represents to us a child of God in extreme outward destitution; and we know that a son of the pro-

phets, in Old Testament times, died in debt. Now, of course, this is not recorded to encourage or sanction God's people, ministers or others, in extravagance, imprudence, or sloth, and in dishonestly incurring debts with no reasonable prospect of paying them; but it plainly shows us that the north wind of pinching poverty may blow upon the child of God.

There may be the north wind of persecutions of various kinds for them. The Papists may relight their fires, or others may afflict God's saints just as much; but, like Julian the apostate, in more refined ways. Persecutions, too, may arise to a man in the midst of his family, his intimates, yea, the external church of God,—persecutions of the tongue, persecutions of action, perhaps, in reality, more trying than when they come in the grander and more glorious form of a martyr's fire.

There may be the north wind of sickness of body falling upon ourselves, or what is more distressing to a tender, sympathetic, unselfish heart, upon those we love; we may be racked with pain as to our own bodies, or racked with pain of heart when we see the sufferings of those we love.

There may be the cutting north wind of Divine rebukes in the conscience. A man may be so left of God, as to consolations, after he has known the Lord, that he may draw near to the gates of hell; yea, be as one that inevitably goeth down into the pit. O the anguish of a guilty conscience when, through Satan's temptations and God's withdrawings, the snares of death lay hold upon a man and the pains of hell! Or, even if he does not sink into so despairing a place, there may be the crying out on account of broken bones, through a just estimate of the baseness of a man's ways. The backslider, even if he hope, returns to God in Christ with weeping and supplication. When God arouses conscience to its work, and the heart, awakening from a state of torpor, has fresh life infused into it, then the wretched state and condition of the man is perceived and felt.

But let us look a little more closely at this, and see how these cutting convictions may work in the cases of those who have even been espoused to Christ. We know that the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of truth, works in and by and agreeably to the Word of God, and only according to the real truth and state of the case; and we also know that the Word of God condemns all sin; it must do so, being God's pure Word. But in the cases of those who have not believed in Christ, it does more; it condemns altogether at the judgment-seat of God both sin and sinner; the sinner in and for his sin, from which he cannot be separated. Whereas, in respect of those in Christ, it can only completely condemn the sin. The believer stands always, as to his person, justified and accepted in the Beloved. Peter was to be blamed, and his sin condemned; but in his person he stood justified before the throne of God; and the Word, in the truth and Spirit of it, could not condemn him. But now, in experience, when a child of God has got into a carnally-secure state, and

become conformable, in some considerable degree, to the old man of sin, and God arouses conscience again, and sends in his Word in a way of reproof, pointing out the evil of some wrong way, and the evil of walking in it, conscience, through the workings of legality, unbelief, ignorance of God's Word, and temptations from Satan, will sometimes go too far; and he who is still a child of God in Christ may tremble with apprehensions of the wrath of God and eternal judgment.

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

And this, by the way, should show us the importance of the precept: "Grieve not the Spirit;" and the great trouble we may bring upon ourselves by so doing. No one can maintain us in the power of Gospel truth but the Spirit of God; and when he is grieved, the north wind may blow, not only to the extent of paining our hearts for sin and ingratitude, but in experience it may blast all comfortable assurance, wither all our joys, and fill us with grief and legal anguish of spirit. Thus the heir of heaven may be to himself like the heir of hell, and as one that goeth down into the pit.

This, then, will show us how a child of God may, after enjoying liberty and assurance, get into bondage again; and thus, as David, have to cry unto the Lord, "Establish me" afresh in peace and liberty "by thy free Spirit."

The truth is, God cannot deny himself; neither in his Word nor by his Spirit can he condemn that which is in Christ. "For there the Lord promised his blessing." And of those in Christ he says, "As I have sworn that the waters shall no more cover the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." There is no more legal and complete condemnation. But, then, there may be Fatherly chastisements and rebukes for sin; and then, as we have said, the legal spirit remaining in us and much unbelief, if the Holy Spirit withdraw his assuring, witnessing, comforting power, we may fall into the deepest trouble, and be as those who go down into the pit, get into Doubting Castle, and the hands of Giant Despair, and not escape until our bones have been broken with his iron rod. God, in laying his rod upon a child's back, says to him, "My son." (Heb. xii. 5.) But the child may misinterpret the Lord's voice when it crieth unto the city, and think that God deals with him as a servant, not as a son; and thus sadly faint when rebuked of him. To "hear the rod, and who hath appointed it," requires grace to be in exercise. "The man of wisdom sees God's fatherly Name in afflictions; but, if the Spirit withhold his power, we cannot see or judge aright."

We might add to all these things the north wind of the temptations of Satan, who is generally busy with God's people in times of adversity. In poverty he tempts them to murmur

and distrust God, envy the prosperity of the wicked, and put their hand to some evil thing, taking some wrong course for relief. In persecutions he tempts them to deny Christ, to so adapt themselves to the circumstances as to avoid the cross. He has a thousand "*spare thyselfs*," and a thousand plausible reasons to suggest to the mind for so doing; and it is a miracle of grace when a man can boldly go forward in the path of uprightness in Christ, regarding neither what he shall lose by so doing, nor gain by swerving and fleshly compliances. He has temptations for the sick, seeking to lead them into impatience; and for the afflicted, to lead them into questioning the wisdom and goodness of God. And he has temptations for those whose consciences charge them with folly, baseness, and sin, to plunge them into the depths of desperation.

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

Thus a variety of things of an adverse nature may be represented here by the north wind. Now, observe that the Lord says, "*Awake, O north wind.*" This may show us how incessantly we are exposed to adversities in this life, and should arouse us from carnal security. Adversities are always ready to come upon us. If they slumber, it is only because Christ bids them be still. The moment he says to them, "*Awake,*" they arouse from this slumber, and rush, like furious north winds, upon us. God binds the four angels in the river Euphrates, and there they lie (Rev. ix. 14); but they are ready to rush forward when God says, "*Loose.*" So the north wind of adversity is only slumbering; and when we sleep in carnal security and wrong states of mind, then we have reason indeed to fear this word, "*Awake.*"

But if there is something here to arouse and admonish, there is also something to console if we are at all aroused; for he who can say, "*Awake, O north wind,*" evidently holds all adversities in his control, and will only allow any trouble to "*awake*" when our states and conditions call for it. Then, and not till then, will the word go forth: "*Awake, O north wind.*"

We may even suggest another comforting thought. As the Holy Spirit is so distinctly spoken of in God's Word under the emblem of the wind, adversities may here be compared to the north wind, in order to show us that that blessed Spirit, as the spirit of Christ, whose covenant work it is to glorify him in his saints, has the control of all these winds. They are all managed by him. Not a breath can blow unless as he is in the blowing of that breath which, though in itself cold, biting, and severe, in the power and control of God's Spirit shall prove to the advantage of God's people. We know from the Word of God that the Holy Spirit rules and operates in all the events that take place. "*The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*" "*Thou sendest forth thy Spirit; they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.*" Thus it is in creation work. So again

(Ezek. i.) as to all the course of circumstances and events. "The Spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels." Again as to judgments (Isa. xxxiv. 16): "My mouth, it has commanded; and his Spirit, it has gathered them."

Thus, then, whether the winds blow more softly and propitiously from west and south, or more roughly and coldly from east and north, the Holy Spirit rules and overrules in the matter. He rides, if we may so speak, upon the wings of every wind, to the advantage of God's people.

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## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

My dear Friend,—I was glad to hear from you, and to find you are alive to God, which cannot be said of many now-a-days. Alive to the world they are indeed; one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and, like the rich man, congratulating themselves upon the length of years they have to live, and the comfort they will have in these years. But the Lord will not let his have their own way. He leads them himself in the paths of judgment, and causes those that love him to inherit substance. Therefore, he chastens us for our profit, that we may be made partakers of his holiness. This is what none know but those that he teaches out of his law. Let persons arrive at whatever knowledge they may, you will find a deficiency in this; viz., they are never brought to book, as dear Henry Fowler used to say when you and I went to Conway Street chapel.

Since that time, how many snares have we escaped; how many temptations have we waded through, pains of body, darkness of mind, corruptions, rising fears innumerable, not knowing which way to go! The heavens and earth have been iron and brass. It has seemed impossible to hold on. Despair, at times, has seized us. The shadow of death has been passed through; and we have found that none but God could turn this shadow of death into the morning. Such souls as these are exhorted to seek him. The word "*turneth*" is a word that suits us, as it here shows that his power is displayed, which those to whom he gives this power can talk of: "They talk of thy power," which is given to the faint. Thus, you see, my friend, it is a given thing. All things we have are given, and God's gifts are without repentance. "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is this kingdom which you and I were first obliged to look after; we sought it as for hid treasures, and left all for him; and this, now old age has come upon us, we are seeking still, and following on until we attain to the resurrection of the dead. As we become alive to these things, the things of the world die from our grasp, and sin is subdued by his grace. There is nothing else but this that can do it, and which we find. Happy is that soul that can say, "I have found it to be so." All must be ascribed to grace which comes from Jesus, and not from Moses. Thou hast found grace makes thy language like thy brethren ,

and thy heart throws back praise to God, giving him the glory that is due to his Name. This shows that thy feet will never stumble on the dark mountains, being made sick of sin, sick of the world, and a hater of all dishonesty. Purenness of heart is our delight; and for the grace of our lips the King himself is our Friend. This, I believe, is growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Those who are planted in his house will flourish in his courts, will bring forth fruit in old age, to show that he is upright; for he has always shown himself upright to the upright ones. He did so to David, and, as such, he could speak.

But, my friend, I find my fasting times; and these, sometimes, are very long, which makes me cry out, "My leanness! My leanness! Woe unto me!" Then I talk about the treacherous dealers, and how they deal with me. Thus we have to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. If we can get hold of anything, do we not grasp it with all our might? What is it that makes us thus to hold on but the danger?

"Let the danger make thee bolder;  
War in weakness, dare in doubt."

My brother, we shall never get to glory but through much tribulation. Tears often run down my cheeks, and desires of the most intense kind spring from my heart; for it is the blessing of God I prize most, as this adds no sorrow with it; it is complete. He said to Abraham, "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee." And this is all sovereign and free; for what was it that caused him to call Abraham alone but his special call? "I called him alone and blessed him." And were not we called alone? When I was called, I was intoxicated; so much so that I could not stand. There were several with me where I was convinced; but not one of them felt as I felt; for I felt a desire to leave such ways. This is the way in which God calls from all sin and unholy practices to that which he delights in. For what is religion if this is not found? Better for a man never to know the truth than after he has known it in the letter to turn from the holy commandment delivered to him; which must be the case if the truth is not received in the love of it. "I love thy word," saith the psalmist; "for by it thou hast quickened me." Thus it is proved the living word. And as that dear man of God, Mr. Philpot, cleaved to the Spirit's work in the heart, so with all that are taught by the same Spirit. The Spirit leads and guides into all truth. He never leads any one into things to clash against that which is taught to another.

Your sincere Friend,

Butleets, Sussex, Aug. 29th, 1873.

JOHN CLARK.

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William Crouch, poor servant of Jesus Christ, by the eternal purpose of God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, equal in power and glory, unto his beloved Brother in the true faith of our one only covenant Head, the rich tinman



of Croydon, sendeth greeting; wishing and praying for peace, and at this time, through the grace, blood, and righteousness of the only Mediator between God and sinners.

With safety we travelled, although at such great speed, and reached our home prepared to receive us, our friends giving us a good country hearty welcome. The Lord be praised. Sabbath day presented the usual encouraging scene,—a very numerous congregation. The psalm that I expounded was the 84th. You will be pleased to read it. My text you will find in Jno. xiii. 7. The labour made me weary in body, but revived my spirit.

How good a Master, how gracious a God, how perfect and complete a Saviour is the Lord Jesus Christ! Much of his glory is hid from us; yet enough is revealed, from time to time, to attract our attention and to win our affection, and settle it upon him.

What sudden rising, what spreading prosperity, I have lived to see in preachers, and how suddenly have I seen them come to nought! Then when I view my small beginning, gradual rising, often fainting, many givings up, I stand astonished at my continuing unto this present time, and of being what I am, which is by grace from first to last. I have been called an Antinomian and Arminian; yet none can reproach my life. None can prove that I have power of myself to rise or believe, or that I teach others that they have. My preaching has been called buffoonery, and Grub-street stuff; yet I preach without any jesting, or harlequin gestures, or a language that is unpleasant to the delicate ear. I am represented as a railer, and as a flatterer or deceiver of the souls of men. Yet by the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; for if I have not "laboured abundantly more than they all," my labours have not been small, neither useless; for which I would give the Almighty my hearty thanks.

My love towards you in the Spirit, by my last visit, is increased; the Lord maintain it unto the end. Herewith we send our love to all the household of faith. And now may the Lord strengthen, establish, and settle you, in faith, hope, and love in our dear Lord Jesus, who receiveth the homage of the heavenly host and the spiritual church on earth. Amen.

My dear Christian Brother,—I am begging of the Lord to direct me to say a few words to you in return for the letter you sent me. I have mixed feelings. I am glad the gracious Lord has enabled you to take the stand you have; and I am sorry that you should have to suffer for so doing. But hear the word of your God. Read Matt. v. 10–12. The Word of God tells you that if you will live godly in Christ you shall suffer persecution. Hear what our God says again in Isa. lxvi. 5. I think this is to the point. Do not fear, my brother. You may say, as others have done, "The Lord is on my side; I shall not be moved." I will refer you to another precious portion of God's Word,—

Isa. xli. especially 10, 11, but you can read the whole chapter. God is not glorified by the high-sounding words which man may utter; but he says, "To this man will I look, even to him who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." The Lord says he will dwell with such, to revive their spirits. Now, where this is going on the Lord is glorified.

You say that you have been greatly helped of late, both in reading his Word and in prayer. Well; did you not praise him at these times? And what does he say? "He that offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

I have yet to speak on God's behalf, and I hope the ever dear Lord will bless his words to the strengthening of your soul. You can turn to Jer. xv.; read from ver. 15. You see that you are in good company, in suffering for the truth. I would direct you to another portion of the Word of the Lord: Isa. viii., from ver. 11. We are told in 1 Jno. iv. 1 to try the spirits, as there are many false prophets gone out into the world. Now, do you not believe in your heart that very many preachers in Sydney are false ones? The Lord does not say, "Go among them;" but, "Come out from them, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people." Trust in the Lord; for he says it shall be given you in that hour what to say.

I now conclude, and bless you in the Name of the Lord.

Ashfield, Sydney, March 7th, 1876.

W. WAGG.

## GOOD IS THE LORD.

Dear Friend,—As several have inquired of you respecting my health, I beg to say I am, through mercy, better. I proved the doctor's advice to be right, not to attempt to go to London. I was not equal to it. I have spoken the last three Sabbaths, and the friends kindly provide me with a fly to convey me to the chapel and back. I have ever proved the more I feel my unworthiness, the more the Lord is determined to be gracious, and his people kind.

A friend had informed me of the death of your wife's sister. Death hath a loud voice to us all.

As you observe, I am one of the few old ministers left. I have been upheld in the ministry 44 years. My commission came into my soul with power: "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." I felt a willing mind, and "conferred not with flesh and blood." I came to the conclusion last Sunday morning, on my bed, that the more Satan, reason, and unbelief cried down Christ in my wicked heart, the more I would cry Christ up to poor sinners, and encourage them to put their trust in him. True faith will be tried, and false faith is worse than nothing.

The loss of sight is a denial, but I dare not complain. "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life are not of the Father, but of the world." Some have advised an operation; but in my poor case it seems like telling the Lord, "I WILL SEE." I have proved it to be an evil and a bitter thing to sin against the Lord. Guilt has fetched me down at a stroke; my fears and foes have threatened me with eternal destruction; but there has been no real ground for those fears. I am not dead in sin, nor destitute of saving grace, nor without an interest in the atoning, peace-speaking, sanctifying, cleansing, pardoning blood of Christ. My sins have been very grievous, especially since I ought to have known better; but they have not been the sin unpardonable. I have never spitefully trampled on the precious blood of Christ, accounting it an unholy thing, nor imputed the miracles of Christ to satanic influence, nor said of him, "He hath an unclean spirit." My new heart is well affected towards Christ, and I have had many proofs that Christ is well affected towards me; and where there is mutual love between Christ and the soul, it can never come to an end. To sin cheaply because saved freely, is a devilish delusion. God can severely chastise his child and save him at last, yet though as by fire. His saints are afflicted for sin in this life, and the wicked in the life to come. To be chastened and rebuked is a proof of his love; but to pass through life unrebuked is a proof of the soul being rejected by God.

In the past week I weighed up my religion respecting three points. Do I deeply and sorely feel the fall? Am I anxious and desirous to be saved by Christ alone? Will it give me joy and felicity to glorify Father, Son, and Spirit to all eternity for saving my soul from the lowest hell? I told the people last Sabbath if their riches increased it would be all their work to keep down the risings of pride, and that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The humble shall be exalted, and the proud abased.

Yours truly,

Cranbrook, Oct. 17th, 1876.

D. SMART.

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HE that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.—*Sibbes*.

EXPERIENCE is, indeed, a strong demonstration; and it is such a witness as leaves no room for debate. For here the truth is felt, proved, and acted upon in the heart, which the Christian knoweth well, and is as sure of as he is persuaded that he liveth, or that the sun, when it shineth, hath life and warmth.—*Fleming*.

JESUS CHRIST is so high in dignity that no worth can recommend any creature to him. Therefore, he takes them that are under his feet, poor sinners, upon whom he can tread as upon those in hell, and can love them heartily and familiarly, make them his queen, and set them at his own right hand. Therefore, be not discouraged, though you be laid never so low at his feet in a sense of your own vileness; for it is all one to Jesus Christ. The truth is, he hath none else to marry but those who are under his feet. He must have no wife if he have not those who are perfect slaves; yea, if he will have the sons of men, he must have enemies, upon whom he might tread under his feet.—*Goodwin*.

## REVIEW.

*Sorrowful, yet Rejoicing; or, Sacred Poetical Reminiscences during the First Three Years of Widowhood. By a Naval Officer's Widow.—*

London: John Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

WE have every reason to believe that the above little work will prove, by a wider circulation, and with the Holy Spirit's blessing, more or less answerable to the object which the authoress had in view in composing such "poetical reminiscences;" her desire being that the Comforter would be pleased to make the "little messenger" his medium for conveying peace, tranquillity, resignation, submission,—nay, acquiescence to the divine will, into the souls of such dear children of God as may have been called upon, in the order of Providence, to drink deeply from the bitter cup which domestic bereavement has put into their hands. And though we cheerfully recommend the work to the notice of our readers in general, yet we would wish, more particularly, to commend it to the consideration of the poor, sorrowful, godly widows, the many weeping Marys and Marthas, and, indeed, all such in the "household of faith," whose hearts' core has been pierced by the severing hand of death.

Neither shall we make any observations on the poetical merit of the pieces which the book contains, not professing to be a judge of poetical diction either one way or the other; but, in the absence of such judgment, we may venture to state that several of our friends, who are more competent to judge of its poetical merit, have expressed themselves highly pleased with the book on that ground.

It cannot be denied that the Comforter has, in thousands of instances, applied sacred hymns to the hearts of the children of God. Who, as an exercised, tried, and afflicted believer, has not found it so in his own particular experience? Certainly, we shall never forget, whilst memory retains her place, how our own poor heart in some seasons of bitterest sorrow has been broken to pieces with comfort, through some sweet *suitable* hymn, or part of such hymn, being applied with power. Christ says, "My sheep hear my voice." And if it be asked, What is meant by his voice? We reply, It is the gospel; it is Christ's own truth. And if it be asked again, What is meant by hearing it? We answer, It is a hearing of it by faith, and by an application of truth through the power of the Spirit to the heart. Now, a hymn, though it may not contain the exact words of Scripture, yet if it contain the *truth* of Scripture, and if the truth it contains be brought into the soul with a divine power, then whatever comfort and consolation a poor bereaved child of God may receive through any hymn being so applied, it would be just as much the voice of the Good Shepherd speaking peace to his troubled soul through such hymn, as if the very words of Scripture were brought to his mind instead of the hymn, and he received his comfort in that way. God forbid that we should

elevate such hymns as are only human compositions to the level of inspired Scripture. But so far as our sacred hymns contain nothing but the *truth* of God, and are made from time to time a means of bringing comfort into our souls, so far are we perfectly safe, we believe, in attributing all such comfort as much to God as if it flowed into our hearts through some applied passage or promise in the written Word. It is not the hymn as being a human composition, but the *truth* of God's gospel which the hymn contains, that the Lord speaks by, though the same truth, through being put into a poetical strain, may be made by the blessed Spirit to distil with the more soothing effect on our troubled spirits on that account.

Again. The hymns which the Spirit, in all probability, would use at different times, as channels of conveying comfort into the soul, would be such as had a more direct bearing on the particular experience, or trial, or affliction of the believer, at the time of such hymns being applied with comforting power to his heart.

The particular trial of the child of God might be that of being harassed in mind about the Person of Christ. He might be even tempted to doubt Christ's divinity, his co-equality and co-eternity with the Father. The hymns, then, that we should expect the Spirit would more particularly employ as a means of settling the troubled mind under such circumstances would be such as exalt the Saviour in his Godhead, and proclaim him, though a "wondrous Man," to be the "true Almighty God." So, in the same way, should the believer's cup be filled with domestic sorrow, should death have inflicted an irreparable breach in the family circle, and should the surviving one most poignantly affected by the breach be a godly widow, or widower, or mother, or child, then, if the blessed Comforter should see fit to make hymns his channels of consolation to the mourning heart, we should as much expect that the Spirit would employ for his purpose such hymns as more particularly set forth comfort in tribulation, and which direct the mind to the blessed truth of resurrection as the great antidote to all the anguish of mind and sorrow of heart which a believer may be left to experience during a season of bereavement. What could be more consoling during such a season than to be enabled, through the power of divine grace, to say from the heart :

"Why do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

"The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?"

And even if the grief of the godly surviving mourner should be doubly and trebly intensified, through doubt, respecting the

salvation of the departed, the Spirit could notwithstanding enable him to say it is

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

Again. Another thing which we have little doubt will go a long way in making these “Sacred Poetical Reminiscences” the more acceptable to the spiritually-sorrowful ones in the “household of faith,” is the fact of their having been composed by a believer in Christ of many years’ experience in the divine life. It has been our privilege to be acquainted with the esteemed writer many years, and we have always considered her to be a person of no ordinary mind and experience in the things of God.

In a day like the present, when the language, expressions, and phrases of a religious experience are to be heard every day dropping from the lips of inexperienced youths and maidens, who, perhaps, by the mere fanaticism of revival excitement, have tumbled into a profession of religion without possessing a solitary evidence of being born again of God; when, as is not unfrequently the case, one and another, from the ranks of these newly-fledged converts, possess some poetical gift, how common a thing it is for such characters to become flushed with a fleshly zeal to labour for God; and in order that the talent they possess may be, as they imagine, employed in the Lord’s service, they start up as poetical preachers. They compose sacred hymns, the poetry of which in some instances may be excellent, but the sentiment is truly bad, the doctrine they contain being the very rankest of Arminianism, and the experience being the very highest of confidence, the fullest assurance of faith, and all joy and no tribulation. And though numbers of such hymns are written and put into print by mere boys and girls, professing to be converted to God, and are impregnated from beginning to end with a bold, daring, upbraiding spirit against the real living children of God, because they are the subjects of conflict, of spiritual darkness, of doubts and fears, as well as being in their favoured seasons the subjects of light, and peace, and joy in the Lord; yet these are the hymns which most take in the present day, have the largest circulation, are most admired, and are regarded by the bulk of religious-going people as exhibiting the most Scriptural experience, and the safest and truest of teaching to follow. What an awful delusion it is, and what a striking proof it is among the many proofs that might be given of the few there are, among the many thousands that profess religion, who know their right hand from their left in the things of God.

From our personal acquaintance with the esteemed writer of the “Sacred Poetical Reminiscences” to which we now again more directly refer, we have confidence that it was her own experience, as under the chastening hand of God, which, with the Spirit’s help, chiefly prompted the utterances which her hymns and poems breathe forth. It might not be out of place to let her speak for herself on this point, especially as a few remarks from her

“Introduction” may best serve the purpose of recommending the little book to those who may read our review of it. We give, then, the following extract :

“Dear sorrowing child of God, to whom the cup of bereavement is now presented by the loving hand of your Heavenly Father, this little messenger comes to you from one who has passed through those deep waters of tribulation, the bitterness of which you are now tasting; you who, by very painful lessons, are made to feel that earth can become a blank, that affection’s strongest ties can be torn asunder, that one as needful as the right hand, and dear as the right eye, can be taken away, and yourself thrown as a desolate weakling, unprotected, unsought, uncared-for, yea, unwelcome, on a world buried deep in its vanities, pleasures, and pursuits. We dare in this unpretending form offer you our sympathy; we come to tell you that *we* have passed through the same sorrowful path,—that, however deep your present trial, *we* have felt its acuteness too. However apparently needful the arm of flesh is to you, we equally felt its need; however sweet your Christian companionship, we too have partaken of the same sweetness. Great as is *your* loss, *ours* too was not less in magnitude; you tread on no unbeaten ground; ‘no strange thing has happened to you’ because called upon to witness the execution of the sentence passed on man.

“We read of one, the desire of whose eyes was taken away by a stroke (Ezek. xxiv. 16–18), but who, nevertheless, was to exhibit no mark of sorrow at the bereavement. Although figurative, yet, can we imagine the prophet was encased in a shield of stoicism, or all natural affection extinguished? No! But he who declared his intention beforehand, knew how to counterbalance the stroke with divine consolation, knew how to lift the prophet’s head above the tribulated waters, knew how to bend his will to the divine purposes, knew how to teach him, like Aaron, ‘to hold his peace,’ and to add with this afflicted patriarch, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,’ &c. (Job i. 21).”

We much agree with the author’s remark about “natural affection” not being extinguished in a believer’s heart, or his not being “encased in a shield of stoicism” towards loved ones in the flesh, on the ground of his being a believer. We are sure the religion of Jesus teaches no such thing. Jesus himself felt most acutely at the death of Lazarus, and wept on the occasion.

The grief and sorrow of a child of God during a season of bereavement might be so insufferable that, like Rachel, he might refuse to be comforted; but such immoderate sorrow of heart as that would be reprovably. On the other hand, there might be, under the same painful circumstances, such a want of feeling that it might amount to a cold, condemnable stoicism. We believe the blessed influence of divine grace felt in the soul would preserve the believer from both extremes, and would enable him, in such a time of affliction, to know the meaning of “sorrowful, yet rejoicing.” With such tender affection as that which evidently bound the writer of the hymns now under notice to her beloved husband in his life, there could be no danger of her being “encased in a shield of stoicism,” at the time when Providence suffered the hand of death to sweep from her embrace her beloved partner, in the very prime of his life; and when, as a

naval officer, bright temporal prospects were, in all probability, unfolding before him. She might have been much more in danger of being carried away with over-much heart-breaking sorrow; but to reveal to others what she found divine grace able to do in supporting her own mind under so painful a dispensation, she gives us her experience at the time in such poetical utterances as the following:

“Full well I know the blow was right,  
 Fraught, fraught with mercy, too;  
 And when I reach yon heaven so bright,  
 The cloud now dark will then be light  
 To my astonish'd view.

I know that we shall meet again  
 In worlds more bright and fair;  
 Nor trial, sorrow, sickness, pain,  
 Nor sad lament, nor doleful strain,  
 Nor death shall enter there.”

Again, 14 years after her “wedding day,” she writes:

“Jehovah saw that what he gave  
 Usurp'd the Giver's place,  
 And purposed that the lonely grave  
 Should hide the idol's grace.  
 Whilst, whilst I now retrace the day—  
 The day that made us one,  
 He yet enables me to say,  
 ‘Father, Thy will be done.’”

A few more lines from another hymn, or stanza, as serving to show a little further the character of these “sacred reminiscences,” must bring our notice to a close:

“The hour arrived: the hand which gave could take;  
 He form'd the chain, and he had right to break.  
 Link after link he broke, nor told me why,  
 But that he needed them in yonder sky;  
 And could my heart have broken, surely then  
 The ‘silver cord’ must, must have snapp'd in twain.  
 But no! I wept. He pitied, still sustain'd,  
 Removed the idol, but Himself remain'd;  
 Bore me on high, as if on eagle's wings,  
 To regions far from sublunary things.  
 Whisper'd, ‘Why fear? Thy husband is thy God;  
 And love directs the hand that holds the rod!’”

\* \* \* \*

“His power is undiminished, love the same,  
 As when at first it uninvited came.  
 Before him still a pensioner I stand,  
 Without resource, dependent on his hand  
 For all I want, or may want, by the way.  
 His care by night, and sure defence by day!  
 Yea, more; perpetual grace, interest in blood  
 That cleanses, meetens, sanctifies for God;  
 And hope, and faith, and joy, and heaven-like peace,  
 Till life and its necessities shall cease.

If weakness most complete might form a plea,  
 Lord, I submit my weakness unto Thee!



Or indigence itself compassion claim,  
 Not *one* more vile, nor lower sunk in shame!  
 Weak, sinful, erring, Lord, I prostrate fall,  
 And ask thy gifts, for I have need of all."

We may just say, in conclusion, that no pecuniary benefit will be derived by the authoress through the sale of the little work, she having expressed a wish that the profits of the same should be given to the "Gospel Standard" Aid Society.

We would also mention that the price is reduced to 4d., and that the work can only be had at the office of this magazine, and *not* at the "City Press."

### BITTERS AND SWEETS.

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."—ROM. VIII. 22.

YES, there are many bitters in this life  
 As well as sweets.  
 All things of earth are with some sorrow rife  
 With which we meet,  
 As through the windings of this vale we press,  
 'Mid hours of ease and months of heaviness.  
 E'en though at morn our finite minds may soar  
 On eagle's wing,  
 Who knows but that before the day is o'er  
 Some subtle sting  
 Will strip our pinions of their borrow'd plume,  
 And bathe with tears our young cheeks' fading bloom?  
 Ah! Then, how sweet to have a Christ-born hope  
 Of real rest,  
 Beyond the summit of life's weary slope,  
 Among the blest,  
 Where neither sin nor Satan's host can steal  
 The happiness the heirs of glory feel!  
 There, there alone, exist substantial joys,  
 And bliss divine,—  
 The sure reward of all to mercy wise,  
 Who in the Vine  
 A living and eternal interest have,  
 And know in truth his mighty power to save.

Hopwood, Sept. 4th, 1876.

J. B.

MEN may love their friends more than they can help them; but the loving-kindness of God is attended with a power as infinite as itself.—*Charnock*.

A SAINT may be brought very low, but he can never fall below a promise. He may lose estate, friends, and health, and much of the presence of God; but if once in covenant with God, he can never lose the promise. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." There is my comfort.—*Thomas Cole*.

## Obituary.

**JAMES WALDER.**—On Sept. 25th, 1875, aged 41, James Walder, of Twincham, Sussex.

The departed was blessed with praying parents, and was brought up under the sound of the gospel of the grace of God. As he grew up, the old man of sin was manifest; yet he was a quiet, moral young man, and attended the chapel regularly at Bolney. I do not know the exact time he was concerned about his immortal soul; but it was evident that he feared God from the year 1861. He became more earnest, and was very fond of reading the Bible, Gadsby's hymns, and the "Gospel Standard." He would often say, when reading the obituaries, how encouraging they were, and how good the Lord was to his dear people. He longed to know and be assured that he was one of them; and would often repeat that hymn:

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

But he feared he was not one of the Lord's, after all; and said, "I fear there is a secret in real religion that I have never known."

He sat regularly under the ministry of the late Mr. Blanchard. After hearing Mr. B., he would say, at times, "What solemn truths Mr. B. preaches! I long to know more of them in my own soul." Soon after Mr. Blanchard was removed to his eternal rest, in the providence of God I was called to speak in the name of the Lord at Bolney. About this time, it appears, the Lord was about to deepen his work in the soul of our friend. I was speaking from Isa. lv. 1, 2. He heard the word with power, and was raised to a hope that he was the character who thirsted for the waters of life.

Soon after this he was laid on the bed of affliction, was much tried in his mind, and sank very low. He would say,

"Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,  
Over my sins and after thee."

He frequently said he wished he could feel more in earnest about his soul. Having a young and large family, a delicate wife, and a weakly body himself, he was very much tried. He was much exercised also respecting the eternal welfare of his children. The Lord raised him up again; and he was enabled to attend to his labour and get to chapel. This he valued very much; for he would always be at the house of God, with his wife and family, when opportunity offered. But the Lord was preparing him for the better world. I often saw the tears streaming down his cheeks, as though he were hearing for eternity. He often said, after returning from chapel, how the word tried him. He hoped he knew something after all, and felt sure that if he were in possession of those truths they would do to die by.

He was again shortly after laid on a bed of affliction. I visited him on several occasions when supplying at Bolney. In the early part of his affliction he was much tried about the state of his soul. I reminded him of past seasons, when I had seen him broken down; and told him that the Lord was the same now, and his love the same. He would often say to his wife that he was eating of the bitter herbs, and tasting of the bitter cup; and he would often repeat the hymns on Gethsemane,—293, 421, 501, &c., adding, "How sweet! How consoling!" He soon became much weaker in body, and dark in his mind. When asked how he felt in his mind after the doctor had said he was sinking, he was almost in despair. He said he could not pray. He was asked which he would choose, if he could now be restored, and have all the gold in the world, and live till he was 90 years old, and then be lost,—health

and gold, or his little hope? The snare was broken; and he said, "My little hope." Three days before he died, his wife inquired of him if he could give her and the children up. He calmly replied, "I have done so for the last three days." The children came around his bed; he asked them to be kind and obedient to their mother. He was very patient; not a murmur escaped his lips; he begged for patience. He said to his partner in life, "I have found——" She said, "Have you found Jesus precious?" He replied, "That's it; that's it." After a short interval, he said, "I shall soon be before the great white throne, dressed in white. Tell Mr. K., and give him my dying love, and Mr. M., and all the friends that fear God." After this he lay in a sweet and peaceful frame, the enemy not being permitted to worry him; and passed sweetly and calmly to the haven of eternal rest. WILLIAM KNIGHT.

BETSY BRADLEY.—On April 26th, 1876, Betsy Bradley, of Hastings. She was a constant and anxious hearer, since her residence in Hastings, at Ebenezer Chapel, and though not one that made a great show of profession, yet her spirit and conversation evidenced her to be one of those God-fearing, humble, and broken-hearted walkers who are most esteemed by those who know them best. Her husband says she had been a seeker of the Lord for nearly 22 years, but was mostly subject to bondage through fear of death; not destitute of the precious grace of hope, which often, when under the word and the secret and sweet touches of the Lord, cheered and strengthened her in her course; but still anxiously desiring and waiting for a clear and blessed manifestation of her interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. She loved the precious and eternal truths of his gospel, and was often found alone with his Word when she had a few spare moments, some of which times were both solemn and sweet, as the few records in her diary show. The views and feelings she had at different times of the Person and work of Christ were such as made him precious in her esteem; but she

"Long'd to read her own election,  
And with pleasure say, *My God.*"

The notes she made in her diary were only occasional, as any particular circumstance or experience led her to record the feelings of her heart. But these, taken as a whole, give proof that the Lord had for the last few years been deepening his work in her soul, often humbling her under a sense of sin and the general corruption of her flesh, at his sacred feet, and so causing her to pant for a fuller knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone

"Can do helpless sinners good."

On him her hope was fixed, her soul reclined, for time and eternity. And her earnest breathings after him testify he was the one desire of her heart, the mark towards which she pressed, as all God's elect certainly do; for they are "predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son."

It would appear, from what she recorded of her exercises, that she had some expectation her end might come suddenly, and she sometimes, when in conversation, referred to it, saying, "Ah, it won't be long; but if I might but know all is right I could willingly depart."

She was at chapel the Lord's day previous to her death, for morning and evening preaching, and also the afternoon prayer-meeting. On Tuesday evening she retired to rest apparently as well in health as usual, but very wearied with the labour of the day. About one o'clock next morning her husband was awoke by her breathing very heavily, and not succeeding in his endeavour to arouse her, he at once procured a light, but only just in time to see her breathe her last. But though to him

the stroke was severe and the loss great, yet the firm persuasion that, to her, sudden death was sudden glory, blessedly tempered the trial.

A few extracts from her diary are appended to this short notice of her, which must account for its brevity; and in them we have her own account of the feeling exercises of her soul, recorded on some few occasions without any expectation of their appearing in print.

THOMAS HULL.

Jan. 1, 1875.—What a great mercy that while I cannot do the things I would, the Word of God says he accepts a willing mind; and why? Does he not also *give the will*?

“Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.”

The promise is, “Blessed are they which mourn, for they shall be comforted.” Lord, thou knowest thy worm does mourn on account of sin, and would cease from it if possible. O! What a mercy that “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” Thus he is the source of hope and comfort to one so worthless as I, and

“How can I sink with such a prop,  
That bears the world’s huge pillars up.”

Jan. 17th.—There is something truly solemn in the thought of death; but O to sleep in Jesus how blessed. The children of God have only to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, then sweetly behold Jesus face to face, and be for ever like him. My earnest desire is to be found in him.

“My sins by imputation his  
And his obedience mine.”

Then it must and shall be for ever well.

Feb. 6th.—“Cast down, but not destroyed;” if not hanging upon Christ, feeling a leaning towards him who alone can save.

June 6th.—Lord’s day evening. Not able to go to chapel through weakness of body. “With God all things are possible.” He knows my desire for a long time has been to realize him as mine; all besides is vanity and vexation of spirit. Truly I can say, “Thou art more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold;” and I can say,

“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

Thou, dear Lord, art fully acquainted with thy will towards me; if it be soon to take away this mortal life, O that my life may be hid in thee. I am altogether unworthy, but thy grace is boundless, full, and free, even to the vilest of the vile.

“A beggar poor, at mercy’s door,  
Lies such a wretch as I.  
Thou know’st my need is great indeed;  
Lord, hear me when I cry.

“With guilt beset, and deep in debt,  
For pardon, Lord, I pray;  
O let thy love sufficient prove  
To take my sins away.

“Before thy face, I’ve told my case;  
Lord, help, and mercy send;  
Pity my soul, and make me whole,  
And love me to the end.”

July 4th.—Have been to chapel. Mr. Hull took his text from that beautiful chapter, Eph. i. O what a marvellous mercy if I am chosen

in Christ! If so, it was before the foundation of the world. Then to think, to stand holy and without blame before him in love. Adopted a child of the great God who is perfectly holy, and yet he does not behold iniquity in Jacob. 'Tis all according to the good pleasure of his will, and to the praise of the glory of his grace; having redemption through his blood alone. Hymn 125:

“Not all the blood of beasts,” &c.

O for precious faith to lay hold on the Object of faith, and for the sealing of the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of the inheritance of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory.

“On such love, my soul, still ponder,  
Love so great, so rich, so free;  
Say, while lost in holy wonder,  
Why, O Lord, such love to me?  
Hallelujah!

Grace shall reign eternally.”

Can it be possible, dear Lord, for such a one as I to be accepted in the Beloved? My sins are very great, but thy mercy can overtop them. Thou, dear Jesus, art the great storehouse to thy people. Am I one? Lord, decide the case for me. Thou knowest I am compelled to cry out, “Unclean, unclean;” and with the poor publican, “God be merciful to me, a sinner.” Love I would, but O how cold; believe I would, but O how faithless. But the blessedness is, Christ is the light, life, love, and Advocate, Intercessor, Mediator, Prophet, Priest, and King; yea, the All-in-all to his people, that God might show the exceeding riches of his grace through Christ Jesus. For he says, “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.” Boasting is entirely excluded, and a poor worthless, unworthy, and helpless worm may hope for salvation.

“O what matchless condescension  
The eternal God displays,  
Claiming our supreme attention  
To his boundless works and ways;  
His own glory  
He reveals in gospel days.  
“Would we view his brightest glory?  
Here it shines in Jesu’s face.  
Sing, and tell the pleasing story,  
O ye sinners saved by grace.”

Here I desire to find shelter for my never-dying soul, safe in the arms of Jesus. Paul was confident when God began a good work in the soul he would most assuredly carry it on. But can it be possible it is begun in unworthy me? For O how carnal, how cold, how dark I often feel; how little lifting of the thoughts heavenwards, yet having a great desire it should be otherwise. Dear Lord, if it be thy gracious will, do manifest thyself unto me as my everlasting Friend. Thou knowest that in all sincerity I would ask myself the question:

“How stands the case, my soul, with thee?”

Jan. 23rd, 1876.—The text Mr. Hull took this morning was Ps. ix. 9, 10: “The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble,” &c. What an unspeakable mercy to have such a refuge in the hour and article of death. And soon, very soon, I must meet the foe; yet not a foe if it be the means of my spirit being wafted to the blest harbour of rest. What a brittle thread my natural life hangs upon! Even in a moment God can snap it asunder. Thus how necessary to have Christ for a refuge, where nothing can possibly destroy; no, for

all who are folded in his blessed arms were there before the foundation of the world, and will there remain eternally, for none can pluck them thence. Satan may harass, the world annoy, and sin oppress, but Christ is stronger than all. And one poet says:

“A refuge for sinners the gospel makes known;  
’Tis found in the merits of Jesus alone.”

And here is all *my* trust.

Feb. 22nd.—“Beside me there is no Saviour.” No, dear Lord; neither do I desire another, but I do want to be fully satisfied that thou art mine. O that I could love thee more, and serve thee better. Alas! What poor returns I make for such manifest love and mercy. Do, dear Lord, accept the will for the deed.

JONAS REDHEAD.—On July 17th, aged 72, Jonas Redhead, of Corston, Wilts, a member of the Strict Baptist Church, Malmesbury.

When Jehovah the Spirit wrought saving conviction in the soul of our brother, I am not informed. But I have it from his own lips that for many years after his manhood he walked according to the course of this world. His besetting sin was love of strong drink; but he was generally upright and honest among men. Being of a sturdy, determined disposition, whatever his purposes were, whether moral or sinful, he would, if possible, execute them. But within the last few years of his mortal life, the Lord appears to have gradually awakened him to a feeling sense of his sinnership, his lost, ruined, and undone condition before a holy God. Trembling and fear would so powerfully take hold of him, under these solemn exercises and conflicts, that he would resolve to leave his besetting sins. This being done in his own strength, proved to him like tow before the flame. Then he would burst forth, with an almost overwhelming cry, what a great sinner he was, a guilty hell-deserving wretch, that he had sinned beyond the reach of mercy, and that there was no mercy for him.

About this time of his experience, the late Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Mortimer, and Mr. Beard preached at the chapel he then attended. Their ministry was made a blessing to his troubled soul, encouraging him to hope in the mercy of God, through the abundant grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, notwithstanding all his sin, guilt, fears, doubts, and unbelief.

On one occasion he was informed that Mr. Huggins was engaged to preach at the adjoining village. He felt very reluctant to go and hear him; but he went. The text was Ezek. xxxvi. 9. The preacher described the work of the Holy Spirit, the heavenly Tiller, to break up the hard fallow ground of the heart, to drag and harrow it with the holiness and justice of Sinai’s law, and the rebukes, severity, and strictness of God’s Word; and showed forth Jesus as the Friend of sinners, his power and willingness to save to the uttermost, his precious bloodshedding, his righteousness to justify the ungodly, his victory over the devil, death, hell, law, sin, and the grave, his redeeming grace and dying love; yes, salvation through Christ in all his incarnate glory and grace. This precious good seed of the word, attended with a copious measure of the rain and dew of the Spirit, was sown in the heart of our brother, dissolving all its hardness, impenitence, rebellion, and unbelief; and removing his guilt and sin. He became unexpectedly melted, overcome, and broken down. He never before experienced such a soul-humbling watering-time. His soul was as a watered garden. Going home across the downs, he felt lightsome, peaceful, glad, full of joy, thanksgiving, blessing, and praise. Christ was precious. The heavens appeared to smile with unspeakable glory; and the presence of God shone gloriously in his soul. He said he had a little measure of the feel-

ings of Paul, when he could scarcely tell whether he was in the body or out of the body.

He afterwards said, "I know I was not afraid to die *then*; but I am afraid *now*. I am such a great vile sinner. I am afraid it may be all a delusion. I have been such a sinner since; and if Jesus does not save me, I shall be lost. I want a free pardon, free righteousness, and free mercy." This testimony of our friend was commended to my conscience as the sterling work of God. I said, "Do not be afraid. You are all right.

"If Jesus once upon thee shine,

Then Jesus is for ever thine.'

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,

But loves them to the end."

As he daily groaned under a body of sin and death, and groaned till Christ appeared, he felt no sympathy with the higher-life, flesh-glorifying, self-exalting, fashionable profession of the day. He entertained the ministers who came to Corston. His walk and conversation were as became the gospel of Christ. He quietly sank in death. His last words were, "He took all my sins and bare them away." T. H.

JOHN WICKENDEN.—On Aug. 10th, aged 67, John Wickenden, of Coursley Wood, Wadhurst.

He has gone to be for ever with Him who chose him, died for him, quickened him, kept him alive for more than 40 years in a world disordered by sin and beset with enemies on every hand, inward and outward, and maintained that life until it pleased the great Giver and Maintainer of it to take him to himself. He was for many years a member of the church at Pell Green, under the late Mr. Crouch; but was for some years past constrained to leave the place altogether, and sit under the late Mr. Russell at Rotherfield, being completely starved out at the former place after Mr. Crouch's death.

As he lived under the power and teaching of grace, so he died in the sweet comforts of its influence in the soul. He, as many have done before, felt the saving and supporting benefits of it at a time when most needed. He was favoured with many special visits before taken from the body. On one occasion I went to see him, before he became so ill and exhausted as afterwards. On my inquiring after the state of his mind, he said, "Last Wednesday the Lord broke in upon my soul with such sin-subduing power and sweetness that the savour of it is still with me. (This was on Saturday evening.) I had been feeling such a sinful wretch before him, and wondering that he should come into the world to save such a wretch as I."

For the last 30 hours of his life his exhaustion was such that he could scarcely speak so as to be understood. During this time, the woman who was sitting by him, not knowing anything beyond nature, said, "He is blessing somebody." My wife, who was also in the room at the time, said they could hear "Bless, bless, bless;" but that he had not power to speak what he wanted. Then he uttered "Ever, ever, ever." I have no doubt that he had another special visit from heaven, and wished to make it known to us, but strength failed. This was about six or seven hours before his departure, and the last that we could gather.

It may be truly said of him that he fell asleep in Jesus, without the least movement of hand or foot. As I stood looking on, I could not tell when the last breath was drawn; but I saw the deathly paleness gather over his face. His happy spirit is now in the presence of his dear Redeemer, to go no more out, to know no more suffering, "where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick."

Wadhurst.

J. RELF.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1876.

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

## NAOMI, RUTH, AND BOAZ; CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

A SERMON PREACHED AT COVENTRY, ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 3RD,  
1858, BY MR. GARNER.

“Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee.”—RUTH II. 19.

My friends, this is the language of Naomi. It is also the language of a grateful heart. When Naomi uttered the words, her heart was touched by the circumstance of her daughter-in-law, Ruth, having met with a friend, who had noticed her, taken knowledge of her, been kind to her, and had befriended her.

Here I would ask a question: Is not the language of Naomi that of the church of the living God? When they hear one and another relate what God hath done for their souls, does it not touch a chord in their hearts that makes them speak like Naomi: “Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee?”

If there is one feeling more sacred than another to a child of God, besides that which he experiences when the Lord blesses his soul with a personal revelation, a manifestation of his love and mercy, a sense of his presence, with a knowledge of his interest in his salvation, in the love and blood of Immanuel, that touches, stirs up, and moves the whole power of his soul, it is when he hears of God's love and mercy manifested to poor ill- and hell-deserving sinners like himself, when they come together to speak of God's love and mercy, to tell out what he has done for their souls.

The words of my text were spoken by Naomi to her daughter-in-law, Ruth, under very interesting circumstances. In reading the history, you will see that Naomi, with her husband and two sons, went into the land of Moab. There the hand of the Lord went out against her. She buried her husband and sons, and then decided to return to Bethlehem, the land of her nativity. Her daughters-in-law followed part of the way, when she expostulated with them for following her, and wished them to return to their own country and friends. One seemed to have an attachment to Naomi, and a great respect for her, but a greater respect for herself; for when it came to the turning-point, to give up all for her mother-in-law, Orpah lifted up her voice, wept, and re-



turned home. Not so with Ruth. She saw something in Naomi that commended itself to her conscience,—something in the religion of Naomi, and in her conversation, that recommended it to Ruth. So it began to work in her heart that there should be no such thing as a separation. This showed itself in the language of Ruth, when Naomi spoke of a separation. Ruth breaks out with: “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, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

Dear friends, what a thing this love is when it gets into the heart of a man or woman! It is of no consequence where they are, or in what circumstances they may be; there is no such thing as separating these friends. There may be a great difference in their circumstances; one in affliction, the other in health; one in poverty, the other wealthy; but if God cement the heart, where one goes the other must follow. They are so united in heart that they cannot be separated. What a mercy it is that such is the case!

This is the effect of a living religion wrought in the heart by the blessed Spirit. I trust I know by blessed experience something about the matter, something of what that feeling is, and how it worked in poor Ruth. It was so with Moses, who was in a good position. He might have been king of Egypt. He was in favour with the great. But he was not satisfied; he saw there was something in his own despised people. Though they were a persecuted people, yet there appeared something in them that so laid hold of the heart of Moses that he must cast in his lot with them, if he suffered affliction for it, as they were in deep affliction and trouble. We read: “By faith Moses, when he was come to years, 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.” How is this? Where are we to look for a key to solve this enigma? The answer is: “He endured, as seeing him who is invisible.” He desired something better than the perishing things of time and sense.

“When Jesu’s gracious hand  
Has touch’d our eyes and ears,  
O what a dreary land  
The wilderness appears!  
No healing balm springs from its dust;  
No cooling stream to quench the thirst.”

Something else is wanted, something else desired, something else sought after. A principle of life is communicated, and light is given; and the eyes of the understanding being enlightened, the soul sees beyond terrestrial things. It has an object in view, though it may be far off. He may be in much perplexity and anxiety, still, he has a glimmering light, and life within, drawing

the soul to Christ, out of the world, from everything carnal and worldly, fixing the mind, and bringing it to union and communion with the Son of God. Thus the soul is blessed with the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins.

We read that when Naomi got back to her own country, Ruth went a-gleaning. She would not be idle. When the master came into the field, he saluted his men, the reapers. What happy men! It was not, "I want to know how you men get on with your work." Not a word about that. "The Lord be with you." They replied, "The Lord bless thee." Here, my friends, was union and fellowship in feeling, oneness and sympathy in the heart. Boaz questions them about the damsel: "Who is she?" "The Moabitish damsel, Ruth, who returned with Naomi." He spoke to her, and said, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field; neither go from hence; but abide here fast by my maidens. Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them. Have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."

Such kindness from this mighty man of wealth, to one who felt herself a stranger, made her fall on her face. "And she bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" Boaz tells her he knew all about her. "It hath been fully showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." Then she said, "Let me find favour in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thy handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thy handmaidens." This goodness and mercy melts her down, and overcomes her. He then said to her, "At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." "And Ruth sat beside the reapers; and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left."

He carried his kindness still farther; for he commanded the reapers to let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her. She gleaned until the evening; and after she had beat out what she had gleaned, she went home. Her mother put this question: "Where hast thou gleaned to-day? And where wroughtest thou? Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee."

In this book, Boaz, Ruth, and Naomi are beautiful types; Boaz of Christ, Ruth and Naomi of the disciples of Jesus. They are seekers, inquirers, and gleaners in the field of truth, anxious to know about the matter. Naomi is a type of the church; Ruth, of one who comes before the church to give in her experience,—where she had ventured forth, and what she had gleaned. Naomi

was very anxious to know all about it. Ruth told her that the man's name with whom she wrought was Boaz. Naomi exclaims, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. The man is near of kin to us, one of our next kinsmen." Ruth explains all she had met with, and how kind Boaz had been to her. Naomi further instructs her, and explains the relationship in which they stand,—that he had a right to redeem, that by his kind and gracious acts it was well for her, that, in fact, it was well for both Ruth and Naomi, that he was near of kin, one of their next kinsmen (only one stood before him), and that, according to law, he had the right to redeem.

"Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee." What a mercy if there are any here this morning who can say,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood."

Here is poor Ruth, a stranger coming up from the country of Moab, gleaning in the fields; and as she gleaned, one takes knowledge of her. He had a sympathy for her, and he showed it by acts of kindness. He spoke to her encouragingly. This was not a mere silent love; no, it was love expressed. He spoke kindly to her, wished her to hearken to him, and then gave her encouragement to glean in the field. My friends, what a mercy it is that the Lord takes knowledge of us; and that it is a perfect knowledge of all our concerns! Though the Lord's people are scattered abroad and strangers, yet, when they get into the company of any who have experienced a change of heart, they are surprised, when they speak, that they should take knowledge of them. This was the case with Ruth: "Why take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" When they speak they are fearful that they shall not speak rightly. "I am not like one of thy handmaidens."

What a mercy it is that the Lord, who speaks to seeking, inquiring souls, knows all about them, though they know not him! He has a perfect knowledge of all their gleanings.

Ruth wanted something to sustain her natural frame, and, therefore, she goes a-gleaning. So, where the life of God is in the heart, hunger is felt, and the quickened soul becomes poor and needy. The soul in this needy case goes here and there, seeking food and rest, and inquiring the way. No one takes notice of him, or seems to know anything about his case. The people walk at a distance, and appear to look cold and shy. Have not some of you known what this is? The people of God have looked cold upon thee; and thou hast been afraid to make known thy case.

What a mercy it is if you and I are amongst those who are seeking Jesus, seeking the truth out of the Word of God, searching for the way of salvation! What a mercy it is to have a living desire in our souls for the bread of heaven and the water of life! Our earnest desire is deliverance from the power and guilt of sin; and we cannot rest satisfied without it.

Our true heavenly Boaz, a mighty man of wealth, he knows the exact position of all his people. He has no need to inquire of any. Poor tried soul, he knows all the circumstances of thy case, thy state, thy wants, thy fears, thy anxieties, thy perplexities, thy numerous troubles. He knows all about thee, poor weeping, seeking, cast-down, hungry, needy, thirsty one. You may be fearful; and this suggestion of the enemy will surely come in, as it troubled Ruth,—that as Boaz was a Jew, a Hebrew, a mighty man of wealth, he would not notice her. But no. You see that Boaz spoke kindly to the damsel. And so our anti-typical Boaz, the Lord Jesus, he speaks kind words to needy souls. The Master will surely supply all your need. You may be tempted to give all up; but there is a secret persuasion in the mind that keeps you. He will cheer your poor souls by a little hope, a little comfort, a crumb of mercy; so that you will come to this,—that as he has brought you thus far, he will lead you farther on, as it was with Boaz and Ruth. With them it ended in marriage. And if the Lord has taken knowledge of you, and brought you into such a condition that the world cannot satisfy you; if you cannot be satisfied with that religion that stands in a form, a shadow, or with an empty intellectual religion; if you cannot be satisfied with anything short of a blessed revelation of mercy to your precious and immortal soul; if the Lord has brought you thus far, “blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee.” He that brought you into this position, has not only taken knowledge of you, but he has spoken kind words unto you. He has brought you where you have something to feed upon. “At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar.”\* Ruth had a welcome to sit down. This vinegar had a reference to a custom in the East. It was a mixture of water and vinegar [hard wine] to slake their thirst.

A thought here. We have felt it very blessed for our souls when the Lord has been pleased at meal-times to bid us come hither, and to give us a morsel. It is to be dipped in the vinegar, and eaten with bitter herbs. When we have been blessed with precious faith in the Son of God, we have had our souls refreshed; and in sight of the sorrows, sufferings, and conflicts of our Lord Jesus Christ, having fellowship and communion with the Lord Jesus in his sufferings, our morsel has been dipped in the vinegar,—in his bitter sorrows. When placed side by side with his overwhelming sufferings and sorrows, blessed with a measure of the peace of God, through a revelation of pardoning mercy and love, the soul is blessedly freed from guilt, condemnation, and fear, with its feet set upon the rock, and in the enjoyment of a precious view by faith of all this coming to us through a dying Saviour.

My friends, it is sweet to eat the bread of heaven, and drink the water of life. We find what the poet says true:

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\* We believe that this does not mean vinegar in the English sense of the word, but a red hard and nourishing wine, called bruska, which is still made in that part of the world.

“ Well he remembers Calvary;  
Nor let his saints forget.”

When our mercies are viewed here, they are no common mercies. It is a double mercy if we are led to view them as coming through that sacred channel opened up in the bleeding wounds of Jesus. These are no common mercies with which the church is favoured. To be favoured with a sight of Christ, to have a morsel reached forth and given to the soul, to go in and out and find pasture, to hear and know the invitation, “ And at meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar,” this is to be blessed indeed.

Do we know anything of these mercies? “ Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee.” What ground or reason have we that we can look on, and rejoice in hope of these mercies and favours being bestowed upon us? Who has made us to differ? Has the Lord raised up a hope in our souls, and blessed us with some sweet evidence that he has taken knowledge of us? Then he has done great things for us. Thus, if you have a hope in his mercy, God has blessed you and had mercy upon you.

Look at Boaz and his kindness to Ruth. But what is that to the kindness God has and ever had towards his people? Jesus had an ancient knowledge of his people. And he has still a perfect knowledge of them, and all their ways. How he leads them about in a wonderful, mysterious path! Sometimes their path is in tribulation. They are so troubled that they cannot see any way of hope or deliverance. When we look back at the way the Lord has led us, truly we must say that goodness and mercy have followed us all our days. Who of you, whose hearts the Lord hath touched, that are here present this morning, but must bear witness of, and declare the goodness and mercy of God, and trace it all up to this: “ Blessed is he that did take knowledge of thee?” Where were you when the Lord by his Spirit quickened your souls? My friends and brethren, living ones, fearing ones, tried ones, you that have a hope in the mercy of God, where were you when the Lord met with you? Where were you when the Lord found you, when he stopped you in your mad career of sin?

One day last week the Lord was pleased to lead me to look back upon the way he had led me 44 years in the wilderness. Twenty-four years since the Lord was pleased to open my eyes, and make me feel that I was a stranger to God and godliness. When my soul is led to look back, I am filled with wonder and astonishment at the goodness and mercy of my God to such an unworthy sinner. I looked around upon my brethren and companions, and saw how they were left; while the Lord has condescended to manifest himself to me, such an ill- and hell-deserving sinner. I must repeat the language of Naomi, and say, “ Blessed be he that took knowledge of me.”

What a mercy it is that the Lord took knowledge of us, and separated us from the world! You poor Ruths, you gleaners in the field, you that have had a visit from Boaz, a blessed interview,

can look on with some degree of pleasure and enjoyment, with a hope in his mercy.

I was conversing with a poor woman last week, who spoke of her feelings, and what a poor miserable state she saw and felt herself to be in. She was fearful she was nothing but a hypocrite, after all her profession, and feeling what a solemn thing it would be should it so turn out, and what a reproach on the cause it would bring. After some questions I put to her, I was satisfied she was all right, that, notwithstanding these bitter things she was writing against herself, there was life in her soul, and a good hope at the bottom. However dark and tried we may be, we cannot give up, talk as we may. There is something within that clings to the truth, and to the field where we hear it. We glean something in this field; and by and by, in the Lord's own time, we shall tell it out. Some of you now present this morning have had some blessed interviews with your Lord and Master; and you cannot deny it. You have tasted of the bread of heaven, and have had fellowship with Jesus. He has taken knowledge of you; and, therefore, you have spoken of this to your brethren. Others there are present who are anxiously inquiring about this matter. My advice to you is: "Follow on to know the Lord." May the blessed Spirit lead you on. "The vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come; it will not tarry."

I would remind those of you whom the Lord has taken knowledge of, that the Lord has conferred a great blessing and favour upon you. What a mercy it is that the Lord has taken knowledge of you; for what were you more than others? Bless his Name for what he has done for you. When you look at Ruth and Naomi, you can join in their language, that he has taken knowledge of you, that he has done great things for you, more than you expected or deserved, that you have been drawn the same way, and that some good thing has been put into your heart towards the Lord God of Israel. You feel in your heart a love to God, the Lord Jesus, and his people; and you have been made willing to cast in your lot with them. This plainly proves that he has taken knowledge of you.

When we hear a poor sinner telling out what the Lord has done for his or her soul, it causes us to rejoice, and for this reason,—these things should not be kept back. We must not eat our morsel alone, but rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Are there any present to whom the Lord has been merciful and gracious, or of whom he has taken knowledge, and yet have not come forth publicly to acknowledge him? Why not come forth and declare what he has done, as our sister is about to do this morning, to acknowledge him as her Lord and Saviour in the way he has appointed? Do not say, The less you say about that the better. The case is so simple and clear in the Word of God. It stands out so plainly in the commission the

Master gave to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "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. Amen." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; Mark xvi. 15, 16.) That order has never been reversed. It stands there, in all its power, and with the authority of Him who gave it. He who had all power in his hand in heaven and earth now sits on the right hand of the Majesty on high. He, and he alone, gave the command; and it has never been reversed.

May the Lord constrain more of you to come forth and declare his goodness and mercy; so that when others hear your story, they may be enabled to say, "Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee."

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### OWEN ON DIVINE JUSTICE.

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Is it to be wondered at that God should be disposed severely to punish that which earnestly wishes him not to be God, and strives to accomplish this with all its might? Sin opposes the Divine Nature and existence; it is enmity against God, and is not an idle enemy; it has even engaged in a mortal war with all the attributes of God. He would not be God if he did not avenge, by the punishment of the guilty, his own injury. He hath often and heavily complained in his Word that by sin he is robbed of his glory and honour, affronted, exposed to calumny and blasphemy; that neither his holiness, nor his justice, nor name, nor right, nor dominion, is preserved pure and untainted. For he hath created all things for his own glory, and it belongs to the natural right of God to preserve that glory entire, by the subjection of all his creatures in their proper stations to himself. And shall we not reckon that sin is entirely destructive of that order which would entirely wrest that right out of his hands, and a thing to be restrained by the severest punishment? Let sinners then be informed that every the least transgression abounds so much with hatred against God, is so highly injurious to him, and so far as in its power brands him with such folly, impotence, and injustice, so directly robs him of all his honour, glory, and power, that if he wills to be God he can by no means suffer it to escape unpunished.

It was not for nothing that on that day on which he made man a living soul he threatened him with death, even eternal death; that in giving his law he thundered forth so many dread execrations against this fatal evil; that he hath threatened it with such punishment, with so great anger, with fury, wrath, tribulation, and anguish, that with a view to vindicate his own glory, and provide for the salvation of sinners, he made his most holy Son, "who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," "sin" and "a curse," and subjected him to that last punishment, the death of the cross, including in it the satisfaction due to his vio-

lated law. All these things divine justice required as necessary to the preservation of his honour, glory, wisdom, and dominion. Let every proud complaint of sinners, then, be hushed; for we know that the judgment of God is according to truth against them that do evil.

But sin, in respect of the creature, is folly, madness, fury, blindness, hardness, darkness, stupor, giddiness, torpor, turpitude, uncleanness, nastiness, a stain, a spot, an apostasy, degeneracy, a wandering from the mark, a turning aside from the right path, a disease, a languor, destruction, death. In respect of the Creator, it is a disgrace, an affront, blasphemy, enmity, hatred, contempt, rebellion, an injury. In respect of its own nature, it is poison, a stench, dung, a vomit, polluted blood, a plague, a pestilence, an abominable thing, a curse; which, by its most pernicious power of metamorphosing, hath transformed angels into devils, light into darkness, life into death, paradise into a desert, a pleasant, fruitful, blessed world into a vain, dark, accursed prison; and the Lord of all into a servant of servants; which hath rendered man, the glory of God, an enemy to himself, a wolf to others, the plague of the world, a monster, and a ruin. Attempting to violate the eternal, natural, and indispensable right of God, to cut the thread of the creature's dependence on the Creator, it introduced with it this world of iniquity.

First, then, to address you, who live, or rather are dead, under the guilt, dominion, power, and law of sin. How shall ye escape the damnation of hell? The judgment of God is, that they who commit those things to which you are totally given up, and which you cannot refrain from, are worthy of death. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" since it is a just thing with him "to render to every one according to his works." And who can deliver you out of his mighty hand? Wherewith can the wrath to come be averted? Wherewithal can you make atonement to so great a Judge? Sacrifices avail nothing; hence those words of the prophet, which express not so much the language of inquiry as of confusion and astonishment: "Wherewithal shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the Most High God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" Would you attempt an obedience arduous and expensive beyond all credibility? By such dreadful propitiations, by such dire and accursed sacrifices, at the thought of which human nature shudders, would you appease the offended Deity?

You are not the first whom a vain superstition and ignorance of the justice of God hath forced to turn away their ears from the sight and cries of tender infants, breathing out their very vitals, your own blood in vain. These furies which now by starts agitate us within, will, by their vain attempts against the snares of death, torment us to all eternity; for God, the Judge of all, will



not accept of sacrifice, or offering, or burnt offerings for sin; with these he is not at all delighted; for the redemption of the soul is precious, and ceaseth for ever.

God cannot so lightly esteem or disregard his holiness, justice, and glory, to which your sins have done so great an injury, that he should renounce them all for the sake of hostile conspirators. Unless there should be some other remedy quickly provided for us; unless the Judge himself provide a lamb for a burnt offering; unless the gates of a city of refuge shall be quickly opened to you, exclaiming and trembling at the avenging curse of the law, unless you can find access to the horns of the altar, if God be to remain blessed for ever, you must doubtless perish for ever.

But what, and how bitter a sense of sin, how deep a humiliation, contrition, and dejection of heart and spirit, what self-hatred, condemnation, and contempt, what great self-indignation and revenge, what esteem, what faith in the necessity, excellence, and dignity of the righteousness and satisfaction of Christ, especially if God hath graciously condescended to bestow his Holy Spirit to convince men's hearts of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment (without whose effectual and heart-changing grace even the most opposite remedies applied to this disease will be in vain), and to excite and work such sentiments concerning the transgression of the Divine law, the nature of sin, or the disobedience of the creatures, a persuasion how fit and proper those who have spiritual eyes will easily perceive.

To those happy persons whose sins are forgiven, and to whom God will not impute iniquity, because he hath laid their transgressions upon Christ, the knowledge of this Divine truth is as a spur to quicken them to the practice of every virtue, and to sincere obedience; for in what high, yea, infinite honour and esteem must God be held by him who, having escaped from the snares of death, and the destruction due to him, through his inexpressible mercy hath thoroughly weighed the nature of sin and the consequences of it, which we have mentioned before? For whosoever shall reflect with himself that such is the quality and nature of sin, and that it is so impiously inimical to God that, unless by some means his justice be satisfied by the punishment of another, he could not pardon it or let it pass unpunished, will ever acknowledge himself to be indebted to eternal love for the remission of the least transgression; because in inexpressible grace and goodness it hath been forgiven. And hence, too, we may learn how much, beyond all other objects of our affection, we are bound to love with our heart and soul, and all that is within us, our dear and beloved Deliverer, and most merciful Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath delivered us from the wrath to come.

When Tigranes, son of the king of Armenia, had said to Cyrus that he would purchase his wife's liberty at the price of his life, and she was consequently set free by Cyrus, while some were admiring and extolling one virtue of Cyrus and some another,

she, being asked what she most admired in that illustrious hero, answered, "My thoughts were not turned upon him." Her husband again asking her, "Upon whom, then?" She replied, "Upon him who said that he would redeem me from slavery at the expense of his life." Is not he, then, to be caressed and dearly beloved, to be contemplated with faith, love, and joy, who answered for our lives with his own; devoted himself to punishment, and at the price of his blood, "while we were yet enemies," purchased us, and rendered us "a peculiar people to himself?" We, now secure, may contemplate in his agony, sweat, tremor, horror, exclamations, prayers, cross, and blood, what is God's severity against sin, what the punishment of the broken law and curse are.

Unless God the Judge and Ruler of all, after having thoroughly examined the nature, hearts, breasts, ways, and lives of us all, had thence collected whatever was contrary to his law, improper, unjust, and impure; whatever displeased the eyes of his purity, provoked his justice, roused his anger and severity, and laid it all on the shoulders of our Redeemer, and condemned it in his flesh, it had been better for us, rather than to be left eternally entangled in the snares of death and the curse, never to have enjoyed the common air, but to have been annihilated as soon as born.

Wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us from this most miserable state by nature? Thanks be to God through our Lord Jesus Christ. May we always, then, be "sick of love" towards our Deliverer. May he always be our Beloved, who is "white and ruddy, and the chiefest among ten thousand."

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*TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.*

Truth must triumphant be,  
 Let who will it assail;  
 'Tis sure of victory,  
 And must at length prevail.  
 Though earth and hell against it fight,  
 Its foes will all be put to flight.

Error, with brazen face,  
 May seem of victory sure;  
 But God will it disgrace;  
 Truth only shall endure.  
 Its Author will its right defend,  
 And get the victory to the end.

Against truth who contend,  
 Though numberless they be,  
 God will defenders send,  
 Who shall fight manfully.  
 The God of Truth must win the day,  
 And all its vain opposers slay.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*(Continued from page 492.)*

## CHAPTER IV.

“Come, thou south.” As the north wind here represents to us things adverse, painful, and destructive to the flesh in God’s children, so the south wind signifies things prosperous, pleasant, and new-creative to the soul. Nothing that Christ does or suffers to be done to his people is for their injury, but real advantage. “This sickness is not unto death;” that is, not the design and final end of it, “but for the glory of God.” “Neither did this man sin, nor his parents.” It was neither some peculiar sin in them, nor especial corruption of nature in him, “that he was born blind; but that the works of God might be made manifest in him.” This is a most comforting thought for God’s people; and, led by the Spirit, they may apply it to all their losses, crosses, and woes. “This loss is not unto loss; this cross is not unto anguish of spirit; this woe is not unto misery; but the real end of all these things is for my advantage, and the manifestation of the glory of God.” How these things cause God’s people to reign over circumstances! Thus they become as kings in Christ unto God. They wear their robes of royalty and kingly crowns; and all the creatures, all things, all circumstances, pay them their tribute. They are all for them, all for Christ’s glory, all for the glory of a Triune God.

But if it were all sorrow, all trial, no interchange of joy and sorrow, cross and triumph, God’s people would be crushed. So the sorrowful days must be shortened for the elect’s sakes, that they may be saved. “The rod of the wicked must not rest,” though it may for a season come “upon the lot of the righteous.” When the north wind has done its appointed work, the south wind follows. After a season of providential trial, God sends in due season relief. When persecutions have raged and temptations done their proper work, then come help and relief. “Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the people renew their strength.” After times of sad desertion and distress, the Lord returns “with healing in his wings.”

“When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.”

But in the words “Come, thou south,” the Lord’s visits to the soul with the sweet communications of grace and the breathings of his Holy Spirit are more especially intended. The south wind here peculiarly signifies the Holy Spirit in his comforting, renovating operations upon the soul in Christ. Indeed, no prosperous circumstances, apart from the comforting influences of the Holy Spirit, would be sufficient to revive and cheer the hearts of God’s people. They are not so dependent upon mere outward circumstances as some fancy, and, alas! as some, by

their conduct in outward troubles, would lead persons ignorant of the power of godliness to suppose. Paul and Silas sang praises to God in a dungeon, with feet fast in the stocks; and David, hunted for his life by Saul, says, "Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live." "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Job cries, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." No! God's children are not, as such, either the sport or creatures of circumstances. The woman clothed with the sun has the moon beneath her feet. Christ can make a dungeon sweet, and a wilderness to blossom.

"Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell.  
'Tis paradise if thou art here;  
If thou remove, 'tis hell."

So, then, though the south wind may include prosperity even of an outward kind, it principally signifies the Holy Spirit himself in his new-covenant comforting operations, as communicating to the soul the things of that new covenant, revealing to it grace, mercy, peace, and love in Christ Jesus. Now Christ has only to say, "Come," and prosperity visits the soul, and the blessed Spirit returns to cheer and comfort it. Christ is the real Prophet, the true Son of man, who with authority prophesies to the winds, and says, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain." And what he says is done.

But, observe, the Lord limits all this to his garden. All these things are special. The Lord is dealing here in the ways in which he deals only with his own people. Of course, worldly persons have adversities and prosperity. But here both adversity and prosperity come from a special source, the eternal covenant, ordered in all things and sure. The trials, temptations, griefs, and sorrows of God's people were all ordered in that covenant. All the chariots, all the courses of God's providence, come forth, in reference to them, from between the mountains of brass; as in Zech. vi. All the darkest events, as well as all the prosperous, chariots with dark horses, and chariots with white ones, all were alike hidden from eternity in the depths of God's decrees; and all come forth in fulfilment by his power. There is a special grace, as well as special providence, as it respects every event, in reference to a child of God. "My Father," he may cry with holy triumph, "governs all."

Here, then, in this sense, all is to be limited to the church of God. The blessed Spirit never visits any heart but that of an elect child of God as the Spirit of life and the Comforter in Christ Jesus. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." The wind of the Holy Spirit's influences in Jesus Christ visits only his garden.

"That the spices thereof may flow out." The spices were there. As we signified at the beginning, the child or the church

of God is supposed to be in a sluggish, fleshly state of mind. Grace is in the heart; life is there; the root of the matter remains; but, alas! there is a great prevalence of the flesh. The things which remain are ready to die, and a Laodicean spirit of miserable self-conceit and complacency has crept over the soul. But Christ desires and designs communion. We, if his people, are his. He made us, and redeemed us for himself. Therefore, in the furtherance of his holy will, the north wind of varied adversities has awaked, the south wind of his Spirit's gracious influences has come upon the soul, and now all is changed, and the spices flow out. Divine desires, longings for Christ, breathings after communion with him, proceed from the heart. And this is all fitly expressed in the last part of the verse, where the bride herself speaks: "Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

We know not that it is necessary to add here many words. We have no wish to merely multiply such to no profit. It is very evident that the design of Christ is, as must ultimately always be the case, answered. The spouse is awakened to a sense of her own needy, destitute condition in self, to longings after Christ, to lively perceptions of his beauty and desirableness, to earnest desires after communion with him. She wants him to come into her soul, to visit her with his salvation; and she frankly owns that all she has of good to please the Lord or entertain him with, must come from himself. If he sits and eats with her, he must himself provide the feast. All that is of the nature of pleasantness to him about her must be the fruit of his own Holy Spirit in her.

"For, dearest Lord, if thou shouldst wait  
Reception worthy thee,  
With sinners thou wouldst never sit;  
At least, I'm sure, with me."

Thus, adorned with humility, and lively in her desires after Christ, the sweet spices of gracious affections flow forth in the ardent expression: "Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

A word or two may be added to all this. O how often these things take place in our own experiences! How admirably the words of the inspired penman of hundreds of years ago describe the saints' experiences of to-day! Still the Lord holds communion with his children, and visits his churches in love. Still he often finds the things of the flesh and mere nature in the way. He still is wont, in carrying out his purpose, to work as of old. The north wind shall awake. He speaks in our prosperity, and we do not hear; or at any rate it is a sort of drowsy hearing. Adversity comes from him to do us good. God spake to Job out of the whirlwind, and his approach was so close, so glorious, that Job cries, "Now mine eye seeth thee." So it is with us. "He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth" into the closest

embracement of his love. Thus in the worst things "we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

"He never takes away our all;  
Himself he gives us still."

His way is in the sea, and his footsteps are not known; but faith believes, and experience realizes, that "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth" to his covenant people. How many times

"The clouds they so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and they break  
In blessings on their head."

How often have they, in the long run, had to say of losses, crosses, trials, temptations of every sort, "Sweet afflictions!" For they have powerfully, through grace, carried forward the work of God in their souls, mortifying the flesh, and, when accompanied by the free, sweet breathings of the Holy Spirit in Christ, have caused awakened and earnest desires after Christ to flow forth from their souls. "Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

Another reflection or two must close our remarks on these words. How seldom do God's people know when they are well off! Like the king of Tyre in days of old, they are inclined to say, "Cabul,"—dirty cities, of God's wise and choice gifts to them. (1 Ki. ix. 13.) We want riches, plenty, untried circumstances, smooth things, ease and peace in the church and in the world; but the Lord knows us better than to give us these things. Generally speaking, they steal away our hearts from God, and unfit us for the communications of his love and the kisses of his mouth. We are apt to rest in them. How hardly, in this sense, shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God! The Lord loves his people, and therefore buries them in wants, contempt from men, and woes; and then visits them in these graves. They sigh for his manifested mercies, and he brings them up out of their graves into the land of Israel. Of the wicked God says, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Prosperity completely takes away their hearts from everything like dependence upon or fear of God. The Lord's people shall not die of this disease; and though God may give them so much of even prosperity as shall do them good, he will surely give them so much of the medicine of a wholesome adversity as shall make them sigh and cry for the presence of their Beloved. Children of God who work for a living or are employed in business want more prosperity and success. They see the prosperity of those who fear not God. In our families we want more harmony, order, and conformity to the gospel. In churches members sigh for more visible effects of the preached word, greater increase, more unity, spiritual-mindedness, and love. Ministers sigh for more success in the ministry; and the want of all these things often keeps us very low, and sighing under a sense of a universal vanity. But where should we get to if it were otherwise? Might we not be carried away into carnal security, luxury, Laodicean self-

complacency, and hateful pride? Would not Christ remain almost neglected in the midst of these flesh-pleasing things? Are we better than our fathers? Still, meat to the full and a lean soul often go together.

Well, it is our mercy, then, to be tried and tempted, not to have things as our flesh and nature would desire. Paul knew and felt this when he wrote that he was content to suffer the loss of all things so that he might win Christ. The cross and the crown, death and resurrection, go together.

Yes, prosperity steals away the heart from God. The thief cometh, and the good man of the house does not perceive that it is a thief who is thus stealthily coming in. How often I find my naughty heart wishing for more of the things of this world, and craving its empty honours and riches! We love to be exalted in our own esteem and that of others; and these things naturally swell us out into a vain self-importance; therefore, we like them. It is so comfortable to feel that I have a goodly share of that which all so much desire. Intrinsic excellence is so little admired in this life. "The king's daughter is all glorious *within*;" but *without*, in the sight of man, she wears a mean appearance. She wears her robes of wrought gold before God, not man. This is not congenial to mere nature. Well, my naughty heart, then, slighting the real glories of God which I possess, would have that which man shall see and admire me for. But here I check myself. You must die, and suppose you had more of this world's wealth, wouldst thou be a faithful steward of it? Alas! I fear not. The very vanity of my mind which makes me want more would, I fear, lead me to misuse it. Well, then, "better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great riches" with great wrath, a lean soul, and a heart departing from the Fountain of living waters.

I question if Jacob in prosperity always remembered his vow made in adversity; or why did God so remind him of Bethel? Sometimes we find the poor liberal, and those better off niggardly. How is this? The wise man tells us: "When riches increase, they are increased who possess them." Increased not towards God, but self; increased in covetousness, pride, self-importance, and luxury. Where do we find those who are well off giving, with Jacob, a tenth to the Lord? Surely this is a poor return in the way of acknowledgment and praise to God. Perhaps if a man had ten thousand instead of forty pounds a year he would start back from the very thought of the *wonderful* liberality of appropriating a thousand of it to the Lord and his poor.

Well, then, we see abundant reason for the dealings of our text. Nature and the flesh stand in the way of the sweet enjoyments of God's love, the choicest communications of his grace, and sweetest fellowship with the Lord. To these things we are called; for these things we are new-created; these are the real substantial blessings God has ordained for his children. "Awake," then, "O north wind;" and chasten the flesh, and remove the

obstacles. "Come, thou south," drawing forth divine desires; "blow upon my garden." "Yea," saith the spouse; "the design of love is now accomplished. Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

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*THE AGONY OF LOVE.*

LU. XXI. 14.

WHAT prayer is that? How deep, how pure!

Hark, hark, my soul, draw near!

It is thy God, all bathed in blood,

Who prays and wrestles here.

Ah, yes! It is the King of kings,

Jehovah veil'd in clay.

Each opening pore's one bleeding sore,

To sweat the curse away.

'Tis not a few spare drops of blood

The Saviour sheds for me;

From head to foot my God is wet

With love's deep agony.

Down on my Jesus' bending form

Great drops each other trace;

On, on it rolls for guilty souls;

O height, O depth of grace!

No friend remains to watch with him,

To succour or sustain;

He's left alone to struggle on

With vengeance, wrath, and pain.

Ye sad disciples, wake not yet;

His grief is too severe;

Love's agony ye must not see;

God holds your slumber here.

Down, down the purple love-drops fall;

Earth drinks her Maker's blood.

O sight too high for mortal eye,—

The agony of God!

No wrath can damp love's raging fire;

Still, still the flame beams high;

All wrath's consumed, all heaven's perfumed

With love's deep agony.

What, O my soul, dost thou behold?

Thy Maker bathed in blood.

Fly, fly thy sin, if thou hast been

In fellowship with God.

Forbear, sad muse, thy range forbear;

Wake up, ye harps above!

Nor heaven nor earth can sound it forth,—

Blest agony of love!

H. M. A.



## EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Friend,—Your letter has given old Unbelief a blow on the mouth; and if it had given him a broken neck I do not think it would have cost me much in crape. However, I am sorry to say he is still alive; and though he has received so many blows and stabs, and various other wounds, yet, at times, he and old Will-be-will strut arm in arm through my soul, and fly-blow my heart, until such swarms of doubts, fears, misgivings, distrust, evil questioning, and fearful apprehension arise that I seem as if I should be eaten up alive. Yea, my soul stinks and is corrupt because of my foolishness. Oftentimes, my sore runs in the night, when I cannot see to apply any dressing. What with darkness, unskilfulness, and utter helplessness, I often think I shall die in the pit wherein is no water. However, it has afforded me a little comfort, since writing, that sheep are subject to the blow-fly in hot weather, and that the goats never are; and those flies produce a great many maggots. And sure I am, no stinking dunghill was ever fuller of them than my depraved heart, which often compels me to sigh and say, with our much-loved poet:

“Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,  
Proud, envious, false, unclean;  
And every ransack'd corner shows  
Some unsuspected sin.”

The old hornet came the other night and breathed his pestilential breath upon my soul, and produced a dream that I was dying in the full belief that my soul was not immortal. This threw me into such a dreadful fright that it awoke me; and then the adversary waited to give me battle. The first shot he fired was, “Ah, this is the very state you will die in; and this is a foretaste of it.” However, when a little recovered, I endeavoured to grope about for my weapons, and found a girdle for the loins of the mind. I thought I felt a little of the hope of salvation, and endeavoured to draw out the sword of the Spirit, but my arm was so feeble I could scarce get it out of the sheath. In this plight I endeavoured to put Hart's words into practice:

“Ever on thy Captain calling,  
Make thy worst condition known.”

For, blessed be his precious Name, one word from him can turn the shadow of death into the morning. His voice is most sweet. His august presence once rid the field of one hundred and eighty-five thousand in one night.

I cannot help thinking that the devil owes me a great grudge; for I have been enabled a little lately to discover some of his strongholds and secret lurking-places. I have likewise endeavoured to make some open attacks upon his religious empire, and hold some of his craft up to open view; and the Lord hath, at times, much helped me, and drawn my soul into the work; and the old foe does not seem to like it. I think it is evident he is more tenacious of his religious dominions than any part of his

empire. It is likewise evident he cannot bear for any of God's children to be much in private communion with him. However, the Lord, at times, gives such strength to commune with himself that the devil cannot break in; and when the Lord is pleased thus to hide the soul in the secret of his tabernacle, and call it up to the mount of transfiguration, and give the poor heart to say, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell;" and thus to take the prey from the mighty, deliver the lawful captive, set the soul in a large room, give him to rejoice over all the power of the enemy, and spread the banner of love over his soul, he is compelled to say, with Peter, "Lord, it is good to be here." O! For ever blessed be his precious Name; he favoured me a short time back, early one morning, when taking a long journey, with such a sweet feeling of soul as I have scarcely ever had. I seemed as if my soul was in the very arms of my dear Lord and Saviour, and in the place of the enraptured Isaiah, when penning lxi. 10. For a short time, I could say, "I do greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul is joyful in my God; for he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness; he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." Yea, if the same sweetness had continued, I think, if I had had then to pass through Jordan, I think I had such hold of the mantle that I could have divided the waters. Whilst the sweet visit lasted, old Timorous took to his heels; doubt and fear shut up shop; Mr. Prayerful woke up, went to the window, and began to look through the lattice; poor old Mr. Praise, who had so long time kept his bed, being sick with the palsy, suddenly jumped out, and snatching his harp from the willows, said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth. The humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." As for poor old Feeble-mind, he got hold of the cup of salvation, and began to call upon the name of the Lord, and then added, "I will drink, and forget my poverty, and remember my misery no more; for the joy of the Lord is my strength."

But, dear friend, at the present time it is not so with me. I have learned to say with Mr. Hart,

"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."

Perhaps my friend may have to say, "Would to the Lord it was so with me! I have to sigh and say so frequently, and to mourn his absence." Now, dearly beloved in the Lord, do remember that the soul that mourns the absence of the Lord must love the Lord; and he that loves the Lord is beloved of the Lord. Nay, you know, John descends still lower, and saith, "He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. By this," he says, "we know that we love God, when we love the children of God."

And I cannot account for that singular expression in your kind letter, in which you say you would sooner see me than King William, otherwise than this; and this is love that will abound to your account; for "he that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him."

My dear friend, if the warmest affections of my heart will be at all grateful to you, you may rest assured you have them; and if at any time I should come within 30 or 40 miles, I shall endeavour to come and see you, in hopes of imparting some spiritual thing to you, to the end you may be edified. The friends at Bilston wrote me to supply two Sabbaths for Mr. Littleton; and if I had known sooner, I would have come; that I might have had an opportunity of seeing many who are dear to me, many of whom, I can truly say, are in my heart to die and live with; but, being engaged, I could not. But do not be surprised if I should rap at the door some day. I shall be as content to preach in your house as if I had the finest and largest chapel in Dudley.

It does me good to hear that the dear Lord favours you, at times, with some sweet communion with himself. May the Lord increase the favour a thousand-fold. When it is well with you, remember them who are much in bonds, as bound with them, and as being yourself yet in the body. I passed my 50th birthday, which was on Aug. 26th, at Braughing, in Hertfordshire, and preached in the evening from Jer. xxiii. 6: "In his days Judah shall be saved," &c. I have preached several times in the place, and have never had a barren time. I went from there to Welwyn, and met Mr. Gadsby, and preached in turn with him. It was their anniversary. A door of utterance was given me, but not much enjoyment. Mr. G. is looking very well. Although the summer has been very hot, and my sermons unusually long, through mercy, I have been wonderfully supported and bountifully supplied with matter, and have many testimonies of usefulness. O that it may please the Lord more abundantly to own and bless, to the gathering in of his own elect, to the building up of his own in their most holy faith, and to the uniting together the body of Christ. There are some adversaries. One woman, the last time I was in this place, declared I only preached about myself and the devil. However, it appears she neither knew the devil, herself, nor the Lord; for she is since dead, and it appears her end was awful, totally in the dark. And, indeed, I cannot see how it is possible for any who are ignorant, totally ignorant of Satan's devices, to be saved; for the whole need not the Physician, but they that are sick. If sin is not felt as a killing disease, the medicine is useless. And though men may talk of Christ, and become conversant with the doctrines of Christ, they cannot receive him nor his atonement; for it can only be tasted precious by those who are serpent-bitten; and as I told you once, if the devil does not hate a man, Christ does not love him. If the devil hates a

man, he will let him know it; and if Christ loves a man, he shall know it too, sooner or later, "because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us." And when this precious love is shed abroad, the gainsaying of hypocrites in Zion, the false-hearted cowardice of those who have never been emptied from vessel to vessel, the turning again of those who have walked for many years in the sunshine of their own ambition, and have returned to lend Zion the helping hand in much affection, whilst love to their own pride secretly swayed their hearts, I say, all these things and a thousand more lose their power to trouble. This precious love seems to have warmed the heart and borne up the soul of Nehemiah, when they sought matter for an evil report against him, as — did against me. But my God was thinking upon me for good; and I can truly say that out of the eater hath come forth meat. Though to my then present feelings it was a terrible thing, yet the Lord hath granted me an answer in righteousness, for which I have been often constrained most heartily to bless, thank, and praise his dear and adorable Name.

Your very moderate request, in wishing for a few of my last sermons, made me smile; but if you had been in Nottingham you might have had your request; for I had three or four shorthand writers busily employed. I often wished they had been better employed; and I am sure that, if the power of the Lord had rested much upon them, they would have dropped the pen.

Yours in Covenant Bonds,

London, Sept. 14th, 1835.

W. COWPER.

My dear Friend,—It is a fact, our conscience bearing witness to it, that this world to us is a wilderness. No comfort, no peace, no satisfaction can it give unto our souls. We want to thank God for temporals, for food convenient, for raiment, for a habitation, and for friends. These are time mercies, enjoyed only in this life, only so long as we live. Can temporals do us spiritual good?

The first thing wisdom in the heart of a believer seeks after is the kingdom of God and his righteousness. The entrance of God's Word into the heart giveth understanding unto the simple. The simple is one who is harmless. Paul would have the Romans simple concerning evil, but wise unto that which is good; that is, discerning in the choice of good, and distinguishing good from bad doctrine. The understanding of the simple is the effect of divine anointing, that teaches them all things. (1 Jno. ii. 20.) This anointing is an allusion to the holy ointment, the composition of which is described in Ex. xxx. 23-25. The Holy Spirit is poured out on Christ and his people;—on the Head first, without measure; on the members in measure; for "he that hath anointed us is God." (2 Cor. i. 21.) Hence the simple are enlightened by the Holy Ghost in the knowledge of the gospel and the necessary things contained therein. Hereupon their secret thoughts

or reins instruct them (Ps. xvi. 7); they commune with their hearts; and as the Spirit opens unto them the glorious Redeemer, the fulness, freeness, and suitableness of the gospel, it is to them "a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined."

This strengtheneth the heart to hope in the Lord, even in times of adversity. Thus arises that sweet soliloquy: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." This hope fills the soul with such inward joy and consolation that it can smile while tears are in the eye. It is called "the rejoicing of hope." (Heb. iii. 6.) In fact, the beams of grace, shining upon the soul from the Sun of righteousness through a flood of tears, cause to be seen the bow of the covenant; and that bow secures the soul from a deluge of wrath. "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." Mary saw this bow through her tears of sorrow and distress. She washed the Saviour's feet with her tears; and he washed her soul in the fountain of his blood. She sowed in tears and reaped in joy.

You, I have no doubt, know something of sowing and reaping. You may reply, "But more sowing than reaping." If so, the better; for "he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." When the harvest comes, and you reap in joy, and gather in your sheaves of peace, treasure them up in the barn of your heart, so that your soul may be filled with plenty,—plenty to satisfy justice, plenty to pay your debts, plenty for present demands, plenty for future trials, plenty for time, for death, and for eternity; then, in truth, you may say unto your soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up," not "for many years" only, but also for eternity. Therefore "be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

I am still hobbling on, cripple-like, in that way which some call heresy. (Acts xxiv. 14.) I am still, in my poor trembling, fearing, hoping manner, confessing him who to some is only a stumbling-block, to others foolishness, and to some a root out of a dry ground, to others a hard master; but to my soul the All and in all, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely and exceeding precious. The chief, and I may say almost constant, cry of my soul is that I may know him. As I know more of myself, my sins, my ignorance, my darkness, my self-righteousness, so my bondage, guilt, shame, and despair abound. And just so long as these things are seen and looked upon is my soul shut up and fettered in the lowest dungeon; and there I abide until such time as I have a fresh knowledge of Jesus, as the anointed of God, to "preach good tidings unto the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." With joy

my soul then comes forth from the house of bondage, and puts off her prison dress, the spirit of heaviness, and puts on her royal court dress, the garment of praise. Then springs up one of the songs of Zion: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." But, I assure you, these court days come but seldom; while the days of trouble, darkness, fear, and distress are very, very many. Sometimes I feel like a poor forgotten, miserable outcast, with nothing seen, nothing felt, nothing expected, nothing deserved, nothing coming, but wrath; mercy gone, hope gone, peace gone, joy gone, patience gone, light gone; only despair and guilt remaining with me. These are my old dreaded jailors, who seem to have a fresh charge to keep their prisoner safe. Now spring up a thousand fears. I even wish I never had been born, and am ready to curse the day of my birth. I look for light, the light of comfort, but behold the darkness of despair, in which the beasts of the forest creep forth. My soul is then among lions, just ready to perish. I am afraid to pray; afraid to read the Scriptures, for fear of condemnation; afraid to converse on spiritual things, for fear of being presumptuous; afraid to preach, for fear my mouth will be stopped; afraid to think upon past experience, for fear all is delusion; and afraid to look forward, because of awful darkness. I say, "Shall wonders be shown to the dead?" Yes, bless the Lord, he will deliver those appointed unto death.

But how my pen has been running on! I only intended writing a line in answer to yours, and no more; just like me, purposing one thing, but doing another. The Lord himself be with you, in you, before you, under you, above you, and round about you; to whom be honour for ever and ever.

Southill, July 11th, 1876.

J. WARBURTON.

My dear and esteemed Brother in Christ,—May grace and peace be multiplied to you and yours, and the whole Israel of God. Amen.

I have no doubt you will feel surprised at receiving a letter from this side of the world, especially as it is from one whom you so little know. But seeing your name in the "Gospel Standard," attached to an Obituary, I recognized you as the Mr. Alfred Sayer whom I met several times at Hatfield for the purpose of hearing our greatly-beloved friend and pastor, the late William Collins, of Maldon. (See Obit., "G. S.," Mar., 1861.) I may inform you that it was at that cottage I first heard Mr. C. preach, except it was twice outside listening to him in his own hired house. Being the first time, you may be curious to know what it was that induced me to take such an important step.

At an early period of my life, I felt some respect for the religious character; but, of course, our natural understanding will

carry us no higher than Arminianism. I naturally concluded that we must become righteous in some way, but I felt uncertain about coming up to the proper standard; for I felt that if our righteousness should prove insufficient, there would be no entrance for us into the heavenly mansions. I relied principally upon that passage which reads: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was believing in him that I relied upon, which is quite correct; but I was in utter ignorance of what faith in Christ was; for, although I had read of Christ from my earliest youth, yet I knew him not.

I remember that, several years previous to my going to Hatfield, I worked with a man, whose name, I believe, was Lawrence, at Chelmsford. I found him one dinner-time reading, I believe, one of Dr. Hawker's tracts. I had the audacity to want to know what he was reading. In our conversation he mentioned one passage of Scripture, which struck me forcibly, but not in the right way: "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine." I had the shamelessness to remark, "Then you are one of God Almighty's unaccountables." The remark brought on a serious combat between us, which lasted many days.

The doctrine of election was to my mind then a most horrible one; and you know, my friend, what a dreadful conclusion we naturally arrive at under such circumstances about God being a partial God and a tyrant.

Well, as I said, this contest continued for many days, for at every opportunity we were at it. After leaving work at night, I used to accompany him nearly home. Election and reprobation were our principal themes, and I fought against them with all the arguments I could muster; and although he beat me with Scripture at every turn, yet I would not give in. One evening, we stopped in the road to talk; and I well remember that he put a query to me in this way: "Suppose there were a flock of sheep and a flock of goats feeding in that pasture," pointing across the road; "how long do you think they would feed together before the sheep would turn into goats, or the goats into sheep?" This proposition gave me a severe check. I felt convinced that that could never be. So far, I was convinced against my will; but so stubborn was I that I would not yield. The "set time" had not yet arrived. But after that, whenever I heard the word *elect*, it went, as it were, like a dagger to my heart. I hated the doctrine, and yet I was afraid it was true.

Time went on. I kept close to the Church of England, as usual. At length I was sent to work at Hadfield, near Witham. One of my mates was our late friend and brother, Mr. Oliver, carpenter, of Langford, near Heybridge. We lodged together, and slept in the same bed. One evening I heard that a man had been killed by a log of timber falling upon him in the saw-pit. This news gave me a severe shock; and I reflected upon the subject of sudden death. It created in me a sense of great seriousness; so

much so that when I went to bed I could not help speaking of it to my friend. He was already in bed, and apparently asleep. I sat up in the bed to speak of what I had heard; remarking, as I sat there, what a good thing it was for those who were prepared for sudden death. The idea of self-preparation seemed to stir his very soul; and I think I see him now. His mouth was opened, and he gave forth such a discourse as I never heard before. It went to my heart. I was convicted and taken. I was wrong, wrong, altogether wrong, and always had been. I felt condemned in my very soul. Lost! Lost! These were the feelings which possessed me. I could not lie down. I hardly slept that night. I well remember the closing words of my friend's wonderful (to me) discourse: "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." This proved the finishing and condemning stroke. My mouth of opposition was stopped for ever. "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

I cannot describe fully what were the exercises of my mind at this time of trouble. "Sin revived, and I died." Sin, in all its damning power, was brought home. I felt convinced that I had violated the whole decalogue, in thought, word, and deed. "Guilty, guilty," was my sad moan. I could only view a holy and just God as my Judge, who could not clear the guilty; and not knowing of a Surety, I felt I dare not utter even the poor publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" for, thought I, how can a holy God show mercy to one who has been sinning wilfully all his life long?

Now I was all anxiety to hear and learn from my friend all I could of this (to me) new and divine mystery. At every opportunity I was in close and earnest conversation with my friend, and he was always ready to hear and answer my questions. During our conversations, which were frequent, and often long ones, the name of Mr. Collins was frequently introduced. "Mr. C. said this;" and "Mr. C. said that." Old parson Collins I formerly despised, but now I seemed somewhat to revere his name.

One day, while going to our work down the hill, which hill, doubtless, you remember, Oliver beckoned me on one side, and said, "Mr. Collins is going to preach in the village this evening. Would you like to go and hear him?" I consented at once to go with him, which I did. The fact of a mere stranger going in is a circumstance so trivial that it is hardly likely that you remember it; but to me it was the "beginning of days."

I do not remember what was the text that Mr. C. preached from; but, although I felt to have no personal interest in it, yet I sat and drank in every word, and accepted the whole as perfect truth. I must declare that my astonishment was unbounded when Mr. C. was pouring forth his (to my mind) matchless wisdom. I concluded that Mr. C. was the wisest minister living, for the whole written Word seemed to be at his command. Every sentiment he uttered was backed up and confirmed by the Word



of God. I sat, and gazed, and wondered. His interpretation, too, was altogether new to me; and all I could say was, "It is wonderful, wonderful!"

I continued to meet with you as the months came round, and longed for the time to arrive. My friend Oliver and I continued our conversations as usual. I took it for granted that all he said was truth; and yet I could not understand it. I observed that Mr. C. in his preaching made very frequent use of the word "blood." He seemed to base everything upon blood. The word was so frequently uttered that I thought, in my ignorance, that there was more of it than necessary. Indeed,—shall I say it? I thought it sounded somewhat vulgar. But you know, by painful experience, that such is our ignorance and blindness by nature that we cannot discern the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto us; neither can we know them till we are taught by God the Spirit.

After a long time, one Thursday evening, I started after dark to walk to Maldon, to hear Mr. C. My mind was occupied upon the word "blood." It was a great mystery. I was at the time walking through Hadfield Woods, and it was very dark. All at once, as I walked on, a bright ray of light seemed to dart into my mind, discovering that it was the blood of Christ, and that all those for whom Christ shed his blood would be saved. It was the substance of these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." This was the grand opening up of the way,—the way of escape for poor sinners from law and justice. My poor mind became at once illuminated to such a degree that the gospel shone forth in all its preciousness, and my heart leaped for joy; and I am not quite sure I did not dance in the road.

This was my first happy season, which I shall never forget. I have been favoured with many since then, but I have not space here to tell you all. But you know by experience what those visits are.

Yours affectionately,

WM. COOK.

66, Malvern Road, Prahran, Melbourne, July 9th, 1876.

My very dear Friend,—Forgive me for troubling you with my scribble, but I feel I must try to write a few lines to tell you that I am relieved of my burden about the prayers. I still became more unhappy about it, and I could not come to any other conclusion in my own mind than that it was displeasing in the sight of the Lord for me to continue in the practice of such formality, or, I may say, hypocrisy; for such I feel it to be. The flesh would most gladly have remained in it, and tried all its powers to do so; but I trust the dear Lord kept me crying to him that he would bring me out of it, whatever it might cost me; for it seemed to stand like a great mountain between my soul and the Lord, so that I felt I could not go to him and ask him to bless me; and I could not live happily like that.

I could not, however, tell what to do; I did not feel that I could tell my mistress my distress; and I thought, perhaps, if I

could, I might be doing wrong. Feeling the working of sin in my wretched heart, I thought, perhaps, after making myself look so very conspicuous, I might do something much worse, and so give them more reason still to talk about me. Still I did not feel any more easy about it; for as the evenings began to get dark, and they could not go out, they spent the time in card-playing. Then they read the Bible, and knelt down and said "they deeply lamented their numberless transgressions;" and much more that I am sure cannot properly and feelingly be said, except by souls who are taught of the Spirit. I cannot describe to you my feelings, to think that I was sanctioning such awful mockery by my presence. Every word seemed to go through me, and make me tremble. I said, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" I also felt, if I did not remind them of the awfulness of these things, I should be guilty of their blood. But how to do this I could not tell. I thought if I was Mrs. ——'s equal, I should not mind; but I was only her servant, and she my kind mistress.

This, and a number of such objections, would come before me continually; so that I have no doubt, if the Lord had left me to my own weakness and the reasonings of my carnal mind, I should still have remained in it. O how patient and kind the Lord is, to bear with such a worthless worm as I! He did not leave me to myself, but gave me strength to stand against it; not by any special manifestation of love and mercy to my soul, but by giving me to feel a secret resting upon himself; so that I felt, if I am not deceived, that I could trust myself, soul and body, into his hands, and say, "The Lord is on my side; therefore I will not fear what man can do unto me."

After this, I could not rest until I had told my mistress. But what a coward I must be! It seemed as if I could not do it. In the evening, I said I would do it in the morning; and in the morning, I said I would do it in the evening. So I went on till it was Saturday night; and I had not done it. Then I tried to ask the Lord not to let me go to bed until I had told her. And, blessed be his dear Name, I did not cry in vain; for I was helped to tell her that I could not sin against God and my own conscience any longer by coming in to hear her read prayers. I told her I felt it was nothing but a solemn mockery for people to play cards all the evening, and then read prayers. I said, "I say it with all due respect to you, but I am sure you cannot feel what you read, or you would not practise these things." She was very angry, and said she would not have any of that nonsense.

On Sunday I had plenty of frowns; but the answer of a good conscience was more comfort to me than a smiling mistress. On Monday, she asked me if I meant to continue absenting myself from the family reading. I said, "I do." "Then," she said, "if you are too good to kneel down with us, you must leave me on Oct. 11th." I replied, "I will do so." She then said, "Do you wish to leave me?" I said, "I have nothing I wish to leave for;

but if you are not willing to keep me without my coming in to prayers I am quite willing to go." She said, "You are very presumptuous and narrow-minded. You are under an awful delusion. Your religion is quite dangerous; and a few years will prove what it is;" with much more that was enough to make any poor soul tremble who knows anything of the working of evil within. I felt that all I could say would fail to convince her of my meaning, and that I must take my case to a higher court, where there will be no mistake.

What a mercy that we are not to be judged by men! I hope my religion will prove to be of the Lord, or I am sure it cannot stand. She said she had never had any one treat her so before. I told her my worst feeling towards her was a wish that the Lord would open her eyes to see and feel the awfulness of these things; for if she did not in this world she must in the next. It was not long before she came to me again, and said, if I did not wish to leave, she should be very sorry to part with me. She said, "What do you say?" I replied, "I have told you; I cannot say different." So she said she must leave it for me to stay, and perhaps some day I should grow more charitable. I replied, "It is only a form; and, therefore, I cannot do it."

I have not heard another word about it, and she has been just the same to me as before, which has rather astonished me; but I know the Lord has the hearts of all in his hands. I most likely shall meet with many frowns and sneers, which I might otherwise have escaped; and carnal reason says I am a fool for acting so, and wishes my religion was altogether out of the world. But God forbid that I should do that which I feel is displeasing to him to gain the smiles of creatures. It matters little to me who frowns when the Lord smiles; and I think I can say from painful experience that, when I sensibly feel that the Lord is frowning upon me, all the smiles in the world cannot make me happy. I wonder how I could do it so long; but having to cry and sigh to the Lord under the burden of it, has brought me to feel that my own strength is only weakness, and that of myself I can do nothing, but that I can do all through Christ when he strengthens me.

"O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

I have no doubt that they will watch for my halting; and that troubles me, feeling the sin that is bubbling up in my wicked heart from day to day, lest it should break out, and give them reason to say, Aha, so would we have it. I feel it is only as I am kept by the power of God that I am safe. O that his hand may be with me to keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. I would ask an interest in your prayers, if you can find it in your heart to pray for me.

Yours affectionately,

J. S.

## REVIEW.

*Substance of a Sermon upon the Christian Ministry, &c., from Jer. iii.*

12-15. By Bernard Gilpin.—No publisher's name given.

WE have felt a little interested in reading this sermon, and therefore purpose, with the Lord's blessing, making a few remarks upon it. The text is a very sweet one, and the latter part of it, upon which our author principally dwells, should be much upon the hearts of God's dear people in prayer. What greater blessing, whilst here on earth, can God well bestow upon them than pastors after his own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding? Surely what God has made the subject of a special promise should be to them a matter of special prayer. How many churches there are destitute of pastors. Would it not be well if they sued out such a promise as this with the Lord, at the same time submitting themselves to his will so long as he is pleased to keep them destitute of a settled minister, and even thankful if he is pleased to send them what are called supplies, who can feed them in a proper manner. It were well to remember, on the one hand, that supplies are not the full equivalents of a pastor; on the other, that pastors after God's own heart are his gift, and as such to be prayed and waited for.

There seems a little tendency in our author to ignore the literal and primary sense of the text in its application to the literal Israel, that peculiar nation which the Lord chose, and of which he says, "He hath not dealt so with any nation." We may be mistaken, but think he belonged to a school of thought, the tendency of which was to an undue spiritualization, as it is called. But we confess to thinking it desirable to give their primitive meaning to God's words as well as to apply them, as they certainly may with propriety and sweetness be applied in a great variety of ways, to God's children. Now, suppose in Chap. ii. we entirely ignore the nation of Israel, what an amazing tax it must prove upon our ingenuity to say what, in a spiritual sense, Noph and Tahapanes mean; but, after all, our author recognizes that Babylon literally is meant by the North; so we suppose he would not greatly object to literal Israel being addressed in these verses; and we are sure our hearts by no means object to their application to ourselves, as forming, we hope, a part of the Israel of God. Well do we remember, on a particular occasion, how one of the verses of the text, the 13th, was applied to ourselves, as, with a load upon the conscience and heart, we were going to preach the gospel. How could we, in such a state, preach that gospel? How, as Mr. Hardy says, could guilt in the pulpit reprove sin in the pew? Were we fit, in such a state, to be as God's mouth unto others? Then at length these words sweetly came in with godly sorrow, contrition, and confession: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity," &c. O how sweet are these spiritual self-fulfilling applications of the Word!

Thus, then, we do not object to a spiritual application of the

various parts of the Word of God; but we would also remember the primary meaning. We should not forget that God promised to be a God to Abraham and to his seed after him. The nation of Israel have had a great past, and we must believe will have a greater future. (Rom. xi.) We do not like to be fastidious; but still we cannot help thinking that the language at the bottom of page 7 is a little obscure. We do believe that a sinner who comes to God by Christ is really seen in Christ by whom he comes. God sees him in Christ if he cannot so see himself:

“ 'Tis Christ instead of me is seen  
When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe.”

This is true; yet I may not sweetly apprehend my safety. But when Christ is pleased to give me a stronger faith and a sweeter, clearer view and hold of his righteousness and blood, then, indeed, I not only am clean in God's eyes, but also in my own, and can cry,

“ I'm clean, great God, I'm clean.”

Our author may only mean this; we think his language hardly makes this meaning clear.

Perhaps some may think we have been over-critical in our remarks as to this part of good Mr. Gilpin's sermon; but circumstances have made us a little jealous upon the point of the position and standing before God, as declared in his Word, of the seeking, thirsting, coming sinner. When, in a writing proceeding from one who has been recognized as a man of truth, such declarations as the following are given forth, almost oracularly, we may be excused even if there is a degree of over-anxiety in our minds lest the truth should be at all obscured. We quote from a sermon in a November magazine, the italics being ours:

“ It seems a contradiction, it is nevertheless true, that while *God in his law is cursing the man who is under it for want of a righteousness*, and the awakened sinner has faith in that curse, and hungers and thirsts for what will deliver him from it, yet Jesus, who knows what is at bottom of his hungerings, and what he has done for, and what he has purposed to put upon that soul, declares him ‘blessed,’ for he shall be filled. It needs nothing less than the Almighty power of the Spirit to give a man under the law living faith that he is a cursed man by that holy law; and when a man gets that living faith that makes the curse of Sinai real, and hungers and thirsts after that righteousness that can alone make a sinner just before God, it needs the same power of the Spirit to make him believe he is blessed. But blessed he is; he is interested in this sweet promise of Jesus, ‘They shall be filled.’ And what can assure him that he is blessed like the fulfilment of this promise? Indeed, it is only that that can completely deliver him *individually and experimentally* from the law, that being dead wherein he was held.”

If the above passage,—and we commend the whole of it to the careful consideration of our readers, mean anything, it surely in words expresses the view that the seeking, thirsting sinner is under the law in such a sense that God in that law declaratively

curses him. The poor man may apprehend such to be the case, the devil may fiercely accuse him before his God, and say it is so, and stand at his right hand to resist him; but that God in his law curses him, or in his Word or by his Spirit, we do not believe. Why, what says the Scripture? "Destroy it not; a blessing is in it." Christ is by his Holy Spirit already in the man. The mustard-seed of the kingdom of grace is there. We believe even Balaam would have to say of this very man, "The shout of a King is amongst them." Christ is really there; and Moses himself can do nothing but bless all the tribes of Israel, babes as well as fathers. We have taken the writer's words as they stand; we have also considered them in connection with other declarations from the same pen upon the point of justification, and we express the firm conviction of our own mind that the way in which the author puts this matter is excessively misleading, and subversive of the truth as it is in Jesus concerning the present, and not only the prospective, blessedness of the coming sinner. We believe that God is the God of the poor and needy, declaratively so; he says this is his Name: "I, the God of Israel,"—they are Israel, then, "will not forsake them." "Behold your God will come . . . he will come and save you." The kingdom of heaven now belongs to the poor in spirit, and the mourners and thirsters in Zion are by the lips of Jesus pronounced, not only prospectively, but at the present time, blessed. If the said author, as we once were really willing and ready most gladly to believe, meant this, we should have no quarrel with him upon the points of the needs-be of repentance and faith, and the justification of a sinner in his own conscience, and the utter impossibility of saying of any individual he is justified, until this becomes manifested by a work of grace upon his heart. But if, as his words imply, he would make out that God, in his law, curses a coming sinner, that that coming, thirsting sinner is in God's sight, or that of his Word, devoid of a righteousness; that ministers, therefore, are bound to tell him he is still an accused criminal, and should account himself so until he actually receives into his bosom a felt pardon of his sins; that, therefore, again, ministers are wrong in encouraging him from his evidences of life to believe just the reverse of this, are wrong for telling him that the very quickening of the Holy Ghost is in reality an act of justification passed individually upon him, as raising Christ from the dead was upon the whole body of the elect; that life, in any degree of it, is the evidence, not of condemnation, but of righteousness, since condemnation and death, righteousness and life, go together; we unhesitatingly say that we utterly repudiate his doctrine, and believe that it contradicts those sentiments which are held in our churches and proclaimed by our ministers.

We fully agree with our author, whose work we are now reviewing, when upon the words, "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you," he comments thus: "Here

lies the secret of the life and strength unto obedience given to this people. They are joined to the Lord." Yes; this is the secret of all grace and fruitfulness.

"United to Jesus the Vine,

We've life, strength, and righteousness too."

From eternal union proceeds the first quickening into life,—the life of God in the sinner's soul, and thus begins to be manifested his union before the world was to the Son of God. And all his after developments into the life of grace below and glory above come from the same source, and are in harmony with, and continuation of this first quickening. Our author says, "Christ, though in his divine nature over all, God blessed for ever, hath taken their nature into personal and eternal union with his own, and, because of his blood and righteousness, hath sent forth his Spirit to quicken them, to take them out of the killing stock of Adam, in whom all die, and insert them into himself as their vital stock, in whom all are made alive." To this process he seems to apply the words, "I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion."

Our author does not much develop his thoughts upon these points; his purpose apparently being only to glance at the other parts of his text, and then enlarge upon the last verses containing the promise of pastors after God's own heart. We rather regret this want of enlargement here; as it might be interesting to see how our author would apply these words about one of a city and two of a family, and also those about bringing to Zion. But, at any rate, we have this much; here he signifies we have a people brought to true repentance and godly sorrow for sin, and whether formed into a gospel church or not (though we should think some such formation of an associated body must be understood by our author), in the place of the promise concerning pastors after God's own heart, our author says very nicely (page 9): "The Lord here makes a promise to his own humbled, contrite, repenting, believing people, that to *them* he will give a treasure, even pastors after his own heart; which, therefore, they cannot find except he give them. Such pastors as these do not come un-sent. It is neither their own purpose of coming, nor the people's purpose of having them, that amounts to this gift of God. This promise is like all the other promises, confirmed only in the covenant of grace. Those who shall enjoy it shall be made greatly to long after and desire it; yea, earnestly to pray for it." Our author quotes in confirmation Ezek. xxxvi. 37; and no doubt this is God's usual way; but, of course, we must not lay down too absolute rules in this matter. It is enough, we believe, to say this is his ordinary method, and churches ought to beware of a too hasty laying of hands upon any man. It is no uncommon thing to find in churches the very reverse of this godly cautiousness. A man with some amount of gifts comes and preaches a sermon to a people. Some warm-hearted female or male, as the case may be, instantly says, "This is the man; arise and anoint

him." But it may all be a parcel of fleshliness; a compound of pride, busy-bodyism, and light-mindedness. We do not think our author's interpretation of the words, "after his own heart," quite satisfactory; though it is right as far as it goes. Surely something more was meant when God said David was a man after his own heart, than that he was a regenerated man. So here more surely is meant than that these pastors shall be saints. As we understand it, they are to resemble, in a ministerial sense, the great Shepherd of Israel himself, to feed the flock of slaughter, having the tongue of the learned to speak a word in due season to those that are weary, and shall be conformed in some good degree to the sweet pattern of Isa. xl: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," &c. God will give them Christian pastoral hearts. They shall not be like those in Ezek. xxxiv., who killed instead of feeding the sheep of Jesus, and cared more, as has been said, for the fleece than the flock, holding the instruments of the foolish shepherd,—the shears, not the crook; the butcher's knife, not the rod of the tender Shepherd.

We think our author has been a little hard upon the saying of good men as to our repentance needing to be repented of. As we understand them, all they meant is that sin and deficiency attend everything as it respects us. Do we really, in our repentance, come up to the standard of what the case requires? Do we ever see sin and feel it according to its infinite evil and malignity? Do we ever fully appreciate God's mercy to such wretches? Do we ever sorrow for sin as we ought? Do we, then, ever attain to a perfection of repentance? No; as Mr. Erskine says of the bride, she sees

"The great heart-hardness of her penitence."

Thus we may well say our prayers, tears, repentings, believings, all want to be mourned over as defective. We do not repent of repenting, but of repenting so inadequately.

We might suggest, in reference to this promise about pastors who are to feed with knowledge and understanding, whether this expression does not refer to the wisdom of the feeder as well as the food he distributes. He is, we suppose, to guide the flock like David, with the skilfulness of his hands, as well as to distribute to the sheep suitable and excellent food. In writing about a call to the ministry, our author well says, "This divine call does not differ in its nature from the Lord's gracious light and direction, found, when spiritually sought for, by every quickened believer in his daily walk. . . . It is given only in accordance with what the written Word declares, as Christ says, 'I will manifest myself to you as I do not to the world.' But some will have it that the written Word itself is to supply this direction; *i. e.*, that this direction is only our judgment exercised upon the letter of the Word. In so thinking, they do greatly err, not really knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God. A like mistake is in many on the subject of a minister's divine call." Again he says well, "The man who is favoured to dis-



cern this divine call is made conscious by it that the Lord sends him to preach, not man." Again he says, "I say further that it is not merely one definite intimation of God's will that he should preach, but it is rather the concurrence of numberless intimations, and various circumstances, inward and outward, which all conspire together, and keep collecting as he advances to strengthen him in the work." Again (p. 15): "When the work is really of God, providential events and spiritual exercises, conflicts, fears, and hopes in the man himself gradually prepare the way." "There are often added clear and strong applications of the written Word." In addition to these things, our author recognizes the call of the Lord's people, and wisely points out that where there is a true call there may be, at the first, much of the flesh mingled with what is really of God. We think many of his remarks wise and profitable, and they, no doubt, proceeded from the exercises of his own heart.

Our author is not writing a treatise upon the call to the ministry, but merely giving forth a variety of thoughts upon the subject in the course of a sermon. So it would be unfair to look for anything like a fulness upon this important subject. We believe his aim was to bring the matter solemnly under the consideration of a destitute church; and our aim in this brief notice is to bring the subject of the ministry before the minds of our readers. It is one of the greatest importance; and that God would be pleased to make it of more importance in our minds should be matter of fervent prayer; then we might expect a greater experience of the fulfilment of the promise. If our author had attempted to give anything like a full view of this subject, we should complain that he had not given sufficient prominence, in judging of a call to the ministry, to God's bestowing upon a man particular gifts, qualifying him for it. We do not believe that God ever sends any men to his work but those he himself qualifies for it; so here pastors are to be endued with knowledge and understanding. If to a man is really given by the Spirit of God a gift for a particular work, that is the most distinct call to that work that can be given. "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal;" *i. e.*, not to hide in a napkin, but to use for the glory of God. Peter says, "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another." Plainly, then, God gives gifts to be used; and he is a robber of the church who does not use for the good of God's people what God has given him,—not for his own use, but theirs. It does not signify what exercises a man may have about the ministry; if God does not give him the suitable gifts for it he cannot be sent to it by God. No man goeth a warfare at his own charges. Mind, too, there are different ministries. A man must receive that gift which will fit him for his own particular work. Thus there may be given to a man the ministry of the Word, or a man may be sent by God to preach; but the same man may not necessarily be ordained by God to be a pastor. God endues him, therefore, with a capability

of speaking to edification, but does not give him either a pastor's heart or a pastor's qualifications. This is too much lost sight of. Consequently, men who were useful as supplies have been burdens as stated ministers. God never sent them to be pastors. Again, too, a man may be a useful deacon of a church, being qualified by the Lord for such an office; but if, being unqualified, he takes upon himself another work,—i.e., of preaching, he is spoilt as a deacon, and wearisome as a preacher.

It is necessary, too, to observe that a spiritual gift for a work is something quite different from anything natural or naturally acquired. The Corinthians by the special grace of God were enriched, I suppose especially as to their ministers, with all utterance, as well as all knowledge. They were, being Greeks, naturally wise and eloquent; but this would not do; they must receive special spiritual gifts. So now it is not a man's natural ability, eloquence, or garrulity which will make him a minister of the Spirit or to edification. Some men have naturally great talking powers; all God's children, too, have a certain amount of knowledge, experience, and grace. Will not talking powers of nature, with a gracious experience, and a superadded amount of brain-work, make a man into a preacher? No; he must have a spiritual gift of utterance, or else he may speak indeed, but it will be to weariness and not to edification.

Many things might here be said as to the various gifts that God may impart; also as to the just distinction between a call to preach, and a call to preach in this place or that. "To you is the word of this salvation sent." Also between a call even to the pastoral office, and a call to exercise a pastor's gifts over some particular people. As to the latter, leadings and openings of providence, intimations from the Lord, and especially the peculiar and distinct commendation of a man to a people, or, as Paul styles it, the entrance God gives him unto them, to their hearts, their cases, their consciences,—these are the things to be considered soberly and carefully. Haste and rashness are to be avoided. He may be a useful man to one people, who shall prove but a dry breast and a scourge to another, if out of his proper place; and, as a general rule, where a thing seems wonderfully agreeable to the flesh and nature, it is to be suspected. The poor negro's advice to his hesitating master is of wider application. The "revereñd" gentleman had received various pressing invitations to the pastorate; each said he was just the man. Some of the causes were well-to-do, and held out prospects of much ease and fleshly comfort; others were poor and despicable, comparatively. Which shall he select,—poor Smyrna, or well-to-do Laodicea? "O," said the wise negro, "Massa, massa, go where there is much devil and little money." The master heard the call of God in the voice of the blackamoor.

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NOTHING but the death of Christ *for* us will be the death of sin in us.—Owen.

## Obituary.

JAMES CUDLIPT.—On March 24th, aged 53, James Cudlipp, of Cardiff.

Our departed friend was born in the parish of Lefton, Devon, and was brought up in the Church of England. When about 15 years of age, he removed to near Plymouth, where he followed the pleasures of this world until the year 1850. During this period, he was a subject of many convictions of sin, which prevented him from running into such great depths as otherwise he might have done. In 1850 he married. Shortly after, a circumstance occurred which brought guilt and trouble on his mind. It pleased the Lord to fasten it, and to bring all the sins of his youth to remembrance. His trouble was very great; so much so that he was constrained to go into the fields, and under the hedges, and in secret places, to call upon God. He remained in that state for many months, when it pleased the Lord to remove his guilt and give him a little hope. He then joined the Wesleyans, and was with them six years.

Being invited to go to How Street Baptist Chapel, Plymouth, he heard a Mr. Collins, whose text was: "Loose him, and let him go." He was set at happy liberty. He then left the Wesleyans, and cast in his lot with the despised Baptists, and was baptized in 1860. He had to walk nine miles every Sunday to meet with his new friends, and hear the gospel of God's grace. He continued two years with them.

In 1862 the Lord in his providence removed him to Cardiff. After a little search, he found his way to Zoar, and continued with us until the Lord called him hence.

On the Sunday week previous to his death, the Lord so blessed the word to our friend Cudlipp that it was as the anointing to his burial. The minister spoke from Isa. lv. 1, 2, and was heard exceedingly well by most present. The death of our departed friend was to us sudden indeed. He was getting up to go to his labour, when he complained of pain in his stomach. His dear wife advised him to take a little brandy, which at first he objected to, being averse to alcoholic stimulants. But the pain being so severe, he was induced to take a little drop; and with the same he dropped down, and died without a struggle. Sudden death was sudden glory, no doubt, to him.

WILLIAM LUXTON.

CHARLOTTE BURTON.—On March 12th, aged 69, Mrs. Charlotte Burton, a member of the church at Ebenezer Chapel, Heathfield.

It appears that she lived for 30 years or upwards in her first-born estate, in the world and of it, seeking to get her fill of pleasure from it. Her own statement is that she was a rebel against God and man, even against her own husband. Being owners of a small plot of land, of course their income was limited; but she would attempt to carry an appearance, and do as those did who were far above her in station. The result was, as ever must be in those cases, they involved themselves in debt, so that they were compelled to mortgage their little property; and, notwithstanding their rising up early, and sitting up late, and eating the bread of carefulness, by working on Sundays and week days, the Lord's hand went out against them in providence continually, so that they proved the truth of God's Word: "The way of transgressors is hard."

A person with the fear of the Lord in her heart spoke to her concerning her state and practice, telling her that she would never prosper, as she did not honour the Lord by regarding the Sabbath. She requested her to attend with her at chapel; but many excuses were made. But as her neighbour continued to request her to attend a place of worship, she consented to go with her to Hadlow Down, to hear Mr. Hallett. On her

way, she thought, "What a fool I am to come all this distance for nothing! I will go back again." But she thought again, "Well, as I am so far, I will go this once." And that proved to be the appointed time,

"Not to *propose*, but *call* by grace;  
To change the heart, renew the will,  
And turn the feet to Zion's hill."

The minister was speaking of rebellion as the sin of witchcraft. She thought he looked straight at her, and said, "Thou art a rebellious sinner against God; and, therefore, thou art under the curse. And if thou art left to go on in that state of rebellion, and live and die in it, where God is you can never come, but must be lost for ever." She returned home a wounded soul. She cried and begged all the way home for mercy, that the Lord would pardon her sins, and enable her to attend the means of grace. From that time she wanted no more entreating to attend a place of worship. The Lord deepened the work upon her soul, and brought her to see how lost was her condition.

After a time, the dear Lord raised her to a sweet hope in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ; so that, at times, she rejoiced in hope.

After this, she sank into a very lukewarm state; yet kept attending the means. Some person spoke to her about the ordinance of baptism; but she manifested much opposition against it. About twelve years after she first attended the chapel, the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty, blessing her with pardon and peace, by applying these words unto her heart, while in her bed-room pleading for mercy: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." (Lam. i. 12.) Isa. lii. was also much blessed to her; particularly verse 14; and with it a sight of the sorrows and sufferings of the dear Son of God, enduring the wrath of God against sin. "O!" she said, "to see Him as I did by faith, as the precious sin-atonement Lamb of God, agonizing beneath the load of *my sin*. For *me*, such a sinner, 'his visage was more marred than any man;' and I could see that there was no sorrow like unto his."

Under this blessedly solemn scene, the Lord led her to see the ordinance of baptism, as setting forth the overwhelming sufferings of Christ, and his coming out of them for his people. Such love flowed into her heart towards the dear Lord, who had done such great things for her poor soul, that she resolved she would follow him whithersoever he went. He was baptized in suffering, and commanded that all true believers should be baptized in water, and so be buried with him by baptism into his death, and be raised up out of it, as a manifest sign that he died for their sin and was raised again for their justification. The blessed Spirit did indeed take of the things of Jesus, and reveal them unto her in a blessed and marvellous way. She had been much prejudiced against the ordinance of believers' baptism; and though the minister she sat under was *not* a Baptist, yet, in declaring the truth of the Word of God, he confirmed what the Lord had taught her in her own soul. She, therefore, went to the minister and told him what the Lord had done for her soul, and how he had been led to confirm the work, so that she wished him to baptize her. But with this he did not comply; yet she believed he would be obliged to do so.

Soon after, he was taken very ill while from home. This proved a trial to her. Yet she begged of the Lord to raise him up again, and bring him back to them, and that he might be compelled to attend unto the ordinances of the Lord's house. After he was restored, she again went to him, and told him her exercises, and how she had pleaded for his recovery, and that he might attend to God's order in his house. But

he told her that she might go elsewhere and get baptized. But she said she felt it very solemn that he should set aside God's order in his house. His not complying with her request was a great trial to her, and she begged of the Lord to guide and direct her in the matter. The Lord applied these words: "If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents." She still thought it meant she was to stay where she was, and that the minister would attend to it. She talked to Mr. Cowper and Mr. Grace; but each said that her minister would not do it.

Some years after this, she went to hear Mr. Pert, at Rotherfield; and he told her that she would have to come out to be baptized. But she felt, as her soul had been blessed under the minister, that she could not leave him. In 1871 she had a blessed time in hearing Mr. Covell. He told her all her exercises, and that the Lord would do his own work. So she went to her minister again, and told him she felt a desire for him to baptize her; but he told her he should not, nor would he even come to see her again unless she would promise to say nothing about baptism.

In 1875 she lost her husband. The trial and soul matters began again to be very heavy; and she now attended much oftener at our place. (She had done so, at times, for years.) One Lord's day evening, taking tea with two of our friends, the Lord blessed the conversation to her soul. As our friend read Isa. lii. and commented on it, she arose up out of her chair, with tears running down her cheeks, and said, "Bless his precious Name! I don't believe he will let me go out of the world without following his command."

The time came when she was compelled to come forward and declare what God had done for her soul before the church; and a blessed testimony it was. After this, she was much blessed in soul, and especially in the ordinance of baptism. Instead of returning to change her clothes, she felt she should like to tell all the congregation what she felt in her soul. After 20 years' exercises, the Lord had fulfilled his Word. The adversary had suggested that, at her advanced age, she would be sure to die in the water; and what a disgrace it would bring on the cause.

She was favoured to walk in the light of the Lord's countenance, and found the preached word life and peace to her heart. She walked in the sweet liberty of the gospel, until it was evident that she was ripening for glory. Two of the friends spending part of a day with her, she told them she should not be here long. They read a sermon of Mr. Vinall's, and one of Mr. Covell's; and she pointed out to them the parts descriptive of the state of her soul. I visited her one afternoon, and found her conversation very savoury. She did, indeed, put the crown upon the head of King Jesus. She was very infirm, and was dependent upon a friend to convey her to chapel. So great was her desire to meet with the dear people that I have known her to be unable to get to the church meeting until the last hymn was being sung; yet she blessed the Lord that she was able to hear that. It being a dark night, and the cart in which she rode being broken, I expressed my fears about her getting home safely; but she had such joy and peace within that she had no fear, but felt confident that she should arrive home safely.

On March 5th she attended the ordinance of the Lord's supper, and this was the last time she attended. She was taken with a fit on the following Saturday. The friend who was with her found that she had laid out her clothes and put up her dinner, ready to go to chapel on the following day. But the dear Lord intended to take her home, to spend a never-ending Sabbath with him whom her soul loved. She died in peace, on Lord's day, March 12th.

Heathfield.

G. MOCKFORD.

**JAMES GILLARD.**—On May 31st, aged 51, James Gillard, of Holloway. For about 17 years he attended Gower Street chapel.

Like all others of Adam's offspring, he loved sin and was dead in it. He was kept from many of the grosser sins of youth that others plunge into, and used to attend Sabbath school and chapel, no doubt because constrained to do by his parents, as they used to go. He was fond of singing, and joined the choir at the General Baptist chapel, where the discriminating truths of God were hated by the preacher and most of the people. However, he, with the writer, attended there, until starved out.

And now, for the honour of the great Jehovah, I desire to relate how the dear departed was brought to know a little of the dreadful state he was in before the Majesty of heaven. One Sunday evening in Nov., 1843, while we were sitting together in the before-mentioned chapel, they could not get the gas to light for some 30 or 40 minutes after service time. The minister had some candles brought in, read Matt. xxv., professed to pray, and took his text: "And the door was shut." (ver. 10.) I believe an arrow from God's bow entered his conscience. He fell into terrible distress. During the preaching he wept much, and feared the wrath of God would fall upon him for his sins. He thought the door would be shut against him, and that he would be left to sink into eternal darkness.

For some months he sank lower and lower, till almost in despair. In time he got a little hope in his soul, as he used to attend the means of grace. By some means he got hold of the "Gospel Standard," and, I believe, Herbert's Poems, which encouraged him. The dry ministry he was under did not suit cases like his (the writer had been starved out); and at last James could not go any more. He went to hear Mr. D., then of Venn. After a time he went before the church. They received his testimony; and he was baptized and received into the church.

The writer and the departed were united in spirit. He had some blessed seasons, and went on well for a time. He used to walk 11 or 12 miles on the Sabbath to hear the preaching of the truth. But, alas! alas! Lord, what is man? One day, being from home to work, he was induced to go astray. He thought it would not be much harm. But, how sad! This gilded bait tripped up our friend. He was filled with shame and guilt; and when it became known, and thus reproach fell upon God's dear name, and grief to his friends, he felt he could not meet with them very often.

On Jan. 6th, 1846, he was married, went to London, and sought and found employment, being a good workman. But, sad as it might seem, downward, downward towards Jericho he went. He ate sin, he drank sin, and it was dreadful food and drink for him.

About 16 months after he went to London, the writer was removed to Sheerness. I wrote to him in the Nov. following, begging him to meet me at London Bridge. Never shall I forget the miserable countenance my friend wore. After we had passed the usual greeting, I said, "James, are you still living in the same awful state you were in when you left C.?" He said, "Yes." I asked him if he was happy and comfortable. "Ah!" he replied, with tears in his eyes, "I do not know what either happiness or comfort is, for I am given up to a reprobate mind; and my state is set forth in Heb. vi. 4-6." He remained in this state for some time, a victim of his sins and guilt alternately, and scarcely ever daring to go to any place of truth, fearing God would meet him with his wrath, or fearing he should mock God. But, for ever adored be the riches of that love which, in God's own time, gave repentance to, and embraced, a fallen Lot, David, Solomon, Peter, and others,

the Lord caused our dear friend to feel such a hell in his conscience that he was obliged to go to hear God's truth preached at Gower Street chapel, London.

A dear friend, who knew him soon after he went to chapel, which was in 1859, says that she used to see misery on his countenance. He used to go in and out, and say nothing to any one for a long time. He feared, at times, that there was no hope for him. This portion was much upon his mind: "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." Then he was, at other times, raised to a hope that the Lord would yet have mercy on him, because the following Scriptures lay on his mind: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." This encouraged him to hope.

About two years after he was reclaimed, our correspondence was reopened, after nearly 14 years' silence. He went on hoping and fearing, until the never-to-be-forgotten time came in which the good Shepherd had intended to feed his poor sheep and heal him. He wrote to me on Dec. 9th and 11th, 1861. I give an extract, and hope to send several letters for publishing, if you will give them room:

"I was at a prayer-meeting on Sabbath morning, Nov. 3rd; and while Ps. cxxx. was being read, I trust the Lord manifested his pardoning love and mercy to my soul. It began with the first verse. My soul was touched, my hardness melted, and I was sweetly and completely overwhelmed in my feelings as it was read through. Never has any portion of God's Word been so sweet and powerful and precious to my soul as this one was on that morning. And, great as the mystery has been and still is in me, I felt to be completely buried and swallowed up in the depths of the mysteries of the pardoning and reconciling love and blood of the dear Redeemer. That was a precious word to me: 'All'. 'And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.' And my soul's feelings might be described thus:

"I wonder, lost with trembling joy;  
I take the pardon of my God,  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,  
Of pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood."

That was a sweet day to my soul. Mr. Collinge preached in the morning, from Isa. xxx. 19: 'He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.' I do believe my soul was blessed by the dear Lord himself under that sermon. I felt as if I wanted no other heaven but this. It is sweet to be here, to be nothingness in myself, feeling the sweet presence of our precious All in all."

He was favoured to walk a little comfortably for a time under this blessing.

In the winter of 1868 our friend had a very heavy attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was not expected to recover. His mind was blessedly supported, and he felt, whether for life or death, all was well. Dear Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, the writer, and others, visited him, and found it good to meet our friend in so blessed a place, leaning on the sovereign will of God, knowing all was well. However, the good hand of God raised him up again, so that he was able to follow his trade; but he was never well long together after that, for asthma followed.

During the last three and a half years of his life he was able to do but little; but amidst all the trials through which he and his poor wife had to pass, there were times in which his soul was blessed with much softness, meekness, and humility. When this was the case he mourned over his base heart, his fretfulness, and bad temper; and sometimes

blamed himself as the cause of all the misery he was the subject of. But, by the mercy of the gracious Lord, in raising friends to help a little, and his afflicted wife labouring hard, he was helped down to the end.

I will now state a little of the last three weeks. After being unable to go out to earn anything for about six months, he thought he would try if he could get some work. He went and continued about a fortnight. About seven or eight days before his death he went away, and was brought home never to walk out more. He felt this to be the case. His finishing affliction was very trying and painful to his poor body. He could not lie down, and I believe scarcely went to bed.

A dear friend who had known him nearly ever since he was reclaimed visited him, and says, "We saw him the day before his departure. After recovering himself a little, he spoke freely of the Lord's loving-kindness to him all through his illness. He said, 'How the Lord has kept Satan at a distance all through the dark valley, comforting and encouraging my soul to fear not. Bless his holy Name! I want to crown him. O how good he is to such a poor vile wretch as I am! It is all right. My sins are all washed away in his precious blood; and I shall see his face, and behold his glory.' He then laid his hand on his heart, being exhausted, and pointed upwards, evidently intimating that his treasure was above."

This dear friend took a final farewell of him with his eyes beaming with joy and happiness. After this many blessed things fell from his lips. Some little time before his death, perhaps an hour, he walked from one room to another. His wife saw him brighten up, and said to him, "You have had something." "Yes," he said. She asked, "What is it?" He either opened, or had opened, Gadsby's Hymn Book, at Hymn 1106. She said, "What part?" He replied, "All of it."

A few minutes or seconds before he breathed his soul away, a friend said, "Are you still happy?" He replied, "Yes, yes." He articulated "Hallelujah!" with his departing breath.

Much more might be said respecting our late dear friend; but as I hope to send you a few letters I have received from him at different times, and fearing it is too large an account, I must forbear. May the Lord bless this account to his people, so that it may warn the young believer that, however the bait Satan prepares may be gilded, it has the poison in it, and that it may raise the hope of the hopeless, and that it may be for the honour and glory of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Forest Hill.

JOHN BENNETT.

CALEB MOOR.—On Feb. 10th, aged 44, Caleb Moor, a member of Zoar Chapel, Dicker.

Our departed friend was the subject of convictions for sin early in life, and was preserved moral in the world. Having godly parents, he was brought up under the truth. When a young man, the Lord deepened the work in his heart. It was visible to those who feared God that God was carrying on a work in his soul. He was very fond of walking behind the people of God in going to or returning from chapel; and meeting where the Lord's people met for godly conversation, to hear them tell what God had done for their souls, was his delight.

On one occasion, while walking behind two friends to chapel, one of them stopped, turned round to him, and said, "Well, young man, and what are you going to chapel for?" He wanted to give this answer, but could not through fear: "Life, life, eternal life I want." The incorruptible seed was dropped into his heart. Being born again, he felt it was life, eternal life, he wanted.

He came before the church, was received, and baptized in 1855. When much exercised about joining the church, he went to see Mr. Cowper,



with these words with power on his mind: "This is the way; walk ye in it." While before the church, Hymn 1028 was very precious to him; especially the last two lines.

Soon after this, he took the chapel to look after and clean; and he was most devoted to his duties, and sought in every way the comfort of the worshippers of the Lord, and gained the love and esteem of the friends generally. I may say his loss to us was very generally felt by all, but death was his great gain. He continued in this office till death.

About four years before his death, a stone cancer formed under the tongue, which was a sore trial to him. He went to four different doctors, but they did not agree upon it for upwards of three years. He used brandy and salt to rub it with, looking to the Lord to stay the malady. This gradually got more tender; and, at times, it was with difficulty he could take his food. How many were his cries to the Lord for help! In a letter to a friend, he wrote: "How many times have I cried to the Lord: 'O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me; sanctify the pain, and cause it to work for my good.' On Oct. 23rd it was much worse,—very sore. I felt my work was done. And how I did cry to the Lord to appear again for my help! While I was crying to him, the cancer came out in my mouth; and the pain was gone immediately."

When I called to see him, he showed me the stone that came from under his tongue. It was a clear stone, about the shape of a date-stone, but rather larger. "Now," he says, "I have shed more tears before the Lord in gratitude than I did under the pain." These words were sweet to him: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." I felt this was the Lord's doings, and marvelous in my eyes.

The following November he took a heavy cold, and lost his voice, which never returned. Hymn 385 was very sweet to him. To a friend he said, "Nothing will do here but realities, something to meet death with when we come here. *Realities, realities*, we want here. Some say there is plenty of time to think about religion on a death-bed; but if I had my religion to seek now, I should not have strength or time." He then noticed that his feet were swollen with water, which at first seemed more than he could bear, and he felt constrained to turn his pale face to the silent wall, the burden seemed too heavy for him. He was enabled to take it to the Lord and leave it in his hands, and said he afterwards went to sleep and had a comfortable night. When asked in the morning how he felt in his mind, he said, "Not as I could wish to feel." But he did not feel alarmed at the approach of death, and began to talk very calmly about his funeral, and where his body was to be laid, and gave instructions about the duties of the chapel. He could see the chapel from his window, and said he should never go there again till carried there.

A friend said, "I suppose it is the same cry now: 'Life, life, eternal life!'" He said, "Yes, yes; that's it."

The night before he died, he said, "This is what I have dreaded; fearing I might be deceived.

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

His brother said, "We can only look on." He said, "No, we must stand alone here."

His mother requested him to raise his hand if unable to speak at the last; and while the cold chill of death was upon him, he raised his hand. His breathing became shorter and shorter, until his happy spirit left the afflicted body to join the happy spirits above, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.


WILLIAM VINE.

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