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THE
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THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1881.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

Dear Friends,—Willing as we hope we are to serve the cause of Zion in any way we may be able in the gospel of Christ, yet we must confess that it would have been much more according to our real wish that some one else, whose shoulders would have been better able to bear the burden, should have undertaken the work of superintending the management of this periodical during the time that our dear friend, Mr. Hazlerigg, is compelled, through weak health, to suspend his editorial responsibility. We have had a conscientious scruple in our own mind whether, under any circumstances whatever, we ought, even for a few months, to assume as much responsibility as what we have been asked to undertake, lest, in venturing to do so, we should either break down at the beginning or become a greater stumbling-block than help to the cause we serve. As, however, under the circumstances that now exist, we should scarcely see it practicable with Christian fairness and honour to stubbornly abide by our first refusal to accept the undertaking, there seems no alternative but that we *must*, as best we may be able, with the Lord's gracious help, "go forward." This being the case, we can only hope, dear friends, that you will try to support us with your kind sympathy and prayers, and that you will not only be willing to accept the motive which prompts our compliance, but be equally ready to exercise all the forbearance towards us which our numerous defects and shortcomings claim, and which, we well know, cannot be concealed in anything which flows from our pen.

We may, moreover, feel it necessary, before closing our remarks, to revert a little more to this matter, in order that our present temporary position of greater responsibility in connection with the magazine may in no wise be misunderstood. Let us, then, for the present leave it, and, with the Lord's help, try and fill a page or two with remarks of a more spiritual nature; and should we make the Address from first to last a shorter one than usual, we hope that our readers will understand our reason for it, and be better pleased than offended.

The two verses which, at the moment we write, seem most to offer themselves for a few practical hints, and such as what in a

day like the present, when vital godliness has sunk to so low an ebb, might not be thought out of place, are Heb. vi. 11, 12: "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end; that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

With such popish intrigues, infidel blasphemies, awful errors in doctrine among the various sects of Christendom, and withal such deplorable lukewarmness and worldly-mindedness in the real church of God, as what mark the times we are living in, nothing presses itself on our thoughts as being more solemnly important to drop a hint or two about, than a gracious holding on, to the very end of our life, in our profession of God's Name and God's Truth. Trembling, as we often do, for the things which we fear are coming upon us, both as a church and a nation, we can most feelingly say, O to be preserved from present evils, and from the greater that will soon surround us, and to be graciously kept closely identified in our profession, with the real living children of God; to assemble ourselves regularly with them in the house of prayer, for the observance of the means of grace, and such ordinances of worship as what Christ himself has instituted; and this as *feeling* that we have the same interests at heart; that we are partakers of the same "good hope"; that we believe in heart and conscience the same truths; that we are in the same path of tribulation; and that we are looking forward to the same blessed "recompense of reward."

Real Christians, as good Bunyan represents them, have left the "City of Destruction," and are journeying towards the place of which the Lord God has said, "I will give it you." Hence they have, as Bunyan further describes in his allegorical way, to go, pilgrim-like, with pack at back, toiling and tugging over mountains, hills, and dales, and through the thorny, rugged wilderness of hardships and trials which lie in their way to the "better land." They are represented in Scripture, as being "followers of God," and as "coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon their Beloved."

Well, we feel it is one blessed mark in our favour to be in spirit with them, and to be honestly like-minded with them, in the very things that make them differ from those who in their profession are no pilgrims at all. Let our trials, afflictions, difficulties, and discouragements multiply upon us as much as they may, yet O that we may never be left of God to throw off our profession of his Name, turn coward, separate ourselves from the company of the godly, rejoin the company of the wicked, and so turn back unto perdition. "*That,*" we can say, "be far from the Lord." But may he every day, and always, and ever, to the very end of our days upon earth, enable us to cleave as fast to him, and to those who through faith and patience inherit the promises, as what Ruth cleaved to her mother-in-law, when her sister went back to the land of Moab.

O what a solemn subject for reflection is the unprecedented amount of religious profession there is in this country at the present time; the vast number of sects and denominations there are; and the tens of thousands that wear the outward garb of Christianity; and yet the amazing few, as it is to be feared, there are in the motley mass that are really on the way to heaven. And if not on the way to heaven, then where are they going to? Why, as Scripture only speaks of two destinations, they must be on the way to hell.

Well, this is surely, brethren, a matter for deep and grave reflection. It has many a time proved so to us, and has often made us tremble with the greatest anxiety of mind, to know for certain whom we were following, and whether the way with us was really right. The question in heart-searching moments is, not so much whether we are swimming in the stream of a religious profession, or standing in the ranks of a professing multitude, or whether we are identified with this or that religious sect; but rather, are we in truth and fact, and as being led by the Spirit of God, following in life, walk, and practice the very footsteps of Christ? With travellers who wish to keep to the right road, if they have any doubt in their minds whether the road they are taking is the right one, they will be sure to stop and ponder the way over, and ask the first person they meet, if he can tell them whether they are in the right way or not. So, we may depend, it is with the real children of God. The trials and afflictions which come upon them, the frequent darkness of mind in which they grope, the confusion and stumbling in judgment which they often experience, make them at times most wonderfully afraid lest they should be going wrong; and such fear will prompt a deal of honest inquiry, and godly diligence in looking about them. They will take their "map" (Bible), and search its infallible records, and unfold their roll, as Bunyan speaks again, that is, their experience; and, with longing desires not to be deceived, they will try and judge for themselves what evidences of a vital nature they possess of being in the way to the kingdom of God. "Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths," will often be the very cry of their souls to him who is the "Leader and Commander" of his people. They will want, above all things, to be guided by his counsel and Spirit.

But, with the many that are not led and taught of God, they go on, doubtless taking it for granted that they are in the right way, simply because they profess to be so, and just because they have come by profession out of the world; but there is no reason to believe that they ever have many fears about their state, or that they are ever much affected by any such solemn reflection as the one we have mentioned.

It is a sad feature in the life, walk, and practice of not a few who make a profession in the present day, and of some who we should hope are real children of God, that the nearer they draw towards the end of their course, the more carried away they seem to be with the spirit and things of the world. The day we live

in is such a woeful day for pride, and fashion, and intermingling of religion and worldliness, and also for hard driving in trade, and getting profit and gain, and adding house to house, and field to field, that we greatly fear some real believers in Jesus are sadly entangled by the evil influences which things of this kind are having upon them. Being real believers, it is their mercy that they have an experience of the grace of God; but their souls are lean, and their experience shows itself but dimly, in consequence of the fog of worldliness which surrounds them and envelops their spirit. If what we have felt in our souls of the love of God, and of sweet times with him in prayer, and of walking in the Spirit, should be more descriptive of what our experience was years ago than what it is *now*, this should surely prompt the inquiry, "Why am I thus?" It cannot be a good sign, when spiritual things are going back, or when we are declining in spiritual things in our profession, and when our consciences bear witness to the truth that we are less spiritually-minded, and cleave more to the things of time and sense, than what was the case with us in days gone by.

But perhaps some of our readers will say, "Are there not real children of God, who are bitterly complaining, in the present day, of their spiritual deadness and barrenness of soul, and of their distance from the Lord, and who are bewailing how much less they feel of the power of God in their souls than what once they did? And yet may not such an experience be more the result of some particular dispensation of God, which may be affecting more or less the whole family of grace in our day, than that it is the effect so much of the worldly-mindedness you speak of?" We do not doubt for a moment but what it is so with many. We firmly believe that most of the precious sons and daughters of Zion are *now*, for the most part, saying, with Job, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness!" And where this is the case, however painful such experience may be, yet it is perhaps no indication of spiritual declension in the ways of God, through becoming ensnared with the spirit and things of the world, and with habits in life of a carnal nature. It has fallen to our own lot, for a good while past, to have to walk in a deal of darkness and trying experience; we have often felt but little power with God in prayer, we have had fierce and cruel temptations from the enemy to contend with, and the little faith we have frequently possessed in wielding the sword of the Spirit against him, has made us feel far beyond what we could express in words, what a dry and barren land we have appeared to be in. And yet withal we are not conscious of being more overcome and led away with things of a condemnable nature in practice, or that we are less exercised and concerned about soul matters, than what we were when we seemed to be much more under the reviving, comforting influence of God's manifested favour. Not but what the Lord, who is the best judge of

what our ways are before him, can see in all his people, even when in their best experiences, far more of what calls for reproof and chastisement than what they can see in themselves. And certain it is that, if we are taught and led by the Spirit into any depth of experience of what dreadfully deceitful hearts we have, and what hypocrisy is bound up in our fallen nature, we shall never be able to commend ourselves for being without accumulated faults and defects in practice before God, however much we may fail to see them ourselves. But with David, we shall be made to cry, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" Much more condemnable, then, and grieving to the blessed Spirit of grace, must be our leanness of soul, our habitual unfruitfulness, and little zeal in the ways of the Lord, when such condition is clearly traceable to a careless conforming, in spirit and manner, to the maxims and ways of this poor vain world. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

What some call "progressive sanctification in the flesh" is a pernicious error, only to be exposed and warned against. But to "grow in grace," and thrive in spiritual things, is blessed scriptural truth. Neither can we regard the "footsteps of the flock," as they are set forth in the written Word, without seeing that an onward movement is the idea that is presented to our minds. "Then shall we know, if we FOLLOW ON to know the Lord." God having revealed the final perseverance of his saints, we know that there can be no going back, but that they must go on, and go forward. "The righteous *shall* hold on his way." And O! a thousand thanks to a gracious God for such a promise. Where would the best of saints soon be, and what would be their end, were no such promise given? But how we may stand with God in respect of his covenant engagement to keep us, and how we may stand in the *thoughts* and *feelings* of our own soul about our enduring to the end, are often very different things. God, according to his covenant, always sees those whom he has effectually called by his grace as going on towards eternal bliss and eternal glory, and as getting nearer and nearer to heaven, every day and hour they are in the world; and yet the Lord may, at the same time, and we fear too frequently does, see many of his own people slipping more and more back in profession, and walk, and practice.

The more, then, we are permitted to slip back in this way, the more shall we, as we at least have found it, find ourselves pinched up with such legal bondage as will often fill our poor minds with fears lest we should not be followers at all "of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." So that we believe that a sweet gracious confidence of being through divine grace in the right way to heaven, will stand upon nothing less than the very witness of the Spirit in the conscience. But, then, unless we are found *walking* in the Spirit, and according

the gospel we profess, what scriptural ground have we for believing, or expecting, the Spirit's sweet witness will be given to us? What the Lord, in his most mysterious and sovereign way of acting, may sometimes be pleased to do in the way of suddenly breaking in with overpowering love and mercy upon the souls of any of his poor children who have gone sadly stray, and in giving them the Spirit's inward witness, when they might well have looked for the greater hidings of his face, cannot be taken by others as a criterion of the way God may deal with them, or as a rule of what the Lord's more ordinary method is of dealing with his people in general. With Mr. Sart, he looked for hell, but God brought him heaven. So sometimes with ourselves, we have looked for the sternest frowns, but have received, we hope, unlooked-for smiles. God, in fact, will bring what he pleases, and bring it, too, when and under what circumstances he pleases. But when our ways are thoroughly displeasing to him, we shall find it a hard matter to look "for anything else but reproof, Fatherly anger, and bitter cutting up of soul in our experience; and these are what most probably we shall receive.

Without the Spirit of God, we cannot move a step in the Lord's way, nor do a thing to please him, nor believe a truth he has revealed, in the spirituality of it, nor obey a single precept he has enjoined upon us. But O! there is such a thing as procuring a deal of distress and misery to our own souls, by our deliberate tamperings with what we know to be wrong; and here is, perhaps, that a word of caution is often needed.

But just a remark or two more. Our scripture which we have made a kind of key-note for the few practical hints we are dropping, speaks of *faith* and *patience*: "Who through *faith* and *patience* inherit the promises." Well, dear friends, we may talk much and often about both; but when we come to realities of soul experience, how little of real faith and patience, if we may speak for others, we seem to possess! Still, what a mercy we feel it is, to know vitally and savingly a *little* of Christ, and to have the *smallest* portion of real divine faith and patience wrought in our souls by the Holy Spirit of God. What is religion without Christ? And what is there to sustain the mind in trial, and under all the cares and sorrows of our mortal life, without a little of Christ in our hearts, "the Hope of glory," and without being helped a little to feel that our sorrows are Christ's, and that he "bears our infirmities"? So, again, what there to constitute a gracious experience in religion without a title real faith and patience? "Without faith it is impossible to please God." But as faith in exercise, through "the operation of the Spirit of God," carries us, in thought and hope, beyond our present circumstances of trial, and scene of sorrow, so divine patience, when, through the same operation of the Spirit, it is having its perfect work in the soul, enables us to bear up under our burdens, our griefs, and afflictions, and like

Moses, and Abraham, and other saints of God, to endure, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

With the multitude of Jesuits and priests of Rome that are flocking into our beloved country at the present time, through the astounding course of events which are leading to their expulsion from France, Italy, and other continental nations; with all the marked indifference which our own Protestant nation is showing about whether they come over here or not, and whether or not they ever make England their chief field for future operation;—with such proofs staring us in the face in what is taking place at the present time in Ireland, of what anarchy, confusion, lawlessness, and bloodshed may soon break out amongst us at home, and partly, too, as the result of taking such sworn and determined enemies to our Protestant interests as refugees into our bosom; with such awful gigantic delusions of infidelity and other evils as we firmly believe are coming sweeping down upon us as a nation; and with the much there is in reference to Zion to justify the exclamation: "How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed! The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter!"—certain it is that nothing will prove sufficient to enable us to stand the terrible day of trial that is approaching but real faith in God, and real divine patience to endure it.

To you, then, brethren, that are godly, living, and walking believers in Jesus, think not for a moment that we have presumed, in what we have written, to set ourselves up as an instructor of *you*. We have rather wished, on the very ground of your being more deeply taught, *many of you*, in the things of God than ourselves, to throw ourselves on your kind indulgence, to receive the more readily the few practical hints we have let drop from our pen. And we have also hoped that you would be as ready to desire and pray God to bring either ours, or the practical admonitions of any others of his dear servants, under the eye of, and make a blessing to, any real quickened children of Zion, who, in walk and conduct, may be under influences of a withering, blighting nature to their souls' prosperity, and whose consciences are often upbraiding them for things which they "allow not," and yet, alas! too much allow.

It now remains, then, before closing our remarks, just to say a word or two more about our having for a short time a little more hand in the work of assisting to carry on this periodical. We need not say how deeply grieved we feel that our dear friend the Editor's health should have become so much shaken as to compel him to suspend his editorial work for a while. We hope sincerely that it may be laid on all our hearts to pray that his recovery to health and office may be speedy and permanent. His affliction, moreover, we can truly say, adds the more to our sadness, because of the incompetency we feel to supply his lack of labour. Even in respect of the little work we have for

some years past been wont to do for the magazine, it has often, through our felt lack of ability, been a heavy burden on our mind; and now with such work considerably increased upon our hands, how we shall be able to carry our burden, we are at a loss to answer. Our present relief, however, is, that we shall not have to carry it long; and for the time that we must carry it our greatest relief of all will, we trust, be God's help and God's strength. Our friend Mr. Hatton will work in co-operation with us. He has kindly consented to do this.

Again; as, under present circumstances, we feel that much from our own pen in the magazine would be almost certain to lay us under the charge of assuming undue prominence, we shall therefore prefer to stand back the more on that account, and let the less of our own appear in its pages. So far as we can get really good matter for insertion, it will be our aim to publish more of that than our own thoughts.

It is not, moreover, *anything* in the way of manuscript material that we ask so much to have sent for our inspection; for, with our regular work of ministry, we have not the time to read over so very much. But if our friends can, any of them, send us something really good, such sermons, and experiences, and obituaries, and spiritual letters, as would in their opinion be "*savoury meat*" to our readers, we shall be too thankful if they will forward the same, not to our private address, but, as it has been already requested, "To the Editor of the 'Gospel Standard,' 18, Bouverie Street, London."

In conclusion, we wish it to be understood that in consenting to try, with the Lord's help, to go on with our present position with the magazine, until the General Meeting of the Societies in April next, we trust our friend Mr. Hazlerigg will by that time be able to resume his post; but, in the event of his not being able to do so, then we trust that such an arrangement will be made for the future management of the magazine, as would entail upon us just as much responsibility and labour, and not a particle more, than what, under the existing circumstances, would give general satisfaction, and what at the same time we might, with the help of God be able, in our poor way, to get through with.

May the Lord suffer any mite of labour which he may enable us to bestow for the time being upon the magazine, to be for his glory and the good of Zion.

Yours, dear Friends, sincerely in the Gospel, C. H.

THE souls of men are such as God accounts worthy to be the vessels to hold his grace, the graces of the Spirit, in. The graces of the Spirit,—what like them, or where are they to be found, save in the souls of men only? "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Received into what? Into the hidden part, as David calls it. Hence, "the King's daughter" is said to be "all glorious within," because adorned and beautified with the graces of the Spirit.—*Bunyan.*

PAST EXPERIENCES BRIGHTENING FUTURE PROSPECTS.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY G. HAZLERIGG, PREACHED IN ZION CHAPEL, LEICESTER.

“Thus saith the Lord, the people which were left of the sword found grace in the wilderness; even Israel, when I went to cause him to rest. The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.”—JER. XXXI. 2, 3.

It is profitable from time to time, and particularly at certain stages in our experience, to look backward into the past, and forward into the future. Happy, too, is that man whose past is of such a nature that he can look forward with hope and consolation. Well might the poet write:

“Time, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!”

And as we get nearer to our journey's end, time seems with us to fly yet more and more rapidly. Youth, forgetful that, as another poet says,

“A worm is in the bud of youth,”

is always anticipating the future, and looking for something or other that is to give real joy. Hence time with the young and hopeful as to this life, often appears to move forward more slowly. Life, too, is to such more eventful; or at any rate events make livelier impressions; but as one pleasant picture after another is marred, one disappointment and affliction after another endured, we begin to feel, with Augustine's mother, that “the hope of this life is quite spent”; and as our eagerness after heaven and hope of the life to come are often sadly damped and beclouded by a carnal nature which is in us, as we cling to this life, and yet are somewhat deadened to it, time seems to pass away with increasing rapidity. The fact of this seemingly more rapid flight of time as we advance in years is certain, even if our reasons for it are not correct and satisfactory.

But there are moments with our souls when we would not wish this passing away of time to be less swift. We can see and feel that this life is but as a dream, a vanity; we have a foretaste of the glory that awaits us; and we can sing with the poet,

“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.”

And, as another so sweetly writes:

“And still as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.”

It is well with the righteous now, though in a world of sin and sorrow; and as time rapidly passes away, they, with the same rapidity, are entering into glory. Many are the afflictions of the righteous; many changes they have to see; they

must learn, not from books, but experience, the vanity of the creatures, and the plague of their own hearts. Thus it has been in all ages; so it is in the present day.

But God is faithful, and will not let his own work of grace suffer any real injury; therefore, as the trials abound and press, he comes in with suitable reliefs and consolations. This Israel found in days of old; God was with that people. How sweetly are God's dealings with his chosen nation, and indeed with all his people as typified thereby, set forth and illustrated in the chapter from which the verses of our text are taken. Like Israel of old, the dear child of God has, as he journeys onward, a great past to reflect upon, if God, as his memorial, enables him to recall what God has done for his soul. God's people may still say, "He found us in Bethel; there he spake with us." We may also add:

"Many days have passed since then;
Many changes we have seen;
But have been upheld till now;
Who could hold us up but thou?"

When Israel came out of Egypt, and, having passed through the Red Sea as on dry land, saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore, they sang God's praise. But of those who sang, how few were right-hearted! how few entered into the land promised to their fathers! The carcasses of the greater number fell in the wilderness. How sorrowfully Moses recounts their history in the 90th Psalm! "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath." But still God was with that people, and the children went in, and possessed the land.

To this dispensation of both judgment and mercy, God calls the attention of his people in after-ages by the words of Jeremiah: "The people which were left of the sword found grace in the wilderness; even Israel, when I went to cause him to rest." Thus, too, it is in all ages. There are still a people left of the sword. "To him that hath shall more be given." Where God begins a good work, he performs it to the day of Jesus Christ. But time and trial bring that which is merely of the flesh to nothing;—"Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." Thus, age after age, many go forth from Egypt in profession, but only those born of the Spirit of God enter into rest. There is always a remnant, according to the election of grace, who escape from the sword, and enter into the Canaan of God; those that fear God come forth from them all.

But take any individual child of God; in him is accomplished, as to the substance of things, what took place in Israel of old. He is, spiritually considered, that nation in epitome, part flesh and part spirit; and that which is of the flesh about him must be brought into the dust of death. He is one of the flock of slaughter. "For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." Sin and law and

Satan assault his soul; afflictions of various kinds distress him. We must all be planted in the likeness of Christ's death, as we are in the likeness of his resurrection. We are predestinated to be conformed to the image of God's Son, who is to be the first-born, the archetype among many brethren.

But nothing really injures the true work of God in the soul. The remnant that escapes takes root downward, and bears fruit upward; the people left from the sword find grace in the wilderness. Here, then, let us pause a moment. Is not this an exact picture of our own experience? Can we not look back to the days when we were first called by God's grace, and made to labor in earnest in seeking after the Lord? Is not that word of Jeremiah suitable to us: "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth"? Did we not feel in those days that the very cry of our hearts was: "Give me Christ, or else I die"? But, then, can we not look back to after-days of long and wearying legal travail? To a long and painful series of mistakes, sins, and backslidings of heart and life from God? O the cloudy and dark day! O the wearisome months when, taught out of the law, we yet sinned and sinned against God!

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinned and stumbled yet the more."

Can we not call to mind how God brought down our strength in our journey, how we fell down, and there seemed none to help us; how our pain at length became as perpetual, and our wound as incurable, and our hope and our strength seemed to perish from the Lord? But, then, was not this our time of need and time of love? Did we not put our mouths in the dust, if so be there might be hope? And did we not in the wilderness of sin and sorrow find grace from God? He gave us our vineyard from thence, and spake comfortably to us, and betrothed us to himself in righteousness and in judgment, and in lovingkindness and in mercies; yea, he betrothed us to himself in faithfulness and we knew the Lord.

How strengthening and confirming at times it is to the Lord's people to remember all the way the Lord their God hath led them these many years in the wilderness! To take the Word of God, and, under the teaching and power of the Holy Spirit, compare with what is there written, our own experiences; and to feel a sweet persuasion in our hearts that, by such ways as there indicated, our own souls have been led. "He led them forth by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation. These things both comfort and confirm our souls.

We will suppose that our readers can travel with us thus far. At the present time many trials may be pressing upon our souls:

"Trials must and will befall."

There may be trials in the outward circumstances, in the family in the world, in the church; trials of body and of mind, trials arising where we least expected them, and where we least should have wished for them. God, too, may seem far off from us

hiding himself even in the time of greatest trouble; for what Hart says of Christ may, in its measure, be also written of us:

“And now his God forsakes him too.”

But none of these things alter the past. Divine decrees remain unmoved; and

“The God of Bethel, as before,
Thy Husband always is.”

The Lord will perform that which concerneth us. He will not forsake the work of his own hands. Therefore the godly, who can say, as in Jer. xxxi., “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” may sweetly believe that the Lord also goes on to say to them, “Again I will build thee; and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel; thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry.”

O poor child of God, that art now walking in darkness, and hast no sweet light, these are good words for thee. Thy God remains the same. Loved with an everlasting love, thy God will revive and restore thee, and bring thee up from thy depths again; thou shalt again sing in the heights of Zion. Yea, all God's mourners shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.

But what numberless questionings, as to both the past and present, infest the children of God! How hard it is for an exercised godly man to conclude it is well with him, and that God is with his soul! The godly are represented as saying, “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me,” &c. But perhaps some of our hearts hardly dare say as much; it is so great a thing to love and be loved of God. Let us, then, consider where, as we hope, God appeared unto us, and see if he has dealt with us as with his children.

When Jacob fled for his life from his father's house, and journeyed towards Padan-Aram, “he lighted,” we read, “upon a certain place, and there laid him down to sleep.” That place was at the first no place of comfort to him, no garden of delights, no Bethel, but a place of weariness, sorrow and desolation; so he took of the stones of that place for a pillow. A hard bed and a pained heart were the patriarch's portion; but here it was, and under these circumstances, that the Lord appeared unto him, and in him unto his posterity. He saw in a dream a ladder set up on the earth, whose top reached to heaven; and the Lord stood above it; and the angels of God ascended and descended by it. And there God spake to him, and said, in substance, “Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” Well might it be recorded as in the margin of our Bibles, that after this Jacob “lift up his feet,” going forward cheerily on his journey.

Now, Jacob was a typical person, and represents in his experiences that which, in the substance, is fulfilled in all his seed, spiritually considered. Now, then, is it not true also of us that God has found us in Bethel, and appeared to us? Have we not

been, like Jacob, in sorrow and distress? and has not God in such circumstances appeared to us? We would not say God has done for us what he has not; we would not deny that he has done for us what he has. Can we not look back to times of trial when we too have found God in Christ exceedingly near to us? He still finds his people in Bethel, in times of danger and distress; there he appears to them. We usually read of the Lord as sitting upon a throne; in his dream he is seen by Jacob as *standing above* the ladder. God rises up to the help of his children when they lie down in sorrow; and never is Christ nearer in reality to his children than when all within and without naturally is full of desolation. So it was in the other grand appearing of God to Jacob. We read, "and Jacob was left alone." All was dark in circumstances. Creatures no help could give; neither children nor servants could save him from the hand of Esau. Here God met with him, wrestled with him, strengthened him, and there in this place of trial and anguish, the patriarch saw God face to face, and his life was preserved.

God appeared to David, to put a new song in his mouth, when he had been as in a horrible pit and miry clay. God made Hezekiah to sing when he had delivered his soul from the pit of corruption. God, says Elihu, gives songs in the night. So it always has been, and so it is now. If God specially appears unto us, it is, for the most part, in times of trial. As afflictions abound, so also do divine consolations.

Well; it is sweet and refreshing to look back, and remember God concerning the land of Jordan; to see how he has helped in times of trouble, and to say, with Jeremiah, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me."

But let us consider, not only at what times, and in what spots, but in what respects he has appeared unto us. The Lord Jesus tells Paul that he had appeared unto him to make him a minister, and a witness as to those things he had already appeared unto him in; and also he signified that he would appear unto him in other things for the same purpose. All God's people are not ordained to be preachers, but of all he says, "Ye are my witnesses." It is good, then, to remember and rehearse to one another all the righteous acts of the Lord. But when we begin to reflect, how numerous, yea, innumerable, are God's benefits! what numberless appearings! When sunk in the guilt of sins, has he not appeared to us as a God forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, all manner of sins and blasphemies, for the Name's sake of the Lord Jesus? We have, some of us, been base backsliders from him. O the monstrous folly and evil of our ways! But has he not appeared unto us, saying, "Return, ye backsliding children; for I am married unto you, saith the Lord?" But time after time there has been fresh contracted guilt in our consciences; still has he not again and again sprinkled our consciences with his precious blood, purging them from dead works to serve the living God? O the thousands of instances in which he

has thus, as a God pardoning iniquity, appeared unto some of us! Have we not, like Joshua of old, stood before the angel clothed in filthy garments, with nothing but filthy rags in the shape of righteousness upon us? And thus we stood feelingly exposed to the wrath of God. But has he not appeared unto us as THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS? How sweetly the poet expresses our feelings in the following words:

“Without one thought that’s good to plead,
O what could save us from despair,
But this, though we are vile indeed,
THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS is there?”

Has he not appeared to us as our sanctification, as well as our righteousness? We refer not here to the inward work upon our own souls, for that at present is incomplete, and often more discovers to us our uncleanness than satisfies our minds. There is and must be a sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit in the heart and life of every child of God; but this is not what we write about here, but our perfection of holiness as in Christ, and as seen in him. “Behold,” says David, “O God our shield; and look upon the face of thine Anointed.” “My Beloved,” says the spouse, “is white and ruddy”;—white in his spotless holiness, as well as ruddy in his atoning blood. Have we not, some of us, pursued after what Bunyan styles “pitiful old self-holiness”? and found the more we strove to make ourselves holy the further we were from it? Then did not the Lord show us Christ as our complete holiness? How sweet to look up to Christ, and see that in him we are complete, and that, as we are in him, God cannot charge us with even possible folly. Hath not Christ appeared unto us in his sweet offices, or, at any rate, in many of them? A Prophet to teach us; a Priest to atone and intercede for us; a King to reign in, over, and for us for ever? Hath he not appeared unto us in his sweet relationships? a Husband, Brother, Friend? Hath he not appeared to us as a God of providence, as well as a God of grace? and told us he would never leave us, or forsake us; so that we have then boldly said, “The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me”? When, as the poet writes,

“Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully could say,
E’en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
It can bring with it nothing
But God will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spacious heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.”

But where should we end if we went through all the appearings of the Lord unto us? Of course, to some he has appeared

in more respects; to some in fewer. To some he has revealed himself more fully than he has done to others. We must not measure ourselves by our brethren, so as to reject what God has done for us because he may have done more for others. It is one, too, of the infirmities of God's children to slight or question what God has done, because he has not done also this, or the other thing. Our wisdom is to treasure up every appearing.

"Be thankful for present,
And then ask for more."

The least true appearing is invaluable; the smallest is an earnest of eternal glory. As the sheaf of first-fruits presented in the temple represented and sanctified and was an earnest of the harvest; so the smallest appearing of Christ unto the soul, in a way of free mercy and grace, is an earnest of the harvest of glory which awaits the child of God.

Well, then, can we, dare we, deny that the Lord hath appeared of old unto us? Has he not shown us his name? In mounts of danger and distress and extremity, has he not revealed himself to us as **JEHOVAH JIREH**,—the Lord will provide? Has he not been to us **JEHOVAH ROPHI**,—the Lord who healeth us, when we have been as sick unto death with sin? And when we have gone to meet with our brethren in the public means of grace, have we not seen him in the sanctuary as **JEHOVAH SHAMMAH**,—the Lord is there? But if he has not appeared unto us quite so fully as this, or at any rate if our diffident hearts shrink back from saying he has, can we not speak of at least some showings of himself at the lattice, some glimpses of his grace and love in a word of promise or consolation? Have we never had some such sweet word as this drop warmly into our hearts: "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will lead them in paths they have not known"? And, mind, Christ, when his word comes into our hearts, is himself there.

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

But some can tell of sweeter things. Nathanael, when under the fig-tree, beheld something of God in Christ. When he saw Jesus afterwards, and said, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel;" he beheld much more. But Christ told him he should see greater things than these. So with God's people generally. We only know in part. The Spirit guides us by degrees into all truth. If some, then, have only seen Jesus at the lattice; others have had fuller, sweeter discoveries of him. Have not some of us seen his power and glory in the sanctuary; and perhaps, with Thomas, thrust the hand of faith into his side, until, constrained through overpowering grace to say, "My Lord and my God"? Have not our hearts, too, been enabled sweetly to cry to God the Father, "Abba, Father," when the blessed spirit of adoption has been with us? Surely it is good to remember these things. Surely some of our minds, as we begin to reflect, are carried back through many years. *There,*

on our knees, he appeared to us, and assured us that we should be saved, and reach his glorious heaven. *There* he appeared and overpowered our hearts with love, so that we were as swallowed up in his glory. *There* he came so near to us, that we were as assured of his presence as if faith were changed into sight. By faith we have seen a Man in the heavens; by faith we have as it were, with Simeon, held him in our arms, as born for us at Bethlehem; by faith we have talked with him whom yet we saw not, and wrestled with him for his help and blessing.

But we must add no more, for we would not be tedious; therefore, following the words of the godly in Jer. xxxi. 8, we will next consider the *drawings of God's lovingkindness*. Of course, every appearing has a drawing power about it; and says, "Seek ye my face;" so that the heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." If God reveals himself to us in any gracious point of view, he draws us to himself according to that view. All true discoveries of God in Christ have a drawing, as well as a transforming efficacy.

But, then, there is more in God's drawing in lovingkindness than at first sight appears. There are secret drawings, as well as those of which the soul is sweetly conscious. The former are apt to be overlooked, and God therefore to be robbed of his due praises. And yet in them there is as much the working and outgoing of his love, the drawing of his lovingkindness, as in the latter. For example, some poor child of God is under conviction of sin; God is showing him what is in his holy and just law, and he finds it exceeding broad. He now learns that the law is spiritual, reaching to the heart and thoughts and inward feelings, and that it is holy, just, and good. He also learns now his utterly lost and ruined condition; and sinks into a state of self-despair, and is shut up under the law, and as in a prison-house. Now, how hard it is for this man to think that all this is lovingkindness. "He sits," as the psalmist writes, "in darkness, and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron." Is this lovingkindness? Yes; God supports the man, and sustains him by a secret, undiscerned hope; and is by this very means drawing him, as a truly convinced sinner, to himself in his Son Christ Jesus.

"Few, if any, come to Jesus
Till reduced to self-despair."

Again. A man is assaulted by the most terrible temptations of Satan. The accuser of the brethren accuses him day and night before God. He pours in upon his heart fiery darts of blasphemy, as well as accusations. O the horrible suggestions infused or injected into his mind! And sometimes he seems so given up to these things that it appears to him as if he was nothing else but blasphemies. He feels each thought of the kind deserves the lowest place in hell. He fears to even open the Bible; and tries to turn his thoughts away from God and godliness, because all his thinkings seem so full of pollution and blas-

phemy that he would rather not think of religion at all than think so profanely, so impiously. Is this the drawing of lovingkindness? Yes.

“These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free.”

So writes one of our poets. These terrible things are all in righteousness, and permitted of the God of salvation that he may become the only hope of our hearts. By these things he draws us to himself from self-righteousness and vain self-trustings.

But again. The man is overwhelmed with outward trials likewise. Look at Job! see all his prosperity vanishing; see his wife and friends rising up against him. So it may be, in such measure as God sees fit, with any one of us. David said his mountain of prosperity stood strong; but it soon slipped. “Behold,” said Hezekiah, “for peace”—for enjoyed and expected peace—“I had great bitterness.” Where he looked for peace and satisfaction, there he found trouble and sorrow; and all the greater because unexpected from such a quarter. Now, is all *this* the drawing of lovingkindness? O yes! “By these things men live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit.” As the poet also writes:

“And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may’st find thy all in me.”

“With cords of his eternal love
’Twas thus my soul he drew,”

writes another. God draws our hearts from earth and creatures by making us find a vanity in all these things. The fruit of many of David’s sorrows is given in Ps. xxxix.: “And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.”

Once more. Not only is the man tried in circumstances, and oppressed by Satan, but apparently forsaken of God. “Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?” “For a small moment,” says God, “have I forsaken thee.” Is this the drawing of lovingkindness? Yes; this also is in everlasting love. “Nevertheless,” says Christ, “it is expedient for you that I go away.”

“The very hidings of his face
Shall train us up to joy.”

He hides for our advantage, to kill the weeds of pride, and draw us to himself with more reality and earnestness, and to teach us to live by faith, and not so much upon sense; and thus more fully to make us followers of Christ; that where he has been for us, we in feeling, and in due degree, may be also.

Well, then, God’s drawings of lovingkindness are often very mysterious. His way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters; and his footsteps are not known. He drew Jacob to the “certain place” where he lay down in his sorrow to sleep, and where in his dream God so sweetly appeared unto him. “Surely God was in this place,” he said at length; “but I knew it not.” The ladder was there before Jacob saw it. The same things are fulfilled continually in the experiences of God’s children. God,

as drawing them, is in the threatenings of men, in all the adversities and trials and sorrows of his people. These things bring us to the Bethels where he appears to us. We, indeed, often perceive this not at the time; we rather cry, "All these things are against us." We little perceive that Jesus is with us, as with Job, in the whirlwind and the storm, ready to speak to us. Yet it is true. Jesus was with the disciples as they walked sorrowing to Emmaus; and Jesus is with his people still, and present as a drawing God, in the trials which seem to drive them away from peace and ease to a Padan-Aram.

Well; we have now briefly reviewed the past. Ours are but rough outlines; each child of God must fill them up with his own experiences. But may we not say, as we thus cast a glance backward, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me . . . with lovingkindness," too; he hath drawn me. Mind, we speak not in these remarks about bodily visions, and things of that kind, but of the Lord's appearings in our hearts by his Word and Spirit, and in our circumstances by his gracious providence. The appearings we notice here are those which he has vouchsafed in secret prayer, in the public means of grace, in hymns, in sermons, in the ordinances of his house, in grace, in providence. When his Word, as Luther writes, is accompanied with an inward light and fervency, drawing our souls to him in desires and prayer; when his Spirit moves upon our hearts, renews our minds, and warms our affections; then he appears unto us. And surely, without any exaggeration, we may say, "O! he *hath* thus appeared unto us hundreds of times; yea, and in various ways with lovingkindness he has drawn us."

Now, then, in the light of the past, and agreeably to the Word of God, we may look forward into the *future*. We know not what a day may bring forth. We cannot tell what of painful or of pleasant, what of adversity or prosperity, lies before us. We even are thankful that this is the case.

"My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise."

We may say, from the Word of God, as to the future, that God will certainly set a day of adversity over against a day of prosperity, to keep us from resting in any circumstances, and make us trust only in God. We may say, with Paul, bonds and afflictions, to a certain extent, abide us. But, then, let what will come, if God has appeared of old unto us, if with lovingkindness he has drawn us, then his voice to us was, and is, and ever will be, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." No after-days of darkness and distress, no wanderings in the wilderness, no temptations from Satan, no persecutions from men, no hidings of God's countenance, can undo a Bethel visit, or change the voice of God—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." This Jacob found. What sore afflictions followed upon the

appearings of God, both at Bethel and Peniel! But his end was peace, and his last words were about the faithfulness of the God who had appeared unto him. "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil." Thus, after all his fears and complainings, he had to say the God had not left him until he had done that which he had spoken to him of. (Genesis xxviii. 15.)

As it was with Jacob, and David, and others, so it ever will be with God's saints, with those he appears to, and draws with lovingkindness to himself. But how hard it is for a true child of God to believe that God can love such an one as he feels himself to be! Like Thomas, he sometimes says, "I will not believe." He would believe, but unbelief is so overpowering he cannot; it seems almost impossible. God must almightily persuade Japhet, or he never will dwell in these tents of Shem. God, by discoveries of himself to his saints, makes them see and feel how great a God he is. He will be sanctified in them that come nigh unto him. He also makes them feel their own vileness and then how hard it is for these persons, so vile as they feel in themselves, to believe that they are loved of God, of One so great, so inconceivably glorious. This made the spouse cry "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave." Her jealous fears as to Christ's love were as death and the grave to her heart. Others may find it easy to fancy God loves them the child of God finds it requires the exceeding greatness of God's power to make him believe that God is his God, and he loved him with an everlasting love. Therefore it is that God says, "Yea, I have loved thee." God's Yea is Yea; there is perfect certainty about it. If God has appeared of old unto us if he has drawn us with lovingkindness, however vile we may see and feel ourselves to be, however base in our backslidings, God's voice to us is, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." How well we remember when God, after some years of legal travail, was bringing us back to himself again, what a terrible obstacle in our way seemed our dreadful sinnings against light and knowledge, mercies and intimations of love! The backsliders' hell seemed our portion. Satan did not deny that God had done something for us in the days which were past; but there was the interval of wandering and sin! Then these words dropped sweetly into our heart: "The covenant which was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect." Then we saw that the love and the covenant and the promise of God in Christ were all before the law, under which we had been vainly toiling, and grievously sinning, and that all our sins, follies, and wanderings in the cloudy and dark day could not undo the past. "The Lord has appeared of old unto us." He had found us in Bethel, he had drawn us with lovingkindness, he had brought us forth from

former companions, and from our father's house; and the voice of all was then, and it still was the same: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

As I have had it very strongly laid on my mind to relate some of the Lord's dealings with my soul, or, what I hope are the Lord's dealings with me, I have accordingly made two or three attempts to do so, but being such a bad writer I have hitherto failed. But, as there seems to be a fresh occasion, I will try again, with God's assistance, to relate a little of the same; but I shall not say a great deal.

I think the Lord has had me in his school nearly all my life, but I am such a dull scholar I hardly know how to begin to speak of these blessed things. May God guide my heart and hand; for my soul knows and approves right well what the Saviour says, "Without me ye can do nothing."

I think the Lord began with me very early in life. The first thing I can remember noticing was, that when I was about six years old, and was living with my grandmother, who was a very grave old woman, she said to me one day, "You ought to learn to read, and then you will learn to know more than you can know if you do not know how to read." I did not take so much notice of what she said, until she said, "You will then know about the Saviour, and about your soul." This may appear very simple to some people, but it did not seem so to me, as it seemed to take such effect on me that it made me very anxious to know more about the things my grandmother spoke about, for they appeared so very grand and desirous; and, at the same time, made me feel different to what I had ever felt before. I cannot express how I felt; but I was in much trouble with thinking how I should learn to read. Something seemed to say, I must wait; and that I should perhaps have an opportunity to learn.

About two years after, my father died, and my uncle sent me to school, where I soon learned to read well enough to be able to read a little in the Bible, and was delighted in reading in it. I was soon after led, in a more solemn way, to meditate on spirits, and also what saints were; and I thought they were men who never sinned against God; and so I wished I was like them. I began to see God in a very awful way; to see that he was a very holy Being; and I thought I must consequently live just according to the law of the ten commandments, which I had nearly learned by heart. The blessed Lord was, I think, writing *his* law in my heart; and I tried to keep the law, but could not. I found that sin was really in me. Feeling I was such a sinner, I knew not what to do; but it pleased the Lord to let me know that I must wait in hope, and that he, in the end, would show me what to do. But I had to wait forty years,

bound fast under the law, with now and then a smile and a lifting up from the Lord.

When I was about seventeen, I was so very much burdened with sin, that I was bowed down exceedingly with it; so much so, that the men I was working with wondered what was the cause of my being so sad, and asked me if I had not done something wrong. True enough, I thought I had. The young men shunned my company, and called me a "Methodist," and such like; and I seemed to be one by myself, and wondered what I should do.

But, to be short, I was kept on in this way until I was about twenty-six years old. I then thought I must get away from that part of the country, and try if that would make an alteration; but I could not for some time make up my mind what to settle upon, until I came to a conclusion that I would go as a soldier, though it was such a trouble to me to know whether that would be right in the sight of God. But I found in reading the Word of God that there had been good soldiers; that Cornelius was a soldier, and that the Lord was with him. So I enlisted into a regiment in the Isle of Mauritius, thinking to go away out of this country and be done with it; but the regiment was shortly to come home, on which account I was sent to the Isle of Wight. But O! the dreadful plague of sin followed me everywhere. I saw God was so very holy, and that such a sinner as I saw myself to be could not stand in his presence. But still, I had a hope the Lord would put me in the right way; yet I wished to walk uprightly before him at all times, and tried with all my strength; but as fast as I tried, I fell. I was often comforted when thinking of the blessed Saviour, and thought he was the only way, yet I thought I must do what was pleasing in his sight, or he would have nothing to do with me.

About three years after I enlisted, we were sent to Ireland; and in going there I caught a violent cold, and the yellow jaundice followed. I was very ill, and thought I should shortly have to appear, just such a sinner as I was, before a righteous, just, and holy God. O the horror that I felt! Baptism was brought to my mind, and I firmly believed it to be right. Yet I had not been baptized; neither had I received the sacrament; and O! the thought of appearing before God as such a disobedient wretch! I was so troubled that I ran about the hospital, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I begged of them to send for a minister. And the next day, the parson came to give me the bread and the wine; but, as I thought I was not doing it the right way in the sight of God, I would not receive it.

The Lord raised me up from this sickness; but he soon laid me up again with an abscess, on which account I was discharged and sent home. I could not, however, get free from the law, and I still followed the Church of England, and although I did not know what to do, yet I kept earnestly praying to the Lord to put me in the right way, and show me what I should do. But the

Lord's time did not yet come; so I was obliged to wait, still hoping and praying that the dear Lord would help and deliver me.

Some years after, I got employment with some Dissenters, who were good men, Baptists; and which became the means of my going to their place of worship, and leaving the Church of England, but not without much opposition, as I expected, knowing well I must bear the cross. I was not long after this before I was baptized, and joined the church at O. Still, I did not get much relieved under the preaching, it was so mixed with law and gospel. But, glory be to God, he does his own work in his own time and way; for I had not been sitting under the preaching there long, before it pleased the Lord to remove the minister by death; and, thanks be to God, I began to see things differently to what I had done. The blessed Lord brought me to see and feel that I could not do anything towards my own salvation; I saw there was nothing for me to do. Jesus Christ, I saw, had done all himself. It was completed. This I also saw clearly. Therefore I am enabled at times to rejoice in hope that he has completed it for me, who am still feeling myself such a sinner that I have many doubts and fears whether I am one for whom Christ died.

But after the death of the minister, it pleased the dear Lord, in his kind and gracious providence, to send his dear and highly esteemed servant, our present pastor, Mr. H., amongst us, to preach the word of life. And, bless the Lord, I feel it an unspeakable privilege to sit under the preaching of a free-grace gospel; it strengthens my hope and love, and confirms my faith in Christ Jesus as my Saviour, though I am such a sinner. Thus I go on, hoping and fearing, and having great exercises of mind as to how it will end. I cannot speak of great deliverances, as I have heard others speak of; I feel mostly so very low, and can then only cry to the Lord to have mercy on me. Yet sometimes I am so lifted up that I can say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Thus, whilst I have my changes, yet I can truly say,

"My hope is fixed on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;"

and,

"Other refuge have I none."

If this fails me, I am undone.

Thus I have tried to give a brief account of what I hope the Lord has done for my soul. RICHARD DODD.

[The above letter, though simple, yet, from what we have been informed about the writer, is, we believe, a truthful testimony. We have inserted it more particularly with the hope that it may prove a means of encouragement to any poor souls that may read it, who have been long under spiritual bondage. Richard Dodd, as we have been further informed, "has passed into his eternal rest. He died under the smiles, peace, and pardon of God, several years ago. His deliverance into gospel liberty was somewhat remarkable, and although he never considered it great, yet it certainly was not small."—Ed.]

A BELIEVER TRIUMPHING UNDER TROUBLE.

[The following lines, slightly altered, are from "Wright's Spiritual Songs,"—an author who lived in the days of Queen Anne. They were sent to us by Mr. G. Turner.]

Why art thou sad, my soul, this day?
The Lord himself hath made thy way.
Wait but a while, and thou shalt see
His love in all that comes to thee.
Methinks I hear his pleasant voice,
Commanding thee to still rejoice.
Though world and Satan, law and sin,
Combine to make thee dark within;
And providence bids joys depart,
The promise still may cheer thine heart.

God in his outward acts may frown,
When he in love sends comfort down.
Sometimes with thorns he'll compass thee,
And blast thee with calamity;
Yet by-and-bye he will revive,
And make thy soul like corn to thrive.
He lets old Adam do his part,
To show thy proud self-righteous heart
That leprosy in thee remains,
And by this means thy pride restrains.
He gives and takes away his own,
That unto thee it may be shown
Thou art but tenant at his will;
The right in him remaining still.

When thou hast on Mount Tabor been,
And there his glory thou hast seen,
He turns thee down from off the hill;
But yet he doth support thee still.
These are the changes tied to time,
But after these there's joy sublime;
When pale-faced death hath done his part,
Then lasting life shall fill thy heart.

When thou dost mount above the stars,
Thou shalt have freedom from all jars;
Thy poverty, thy sin, and fears,
Shall pass away with all thy tears.
In all the shining hosts above
There's nothing but triumphant love.
Cold doubtings and perplexity
Together with the body die.
On bubbles here thou sett'st thy mind;
Bubbles which burst with ev'ry wind;
And that which thou dost beauty call,
To-morrow will to ashes fall.
But when thy soul is once untied,
Thy pleasures then will all abide;

Thou shalt with saints and angels sing,
 A winter once, but now a spring.
 The upper court no temple knows,
 No prayers nor religious vows;
 For there all worship is but one,
 And that is praise to God alone.

When thou art got above the sun,
 Thou shalt not ask how glasses run;
 Thy life will undivided be,
 And all in one thy soul shall see.
 Thy Lord will be thy lasting light,
 And Jesus ever in thy sight.
 O, then, my soul, come, take thy flight,
 And, if God will, begone this night.

**“THE FATHERS TO THE CHILDREN SHALL
 SHOW FORTH THY PRAISE.”**

I HAVE sent herewith as a present to Mr. M. a copy of all the letters which you have written to me; at least, all the parts of them which concern the soul. I have devoted the morning to this work, and am well satisfied with my employment. There is a beautiful chain in the experience, which I have no doubt will refresh your father's soul. I beg you to mention to him that I wish them not to go out of the house, nor copies of them to be taken, and that they should not be made known to every one who may hear of such things.

And now, my dear friend, I have seen you through the first sounding of dreadful alarms in your conscience; have been an eye-witness of the Almighty's kind visitation upon your spirit in a time of need; and have watched the effect of his late affliction; and declare myself well pleased with the whole, and have no doubt that he that has begun the good work will also perform it to the day of Jesus Christ. And I say with my whole heart, “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.”

It is not probable, though my soul would rejoice at it, that we shall have you so much under our roof as we have had; but thou art safe under his guidance and favour, who will be to thee for a little sanctuary in all places whither thou mayest go, and and in whose favour is life eternal. And in my prayers I cannot cease to give him thanks for what he has already done, and commend you to his grace, who is able to build you up, and beg that, as an instrument, I may be consulted about your troubles and your joys, that I may sympathize and travail with you in your sorrows, and may be a partaker of your thank offering in your solemn feast days. It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes, and in yours too. You and I are both instances of what God can do. And his work upon us has

been very quick, but, I believe, very durable. I believe further that what has taken place between us will be established to all eternity to the praise of the glory of his grace. I have many sons and daughters, too, the same number, I believe, as our father Jacob; but among all my daughters in the faith there is not one who lies closer to my heart than thou dost. What may be your present feelings, I know not; one thing I know, whatever may be the measure of your present faith in what I am saying to you, he remaineth faithful, though we believe not; he cannot deny himself. And I am persuaded you cannot get either your conscience or affections to eject and condemn what has passed upon your soul since this time last year.

Four things, M., be attentive to the voice of thy father in. First, I counsel thee to keep close to God in secret, closet, and mental prayer. When thou prayest, shut to thy door, and pray unto thy Father that seeth in secret, and he shall reward thee openly. In everything make known your request to God.

Second. Above all other things, let the Book of God be your companion. There is in that Book something suitable for every trial and change; something adapted to the case in hand, and wholesome counsel to direct. Stick close to this. The best companions in the world are to be found in it; and a sweet promise is left upon record to all who attend to it. "Blessed is the man . . . whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night; and he shall be like," &c. (Psa. i. 2.)

Third. Keep up close heart-communion. Commune with thine own heart. Turn thine eyes inwards. Watch well the goings to and fro therein of your King and your God; for "whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

Fourth. Make no hasty and no numerous acquaintances. You are cut off from carnal society. Never have anything more to do with one person who is evidently destitute of the fear of God, and of his grace. And by no means seek the company, even of God's family at large,—but watch and seek that the Almighty may give you one real friend in the Spirit; and commit everything you feel and know unto the Lord.

This is the counsel of one who, though young, has proved his advice, and of one who loves thee perhaps as much as or more than any one you will find this side heaven. If thou art desirous of our company, make it known to God, and he will direct thy steps to our house. Blessed be his glorious Name that he has done it once already, and with a blessing. If we seek his direction, he will do it again. At present the bounds of thy habitation lie in thy father's house at L. There expect to meet with God. I would gladly take thee as my own adopted child, and number thee with the two I have in the flesh; but this cannot be. Bless the Almighty for such parents as he has given you, and honour them in the Lord. You never can be thankful enough

for such a privilege. This I have never known. An outcast from my father's house, God took me up. But he deals kindly with thee. May he grant thee a grateful sense of it.

The Lord bless thee with his counsel, and afterward receive thee into his glory. So prays

Thy father in the faith,

W. J. BROOK.

“ HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

My dear Sister in the Lord of Life, who is our only hope and help,—Grace, mercy, peace, and love rest on thee, and abide in thy heart.

My promise to you I will now fulfil, though it has been so long since. I was at home yesterday, and in the afternoon Mr. Forest, of Oldbury, came and had tea with me, and told me you were very ill. I had not heard before. I hope by this time you are better. I feel I can sympathize with you, having been in affliction myself. The Lord sometimes lays us low on a bed of affliction to bring us into close examination in our souls, that we may prove what the foundation is that we stand on, and to search into the book of our hearts, and into the Word of God, that we may be led to see that things are not so straight as we would have them; and seeing this, and especially sometimes, with death staring us in our face, it brings us low. These, my dear sister, are stripping times indeed; and our fears rise high concerning our state. We find we need what we don't seem to have, namely, faith to believe in the *dark*. And we can't produce it, nor can we find access to the Lord of mercy. And though we cry, he shutteth out our prayer, and covereth himself with a cloud, so that our prayer cannot enter in. Then we mourn like the dove who has lost her mate; yet cannot help ourselves in the least; our hope seems cut off.

This is the place where we find the emptiness of all forms of religion, and, like David, are made to cry to the Lord in our trouble. But he seems not to our sense to hear us or regard us till we are brought to our wit's end, while tempests burst over our head, and, like poor Job, we look forward and backward, on the right hand and on the left, but can't behold him. This brought the prophet Jeremiah, in his Lamentations, to say, “I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. I was brought into darkness, and not into light.”

My dear sister, no mere professor was ever brought into this path. They are not “troubled, like other men; therefore pride compasseth them as a chain; and their eyes stand out with fatness.” They have more than a living soul can wish for. But it is not gold tried in the *fire*. “Reprobate silver shall they be called; for the Lord hath rejected them.” Better it is to be purged with fire, and purified, and made white, through affliction, than to be left at ease.

May the blessing of God make thy bed soft and thy heart comforted while in the furnace. This is my soul's sincere desire and my prayer. The dear Lord bless thy soul with those sweet feelings that David enjoyed when he said, "This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me." You are in my heart's prayers; and it is no small thing to live in the hearts of God's children, and to know that, when they bend the knee, their hearts go up to the Lord for us. I believe thousands of prayers have been put up for me while ill. A good and wise Physician knows thy complaint, and none were ever sent away without a cure *in the best sense*, though he takes his lilies out of his garden here below to plant them in a better soil, namely, in the kingdom of heaven.

"Not a single shaft can hit,"

my dear sister, till thy God sees fit.

Now, I drop my pen, only committing thee, body, soul, and spirit, into the kind care of our God. My love to thy husband and children. But a better love to thee, *a heavenly one*, that can't die.

Thine sincerely in Jesus,

P.S.—Through mercy I am better.

SIMEON BURNS.

Walsall, Feb. 14th, 1876.

"WHY SAYEST THOU, O JACOB, MY WAY IS HID FROM THE LORD?"

My dear Miss M——,—"A word to the wise is enough." Kindly pass on the enclosed; and please accept my best thanks.

I do not know that I need write to you. I do not know that I can. I feel very unfit, and very unworthy, and scarcely know whether you will receive such feeble effort. What will you think? Will you send it back, and say I have no business to write to you? Well, my dear friend; if you feel inclined to do it, be honest, and do so; and kindly forgive me for taking such liberty. But if there be anything that causeth any moving or stirring within your soul, then please accept it in love; and "give God the praise."

I hope what I write to you or to any of my beloved friends is in love to their precious souls; and I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts that I would not write anything I should not like for his pure and holy eyes to read. And he readeth and knoweth all things. He knows the hearts of all the children of men. He knows the heart of my dear friend to whom I am now writing; and he knows if there be there the least moving toward himself, or the least desire after himself. He knows in whose hearts he has put his fear; and can you, my dear friend, look up to him and tell him he has *not* done this for you? Can you, dare you, say he has never done anything for you, not the least thing? Have you never had any desire implanted within your breast to

know for yourself what you know must be known if you get to heaven? Are you still in your first-born state? Are you afraid you have learned your religion of others, and have it all in your head, and nothing in your heart? But where, let me ask you, my dear friend, is the centre of *feeling*? If it was only in your head, would there be any feeling sense of it? You always *knew* you were a sinner; but did you always *FEEL* you were a sinner, and your sins a burden to you? Did you ever wish you had not been brought up, as you have, with the truth sounding in your ears, and surrounded with those that knew the truth? But though you heard it with your ears, even then, did it ever sound in your soul as now you hope it sometimes does? Did you ever wish you had been brought up away from it all, and had never seen a Bible, heard the gospel, or seen a saint? And then, perhaps, you think you might have known whether you learned your religion of man, or were taught it of God. Can you go on your knees—you are often there, my dear friend, are you not?—and tell God to his face you are still as you once were,—“dead in trespasses and in sins,” careless and unconcerned about your precious never-dying soul? Are all your thoughts and care about this world? Do not you ever think about the eternal world? Does it not often ring in your ears—How shall I grapple with the realities of eternity? What will become of my poor soul when it leaves the body? Where will my lot be cast?

“Shall I among them stand?”

Has it never pierced your heart and rent your soul with anguish, the solemn thought—

“What if my name should be left out?”

O if I should be wrong at last! O if I have made a mistake in my religion, and thus come short after all! Shall I see my beloved parents, my dear and much-loved friends about to enter heaven, and I sink to hell?

Solemn thought indeed, my dear friend, is it not? that all the world cannot drive away; and no less true than solemn. It is not what may or may not be, but what indeed and indeed must surely be. You and I shall be there; and if we know nothing of these things, good for us if we had never been born. Have you ever wished you had never been born, or had no soul to be saved or lost? Have you never in soul feeling stood before God a poor, naked, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and felt that unless God had mercy upon you, you must be lost? Have you never asked him to have mercy upon you? Do you desire mercy? Do you seek for mercy? Do you fear you shall never obtain mercy? Have you ever stood side by side with the poor publican? Can you say of him, he is my brother? Have you ever prayed his prayer? Have you ever prayed the prayer of poor dear Mercy—“If there be any forgiveness of sins to spare, I beseech thee that thy poor handmaid may be made a partaker thereof?” Do you pray at all? Can you live without it? Do you fear you never do? Are

you afraid 'tis no prayer at all, and fear the Lord cannot regard it, or accept such broken petitions? Do you desire what you ask? Do you ask for one thing, and mean another? What could your conscience honestly bear witness to? No midnight cries, no bitter tears, no heartfelt sighs, no throes of soul-anguish? Can you retire to rest, and rise again, and no thought about your poor soul? Do you ever wake up with this in your thoughts—Spared through another night, and wonder why you are spared? What is the matter with you? Are you not in trouble?

“What ails those eyes bedewed with tears,
Those labouring sighs that heave thy breast,
Those oft-repeated broken prayers——?”

Does your trouble ever bring you to your knees? Have you ever fallen before God, and felt you could not, you dare not, utter a single word, not even *ask* for mercy? Have you ever risen, and gone down again on your knees, and asked the Lord to forgive you for what you have been doing? I know one who has. Your wandering, your half-heartedness, &c., is this a grief to you? Do you mourn because of it? Do you ever sigh over your sad state, your hard heart, your unfeeling soul? Are your sins no burden to you? Are you burdened because you are not burdened?

“Uneasy when you feel your load;
Uneasy when you feel it not?”

Do you groan because you cannot groan? Concerned because you are so unconcerned?

“Thirst for thirstiness, and weep for tears?”

Do you love the people of God best, or the world best? Don't you love dear Mrs. F.? May I ask you, Have you no love for the poor unworthy worm writing to you? What makes you speak so kindly, and shake hands so warmly? What causes those silent tears that I see trembling in your eyes sometimes? Why do you come to chapel? Do you love the house of God? Why don't you give it up, and cast away your little hope, and think no more about it? Have you *no* hope—not a “tiny bit,” as our dear friend Mrs. F. once told me? And if you will allow me, I will just repeat what another dear woman once said. A minister visiting her on her death-bed, she began complaining, and said, “I have no hope.” The good man wrote down her words, and then asked her to sign what she had just been telling him. She burst out, “O no! I cannot do that. I have no hope if Jesus does not come and save me.” The poor dear soul dare not put her hand to such a thing; and neither could you, my dear friend. You cannot say you have no hope in the mercy of Jesus, or that you do not desire to fear him, and want to love him. You may tremble to use Peter's words; but can you say, “Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I *don't* love thee?”

But I shall weary you with such a string of questions. May I ask you any more? Can you answer none of them—not one? Do you ever ask yourself such things as these? Can you read

what I have written unmoved? Has it caused no sensation or emotion of soul, no aching of heart, no tear to fall, no sigh to heave your bosom, no desire nor prayer to God that you may be numbered with the blest at last? O! I do hope, my dear friend, it has made a little mark, as it were, upon your heart. There is hope in Israel concerning you, though there may not be in your own soul. If you know anything of these things, or even want to know, you have every reason to hope yours is a Bible religion, and must stand. You cannot find one word in all God's blessed Book against you; it is all on your side. Then "why art thou so fearful, O thou of little faith?" These things are not shown to them that perish; and if the Lord had meant to destroy you, he would not have showed you such things as these. He has not given you this desire to disappoint it. "He cannot deny himself." He has begun; and he will carry it on. There is grace even in the desire for grace. 'Tis mercy has made you feel your need of mercy; mercy that makes you seek for mercy; and it will indeed be sweet mercy when you find mercy, and

"Weep to the praise of the mercy you've found."

And it *shall* be so; for "they that seek shall find." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Not one; not even you.

But I must close. I did not intend writing more than just to ask you the favour I have asked (you know why); but as I began, I thought, my dear friend has a precious soul; and who can tell but she is anxious about her soul? And I felt a desire to God that he might give me a word that may do you a little good, and be a little help. Whether it be so, I cannot tell; or whether I have told you anything of the exercises of your soul. "He told me all that ever I did." A dear friend of mine, and yours too, I believe, Miss E——, told me once that it seemed to her, when she was reading my letters, as though I could read her thoughts. You, too, my dear friend, have scarcely ever spoken to me; and I cannot tell why I should thus write to you; but if you have not said much to me, you have told One above about it; and who can tell but what he has put it into my heart to send this? Do you think he has?

Now, my dear friend, do write. You will, won't you? and do not keep me long in suspense. And may the Lord incline your heart, and help you to pour it out freely to me, as you do to him. Don't fear; don't hesitate; you have one that feels for you, and can enter into your case.

Excuse my feeble writing. My hand shakes more and more. I feel like one tottering on the brink of the grave, and cannot but think it will soon open to receive this poor weary worn-out body. Farewell, my dear friend; and when it is well with thee, think on me. Accept my very kind love; and I hope I am, my dear Miss M——,

Your very sincere though unworthy Friend,

Clack, Aug. 6th, 1878.

E. MORSE.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend,—I have obeyed your order. Our friend Covell called in this morning, saying that you wished to have your account, which was pleasing to flesh and blood; and I hope you will feel the same pleasure in receiving it.

It is hard work, friend, to believe, and love what we do believe. But all this is our *schooling*; and I find I am a poor thing yet, in learning to put things rightly together; but when my dear and gracious Friend secretly and sweetly reasons with me, and gives me to see and feel that all that has come, and does come upon me, is only in sweet accordance with the solemn agreement poor “Little Faith” felt and made in years gone by, when he *inwardly* said, he did not care what he suffered if He [God] would but make it known that he was a son of God by “blest adoption.” I love dear old Jacob; but I love my Jesus better than all, and this cheers and does poor “Little Faith’s” heart good when he feels it.

I recollect my dear present wife saying once to me, in the words of the poet,

“’Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross.”

“Yes,” I replied; “sweet truth, and easy to repeat.” I cannot help smiling while I write, for we are such strong, great, and established believers when all things go sweetly and agreeably to flesh and blood. But, ah, my dear friend, I have proved, and still live to prove that “Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.” (Deut. viii. 4.)

I could enlarge here, but must forbear, lest my brother should think what he ought not to think. Therefore shall only say, amidst all my trials, sorrows, and afflictions,

“I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep its hold”

of a precious Christ,

“I envy not the sinner’s gold.”

I am,

Yours affectionately for His sake,

Fleetwood Place, Croydon, June 7th, 1871.

H. GLOVER.

To the Editor of the “Gospel Standard.”

Dear Sir,—John Flavel was a highly-favoured and a faithful minister. His writings have been much blessed to me. Not long since it was my “hap” (Ruth ii. 3) to light on his “Husbandry Spiritualized,” from which I have culled the following sweet lines called Gataker’s Epigram. I enclose them in the hope that the Lord may make them as timely helpful to others of his tried children as they were made to me. They followed me for weeks; and how sweetly they interpreted my experience! The conflict

just at the time was very fierce (Phil. i. 30); and I had forgotten (alas! how frequently we do so!) the riddles put forth in the Word. (Judges xiv. 14; 2 Cor. xii. 10; Mark viii. 95.) The saints often get a mouthful of honey out of some strong lion-like temptation. Out of the eater comes forth meat; and O! what "eaters," losses, crosses, and afflictions are at the *first!* How they wither and dry up the poor soul! They are indeed grievous. (Heb. xii. 11.) Yet out of these eaters come forth meat. "Nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

"When I am weak, then I am strong;

Christ is my shield, and Christ my song."

He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that saveth his comfort shall lose it.

Believe me, my dear brother, yours in gospel bonds,
Kemble Road, Forest Hill.

G. R.

A MEDITATION UPON THE STRANGE MEANS OF PRESERVING THE
LIFE OF VEGETABLES.

I observe that plants and herbs are sometimes killed by frosts; and yet without frosts they would neither live nor thrive. They are sometimes drowned by water; and yet without water they cannot subsist. They are refreshed and cheered by the heat of the sun; and yet that heat sometimes kills and scorches them up. Thus lives my soul. Troubles and afflictions seem to kill all its comforts; and yet without these its comforts could not live. The sun-blasts of prosperity sometimes refresh me; and yet those sun-blasts are the likeliest way to wither me. By what seeming contradictions is the life of my spirit preserved! What a mystery! What a paradox is the life of a Christian.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,

Are spared best sometimes when they are spent.

Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow

Lend most sometimes when most they seem to borrow.

And if by these contrary and improbable ways the Lord preserves our souls in life, no marvel then we find such strange and seemingly contradictory motions of our hearts under the various dealings of God with us, and are still restless in whatsoever condition he puts us; which restless frame was excellently expressed in that pious epigram of Mr. Gataker, made a little before his death:

"I thirst for thirstiness; I weep for tears;

Well pleased I am to be displeas'd thus:

The only thing I fear is want of fears;

Suspecting I am not suspicious.

I cannot choose but live, because I die;

And when I am not dead, how glad am I!

Yet, when I am thus glad for sense of pain,

And careful am lest I should careless be;

Then do I grieve for being glad again,

And fear, lest carelessness take care for me,

Amidst these restless thoughts, this rest I find,—

For those who rest not here, there's rest behind."

REVIEW.

Fragment from the Faithful Ministry of the late Thomas Ford, of Stepney; containing Thirty Sermons, delivered during the last Two Years of his Life; with a Summary of each, added by the Compiler. Also, an Outline of his own Experience, written by Himself.—
London: J. Benson, 1, Regent's Park Place, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

THERE are two distinct classes of preachers and writers who at various times appear before the household of faith as defenders of truth; but neither the one nor the other gains much notice from the tried portion of the family of God. The first class produce, for the most part, well-arranged sermons, containing doctrinal truths both sound and clear; but which are sadly defective in setting forth an experimental knowledge of those truths as taught by the Holy Spirit. Or, should experience be hinted at, it is stated in so confused and erroneous a way, that the experience pulls down what the doctrine builds up. The doctrine boldly asserts that "man has no power whatever;" but the experience declares that "to doubt is living beneath one's privileges;" which means that we can perform acts of faith if we would only bestir ourselves. What we desire is a oneness of sentiment and spirit, both in doctrine and experience. If the doctrine declares that "without me ye can do nothing," the experience should maintain the same truth.

Clear-headed doctrinal men have found much fault with duty-faith men for preaching free grace in one part of the sermon, and throwing it all down in the latter part, by some general invitation being cast abroad to sinners, and upon the acceptance of which their salvation is said to depend; and yet, strange to say, the doctrinal men we speak of will commit the same kind of error themselves in another form, viz., by throwing out general invitations to believers to live up to their privileges, and by soundly thrashing them for their doubts and fears, just as though a doubt could be dispelled at the pleasure of the doubter. A doubt could not, from the very nature of it, be willingly cherished in the mind of an anxious person; it is of too distressing a tendency. Take, for instance, an anxious wife fearing for the safety of her husband whilst out on the stormy sea. She casts her eyes towards the wild foaming sea, but does she cherish or hug the doubt that has disturbed her peace, and is causing her to pace up and down her room with frantic grief? A doubt has seized her mind on account of his absence, and the tossing billows increase her anxiety; but who, or what can chase away that doubt that is eating like a canker-worm at her troubled breast? Nothing but the safe arrival of her husband, or a sudden calm, which would inspire hope. But what is even this to that of an anxious soul, when everything appears to conspire against its safety in reference to eternal matters?

Such charges as making "a hobby-horse" of doubts and fears

show a great want of knowledge, if not an entire absence of acquaintance with the exercise of living souls. It may be asked, "Are doubts and fears necessary, then, to constitute a genuine experimental knowledge of truth?" They are no more necessary to a regenerate soul than disease in the body is necessary to constitute a living person; but surely a knowledge of disease is as necessary as the knowledge of the remedy in physic. And so it is spiritually, or the remedy can never be applied to the right person with ministerial skill, or the right word be brought home to the heart as intended by the Spirit of God;* so that the heart of the righteous is made sad, while the hypocrite is suffered to rejoice.

The second class are those who have learned to talk experience like a parrot, and are as unacquainted with the spiritual nature of a gracious experience as the parrot is of the meaning of the words it chatters. For though they keep to a clear line of the letter of experience, yet they deny the practical effects of the power of God's truth on the heart, and laugh at the doubts and fears of the family of God with as much ridicule as the doctrinal professor. For these stand on the assurance of letter experience as the others do on letter truth. They can talk of the heights of Zion in glowing terms, but have never climbed those heights by faith in the Redeemer's blood and righteousness. The sanctifying effects of being set on the rock are visibly absent in them, in that their steps are not ordered in God's Word. (Psa. xl. 2.) They can dive deep in a wordy description of a "deep experience;" but the fact is, they have never gone up nor down spiritually. Their "light" makes them presumptuous and bold, and in many instances a real stumbling-block to Zion's children. They frequently bring a reproach on experimental truth by their ungodly lives; and fill the mouths of the enemies of a free-grace gospel by thrusting themselves forward on every occasion. We can understand a child of God tripping up, and remaining in a callous state for some time; but we do not wish to enter into the secret of the man who can apparently receive the word of truth with a relish, and go out and betray the Lord to the haters of all godliness.

We would, then, caution our readers against the two classes of preachers we have named; but especially the latter. We feel constrained to expose an erroneous experience, as we fear many do not perceive the perverted and distorted character of it sufficiently to shun its possessor. How many of the Lord's family have been cast down when comparing their experience with that of these "giants;" and with what overwhelming grief have they received the intelligence of the awful end of some of them.

The little work at the head of this Review is neither the one nor the other of the two classes named. It is as the Editor himself says,

* That is, ministerially brought home, as when a man might say, "These are the persons the Holy Spirit intends in the Word of truth."

“Bold declarations of doctrine, relations of wonderful experience of some peculiar dealings of God in grace or providence—most blessed as such things are, if truly of him, and accompanied with godly fear and humility, were not in themselves the especial features of Mr. Ford’s ministry, but the safe, tender, yet powerful workings of the fear of God; the secret labour of the spirit of life in the soul convinced of sin and opposed by nature’s evil,” &c., page iv.

This appears, upon the whole, to be a fair statement of the character of the work. Mr. Ford was unknown to us, and perhaps to most of our readers; but he seems to have been (judging from the work before us) a man well taught of God; and if we are to judge a man by the company he keeps, we must judge favourably of Mr. Ford. He says of his early experience,

“I heard the late Mr. Beeman from Isa. xix. 18, and following verse; when all to me appeared new; and such a measure of light broke in upon my understanding, that my attention was fixed to what I was hearing, and ‘faith came by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God,’ though I did not then know what it was.”

He also heard the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, to profit; and others of like character.

An extract from a letter to Mary Toovey, who afterwards became his wife, will show the effects of the law upon his conscience:

“When the Almighty God reached my soul with his just and holy sentence: ‘Thou art the man,’ all hope of being saved by any performance of my own was, I believe, for ever dislodged from my breast; and though I have vainly attempted to recommend myself to his favour by striving against those evils which have daily beset me sore, sometimes getting into pride to think what progress I was making in godliness; yet, to my shame, I have been brought to confess,

‘The more I strive against sin’s power,
I sin and stumble yet the more;’

and have been made to feel something of the truth of Job’s words: ‘If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own clothes shall abhor me.’”

His mind eventually became exercised on the subject of believers’ baptism, to which he attended; “notwithstanding,” says he, “I had entertained many prejudices against it.”

This very short account will give the reader some little idea of the man who preached the “thirty sermons” which the Editor of the work desires to place before the public.

The experience is but an outline, occupying only a few pages, and of course does not fully place the man before the mind of the reader. He says, “I am known by very few; I know very few.” What a happy man he must have been thus to escape so great a portion of the scorn of men.

We have thus culled a little for the benefit of our readers, that they may be able to form some opinion for themselves, and not be entirely dependent on our judgment.

The sermons, it appears, were taken down by the Editor during their delivery; and though not taken in shorthand, yet such parts as were written, and which are published in the little

work we recommend, are pretty much word for word as preached. This at once makes it unfair to pass any judgment on the sermons as to their arrangement or order, of which there appears to be none, or at least very little.

The following extract will give a slight sketch of his views on some parts of doctrine :

“‘If ye continue in my word.’ How such words would try the followers of Christ! Do they try you? I have as much need of being tried as you. Do the words ever test and search me? Are they the candle of the Lord in my soul? And is it by his word I stand or fall? We are told of some of his disciples going back at this time, others at that time; and, then, when the immediate testing comes, ‘many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.’ It matters not, then, how long they had walked. All is of grace from first to last; and it is those only who are predestinated by God in Christ, that shall persevere and be more than conquerors through him,—through no other, but certainly through him.”

The following extract will show his knowledge in soul trouble :

“But if God is laying the ‘axe to the root of the tree,’ and causing the arrows of his quiver to enter into our reins, that will not be suffered to suffice. One said, ‘Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thine hand presseth me sore.’ Now, have you been in these troubles, in which you have an inward consciousness of God’s hand being upon you in them? Then none but God’s hand can heal your wounds. It may be some portion of the Word has entered your heart with such power you cannot get rid of it, as did the testimony which the apostle Peter bore to the murderers of the Lord Jesus Christ when ‘they were pricked in their hearts,’ and they said, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’ We shall find this sorrow and trouble of heart described in the Scriptures. David says, ‘I am afflicted; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long. My loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh. I am feeble and sore broken; I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.’ This trouble of heart, and he that feels it, has to do with God, and he feels that God is having to do with him. When the arrows of God entered into the prophet Isaiah, he said, ‘Woe is me! for I am undone;’ and when the arrows of God entered into Jeremiah, he felt so broken down he had nothing to lean upon. He found ‘it is of the Lord’s mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.’ So all, more or less, in this trial, find such uncomeliness, such sin, that they are in such an undone, ruined state, as shows that when God with rebukes corrects man for iniquity, he makes ‘his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity.’”

On page 175 there is, to our mind, a little confusion; but which probably arises from its fragmentary clauses. With that exception, we like its spirit and general bearing.

It has already been admitted that the sermons are mere fragments, and most likely do but faintly represent the preacher. But it is in this form they are placed before the notice of the public. Doubtless, Mr. Benson has been faithful to the task he has undertaken; but we are not certain whether he had not better have omitted from each sermon a “summary,” seeing that it has taken up much room, and increased the price of the book. But it has struck our mind that some charitable persons could not lay out two shillings better than by presenting aged pilgrims

connected with various places of truth with a copy. Poor old souls would be able to read them, as they are short, readable, and certainly a nice mixture of doctrine, experience, and precept. This would do a good service to the poor.

The preacher puts some close questions which might be profitable to most professing Christians; and the book appears to us to be one of those productions that may be taken up again and again, and read over to profit several times. Indeed, we thought we liked it better the more we examined its spirit and tone. The reader must not think he will find anything in it but plain, solid, experimental truth; but such truth that will bear reflecting upon. As such we recommend it to our readers; and, as we have said, it would suit old people, because it would not tire them like having to wade through long sermons.

THE NEW SONG.

REV. v.

THE countless multitude on high,
 Who tune their songs to Jesu's Name,
 All merit of their own deny,
 And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.
 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace
 They stand before JEHOVAH'S throne;
 The only song in that blest place,
 Is—"Thou art worthy! Thou alone!"
 With spotless robes of purest white,
 And branches of triumphal palm,
 They shout, with transports of delight,
 Heaven's ceaseless universal psalm.
 Salvation's glory all be paid
 To Him who sits upon the throne;
 And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,
 "Thou! Thou art worthy! Thou alone!"
 "For thou wast slain, and in thy blood
 These robes were wash'd so spotless pure;
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God;
 For ever let Thy praise endure."
 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,
 "Amen," the holy angels cry;
 "Amen, Amen!" resounds throughout
 The boundless regions of the sky.
 Let us with joy adopt the strain
 We hope to sing for ever there;
 "Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain!
 Worthy alone the crown to wear."
 Without one thought that's good to plead,
 O what could shield us from despair
 But this, *though we are vile indeed,*
 THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS IS THERE?"

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE
EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE HENRY SIMPKINS,
OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

HENRY SIMPKINS.—At Tunbridge Wells, on August 7th, 1880, aged 62, H. Simpkins, a native of Beverstone, Gloucestershire, and by trade a blacksmith.

Among papers he left behind, was the following account of the Lord's dealings with him :

“The time when I hope the Lord commenced a work of grace in my soul was in the spring of 1845. I had many convictions of sin before. At the afore-mentioned time, I was asked by a young man to go with him to hear Mr. Solway, who had engaged to preach in a room two miles from my native village. He took for his text part of 1 Jno. v. 10: ‘He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself;’ which words were fastened with irresistible power on my mind. I felt I must know something of this inward witness if ever I got to heaven. These words have had an abiding place within me more or less ever since, and have caused me to put up many a cry to God for this inward witness; and, as dear Tiptaft used so often to express, that I might have a religion of the right sort, and that I may not be deceived. It appeared to me a most solemn thing to make a profession without possession. I was constrained to leave the village church and go amongst the few at the aforesaid room.

“About this time I was given ten of Mr. Philpot's sermons. In reading one, his remarks were: ‘Election sooner or later is riveted in the hearts of God's people, and a man that lives and dies at enmity against this blessed doctrine, lives and dies in his sins; and if he lives and dies in that enmity, he will be damned in that enmity.’ O what cutting remarks! I thought; but I trust it was the means of deepening the work in my soul, as it led me to search the Word more; and the more I read the more I was convinced of the solemn truth, that none but the elect of God would be saved. The all-important question with me was—Am I one of that blessed number?

“I have been much tried respecting my deliverance, as I could not speak of such conspicuous deliverances as many, such as Warburton, and Kershaw, and others. I trust I have since seen the wisdom of God in this, as it is possible even to idolize these privileges. I trust I have had many deliverances in hearing the word preached. I am convinced the Lord teaches his people by little and little. At the room I often got encouragement in hearing one or two of the dear old saints pouring out the very desires of my soul at the prayer-meeting.

“After several years of crying and groaning to the Lord in my poor feeble manner, I became more and more convinced of the truth of the doctrines of grace, and of my helplessness and insufficiency, and of the infinite power and holiness of God. Once in particular (I have the spot in the eye of my mind now), while walking in the street, these lines came with power to my mind:

“Great God! how infinite art thou!

What worthless worms are we!”

This humbled me down, and gave me such a sight of the holiness and majesty, omniscience, and power of God, that I thought, Can ever such a holy and great God take notice of such an insignificant thing as I am? A friend lent me Herbert's Hymns and Poems, which gave me a little help by the way; but still my soul was panting after clearer marks and evidences. I often thought, there are none of the Lord's

people who have such shallow evidences of being born again as I have. I was privileged soon after to hear the late Mr. Philpot at Calne from Heb. xi. 13. He dwelt much on the words, 'Being persuaded,' which was a help to me.

"About this time there were five candidates for baptism, when the deacons wished me to make one more. I told them I could not see my way clear. I wanted to experience greater things than I had hitherto, but I felt condemned afterwards by the words: 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' Several years after, a dear sister of mine, who was called under Mr. Muskett, was baptized by Mr. Tanner. As they were standing in the water, I felt such an outpouring of the love of God in my soul that I felt all was right, and if there had been thousands of lookers on, I could have gone through it. At the breaking of bread the same afternoon the same soft and humbling feeling continued; and I could say, 'It is good to be here.'

"Since then, I have had to pass through much darkness of mind, with many bitter trials, and afflictions of body, and family bereavements; but I trust I have had many lifts by the way in hearing the word from many of the Lord's sent servants who are now gone to rest. I could sometimes say: If that man goes to heaven, I am sure I shall be there too."

The following extracts from letters to his relatives show his exercises under heavy trials and bereavements:

"My dear Sister,—Accept my sincere thanks for your kind sympathizing letter. I feel the greatest sympathy with me will not make up for the loss I have sustained by the death of my dear Rhoda, as I always felt her so dear to me. The many little incidents connected with her illness occurring as they do from day to day to my mind, bring her so fresh before me, with her suffering and labouring so for breath. But I would not be left to murmur, or rebel against the dispensations of an all-wise God; as we know he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. I cannot but think she is better off, as she expressed to her mother one day when she was crying: 'Don't cry, mother; your loss will be my gain.' I often asked her if she felt afraid to die. She said, 'No;' and that she believed the Lord had pardoned her sins. One day I asked her if she had any portion of the Word applied to her. She whispered these words: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' so we do not sorrow as those without hope. I think sometimes that this severe stroke is sent to remind me more of my many shortcomings; for we read that the Lord does not afflict willingly, so we may well say, Is there not a cause?"

After the death of this his youngest daughter, two more beloved daughters were taken away the same year, in one day. On this trying occasion he wrote:

"I hope the solemn bereavement may be blessed unto us, although sometimes I fear I shall never enjoy that full assurance and love that dear Maria was favoured with. They are both much on my mind still. I was thankful they were both at home, and that I was with them in their last moments. The Lord knows what is best for us, and that we need much ballast to keep us in our right place, to make us dependent on him from whom all our mercies come; and sanctified affliction is a great blessing to all who are exercised thereby. I have been led to reproach myself often on account of the unfruitfulness and barrenness of my soul after the trials and afflictions I have passed through these last ten years or so. I fear my heart is much harder than that of others, or these trials, I think, would have a more salu-

tary effect upon me. I would wish to leave all things in the hands of a covenant God, not in a cold frozen state of feeling, but in humble dependence on him who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. I have often thought, if we had everything our wretched nature is craving after, there would be very little wrestling before the Lord; but if we are his, I believe we shall not be long at ease. He will stir us up by laying one burden or another on us, to make us feel our dependence on him. I was impressed some time ago with the words, a jealous God. It led me to look within, and conveyed more to my mind than I had ever seen before. To my shame, I am often caught looking to the preacher for a blessing instead of the great Fountain. May we be led away more from all created things up to the Creator; and may our affections be more on things above."

In the spring of 1877, he removed to Tunbridge Wells, where soon afterwards he was bereaved of another beloved daughter, being the fifth in ten years. At this time, he suffered much from bodily pain. In a letter to a beloved daughter he wrote:

"I am seldom free from pain for any length of time. If the Lord does not bless the means in the removal of the pain, I hope he will give me patience to bear it, and resignation to his will. It is no small mercy to be enabled to say from the heart, amidst all afflictions and bereavements, 'Thy will be done.' I often think I need more chastening and scourging than most of the Lord's family. I hope I am thankful I do not grow rebellious under the rod; but *no thanks to me*. It will be but
 'A few more days, or months, or years,
 And we shall bid adieu to pain.'"

In another letter he wrote:

"I want to feel more life within. I live to prove more and more that life and love are not at the command of the creature. We shall have to complain of our shortcomings all the journey, which are a pain and grief to the quickened soul. We shall have to sing of sovereign grace to our last day, and have to feel as well as say,

'Why me, O Lord?
 Why such a wretch as me?
 Who must for ever lie in hell,
 Were not salvation free.'"

To his daughter he wrote:

"I am become a poor thing with the continual pain I suffer. It seems to take much of the energy out of me for anything. My desire, when in my right mind, is that I may be enabled to bear the loss of all things, whether it be health, or wealth, or by painful bereavements, of which I have had a large share; so that I may win Christ, and be found in him. O that I could enjoy more of his manifested presence in my poor soul! Instead of this, I have to deplore my darkness and deadness in spiritual things, and my wretched unbelieving heart, with so little wrestling prayer in my soul. These combined lead me to question whether I ever knew anything aright of the blessed Spirit's teaching within. O that the Lord would shine within, and turn this night to day."

In March, 1879, to his sister he wrote:

"I believe it takes a long time to bring a poor sinner to a state of utter insolvency, some a longer time than others. We have all much legality cleaving unto us. To be brought into that place the dear Saviour describes, when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them all, is a mercy indeed. To be stripped of everything, so that we

cannot do without him, to be our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, yea, our all in all; to be brought in real soul feeling, to say with Toplady,

‘ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.’

A soul brought and kept in this place I cannot believe will ever be lost. We want to enjoy more of the sunshine of his precious love shed abroad in our hearts. I have often thought how needful are the reproofs as well as the promises in the Word, and how gently the Saviour uses them. Even to his disciples, he said, How is it ye have no faith? as though he said, How is it that you, my immediate followers, after having witnessed so much of my power and grace, should be so faithless still?

“At Hanover I feel there is a goodly number of poor sensible sinners, like myself, but feel they are far in advance of me in divine teaching. I enjoy the preached word under Mr. Newton, and often get a word to confirm the work within.”

We now give his last illness and death, as recorded by his daughter:

“On Saturday, the 31st of July, my dear father was taken with giddiness and sickness, but recovered a little towards the evening, and retired to rest. About 4 o’clock the next morning he was seized with apoplexy, which affected his speech very much, so that we had great difficulty in understanding him, although he was sensible to his last moment, and I believe quite conscious of his condition. At the time he was seized he said, “I think I am taken for death.” He appeared very composed; not a murmur escaped his lips; neither did he show the least sign of impatience all through, although his sufferings were very great. He expressed a wish that his children might be sent for, those who were living at a distance, and his brother and sister; and he was very pleased to see them all.

“I saw him first on Wednesday, the 4th of August. He could speak a little better then. He told me that Mr. Newton had been to see him, and read and prayed with him, and how much he had enjoyed it. I asked him if he felt the Lord precious. He said he did, but would like to feel more and enjoy more. He said, ‘The sting of death is taken away; and I am not anxious to live. I am in the Lord’s hands.’ He spoke of the friends he loved, and with whom he used to meet at Tetbury, and what sweet and blessed times he had in hearing. He spoke of one time in particular, many years ago, in hearing Mr. Kershaw at Cirencester from 1 Cor. vi. 11, as being so much blessed to his soul.

“On Thursday he was taken much worse. My two younger brothers came into his room, when he spoke to them in a most affecting and solemn manner, entreating them to go to chapel, and never to neglect the means of grace, saying, in a most emphatic manner, and repeating it several times, ‘The wages of sin is death.’ Seeing us crying, he said, ‘Why do you cry? It is sweet to be on a dying bed.’ We lost some things that he said. I asked him if he felt the Lord precious to his soul. To which he replied, ‘Yes, yes!’

“‘Jesus sought me when a stranger.’”

He tried to go on, but his speech failed him. I repeated it to him. He said, ‘Yes.’ He then tried to repeat the first verse of 11th hymn;

“‘Thy mercy, my God, is the thorn of my song.’”

“My uncle and I sat up with him the greater part of the night, but he slept very little, but seemed to be in communion with the Lord most of the time. He tried to talk several times, but we could not understand much that he said, only short sentences, such as, “Precious,

precious on a dying bed.' 'Sweet, sweet to love.' I said, 'And sweet to be loved of God;' to which he replied, 'Yes; that crowns it all.' He wished a hymn to be read. My uncle read several, which he seemed to enjoy. Mr. House came on Friday evening, and very kindly sat with him during the night, and at my dear father's request read and prayed with him. He gradually became weaker, until he quietly and without a struggle passed away about half-past 10 o'clock on Saturday, the 7th of August."

He was interred in the new Cemetery, Tunbridge Wells, August 13th, 1880. Mr. Newton, his esteemed pastor, attended the funeral, and gave an appropriate address.

Ashford.

F. F.

Obituary.

JACOB SHORT.—On Sept. 26th, 1880, aged 75 years, Mr. Jacob Short of Cheltenham, minister of the gospel.

The deceased for many years was a man well established in the truth. He was called by the grace of God when a labouring man, and whilst delighting in an open course of sinful pleasure. With little or no education, the Lord was pleased to teach him by his Spirit, and to bring him into an experience of his own ruined and helpless state by nature, and to show him the all-sufficiency of grace alone to save him. Salvation alone by God's grace was a truth he was so thoroughly rooted in, that it was his delight in after-years to bear witness of it, by the Lord's help, to the different churches in the villages round.

About six years ago he joined us at Providence chapel, Cheltenham, and supplied for us once a month; also occasionally at Stow, Bath, Birmingham, Old Hill, Gornal, &c., where his ministry was well received. As his declining years drew on, his preaching was attended with more savour and power, and became more acceptable to the living family of God. During the forty years he preached he was never suffered to swerve from the truth, or in the least to be taken up with the errors of the day.

But to speak more of his last days on earth. When supplying at Rochdale, he felt something painful in his foot; and shortly after his return home, he was obliged to take to his bed, from which he was never able to get up again. During the time of his affliction, which was about eleven weeks, his mind was kept by the goodness of God in a stable resting upon the unchanging faithfulness of JEHOVAH. The Lord, who had never forsaken him, bestowed upon him, I may say above many, the graces of patience and contentment, and above all, kept him from evil-speaking, which was an ornament to his profession.

On one of my visits to him, I asked him the state of his mind. He told me the devil was not suffered to distress him much; but sometimes he felt darkness for a short time. I saw him on Saturday morning, the day before he died. His countenance at once showed the peace and holy joy he felt within. I said to his wife, who was standing by, "It is an enviable state to be in." He spoke of the Lord's goodness in giving him such a kind, godly woman for his wife, being such a comfort to him in his affliction. After speaking to him about some temporal affairs, which was the evening before the happy spirit left the body, I asked him this solemn question: "Is it all right between God and your soul?" He calmly said, "Yes." I said, "Then you know whom you have believed." He said, "Yes; I do." I said to him, "Let your wife have some token

of the state of your mind, if you are able, before you leave the body.' At half-past three o'clock, a few minutes before he departed, he raised his hands, and said, "All joy; *all joy*;" and then peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

JOHN SMITH.

JEMIMA BERRY.—On July 3rd, 1880, aged 51 years, Jemima Berry, a member of the Baptist church, Barking, Essex.

About nineteen years ago the saving arm of the Lord the Spirit was revealed to her, in quickening, convincing, and converting power, discovering to her the truth that "by the law is the knowledge of sin." The consequence was alarm and terror, and the fear of eternal death. Guilt seized her conscience; dread and anguish overwhelmed her soul. In this distress she went to the curate, and told him her trouble; but without relief.

At length the Lord was pleased to remove the heavy burden of condemnation; for she was blessed with a sense of pardoning love; and has declared that at this time her love to the Lord Jesus was very great. And it was a comfort to her when she could look to this period of her chequered life. And as "the wind bloweth where it listeth," so the sovereignty of calling efficacious grace is strikingly shown in her regeneration; for it was wholly apart from external means.

In her simplicity and zeal, she afterwards attended the Establishment, was confirmed, and partook of the sacrament. She confessed she had been a gay, worldly young woman, that her besetting sin was intoxicating drink; but the snare was broken by infinite mercy. She became a total abstainer, and continued so from the beginning of her spiritual birth to the close of her natural life, with the exception of some stimulants, taken, with regret, by command of the physician in her last illness. She often told a friend that it was God's grace that enabled her to deny such things; also that her conversion was much like Mary Magdalene's; for *she* was a sinner, and, like her, loved much for the mercy bestowed upon her.

In the good providence of the Lord, the deceased came to reside at Barking, and became a hearer in our place of meeting. The truths she heard declared at her first coming were a confirmation of what she had known of the reality and vitality of the work of the eternal Spirit upon the heart of a sensible sinner. It was, as she said, preaching to her soul, for it put in order all she had passed through in her former experience. She presently came forward, and was received into church fellowship, being baptized at Zoar chapel, Great Alie Street, with others, about to be united with the late Mr. Cowley, when he came to London. She became an earnest contender for the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel,—of that free grace of which she was so conspicuous a monument.

Our friend, Mrs. K., relates these particulars of her closing days, which are few and brief, unavoidably so, as she died away from home, and among strangers:

"On account of great bodily affliction, through an inward tumour and dropsy, Mrs. Berry was advised to go to a London hospital, and underwent an operation; but all human means failed. I visited her several times. On my last visit, the Tuesday before her death, she wept much, having had an intense wish to see me. I said I was impressed to come that day. 'Yes,' she replied; 'the Lord knows how to do it,—to bring to pass.' I then repeated John xvii. 24: 'Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.' 'Yes,' she said; 'I asked nurse to read that chapter to me on Sunday' (a favoured chapter to her). I then asked if

she was willing to give up her hope of interest in the Lord Jesus. Her reply was, 'O no!' She was helped to call to mind many blessed visits and love-tokens during her pilgrimage, which had been attended with much tribulation and persecution; but she could say, with David, 'Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant.' Just before she expired, she told the nurse she was not afraid to die."

G. TURNER.

HARRIET LYLES.—On May 15th, 1880, aged 40 years, Harriet Lyles, of Dewsbury, Yorks.

The deceased was born of God-fearing parents, at Kirkburton, near Huddersfield; but her father died when she was only three years old. She was brought up to attend the Church of England, also the Sunday school in connection therewith, and was a diligent attendant, as I have heard her say, for two years, and only absent one half day all that time. But, in the providence of God, when about 19 years of age, through the death of a friend and acquaintance of hers, she was called to attend the neighbouring church at Elmley, where the late Mr. Pym laboured for more than 30 years. On that day Mr. P. took for his text: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. (Job xix. 24-26.) She was awakened under the sermon to see her state as a sinner; for the word spoken was as a nail fastened in a sure place by the masters of assemblies, and she became a constant hearer of Mr. Pym's ministry until his death, which was about three years after. A number of Mr. P.'s hearers came from a distance, she being one who had over three miles to walk; and over Elmley Moor in winter the snow was sometimes so very deep that she had to walk on the top of walls. But it was the gospel she loved, and the conversation of godly people. Those who came from a distance got their dinners at the rectory, and during the interval between the services the minister, Mr. Pym, would converse with them on divine things.

The subject of this memoir being a singer, Mr. P. invited her into the singing-pew, and we became acquainted. She soon drew my attention to the former part of Ezekiel xvi., saying that was her state and condition; asking me at the same time what was mine. But at that time, though I had regularly attended the church, I had no thoughts of Christ. He was as a root out of the dry ground unto me. He had no form or comeliness that I should desire him. But I found we had naturally great affection for each other, which I believe was ordered by the Lord. Well; Mr. Pym died, and after that we got married; and for a time religion appeared almost to die in her soul. But, blessed be God, he will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed. In God's providence we were called to my sister's marriage; and on that day we went to the Baptist chapel, Clayton West, and for the first time heard a Baptist minister, whose preaching was much like Mr. Pym's. But she could not see these Baptists were right; but thought the Church of England was the true church. Soon after we removed, on account of work, into this part, and we attended the church here; but there was no gospel preached. It was all free-will and creature-merit, and plenty to please the carnal mind in the singing and such like. One day, when in conversation with some of our friends, they told us there was a little place at Dawgreen, Dewsbury, where the truth was preached. We found it, and went occasionally; but there were only a few, and for the most part old people. As she was not a believer in the ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion, we continued going to the church until she was starved out. Then God in his mercy inclined her heart towards these poor despised Baptists, and led her to see from the Scriptures that baptism by immersion was the only way of scriptural admission to church communion and fellowship; and she was glad to be allowed to follow

her Lord and Master in that ordinance. She was much cast down about going before the church, fearing she was not a child of God; but the blessed Spirit witnessed she was born again by applying Rom. viii. 1.

She was baptized by Mr. R. Walshaw, on the 7th of May, 1876, and cast in her lot at Zoar, Boothbroyd Lane, Dewsbury, where she diligently attended to the things of God, and lost no opportunity of attending preaching and prayer meetings, especially the latter, which were made precious to her soul. She would say, "How sweet to feel we have the spirit of adoption, whereby we can say, Abba, Father."

She was a woman of jocular disposition, but during the last two years of her life it was a cause of great grief unto her; for, after being in conversation with friends and neighbours, she would say, "O my foolishness! What trouble this unruly member causes me!"

"My foolishness I hate; my filthiness I loathe."

She loved the conversation of Christians, especially the fathers in Israel, and those ministers who came from a distance to preach the word, who stayed all night at our house. She would call their attention to portions of Scripture. On two occasions she asked to have Jer. xii. 5 explained, which was about six months before her death; though we did not expect she would so soon be called to pass the swellings of Jordan.

Hymns 64 and 282 were often on her mind of late; also some of Watts's hymns, which she used to sing when going to Elmley, were made precious to her soul; such as:

"Jesus, the vision of thy face Hath overpowering charms;

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms."

Also,

"Absent from flesh; O blissful thought!

What unknown joys this moment brings!

Freed from the mischief sin has wrought,

From pains, and fears, and all their springs."

She was a few years ago a strong healthy woman, but lately she became weak in body; and on the 20th of April she was confined of a son, and appeared to be recovering, until three weeks after, when suddenly a change took place; and she was often unconscious during the last few days of her life. When able to talk a little, I asked her if she thought she was going home. She said, "I don't know. I hope not just now for your sake, and the children's" (of which she leaves six to mourn her loss). She was a loving wife and an affectionate mother. I told her I had given her up. "O!" she said, "it's hard work to part. We are poor things; the Lord help us. I'm in his hands. He knows what is best." Thus she was kept from murmuring or repining; and was sweetly resigned to God's will.

At the last she quietly fell asleep without a sigh, struggle, or groan; and although there was no dying testimony from her lips, yet we trust her soul is with Him she loved and served while here below.

July 12th, 1880.

T. LYLES.

ANNIE ATHERTON.—On Dec. 20th, 1879, aged 27, Annie Atherton, of Beswick, Manchester.

The Lord was pleased to manifest his precious grace in our dear sister when about twenty years of age. A concern for the welfare of her immortal soul began to increase more and more. She, however, felt a strong opposition within. The conflict thus begun was endured for some time very privately. She began to see and feel herself a great sinner in the sight of God. The Word of God was read with earnest sincerity. Sometimes she said it seemed all against her; she felt condemned by it, which made her fear and tremble.

About this time she was led into close intercourse, first with one and then with another of her fellow-workers, both of whom were also concerned about the salvation of their souls. Our sister often spoke of the sweet friendship and profitable intercourse she had with her Christian friends.

She attended the Church of England for some time, but was obliged to go elsewhere to seek for more satisfaction. She was led to hear Mr. Sholl, a Wesleyan minister, under whose instrumentality some peace was communicated to her soul. The minister preached from 2 Cor. viii. 9: "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." During the sermon, as she herself related, there was nothing particularly fastened upon her mind; but after the sermon was over, she began to wonder at her own hardened state, and convictions of her sinfulness came upon her in such a degree that she could not leave the place; and though of a retired disposition naturally, she was compelled to go forward to what is termed the "penitent form." There,

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,

At hell's dark door she lay."

She poured out her soul to God as well as she could, but felt herself a poor undone sinner. Whilst in this distress, the Lord was pleased to reveal to her soul Jesus as crucified for her sins; which was so powerful and precious that immediately she felt relief, and peace entered her soul. She often said the change that took place in her is well described in the 5th verse of the 134th hymn:

"Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appeared;
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus as my Hiding-place."

She wrote the following extract in her Bible:

"My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child; I can no longer fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

The dear Lord was graciously pleased to instruct her and reveal to her soul those things which are hid from the wise and prudent. She heard much from some of the ministers which she could not receive. Some of the hymns also appeared very strange to her; one in particular, which she dared not sing. It begins:

"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."

Though our sister's love to the minister was very warm, yet the Lord taught her to see the translation she had experienced was all of sovereign grace. Being deeply convinced of this fact, she could not receive a good deal she heard from the Wesleyan ministers. A dear Christian friend invited her to hear Mr. Taylor, Baptist minister, Rochdale Road, Manchester. The first time she heard him, there was a great drawing out of soul. Mr. Taylor read Ezekiel xvi., commenting particularly on the 6th verse; and he so exactly described her soul's experience that she wondered and rejoiced. From this time she heard Mr. Taylor whenever she could. Her soul was greatly blessed under his ministry. The precious covenant was opened up to her mind in all its glorious branches; and her language was:

"Now I have found the ground whereon
My anchor hope shall firm remain," &c.

She often rejoiced under Mr. Taylor's ministry, and often spoke of the

gratitude she felt for being privileged to sit under such a sound ministry. Gadsby's hymn-book had now become to her a precious jewel.

Our sister, being now clean separated from the Wesleyans, wrote a letter to the class-leader, stating how the Lord had led her to hear Mr. Taylor; and she spoke of the rest and satisfaction she had found, quoting the verse:

“And when thy eye of faith is dim,” &c.

The whole hymn (925) was well engraven on her heart.

The subject of baptism had been much upon her mind; and after considerable exercise, she ventured forth. The words: “Buried with him in baptism” rested on her soul. The period of time which elapsed between seeking church fellowship and the day of her baptism was a time of much exercise; and on the evening preceding the day fixed, she felt in much darkness; but the dear Lord was pleased in a wonderful manner to lead her in spirit to Gethsemane, and to show her something of his sufferings, which melted her soul. Our sister often spoke of this solemn manifestation as being inexpressible. She was baptized, along with her dear husband, by Mr. Taylor.

About two years after joining the church, being of a delicate constitution, she became seriously ill. It now appeared to her the Lord was about to remove her. The hymn:

“Yes, I shall soon be landed”

seemed to her like an intimation that the time of dissolution was near at hand. O what emotions tossed her mind! Here was her sweet little boy and dear husband, which she felt she must give up; but her husband, who was deeply affected, remarked, “My dear, when the Lord's time comes, he will enable you willingly to leave all. It may be his time is not yet.” A physician was consulted, who gave her hope that she would recover. It pleased the Lord to bless the means, and she became much improved in health, which brought forth praise to God.

She, however, did not get strong; and after about twelve months of very indifferent health, the dear Jesus was pleased to take her suddenly to himself, which was a heavy blow to those to whom she was so near and dear. A day or two previous to her death, on hearing the 64th hymn sung, she repeated, with calm emphasis, “Yes,

“All must come, and last, and end

As shall please my heavenly Friend.”

Our sister had a meek and quiet spirit, and was well established and built up on her most holy faith. She waited upon the Lord in providence and grace, and watched his hand, and valued whatever the Lord communicated to her heart, either in reading a portion of the Scriptures, or a hymn, or what came to her in a time of trouble.

Mr. Taylor buried her in Ardwick Cemetery, in the full hope of a better resurrection.

MARY LEWIS.

WILLIAM NORTON.—On April 21st, 1880, William Norton, of Bushton, Wilts, a member of the Particular Baptist church at Hillmarton, aged 80 years.

Up to the thirtieth year of his age my dear father was suffered to follow the course of this world, taking his delight in such amusements as music, bell-ringing, and singing. Then came the “period known to God.” Affliction was laid upon his body, and distress upon his mind. The dear Lord was pleased to show him, as he could bear it, what a heart-sinner he was; and from real feeling, under God's chastening, he poured out a cry for mercy. And this solemn feeling of need abode with him when bodily affliction was removed. The same God who has said, “Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power,” led him to

leave the company he had sought before. His blessed fear implanted, and a conscience kept tender and quick, made sin hateful ever afterward.

I believe he first sought to hear more of these things from the ministry among the Independents, but their teaching failed to satisfy him; and after suffering awhile from this "famine of hearing the word of the Lord" he was led to attend the Baptist chapel at Avebury, where he found many gracious souls, and felt no longer that he spake a strange language, for with them he could feelingly unite. The late Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, was then among them. Had my dear father lived nearer, or been able from other reasons to attend there constantly, it is probable his lot would have been cast among them. As it was, when from an inward persuasion he felt it right to follow the Master through the water, he was baptized at Calne, I believe by Mr. Ferris. This took place more than 20 years ago.

As time passed on, he became more acquainted with the evils of his heart, and though, through mercy, he was kept from falling into outward sin, yet these inward conflicts made him mourn and groan. Yet it was not all mourning, though that is among the things called blessed by the Lord Jesus. He was the subject of many changes; and, mingled with the mourning over his sins and after the Saviour of sinners, there were at intervals, precious moments, sweet tokens for good, liftings up, revivals of faith, and hope and love. But generally, with him, they were short, how short! Much of weariness and little of soul-rest; long seasons of darkness that might be felt, with here and there a promise of the day-star's arising. "They go from strength to strength." God knows best how long shall be the space between.

His path was through much tribulation; but the Lord made good to him his sweet promise: "I will be with thee in six trials, and in seven I will not forsake thee." So the tribulation did the work appointed it by God; it worked in him, through sovereign grace, the fruits of patience, of experience, and of hope that maketh not ashamed. God himself taught him, and therefore he was well established in the grand truths of the Bible; and, through being rooted and grounded in love, he was mercifully enabled to live and walk out the gospel in practice and precept. The experience of the late Messrs. Gadsby, Warburton, Huntington, and Philpot in a good measure he knew for himself, and felt a love to those good and gracious men; valuing their writings next to the Bible.

He was not a strong man, but kept about till a few weeks before his death; when it was plain that increasing weakness and a distressing cough were hastening his end. The last few days of his stay on earth he was prevented by extreme prostration from saying many things, but enough to make us feel he was blessedly supported by renewal of the inward man; and the truths that had been precious to him during a pilgrimage of 50 years in the divine life were dearer still at its close. On the Sabbath before he was taken from us, he said in much weakness that it would be his last Lord's day upon earth; also, taking up the April number of the "Standard," of which he had been a constant reader since the year 1845, he said—"The *last* 'Standard.'" He then in a feeble voice quoted the lines:

"O glorious hour, O blest abode!

I shall be near—and *like* my God."

Adding, with rapture, the words "Happy—happy!"—followed by some we could not understand. Thus the dear Lord carried him even to hoar hairs; and on the following Wednesday, the 21st of April, took him quietly home unto himself. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Bushton, July, 1860.

JOSEPH NORTON.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

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

**THE HEAVY HEART; AND THE GOOD WORD
THAT MAKETH IT GLAD.**

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. JOHN WARBURTON, SEN., IN
GOWER STREET CHAPEL, ON LORD'S DAY, OCT. 17TH, 1841.

"Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad."—PROV. XII. 25.

MR. WARBURTON, before proceeding with his discourse in the morning, and which he continued on the following Sunday, said that he had preached from the same words before; but that his mind had been severely exercised with them on the present occasion, and therefore if any good resulted from what might be spoken from them, the glory must be given to God alone. From what he stated the Sunday after, his message was made a great blessing to a poor woman.

In coming to his subject, he said,

As far as the Lord shall enable me, I shall attempt to notice:

I. *What this heaviness is.*

II. *What the good word is that makes the heart glad.*

I. When God quickens his own children, and brings them to behold the spirituality of his law and the enormity of their transgressions, it makes them to stoop where no earthly carnal man ever could stoop; which is at the throne of grace, there to confess the multitude and magnitude of their transgressions, and earnestly to cry to God for mercy. A natural man, under the fearful apprehensions of the judgments of God, may confess sometimes his sins; but this is not to God, neither does it really come from his heart, nor is his heart affected thereby. But real and spiritual confession is the work of God, and arises from a heavy burden being laid to heart, and being laid thereon by the Spirit. I am not going to bring the infinite God to my standard. I know he can take a man, and change his heart, and reveal Christ to his soul, and quickly take him home to glory without making him wade through those deep waters of tribulation. But every true vessel of mercy who is of long standing in the church, is brought to feel the burden of sin and guilt on the conscience, and must feel it before he can have a sense of par-

don, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Did your religion begin here?

Some poor soul will say, I cannot tell where, nor when, nor how my religion did begin. Neither can I, only as God brings it to my remembrance. But if you have never had the rod bringing you to stoop where the publican stooped, and, like him, to cry out for mercy, is there not reason to fear your beginning was not right? And when the beginning is not good and right, the ending cannot be good.

2. Another source of heaviness that makes the heart of the child of God to stoop is *a slavish fear that he shall be deceived, and at last destroyed*. When the living child of God is brought to read in the Word of God the account of the wise and foolish virgins, and sees therein how awfully the half of them were deceived, having nothing but an empty lamp; and when he comes to read of the stony ground hearers; and when he learns that a man may have all knowledge to understand all mysteries, and yet not have charity,—these things produce a fear lest at last he shall be found with Balaam, and Cain, and Esau. And this brings him to stoop down before an invisible God, and cry out, “O God, search me, and try me, and know my heart; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” He knows God cannot be deceived, though he may be deceived. He knows that God cannot be wrong, though he may be wrong. So, as a little child comes simply to his father, so this poor weakling, when thus exercised, comes honestly, simply, and fervently, praying he may not be deceived, but led and directed as all the children are.

Now, my friends, this is not the work of the devil. The devil's aim is to keep men in the dark, and to deceive them. Let me, then, tell thee, poor soul, if there be one in the presence of God at this time who has felt the burden making his heart to stoop, that he has the life of God in his soul. For having passed through these things myself, having an experimental knowledge of them, I can say I am certain that whatever comes from God will most assuredly lead to him.

3. Another source of heaviness in the heart arises from *the fountain of the great deep being broken up*. And when that is the case, the man has such a sight of the abominable and detestable things which are working within him, that he cannot for a moment believe that he is in possession of the least atom of grace. Therefore he is brought to cry out, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?” Under the influence of this discovery, some of the poor souls have been so broken and bowed down that they have thought God never would look at them again. This stops all boasting, and leads the burdened soul to cry out afresh to God, that he would quicken and raise him above the power of those dreadful corruptions which threaten to destroy his soul.

4. Another source of heaviness in the heart of the children of

God, and which makes them to stoop, is *the fiery darts of the wicked one*. The devil has many times fired his darts into my soul, tempting and persuading me to believe that there was no God, and at other times attempting to fill my mouth with the most awful blasphemies that it is possible for a man to utter. And I believe in my very heart that the man who knows nothing about these fiery darts has got the religion the devil is well pleased with. But where they are painfully and powerfully felt, it is an evidence that the life and kingdom of God is in the soul. But Satan has been turned out of the soul; and therefore, being enraged, fires all these darts at the poor soul to torment and afflict it. Peter says, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." And if there be a poor soul bowed down almost to despair on this account, I tell you deliverance is coming. God shall avenge his own elect, that cry day and night unto him; yea, I say, he will avenge them speedily.

5. Another source of heaviness is *the fear of death*. Ah! my friends, it is a solemn thing to come to die. I have heard some people talk very musically and lightly about the fear of death. I know that when Jesus's precious blood is felt in the conscience there is no fear of death then; the poor little babe in Christ does not then fear death. But let Jesus withdraw the light of his countenance, let him hide his face, and let the soul see death approaching, I will be bound to say he will shake at the sight; if he does not, it is presumption, not faith. Some cry out, This is giving way to fear; this is not confidence. When God withdraws his manifest presence, the poor soul *must* give way, and he will be sorely bowed down too.

II. But I come now to notice the good word that makes the man glad. This is not the good word of man, nor the good opinion, nor the kindness, nor the sympathy of man. When the soul is down, when the poor child is brought to see and feel its dreadful condition, nothing from man can raise it up. Man can only speak to the outward natural ear; he cannot speak to the spot where the burden lies. But when God speaks, he speaks to the heart, and thereby removes the burden and raises the drooping spirit. This good word, then, is the everlasting gospel,—a gospel that is complete, which proclaims good news from a far country, and which good news, being spoken in the heart by God himself, the poor soul is thereby made glad.

Another branch of this good word is *sovereign, electing, discriminating grace*. I know there are thousands who do not look upon them as being good words, but think them dangerous doctrines, which lead men to think and to speak lightly of sin, and to neglect the ordinances of God's appointment. Poor things, this is because they have never been made by God to stoop. When the poor soul has been led to see where and what it is, then nothing but God's assurance that he has elected, loved, and

redeemed him can possibly give him satisfaction and peace; and until this is done, the poor thing will cry out, with David, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people; O visit me with thy salvation!" And when this thirsting and fainting is produced in the poor soul, no sympathy of man can give rest. It is God that kills; and he alone can make alive. It is God that wounds; and he must heal. It is God that strips; and he alone can clothe the naked soul. Depend on it, every man who is resting on the opinions of man has a religion that comes from the flesh, and profiteth nothing.

Poor David felt it so. He begged of God to speak the word home to his heart, and cried out, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people; O visit me with thy salvation!" This is what the poor thirsting, fainting soul wants. It is not the opinions of men, but the power of God. Those who shelter in and rest upon the opinions of men, depend upon it, their religion is of the flesh. But when God lays the burden on the sinner's heart, he must lie till God raises him up. And the dear Comforter knows the way to the heart; and when he comes there and speaks this good word, there is then a soft feeling, and a melting down, a crumbling in the dust. And when God speaks the word, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" "I have loved thee," this breaks every bond, and brings with it joy and gladness, and the soul comes in sweetly with the prophet, and says, "This is my God; I have waited for him." This makes the very soul to dance, produces joy and gladness, produces humility, gratitude, and good works, and brings the poor soul to the very mind of God himself, and causes the soul sweetly to admire what God hath done; because he has done it for his own sake.

Another branch of this good word is *imputed righteousness*. What a blessing it is that nothing can alter or injure the standing of God's dear people! With the doctrine of imputed righteousness some people are dreadfully frightened; and some of our parsons have a very nice way of bringing it out, so as not to let the people know what it is they mean. When you get them by the fireside, they will tell you what is their private sentiment. They do believe the doctrine of imputed righteousness; but, then, they do not feel it prudent to speak of it in public. Now as I never had any private sentiments of my own, as I never knew anything of divine truth only as God taught me it, and was pleased to reveal it to me, I was obliged to tell all out plainly, just as I received it.

But, say you, what do you mean by imputed righteousness? I mean that God imputed, and laid all the miseries, sins, and rebellions of all his elect people, past, present, and to come, upon Christ; and all the righteousness and holy obedience of Jesus he made over unto his own people, put it to their account. And God so settled it, and fixed it for ever; and who can alter or set it aside? Why, neither Satan, nor sin, the world, nor

the flesh. God does it at once. You will say, "Why, John gets stronger than ever." Bless your hearts, I am one of the most fluctuating worms that ever crawled upon the earth; sometimes weak, at other times strong; sometimes alive, at other times dead, dark, and barren. But I bless the dear Lord that the righteousness of his people, the eternal justification of his people, the righteousness, the happiness of his saints, hangs neither upon my ignorance nor wisdom, my joys or sorrows, but on the everlasting covenant which is ordered in all things, and sure. And this I call a good word. But, say you, Where is it? Why, the apostle says, "He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Mark, it is not said he *will* be made; it is not he *intends* to make an offering in mercy. No; he *is* made; and it is out of the reach of men and devils to alter it. Ah! Bless God, not that Christ was made to sin in the body; no, no; but he was made to bear sin in the body. So it was of God's making. And when the apostle comes to clench the nail, who can unmake it? Neither men nor devils. "That we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

I once saw a striking proof of the effects of this good word. A poor woman, overwhelmed with despair, had resolved to cut her throat; but having to pass the chapel in which I was preaching, she pressed her way through the crowd, and got up to the pulpit stairs, just as I quoted the text: "As by the disobedience of one many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous." God was pleased to bless and carry the word with power to her soul; faith led her to lay hold of Christ, and brought gladness into her heart; and the poor thing got up twice to tell the people what the Lord had done for her soul, but she was constrained to hold her peace till she got out; and then she did bless and praise the Lord with all her might. So it is not when men speak, but when God sends the word with power to a poor condemned sinner's conscience, speaking pardon and peace; and it becomes a good word, producing joy and gladness. You know, my friends, when we have had a long, dark, stormy night, how refreshing and beautiful is the morning. Just so is God's truth of imputed righteousness. After the poor sinner has waded through thick, dark, and desponding seasons of sore distress, and God is pleased to reveal and apply the complete righteousness wrought out by his Son, enabling the poor soul to feel clothed therein, then it is a good word indeed.

But another good word is that of *atonement*. God's good word respecting the atonement is that the Shepherd gave his life for the sheep, and thereby completely redeemed them from all iniquity. Therefore, if you are saved, your salvation arises not from your own choice, for you have no power either to save yourselves, or prevent your salvation, if God has a will to save. No; it is the atoning blood of Christ Jesus alone that cleanseth and saveth the soul. And when the Lord says to a poor troubled soul, "Thy

sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," why, then that soul feels a liberty not to sin, not to think lightly of God's appointed means; but all its desires are bound up in wanting to live and die to the honour and glory of that God who has raised it up from the depth of misery, and constrained it to exclaim, "I will praise the Lord while I live; because he has heard the voice of my supplication. He has taken me out of the horrible pit, and the miry clay, and has set my feet on a rock, and established my goings."

I have had this good word brought into my heart some scores of times, and it often comes now; and it brings gladness as much as ever it did. Some people know nothing about this good word, only they believe that they had it once; and on this their faith is settled. But I find I need a fountain opened every day, because there are things continually working and rising up within me that bring grief and sorrow. I am a very bad tempered man, when left to myself; a deal of rebellion, fretfulness, peevishness, and unbecoming behaviour still cleaves to me. And all these things bring guilt on my conscience; so that I want a fresh application of the Saviour's blood to cleanse me, and a bringing of this good word home to my heart again and again, enabling me to come to God, and to find a rest in my soul.

So, as regards the *promises*, they are all of them good words; but then they only become so as the Lord is pleased to speak them home to the heart. You may read these promises to a poor soul again and again, and you may tell him they have been found precious by many of the saints; but all this is of no use. Nothing will do, until God applies them with almighty power, exactly suiting them to the case of the poor guilty sinner; and then these promises become good words, which make the heart glad, and the soul can rejoice.

But, say you, what are the *effects* produced by the application and reception of these good words? Well, I will tell you.

The first is *humility*. When God's word is spoken with mercy, love, and power, home to the heart, O how it crumbles that soul in the dust, bringing it gladly to take the lowest seat, to esteem every one better than itself.

Again. Not only humility, but *contentment*, and *resignation*. Bless your hearts, when God speaks the word home with power, there is nothing goes amiss with the poor soul then. Every thing in the house is right. The chairs all stand right, the servants all do right, and everything is straight. Whether the man looks behind him, or around him, or before him, he sees and feels that all things *have* worked, and *do* work, and *shall* work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose.

Again. *Love* is another sweet fruit that is produced when the word is spoken home with power. There is no browbeating, no slapping one and another with hard words. O no. It produces such love to all the brethren and sisters that it covers all their

worse parts, hides up all their faults; and instead of causing angry jealousies, it brings the man to sympathize with his poor afflicted brethren, and to help them, as far as he can, to bear their heavy load.

Yea, every fruit that is glorifying to God and calculated to give peace to the conscience is produced by this good word. May God the Spirit lead us more and more into a sweet experimental acquaintance with these things. Amen.

“THINGS THAT ACCOMPANY SALVATION.”

My dear Brother, “called of God, out of darkness, into his marvellous light,”—The kingdom of Satan is full of darkness. We ourselves were once in that darkness,—born in it, nourished in it. We walked in it, had our conversation, desires, and satisfaction therein. Like one walking in gross darkness, we knew not where we were going; nor did we care, so long as we could enjoy the pleasures of sin.”

“But O, amazed, I see the hand
That stopped me in my wild career;
A miracle of grace I stand;
The Lord has taught my heart to fear.”

The work of conversion is not of the creature, but of God. No less power than his can raise the dead, dethrone sin, cast out Satan, implant love in the heart to God, or inspire the soul with holy longings, fervent breathings, true wrestlings, and with a sincere inquiry after the truth. These are some of the things that do accompany salvation; and I am persuaded that these and such like things are in thy heart. Jesus Christ is the root from whence they spring; for all our springs are in him. Grace cut us out of the olive tree, which is wild by nature, and grafted us, contrary to nature, into a good olive tree. The graft and stock of the tree are so joined together that they are one within the other, and so make one entire body. The root, by its sap and moisture, gives nourishment to it, whereby it thrives and brings forth good fruit. Thus believers by regeneration are ingrafted into Christ, live in him, and he in them, and are thereby made one in him.

From hence I gather that thou wilt be sure to persevere in grace unto the end; for, living in Christ, from him thy soul will receive all supplies of grace. Christ is risen and dies no more. The root is never dry, but continually gives sap to the branches, both in winter and summer. (Jer. xvii. 8; Psa. i. 3.)

The fruit-bearing branch the husbandman will purge, that it may bring forth more fruit; which purging is by the application of Christ's blood (Heb. x. 22), and by the Holy Spirit, which is like fire to purge away the dross, and like water to wash away the filth by the word. (1 Peter i. 22; Acts xv. 9; Isa. iv. 4). And also it is done by the Lord's sanctifying afflictions, which are his crucible wherein he tries his gold, and refines his silver. He is

like a refiner's fire. "And he shall sit as a refiner of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi." Then comes a pure offering. The calves of the lips,—prayer first, for in our distress we cry unto God, and in his mercy he heareth us and delivers us. Then follow praise and thanksgivings. (Mal. iii. 2-4.) Even so says the lip of truth: "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my Name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." (Zech. xiii. 9.)

Furnace-work may be painful; it may be grievous to the flesh; and we may be sadly mortified in having our pleasant pictures defaced, and our aerial castles tumbled down about our ears, until we are almost suffocated with dust and filth, and reduced to total ruin. Much furnace-work has fallen to my lot this last forty years. I have been in affliction oft, bowed down with a body of sin and death, groaning in captivity, longing for a release; but seeing and fearing there was no door of escape. But after many changes that have come upon me, both within and from without, I have proved the death of reason to be the life of the spirit (Isa. xxxviii. 16, 17); strength to spring out of weakness (Heb. xi. 34); health out of sickness (Jer. xxx. 17); beauty out of ashes (Isa. lxi. 3); and honour out of a dunghill. (1 Sam. ii. 8.) Is it not marvellous? But so it is. "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." (Psa. cvii. 23-25.) We dare not venture on the main of temptation in an Arminian galley with oars. (Isa. xxxiii. 21-23.) The very first storm from Mount Sinai, sure enough, would stave in her rotten side. ЖЕHOVAH never planned her; she is of human contrivance. Her crew is the offspring of Agar, born after the flesh, each striving to obtain righteousness by the works of the law. In the end they will find that righteousness is not of the law, but is obtained through the faith of Christ, without the works of the law altogether; even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness. That is, he saw by faith that the Saviour would, according to the flesh, proceed from him, which was the promised seed. "Thy seed, which is Christ"; in whom he trusted, and in whom he, with all the elect, was predestinated, called, justified, and glorified, to the praise of the glory of the grace of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; "to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

I have not forgotten how comfortable and at home I felt myself at Clack. Crossing the threshold of your house, peace came into my heart. I was constrained to believe the son of peace had taken up his abode therein.

It is not a common thing for mother, son, and daughter to be followers of the Lord Jesus. Sometimes he will only take one in a whole family; at another time will take a whole household to himself. With us the wonder is that he took us.

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

We know the reason: “He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy.”

I do hope the Lord is enriching your souls with sweet revelations of Jesus; for he is only known savingly as the Spirit reveals him. It is unto babes that desire the sincere milk of the Word the blessed Spirit opens the things of Jesus. For he giveth understanding unto the simple; and “the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding, riches, and honour.”

I shall not, at least, I do not expect to, be in Wiltshire again till next August, if spared so long. Tender my love to mother, and sister, and the friends, and accept the same from

Yours affectionately,

Southill, Dec. 24th, 1878.

JOHN WARBURTON.

CHOICE FRAGMENTS

RELATING TO THE LATE MRS. MARY JACQUES.

[The interest we have felt in reading over the following account of Mrs. Jacques, who was personally acquainted with Mr. Huntington, and loved him for the truth's sake, has induced us to give it a place in the magazine in the larger type, instead of inserting it in smaller type with the Obituaries.]

MARY JACQUES.—On November 8th, 1880, aged 82, Mary Jacques, of Liverpool.

She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Martin, of Downham, Isle of Ely, intimate friends of Mr. Huntington. It was her privilege in her early days to often hear the “immortal Coal-heaver,” and also to be frequently in his society, both at Downham and in London. This privilege she remembered most distinctly, and dwelt upon it with pleasure up to the last.

Of the beginning of the Lord's work on our beloved friend's heart, scarcely anything can be said beyond that it appears to have been very gradual and gentle. It was, however, commenced at a very early age. From some things she ventured to name to her dear and highly-honoured mother, particularly a dream she had, all which were related to Mr. Huntington, Mr. H. thought and hoped well of her. It is a matter of deep regret to her family that Mrs. Jacques destroyed, some years ago, a diary which went back to her earliest days. But the following extract from a letter written to her mother will show that she was not like “all the earth that sitteth still, and is at rest.” The letter was written from Sheepshead, and is dated “Nov. 20th, 1827. Friday night.” After some general remarks, Mrs. J. says: “O! my dear mother, how do I wish I was always enabled to live a life of faith upon the sinner's best Friend, who is Jesus Christ, the righteous, the propitiation for the sins of the people.

Without such a High Priest, where could such vile sinners as we feel ourselves to be find any hope of acceptation with God? For we are by nature prone to all that is evil, and our hearts are constantly departing from the Almighty. However, thus I find it with myself, and we are told that as face answers to face in a glass, so does the heart of man to man. I hope you find your heart fixed, and your mind, in a measure, if not wholly so, stayed upon God. I do find this,—that the blessed Lord is a present help to me in trouble, and that he condescends to hear my poor petitions, although I have not latterly been favoured with the comforting presence of God as in times past. Pray for me, that my faith may not fail, but that I may be found amongst that number whom no man can number.”

The desires which thus lived in our friend's heart 53 years ago continued to live and move there until her death, when they rose to a blessed, full, and eternal realization. The following little pieces are taken from scraps, written for the most part in pencil, and found by her daughters after her death.

“Dec. 29th, 1892.—Was enabled in childlike love, with much energy, to cast my care upon God, to pour out my heart unto him, to show unto him all my trouble, to plead with him as a friend. Felt a strong confidence that he regarded my petition, and rose from my knees calm and resigned to his will, leaving myself and family in his blessed hand, who knows all our sorrows and crosses, who has promised to be his people's Husband and Father; and though earthly ones often fail in their duty, he is always our never-failing Friend. He chastens for our profit, that we should not be condemned with the world. I feel I ought, to the praise and honour of his great and glorious Name, who has wrought out so great a redemption for his people, to speak of some of his goodness unto *me*, who am of myself the most unworthy of his notice of all those who trust in his Name. I feel myself base, and deserving from him nothing but indignation and destruction; but at times he deigns to favour me with his soul-satisfying presence, so as to be helped to delight in him, rest in him, and lean upon him. To him I have fled for refuge as my only hope. The blood and righteousness of Christ is my only plea for salvation. I hope to be saved in him, and in no other way. This dear Saviour I love; desire to know more of him above everything else.”

“May 26th, 1847.—Had a sweet hope this morning before rising, in the merits and satisfaction of the Saviour of sinners as my everything I stood in need of; was enabled humbly to claim my interest in the blessed Friend of sinners. Favoured with communion and love to the dear Redeemer of the lost and undone, being of that number; felt myself nigh by the sacrifice of himself, and a love to him as my Best beloved, far, far above all and every other; and could say I esteemed all things as nothing worth in comparison with himself. I felt to have at that short time all I wanted; felt completely satisfied, not de-

siring anything else. When I rose, this sweet influence gradually left me, but left me calm and composed."

"Tuesday morning, at Downham, Sept., 1847.—Favoured with humble confidence in God, and much refreshed and established from the conversation of Mr. Chamberlain. On Tuesday morning, the last at my brother Huntington's, the blessed Spirit was pleased to speak by the mouth of Mr. Chamberlain the very things I had entreated God for before rising, and after, too, when my heart was very earnest with God to satisfy me, and speak by Mr. C., his servant, to my heart. The things he was led to speak of were the evidences of a work of grace being begun in the soul. I felt myself a partaker of all Mr. C. mentioned as evidences, so that my doubts were removed and my faith strengthened to believe myself one of that favoured number who are chosen to everlasting life. This persuasion wrought in me gratitude, quietness, and confidence, and a resting in God to perform all for me, in grace and in providence. Have since then been enabled to draw near to God in the assurance of faith, casting all my care upon him, and committing all my family and concerns into his hands."

"Nov. 5th, 1848.—Awoke this morning very composed, a sweet feeling of peace pervading my mind, after much distress and anguish of spirit on account of not being able to keep a good conscience, so as to walk according to the gospel rule of God, but more or less for some months greatly bowed down under a sense of sin and guilt. Have felt great condemnation, and doubted much of the reality of the work of grace upon my soul. But this morning, before rising, my soul (I hope I may say so) felt much reliance upon him as my Saviour. I felt in a measure enabled to cast all my cares upon him, and that with a hope that I was accepted of him, in and through his merits, his blood and righteousness. It was peace, not joy, I felt; and this peace I yet feel, though in a less degree. If I am not mistaken, I felt as though the Lord would put away all my sins from me, and would appear for us, though we are now in great temporal perplexity."

"June 17th, 1851.—Have felt gratitude and thankfulness for his (the Redeemer's) great undertakings, and have been enabled (I hope) earnestly to beg for grace, and help, for myself, and family, for his Name's sake. Have loathed myself for my iniquities, and have greatly desired to be kept from evil. Have felt much fervency of spirit, and been led out in meditation and prayer far more than I can express."

The following sweet experience is written on a scrap of paper, without date:—

"This I can say,—that I never find the Almighty *nearer* and *dearer* to me than when all other refuges fail me; and this, O this, is such an unspeakable favour that I often feel ashamed of myself, and loathe myself in dust and ashes, that I cannot feel more gratitude for such unparalleled kindness."

Of Mrs. Jacques it may be truly said she feared God above many. It was her lot to pass through very heavy afflictions, but she was favoured from time to time to prove God's power, goodness, and faithfulness, and was enabled, like David, to encourage herself in the Lord her God. A heavy cross, and the fear of the Lord, kept her from sinking into an easy unexercised state of mind. Her whole soul was fixed on divine things. Thomas Brooks says, "Christ, the Scripture, your own hearts, and Satan's devices, are the four things that should be first and most studied;" and certainly they were the four things which were most in our friend's thoughts, feelings, and prayers.

As the end drew near, the weight of years, heavy domestic trouble, consisting partly in the affliction of one of her beloved daughters, but above all the felt absence of her Best beloved, caused her often to mourn sore like a dove. Often in these mourning times she has said to her daughters, and to the writer, that she did not doubt the Lord's mercy and goodness to her, but she wanted fresh things, present power, and the felt presence of God.

About two months before her death she had a very blessed visit from the Lord in her bed-room, and shortly afterwards she went to chapel for the last time. It is a comfort to us to know that the dear aged saint's last attendance at Shaw Street was a sweet and comfortable one to her soul, as she several times afterwards told us. Naturally of a nervous temperament, which was taken advantage of by the enemy, she always had a great fear of the last struggle; she seldom alluded to it without expressing, with tears, her dread of the article of death. The day before she died, her mind was full of darkness and fear, and she bewailed her state to a friend who spent a part of the afternoon with her. But in the evening the Lord began to draw near; and she said to her family, "This cloud is almost passed." One of her daughters said, "Then you have a good hope?" She emphatically replied, "I have." Afterwards she said,

"Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave this cumbrous clay."

Then she said to her daughters, "I shall *never* want to come back." After this, she spoke of death with the utmost composure and the sweetest countenance.

In removing his dear child, the Lord was most gracious and tender; for there was literally no struggle. She took a little refreshment, sank gently back into the arms of one of her daughters, and in the quietest manner, almost imperceptibly, her ransomed spirit quitted its tenement of clay.

"Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." J. K. POPHAM.

HE (Christ) loves life, grace, and holiness into us; he loves us also into covenant, loves us into heaven.—Owen.

REPENTANCE.

BRIEF REMARKS IN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT, ON SOME VERSES
OF SCRIPTURE, WHICH REFER TO REPENTANCE.

It will be necessary, in answering, as far as we may be enabled, our correspondent's queries, to point out a little, *first* the nature and ground-work of repentance. There are, in fact, five questions proposed, and which we will endeavour to answer separately, arranging them in the following order:

I. Repentance. (Matt. iii. 2; Acts xvii. 30; and Acts xxvi. 2.)

II. The repentance of Simon Magus. (Acts viii. 22.)

III. The young man's task, and the promise made to him. (Matt. xix. 21; Luke x. 28.)

IV. The strait gate. (Luke xiii. 24.) And,

V. Wisdom's call. (Prov. i. 24.)

The third head contains two questions; but as they are so nearly related, in substance, we have joined them both together.

I. Gospel repentance, and the atonement made by Jesus Christ, are so closely connected, that for whomsoever the atonement has been provided, repentance will in due time be granted to them, according as it is written: "Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." (Acts v. 31.) Here the two are coupled together in few words; therefore to disconnect the one from the other, so as to make remission of sins to depend on the act of creature-repentance, is to separate what God has joined together, and which, as being so disjoined, cannot be the gospel of God; for both are united by him in the Lord Jesus Christ, from whom both flow. Atonement implies that expiation has been made; and the effect of expiation is the actual removal of guilt from the transgressor, and an exemption from punishment. For whom, then, the atonement is made, the Lord has graciously provided the grace of repentance in Jesus Christ; seeing that godly sorrow for sin always accompanies the conviction of sin which is wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and this always *leads* to repentance. (2 Cor. vii. 10.)

Here, we believe, is the ground-work of repentance, being provided and accepted of God, and of an assurance being given that the transgressor who is brought to repentance—*i.e.*, gospel repentance—will not be judged *according to law*, but dealt with according to the atonement which has been made on his behalf. Israel had a national atonement instituted for them by the Lord; and in connection with it, a national repentance was granted to the nation, according to the nature of the atonement provided for them. For no repentance could be allowed and accepted of God without an atonement of some kind, which also must be of his own ordaining and providing.

The atonement of Christ is essential to the grant of evangelical repentance, and one is neither more nor less extensive than the other, nor yet more or less effectual than the other; as both

come from the same source. "Thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke xxiv. 46, 47.)

It will thus be plainly perceived by the spiritually enlightened mind that the atonement being that which Jesus has made for his elect, repentance is *his grace*, communicated to them, and which, as an operative principle, produces godly effects in their soul.

But, moreover, repentance implies guilt, and guilt the desert of punishment; and the desert of punishment implies the justice of the punishment and the right of the Punisher. Here, we believe, lies the grand secret, which makes a repenting soul sensible of his pollution and unworthiness. If men could but see the real nature of repentance, they would see that it carries within itself this one universal statement of divine truth,—“Salvation is of the Lord.” For it speaks to men in unmistakable words, saying to them, “Thou art a guilty sinner. Bring no works of thine own to God; for they are sinful; and thy righteousnesses are as filthy rags.” This gave offence to the Pharisees and Sadducees. The doctrine of repentance would not admit of their plea of being the children of Abraham; and, in fact, it admits of nothing but a godly sorrowing for sin, and a confession and forsaking of the same. “He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.” (Prov. xxviii. 13.) All works, then, of human performance are rejected by the gospel; but it demands repentance, as a proof of the existence of the quickening operations of the Holy Spirit in the soul, and that the grace of God in Christ Jesus has been communicated to the heart.

We come, then, now to the words our correspondent has proposed for consideration; which, according to our arrangement, will be as follows:—

1. Matt. iii. 2; Acts xvii. 30; and Acts xxvi. 20.

Taking the first of these three passages in order of comment, it must be observed that John was preaching and insisting on repentance as the only reliable evidence of a godly sorrowing for sin, and this not only at the beginning of the divine life in the soul, but all through the life of the children of God. No alms-deeds, pilgrimages, nor any amount of penance-doing, could ever have raised David up again, in the eyes of the godly, as did the sorrow of heart he manifested as shown in the psalm he wrote; openly confessing his transgression to the Lord. Men can do many things when under the terrors of a future judgment; but no one can soften the heart into godly sorrow, except God himself. So that, in godly repentance, we have an evidence of life; but there is none in the works of men. (1 Cor. xiii. 1-8.)

Therefore, on these considerations, we could not for one moment admit that John preached repentance according to the modern idea of it, which denies Christ to be the author of it, and con-

sequently must be anti-scriptural. When he insisted upon repentance on the part of those who came to his baptism, he refused everything else which they could bring as a recommendation. He said, "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance;" and that demand hurled them back, and caused them to reject both John and his preaching; which showed how unfit they were for his immersion. Repentance is the standard set up in God's Word, which every quickened, convinced soul quickly comes up to, as we see in the case of the thief on the cross, Paul the apostle, and many others.

Hence it was that John demanded repentance, because "the kingdom of heaven," or the gospel dispensation, was near at hand; and the former dispensation was about to be removed. (See 2 Cor. iii.)

Secondly, Acts xvii. 30. As this is precisely of the same character as the former, the answer is the same in both cases. It reads *literally*, "He is proclaiming to all men everywhere to repent;" to Jews and Gentiles, kings and beggars, and to Pharisees and sinners. And its levelling hand becomes very obnoxious to the Pharisees and work-mongers, because it places *them* on a level with the greatest sinners in respect of salvation.

But perhaps our correspondent requires an explanation of "the times of this ignorance God winked at;" that is, the ignorance of the idolatrous worship practised by the Gentile nations. The word "winked at" does not bear the modern signification which some people give it, as meaning secretly countenancing anything; but it means, "to overlook, to bear with," &c. So that God overlooked, bore with, the stupid ignorance of the idolatrous nations, and left them to their follies; but now he had sent even them the gospel, and granted them repentance; the news of which strange act of mercy made the believing Jews cry out, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." (Acts xi. 18.)

Thirdly, Acts xxvi. 20. Paul declares, before King Agrippa, that this is what he had been engaged in doing; and that he had moreover insisted on works meet for repentance; viz., that they should practise works worthy of repentance, such as godly sorrow for sin, humility, and a confession of sin and forsaking of it, &c.

II. Acts viii. 22. Simon Magus having formerly exercised great power over the minds of the people of Samaria by his magical arts, he in all probability thought Philip possessed charms and secrets more powerful and mysterious than what he himself possessed; and consequently *believed*, because he *saw*, what he supposed, a greater master of the magical science than himself. But when Peter and John came to Samaria he saw what appeared to him to be a superior power even to that of Philip; and, coveting this prize, he offered them money, in the hope of inducing them to impart that power to himself. This brought down upon him the justly-merited rebuke of Peter,

wherein are the words, "Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee." But this was not evangelical repentance which Peter pressed upon him; for he said to him, "I perceive (*lit.*), there is not to thee part or lot in this word."

Peter perceived that, with all his profession and faith, he was only a master magician still, and that all he desired was to increase and add to his magical skill; and Peter knew that he had not the love of God in his heart, of which fact his wicked request was a sufficient proof. There was no promise of pardon, the words being simply, "if perhaps the *thought* of thine heart may be forgiven thee." It was his horrible thought that the Holy Spirit could be "purchased with money" that Peter pressed upon him, because therein he had profaned the Name and Person of the Holy Spirit.

We see no difficulty in asking such an awful character as Simon Magus to repent of such a wicked deed; that is, with such repentance as what a natural man is capable of being enabled to do.

III. Matt. xix. 21; Luke x. 28. It must be remembered that the law promises life to those who fulfil it: "Ye shall therefore keep my statutes, and my judgments; which, if a man do, he shall live in them." (Lev. xviii. 5.) There was also a national life promised to the children of Israel upon an observance of the law, as imposed upon them. This is the life and death which Moses set before them (Deut. xxx. 15-20), and which is often referred to in the prophets. It was this promise of life which the Lord set before the lawyer: "This do, and thou shalt live." (Luke x. 28.) Paul calls it, "the commandment which was ordained to life" (Rom. vii. 10), but which he found "to be unto death."

Now, "*eternal life*" could not be liable to death, because if it could end it could not be eternal life. The simple fact, then, is, that the Lord sent him to the law of works, which says, "Do this, and live." To the same law of works Jesus also directed the person who asked, "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" (Matt. xix. 16.) For there is no such thing as obtaining of "*eternal life*" by any performance of good works, because the law of works kills the transgressor, and, as we have before stated, what may end cannot be eternal. Neither did Jesus say he should have *eternal life*; "but," simply replied, "if thou wilt enter into *life*, keep the commandments." The young man pleaded that he had kept all those things from his youth up; but this was only in the letter of them, apart from their internal and spiritual requirements, which none but those who have felt the power of the same can understand. To the spiritual nature of the law the Lord now directs him, and especially to that part of the law which requires love to our neighbour as ourselves. The Lord said, "If thou wilt be perfect," &c. But the young man, with all his keeping of the law, was as far from perfection as Saul of Tarsus when the commandment first came with power

to him. To be perfect, he must love his neighbour as himself; and the Lord put him to the test on this point: "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor;" which he would have quickly and gladly done if he had loved his neighbour as himself; but he loved himself best of all, for he stuck to his money. Perfection in the law was what he could not attain to; neither was it possible for him to do so. None but Jesus ever did attain to such perfection. He loved God first and chief of all, and his neighbour as himself. But here we have a proof that man would rather die than obey the spirit of the law. Neither can the words: "And thou shalt have treasure in heaven" be intended by the Lord to convey the idea that the "treasure in heaven" would be given in exchange for his worldly substance being given to the poor; because it is written, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 3.) We rather think the Lord meant to show that he was destitute of either love to God or man; that is, in the strict and spiritual sense of the word. For he does not even come up to what Paul says a man *may do*, and yet be nothing in religion. May not the Lord's words, moreover, be something after the manner of those spoken to Job? "Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency; and array thyself with glory and beauty. Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath; and behold every one that is proud, and abase him. Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place. Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret. Then will I dust unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee." (Job. xl. 10-14.) The sense of these words is, that both things are impossible; and the conclusion which the Lord draws on the conduct of the young man is *impossibility*. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Matt. xix. 24.) We think the Lord meant to show that eternal life could not be obtained by any human being, on any other ground than that of grace, seeing it is "the gift of God."

IV. The strait gate. (Lu. xiii. 24.) This is the gate that leads to life (Matt. vii. 14), and which can be none other than he who is the Door, the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and as the gates of hell are the infernal powers of darkness, so is this gate the eternal power of God in Christ Jesus.

An entrance into this gate of life cannot be effected by the act of striving alone, because the Lord says, "For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." See the case of the young man who sought to enter into life, but could not. It is the condition the striver is in, and not the striving alone, that gains admittance. Paul strove hard to enter into life by the works of the law, but failed to effect his object; yet the same man, when led by the Spirit of God, entered into life, and advanced farther than any other known person. The manifest

entrance into Christ is through "the gates of righteousness" (Psa. cxviii. 19, 20); and righteousness is that which Paul desired to be found in. The striving, then, will be found in his epistle to the Philippians. (Phil. iii. 8-14.)

V. Wisdom's call. (Prov. i. 24.) The Lord, in the parable of the householder and labourers, declares it is right for God to do what he will with his own; and although he treats some better than they deserve, yet he will never treat any worse than their deserts; and ends by saying, "So the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen." (Matt. xx. 16.) It is evident from the Lord's own words that there is a calling which is not connected with election; and, consequently, all who are called have not an effectual call, neither are they all the children of God.

Taking, then, a scriptural view of the nature of calling, general and effectual, with the rights and privileges of each, we may perhaps gain some light on the subject. A call gave such as were called a right to act according to their call, and to attend to such matters as the nature of the call included. Aaron; his call gave him the sole right, during his life, to act in the capacity of high priest. (Heb. v. 4.) So likewise when the king gave orders to his servants to go "into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid (*call*) to the marriage"; this call gave them a certain right to present themselves as guests; but the choice of remaining, or being allowed to enjoy the feast, rested with the king. We are not expounding the parable, but simply using it to illustrate the force of calling. Here the king rejected one of the called ones because he had not on a "wedding garment"; and the Lord again says, "For many are called, but few are chosen." Are not the words of Peter very striking, "Make your *calling and election* sure"? Hence, effectual calling is limited by election, being co-extensive with it.

There being no inherent right in any one, the right conveyed to persons who are called rests with him who calls them. Israel, as a nation, was called to the benefits of the institutions of the old covenant. Every Jew had an equal right; but the Gentiles had no right to them. (Ps. cxlvii. 19, 20.) The call to these rights and privileges the nation turned its back upon. (Isa. lxxv. 11, 12; Isa. lxxvi. 4; Jer. vii. 13; Zech. vii. 8-14.)

Besides this general call there was a special or effectual one to the spiritual portion of Israel, which arose from predestination, and ended in glorification. (Rom. viii. 28-30.)

As, then, the gospel is to be preached to all nations, the whole world is called to hear it, and possesses a right in that call to the many external rights and privileges accompanying the gospel, which are not few nor small. What a striking example is our own nation of the national benefits accruing to it through the gospel still remaining in it! But what can we expect if the Bible is rejected, and infidelity instituted in its room? Our nation, to a great extent, is refusing to hearken to the Bible; and will not

God say to us, "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh?" (Prov. i. 26.)

GOSPEL HUMILITY.

GOSPEL humility is both sweet and bitter,—sweet to every instinct and feeling of the hidden man of the heart; bitter to all the lustings of the "old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." It consists,

First, of lowly thoughts of self, and is connected with faith. "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." (Rom. xii. 3.) This humility differs from that which is voluntary (Col. ii. 18), and so only natural, in these things:—"Voluntary humility" is a proud effort to obtain divine favour, or human applause, or both; gospel humility is the effect of a free forgiveness, the love of God, and the beauty and glory of Christ made known by the Holy Ghost, whereby all nature's beauty is turned into corruption, its strength dried up, and every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. "Voluntary humility" is the outcome of ignorance,—ignorance of God and of self; gospel humility flows from believing views of the goodness, mercy, and love of ЯЕНОВАИ, in his Trinity of Persons, to a poor vile worm. "According as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith," so let him think soberly of himself. "As a dim candle dies at noon," so is proud nature put out, so to speak, by a revelation of the Sun of righteousness. O how we try to effect good by our own power, and grope about in our own ignorance, and murmur because we are not allowed to have our own way! But as soon as the Lord draws near, and we believe in his love to us, and his power to save us in every respect, we drop down, not only acknowledging that we can do nothing, but *satisfied* to be nothing, and thankful to do nothing but look on while the Angel of the Lord does wondrously.

The measure of faith here is the measure of humility, of lowly thoughts, abasing thoughts of self. "The Lord taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man"; and his grace working effectually in us takes away our pleasure in them. "Voluntary humility" is all activity and most presumptuous withal; and he who is under its dominion is characterized by "worshipping angels, and intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind"; but a truly humble person waits upon the Master, takes the lowest place till bidden to go higher. The former thinks, "To whom would the king delight to do honour more than to myself?" (Esther vi. 6); the latter says, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger? (Ruth ii. 10.) When

the Lord said to David that he would establish his house and kingdom for ever, it humbled and pressed him into the dust. "Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" O, when the Lord assures a poor sinner that his sins are forgiven, that his soul is redeemed, that he is made a son of God, an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ, what abasing humble thoughts he has of himself!

2. In the second place, true humility consists largely of a *teachable disposition*. A fool is characterized by being wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. Of course, then, this person wants no teaching. "Are we blind also?" Opposite to this altogether is a gospel spirit. "Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths." This is a blessed tender spirit of meekness. Our proud hearts dictate to God. Like as Joseph, in his anxiety for the human order of things to be observed with respect to his first-born (Gen. xlviii. 18), forgot his father's wisdom, and did not observe that the aged hands were guided "wittingly"; so we, when the Lord crosses his hands, set up our wisdom and order, forgetting that—

"With him our order is confused;

By him confusion brings forth peace."

But O, as we are taught that he is "God only wise," and have grace enough to say, "To him be glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever. Amen," we sink down, confess our ignorance, and feel that no words more truly describe our case, and suit our feelings than Agur's: "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man." (Prov. xxx. 2-6.) With such feelings we approach the Lord, and ask him to teach us his truth, and show us his ways, and grant us patience to wait till he shall "all explain."

In this gracious way, so glorifying to God, so mortifying to our proud heart and reason, the meek of the earth increase their joy in the Lord; for "when men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person." Thus, poor sinner, "the light shall shine upon thy ways." O, this is a most sweet and safe way! While they who are self-conceited, and think they know all things, are taken in their own craftiness. God instructs the ploughman to discretion (Isa. xxviii. 26); and the wayfaring men do not err in his ways.

3. A third branch of gracious humility is *submission to God*. What a field is here! but a few words must suffice. If God's children, we must have a cross. But a thousand times worse than any cross is the dreadful rebellion of our hearts, which, moved and worked by pride, and nourished by unbelief and self-pity, lift themselves up against God's wisdom and goodness, and faithfulness. Here we find by bitter experience that the rebellious dwell in a dry land; that God resisteth the proud; that with the froward he will show himself froward.

But O, the wonders and glories of that rich grace, and those mighty operations, which, after all this rebellion, reduce us to

submission and to a proper nothingness, and teach us that "fond self-direction is a shelf." 'Tis thus, and only thus, that we can walk in that word: "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God." Thus humbled, how we can confess our sins, bear the rod, bend our necks to the yoke, and watch divine movements, both in providence and grace, and seek to *follow* and not go before those movements. Now we can say, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother, my soul is even as a weaned child." All that wicked lordliness through which we said, in spirit, "we will come no more unto thee," is subdued, and we are quiet, resigned, submissive. No proud dictation, no perverse reasoning, no haughty stubbornness prevailing, but a tender, a gracious feeling thus expressed,— "It is the Lord." How beautiful to our eye and heart, and how real, is the subject's submission to his sovereign, the servant's obedience to his master, the pilgrim's following his guide! Seeing the Lord in a thing is enough now; the heart is satisfied. "Will he deal with me, have anything to do with such an unworthy sinner? O the mercy!" Now obedience is all delight; submission is victory over self; following is safety, is rest.

Our paper, necessarily incomplete from the greatness of the subject, would be very wanting if one other branch of humility were left out—viz., *dependence*. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." But who among God's people does not feel that, left to himself, he would turn out that fool? The hand that alone can support a poor helpless worm must bring him to lean wholly and alone upon it. A glorious fulness resides in Jesus; but we are too proud to draw from it till reduced to self-despair. To so reduce us the blessed Spirit comes in with his light, and life, and power; he empties, weakens, bruises, softens, and draws by his teachings; and then reveals that dear Saviour in whom we alone can find completeness. This draws forth faith unto an act of humble and entire reliance. Do we need life? it is in Christ alone. Do we feel deeply sensible of our weakness, our total inability either to do anything that is spiritual, or bear in a proper manner any burden or affliction that is laid upon us? Jesus is made known as the mighty God. Do we suffer many defeats in our feelings, sin, Satan, and the world, being too strong for us? then we need the Captain of our salvation to come forth. And as we are favoured to know the Lord's Name, we shall, as an effect, put our trust in him. (Psa. ix. 10.) How beseeching is this trust in the Lord! What can "worm Jacob" do without the Lord his Redeemer? Woe were those who are oppressed, if their Redeemer were not mighty! And as he shows them the might of his hand, they go forth in humble reliance upon it. "It is little with thee to help." "In the Name of our God we will set up our banners." "With him (Sennacherib) is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles." Blessed humble confidence and courage!

Thus it is that God enables poor weaklings to fight the good fight of faith, to bear the unequal strife, and, depending only and wholly upon him, deriving all from him, they become more than conquerors. And this victory over sin, self, world, and the very gates of hell, is celebrated here in grateful humble lispings: "Not unto us, O Lord;" "for by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall." And hereafter, in Immanuel's land of light, holiness, and bliss, in unceasing thanks and adoration—to Him who consecrates such poor vile sinners priests, and makes such feeble and lightly esteemed ones kings, be all the praise, glory, and dominion, for ever.

NEARING THE DESIRED HAVEN.

"For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."—2 COR. IV. 16.

LIFE'S voyage now is nearly o'er;
 I soon shall reach the distant shore;
 A few more storms, a few more calms,
 Then free for ever from all harms.

With fervency I would aspire
 After the haven of desire;
 And this should be my cheering word,—
 "I shall be ever with the Lord."

Lord, perfect love and banish fear;
 Let faith behold the passage clear;
 'Take all reluctancy away,
 And all desire on earth to stay.

It must be better to be gone
 Where sin and sorrow there are none;
 Where hindrances are all removed
 Which hide the face of my Beloved.

But whilst I'm here, I cannot rest
 Unless with thy dear presence blest;
 Thou knowest, Lord, thou welcome art
 To take possession of my heart.

O come more frequently, I pray;
 And when thou comest, longer stay;
 For could my eyes ten thousand see,
 There's no beloved like to thee.

Then let me ever keep in view
 My days on earth must needs be few;
 My years amount to sixty-four;
 Life's voyage, then, is nearly o'er.

Oct., 1876.

A. H.

FOR the believer to wish himself out of his troubles is to wish his Lord away from him.

“THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.”

A Brief Account of my late dear Father's Experience, who entered into his eternal rest on June 19th, 1880, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

My dear parent began to be concerned about his never-dying soul when he was about 12 years of age. He was not the subject of so deep a law-work as some of the Lord's people are; but he was convinced of his ruined condition by original and actual transgressions, and felt the plague of his heart, and that he could do nothing to merit the favour of God; and was constrained from felt necessity to cry to the Lord for mercy and salvation through the precious atoning blood and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. He remained in an uncertain state respecting his interest in the Saviour until he was about 20, but inquiring all the time his way to Zion, with his face thitherward; the language of his soul being, “Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people,” &c. (Psa. cvi. 4, 5.)

As the time, however, for his deliverance drew nearer, he became so deeply concerned about his state that he could scarcely either eat, sleep, or attend to his worldly business, but he was enabled to give himself much unto prayer. The vision was yet for an appointed time. So he found it; for, after he had been seeking the Lord about eight years, the Lord appeared for him one evening in a wonderful manner, and filled his soul with joy and peace in believing, and caused the precious promises of the everlasting gospel to flow one after another into his heart with great power and sweetness. The Holy Spirit bore his blessed witness with his spirit that he was a child of God, and set his tongue at such happy liberty, that he felt constrained to call together some of his Christian friends, and speak to them of the glory of the Lord's kingdom which had been set up in his soul. He talked with them about the Lord's power in having saved and delivered him for about three hours; and so sweet was the following hymn of dear Mr. Hart's to him that they sang it together with much feeling:

“Now for a wondrous song.
(Keep distance, ye profane;
Be silent, each unhallow'd tongue;
Nor turn the truth to bane,”) &c.

Thus was he, like Naphtali, “satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord.”

My dear father was favoured to walk much after this in the light of the Lord's countenance, and to hold sweet communion with him by the ever-blessed Spirit, the Comforter. But towards the end of this day of spiritual prosperity the following words were much on his mind: “Though the Lord give thee the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers; and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying,

This is the way; walk ye in it; when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." (Isa. xxx. 20, 21.) These words wrought a persuasion in his mind that a day of adversity and affliction lay before him, and he tried for some time to put them away; but it was evident that they came from the Lord, for at length a feeling of sweet submission to his heavenly Father's will was produced in his mind, whatever that will might be.

Many things might be stated here to show how exactly the above words were fulfilled in his experience, but I must pass them over. After walking in much darkness of mind, and experiencing a variety of outward and inward trials for several years, it pleased the good Lord to turn again his captivity as the streams in the south, in the following manner:—One Lord's day morning, he rose early, intending to go to hear that dear man of God, the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester; but before he started, he was led to pour out his soul to the Lord, earnestly entreating him to favour him that day with his gracious presence, and that an abundant blessing might attend the word spoken to his soul; and he was favoured with such nearness of access, sweet liberty, and familiarity that he felt sure the Lord would appear for him that day; neither was he mistaken. The minister was led by the Lord to preach from the following words: "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God; him shalt thou serve, and to him shalt thou cleave, and swear by his Name. He is thy praise, and he is thy God, that hath done for thee these great and terrible things which thine eyes have seen." (Deut. x. 20, 21.) The text and sermon came with divine power into his heart. It seemed to him as if the preacher was speaking to him alone. His past experience was exactly described; he was filled with joy and peace in believing, his heart overflowed with love and gratitude; and he was enabled with joyful lips to praise that God who had done such great things for him, which his eyes had beheld.

After this sweet deliverance he was favoured to walk again in the light of the Lord's countenance, and to enjoy much sweet communion with him, and was constrained to offer himself as a candidate for church membership. The following is an extract from a letter which he addressed at this time to the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester:

"The good Lord has been very gracious unto me, in causing his blessed countenance to shine upon me, and in applying many sweet words to my mind; in one of which sweet declarations he tells me that he is my light and my salvation; and adds: Whom shalt thou fear? O the inexpressible comfort, peace, love, joy, gratitude, and submission which these sweet visitations and love-tokens produce in the soul! This experience causes his people to worship him in the beauties of holiness, and to die daily to all created enjoyments, and to thirst after more and more communion with God; yea, to count all things but dung and dross for that excellency which is discovered in the Lord Jesus Christ, the chiefest amongst ten thousand. O for an increase of this knowledge, and a greater growth in this grace! In him is my fruit found, and from him we all receive, and grace for grace.

“One day I was pondering matters over, and thinking of the great change that I felt in my mind, when these words occurred with a degree of power: ‘He is thy praise, and he is thy God, that hath done for thee these great and terrible things which thine eyes have seen;’ when directly followed these words, which were much on my mind about four years ago for a considerable time: ‘Thy teachers shall not be removed into a corner any more; but thine eyes shall see thy teachers, and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.’ These passages together produced such a persuasion in my mind that the Lord had been all along with me for good, had suffered me to be tried to the last degree, and in his own time had delivered me, that I was constrained to bless the Lord for this great deliverance. I may say, with the psalmist, ‘I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles;’ although often in my attempts to pray I have met with much opposition from my old enemy Satan. He has thrust sore at me that I might fall; nay, so exceedingly powerful has his influence been that I have not dared at times to bow my knees, lest he should take me away. O what an unwearied adversary! And what unbelieving creatures we are when left to ourselves! Well might the apostle Peter say, ‘Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour; whom resist steadfast in the faith.’ But, blessed be the Lord, he has promised that he shall not hurt nor destroy in all God’s holy mountain. He is a conquered foe. His work is, and shall be, destroyed in all the elect. For this cause was the Son of God manifested, ‘that he might destroy the works of the devil.’ And this work he has accomplished; bless him for ever for it.

“It is my humble desire to walk in all the appointed ordinances of his house; and on this account I have sent you a line that, if I have found favour, and you can count me a proper subject, you will receive me. Surely I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of wickedness, being persuaded that the Lord loves the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob; and that in the ordinances he frequently shows himself glorious to his people, and promises a blessing on that man who watches daily at his gates, waiting at the posts of his doors; and further adds, Whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord.’

“A short time ago I heard you preach a sermon from Psa. c. 1, 2. Speaking of serving the Lord with gladness, you brought forth many things which enabled the saints thus to serve him, and I found that I was in possession of the things you brought forth; and before you concluded your sermon you observed that the man that was in possession of these things should not be kept back from any ordinance, which I took as a hint for myself, and from which I met with encouragement. These things I write that I may have fellowship with you; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his dearly-beloved Son, Jesus Christ. O ‘how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!’ The Lord has promised that he will send his people pastors after his own heart, and that his people shall be satisfied with the goodness of his house, even of his holy temple; and of this I am assured, that a day spent in his courts is better than a thousand spent elsewhere. Blessed are they that dwell in his house; they will still be praising him. One thing have I desired of him; that will I seek after,—that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. Blessed be the Lord that he hath brought me to trust under the shadow

of his wings; and though I am persuaded that all ordinances of themselves without the blessing of God attending them, are nothing but bodily exercise and dry forms, yet when the blessed Spirit is pleased to shed his sacred influences on the soul in observing them, producing faith in the heart, bearing testimony to the word, and making it effectual to the comfort of his people, then wisdom's ways become ways of pleasantness, and all her paths paths of peace. I have a confidence that what the Lord once does, it shall be for ever. He hath turned my captivity, and I am like them that dream. He blesses me at times with the spirit of grace and supplication, and grants me much of his gracious presence, leading my mind in sweet meditation on the victories he has obtained over sin, Satan, death, and hell. He also descends into my heart as a spirit of judgment and of strength. And O! what sights are brought to light! He discovers to me the fountain and spring of all evil, shows me that there is no soundness in my flesh, that all my righteousnesses are but as filthy rags, and that in myself I am vile; and this is a matter of deep humiliation, as it teaches me that out of Christ I must perish everlastingly; that, destitute of an interest in his atonement and righteousness, I must be lost indeed. Surely this is light which makes manifest. No man was ever taught these things by the light of nature or reason, but by the Spirit of God. 'When the Spirit of truth is come, he shall convince the world of sin,' &c. (Jno. xvi. 8-10.) And having done this work, he is pleased to come as a Comforter also.

"But I must conclude, fearing lest I should be troublesome; and if I have meddled with things too high for me, the Lord pardon his servant in this thing. And I hope my friend will not fail to correct me also, for I know that the wounds of a friend are faithful; and I would say with David, 'Let the righte us smite me, and it shall be a kindness; let him reprove me, and it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.'"

(*To be concluded.*)

SUFFERING FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE.

How little of this is known in the present day! Of course a deal of the comparative immunity from physical suffering we enjoy may be accounted for by civilization, and the march of intellect and liberty of the present day. People would not stand physical persecution now, at least in this country. But is there any Scripture warrant for believing that the followers of Christ are not to suffer in some shape or other for his sake? I think not. The Lord's words, and Paul's and Peter's words, clearly indicate suffering for Christ's sake on the part of the members of his body throughout time. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake." (John xv. 18.) "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." (2 Tim. ii. 12.) "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." (1 Pet. iv. 12.) If suffering a trial were to be confined to physical persecution, then would many of the Lord's people be without a precious mark of relationship, for many of them have escaped physical persecution; but if we take suffering for the gospel's sake to include moral hatred, spite, and malignity, then we shall be able to establish a connexion between the Lord and us.

Now, it requires no proof that it is quite possible to suffer

for the gospel's sake, as well from the tongue and the pen as from the sword. I'll take upon me to say that we all, who have boldly avowed our belief in the Christ of God, the Christ of revelation, have suffered more or less through these vile instruments. O blessed marks of an interest in Christ!

"If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." I hold that if a man suffer not for Christ, he has neither part nor lot in the matter. The apostle Paul suffered more than we all, and he gloried in his infirmities and sufferings. May we drink of his spirit, and be enabled to glory in our tribulations. "Suffering is a sure sign of heavenly nobility," said an old saint.

But now about the *moral courage beneath this suffering*. "Nevertheless, I am not ashamed," saith Paul. What moral courage must the man have had when the whole world was against him, when the learned sneered, and the pious mocked, and the profane laughed outright at the doctrines of the grace of God; when his own family and friends forsook him or turned against him! "Nevertheless I am not ashamed," says he. Where did he get this courage, think you? Not from the earth, not from beneath, not from within himself; but from above. O! It was supernatural and heavenly. It was from God, as he himself confesses: "By the grace of God I am what I am." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." "The Lord stood by me." Yes, my readers, it was the Lord who stood by him when all men forsook him; who made him triumph over all opposition, and made him speak out boldly as he ought to speak; and it is the same power that must make you and me superior to all fear and dread and cowardice in regard to the gospel of Christ. If we have it not, we shall assuredly be ashamed of Christ and of his words; and you know there is a terrible threat hanging over all such. "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words," says Christ, "of him shall I be ashamed when I come with the glory of my Father, and of the holy angels." O for this moral and supernatural courage in the midst of suffering for the gospel! Believe me, we need it to-day as much as Paul needed it in his day. True, we have not the sword, or the whip, or the dungeon staring us in the face; but we have what is worse,—a polite and philanthropic and a reasoning devil, seducing us from our fealty to the God of revelation. All sorts and shapes and sizes of sly opponents surround us. If the learned sceptic frightens us, the tender-hearted unbeliever presents himself. If both fail, we have the reasoning pietist appealing to our common sense,—undermining our precious faith.

Circumstances have lately happened that are calculated to terrify the people of God. Heretical dignitaries in our own Church, and pretending pietists amongst the Dissenters, have both been showing themselves in their true colours, as opponents of the grace of God. Talk of Colenso! Nothing that he has ever said or written can surpass in blasphemy a production that has lately been circulated in this village. O, my hearers! I pray God, for

myself and for you, to be given courage not to be ashamed of the gospel of the grace of God.

The day is coming that will settle all disputes, and that will close all conflicts;—the day when the tares shall be rooted up, and the “righteous shall shine forth as the sun.” It is that day, brethren, when this world shall be burnt up, and the church of God will be assembled around the Lord yonder in the air; that day when Jesus will say to his Father, “Behold, here am I, with the children thou hast given me: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and none of them is lost,”—that day in which we shall for ever part with sin and sorrow and mortality, see Christ as he is, and know even as we are known. O, glorious day! How my poor, weary, sin-sick soul longs for it! for from that time forward I shall never displease my blessed Lord and Father any more.—From “*Notes of Sermons*,” by the late W. Parks, of Openshaw.

LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON.

To my highly esteemed brother, and his fellows that sit before him, for they are men wondered at. Dear countrymen, the man of Kent sends his love to the Kentish men, greeting them in the Name of the Lord, with perfect peace, and at such a time.

Beloved, there is no sight so delightful to God and so pleasing to his spiritual servants in all this world as a sensible sinner, one that is stung with guilt in his conscience, chafed in his mind, wounded in his spirit, and covered with shame and blushing before God with confusion of face; sorrowful in his heart, and repenting in dust and ashes for his own crimes, looking with a wishful and longing eye on *Him* whom he has pierced, and being in bitterness for him, and for an interest in his favour, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. At this rare sight, heaven and earth are both in motion. God himself calls all his friends and neighbours together on this occasion. All the saints that are in friendship with God, and all the angels that are near unto him, are summoned and assembled to know, to observe, to behold, to take notice of, to approve, and to acquiesce in the divine will; and they are filled with joy, and furnished for loud acclamations throughout all the host of heaven upon this solemn occasion. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, that there is more joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,” &c.

At this time of favouring Zion, the translation takes place, and we pass out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. This is to the poor sinner the first sensible sway of the Lord's sceptre, which the forefinger of faith touches the top of, and yet the penitent lives, for repentance is unto life; and this is the beginning of the kingdom (manifestively) to the poor sinner; for Christ is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and the forgiveness of sins. And such poor souls will exalt him a second time. The angels are all

ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. And I have no doubt but upon the solemn occasion of repentance, and at their rejoicing at it, the penitent is then made a subject of their ministry, and included in their charge. Wonderful things are done when this godly sorrowing after Christ and after God takes place. God discovers his love, and rests in it, and rejoices over the sinner even with singing. Christ wins and espouses the soul to himself, and rejoices over his dear-bought spouse, as the bridegroom rejoices over the bride. The Holy Ghost soon after descends with his flames of love and floods of comfort, and takes possession of his own temple; saying, "Here will I dwell; for I have desired it." This is receiving the kingdom of God as a little child. This quickening and inflaming grace, which produces repentance, God provided for us in Christ from all eternity. Christ's commission was restricted to give it, and call sinners to it. "I am not sent but to the lost sheep." "I came not to call the (self) righteous, but sinners to repentance." "The whole need not the physician, but they that are sick." And remember this,—there is no real sight of sin till the true light shines; no fervent desires after him unless you are of the family of Zion, in which he desires to dwell; no motion in us towards him, till God's Spirit moves in us; no sorrowing after him till his bowels of mercy move towards us; no love to him, his Word, his worship, or his people, unless he first loved us. All divine sensations, affections, and motions in us are nothing but the reflections or reboundings of his grace in us, ascending to their proper source.

Kentish men, God bless you with grace, mercy, and peace.
So prays the man of Kent, W. H., S.S.

[The friend who sent the above letter believes it has never before been published. We have no remembrance of having seen it in Mr. H.'s works; have therefore ventured to insert it.—ED.]

"UNTO HIM."—(JUDE 24, 25.)

UNTO Him who is able
To keep us, his called ones,
Preserved in Christ Jesus,
And saints of the Father,
To keep us from falling,
And faultless to set us
Before his bright glory
With fulness of joy;
To the Lord God who keepeth
Midst sin, and in weakness,
Whose wisdom alone is;
The God and our Saviour,
Be majesty, glory,
Dominion, and power,
Both now and for ever.
Amen, and Amen

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“ Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

Dear Friend Harris,—I hope you arrived home quite safe, and found matters none the worse for your absence, but your soul retaining somewhat of the refreshing breeze of that heavenly gale which wafted in many souls under the ministry of dear Mr. Hazlerigg, both at Hastings and Tunbridge.

I am thankful to say we arrived nicely here last night. Mr. C., having engagements, left early this morning, and will not return before nine this evening. I felt constrained to write. God knows the painful feelings since our conversation on Monday night; but, blessed be his Name, I felt greatly refreshed in spirit through the ministry on Monday night and yesterday morning. It was indeed a comfort, consolation, and deliverance to my soul. The things I have contended for in my poor ministry were brought forward, insisted on, and maintained in a scriptural, experimental, practical, sweet way and manner; but especially the effect, influence, and satisfaction I felt this morning I cannot describe.

I awoke this morning about six o'clock, possessing a sweet calm in my soul, a bedewing, softening, satisfying, peaceful, encouraging heavenly-mindedness. I do not know when I felt in such a blessed frame. O how suitable was Jesus felt to be as an Almighty Saviour, just such as I needed, a poor, lost, ruined, guilty, vile, polluted, ungodly, helpless sinner. How suitable the manifestation of Jesus in the gospel to such characters! Those words ran through my mind, coming again and again: “ He came to seek and to save that which was lost;” even the lost sheep of the house of Israel. O my friend, leave man; come to God's truth, the Holy Spirit's teaching, our individual experience, and is it not so? The ruined, lost, undone, helpless, hell-deserving sinners, ready to perish, feelingly so; they are poor and needy, dry bones, dead, vile, loathsome, helpless sinners; and it is to these only to whom the gracious promises, sweet and powerful invitations of the gospel, are ever really desired and belong to. Yes; only to these will ever the Holy Spirit apply, make known, and cause to rejoice in them. There must be the character,—the sinner for the Saviour, the lost to be saved, the ruined to be built, the poor to be enriched. None but the guilty, the vile, the corrupt, the filthy, the polluted will ever be washed and cleansed by the blood of Christ, and clothed in his righteousness.

“ The needy know it is the way.”

The Lord lead our minds off every other ground, and from every other object and person. I had such a blessed feeling, union, and affection to the Lord and his dear people, who are taught these mighty, these essential, these eternal truths, that my heart was tender, soft, and contrite. O for more of these seasons! The Lord knew how much I needed the blessing; but what a dry, barren, waste-howling wilderness I had to travel

through to possess this wealthy place! Indeed, I could never have possessed, enjoyed, and rejoiced in the one, if I had known nothing of the other. O to be led, protected, supported, and guided aright.

“There's curse and death in every stream,
Save in the well of Bethlehem.”

Sincerely yours,

Hastings, Oct. 7, 1870.

JOHN FORSTER.

Dearly Beloved,—According to your request in your letter to friend Watts, I have sent you these few lines, heartily wishing they may find you and yours well in health, as myself, wife, and children are favoured at the present time.

And now I know not what to write, so as to have that testimony in my conscience that, on the one hand, it is not the risings of pride, nor, on the other, the effects of daring presumption. As to fretfulness, I have plenty of that; and, Mariner, where is the soul that has not, who is made daily to feel the infinite distance there is by nature between a holy God and a poor sinful soul like yours or mine; and also who is made sensibly to feel that if one good thought would save us from eternal ruin, we must sink for ever for the want of it? I can only say that the older I grow the greater fool I am in respect of finding out the wonderful dealings of the Lord with his redeemed children, only as I am taught directly and altogether by the Spirit of truth. And so far as I am taught in a spiritual way, and not from pride and self, I know there can be no getting into the bosom of a dear Redeemer, but we shall find the way through deep waters. But I find very few indeed who know much or anything of this way; but sure I am that this is the way of holiness, and no other. For wherever there is a door of hope opened in this dark valley of dry bones, O how sweet and how indescribable does that overflowing fountain of God's eternal love sweetly unfold itself in the life and death of his beloved Son. But these visits, Mariner, are very rare, and when they are experienced they never can be described in a letter or by words. I never could feel, neither do I believe, that there can be any union to, or communion with, the Head or members without daily experiencing that we are awfully and eternally undone; and now and then, more or less, to feel in reality that we are eternally saved in a dear Redeemer.

My path at present, my dear brother, is simply this, as far as I can word it,—I am daily ashamed of my hardness, stupidity, and barrenness of soul; and at the same time feel that lightness and levity of spirit which sometimes almost causes desperation. But my God drops in now and then when I least expect him, and astonishes my poor sinking soul; so that, with the psalmist, my soul with trembling seems to say, “Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy Name,” &c. This has been made useful and a prop to my soul, when I am led by the blessed Spirit to look back on my past backslidings of heart and

life, and how much hypocrisy and deception has been felt; yet the Lord has never suffered me to let go his truth; but it was as dear to my soul in the midst of all. For what the Spirit witnesses to in the soul can never be finally erased by sin, the world, or hell, but remains in it a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

Peter unites in love to wife. Excuse me for not inquiring about your leaving Bere Regis, as I am satisfied to leave that with the Lord. Send me a few lines when you are able, and keep nothing back; and as far as I know myself, I am thine without dissimulation,

THOMAS SMALL.

Long Burton, Dorset, 1829.

My dear Friend,—I was pleased to receive your good letter, with notes of sermons, and the kind united friendly spirit that accompanied it.

You complain of my brevity; but, my friend, if you knew the destitute, prayerless state of my soul, you would not wonder at it. I have known the time when I have had to search for a secret spot to pour out my complaint; but now, when opportunity offers I am so often like the foolish dove, without a heart; and if this does not afflict, tell me what does? Communion is the charm of the soul to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious; and the loss of it is a bitter grief and lamentation. O my friend, to be in affliction, and no apparent cry, how hard the soul labours in the very fire! What is the fire? Why, no felt nearness or communion with his God. It surpasses the pain of gout. The soul groans after God, submission to his will, a penitent feeling, a contrite heart. These things are pearls of great price to him who has known and tasted the good old wine of the kingdom. I can assure you, I have been so destitute and poor in this affliction that I have felt ashamed for my brethren to come in. Ah! thinks I; they will expect to see some of the peaceable fruits of righteousness instead of such a dumb dog. I really feared I was the character that only had one talent, a natural gift, to do the business part of the church, and no gracious interest in it. The "Church Book" lay on my table. It was suggested, Ah! you can do the doing part; but look at yourself, what a graceless wretch! This accusation was too true, according to my feeling; I could only plead guilty. O what a sight I had, in standing in the position I did, and feeling to be such a fruitless wretch! Surely, I thought, I am only a scaffold-pole.

My friend, these things cause great searching of heart. A man may do everything; but if there be no love in his heart, he is only a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. But hymn 740, one of dear old Hart's, that 5th verse, broke my heart:

"Then, while I make my secret moan,
Upwards I cast my eyes and see,
Though I have nothing of my own,
My treasure is immense in thee."

The door opened; my poor soul came forth, I saw there was life and reality in my soul; there *was* the "*secret moan*;" the secret life in my heart, that laboured and struggled after communion with the Friend of sinners. I could then say, O Lord, thou knowest here is my heart; it cannot live without thee. What a mercy to get the breast open; but it is through fire and water we have to be brought into wealthy places. How we have again and again to be stripped, to have nothing of our own, that Christ may be *All*. This is the path that lays bare all fleshly religion, and all creature goodness withers away in these dreadful droughts in the wilderness; and faith only can travel this path. But what cause there is for this daily crucifixion to destroy the old Pharisee in us, and keep up the publican's cry in our soul.

We have no supply for the next two Lord's days. Our friend Mr. Marsh is too ill to fulfil his engagements with us; two of our deacons are become very infirm. My own health is uncertain, being still delicate; and it is not easy to get all-round suitable deacons.

Accept our united Christian love. Shall expect to hear from you next.

Yours sincerely,

111, Queen's Road, Brighton, Oct. 30, 1879.

E. STENNING.

My dearest Mother,—I feel a great flatness upon my own spirit this morning, so fear my letter will not be of a very enlivening character to you. We learn by experience that no man can keep alive his own soul, and that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. We only live as Christ liveth in us by his own Holy Spirit; and when he withdraweth from us, we, in respect of sensible life, joy, and gladness, die and return again to our dust. What a mercy it is that Christ is the Resurrection as well as the Life! When we live, it is he liveth in us; and when we sensibly die, he raiseth us up again. In him we are risen, and do live for ever at the right hand of God; and it is only for him to come to us, and then we rise; and to abide with us, and then we live; for he himself is both our Resurrection and our Life; our wisdom, righteousness, strength, in fact, all in all.

The real lesson a child of God has to learn is what Christ is to him. The knowledge of "the Holy" is understanding. This is the true wisdom; but how can we learn it? By heartfelt experience. The Holy Spirit first teaches us what we are, and then shows us what Christ is. The knowledge of our ruin and wretchedness prepares for the knowledge of Christ's fulness and glory. The alphabet of our own infirmity prepares us for reading the book of God's infinite wisdom and grace, as displayed in the glorious Mediator. Thus our sicknesses are not unto death. Death is not the end of them, and the final design of God the Father in them; but for the glory of a God of all grace, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby. Thus our sicknesses are really unto health, our deaths unto life, our tribula-

tions unto comfort, our sorrows unto joy; for we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us.

But one of our sorest trials is the thought,—But does he love us? Does he say of us what he says of his own Israel,—“Thou art mine”? (Isa. xliii. 1.) Does he thus claim us as his own? Then all is well.

“But O! when gloomy doubts arise,
I fear to call thee mine.”

But still, even this works for good. Not even this weapon shall prosper; for these cutting “ifs,” which we cannot ourselves answer, make us stand in need of the satisfying witness of the Holy Spirit, who is the Comforter of the comfortless, and the Helper of the helpless, and who does not bear his testimony when we can manage to be our own witnesses; but comes in to support the disconsolate heart, and to give the feeble mind power to overcome its doubts and fears, and to say with a sweet confidence, “Yes; unworthy as I am, vile, sinful, and most rebellious, still I cannot believe but that Jesus has appeared to my heart, discovered to me my malady, made me feel my wounds, and also shown me that there is balm in Gilead, there is a good Physician there. And if he has shown me such things as these, surely he does not mean to destroy, but to save my soul.” Thus by his dealings he has said to me substantially, “Thou art mine.”

What a blessed thing is faith! and how sweet it is when it is in lively exercise upon the blood of Christ, bringing in his atoning death, that blood of sprinkling, into a guilty, polluted conscience! This was the case with myself the other day from the psalmist’s words (Psa. li.): “Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.” I felt it was only for Jesus to apply his blood, to plunge me into that fountain, and I should be whiter than the new-fallen snow in the sight of the living God. And with this I felt this sweet purity in degree, and with it that peace of God that comes through the blood of Jesus. For the wisdom which is from above is first pure, then peaceable. (Jas. iii.) The true knowledge of Jesus, or Jesus himself received by spiritual faith into the heart, brings in to that heart first purity, and then sweet peace.

I had rather a singular text given me for yesterday morning,—Amos v. 8; these words and chapter iv. being much applied to my mind on the Saturday. All God’s repeated judgments had not brought these persons to true repentance. Neither mercy (ch. iv. 11) nor judgment had caused them to return to God. “Yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.” Therefore, says the Lord, “prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.” I will no longer deal with thee at a distance, but come nigh. But who may abide the day of his coming, who is to be a swift witness against sin? (Mal. iii. 2, 3, 5.) It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Lord, the living God, that maketh the seven stars and Orion, &c. Therefore, he gives his own people the

word of warning and counsel: "Seek him" who does all these things . . . "the Lord is his Name." The substance of the text is this: The Lord is described as either killing or making alive; giving a day-time of prosperity, or a night season of adversity. Summer and winter, day and night, waves of trouble or perfect peace, a tempest on the lake or a complete calm, all alike really come from God. He turns by a mere word the shadow of death (any adversity) into the morning; or he can make the brightest day of prosperity dark with the darkest night. He can cause wave after wave of trouble, as to mind, body, or circumstance, to roll in and break upon the soul; and he can say to the proud waves, Be still; hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther. The cold of winter, and its binding power, which takes place ordinarily when the sun is in the constellation where Orion shines; the melting influences of spring, when he is in the constellation of the seven stars, or Pleiades (Job xxxviii. 31), are all really alike from God. All the operations of nature, all the changes of the soul, all are governed by the Lord Jesus Christ, the Mediator; therefore, cease from creatures, and worshipping second causes, and look to the first. This is wisdom. "Seek him," and him only, who has both prosperity and adversity, death and life, in his own hand.

This may give you a general idea of the meaning of the text. And now, trusting you may be led by him to "seek him" for yourself and myself, for all and in all, and with best love to my sister, &c., &c.,

Believe me,

Your affectionately and anxiously attached Son,

Waterloo, Liverpool, April 22nd, 1861.

G. HAZLEBIGG.

My dear Friend,—I hope you will excuse my long silence. You have often been upon my mind, but I have had no time to drop you a line before. What with speaking three times on a Lord's-day, and being all the week taken up with my calling, it brings me quite down in body and mind too.

I was very pleased to hear that my last poor bit of scribble found a place in your heart, and I read your letter with wet eyes, but have had many changes since I heard from you, and I feel at times just ready to give up. O what darkness of soul and cross providences I have experienced! One of my girls has been near death's door; and what I felt none can tell. O how I tried to get God to bend to my desires; but he is of one mind, and none can turn him. But, what a mercy! he can turn us, as he did Ephraim. "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God." What have we ever gained by fighting against God? None ever fought against him and prospered. No; he has at times seemed to almost crush us like a poor worm, until we could go on no longer; and when we have been prostrate, and could do no more, and our ways have

been such that all other friends would have given us up long ago, then we have proved that he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. As good Berridge says,

“An earthly brother drops his hold;
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
But Jesus is the same.”

Now, when I felt a little softness come on, and a little meekness and submission, what a new world of blessings I enjoyed! I felt all was well, and that it must be well with the righteous.

“In every state secure;
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.”

My girl is now as usual in her health; and what can we say when we hope the Lord has heard our poor petitions? We can only say, as the prophet Elijah did, “The God that answereth by fire, let him be God.” O how comfortable to feel a little of that heavenly flame! And Elijah repaired the altar. And how sweet it is to have it repaired when it has been broken down, and we have felt as though we never could offer up any sacrifices again, spiritual sacrifices, well-pleasing, and acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. The very trenches in which the water ran is something like our low estate, in which the waters of affliction run often very high. But, saith the Lord, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” O how the waters, and the stones, and the dust, are consumed when the fire of God comes down! How the hard stone of unbelief is burnt up, and the dust of trial is made to fly! God raiseth the poor out of the dust, and helps us to set to our seal that God is true. We may well say with the prophet Habakkuk, “O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.”

This has been much the feeling of my soul of late. What a state the churches are in! How few among men seem concerned about their never-dying souls! Solomon says, “Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?” When we see so little heart-work, we may well feel grieved. I believe we are just coming into a solemn crisis of time. Some of us can look back upon this year as being a marked year of trouble; and yet God's mercies at times have drowned every sorrow in the sea of his own love. “Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?” Everything on this side of hell is a mercy, although we do not at all times feel it. What the next year may bring the Lord only knows. Look at the state of Ireland. “Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.” But whatever may come upon us, the Lord grant us that faith and

patience that will enable us to stand firm unto the end; and, having done all, to stand in the evil day. The time is fast approaching when the hidden things of darkness will be brought to light and made manifest; and when God will say to his servants, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But I shall tire you out. I often feel ashamed to send my poor scribblings to you; but I do think it a favour to get a line from you. I would just say that at the ordinance yesterday, I gave out that hymn:

"What object's this that meets my eyes?"

And what a sweetness I felt!

But I must say farewell for the present. The dear Lord bless you much in your own soul, and give you strength under every trial to run the race that is set before you; and bless the work you have undertaken. With best wishes, believe me,

Yours in hope of eternal life,

Stevenage, Dec. 6th, 1880.

ELI FOX.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Retracings and Renewings; or, Gleanings from a Journal extending over nearly Half a Century. By DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY, D.D. London: W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

Noon Day Meditations. By the late ELIZABETH SEARLE. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

The Triumphs of Divine Grace. By M. L. R. London: James Nisbet.

In bringing, from time to time, under the notice of our readers different works that are sent to be reviewed in this magazine, we find it needful to exercise some little judgment in respect of what particular books we select from the many that are sent, both large and small. Our rule is to read a book through before deciding whether we will notice it or not. Some that get that labour bestowed upon them turn out too poor to care about giving them so much as a word of mention. Others that may commend themselves somewhat more to our approval, may nevertheless be thought hardly good enough to draw from our pen the recommendation that would satisfy their authors. But, now and then, a book will come into our hands that we can thoroughly approve of, and as sincerely recommend, as containing much really spiritually profitable reading; and such we have found to be the character of the works whose titles are given at the top of this page.

With regard to "Retracings and Renewings," which we will speak of first, we much regret the omission of not having referred to its publication much earlier. We should have been very glad to have covered a page in our magazine with kindly

remarks about it, when it was first brought out; but were unable to do so. Besides, as the volume contains near upon 700 pages, it has taken us, with the much extra work we have had upon our hands of late, a considerable time to read through. Had we been guided alone by the interest we have felt in reading it, we should have wished to have noticed it, and expressed our warm appreciation of it, in the very next month's number of the "Standard," after reaching its last page.

The volume contains a remarkable unfolding of soul exercise, under a great diversity of experiences. It sets forth the path of tribulation which leads to the kingdom of God, in a way that cannot fail to produce in the minds of the real children of God a kindred spirit with the author. It speaks of trials, and deliverances, wherein the hand of the Lord towards his servant was conspicuously displayed; and it records interpositions of providence of a truly striking nature, especially some that took place in seasons of great temporal straits.

We read the book sometimes with tears filling our eyes, and sometimes with a rising of joy in our soul. If in one part it produced a sadness of spirit, in another part it incited gratitude and praise to the "Father of mercies," for grace so discriminating, so rich, so full and free, as what the "God of all grace" makes to abound towards those who put their trust in him.

"Retracings and Renewings" being for the most part wholly composed of extracts from "a journal extending over nearly half a century," there is, as indeed must be the case with all such books, more or less of sameness in it. Between the recorded exercises of soul, the risings and sinkings, the sorrows and joys of one period, and those of another, it would be strange indeed, were no resemblance traceable. If a man of God gets his soul warmed with the love of God on a Sunday, and should be blessed with a renewal of the same experience a day or two after, his words and expressions in referring to the experience of both days would be much the same, and yet he would be a highly-favoured man to be able to speak of sweet and heart-melting manifestations of divine love being given him twice in one week. So, whatever apparent sameness any might feel there is in Dr. Doudney's "Gleanings" from his many years' diary notes, yet it would be well for them whilst perusing the same, to be more concerned about the reality of the things they read about than to be troubled on account of a little similarity between some things and others. We quite felt in reading our brother's book, that, in putting one thing with another that swells it to so large a volume, it supplies its readers with a much greater variety of matter than what is frequently to be found in works of the same kind.

The book, in our judgment, is an exceedingly valuable addition to such publications as constitute a powerful testimony in defence of experimental religion, religion being *felt* and enjoyed in the soul.

The size of the book being such as to make its price beyond the means of most poor children of God, we apprehend that fewer copies on that account will fall into their hands; and yet as it is just the kind of book that we could heartily wish they *might* get into their hands, we cannot forbear dropping a hint about an easy way of effecting its circulation among such. If those whose means admit of their obtaining any valuable and spiritual work they desire to possess, irrespective of its price, should be disposed, according to Christian liberality, to effect a distribution of "Retracings and Renewings" among the Lord's temporally poor children, we feel sure the Lord would not be unmindful of such "labour of love" "showed toward his name," and many poor tried souls who are unable to spare as much money as half its cost, would in that way be able to read it for themselves.

Books containing as much of daily experience, of conflict and trial, of divine help and comfort, and of real heart-work in religion as does this volume, are sure to meet with a welcome reception among the more tried and exercised of the living children of God. But when the authors of such works happen, as in the present instance, to be ministers in the Established Church, then such children of God as are thorough Nonconformists in principle and practice would be certain to be at variance with all such good men in reference to their Church-position and ecclesiastical surroundings, although such difference of opinion in a matter of that kind, important as we feel such difference to be, would, notwithstanding, leave their oneness in the vital truth of God untouched. But our remarks being intended to serve merely as a friendly notice, and not in any way as a review of either of the books we speak of, we must pass on to make a still briefer reference to

"Noon Day Meditations." This volume is much like "Hawker's Portions," excepting that it confines itself to one portion, or "reflection upon a Scripture text for every day in the year." The volume was written and first published by the late Miss Elizabeth Searle, who was, we believe, a frequent correspondent in the "Gospel Magazine." It is now republished by an intimate friend of the authoress, and we well know that her object in its re-publication is the spiritual welfare of the "household of faith," and not pecuniary gain.

We are aware how very differently the minds of the Lord's people are influenced towards such books as the one we are now referring to, inasmuch as whilst some appreciate them, others care less about them. Some dear Christian friends with whom we are personally acquainted, have read "Hawker's Portions" *regularly* for years. Others have told us, they never could get on with them in that way. With ourselves we are more like the latter. We like the dear old Doctor's book, to look into at any time when our mind inclines us to do so; but care little for being tied up to it every morning and night. Those who keep to the

habit of reading a portion every day, or even twice in the day, do not, we presume, get a portion brought spiritually into their souls every day. And those who take it into their minds to read a portion only now and then, may now and then get a crumb of spiritual food dropped into their hearts. So that, whether we read daily portions every day, or only occasionally, yet certain it is, that the Lord gives his spiritually-living creatures, as much so as his irrational ones, "*their meat in due season*," that is, just when, and where, and how, and by what means he pleases. But then, because the Lord deals with his children in this way, this is surely no valid reason for discarding such works as either "Hawker's Portions," or "Noon Day Meditations." Both being works which contain the pure discriminating truths which we know are dearer to the hearts of our spiritual readers than their natural lives, we see no reason why either the one book or the other should be undervalued, just because of the title they bear, or because of the way in which their contents are arranged.

We regard "Noon Day Meditations" as being an exceedingly nice little volume, and as containing many very sweet and savoury reflections upon some of the texts of Scripture selected; and its being such we can recommend it with all good conscience, and hope that our recommendation will induce some of our friends and readers to give it a trial in the way of purchase, and by making themselves acquainted with its contents.

The last book we have to mention is "Triumphs of Divine Grace," which is a little sixpenny book, but written by the same lady friend who has republished Miss Elizabeth Searle's "Noon Day Meditations." It contains a most interesting account of the way in which the Lord was pleased to make manifest the triumphs of his grace in a young man during his last affliction and days upon earth; and also of the use which God was pleased to make of our friend, M. L. R., in enabling her to perform the part of Priscilla, by "expounding unto him the way of God more perfectly."

The authoress being conducted by a particular leading in divine providence to an hydropathic establishment, where, shortly after her arrival, this poor young man, fast wasting away with consumption, came for the benefit of his health; her mind was powerfully impressed, that it might be the will of God to make some use of her, in his particular case, by enabling her to put the poor young man's condition as a sinner in God's sight, and God's one and only way of salvation, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, in a right and scriptural way before him. "From the moment," says the authoress, "I heard a young man in *consumption* was coming, my mind seemed filled with interest, and many liftings up of heart for him to the Lord followed, that, if according to his will, he would give me a word to speak to him; for, 'who can tell' (rushed into the mind) but that he may prove to be one of God's children, and that you may be kept here for the purpose of speaking a word to him for the Lord"?

We must say the narrative contains quite an affecting account

of the result of her mission. That the dear young man *did* prove to be one of God's children, and that M. L. R. was kept, contrary to her own natural inclination, at the water establishment, for the purpose of being instrumental of his spiritual enlightenment of mind in the truth of God, is, we think, clearly manifest by the particulars recorded. In his case, as in every other where God's grace operates, it did its own work in its own peculiar way. It could neither be helped, nor hindered, but made its subject passive under its mighty influence, and drew from heart and lip, in the dying moment, a testimony which ascribed the whole preparation for heavenly glory to the triumphs of "divine grace," and to nothing else. We have reason to think our readers will like this little book, and it is more on this account than any other that we recommend it. We believe, moreover, with our friend Dr. Doudney, who has written on the first page of it a few lines of "Introduction," that "the believing reader will admire one prominent feature—the habit, on the part of the writer, of watching, closely and scrupulously, "the good hand of our God," and that "the more habitual the practice, the greater the certainty of a discovery of those wise, and gracious, and loving methods by which the Lord leads his people through the intricacies of this waste, howling wilderness."

Obituary.

HENRY FENNER.—On May 11th, 1880, aged 66 years, Henry Fenner, of Mayfield.

My beloved father was born into this world of sin and sorrow on May 25th, 1814, of God-fearing parents, who took him to Lewes, where in after-years he was baptized by Mr. Vinall, sen.

Passing, however, over his earlier years, and his apprenticeship at Tunbridge Wells, he was, I think, at home for a time assisting his father in the business, when I believe he had a very severe illness. After a time he went to London, and remained there about five years; and it must, I think, have been during this period that he very strongly imbibed infidel opinions. He attended the lectures of infidels, and became deeply grounded in their principles; and being well read, and clever in argument, he could easily confound a simple-minded child of God, as he often did his own father. Disbelieving the Bible, if he read it at all, it was merely to point out the contradictions which, as he thought, it contained. He openly avowed his principles; having an open disposition, he never cloaked or dissembled his opinions, but freely confessed them, whatever they were.

Some years before, his mother injured the spine of her back, which caused her to be laid by from work the remainder of her life, which was seventeen years from the commencement of her illness. The last few years she was entirely confined to her bed; and as my grandfather's time was much taken up in waiting upon her, they were sorely tried, through their small means, with heavy expenses. My dear father reluctantly left London, and came home to support them. Not long after, he married my dear mother, early in 1842. The atheistic opinions he held were a great grief to his parents; and no doubt he was the subject

of many prayers, for his mother had had the following promise applied to her about him, viz., "Cast thy bread upon the waters; and thou shalt find it after many days;" although she did not live to see the fulfilment of it. She spoke of it to a friend, who told my father of it in after-years. My grandmother was visited occasionally by Mr. Beoman, of Cranbrook, Mr. Crouch, and Mr. J. Abbott; though I think my father would never be present at such times.

After the birth of my eldest brother, my dear parents were much tried in circumstances, having scarcely anything to do for three months. My father's sight also beginning to fail, he went to London for advice, and was told he must leave his business of tailoring altogether. What to do he knew not; but about this time a physician came to Mayfield, who advised him to open and close his eyes in fresh spring water every morning; which, through God's mercy, was the means of preserving his sight for many years.

My grandmother died towards the close of 1846, when my father was persuaded to go and hear her funeral sermon, which was preached by Mr. W. Burch, of Staplehurst; but it made no impression upon him. He continued for years in his sad state of infidelity, purchasing such books and papers as were published to propagate infidel sentiments; and often when arguing with my grandfather, the poor old man would shake his head, and say, "You will know better some day." However, he still continued following the customs and sinful pleasures of this vain world, and wondered what he should do when he got old, and would not be able to enjoy them. He was a good bass singer, and at one time belonged to a band of musicians, until he nearly laid himself up, when he was obliged to leave it. On the Sabbath he would frequently carry the clothes home which he had made, and once or twice was preserved from so-called accidents. He lived to prove, as Kent sings, and of which lines he afterwards became very fond:

"Judgments nor mercies ne'er could sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way."

About this time his infidelity, as I have reason to think, was much shaken by the following temptation. He thought, "What fools people are to pray! I'll never pray." Whereupon the enemy hurled the temptation into him to curse God; but he became so fearful of doing so, that he kept repeating as fast as he could, "No. Bless God! bless God!"

By degrees he came to attend the church, and after a time joined the choir; and having undergone a gradual change in feeling, he thought himself sincere. With such outward circumspect walk, and a mere form of godliness, he remained for some time.

Early in 1863, my grandfather's health gradually failed; and not many days before his death, he took my father's hand, saying:

"Faith in the bleeding Lamb,
O what a gift is this!
Hope of salvation in his Name,
How comfortable 'tis!"

But the poor old man was troubled to find the verse, the tears flowing so freely. He had been seeking the Lord so many years, yet could never attain to an assurance of his interest in his finished work before; being one of those who all their lifetime are subject to bondage through the fear of death. But he was blessedly delivered at the last, and died on Feb. 14th, 1863, having nearly completed his eighty-third year.

It was, I think, about this time that my dear father began to feel the lightness and frivolity manifested at the church during service by some of the singers, and the solemn mockery carried on there, particularly the baptismal service. His coming out of the church was brought

about in the following way:—My youngest brother, who was apprenticed in Hastings, came home ill two or three times. At last scrofula settled in his knee; and as our medical man could do him no good, my parents took him to Brighton, and placed him under the treatment of a man who had cured many of that complaint. My father going down occasionally for the Sunday, he thought he would like to hear a Dissenting minister, and so went and heard Mr. Grace, who spoke much in his discourse of providential trials, which touched a chord in my dear father's heart. They did not remain long in Brighton, as the poor boy only got worse, and was brought home just a week before he died, which was in the 17th year of his age.

After this, my father never sat with the singers at church again, and only attended the services a few times more. He would now sometimes wander about in the fields or woods on the Sabbath, taking what he thought a good book with him, but became more and more miserable. Go to chapel he would not for some time, although his sister tried to persuade him. At last he ventured to Hadlow Down to hear Mr. Hallett, which was a greater distance than to Rotherfield; but he was so much prejudiced against Mr. Russell that he felt determined not to go there. But by-and-bye, when a vacant Sunday occurred at Hadlow, he thought he would go to hear Mr. Russell, and from this time he became a regular attendant there, until we left the neighbourhood. It was a great trial to him having to leave the church, as the vicar was his best customer, and had recommended him to others. I have frequently heard him say he came out at the risk of half his living. But the Lord brought him out, and fulfilled his Word: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." (Luke xviii. 29, 30.)

Just a year after the death of my dear brother, my beloved mother was taken dangerously ill, and to all appearance was near death. But the Lord mercifully spared her. My father upon awaking one night from his sleep, felt his heart go out in gratitude to the Lord for her recovery, and he prayed that they might both live and find a Saviour; and the blessed Spirit at the same time applied these words to his soul: "Thy prayer is heard," (Acts x. 31); which was the first promise he ever had with power. By degrees the Lord deepened his work in my father's soul, by charging home upon him his sins, and especially the sin of infidelity, and by making him feel the condemnation of the law in his conscience, and making him cry, "Guilty, guilty," before God. All his supposed goodness was stripped off him like a spider's web, and he was brought back to face his infidel state, with judgment being laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail being made: sweep away the refuges of lies, and the waters to overflow the hiding places. (Isa. xxviii. 17.) He now viewed himself as a monster in sin and iniquity, having sinned with such a high hand against the God of all his mercies. His repentance was deep, and the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," flowed freely from his heart.

About the same time the following words were spoken in his soul: "Make peace with me through my dear Son;" when instantly the Lord Jesus Christ was set before the eyes of his understanding; whereupon he took his repentance as being something meritorious, thinking the Lord would accept of him for that. But finding that the Lord seemed to turn his back upon him, his feelings became dreadful in the extreme. After this he cried, "Lord, I repent, I deeply repent; but thou alone canst save." The Lord Jesus then turned, and spoke these words into his soul: "Thy sins, though many, are all forgiven thee;" when the

unutterable joy and peace that filled his soul was past describing. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time with my dear father. He cried out, "Sweet peace! sweet peace!"

He now longed to meet the Lord's dear people, to tell them what great things God had done for his soul; and accordingly went to Rotherfield to acquaint Mr. Russell of his wish. I do not know how long this blessed state of mind lasted. He thought his troubles were at an end; but soon had to learn that it was otherwise, and that this world is a wilderness all through.

At another time the Lord gave him this promise: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in Me ye shall have peace"; which was indeed verified in his case.

He began to fear he had not experienced a deep enough law-work; and Mr. Russell one Sabbath speaking of such characters as Ahithophel, Balaam, Saul, and others, it caused him deep searchings of heart for some days; but having to go a journey on business, and having these feelings still upon him, the blessed Spirit, whilst he was going up a hill, powerfully applied the words:

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

Also: "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee." This caused a blessed change to take place in his feelings, so that he went on his way rejoicing; and calling at a friend's house, was introduced to Mrs. Crouch, the minister's widow, when they wept and rejoiced together at the Lord's goodness, as manifested to such an out-of-the-way sinner.

In August, 1867, we were in the providence of God removed from Mayfield to Ticehurst, which was a great trial to my dear father, as he feared he might be going wrong. But the Lord again appeared, and gave him these words: "Go; and I will be with thee." Although he had to pass through many trying scenes and afflictive dispensations, yet the promise was verified by the good hand of his gracious God being with him until the close of his mortal life.

At the first of his going to Ticehurst, he was much tried, being short of work; but after a little time he had plenty to do. The Lord, moreover, continued, every now and then, to drop a sweet word into his soul; such as, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;" and "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord."

In the year 1873, his sight began gradually to fail, and as his fears of total blindness increased, various oculists were consulted, when one of them pronounced it atrophy of the optic nerve. Many remedies were tried, but without success. My father was in a most distressed state of mind, it was such a keen trial to him. It seemed to him impossible that the Lord would let him lose his sight, after the many precious promises that he had given him. His darkness of mind, however, continued until January, 1875, when he was brought almost to his wits' end, and fearing most of all whether the Lord would save his soul. But the Lord in his own time comforted his distressed and burdened soul with the words of the poet:

"Faithful JEHOVAH must remain;
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain."

And with the words of Hart:

"He that lives upon the promise,
Eats his flesh and drinks his blood;
All that's past and all to come is
For that soul's eternal good."

He was now enabled to say, "Blessed affliction! for in it I have found

the Lord;" and though frequently since that time he has painfully felt his need of sight, yet he has often said, "I have called it a blessed affliction; and I cannot reverse it."

In June, 1877, the ordinance of believers' baptism was laid with weight upon his mind. He had not been without some exercise about it at times before; but felt he could not unite at Flimwell, in consequence of some unpleasantness having arisen between himself and some of the members, which I believe was quite done away with a short time previous to his death. A dear friend wrote, asking him to pray for her, as she was about to pass through the ordinance, and in doing so he felt a strong desire to follow his dear Saviour in the same steps, and to join the same church at Mayfield, of which dear Mr. Page is the pastor, and to whom he felt a sincere attachment. After being proposed to the church, he gave in his experience, and was unanimously received, and baptized with another dear friend the first Sabbath in October. The hymn containing the verse,

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend," &c.,

was sung at his request; and a few appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Page to his especial case; Mr. P. referring to the time when in the same village he openly denied the truths he now made a public profession of.

Our anniversary was held the same week, and the day being very cold, my father took cold whilst standing speaking to some friends; and on the Sunday following, when returning from Flimwell, he commenced expectorating blood. The doctor was sent for, but whilst the dear afflicted one was lying on the couch, he had such a sweet peaceful feeling come over him, that he was able to say, "No condemnation." He said to the doctor, "Don't be afraid to tell me what is the matter; for I am not afraid to die." The Lord mercifully restored him again for a time, though it was afterwards thought that consumption then set in.

In 1878, my dear mother's illness increased, which caused my father many earnest prayers on her behalf. She earnestly longed and entreated the Lord to pardon her sins, and take her home, frequently repeating verses of hymns suited to her case; such as—

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face!"

Earnestly did my father wrestle with the Lord on her behalf; and from the exercises of his mind, would go frequently into her room of a morning, fully expecting to find her rejoicing in the Lord's pardoning mercy, but was time after time disappointed. On one occasion when going upstairs, these words came sweetly to his mind: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God;" when he went and tried to comfort her, telling her that he firmly believed she belonged to the Lord, and that he would one day appear to the salvation of her soul. Several times we thought her dying, but she rallied again and again, to the astonishment of all. Our dear friends, Mr. Page and Mr. W. Smith, occasionally visited her. We had asked our beloved parent, if she felt happy, and could not speak, to give us some sign; which she did by raising her finger, and pointing upwards, just before the closing scene. She also reached out her hand to my dear father, and when he took it he said it seemed to tell him she was then realizing the blessing he had so often heard her speak was "Jesus." Thus we hope her happy spirit peacefully quitted its clay tenement to be for ever with the Lord.

But to pass on. I believe few have been favoured with more marked tokens of sonship than my father; yet how often did he feel himself behind many poor seeking souls.

In consequence of the sudden illness of Mr. Covell in November, 1879, and Mr. Knill's being prevented from supplying here at the time, we were left without a minister; and some of the friends pressing my father very much to engage in prayer, he consented; yet it was with much reluctance, as he always felt he had not the ability which many have to speak of what he was the subject of. "Even the most illiterate," he would frequently say, "can tell out their feelings better than I can." He was much tried about it afterwards. It caused him to mourn and grieve before the Lord, feeling he had been put to shame before the people. But whilst in this state, and on the morning of November 27th, he had a faith's view of the Lord Jesus Christ hanging on the cross; the following words being at the same time spoken upon his heart: "Have I not been put to shame for thee?" He fell at the feet of his precious Redeemer in the deepest humility and self-abasement, crying out, "Lord, let me never dishonour thee again." The effect of this spiritual revelation of Christ lasted some time. Sitting at breakfast the same morning, he wept over it, exclaiming, "O! may I never forget that sight." A friend thought it was his anointing for his burial.

From this time my dear father was troubled with a cough and cold; but, being of a delicate constitution, no particular notice was taken of it; but his end was drawing near. The last time he went to chapel was towards the end of January, to hear Mr. Knill, to whom he felt a sweet spiritual union. He expectorated blood after returning home, and gradually became weaker, but was very humble and childlike. He was much tried and tempted for a time; gloomy forebodings prevailed, and fears lest, after all he had passed through, the Lord should leave him at last. He would often revert to past seasons wherein the Lord had graciously appeared for him, but felt it was present help he needed. His mind was much stayed by the hymn which commences—

"The sinner that by precious faith
Has felt his sins forgiven," &c.

He was a real lover of Hart's hymns. When in these low places, I tried, in my poor way, to encourage him by repeating,

"He'll never leave thee; doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, nor in death."

Also,

"His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

On the 26th of April Mr. Mockford called, being an old and intimate friend. His visit cheered him a little, but it was too much for his weak body. He came down-stairs for the last time on the 30th, but after that was obliged to keep his bed. On Tuesday, May 4th, being asked how he was, he replied, "I feel a little revived this morning. I have been trying to raise a song of gratitude and praise to Father, Son, and blessed Spirit." Mr. Knill came to see him in the afternoon for a few minutes, and I read an extract from a letter of dear Mr. A. Hammond's to him, which he seemed glad to hear.

On the Saturday evening the dark clouds, which a little before had gathered around his soul, began to break away again; and on the Sunday morning he was blessed with an application of those sweet words: "I shall behold his face in righteousness;" when he was again in a most happy frame of mind, and spoke very blessedly. I wrote down at the time the following expressions, which dropped from his lips: "I wish to make mention that the Lord allows me to come near him,—such an unworthy wretch! When I think of it, I am lost in wonder, admiration, and praise. Blessed be thy holy name, O Lord, Father, Son, and adorable Spirit. Amen, and Amen."

He was very frequently in prayer for his family, and very earnest were his petitions on our behalf. O that it might please the Lord to answer them now that the lips that uttered them are silent in the grave!

Coming to his last moments, I asked him if he felt the Lord's presence. He answered, "Alice, the Lord doesn't deal with us as you would have him; if he did, we should make a fool [bad use] of his gracious dealings with us." After this, my beloved parent kissed my sister and me most affectionately, saying, "Bless you, bless you!" A friend present thought she heard him whisper, "Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus." The last words we could distinguish were, "I shall, I shall." He tried to say something else, but we could not understand what it was. His redeemed spirit peacefully quitted the poor frail tabernacle to join the spirits of just men made perfect above, at a quarter-past three in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 11th, 1880, in the 66th year of his age. Both Mr. W. Smith and Mr. Page, after the departure of my dear father, referred in their preaching to the riches of God's grace as manifested in his character and life.

Ticehurst, November 4th, 1880.

Alice Fenner.

[We have been compelled, with our limited space, and with several other experiences waiting for insertion, to considerably curtail the above account.—Ed.]

HENRY SMITH.—On August 22nd, 1880, aged 62, Henry Smith, a humble, consistent, and much beloved member for many years of the Strict Baptist church at Chippenham.

He was born at Beckington, in Somerset. His father died when he was very young, and his mother when he was about 20 years of age. He dates his conversion from the death of his mother, which left a lasting impression on his mind. And about the same time he heard a very solemn sermon from Eph. v. 11: "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Under this sermon, he was led to see and feel himself a guilty sinner before God. He began striving to obey the precepts, but toiled without success, as he often expressed it. But the Lord, having begun the work, carried it on, and showed him more of his guilty, polluted, helpless, fallen state and condition. He also blessed him with the spirit of grace and supplication, and he was led to cry, groan, and sigh for mercy, pardon, and salvation.

Though made the subject of regeneration, he would often think he had never experienced soul trouble enough, and was often led to call in question all that he had known and felt, fearing it was not of the Lord, and that he would be deceived after all. But he was led by God's blessed Spirit to see that salvation was only to be found in the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, and through his precious blood and righteousness; and he was truly brought to feel his need of him as his Redeemer, and to hunger and thirst after him. Satan would tell him there was no mercy for him.

But, in God's good time, he was raised up to a sweet and blessed hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, as being the Lord his Righteousness; and he would sing,

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

He now felt a desire to honour and glorify the Lord, by being baptized in his Name, and he joined the Baptist church in Beckington, where the truth was then preached.

After this, he had many painful trials to experience, his life for the most part being a scene of trying circumstances, having sometimes afflic-

tion in his own body, and sometimes in the family. Having a wife and six children, and not knowing at times, through ill-health, how to obtain bread for them, his trials in providence were often very heavy. He truly knew what dear Bunyan says,

“The Christian man is seldom long at ease;

One trouble's no sooner gone than another doth him seize.”

Although he buried a wife and four children, the Lord brought him through, fed and clothed him and his family, and so fulfilled his promise in his experience: “Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.”

When he was about 38 years of age, it pleased the Lord in his providence to remove him from Beckington to Chippenham, where he was favoured to sit under the ministry of the late dear Mr. Mortimer, who was made a great blessing to him, as under his preaching he was led more into the liberty of the gospel. After a time he became united in church fellowship with them, and continued a member of the church until he died.

Being the subject of so many afflictions, and being sorely tried by sin, Satan, and unbelief, and yet being sweetly led into the mysteries of the glorious gospel, he was made by his prayers a great blessing to many of the people of God both at the chapel and when he had opportunity of visiting such as were prevented from attending. In his family prayers, I have many times been constrained to weep, even when in my natural state. He would sometimes be heard praying and singing in his sleep, which evidenced how much the things of God were on his mind. He loved the “Gospel Standard” and other good books, but chiefly the Bible.

But I must come to his latter end. About two years and three months before his death he was seized with a paralytic stroke one Sunday morning when in the chapel, causing him to lose the use of one side; and from which he never recovered. His sufferings at times were very great, and his speech often much affected; but for the most part he was quite sensible and calm in his mind. The enemy at times would set in upon him, and sink him very low. Once he said, the enemy told him that in death's awful day he would find no true peace of mind. But he proved him to be a liar. The Lord often shone sweetly upon him, and then his conversation would be very savoury. At another time he said,

“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.”

Though he was very much tried in his affliction, yet, as the Lord inclined many of his dear people to communicate with him, it often broke his heart and made his eyes run with tears of love and gratitude.

During the last few weeks of his life his sufferings were very great; but he was enabled to bear it very patiently. Sometimes he would express a longing to depart that he might be where he should

“never, never sin;

But from the rivers of his grace

Drink endless pleasures in.”

Not long before he died, he wanted the friends that were with him to sing,

“Rock of ages, shelter me,” &c.;

which was one of his favourite hymns. He said several times, “Tell Mr. Hammond (our Pastor) it is all right. There is no mistake. Christ is precious.” Just at the last he said, “I shall soon be there;” and so fell asleep in Jesus.

H. P.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1881.

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

JOSEPH'S BRETHREN'S SACKS FILLED.

TAKEN FROM A SAVOURY DISCOURSE BY MICHAEL BRUCE, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN SCOTLAND; PREACHED PROBABLY ABOUT THE YEAR 1666, WHEN SCOTLAND WAS PERHAPS IN HER BEST DAYS. SHE IS NOW, ALAS! LIKE ENGLAND, FLOODED WITH ARMINIAN AND SOCINIAN MINISTERS.

"Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way; and thus did he unto them."—GEN. XLII. 25.

MANY and various are the sharp and searching dispensations to flesh and blood, wherewith the Lord doth trust and exercise his people; an emblem of which we have here concerning Joseph and his brethren. For here, in a very pinching strait, his brethren go down to Egypt to buy corn. Instead of selling them corn, and dismissing them, as he did others, he begins to quarrel with them for being spies, and speaks very roughly to them, and puts them three days in prison; and then keeps Simeon, and lets the rest go only upon condition that they would bring down their youngest brother, Benjamin, to Egypt, that he might see him. A very sharp trial indeed, both unto them and to their father Jacob.

Now, while Joseph deals thus roughly with his brethren, the more they laboured to vindicate themselves, the harder he fixes it upon them. At the same time, heart-humbling convictions of their former evil deed, and unnatural usage of him, are set home upon their consciences; and then they begin to say, That all this trouble we have met with is the just desert of our cruel and unnatural dealing towards our brother Joseph. For he was ill-used by us, and we have bought all this that is come upon us with our own money.

And yet it is observable that, in the midst of his rough dealing with them, and the striving of their consciences thereupon, his carriage towards them is very remarkable. They are saying, We are guilty of our brother's blood; and he is weeping. They are mourning; and he is mourning also, but lets them not know of it. He lets them go; but in the meantime must have Simeon

bound and left behind them, that so they might have an errand back again.

So that we may see that when our Lord brings trouble upon his people for their sins, by which they have provoked him to anger, then he will set it visibly before their eyes, that so they may be the more affected with it, and convicted of it. Yet he will not have his people frightened away by this trouble, that they should not come back again to him; but he must have a pledge of them, in order to their return to relieve it.

But we shall not insist any longer by way of introduction. In the words read there are three things: 1, The sacks must be filled with corn. 2, Every man's money must be restored into his sack's mouth. 3, They must have provision by the way.

Now from the words I shall endeavour to unfold two points of doctrine.

I. That it is a part of our Lord's infinitely good and gracious way of dealing with his people, that in the day when he is about to confer mercies and singular expressions of his favour and goodwill upon them, even then he will carry himself very strange unto them, and will deal very roughly with them for the punishment and conviction of their sins, whereby they have dishonoured him, and provoked him to anger against themselves; and partly for the trial and exercise of his grace in them, that he may fit and prepare them for new manifestations of himself, and for what he has to bestow further upon them, to trust them with, and exercise them under.

1. He puts a counter-balance upon his people's enjoyments, that so they may be kept sober and humble. Jacob must have a knee-mark all his days, to keep him halting (Gen. xxxii. 81). The apostle must have a thorn in the flesh, and a messenger of Satan to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure (2 Cor. xii. 7). In the day when our Lord admits his people to the nearest enjoyments of communion and familiarity with himself, then he wisely binds on the most heavy back-weight, to keep them still in sight of that due distance that is between the infinite majesty of God and them as poor, finite, mortal, and sinful creatures. You that are too proud and airy in your religion, he will let loose your predominant corruptions to tread upon you, and to drag you at their heels, as he did with Peter in the matter of denying his Master; and with David in the matter of his adultery and murder; to the end that you may see what mettle you are of by nature, and what is within you, and how little reason ye have to be self-conceited, or to have any confidence in the flesh. When the Lord's people begin to wax wanton, or turn proud of their religion, then he will let some snare so far prevail as to turn up their tails in some piece of backsliding, or defection from the truth, and the right way of the Lord, by some foul sin and personal transgression against the Lord; and he will suffer them to fall from their integrity, and to become a scandal to religion and the gospel, and a greater

discredit to the truth by their fall than ever their former profession was any way a credit to it; and all this that they may see their own weakness, and that he that thinks he standeth may take heed lest he fall, and to make them lean upon the strength of Christ, and not upon anything of their own. Yea, when people begin to become self-conceited of their spiritual gifts, and mere special endowments, their exercises, their parts, the growth and increase of their grace, and their apprehended proficiency in godliness, and so begin to be puffed up with spiritual pride, then the Lord will lay on a heavy back-weight upon their enjoyments, because of their abuse of them. And this he does ordinarily by withdrawing from them; as was the case with Samson, when all the seven locks of his strength were cut off, and he knew not that the Lord was departed from him till he arose to shake himself as at other times. The Lord will permit all their spiritual gifts, graces, exercises, increases, and fruitfulness to be obstructed, and their progress to be impeded, by restraining the quickening, strengthening, and fructifying influences of the Holy Spirit, and by withholding the continual communication of the dew of heaven, which should lie always upon their branch, whereby grace is both infused and increased.

This seems to have been the ground of the church's complaint in Isaiah lxiii. It seems to be the ground of her prayer in Song iv. 16. It seems also to have been David's case in Psa. xxxii. 4. And thus our Lord stains the beauty of his people's idols, and hedges up their way, that they cannot find their paths, even by intercepting the light of his countenance, and drawing a cloud of desertion betwixt himself and their souls. I confess, indeed, that this is a very sad lot, but yet when the gracious result and event of it shall be to take away sin, as in Isa. xxvii. 9, then they have no reason to complain of the Lord's cross-like dispensations, or to entertain unbecoming thoughts of his love.

2. Another way whereby the Lord puts a new errand in his people's hand to come again to him, is, that when he gives his people mercies, he likewise lays on some sad cross along with them. The Lord gives mercies and enjoyments, but he, as it were, makes a hole in the bottom thereof, whereat all their comfort drops through; and this puts a new errand into their hand to get this made up again. Our blessed Joseph loves his friends and brethren so well that he cannot endure them long out of his presence. We are ready to undervalue our mercies, because there is a cross with them, and to think little of our enjoyments, because there is some want, and we cannot get full contentment with them. But the Lord will teach us another way of it. He will make us know that it is the greatest piece of our mercy, and the best ingredient in our enjoyment, to have still a new errand put into our hands to bring us back again. If this were not the case, we would neither know God nor ourselves. We would forget his way. We would forget our continual dependence upon

him. Thus, he makes them see their own weakness and inability that he may put the bottom out of their own self-conceitedness.

And then, secondly, he lets them see what he can do for them in their extremity, when he has brought their own vanity and emptiness into open view. This is clear. Christ asks Philip where they would get bread for such a multitude. (John vi. 5.) And when he had tried his reason, by which he and the rest were grounded, then he gives a proof of his Godhead and all-sufficiency, by which he feeds them miraculously, so that there is not one hungry among them all. Whatever mercies and enjoyments the people of God get conferred on them, yet, as long as the church is in a militant state and condition here below, and as long as the devil and the wicked upon earth are permitted to disturb the believers, God's elect shall not want an errand to a throne of grace. So long as they are in a state of mortality in this sinful vale of misery, and have a body of sin and death about them, Christ will make their predominant corruptions furnish them with work enough for a continual errand to seek grace and strength to fight against them, and to long for the final victory over them. I like not the folks' case that have not an errand every day and hour to God, on account of their predominant corruptions, to get them mortified, and to get strength to resist them, and get the victory over them. He that hath not still a new errand to come to Christ upon that account, I am afraid never knew what a right-hand lust or idol was, or what it was to be vexed with a predominant corruption. That person's case must be deplorable who can let the devil run in and out through his heart, and carry off his affections unobserved; who can bring forth a swarm of vain thoughts and vain imaginations, and yet never essay to crush the heads of these stinging vipers, nor struggles to suppress these swelling thoughts in their very bud, by running to God with them to get vengeance taken upon them. (Ps. xciv. 1, 2.) A prayerless spirit is a very bad symptom, and looks like one of these two cases;—either a graceless soul never brought out of black nature, nor delivered from the power of Satan and dominion of sin, like those in Jer. x. 25; or else it looks like one in a palpable or visible decay in the fruits and effects of grace, similar to those in Isa. xliii. 22: "But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob, but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel."

So that ye see, whatever enjoyments or mercies our heavenly Joseph confers upon his friends and brethren, he must have it so ordered that it may put a new errand in their hand to *come back again*: first, to express their sense of the worth of his mercy; secondly, their own unworthiness of it; thirdly, their unthankfulness for it; and, fourthly, that he might bless them with grace from his all-sufficiency to honour him in the right use of it.

II. That it is a very promising-like mercy and token for good

to a person or people in the day of God's dealing roughly with them, in pursuing his controversy with them, because he hath been provoked by their sins, that even then he gives them still something in hand, to be provision unto them by the way until the full manifestation of himself come.

Now, in speaking unto this point of doctrine, I shall show you—

i. *What that provision is that Christ gives his elect by the way.*

ii. *How sweet and comfortable an expression of his love it is, to be getting your soul full of provision by the way.*

1. The first piece of provision and handful of good corn in their sacks which he gives his elect, is such a full discovery and proclamation of his Name as may answer all the cavillings of unbelief and carnal reason, and may invite and encourage the poor distressed sinner to come to Christ; for here is not only a possibility that a poor penitent sinner may be saved, but a *certainty* that a humble and distressed sinner shall be saved by Christ, be his sin never so great. (Ex. xxii. 14.)

2. The second handful or quantity of good corn that our heavenly Joseph gives his people for provision by the way, is a discovery of the covenant of grace with all the promises and properties thereof. (Isa. lv. 3; Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.) Abraham took many a weary step when travelling through the land of Canaan; and what got he then? Even this: "I am God Almighty; walk before me, and be thou perfect." And then the Lord explains unto him the breadth and length of the land. (Gen. xvii.) And then Abraham was well provided for when he got the covenant sealed. O but that is a handful of gallant corn! Although we were never so hungry and weary, yet a broad look of the covenant of grace, and the confirmation of our personal interest in it, would still be a full meal in the wilderness, yea, upon the banks of Jordan.

3. The third quantity or handful of good corn our heavenly Joseph gives his people in their sacks as provision by the way, is a lively discovery of glory, heaven, and happiness, of the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off, with the pledge that was laid down to bring us there. Well, very good, so long as heaven and glory remain, and our Redeemer lives to bring us there, and his Spirit and grace to fit us for it, we shall not want a meal in the wilderness, and provision by the way. We have enough in 2 Cor. iv. 17, compared with our words in Genesis: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, eternal in the heavens." We wot well, says the worldling and blind atheist; we can see nothing that these poor creatures can have to feed upon. But I wot well that the things that their blind eyes cannot see, can feed us well; and no thanks to them for it.

4. The next parcel or handful of this good corn that our blessed Joseph puts in our sacks, is the death and sufferings of Christ, with the whole of his mediation flowing from the womb

of his sufferings. The poor bleeding-hearted believer has many to accuse and condemn him; but here is a refuge and remedy against them all. "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 ever at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." (Rom. viii. 33.) What think ye now of me? says Paul. Here I stand upon my blessed crucified Lord and Redeemer's grave and resurrection; and I defy all the devils in hell, and men upon earth, to twist me and this ground asunder. The poor persecuted believer may take his cross in his arms, and go to Christ's grave. He will get as much there as will bear his expenses by the way, and perfume his own cross too; he will get Christ's strength perfected in his weakness, and as much of Christ's love as will sweeten his cross. Is it reproach, shame, or contempt in the world? Or is it persecution, banishment, or death? Then it is well for us our blessed Lord and Master has gone this way before us, and trodden these paths, and perfumed this lot unto us.

5. The fifth parcel of good corn which Christ puts into his brethren's sacks is the new performance of the promises, with new confirmations of old ones, and new remarks on old experiences to his church and people; as he did unto Jacob, when Jacob put the Lord to his old promise (Gen. xxxii. 9—13, 28), and the Lord made him a victorious prince, both with God and man.

6. The sixth handful of good corn our tender-hearted Joseph puts into his brethren's sacks for provision by the way, is fresh and green impressions of the truths of the gospel, whereby our hearts burn within us.

7. The next parcel is the gracious providence of our heavenly Father in Christ Jesus. And O! the good providence of a covenant God in Christ is a piece of excellent provision by the way. How often have the poor, destitute, and puzzled people of God been trysted with such strange pieces of providence that they have not known what to make of them? Was not this a strange providence related here, wherein our text lies? Although Joseph's brethren were the most roughly handled of any that came to Egypt, they were the best dealt with of any ere all was done. So it was with old Mordecai, the godly Jew that sat at the gate. And so shall it be with all who have faith to believe in God, patience to wait upon him, and, through grace, keep his ways faithfully, honestly, and humbly; bearing with submission his indignation, because we have sinned against him, till he arise and plead our cause. Many times the poor people of God are so destitute that when they have got one meal, they know not where to get another; yet the Lord hath covered a table for them in the wilderness, and to their contentment, too.

8. The eighth handful of good corn our Lord puts into our sacks is a treasure of faith and supporting experiences of the

Lord's goodness. Hence David was delivered from the lion, the bear, the Philistine, and Saul; and Paul was delivered out of the mouth of the lion of hell, and from every snare and evil work.

9. The next handful that our heavenly Joseph puts in our sacks for provision by the way, is the counterbalance of comfort, and overbalancing recompense of the joys of the Holy Ghost, and the sensible love of God, resulting from the well-grounded assurance of interest in him, and confirmed hopes of salvation through Christ, and justification through his righteousness. What was it that made the apostle triumph, and say, "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God"? We commonly say they never had a bad day that knew of a good night. So the solid persuasion and well-grounded faith of *this*, that the poor wearied pilgrim shall get all his wet clothes dried at night, and all his sighs, sorrowings, and tears wiped away, may support his fainting spirit, and help to sustain his infirmities by the way.

10. The tenth parcel of good corn which Joseph puts in his friends' sacks, is the spirit of adoption, whereby the believer is made to know and discover the things which are freely given to him of God; such as the testimony of a good conscience, and the Spirit witnessing with our spirit that we are the children of God.

11. The next parcel of good corn our Joseph puts in our sacks, is the downpouring of the Holy Spirit, to conduct, instruct, and direct us in our journey; and the communications of grace and strength continually to enable us to walk in the ways of God, and to bear up under our crosses. This is the Spirit of God and glory resting upon us.

12. There is yet another handful of good corn and piece of good provision that Christ gives his friends and followers; that is, the sanctified discipline and correction of his rod, that by it we may be kept from sinful straying from him in his way and truths. It is our mercy that Christ will not give his children food without correction, for we have as much need of the one as the other. We have so much corruption and ill-nature, that if we were not brought under the rod we would in a little time not know ourselves, and should be manifestly bastards and not sons. Now, Sirs, when your cross is bound upon your backs by the hands of our tender-hearted Joseph, are your spiritual bonds loosed, and your heart enlarged? Are ye getting liberty to pray, to cry, and to pour out your soul unto God? O! long to have the sacks full, and labour to get a quantity of good corn in them; and ye shall have a brave life of it, and rich shall be your enjoyment.

A COVENANT God and a crust is better than an angry God and a calf. (Prov. xv. 17.)

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

WHAT great words these are for a poor sinner to say! And what an infinite blessing to feel their power in the heart! Anxiety and fear are gone for the time, giving place to a sense of security, and an experience of rest and peace passing all understanding. Even that overwhelming sense of vileness which causes so much sadness and bitterness of spirit, is removed, and an indescribable feeling of purity and sacred nearness to the Holy One possesses the soul. At such times I have felt my heart drawn out in such emotions of love and thankfulness, and filled with such melody unto the Lord, that it seemed as though I could no more have this vain world for my home. These seasons of holy confidence have been comparatively few and brief with me, but they have made the portions of Scripture that produced them very sweet and precious to my soul. And even when I cannot use them for myself with a present experience of their power, I still find the season very precious when I am permitted to meditate upon them.

One might easily say with great boldness, the Lord is my Shepherd, who has never felt the need of a Shepherd's care nor desired the knowledge of God. In the mouth of such a one this language does not express a desire of the heart answered and satisfied; does not come up from the heart at all. One to whom the language truly belongs will often question his right to use it even while the sweet words are pulsating warmly through his heart, and living there with controlling power. I believe that generally, when the Lord gives a portion of Scripture to one of his dear children, it comes as a witness to the same truth written in the heart; as an inspired expression of what has already been experienced. The definition of these lovely words must be found in our own hearts, if ever we know their meaning; must be read in the pages of our own experience.

The relation of Shepherd and sheep is established entirely by the Shepherd, without the consent or even the knowledge of the sheep, who are entirely ignorant of their need of a Shepherd, until he causes them to know it. As the existence of that relation depends entirely upon his will, so does the knowledge of it, and the experience of its benefits on the part of the sheep depends exclusively upon his will and power. Strange, that a truth so plain to every one in regard to natural things should be denied by the wisdom of the world as applicable to spiritual things. But though denied by the world, it is still the truth. The Saviour calls his people sheep, and declares himself to be the Good Shepherd; and he gives us this pleasant and familiar figure to contemplate for our instruction and comfort as showing the manner of his dealing with his dear children. In their state of sin and condemnation they are said to have gone astray like sheep (Isa. liii. 6); and the Lord laid upon him the iniquities of them all. Thus he redeemed them by shedding his precious blood for their

sins. They were his by the gift of the Father before they went astray in Adam, or they could never have been his by redemption purchase. No one can redeem what was not his before it needed redemption. Here is the solid rock on which rests every good hope through grace. Something of the power of this glorious truth of electing love and grace must have been felt in the heart of every manifested child of God, even though his understanding may not yet have been enlightened to know it in its clearness and beauty.

An earthly shepherd, having valuable property in sheep, will not lose any of that value if he can help it. Therefore he will take all the trouble and labour necessary to gather his sheep from all the places where they have been scattered, and to feed them in as good pasture as he can obtain. It is through these ministrations to them that they come to know him. He does not simply call to the sheep, and leave their coming to depend upon them, letting them remain where they are to his loss if their ignorance and stupidity, or surrounding circumstances, prevent their coming. Nor will he send a hireling after them, and be content to lose them if the hireling fails to find them, or flees because of approaching danger, or is drawn away by prospect of greater reward. But he will go after them himself, if he is able, and will find each one, and will take up and carry in his arms those unable to walk.

So our dear Lord's portion is his people; and he tells us that he will himself both search his sheep and find them out, as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered. (Ezek. xxxiv. 12.) He also tells us that he will feed them like a shepherd. We, poor creatures, never knew our need of a shepherd, any more than do the wild sheep wandering abroad that have never been folded. And even when we were sunken down under the heavy weight of sin and condemnation, like sheep that have become lame, and sick, and helpless, we did not even then know our need of a shepherd, though we felt and mourned our helpless and lost condition, and cried to a holy God for mercy, even against all hope of mercy. Then it was that our Shepherd appeared, coming in his love and in his pity through briars and thorns, through sweat and tears and blood, to the awful place where we despairing lay. O that dear, blessed face! O that precious voice, so full of tender pity and compassion! O those lovely feet, so beautiful in his coming to us with help and salvation! He spoke to our souls so gently; so tenderly he lifted us in the arms of his love and power. Yes, we can read it now, for it is just what he did to our poor souls. "He will gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom." O! it was a sweet place to lie in. There we found health and cure for all our wounds and maladies. Thus it is that we come to know that the Lord is our Shepherd.

The voice of the earthly shepherd is not strong enough to bring the sheep, even if they hear it. They must first become familiar

with it before they will obey it, even when there are no obstacles in the way. His feet are not always able to carry him to where they are lost, nor his arms sufficiently powerful to lift and carry them; and he may not be able to deliver them from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear. But our dear and glorious Shepherd has all power that can possibly be needed to fulfil all his purposes of love and mercy towards his sheep, and all that power is in his voice. (Ps. xxix.) The voice of the Lord is powerful and full of majesty. It divides the flames of fire, breaks the cedars of Lebanon, discovers the forests, and even breaks the gates of the grave and the bars of death. So that when he calls his sheep by name, his voice opens a way through every hindrance, and compels a sweet obedience to his most blessed will. And what a merciful and gracious will it has proved to be, notwithstanding all our fears. Many times it has seemed impossible that so holy a Being could have such a purpose of goodness to one so vile as I. But his word of grace, his voice of love, has still compelled belief in his gracious will. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." Those are moments of supreme exaltation of soul, seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

When the shepherd finds the sheep, at the same moment the sheep finds the shepherd. In the case of an earthly shepherd, a long and wearisome and perilous journey may lie between the place of finding and the place where the fold and the green pastures are. But when our heavenly Shepherd found us in the desert land, and in the waste-howling wilderness of our sinful and depraved nature, though we were so far off, at the very end of the earth, with the wild beasts of our vile hearts howling for our destruction, so far from holiness, so lame and sick and helpless, yet no weary journey lay between our souls and the land of rest and plenty; but in a moment, at his approach, "The wilderness and the solitary place was glad for us; and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." The glorious Lord was then unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. In him we found all that we could need or our souls desire.

Often in a flock of sheep there will be some little feeble lamb that requires especial care and tender nursing. Growing up under this care it becomes the "pet lamb" to the one who has attended it, running eagerly at the sound of his voice, and showing a great desire to be near him. So do we come to know the Saviour's voice well, and desire to follow him, and be near him the more as we have been made to realize his gentle care over us, and his tender ministrations of love. Thus we come into his strength. His gentleness makes us great.

Thus wonderful has been the teaching that has enabled us to say, The Lord is my Shepherd. And as we recall the times when he has appeared for our help, the tender compassion and pity and lovingkindness which have characterized his dealings with us, the forbearance towards us in our weakness and infir-

mities, the forgiveness of our sins, the rich mercy and grace suited exactly to our needs, the faithfulness to his own word of promise, the times when he has turned the shadow of death into the morning by the light of his countenance, and has filled our souls with heavenly content with the sweetness of his voice, the times when he has made us to lie down in the green pastures, and has led us by the still waters of his refreshing truth, restoring our souls, we find ourselves standing upon the glorious heights of holy and loving confidence, where we can say, "I shall not want."

With these imperfect expressions out of my heart, I greet you again, dear Christian friends, in love and fellowship, from this "far country," where man by nature is just as vile, and his works just as evil, as elsewhere in this sinful world; but where the Lord's work, thanks to his dear Name, is perfect, as it is everywhere, and is sought out by all those to whom he has given to find pleasure therein.

SILAS H. DURAND.

Herrick, Bradford Co., Pa., Dec. 2nd, 1880.

*"THOU SHALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY THY
GOD HATH LED THEE."*

With grateful hearts may we review
How God hath led us hitherto;
Who has been better than our fears;
With mercies he has crowned our years.

Why we are spared beyond the rest,
Our heavenly Father knoweth best;
But, living, may we live to prove
Redeeming grace and dying love.

May we through life's vicissitudes
Find refuge where no ill intrudes;
And only waiting for the hour
When called to rest for evermore.

'Twill not be long ere we shall leave
Behind us all which does us grieve;
The night of weeping ever past,
The day of joy eternal last.

May this sweet hope constrain us now
To all his sovereign will to bow;
And be it our delight to tell
Of him who doeth all things well.

Pour down thy blessing from above,
And fill our souls with wondrous love;
Thy gracious image, O impart!
Live thou and reign within our heart.

“THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.”

(Concluded from p. 78.)

My dear father was one evening trying to comfort a Christian friend who was in darkness of mind respecting his state Godward; and soon after it was suggested to him: You have been trying to encourage your friend. How do you know that you are not deceived yourself? And he was much cast down in soul, and could not get any comfort that night; but was awoke early the next morning by the application of this scripture: “Grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.” But he answered, “Lord, does not that refer to Jesus Christ?” When this portion came with power: “Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ,” and which was followed by: “For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us.” This blessed manifestation removed all his fears, and greatly established his mind in the glorious truth concerning the eternal union of Christ and the elect; and he never forgot this visit to his dying day.

In process of time he experienced a great decline in his soul, and got too much entangled with the spirit of the world; but the dear Lord regarded his groanings, and heard his cries for deliverance out of the sad state he had sunk into. But it was by terrible things in righteousness that the Lord answered him. How the Lord delivered him and greatly revived the work of grace in his soul, will be seen by the following letter, which he sent to one of his sons:

“It is with very great pleasure that I now put my pen to paper, to inform you of the undeserved kindness of my good and gracious Benefactor to me, one of the most unworthy of his children, as I have a confidence it will be a pleasure to you to hear of the outgoings of the *love*, the *mercy*, the *grace*, and the *faithfulness* of the Lord ЖЕHOVAH. O! love, surpassing all understanding, that has done such great things for unworthy me! Help me, O help me, to praise the Name of the Lord, whose mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and whose righteousness is to children’s children; who will *never, never, never* leave nor forsake the work of his own most precious hands; no, never. O could I communicate to my dear son the same blessed manifestations, the same delightful views, the same blessed evidences of the love, the mercy, and the tender bowels of Christ to me, your stammering tongue would no longer be silent. Your cold heart (it may be now) would then feel the most ravishing delights; your lips would move delightfully in praising, blessing, extolling, and in magnifying free, discriminating, matchless, unparalleled grace. O Benjamin, be encouraged to cleave to the Best of friends; he will never fail you. Whatever may be your trials, temptations or backslidings, he will heal them all, succour you in every temptation, and finally deliver you from all your internal and external enemies, and preserve you safe to his heavenly kingdom and glory. And I hope and trust that my dear son is not slothful to go in to possess the good land. Let this be your choice through grace,—to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season. O! Flee the very appearance of evil.

Remember that sin hardens and benumbs the conscience, and that God says he will visit it. But 'blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways; for such shall eat the labour of their hands; happy shall they be, and it shall be well with them.' For godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

"But, when I began this letter, I purposed to give you some account of the Lord's gracious dealings with me, his unworthy servant; some experience of it which I have within these three or four days felt and enjoyed; and also some account of the wily stratagems of the enemy of souls, who, I bless God, was disappointed of his prey. Well; I have seen something of these words fulfilled in my behalf: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.' He watches their conflicts with the powers of darkness, and delivereth them. So I found it, blessed be his holy Name.

"But my paper will fail if I do not come to the point in hand. I must tell you, then, that on Sunday evening last, after a good day, I retired to rest composed in mind, and quiet. But about two o'clock in the morning, I was suddenly awoke out of my sleep by a very great noise over my head, very similar to the loud report occasioned by the going off of a cannon; and immediately I was filled with such horrors as I cannot express. It appeared to me as though the powers of darkness were surrounding me for the purpose of carrying me away. I lay for a few minutes trembling and sweating, and with all my might trying to pray; but, alas! I seemed to have no power scarcely to utter a word. At length I got out of bed and struck a light, but found I had no candle; I therefore went to fetch a light out of Sarah's room, who was ill, and required your mother with her. I then returned, and put on my clothes, being very much dismayed and dejected. But just as I was entering the room, I was met by your mother, who perceived that I did not look as she thought I should do, but was afraid something was the matter. When I saw her, I said, 'You alarmed me,' as I did not at all expect to see her there; and then I burst into tears, and went and sat down by the fire, feeling exceedingly troubled on account of the awful situation I was in. But I felt a persuasion to spring up in my mind that God would be gracious to me, which I soon found to increase more and more. I had also light given me to see that it was a stratagem of the enemy to terrify, affright, and, if possible, to throw me into despair; which, for ever blessed be God, he was not permitted to do. But O! What consolations, what rich consolations were by the Holy Spirit poured into my disconsolate soul! Yea, I may say, as one whom his mother comforteth, so did the blessed Spirit wonderfully comfort me; and I began to speak to your dear mother and sister of the wonderful works of God.

"But I cannot tell you a tithe of the blessedness I have since enjoyed. The Lord's work has been wonderfully revived, bless his Name! I still feel at times his comforting presence; and praise seems best to suit the feelings of my soul. The Lord grant, if it be his blessed will, that it may be long continued, that it may be for his glory, and I may daily render to him according to the benefits done unto me.

"Give my kind regards to Mr. P., and tell him I wish him the enjoyment of the same love I now feel, the same peace I now enjoy, together with the rest of his family.

"We all unite in best love, and believe me,

Your affectionate and now highly favoured father,

"HENRY HACK."

I must now come to his last days on earth. My dear father was very much favoured, at times, with the anointing of the

blessed Spirit, especially in the last few years of his life. His troubles, which were many, were sanctified to his spiritual profit. The Lord was pleased to bless his soul very much in our little chapel, where he was in the habit of engaging in prayer, and reading and expounding the Scriptures, in which exercises he was frequently favoured with much liberty. And this scripture was blessedly fulfilled in his experience: "They that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God; they shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing," &c.

The first Lord's day in last April was the last time he was able to attend public service, on which occasion it was observed that he expounded the Word with much feeling and liberty, and was favoured with much enjoyment in his own soul. But on the next day he was very poorly; and he gradually became worse until the dear Lord took him to himself, which was on June 19th.

At the commencement of his illness, the following scripture was very sweet to him, and he frequently mentioned it: "The Lord will not forsake his people, for his great Name's sake, because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people." It being observed to him, "You have not lost your spiritual appetite," he replied, "No; and the Lord hath provided me with spiritual food, and clothing too." At another time, when surrounded with friends, and very happy in his mind, he exclaimed, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

At another time he lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "Home, sweet home! I shall soon be at rest with Jesus; where the inhabitants shall no more say they are sick." At another time he burst out, saying, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The following verse was very precious to him:

"Himself shall be thy helping Friend,
Thy good physician; nay, thy nurse;
To make thy bed shall condescend,
And from the affliction take the curse."

Again he burst out in a rapture with these lines:

"Jesus is the chiefest good;
He has saved me by his blood."

"Hallelujah!" He renounced all merit in himself, and quoted the following lines, which were very precious to his soul:

"Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Being asked, a short time before his departure, if he was happy, his soul being full of divine power, he exclaimed, "Yes, I am happy, and always shall be! I have begun to sing the new song on earth, and shall soon sing it to all eternity!"

The last words my father was heard to utter were—"Happy, happy! Pray, pray!" It was observed, "Shall I pray for you to be taken home?" He answered in the affirmative. Thus did he finish his course with joy, and was favoured with an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

FOUR SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

BY THE LATE GEORGE SALWAY, OF CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

No. I.

My dear Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only way whereby spiritual and eternal mercies can flow into the hearts of poor, needy, guilty, helpless, and sinful worms.

From your own testimony, I do believe you are among the lame, the blind, halt, and withered, waiting for the moving of the waters. If this be so, your case is a good one for the great Physician. These are the characters who feel and know his wondrous skill and power, which he employs without fee or reward. Being impelled by mighty and everlasting love to those who are loathsome in their own estimation, whose "wounds stink and are corrupt," whose sores run, and they refuse to be comforted, these are the objects of his pity, sympathy, and eternal regard. He makes himself known to them in their wretched cases. The Holy Spirit makes him manifest, as saith John: "To him the porter openeth." And when this is the case the sheep hear his voice. That is, the Holy Spirit reveals Christ to the soul; or rather introduces the soul to Christ. Christ gives the command: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon *my* garden, that the spices may flow out." And so it is when the heavenly gales blow upon the plants of the Father's own right hand planting at the command of Jesus; for, saith he, "He (the Holy Spirit) shall not speak of himself; but he shall glorify me" in the souls of my beloved.

It is God the Holy Ghost that quickens, renews, supports, strengthens, enlivens, cheers, and enlightens the souls of the people of God, revealing to them what they are in themselves; which leads them to cry, to mourn, to sigh, and groan over their sad state, to loathe themselves in dust and ashes before the Lord, to feel their weakness and helplessness, so that their souls are filled full with reproofs, and they lie self-condemned before him who searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins of the children of men, crying, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." The soul is now in deep contrition before the Lord, broken down

in itself, and cut off from all hope of salvation from any quarter but in the Lord alone. It is in such seasons as these that the Lord alone is exalted. He is now (in the soul's estimation) "great, and greatly to be feared." This fear is clean, as saith David, and endureth for ever, being the fear of the Lord. There shall be no want to such as fear him. God shall supply them with every good and perfect gift; good gifts to keep them in their proper places, and bring them to a knowledge of themselves; and perfect gifts, which surely must contain all goodness, to deliver, save, support, prevent, defend, revive, and quicken their souls; which gifts are all in Christ, in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell.

These characters are kept going on by the alluring grace of God, who hath said, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness." She goes on, and can scarcely tell you why or how. There is a secret invisible power, which draws on the soul which is linked by love to Jesus Christ, who is the blessed Bridegroom of his beloved bride.

Here we may account for all those strong and ardent desires of soul which spring up within. It is union, although the soul at present cannot see it; for the Lord in his mysterious dealings with his people wisely keeps them in suspense, yet continues to lead them on; for no link in the chain can be broken, which is everlasting love. Therefore with lovingkindness he draws them from strength to strength, through fire and water, doubts and fears, trials and temptations, afflictions, crosses, and losses, into a wealthy place, even to know their adoption of God into that grace wherein they stand, which is in Christ Jesus the Lord; and to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

There cannot be a more wealthy place for a poor, filthy, diseased, and hell-deserving creature to be brought into, than to have the riches of the grace of Jesus opened up by precious faith to his soul, in all his blessed suitability. Indeed, to such only is he precious who have eyes to behold him, hearts to feel after him, tongues to cry unto him, hands to handle him, feet to run unto him, ears to hear him. Now, all this is Christ to his people. To make known himself to them, and that he might be such to them, he condescends to become one with them in all their troubles, sorrows, and afflictions, which they experience from the world, the flesh, and the devil. And he is one with them and in them in all their joys, which by his sorrows he has procured for them; their riches flowing through his poverty, their safety, preservation, and eternal glory, which comes alone in, through and by him who has destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and brought in an everlasting righteousness for the naked and bare soul.

My pen has gone strangely on; just as it came to my mind, so I have written.

May the God of all grace give you to know that he has called you to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus. If so, you will have to

suffer awhile, and this will work well to those who endure it; even to those who are called to the very thing itself. But, no cross, no crown. To go to Canaan, Israel must go through the dreadful wilderness. And the way to glory lies through a world of tribulation, which worketh patience. Hope, too, is produced in the soul, and love is the cause of it. May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Give my kind love to your mother and brothers.

I am, my dear Friend, yours unworthily,

Chippenham, Aug. and Sept., 1847.

GEO. S. SALWAY.

(*Others to follow.*)

TOSSED WITH TEMPEST, AND NOT COMFORTED.

ISA. LIV.

Do others feel as I,—
 So barren and so dry;
 Without one spark of heavenly fire,
 Or fervent lasting good desire?
 Can there be marks of grace
 Where Jesus hides his face?
 And weakness, wretchedness, and woe,
 Follow my steps where'er I go?
 Ah! tell me not I'm right,
 When banished from his sight;
 I wish no false enlightened head,
 For endless banishment I dread.
 Where is the place of rest?
 Ah! where the loving breast
 Where no deceiving spirit dare
 Entrap the soul that's hidden there?
 If I had gracious light,
 Should I be dark as night,
 Creeping and groping near despair,
 Waves tossing, and no Saviour there?
 Ah! could I only hope,
 While silent here I grope,
 That props there are, unseen by me,
 And love in store to set me free.
 To-day, "Cast all thy care,"
 When every thing's a snare,
 Seems but to mock my troubled breast,
 And drive me further still from rest.
 Like Samson without light,
 Quite shorn of strength and might,
 Sunk in remorse, and sad in heart
 To find a gracious God depart;—

Ah! woe is me indeed;
 With anguish must I bleed.
 No Gilead balm reserved for me,
 No kind physician can I see.

How rugged is my way!
 I pine from day to day;
 And foes and fears increasing fast;
 No faith to look for grace at last.

I know that he has power
 To help this very hour;
 But knowledge only mocks and stings;
 'Tis given faith deliverance brings.

His voice comes with a charm,—
 “Stretch forth thy wither'd arm.”
 Its mighty power has reach'd my soul;
 I'm safe, I'm free, I'm blest, I'm whole.

A. B.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

My dear Friend,—Mrs. Isbell and I deeply sympathize with you in your last bereavement. I can well imagine that much as you feel your and poor Mrs. D.'s loss, you cannot but rejoice in the mercy that has been manifested, and the assurance you possess that, when Jesus appears, God will bring the departed with him. The separation is but for a little season. It may be shorter than any of us imagine. Indeed, many of God's people begin to feel that “the Lord is at hand,” and such a feeling, only more intense and general, I conceive to form an essential element in the circumstances which will arouse the slumbering virgins, and be to them the sure evidence that “the Bridegroom cometh.” The midnight cry may not, and, I believe, will not, be a voice of words merely, but something more heart-stirring, causing the wise to throw off at once their former coldness, listlessness, and formality, and to aspire more ardently with confession, prayer, and praise after that blessed hope, and the glorious personal appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. The foolish virgins, whose lamps are gone out, will be alarmed; and, finding no help from the wise, will run hither and thither for comfort and security where it cannot be found. During which time the Lord will raise the dead in Christ, and change and catch up his living saints to “meet him in the air.” How great will be the terror of the foolish when they find the wise are taken away! And how vain their cry to be admitted into that presence-chamber where their former companions are being arranged by the Lord into a warrior army to come down upon the earth with him to the great battle of Almighty God!

May we have the soul's assurance that we are interested in these subjects, and be found as servants who watch, not know-

ing when the Master cometh, but ready at any time to go out to meet him. The more these truths open to my mind, the more sorry I am that any of God's people should be averse to hear them, or think them unprofitable. They are not "idle tales," nor "cunningly devised fables," but realities, which God has promised to make effectual in the hearts of the elect, whom that day shall not overtake as a thief in the night, for he will prepare them for it. At the same time, I believe that many have a zeal for these truths not according to knowledge, and without having any proof of being interested in them. "*Ye must be born again*" is as true now as it ever was. Without this, no one can see or enter into the kingdom of heaven. None will be with Christ when his feet stand on the Mount of Olives unless he have previously been formed in their hearts, "the Hope of glory."

With our united kind regards to Mrs. D. and to all friends, I am,
 Affectionately yours in Christian bonds,
 Leicester, Jan. 6, 1853. G. S. B. ISBELL.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD, AND OF THE FATHER, AND OF CHRIST.

THERE are two great mysteries in the Christian religion, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the mediation of the Son of God. We have the comfort of both in prayer; and we never practically and experimentally discern the benefit of them so much as there.

1. The mystery of the Trinity. It seemeth a profound speculation till we find the use of it in our addresses to God. (Eph. ii. 18.) "Through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." The mystery is unriddled when a poor soul cometh to God through Christ by the Spirit. When a needy and guilty soul would have any gift and benefit from God, he is discouraged till he reflect upon the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ, and put his cause into his hands; and yet he knoweth not whether Christ will tender his suit, or regard it yea or no, until he be encouraged by the Spirit. The whole process of soul affairs, or the workings of a needy guilty soul towards God, may be put into this short issue,—God, as a Law-giver and Judge, which is our first apprehension of him by the spirit of bondage, driveth us to Christ as Mediator. Christ, as Mediator, by the spirit of adoption bringeth us back again to God, as a Father, or one that is able and willing to show mercy. When we first think of God, his terror and majesty oppresseth our hearts with fears; but we must have grace, or we are undone for ever; but there is no grace, no salvation, in any other but Jesus Christ, who hath procured us welcome and audience. He giveth us leave to come to God, having opened the door by his merit and intercession, and the spirit and heart to come. . . .

To pour out our hearts into a friend's bosom, who will only

pity us, though we do not expect succour and redress from him, will give us some ease; much more to open our hearts to one who is able and willing to help us. To bring our complaint and request before the throne of grace must needs yield comfort and solace to the soul. Many of David's psalms begin with anguish and bitter complaints, and end with assurance and rejoicing; as if in the midst of prayer his affairs were altered, and one had brought him news, and all things went according to his own heart and mind. The very conferring with God bringeth some refreshment. Your burden is cast off, and cast upon the Lord. (1 Pet. v. 7.) "Cast your care upon God (saith the apostle); for he careth for you." How do we cast our care upon God? Another place will inform you. (Phil. iv. 6, 7.) "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God," &c. It is no more dishonour for God to bear our cares than it was for Christ to bear our sins; and what is the effect? "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ," &c. Look, as when the air is imprisoned in the earth, there are shakings, and convulsions, and earthquakes, till it get a vent; but then all is quiet. So the soul is tossed and turmoiled with many tormenting thoughts, till we acquaint God with the matter, then all is quiet. When Hannah had commended her suit to God, she went away, and her countenance was no more sad. (1 Sam. i. 8.) How often do the children of God come away with triumph from the throne of grace, and leave their sorrows and their fears behind them! —*Manton.*

POWER, WITH THE FORM OF GODLINESS.

NEWLY awakened souls, in seeking the Lord, are not content with now and then appearing among the followers of the Lamb, but they are habitually concerned to visit the house of God as often as it is open, because they have every reason and ground to expect that the Lord is always there, having said, "Where two or three are met together *in my Name*, there am I in the *midst of them.*" Then, if he is to be present, I will go and seek him. Who can tell but he will speak a word of love, a word of comfort, a word of joy to my soul? Who can tell but that I may witness a smile from his countenance, and have some precious promises applied with invincible power to my heart, so that I shall be obliged to retire and say to all the Nathaniels I meet, "We have found Him whom our souls love. We have found Him who is called the Messiah, the Christ"?

Will the souls of the Lord's people present look well to these few descriptions of the seekers, while I just lead them on to the fact of all such being known in heaven, earth, and hell? Seeking souls are well known before the throne. The Father knows them, for it is he who said, "Seek ye my face;" and then they

replied, "Thy face, Lord, will we seek." The Son knows them, and recognizes them as marked with his blood, sprinkled with the atonement, applied by the power of the Spirit, and recognizes them as the persons for whom he bled, and is ever living to intercede. The Holy Ghost knows them, because he put the spirit of prayer into their hearts, poured out on them the spirit of grace and supplication, which constrained them to seek after the Lord. The powers of darkness know them, as one of our old poets sings:

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Do you want to make the devil tremble? Then go on your knees, and plead earnestly with God. The world will know them, for they have renounced their company, their associations, their foolery, their kill-time pursuits. I have heard it said, "Why is not So-and-so here at our midnight revels?" "O!" says one, "he has turned Methodist. We shall never see any more of him." *Very true!* He will never be found at such scenes after the Lord has set him to seek after righteousness.

I remember the case of a young man brought to know the Lord under my ministry, some eight-and-thirty years ago. He was about two-and-twenty years of age, and had been the ring-leader of all the frolics, if I may so call them, in the village. The Lord met with him, made him a new creature. He lived many years to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour, became a deacon of the church, and died happy in the Lord. Shortly after the Lord met with him, there was one of those village fooleries going on, a dance and a fiddle, and I do not know what beside in their stupid pagan-like uproar; and the question went forth, "Where is So-and-so? What is become of him? We shall have no fun without him." The answer was by-and-bye surlily growled out, "O! he has turned Methodist. He has gone to hear Irons; we shall see no more of him." "Well," I said, "that is capital. I do like a religion that distinguishes a man from the world, and spoils him for the devil's fooleries." Let a man begin to seek the Lord, and you may seek for him in vain in the world; *for you will not find him.*

Moreover, the church will know them. They may come creeping behind some full-grown Christians, and perhaps their face may be half covered, and they never utter a word, but want to hear what Christians have to say about Christ and his preciousness, and snug themselves in some corner or some nook in the place of worship where they are not seen; and if asked a question, they only give a sigh. Ah, that sigh, and that constancy in the house of prayer, and that change of character, will tell the minister, and tell the church too, that he is seeking the Lord, and is one of the characters described in my text; "Hearken unto Me, ye that seek the Lord." (Isa. li. 1.) And they are known of all the world: "Known and read of all men."
—*Extract from Irons' Sermon.*

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MARY
BOOKHAM,

OF IDE HILL, SEVENOAKS, KENT.

(Written by herself.)

Dear Friend,—I have never told you anything of the Lord's dealings with me; but now, as he has been pleased to comfort me a little, and to give me faith in a measure to believe that he has begun a good work in my soul, I hope I shall be enabled to give you some account of it.

In my natural state I had many legal convictions. I thought I was not good enough; and promised the Lord I would be good and holy. I set about it many times, and sometimes thought I was good, till some sin in thought or deed overtook me, when down I again went. Then I began in my way to repent, and promised the Lord I would sin no more. And thus I went on, sinning and repenting, till it pleased the Lord to quicken my dead soul, and give me a feeling sense of what a sinner I was in the sight of God; when I felt sure if I lived and died in that state I should be lost. I could see no other way of getting out of this condition than by leaving my sins, and becoming righteous, repenting and praying to the Lord; then I thought he would have mercy on me.

Here I began to work and toil, and thought I should get holy; but in time the Lord was pleased to show me a little of what was in my heart. I began to feel that I could not keep my thoughts; for such evil began to work in my mind as I had never before felt. Instead of getting holier, I got worse than ever; and I found by the Word of God that thoughts were sin as well as deeds, that the Lord requires holiness in the inmost parts; and I found blasphemous thoughts would rise so that I have been tempted to curse God. I have been afraid to move at night in the dark, for fear these thoughts would come. They have made me tremble so that I have been afraid the Lord would cut me down and send me to hell; and by these things I felt I could not fulfil what the Lord required in his law.

During this time I sat under a sound minister, and by hearing the truth of the law and the doctrines of the gospel set forth, the Lord was pleased by degrees to open up to me the way in which poor sinners are saved. It seemed to me that I had been blind all my life; and now I could see that all men were fallen in Adam, and that by the deeds of the law no flesh could be justified in the Lord's sight. I saw now that all my prayers and everything I could do were abominable before God, that all my good deeds were no better than my bad ones.

Here I could see the line of election and reprobation; that the Lord had a people, and that they only would be saved. I saw also that the Lord Jesus Christ undertook for this people, that he made all their sins his own, and came into the world, suffered, bled, and died for their sin; that he fulfilled the law, and gave full satisfaction to the justice of God, and so set them free; and

that in time he sent his blessed Spirit to quicken their dead souls.

But now the question with me was whether I was one of this elect number. I found by the Word of God that all who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ would be saved, and I felt that I could not believe, for unbelief began to work; and I questioned whether I was elected, and many things rose as evidences against me. I read in the Word of God that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven, which I thought applied to outward trials; till one day I opened Mr. Hart's hymn-book upon that hymn where it speaks of tribulation, and there I saw I had it *within* me. This gave me a little hope; but I soon began to sink deeper and deeper in my feelings, fearing I was wrong. I was afraid I had not gone deep enough in trouble. I thought all the children of God went very deep in soul-trouble when first the Lord quickened them; and this I thought was a law-work. Now I feared I had come in the wrong way, that I had come in too easy a path, that this was not the way the Lord led his people. Everything condemned me. If I went to hear, the ministry condemned me; and the Word of God ministered the same condemnation. Truly I felt condemned on every side. I was tempted to give all up, and not to go to hear any more, feeling it was of no use; that, as I had come in the wrong way, I might as well give it up at once.

Well; the time for hearing came, and I did not know what to do, whether to go or not. But at last I thought I would go once more, and see if there was any comfort for me. So I went; and as soon as the minister began to speak of the work of God in the soul it condemned me in every word. Now, I thought, it is all over with me. I am wrong altogether. I shall surely go to hell after all. But when he said all the children of God were not led alike, and went on to show how the Lord works upon some of his children, he touched my case, and told me everything I had experienced from the first to where I then stood. O what comfort it brought to my poor soul! Then hope sprang up; yea, such a hope that I could but believe it was the work of the blessed Spirit, and that in his own good time he would bring me out, and cleanse me from my sin and guilt.

Now I could see what a law-work was on the soul of a sinner. Before, I thought that when the Lord quickened a soul, he applied his law at once, so as to bring the soul into great and sore trouble at the first; but now I could see that the Lord did not lead all his children alike. Some are led more gently than others at the first, though all are brought to the same point; all must be brought to feel that they are lost and ruined by the fall, and that, do all they can, they cannot come up to what the Lord requires in his law; for whosoever offendeth in one point is guilty of all; and that they must be brought to feel that all their own righteousnesses are as filthy rags in the sight of a righteous and holy God. And if they are not brought to renounce all their own

righteousness, they do not need a Saviour. But our own righteousness must come off; and in time the Lord will pull it all off. And when there is "none shut up or left," then the Lord Jesus Christ will clothe the soul with his own righteousness.

But to return. I could but praise the Lord that he had shown me this, and brought my soul out of trouble, so that a hope sprang up in my soul that the Lord would, in his own appointed time, manifest himself to me fully, as my Saviour. The text that Mr. Burton preached from when I received this blessing was from the Psalms: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

I went on in the enjoyment of this some little time; and many more little liftings up I had by the way. Sometimes in prayer my heart has been so drawn out in love to the Lord that I could say, he is all my desire. At times, in hearing the word, I could eat it to the joy and rejoicing of my soul. Occasionally in reading the Word of God passages were opened up to me, and I could see such beauty in them that I never saw before. Many dreams I had which seemed to denote the Lord was on my side. I could mention many, but they would take up too much room.

Thus I went on for some time, till my heart was somewhat lifted up in pride; and these little operations I experienced were not enough for me. I wanted something greater, even a full manifestation to my soul that Jesus Christ was my Saviour. I remember that this hymn of Mr. Fenner's came very powerfully into my mind:

"O how my soul doth long and press
True liberty to find!
What cravings for it in my breast;
What pantings in my mind!
If all were mine that's in the world;
Ten thousand worlds beside;
They would by me away be hurled
For Jesus crucified."

So that, beginning after this to despise these little operations, as I then called them, I wanted something greater; and my proud heart told the Lord so. I wanted the Lord to justify my soul, take away all my doubts and fears, and bring me at once into liberty. But I soon found the Lord was about to show me more of what there was in my heart before he brought my soul into liberty. He was pleased to suspend his Spirit's influence, and to leave me to find what I was in myself, which made me feel how glad I should have been with one of those sweet operations. But they were all gone; and I was left to feel what an abominable wretch I was. Now, when I would do good, evil was present with me; and how to perform that which was good I found not. My heart was bound to earthly things, so that it was so carried away with them, that sometimes I scarcely had a good desire. Seeing myself in this sad condition, a legal spirit would

sometimes spring up, and I would try to humble myself; but found I could not melt my heart of stone. I was so tied and bound with the chain of my sins, that I found I could not get out unless the Lord was pleased to put forth his almighty power, to bring me out. But O! what rebellion I felt against God! And not only rebellion, but every other abominable thing I found in my heart. But perhaps you will say, Were you not in a deal of trouble when you found these things work? No; I was so dead and lifeless that I could not be in trouble. I tried to cast away my hope, and give it all up; but I found I could not move myself one way or the other. When I tried to go to the Lord in prayer, I was so dead and lifeless that sometimes I had not a word to say; at other times it appeared to be nothing but words of my own inditing, entirely lacking power. On other occasions, my heart has been carried to the ends of the earth, and has even been so dead that I have fallen asleep in my form of prayer. Then I have thought I never could be a child of God; for if I was, I should never be so dead and lifeless, and have such things working in my heart as I had. I said, with Mr. Hart, "Can ever God dwell here?" I was brought to justify the Lord in my condemnation. I not only saw the Lord would be just in sending me to hell, but felt myself such an abominable wretch, and such a lump of sin, and so deserving of hell, that I could not say a word why the Lord should not send me there.

Here my mouth was stopped. I saw, and felt too, if ever the Lord did show mercy to me, it would be a free and unmerited gift. I should have spoken of this earlier, for I was brought to this place before the Lord first gave me a hope in his mercy. And here again I was brought to justify the Lord in my condemnation. I felt myself as though I was between two mountains, first dashing against the one, and then against the other. Sometimes I tried to humble myself, and make myself like the character that Christ calls, though I knew that all my own righteousness would avail me nothing, yet there would be this spirit working in me. At other times, knowing I could do nothing that was acceptable to the Lord, I have thought, If I am not elected, the Lord cannot save me; but if he has elected me, he will come and reveal himself to me in his own time; and I know I cannot forward his work. So I thought I would lie down, and try no more; and so dead and lifeless was I that I even set aside prayer many times, because I could not find any power; and the devil suggested it was of no use for me to pray, for the Lord would not regard such a hell-deserving wretch as I.

While I was in this state, and wondering where the scene would end, the Lord was pleased to bring one of our hearers, to whom I was united in the Spirit, into great trouble on account of a temptation; and I felt for him very much. One night, when he was in his greatest trouble, if any one ever pleaded for another before the Lord, I did for him that night. I felt such a power in my soul, that it melted me down before the Lord. I

was enabled to take his burden, and earnestly plead with the Lord that he would bring his soul out of trouble, deliver him out of the hand of the enemy, and set his soul at liberty, that he might bless and praise the Lord for ever. In this I found what the apostle Paul meant when he said, "Bear ye one another's burdens." The next day the Lord was pleased to deliver him out of trouble, filling his mouth with praises to God and the Lamb. As soon as I heard of it, my soul as it were leaped for joy, and I could not help praising the Lord that he had been so merciful to deliver him; and as I took part of his sorrow, I also partook of his joys. Shortly before this, I thought the Lord had forsaken us; but now I could see and believe the Lord was still amongst us. Though I could not fully believe I was one of his, yet my hope seemed to be revived a little.

But after this I began to sink again into my old dead state; and when I began to feel this such a horror came over my soul. I quite dreaded relapsing into that condition, and tried earnestly to entreat the Lord that he would keep and guide me by his blessed Spirit, that he would not suffer me to go into such a dead and lifeless frame as I had been in before.

But after a little while these things began to wear off, and I went on in a lukewarm state for some time. I would look back on what I had before experienced, and gather a little hope from that, as I could not get from where I then stood. I cannot express to you the lifeless and barren state I was in, nor yet the abominable things that worked in my wicked heart; but if you have been in such a state you know something of it. I felt, if I died then, I should be lost; yet could not grieve on account of it. And when I have been a little broken down, and my hard heart seemed somewhat softened, then I have feared it was only a legal spirit that worked in me. I knew I could not melt my hard heart myself, for I had tried that time after time. I never before this felt what a helpless creature I was, nor so well knew I could do nothing. I was confident that if I was a child of God, the Lord must work in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure.

I continued long in this state, sometimes begging of the Lord that he would bring my soul out of bondage, and manifest himself to me as my Lord and my God; but going to him so many times, and obtaining no answer, I thought surely I could not be a child of God, for if I was, he would have answered me in some way before now. Though I knew, if I should be a child of God, the time was appointed, and nothing could hasten it; but there seemed so many marks against me that I was not one of his. I did not appear to be the character as spoken of in the Word. Sometimes I was a little revived, and then again cast down. But at last despair began to make head against me, and I really suspected there was nothing in me. I had looked back on my past experience till I could do so no longer. I was giving it all

up as lost, and really felt my soul on the very brink of desperation, and thought I must fall into the pit, and never rise any more; and the very thought of being shut out for ever from the presence of the Lord and his people, and they the only people I felt united to here, especially those who seemed to live nearest himself, has broken me to pieces; and I have said, "O Lord, whither shall I go but to thee? If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean; and if I die, let me die at thy feet, begging for mercy."

But one Sunday night a friend came in to see me. I had been in a good deal of trouble all day, and all the week before; it appeared to me that I could not live in this state much longer. When he had been in a little time he began to speak of himself. He seemed to be in a good deal of trouble; and remarked, he doubted whether what he had experienced was the work of God or not, because he could not find access to the Lord. Then I began to speak a little of myself, and of the state I was in; and he tried to encourage me by speaking of himself, and seemed to warm in his feelings in conversation; remarking, he thought it was the work of God in us, after all our unbelief had said about it. I had not the least doubt but that he was a man of God, but I was afraid of myself. After he was gone, I felt my trouble go off a little, but what caused it to abate I did not know. This abatement lasted for three weeks, at the end of which time I went to hear Mr. Burch. When I got into the chapel I felt myself a little broken down, and was enabled to plead with the Lord, that if I was a child of his he would be merciful to me, and show me something that would comfort me a little; that if there was a work begun in my poor soul he would revive it, and give me faith to believe, that I might be enabled to praise him. After this I felt myself very much alive to hear. Mr. Burch spoke from Isaiah lx. 1: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." When I heard the text read I felt my soul rise a little, and said, "O Lord, O that thou wouldest apply this text with power to my soul!" When he began to speak of the work of God, and showed how light and life came into the soul, and how the blessed Spirit humbled and cut off the soul from all its own righteousness, and showed how such an one began to rise, and what the work of the blessed Spirit was as differing from a false work, I was sure I had experienced it. Faith rose up; and I believed with all my heart that the Lord Jesus Christ had suffered, bled, and died for me, and that my soul would go to heaven. I looked after my unbelief, but it was all gone, and I could not help believing, for there was such a power in my soul that Christ had taken away all my sin and guilt, and I saw myself pure in him; not a spot in me. I thought, Is this justification? I looked for something greater, and there came such a power as though some one spoke to me: "Is not this enough? Why, you have faith to believe that this is the work of God

upon your soul, that the Lord Jesus Christ has undertaken for you, and that at death he will take you home to glory; for the sting of death is gone, and you are not afraid to meet death." And I said, "O Lord! it is enough, and more than I deserve, such an unspeakably vile and rebellious wretch as I have been. O! I see now that my unbelief has been my greatest sin. The Lord has led and guided me by his blessed Spirit. He has suffered me to go into these dark paths to bring me off from self, that he might have all the glory. He has led me by a right way; crooked things have been made straight, and rough places plain."

Love, joy, and peace then filled my soul, and I could love and praise the Lord, who had done such great things for me, for one so unspeakably vile. My heart was so full that my eyes ran down with tears of joy. I could now freely give my soul and all that I had into the Lord's hands, knowing that he cared for me. I thought I would

. . . "Tell to all around
What a dear Saviour I had found;
And point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"
(To be concluded.)

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

"Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven."

My dear Sister in the Lord, and also in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, by and through whom we look for a full, complete, and eternal deliverance from all sin and sorrow unto a world of everlasting felicity, a world without end. Amen.

The Lord help me to drop a word that shall be a word in season to my dearly beloved, but afflicted sister. And have I sympathy? Then sure I am that Jesus has more. I thank him for a drop out of his fulness; but his fulness is thine. Satan, our foe, together with thy own wretched unbelief, may dispute it; the waters of affliction may go over thy head; and thou mayest be ready to say, I am cut off; but no; that can never be. He hath not forgotten his word unto thee, for it continues to a thousand generations. It was love that caused him to speak; and his love is everlasting, and that shall wipe all sorrows away.

My sister may be ready to say, How shall I know that it was love that spake the word to me? Surely, by the effects produced. Did it not fill thy poor heart with love to his most blessed Majesty? Didst thou not say, "I love thee, O Lord, my strength and my salvation"? "We love him because he first loved us." But does he love still?—love when he thus tries me? Yea, every trial is for good. He will not allow thee to give thyself to another. He is jealous over thee. He taketh all this pains with thee to keep thee to himself, a chaste virgin soul to

Christ. So he hath hedged up thy way with thorns. He bringeth thee into solitude with himself, that he may make known himself more fully unto thy soul.

My sister, let me entreat thee to walk quietly with him. Do not repulse him; let him have his own way. Say to him, "Thy will be done." Lie passive in his hands. He will strengthen thee; he will uphold thee with the right hand of his righteousness; and thou shalt know the Lord.

My faith is that of assurance for thee. He has done great things for thee. He brought thee out of the land of thy nativity. He has led, chastened, corrected, instructed, and comforted thee, and all because he had a favour unto thee. Thou shalt to his glory come. May it be my privilege to be with thee.

My soul is filled with faith and love whilst I write. May the savour pass with these lines into thy own heart, and mayest thou send up a supplication for me to him on whose bosom thou dost, I trust, recline. I pray for thee.

I hope your father still improves. Give my love to him, and best wishes for his present and eternal welfare. The dear Lord be present, ah! nearer than ever. A refuge "in ties of blood, and nothing less."

Believe me, yours affectionately in the Lord,

122, Cannon Street Road, London, 1865. THOS. DANGERFIELD.

My dear Friend,—Your kind note of the 10th I received, for which I thank you, and for your feeling sympathy and prayers for me. I feel the more need of great grace than ever. My trials and sorrows are many, and I feel weaker and weaker; only just strength enough to bear me up. I am a daily beggar, and feel more need every day; and it is blessed to find a kind hand to relieve poor creatures like me. A small crumb I feel sweet and good, when I can pick it up, with a drink of water from the streams which make glad; and sometimes when I get a little wine, it is most precious. Then I can with feeling bless the Giver.

Respecting your invitation to serve the church of God in coming to Bath, May 24th, I cannot. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I have been very ill again since you heard from me. I was in my bedroom more than five weeks; and for seven weeks I could not go out to speak to our people. I have been the last three or four Lord's days, but I feel it much, and am obliged to have a cab there and back. But the Lord is pleased to help me in the work, and the friends are pleased to see me. I believe ours are a feeling, praying people. Three have joined the church since we left Providence, and three or four more are waiting to be baptized.

Mr. H. preached for me four or five Lord's days while I was ill, and the people heard him gladly. He is the one I named to you, and I think he can come to you for the day you name, if you write to him at once. I know he is engaged for several

places. Chippenham he has been to several times; Faringdon, and Zoar, London, twice. I think your people would like him. He is not lifted up like some. He is better educated than some are, yet he feels his poverty and nothingness. I expected to have seen him on Saturday, but I expect he left home, and could not call.

Yours in the truth,

Old Bath Road, Cheltenham, Feb. 16, 1874.

G. GORTON.

My dear Sir,—In answer to yours, requesting me to supply at your chapel, if the will of the God of Jacob, I hope as you desire it, I may be enabled to come on August 1st and 8th, and may the Lord come with me, and give both the poor speaker and his saints at Bath a visit. Then shall we prove the promise true: "Where two or three are met together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." What a favour to get now and then a little mercy dropped into the soul by the mighty power of God, while passing through this terrible desert, where sin so much distresses the souls of God's dear people.

I must just tell you what effect your letter had upon my poor unworthy soul. I took hold of it with a trembling hand to open it. When I read its contents, my tears began to flow freely, for my heart was humbled before God. Perhaps you may be ready to ask why. Well; some weeks since, I was much tried in my soul, whether I had ever, after all my moving about, professedly preaching the truth of God, been sent of God to stand before his people, or whither I had run of myself into the solemn work. So I felt constrained to beg his divine Majesty, if the matter was of him, that he would kindly impress some church to invite his poor worm to preach for them for two Lord's days. But sometimes, since I asked for this sign, I have been much tried about it, because no such invitation came; yet could not give it up. But when last Saturday I came home at noon, and opened your letter, I do humbly hope I knew a little of what it was to be laid very low before the Lord, and I blessed his dear Majesty for the answer he thus sent. My mind was at once settled. But afterwards I had to return to my old spot, to be tried about whether this was really in answer to my cries; and the suggestion was, This is nothing but the way in which God's people invite poor ministers. But as I was waiting on the Strood platform, in the evening, waiting to go to Maidstone, and begging the Lord to tell me if it was his will I should go to Bath, those solemn words, which I hope I had applied to my mind many years ago, about going to preach at Stony Knapps (Mr. Dunster's), "Go; and I will be with thee," were again brought to my mind.

Thus I have just given you a little outline of this affair; and my desire is that both you as a church, and my own soul, may prove it to be of God, and that we may be especially blessed with a spirit of prayer for his blessed presence to be realized. I would, if it had been his will to have constrained me to leave all cares with him, have taken the Sabbath in May; but as

changes must transpire in my secular concerns, I feel I must not be away just then. But often do we prove that unbelief is sure to err, and scan God's work in vain.

May the Lord in rich mercy be with you and the church, and bless you with much grace in this evil day, so that you may be enabled to live to his great glory, honouring him in every way, that men may be obliged to say that these people have been with Jesus. O! my friend, a few moments with him is worth more than all the world. Farewell.

Yours unworthily for the truth's sake,
Sheerness, Oct. 20th, 1874.

J. BENNETT.

My dear Wife,—I was truly glad to hear from you yesterday. I find you are still groaning under the burden of unbelief. Your unbelief may distress you; but the Lord rests in his love; and your unbelief cannot move him. He by terrible things in righteousness, you know, brought you down to his feet; and now it is his love to you to let you feel the burden of unbelief, and to find all is misery without him. But he has promised to keep our souls alive in famine; but we must come into a famine, to prove the faithfulness of his promise in the famine. But he will make the barren land a fruitful field.

I have sunk very low since I left home, so that I cannot see I am called to preach; and many fears have pressed me down lest, after all, I am not called by grace. I feel such a fool that I really do not know how to preach; but yet I keep stammering on; and the people will declare that the Lord is with me. And I cannot see or feel that it is so; therefore I often think they must be wrong. My dear, this is hard work, but I hope not to murmur, for it is a mercy I am out of hell. My religion I cannot make out; but I have just been saying to Mrs. Chivers, "How you can question your religion I cannot think, because I believe with all my heart you will go to heaven. I can see your safety so plain."

I preached at Devizes yesterday, and many declared they heard well. The friends at Calne came with a covered conveyance, so I came home with them, so that I shall have a good rest. I have suffered much with the toothache; but Mrs. Chivers is very kind. She sends her love to you, and says you are not to be troubled about me, as they will take care of me. Kiss the dear children for me. The Lord bless you.

Your affectionate husband,

Calne, Nov. 21st, 1860.

THOS. RUSSELL.

My dear Friend,—Our dear friends, Mrs. P. and Miss M., being (I regret to say) very unwell from severe colds, have requested me to write a line or two to you on their behalf; in which they desire me to express their kind love and sympathy, of which they felt much, in reading your last communication. Also they send you the enclosed post office order for £3 5s. One pound

thereof is in memory of a departed brother, and the remainder for your own use, from Miss Morris. (Mrs. P. will explain this if spared to write.)

You have been for very many years a poor invalid as respects your body, and placed in a very dependent position for the necessities of this life, and have perhaps many times been disposed to murmur, and to envy those who are blessed with bodily health and strength. Nevertheless, you have opportunities of beholding the good hand of God opened to supply your need in such a way as they have not. And I believe persons in your position who fear God, have much spiritual food, many sweet tokens and manifestations of a Father's care, and of a Saviour's love; and spiritual blessings are infinitely more valuable than temporal prosperity. It is but very seldom we discover a large amount of temporal good and spiritual health going together. The Lord knows what is best for us, and chooses for us our inheritance; and did we possess a larger measure of that wisdom that cometh from above, we should quietly acquiesce in his appointment. This, however, cannot be attained but by grace. We can only form a right judgment as divine light shines into our hearts. Then in his light we see light, and by that light walk through darkness. But so soon as that light is withdrawn we return, like Abraham, to our own place; or, as Mr. Hart expresses it—

“ I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel;
I mope, and mourn, and grieve, and sigh,
And am but barren still.”

The apostle James exhorts the church to count it all joy when they fall into divers temptations (or trials), knowing that the trying of their faith wrought patience. But let patience have its perfect work, which is to bring the heart to say, “The will of the Lord be done.”

Were it pleasing to the Lord, he could give his children such an abundance of grace in exercise as to carry them above all earthly cares and sorrows. How then could we know ourselves, our own weakness, sinfulness, and helplessness? And how could the promises in the Word meet our cases? A path of tribulation in this world is the appointed lot of the followers of the Lamb. Shall the Head of the body be a suffering Head, and shall the members of the body have no fellowship with him in his sufferings? No. It is given us in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in his Name, but to suffer for his sake. Therefore it is that the Lord has his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem; and declares he will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver, and try them as gold, that they may call upon his Name, and he will acknowledge them as his people; and they shall acknowledge him for their God. They of old are said to receive the Word in much affliction and joy of the Holy Ghost; and as their affliction abounded,

so also did their consolation abound. What, therefore, God hath joined together, it is in vain that man attempt to put it asunder.

O how sad does it appear to me at times, that after being (as I hope) in the heavenly school for so many years, I should have made so little progress, and oft feel to be retrograding instead of advancing in the knowledge of divine truth! It is, indeed, "line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little;" and none but a Teacher of infinite patience could bear with such a dull and stupid scholar as I am. It is a mercy to find it written: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Our Jesus is of God made unto us "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." How suitable! It comprehends everything that a ruined sinner can need, either for time or for eternity.

I frequently long for another day of the Son of man, another visit from the heavenly Bridegroom, such as I trust I have had in times past. I know well that during his absence there is a fasting time, and often of so long duration as almost to forget prosperity, and to question the genuineness of what we once felt assured bore the stamp of Deity. And, dear friend, by observation I find that I am not singular. With most of those whose religion is commended to me it is a time of great darkness; the language of the prophet Micah is descriptive of their state: "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*." It is a cloudy and dark day with poor Zion. She is sitting upon the ground and in the dust. Nevertheless, Jesus is her glorious King, and still defends her; and he is bringing to pass the counsel of his own will. And, as Cowper has it,

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

The Lord help us to obey his admonition: "Watch and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all those things that are coming upon the earth, and to stand before the Son of man." Please accept my kind love, and believe me,

Yours in the Lord,

Oakham, Jan. 27th, 1869.

ROBT. KNILL.

Beloved Friends in the Lord Jesus,—I am sure you would feel your situation lonely in not being permitted to meet with us at the dear Lord's table, to remember him "who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever." Also Mrs. Sampson, Mr. Bryant, and Mrs. Hinchliffe were absent, too, so so that we had a lack of members; but I trust the dear Lord was with us, and answered our poor petitions on your behalf also. "Pray one for another," and "Love as brethren," are enjoined

upon us; and as a family which shall never die, nor ever be separated to all eternity, we may well love one another, as few indeed have any love for us, but the love of our dear Lord makes up for all.

I hope our poor dear sister in her affliction is supported and comforted, and feels that if her earthly tabernacle were dissolved she has a building in heaven. The sweetness of a precious Jesus, and our meditation of him, of his wondrous love, life, death, victories, compassion, wealth, and power, and immutable offices and relations, promises, and invitations, are what the world knows nothing of, nor cares anything for. The dear Lord bless and uphold, comfort, and be in every time of need a present help.

It has been wet and bleak here, and no doubt the same with you at C.; but I do hope we have been blessed in our own souls. Time rolls on! The last moment of our lives is hastening on; and O the important consequences pending upon it! May you find mercy at that day, and your affectionate pastor,

Leeds, Dec. 4th, 1870.

THE COLLIER.

My dear—,—We seem to have to learn every attribute of God by repeated teachings; like children ever forgetting yesterday's lesson, and compelling, so to speak, the kind and patient teacher to teach it all again. Indeed, none but the Lord could or would bear with such miserable pupils, such out-of-the-way blockheads, such thorough dullards, and obstinate incurable dunces. Surely of all men and women we have reason to speak well of the patience and long-suffering of the God of all grace, the God of all our mercies, the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. Had he not been what he is in his dear Son, he must long ago have driven us from his presence, and banished us for evermore out of his sight. But his goodness leadeth to repentance; and a sense of this in the heart makes us desire never to sin against him more.

Jan. 24th, 1866.

J. C. PHILPOT.

Dear Friend in the Lord,—What are all our thoughts of or toward each other, or our remembrance, compared with the thoughts of peace which the Lord has to the suffering members of his mystical body, and the book of remembrance which is ever open before his gracious and all-seeing eye? We are powerless to help ourselves, and we are powerless to help one another, at least in spiritual things. Even when the will is present, or the desire on their behalf, we have no power to communicate to them the grace or the comfort which we would have them enjoy. But the Lord has not only will, and such a will as of which we have no measure, but power to do that which his will prompts.

It is this fulness in him and our sense of it which lays the soul at his feet in all its poverty and deep necessity, which makes it turn away its eyes from all creature help and hope, and instrumentally, through the power and influence of the blessed Spirit, draws forth its breathings and desires toward him and

him alone as the Fountain of all grace and glory, the Source and Spring of all happiness and holiness. Here, as on consecrated ground, all the quickened elect meet; here there is no jar, strife, or ambition which shall be the greater; here each God-taught soul sinks into its native nothingness, and looks for everything to the Lord the Lamb. Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Dec. 25th, 1866.

J. C. PHILPOT.

[The last two are not the whole letters, as written by Mr. P., but only extracts.—ED.]

ANOTHER thing by which the greatness of the soul is made manifest is this;—it is that, and that only (and to say this is more than to say it is above all the creatures), that the great God desires communion with. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself;" that is, for communion with his soul. Therefore the spouse saith concerning him, "His desire is toward me." And therefore he saith again, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." To dwell and walk with indicates intimate communion and fellowship," as John saith: "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.—*Bunyan*.

A VERY short space of time more, and we shall be turned to dust and ashes. Therefore, as we brought nothing into this world, neither can we carry anything out of it, it is not worth a single thought what befalls us whilst we are on our passage through this world, as we shall very soon be at our journey's end. None but Christ can be sufficient for us then; and none but Christ can do us any good now. All we want is to see and believe the truth of this. Our Lord takes abundance of pains to prove the truth of this unto us; here a little, and there a little, he proves this truth to us, and gives us full proof that nothing out of himself can do us any good. He removes this, he withholds that, because he sees our hearts are too much set upon it. We think this would be very pleasing; we fancy we cannot do well without it. If we have it, we promise ourselves very great pleasure and satisfaction in the enjoyment of it. If we are indulged with it, we do not find it what we expected. We think we should do a great deal better than we do, were we in possession of this or that. I have lived sixty-four years in this present evil world. I have been a fool, as others also are; I have created in my own mind many fancied paradises which I never enjoyed. I have been mortified in all and every one of my expectations through life; and I must tell you honestly, I never lost anything hereby. No; all the sorrows, griefs, distresses, losses, and miseries I have been the subject of have been truly beneficial unto me. Were time to begin with me again, I would not beg of the Lord the prevention of one trial which hath befallen me; no, indeed I would not; because it hath made me dead to this world, weary of it; out of conceit with it. I am heartily sick of it; for all in it is vanity. There is no substance in any one thing it proposes to the senses; it passeth away, and the things thereof; they all perish in the using. I am as empty as it. I am willing to leave it any moment the Lord pleases. Nor would I, once out of it, enter it again, were it a possible case, for all the creature good which may be and is professed to be enjoyed in it. O! my good friend, I lament nothing which ever befel me in it except sin. It is only that which I lament. I have not lived in the world without it. I have had no misery, but it was the fruit thereof; and the Lord be praised, he has made known to me the blood and the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ as an effectual cure for the whole contained in this most tremendous evil.—*S. E. Pierce*.

REVIEW.

Tracts for the Times. Essentials of the Christian Faith. Extracted from the Works of Eminent Divines. Selected and arranged by THOMAS GREENE. Chichester: Wilmshurst.

THE above tracts are being published, we presume, in successive numbers, but whether monthly or otherwise, we cannot say; but in the beautifully clear type in which they are printed, and with the very neat stiff paper covers in which they are stitched, giving them an attractive outside appearance, they are, in this respect at least, as well adapted for the "times" as any such publications as have come under our notice. The four which have been forwarded to us bear titles expressive of as vitally important "essentials of the Christian faith" as any truths revealed in the Word of God; No. I. being, "The Deity of Christ;" No. II., "Death, Resurrection, and Glory;" No. III., "The Holy Spirit;" No. IV., "The Atonement." But, then, whilst these "Tracts for the Times" are published as being extracts "from the works of eminent divines," yet nothing to our mind could have been a greater omission on the part of the compiler than his not having mentioned so much as the name of a single divine from whose works he has culled his extracts, and not having even placed such extracts between inverted commas. How, with such omission as this, are we to know whether the whole contents of each tract be extracts from men's works, or only parts of the same? And if only parts, then we are left to guess for ourselves which parts claim the old divines for authorship, and which parts the author of the tracts has written himself. If the duty-faith and free-will statements which the tract on the Holy Spirit contains, be the outflow of the author's own mind, it was only right that he should have told us so, as by such acknowledgment he would have prevented any reviewer of the tracts from imputing the husks and chaff of false doctrine to the wrong party. But should the duty-faith statements we speak of have emanated not from our author, but from some old writer, whether Reformer or Puritan, then it is a pity his name and work were not given in full, in order that we might have had an opportunity of referring to his work, for the purpose of reading what precedes and follows the particular parts which are inserted as extracts in the tract we speak of; and so of judging for ourselves what such "old divine" could possibly mean by making statements in every way *prejudicial*, and not one bit essential to the Christian faith.

We have for many years valued the works of such godly men as Thomas Goodwin, John Owen, Stephen Charnock, Sibbs, Manton, and others, for the depth of spiritual thought and rich vein of gospel truth they contain; but we have quite as much felt in reading them the necessity of acting the sparrow's part in gathering up its food—viz., to pick out the pure grain, and leave the chaff behind. Some, because of meeting with some things in the writings of the Puritans that they cannot

agree with, have been disposed to discard their works altogether, and to look with a suspicion of heterodoxy upon others who venture to express their appreciation of the vast mines of *truth* they contain; but with ourselves we have no disposition to treat such valuable productions, or those who read them, in any such arbitrary way. Small as we feel our mind, and spiritual light, and wisdom, in the things of God to be, in comparison with such minds, and wisdom, and light, as were possessed by the Puritans, whose names we have mentioned; yet as we claim the same right and liberty to think for ourselves in divine matters which they did in writing their elaborate treatises, we have no hesitation, fear, or reservation in rejecting their scheme of free-will offers of grace, and spiritual faith being every natural man's *duty*, as being defects in their works, which greatly despoil their beauty and pleasure in reading them. So that, whilst we would not refuse, as says the editor of Owen's works, "to dig into the golden mine from disgust at the base alloy that will ever be found to mingle itself with the ore," yet we certainly should *refuse* to take alloy and ore together, and say it's all one and the same thing. That would betray as great a want of discernment between truth and error, as was shown some short time ago by a man who came to our chapel, to hear free and sovereign grace preached; but afterwards went to another place to hear free-will, and salvation for all who would accept the "offer." And when asked how ever he could hear both ministers, he said, "O! I *likes* them both." This reminded us of a humorous saying of the late John Stevens—viz., that scores who go to hear preaching "are like young rooks; they will swallow stones as well as beans." But, then, as we don't happen to be one of these "young rooks," and as we believe, with the late esteemed Mr. Philpot in his remarkably good review of "Nichol's Series of Standard Divines," that such "mighty men of valour" as Owen, Goodwin, Flavel, and Sibbs, "were, *for the most part*, sound in doctrine, rich in experience, and godly in life; that through their hands the sacred lamp of truth was kept burning with pure and holy light, and handed down to us; and that by their writings, these godly men, though dead, yet speak;" with these facts before us, as pertaining to their works, our attachment to them remains undiminished, and as much unshaken by the prejudice which others entertain against them.

Again. Mr. Philpot, after comparing Owen and Goodwin, and expressing his preference for the works of the former, though we prefer those of the latter, says, "We are very sure from our own experience that to read Owen continuously and with soul profit requires a spiritual mind, a real love for experimental truth, a willingness to be well probed and searched, a longing for that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, a separation of spirit from the world and things worldly, and heavenly affections fixed on things above. When this inward spirit and one of Owen's experimental works come together, there is a quiet

sinking of his words into the heart, and they are felt to be full of instruction and edification, leaving a sweet savour of heavenly realities on the soul."

This is what we hope we have often found in reading both Owen and Goodwin. But then we can honestly endorse every word of what Mr. Philpot writes in the summing-up of his review, viz.: "Whilst we have sufficiently, we think, indicated our high opinion of the value of these good old Puritan divines, we would carefully guard ourselves against the conclusion which some might thence draw,—that we fully agree with all their views and sentiments. This is very far from being the case; for in some points we most widely differ from them; as, for instance, in offers of grace, progressive sanctification, the law being a rule of life, calls to the dead, &c. Upon these points, mainly through Mr. Huntington's writings, the church of God has more light than in the days of the Puritans; and as we are to call no man master on earth, and are bound to walk according to the light which is vouchsafed us, it does not make us inconsistent to revere and admire the Puritan writers, and yet not tread servilely in their footsteps. We follow them as far as they follow the Word; but when they depart from that, we depart from them."

The late Mr. Gadsby, in his "Everlasting Task for Arminians," and which invaluable little tract deserves to be sown broadcast over the land as often as sowing time in nature comes its round, has set his antagonists as impossible a task to perform, as many "eminent divines" have set us, in leaving us to reconcile their statements on one page about offers of grace, and faith a duty, with their statements on another page, which make both to be free and sovereign gifts of God, effectually bestowed upon all the elect. If, for example, we take the following remarks, from No. III. "Tract for the Times":

"If from the authority of the Scriptures, and other legitimate sources of evidence, we can establish the reality and necessity of the direct action of the Holy Spirit, influencing us by the faith of the Gospel, and producing the *first dawning* of the divine life, the inference will be obvious that the same energy will carry it on to perfection." (Page 7.)

Again:

"The figures employed by Scripture strongly represent the nature and magnitude of the change which takes place when a sinner 'receives the love of the truth that he may be saved.' This change is represented as a *new birth, a resurrection from the dead, a new-creation*. . . . It is very evident that such figures as these must express a change, not external, superficial, and partial, but internal, radical, and total; a change of heart, of mind, and of life, of views, of principles, and of conduct. And it is not the less evident that as the things in nature to which the change is compared require divine energy for their accomplishment, so must the change itself. This, indeed, in several passages, is most pointedly affirmed." (Page 9.)

Again:

"Out of this view of the human heart in its corrupt state arises a weighty argument for the necessity of Divine influence in order to its

change. The idea of self-change seems to be somewhat contradictory; for how can a principle of evil convert itself into a principle of good? How can enmity ever change itself into a principle of love? . . . Is not this to suppose a principle acting in diametrical opposition to its proper nature and invariable tendency?" (Page 11.)

Well, there is nothing in these three extracts but what is in agreement with the truth of God; in fact it is, according to our judgment, the truth of God that is declared, nothing less and nothing more. Suppose we put it into a little narrower compass; we shall see the more clearly what it amounts to. First, the necessity for the direct action of the Holy Ghost in producing the first dawn of spiritual life, or, in other words, the new birth, the regeneration of the soul; without which direct action, and mighty and "divine energy" of the Spirit, this "internal, radical change of mind, and heart, and life," cannot to all eternity, by all the efforts of the creature, be effected. Secondly, the idea of "self-change," that is, of any poor sinner regenerating himself, is monstrous; for how, indeed, can a vile, corrupt "principle of evil" transform itself, when it has neither will nor power, into "a principle of good"? We know from Scripture and experience that it never can. And yet, strange to say, there are to be found statements in another part of the same tract which, if they have any meaning at all, mean, unmistakably so, that the unregenerate, the spiritually dead sinner, has a power of his own to "turn" to God, to "hearken" to his voice, or, to resist the Spirit "until he ceases to strive with him." Judge, kind readers, for yourselves, whether you can make anything better out of the following remarks than what we have affirmed they must mean, if words be taken in their proper sense:

"When the Spirit of God is with the preacher or writer, no apology is required, but the pure Word of God will flow as the rain from the heavens; and likewise, except ye repent, and receive the Spirit, ye can in no wise expect forgiveness. 'Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?' The temple in which the Holy Spirit dwells is the Lord's; and why will ye rob him who has bought you with a price? Is there ever an *unconverted* sinner that hears these vehement words of God;—is there ever a man or woman that is a stranger to the renewing, sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit? Hearken, then, to the voice of your Maker, and turn to him in Christ *without delay*. Would you know the will of God? Why, this is his will;—*that you presently turn*. Shall the living God send so earnest a message to his creatures, and not be obeyed? Hearken, then, all ye that live after the flesh; the Lord that gave you breath, hath sent a messenger from heaven, and this is his message, "*Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die!*" (Pages 4, 5.)

On p. 12 the said "divine," after speaking of the dead sinner endeavouring to quiet the twinges of conscience, says:

"He still keeps whirling forward, waging a miserable war with that Being who would *fain* conduct him to happiness, at enmity with that God who invites him to a mansion in the skies; till his 'ears having waxed dull of hearing,' the Spirit ceases to strive with him, upon which he heedlessly plunges headlong . . . into that stream of wickedness which leads to the gloomy gulf of perdition."

Well; if such remarks as these do not contain the very dregs of legality, of duty-faith, and free-will, then there is not a spark of difference between law and gospel, between the covenant of works and the covenant of grace. And how any man with light enough in the truth of God to be able to write in one part of his work, that the sinner by nature [is so spiritually dead that there is a *necessity* for a "direct action of the Holy Spirit" upon his dead soul before any spiritual change can be made in his character and life, and hence of course, before he can believe spiritually, repent spiritually, and come to Christ spiritually; yet should, despite such light, be able with almost the same dip of ink to write such flat contradictions, and even to go so far as to call upon the dead sinner to repent, in order to receive the Spirit, is as puzzling to our mind as it would be to know how to prove light and darkness were the same thing. We are distinctly told in holy Scripture, that it is "the goodness of God" that "*leadeth*" to repentance, and that Christ is exalted to "give" it. But *how* is the sinner led to repentance, and in what way does Christ give it? Why, by the Spirit. There never was yet, and never will be among all the children of men such a thing as a poor sinner repenting with a repentance that need not to be repented of, until led unto such repentance by the Spirit. To speak or write such words then, as "Except ye repent, and receive the Spirit," is about as preposterous a turning of things upside down as any man could be guilty of.

That there was such a thing in the days of the apostles as receiving after conversion the Spirit, that is, in that particular dispensational way, in which he was given on the day of Pentecost, we know that this is clearly revealed. When the apostles, for instance, had heard that Samaria had received the word of God," they "prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost;" that is, according to that plenitude of power and gifts with which the Spirit was given. They had been, and by the Spirit alone too, converted before, or they would never have received the word of God in the way they did. So, again, it was with the three thousand, who were converted under the sermon of the apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost. We read that "they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter, and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the *gift* of the Holy Ghost." This was a blessed thing for Peter to do. He, seeing through their being pricked in their hearts, and crying out in their soul-trouble that the Spirit had cut them down, under the word, and infused spiritual life into their dead souls, took them on the ground of being living souls, and not dead ones, and gave them just such instruction as God put into his mouth to speak unto them. But not so with the "eminent divine" in the "Tract for the Times." He puts the cart before the horse. The subject of his address,

and whom he calls upon to repent and receive the Spirit, is not a sinner pricked in the heart, not a quickened sinner in soul distress at all, but a blind, obdurate, dead, unconverted sinner. "Is there ever," he says, "an *unconverted sinner*, that hears these vehement words of God . . . a stranger to the renewing, sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit? Hearken, then, to the voice of your Maker, and turn to him in Christ without delay." That is, prick your own hearts, quicken your own souls, open your own ears, turn yourself to Christ, repent of yourself, and receive the Spirit. But may we not ask, What for? What work were there left for the Spirit to do, if the sinner had done so much beforehand of himself?

So far from disapproving of extracts being published from the old divines, we are glad when such as are published contain nothing but the pure truth of the gospel, or what is according to the teaching of God's holy Word, to see them brought out. But when, as in the case of the tract we have been reviewing, there is no discrimination, judgment, or discernment exercised in keeping back what we are persuaded is contrary to Scripture, we believe such tracts are more likely to do harm than good.

THE DESIRABLE TREASURE.

JESUS is all I wish or want;
 For him I pray, I thirst, I pant;
 Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

Possessed of him, I wish no more;
 He is an all-sufficient store;
 To praise him all my powers conspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

If he his smiling face but hide,
 My soul no comfort has beside;
 Distressed, I after him inquire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

And while my heart is racked with pain,
 Jesus appears and smiles again;
 Why should my Saviour thus retire?
Christ is the treasure I desire.

Come, humble souls, and view his charms;
 Take refuge in his saving arms;
 And sing, while you his worth admire—
Christ is the treasure I desire.

1791.

JONATHAN EVANS.

TAKE heed of them who would rob you of the Deity of Christ. If there were no more grace for me than what can be treasured up in a mere man, I should rejoice that my portion might be under rocks and mountains.—*Owen.*

Obituary.

JOHN SPINK.—On Aug. 3rd, 1880, aged 73 years, John Spink.

He was born in 1807, at Stanton, in Suffolk. His parents were poor, his father being a farm labourer; and he followed the same calling until he was 15 years of age. He was brought up in the Established Church, being in total ignorance of his state as a sinner, and was a stranger to God.

When about fifteen he went to London to an uncle and aunt of his, who procured a situation for him in a draper's shop as porter-boy. He left there, and went to live with a doctor, and from thence to Lord Fredk. Montague, who was so taken with him as to make him his footman. He remained there until he was nineteen years of age; and up to that time was what is termed a moral young man. Lord Fredk. was then holding the office of Postmaster-General for his brother, and offered Mr. Spink a situation as foreign letter-carrier, which he accepted. And now began his wild career. His time not being fully occupied, and his money being more plentiful, it brought him into gay company, and all kinds of evil. He became extremely popular among his wicked companions, and was sought after because he was the life of their company. It was now his ambition to excel in wickedness, and he would be outdone by none. He served Satan with all the faculties God had endowed him with.

After being here two years, he had to leave on account of being late on mornings at the office; the cause of this being revelry and drunkenness the night before. He had to borrow £20 to clear himself with the office; this he afterwards honourably repaid. Being allowed to resign, he left with a so-called good character.

He was now without a situation for eight months, during which time his companions showed their esteem for him by not allowing him to want. He shortly obtained a situation as footman, in which capacity he lived in several situations, until he was about 25, when he was in the height of his wickedness, being a very noted skittle and bagatelle player, and the ringleader of his wicked companions.

But the day of grace had come; and on *that* day he went to see his mother to wish her good-bye. She said to him, "John, I wish I were going to follow thee to thy grave before I leave London." After leaving her, as he was returning along the City Road, he was taken with a mighty shaking and melancholy; and at this time the cholera being in London, he thought the complaint had seized him. Being ignorant of the cause of his distress, he had recourse to brandy, which stilled his nerves for a time; but the shaking and melancholy returned, when he took a third lot of brandy, but all to no purpose. He then ran through Hyde Park towards home, fearing every moment he should drop dead before he reached there. This so affected his nervous system that he was unable to attend to his duties, and went to lie on the bed, hoping that would still his nerves. But it only increased his distress, and he felt as though bed and all were sinking into hell, so that there was no rest there. He arose, and walked his room to and fro all night, and for the first time in his life he began to cry for mercy. Still he was ignorant of the cause of his trouble.

His sins now began to rise before him mountains high; those of his youth were brought fresh to his mind; and he feared hell would be his portion, and that the earth would open and swallow him up. He knew not what to do, nor where to fly.

The next day, being the Sabbath, there was a large dinner-party in the house, and he made an attempt to wait at table, as was his duty;

but he was obliged to return to his room, as the fits or tremors came on so frequently. He tried his bed again, but it refused him that rest and ease his poor body and mind sought and needed. God the Spirit had shot an arrow into his conscience, and it was impossible for himself or the wicked one to extract it. The Spirit was doing his work effectually. As Christ had engaged to pay his debts, the Spirit must call and quicken him into newness of life, and make him meet for the enjoyment of that bliss and blessedness which is now his portion for ever above.

As his health did not improve, and the shaking still continued, one of his fellow-servants took him to a doctor, who told him he had had a severe shock, and must keep himself quiet; the very thing he wanted to do, but knew not how.

After he had tried one remedy after another, and found no ease or relief, he resorted to his old habits of sin, trying to drown his sorrow in the pleasures of the world. But he was obliged to leave it, for fear of being struck dead, and get into some secret place to weep. But this was not godly sorrow for sin, that needeth not to be repented of; but more because he could not now enjoy sin as he once could. The pleasures and sweets of sin were gone, and he was left to mourn after them. He did not want God's religion, nor to be religious. His nature having drunk deeply into the pleasures of the world, he wished for nothing more; and had he been left to himself, he would have been satisfied with them. He went on in this state for weeks.

One day, his fellow-servant (the coachman) took him to hear Irving, who held the doctrine that the human nature of Christ was peccable; but his very countenance struck him with horror, and he was glad to get away.

About six weeks after the Lord arrested him, the one who afterwards became his wife went to live as house-maid in the same house, and she noticed him at different times being in a flood of tears and dejected in countenance. She asked him if he had a Bible. "No," he said, "I had one given me by Lord Montague, which cost twelve shillings, and I pawned it for four shillings. I'm a vile character." She felt at first that she should hate him; and the more she tried to persuade herself against him, the nearer she was drawn to him. She then lent him the "Pilgrim's Progress," and he would sit up for nights reading it, and that part where Christian is represented as fleeing from the City of Destruction gave him a little hope.

For three and a half years his appetite failed him, and his nervous system never recovered from the shock it had received; it was during this time he was labouring under the terrors of God's holy law. He was convinced that he was a law-breaker, but how God could save him and yet be just he knew not. At times he was full of fear, and then again he would have a little hope; but he was hunted out of every den of wickedness, and compelled to give up his old companions, and his wicked practices.

Now the time was come when God's promise must be verified in his experience: "But unto you that fear my Name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings."

"The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole."

By the good hand of God he was led to Gower Street chapel, to hear that honoured servant of God, the late Mr. W. Gadsby, who was led by the blessed Spirit to describe his feelings, and all he had been passing through. He said, "I have a hope in the mercy of God, and that it is his work upon my soul. I feel like a new man." He afterwards went

to Zoar, and heard Mr. Philpot, McKenzie, and Kershaw; and he walked thirty miles one Sabbath to hear the latter.

He said he was the greatest sinner outwardly of all his family, and yet the only one known to be called by God's distinguishing grace; and further, he said he believed, had the Lord allowed him to continue in his wicked course a little longer, that in all probability the gallows would have ended his mortal life.

"Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song."

About this time he lived as footman with a lady who was about going abroad, and she asked him if he would like a situation in the Post Office. Replying in the affirmative, the matter was soon brought about, and he remained there for 28 years.

He was then led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism, and was baptized by Mr. Page, in Rehoboth Chapel, Richmond, about 1841; and he and his wife felt it an honour and privilege to entertain the servants of God who preached there from time to time.

About fifteen years ago he and his wife came to Wootton-under-Edge to nurse a sick father, but here they felt they were shut out from hearing the truth they had been privileged to hear. A friend in the neighbourhood, hearing of them through Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, found them out, and a union sprang up between them and him, which could never be broken.

After a while, it was laid upon their minds to open their house for prayer, and reading the Word of God; when the friend referred to said, "I have been praying that the Lord may open your hearts to open your house for prayer." They replied, "It is open." Thus the Lord had gone before, and made them willing in the day of his power.

Here many of the servants of the Lord have preached the everlasting gospel, to the comfort, consolation, and edification of God's tried and afflicted family. The Lord knowing THE gospel was not to be found in the place, brought the gospel to their house, and has continued to do so up to the present time.

It may be said of John Spink that he not only professed the gospel, but lived the gospel. He hated a mean action, and was most honourable in all his dealings. He was blessed with keen spiritual sight, and would detect error when partly dressed with truth. He was also blessed with a good understanding and sound judgment in the things of God. He was a man of very few words, but when he spoke it was something worth hearing, and to the point. He could never speak in prayer in public, but could read a sermon and give out a hymn. He is much missed, as there is no one to fill his place in this respect. The Lord has indeed removed a pillar of the church, he being a sober, godly, stable man, one that could always be depended upon; and the friends here deeply feel their loss.

He was known to the writer about fifteen years, between whom and the deceased there was a blessed bond of union, seeing eye to eye in the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel.

He was an unusually good hearer, endeavouring to give his whole attention to what was being preached; and although he gave out the hymns, yet you would never see him turning over the leaves of the hymn-book during preaching, to the great annoyance of the speaker. He would often complain that he had so little feeling in hearing the word, though he knew it to be the truth of God; but towards his latter days there was a marked change. In giving out a hymn he would sometimes break down, and have to stop to give vent to his feelings, when the tears would flow fast down his cheeks.

What brought the frail tabernacle down was an attack of paralysis on one side, although for months previous the poor body had been getting weaker. On the doctor being sent for, he was ordered to bed, where he remained about ten days, when the Lord, who had redeemed him by his precious blood, took him to be with him for ever and ever.

Although he was naturally of an irritable disposition, yet during the time he lay on a bed of sickness he was patient and resigned to his condition, not even a murmur escaping his lips. God's grace was sufficient for him. He was quite conscious until only a few minutes before he died; and on being asked, "Are you afraid to die?" he said, "No." "Do you still believe in those truths you have professed so many years?" He said, "I have nothing else to trust in; I am shoved off everything." These were his own words.

Hymn 376 (Gadsby's) was a great favourite with him, especially verse 3. This hymn was the last his wife ever read to him; and when she came to the third verse, she had to stop, as he was quite overpowered. Also hymn 711, and which was the last he ever gave out.

On being asked, "Do you know you are dying?" He said, "Yes, I do." "You have a good hope?" "Yes," he said; "through grace; *not* through works." A calm solid resting on a faithful covenant-keeping God was granted him in his last days. His last word was, "Happy." Thus his redeemed spirit left the tenement of clay until the glorious resurrection morning, when there will be a blessed reunion. He had been a reader of the "Gospel Standard" for over 40 years.

Lest it might be thought from this obituary that friend Spink was without his faults, it may be said he was not. He had been left to fall into temptation after his calling; but he also knew what it was to be restored by God's restoring mercy.

J. W.

JOHN G. GILLIES.—On Sept. 19th, 1880, aged 70, John Gillies, of Aldboro', Ontario, was removed to his eternal home after a painful illness of eight days.

He said, when seized with violent pain, "I believe the hour of my departure is come." When friends expressed a wish that he might recover, he said, "No; I don't want to get better. I am longing to go home. I want to leave this world of trouble and trial. I am tired of this world of sin; it is nothing but vanity. Death is a king, but it is a welcome messenger. I have no fear of death. The Lord promised he would be with me in life and in death, and that he would never leave me. He has taken away its sting, and therefore why should I dread it? All that I have done will merit nothing; but to God be the glory." He would often repeat the words with great stress, "O that I had the wings of a dove; then would I fly away, and be at rest."

He gradually became weaker, but all seemed bright with him. He would often repeat some of Peter Grant's Gaelic hymns, which he greatly loved to sing.

On the Thursday morning he appeared greatly revived, and conversed freely with the friends; and asked one to read and pray. He requested all to come into the room. The friend read John xvii., and prayed for his recovery, if the will of God; but after the prayer was over, he asked the friend not to pray for his recovery, but for the Lord to hasten the time of his departure. All left the room for a time, excepting myself. He rested nearly an hour, when he awoke. I said, "You have had a nice rest, father." He replied, "I shan't be long with you now." I said, "Perhaps you will get better; the doctor thinks you better." "No," he said; "my message has just come. It is, 'The hour of thy departure is come.' I hear its voice; it calls me home." He

called all his family to his bed-side and gave them counsel, telling his elder sons to remember their poor mother, and to be kind to one another, and to shun evil. He embraced his youngest son, saying to the others, "Be kind to my dear little boy."

About two hours before he died he asked to be raised up. I said, "Father, you cannot get up; you are too weak." "Raise me," he said, "until I get one sight of that garment. You must have on that wedding garment before you can get in there" (heaven). My uncle engaged in prayer, and just as he concluded my father nodded his head, and died without a struggle.

He had been a humble member of the "Old Covenant Baptist" church for forty-eight years. He was a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard," which he held in high esteem. He leaves a widow, three sons, and four daughters to mourn their loss. He was a kind and loving father; but our loss is his gain.

Dec. 14th, 1880.

B. GILLIES.

RICHARD PRIDDY.—On Oct. 17th, 1880, aged 83, Richard Priddy, of Blunsdon.

He was baptized by the late Mr. Shorter in 1834, and continued a most consistent member of the church for 46 years; his life and conduct being an ornament to his profession. He filled his place at chapel until a few weeks of his death.

A week before the dear saint departed, the deacon, when calling to see him, found him much cast down in soul feeling, longing for one more blessed testimony from his dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Before leaving him he asked if he could see to read. "O yes," he said. "Then," said the deacon, "you shall have some more of dear Covell's sermons, and I am sure you will read yourself in them." The sermons being sent, he read them, and divine power accompanied the reading. The deacon calling again, the dear man had so much to tell him of the great goodness of the Lord. His poor soul was so comforted that they rejoiced together. Dear Covell, he said, had traced out his every feeling.

He spoke but very little after this, being taken speechless, and only continued three days longer; when, without a struggle or groan, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

He was one of our oldest members, and was a good support to our little cause. We much loved to converse with him on the best things.

Our friend Mr. Chappell buried him in the churchyard, Blunsdon, being the first interment there under the new Burial Act.

M. TOMBS.

THOMAS WILLIAMS.—On Nov. 2nd, 1880, aged 65, Thomas Williams, of Wharfdale Road, London.

In compliance with the request of the widow of our departed friend, we insert a few more particulars than the bare announcement of our brother's death in the January list of deaths. He was well known to us for many years, and was a man we always esteemed, believing him to be an honest, open-hearted man, and a sincere Christian by the grace of God. We also well knew his dear mother, who sat under our ministry when labouring at Plymouth, and who was also, we doubt not, a believer in the Lord. What a mercy that both mother and son are now in heaven! May the dear surviving widow have grace to follow them as they followed Christ.

The following particulars have been sent to us by Mrs. Williams:

"He told me some years ago how the Lord set his soul at liberty with the words, 'I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee.' At times

he was highly favoured by the Lord, and often spoke of the Lord being his Shepherd, and leading him beside the still waters. But, some weeks before his death, the enemy was permitted to harass his soul in a most distressing way. He said, 'I feel as ill as ill can be, as if every breath I draw would be my last, and as if I was leaving the world with no hope whatever. I took the hymn-book, and read some hymns to him, and some chapters out of the Bible. He said, 'That is very nice, but no comfort for me.' But in the night he began to sing; and said the Lord had broken in upon his soul. He was sweetly led out in prayer, and sang the hymn,

“'Tis with the righteous well.”

“The enemy was not permitted to sink his poor soul into such darkness again. He would sometimes say on a Sunday morning, 'I am so disappointed, Sarah, this morning.' I said, 'Are you? Why?' He said, 'Because many tell me I shall die in my sleep (his disease being attended with dropsy); and I was hoping I should have gone last night to begin my eternal Sabbath in heaven.' He said, 'This is the time to try our religion, to be on a dying bed.' That verse was very precious to him; he was often repeating it.

“Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
At times to sit at Jesu's feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on his throne?”

“All the morning before he died, he was praying to be taken, saying, 'O come, Lord, this day, and take me home.' He said, 'I wonder why I suffer so?' he being unable to lie down on his bed from the Saturday until the Tuesday he died. He said, 'It will soon be over, and I shall see Him.' 'Yes,' I said, 'face to face, without a veil.' He remained in earnest prayer until about a quarter-past two, when I went to move him in his chair. He said, 'I am going.' He was quite sensible, but could say no more.”

We would add another remark to the above particulars. Whilst supplying at Gower Street in the month of October, we called to see our dear friend on the Saturday before he left the world, and had a nice conversation with him. He spoke of the terrible time of soul-darkness he had passed through; but said the Lord had again appeared to his deliverance. He was in a quiet, peaceful state of mind when we saw him, and was able to give a very satisfactory account of the state of his mind in the near approach of death, and to bear testimony to the reality of his faith in Christ, and sure and comforting hope of soon being “for ever with the Lord.”

The blessed Lord give us who yet remain behind all the real faith we need to wait our “appointed time,” and make our faith equal to the hour of trial, when death's cold hand is laid upon us. C. H.

WILLIAM RACE.—On Dec. 5th, 1880, aged 69, William Race, of Clayton West.

I knew but little of him until I came to live at the same place nine years ago. But we who knew him are satisfied about the reality of his religion. He was a real lover of a faithful experimental ministry. We have often heard him speak with much emotion of having heard those dear servants of God, W. Gadsby and McKenzie, whose ministry, he would say, swept away all fleshly religion. He was not a man of many words, but his love to the cause and truth of God was manifested by his liberality to the cause, and by his constant attendance upon the preached gospel. The ministers who have come into this part, McKenzie, Forster, and others, have found his house open for their resting-place.

On one of my visits to him, he spoke with tears of joy of the way the blessed Lord had manifested himself to him, by an application of the words: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He seemed, after receiving this token of the favour of God, to be quite conscious that the Lord was about to take him to himself.

A little before the last struggle he was heard by his wife to say,

"Yes, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is."

He died with congestion of the lungs.

Dec. 17th, 1880.

GEO. AUSTIN.

MARY LANYON.—On Jan. 9th, 1881, aged 74, Mrs. Mary Lanyon. She was a member with the friends at Providence Chapel, Cheltenham, for upwards of 20 years.

Having been made sensible of her state, and need of salvation by Christ Jesus, she was kept earnestly seeking and anxiously waiting, with little helps and tokens of the Lord's favour from time to time, until 1870, when it pleased the dear Lord, at the opening of our chapel, to manifest to her soul such a sense of his love, that she was delivered from all fear of death and hell. She often spoke of this special deliverance as an earnest of her safe arrival to the promised inheritance, when the Lord should be pleased to call her. It pleased the Lord after this manifestation of his goodness to her soul, to afflict her with rheumatism, which obliged her to take to her bed for the last six years of her life; when contentment with her lot, and patience in her affliction, were especially granted her.

I would just add, the enemy was never after suffered to rob her of her confidence in the unchanging mercy of God in Christ Jesus to her soul. Her end was peace.

J. SMITH.

ABSENCE OF JESUS.

I COUNT it long since I received
A visit from the Lamb;
I fear some fault the Lord hath grieved,
For full of faults I am.

Often, ere now, when I have erred,
Thou hast in love reproved;
Instead of anger, which I feared,
Thy pard'ning love I've proved.

If faults had e'er permitted thee
Thy mercy to remove,
Thou hadst before this time from me
For ever took thy love.

But O, thou great Unchangeable,
In honour of thy Name,
Return, and shine, and let me feel
Thou art, my God, the same!

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

ARRIL, 1881.

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

DIVINE REVIVAL.

THE SUBSTANCE OF TWO SERMONS PREACHED AT LIVERPOOL BY
J. K. POPHAM, SEPT. 17TH, 1876.

"O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."—HAB. III. 2.

You will remember, friends, that on Thursday evening last we had these words for our text, only getting to the end of the first part of the verse. We noticed, at that time, some of the words of the living God to the church which make her afraid. We observed the Lord's message to the church at Ephesus: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." We further observed how the Lord revives his work in the souls of his people by sending spiritual convictions into their hearts, by speaking to them with divine power. "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee; and I am afraid of thy judgments." (Psa. cxix. 120.) We remarked, too, upon the Lord's word by this prophet: "For lo, I raise up the Chaldeans, that bitter and hasty nation, which shall march through the breadth of the land, to possess dwelling-places that are not theirs." (ch. i. 6.) And how solemnly afraid this message made him! for he well knew that if God gave up his people to be chased by their enemies they would be brought very low. We now have to look at the remaining part of the text.

"Revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

I. In the first place, notice what is said of the work on behalf of which the prophet is praying,—it is *God's* work. "Revive *thy* work." The church is the work of God's own hands; 'tis his own erection: "Ye are God's building." And nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, as to its blessed principle and holy nature. Yet it pleases the Lord in his inscrutable wisdom to permit sin and Satan so to prevail in his people as to greatly affect and damp all the gracious actings of the new man

of grace, and seemingly to mar his fair work. So it was in creation. When the great Creator had finished his work, he looked with complacency upon it all; "and, behold, it was very good." But we soon read that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." How was this? Why, the fair work was marred by sin. Just so it is in the new creation. The Holy Spirit quickens the soul into divine life, convinces of sin, kills legal hopes, rejects carnal confidences, reveals the Lord Jesus Christ, and forms him in the heart the Hope of glory; the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and the sinner is married to Jesus Christ. Now his mountain stands strong; the graces of the Spirit flow forth in lively exercise, and all is well. But, alas! all the work of the Holy Ghost, and every one of his graces, are opposed by Satan, and by sins that are just the opposites of those heavenly graces. Faith is opposed by unbelief, and humility by pride. "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 17.)

Now, this opposition of sin and Satan is sometimes permitted to prevail. They are foes too powerful for the child of God, left to himself; and when they prevail, they hurry the poor soul into many evils. This departure from the Lord brings the rod. A chastening God draws near. "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes." (Ps. lxxxix. 30-32.)

The first thing the Lord does when he commences to revive his work in a backslider's heart is to *convince* him of his base backslidings. Light divine shines into his soul and upon his path, and discovers to him the evil he has been walking in. If he has been walking in the forbidden path of idolatry, the Lord will convince him of that, and break the idol in pieces. The Scriptures will come with rebuking power into the conscience. God will show the strangers that have devoured his strength without his knowing it. O, solemn work!

The next thing in this gracious revival will be *confession* of sin. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and hast scattered thy ways to the strangers under every green tree, and ye have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord." (Jer. iii. 13.) This seems a very easy matter, but we find it a hard thing indeed, and impossible to flesh and blood. Grace, and grace alone, can bring us into the dust, and enable us honestly to acknowledge our iniquity before the Lord. Gracious confessions only proceed from broken hearts, and the Lord alone can break the heart, and put truth into the inward parts. When he does this, we cannot find language sufficiently strong to express our heartfelt abhorrence of ourselves and our evil ways. We cannot wipe our mouths,

and say, "I have done no wickedness." None of us can say we are clean. I do not stand up here, as on a pedestal, above you all, and say I am clean. What worldliness, pride, and idolatry may we not all have been guilty of! And these sins will be freely confessed when the Lord revives his work in our souls.

The third thing will be *mourning* before God. What penitential tears will be shed at the throne of grace! "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." This will often be done in secret. "And the land shall mourn, every family apart; the family of the house of David apart, and their wives apart; the family of the house of Nathan apart, and their wives apart." (Zech. xii. 12.) The mourning souls take shame and confusion of face to themselves, for they feel they belong to them. They mourn bitterly because they have so basely sinned; sinned against mercy manifested, against the goodness and the love of God; because, too, they have made so many breaches in the preceptive parts of the Scriptures.

The fourth thing is a *forsaking* of the sins which have separated between us and the Lord, cut off communion, dried up the streams of comfort and peace, and brought upon us many stripes. "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy." We flee from our idols as from death, and our wonder is that when the Lord came forth in his great power to break the idols in pieces, he should have spared the foolish and base idolater. Now our prayer is,

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee."

When the Lord again would build the wall of Jerusalem by his servant Nehemiah, "the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers, and stood and confessed their sins, and the iniquities of their fathers;" and the wives of Ashdod were put away. There is no real revival where there is not an honest putting away of sin, as well as confession of it. It is done by the Lord's own power in the soul. The long-expected, the earnestly-desired harvest becomes a smoking heap in the day of grief, and of desperate sorrow. God has consumed it in the fire of his jealousy; and now the poor soul fears to, yea, dares not plant any more pleasant plants, nor set any more strange slips. And that it is a godly fear, and a gracious fleeing from and putting away the evil thing, is proved by the carefulness that is wrought in the soul, by the clearing of ourselves, by the indignation, by the fear, the vehement desire, the zeal, and the revenge. (2 Cor. vii. 11.)

In the fifth place, the Lord in this blessed work of revival will pour upon the smitten, mourning, and repenting soul the spirit of grace and supplication. By this the backslider comes before

the Lord, praying for mercy according to the Lord's lovingkindness, according to the multitude of his tender mercies. The distressed guilty soul will pray: "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities." O! he will say, "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me:" for he feels he only deserves to be left of God, left to sin, and cast away.

Now, this spirit of grace being poured out upon the soul is a very great mercy, for it keeps it waiting until the needed and desired blessing comes. By it poor sinners "flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock, and of the herd." By it we are enabled to follow the example of the widow in the parable, of the blind men, who cried so much the more for being told to hold their peace; and we give the Lord no rest till he establish our souls again. (Isa. lxii. 7.) These prayers are indited by the Lord, and will surely be heard. The poor mourner is longing for the joys of God's salvation. The Lord has broken his bones, and now the same gracious God teaches and constrains him to speak thus to himself: "Come, let us return to the Lord, for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up." (Hos. vi. 1.)

There is yet another wonderful act of God in this work of revival (for it is all *his* work), namely, the *pardoning* of the mourning guilty soul. Atoning blood applied, all sin forgiven! O what a wonder of grace! "The Lord also," said Nathan to David, "hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." How sweet it is to experience that! "He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity and destroyed them not; yea, many a time turned he away his anger, and did not stir up all his wrath." (Ps. lxxviii. 38.) With the Lord there is plenteous redemption; and when it is so richly experienced the pardoned one sings: "Who is a God like unto thee?" When the soul realizes this it is quickly dissolved into love and tenderness. How precious is the blood of Christ! How precious is his advocacy! "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." (1 Jno. ii. 1, 2.) And now come the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The comforts of the Holy Ghost are enjoyed, peace flows like a river, and God's exceeding great and precious promises are applied.

Dear friends, are any of us in a backsliding state? Have we heard the Lord's speech, and felt afraid? Do we feel our need of the blessed revival here prayed for, and which I have, thus far, endeavoured to set before you? Let honest conscience answer these questions.

The next point we have to notice is—

II. *The Lord's visit to the soul.* Concerning his backsliding people he says, "I will go and return to my own place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face; in their affliction they will seek me early." Solemn departure of the fountain of life! Then, when the heart is rent, and not the garments, and

there is a turning to the Lord, who is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. "Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him?" Well, blessed be his Name, he does return—return with a blessing. "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." Now the happy soul is very jealous of himself, and prays the Lord not to leave nor forsake him. Here, too, is much sorrow of heart felt, much self-loathing, much godly fear. The feeling is—

"Myself I cannot save;
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I fain would have,
Whose eyelids never sleep."

Hence we cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." How sweet is this visit from the Lord! It restores the health of the countenance. Now the meek increases his joy in the Lord. Then is fulfilled that gracious word: "Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion . . . for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow." (Jer. xxxi. 12—14.) Now the Lord appears in his glory to build the old wastes. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory." (Psa. cii. 16.) What glories the soul sees in salvation, and in the covenant undertakings of the Trinity! The heart is full, the affections are lively; we are lost in wonder at such a divine restoration.

The next thing is *love*. This heavenly grace springs forth into lively actings. The restored soul loves the Lord, and his truth, and a free-grace salvation more than ever. His heart is warmed with love to the brethren. How easy now is the new commandment! Love's yoke is easy. Under the rule of love, the contention, if there be any, is, who shall be least; each says he is of sinners the chief, of saints the least. Under love's influence it is sweet and easy work to forgive offences, not seven times only, but seventy times seven. Love to Zion will beget an interest in her; her interests will be ours, her afflictions ours. She will have a place in our prayers. It is very striking to observe the deep and lively interest the Bible saints felt in the church. The psalmist preferred Jerusalem above his chief joy. Jeremiah could not weep enough for the slain of the daughter of his people.

That which next follows in this divine restoration is *spiritual conversation*. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The treasure being in heaven, the thoughts and affections will be there, and so the conversation. In a back-sliding state, what a breach is made in that exhortation: "Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ." At that time anything worldly and carnal suited better than spiritual subjects. Business matters were before soul concerns, and a newspaper was preferred before the Bible. But now the Lord has returned with power to the soul, and we are enabled

to obey the word: "Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ." This is a blessed and powerful cure for light and trifling and unprofitable talk. A savour of Christ in the heart will beget an unctuous conversation. "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." The communion of saints is a very blessed reality; it is encouraging and strengthening. "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." This is being "holy in all manner of conversation." The things of God, the Person of Jesus Christ, the teachings of the Holy Ghost, together with the Lord's leadings in providence, form topics of conversation amongst those who are blessed with this revival.

III. We now pass on to notice the next part of our text: "In the midst of the years make known." There are many things that he who has heard God's speech and is afraid, desires the Lord to make known. If you ask what they are, I will reply by asking what the Lord made known to you at the first, in the day of your espousals. First, Did he not make known *power* in raising faith in your heart, and delivering you from the pit? Secondly, Did he not make known the precious balm of Gilead? Virtue flowed from Jesus to heal your sin-sick soul. Thirdly, Did he not make known exceeding great and precious promises, that by them you might be partakers of the divine nature, and escape the corruption that is in the world through lust? On them you rested; on them your souls feasted; with them you were delighted; they were a precious treasure. Fourthly, Was not the Person of Jesus revealed? How happy you were then! What a pouring in of heavenly treasures there was at this time! But now where are all those precious things? Sin has separated between us and the Lord. Now we are like Jerusalem of old, who "remembered in the days of her affliction and of her miseries, all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old, when her people fell into the hand of the enemy, and none did help her; the adversaries saw her, and did mock at her sabbaths." Thus, sorrowfully remembering those good days, the blessedness we then felt and spoke of, we want the Lord to make known the same mighty power, healing virtue, precious promises, and glorious Person, he most graciously made known at the first. Not another gospel, not another Christ; but the same everlasting gospel, the same unchangeable Saviour revealing again and applying afresh. Well, poor sinner, that is a blessed want which the world cannot supply; a blessed wound which no earthly physician can heal.

IV. We now come to the last clause: "In wrath remember mercy." Absolutely speaking, as they are viewed from Calvary, God has no wrath toward his people.

"No wrath shall e'er his bosom move,
Towards an object of his love."

But God is a Father, and his people are his children. As a Father he chastens his sons. If you are a parent, and your son

disobeys you, if you are a wise parent, you will show your love by a timely use of the rod. There are too many parents whose love is unwise; but it is not so with God; he will not leave his children altogether unpunished. (Heb. xii. 6.) Now, when the Lord opens our eyes to see the false and evil ways we have been in, we fear his wrath; we fear being cast away from his presence. If you have been filled with idolatry you will fear being given up in wrath to that sin. (Hos. iv. 17.) And when the Lord comes near to chasten, you will fear he is visiting you in indignation to cut you off. Now mercy is needed, mercy is sought.

“Mercy, good Lord, mercy I crave;
This is the total sum.”

The Lord never forgets his mercy; but his dealings with his people in chastening them, the power of unbelief, and the temptations of Satan, make it *appear* as if his mercy had clean gone for ever. But what saith the Scripture? “Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.” (Heb. iv. 16.).

“In wrath,” deserved and feared, “remember mercy.” We greatly need the Lord’s mercy; if we are saved, it must be all of mercy. The Holy Spirit, upon whose saving operations we are dependent for everything that is good, must be given in mercy. If he were taken away in wrath, what would become of us? How can we love if the spirit of love be gone? How can the knowledge of salvation be in our hearts, if the spirit of knowledge be not there? How can we know the truth, if the “Spirit of truth” be not with us to lead us into all truth? Look at these questions.

A word in conclusion. I have sought to set before you several solemn things, though in a feeble way; I have spoken of the backslider and his restoration, of the making known, by the Lord, of those realities that are our life, if we are the Lord’s people, and of the prophet’s prayer for mercy in the midst of wrath. Now, as all true religion is personal, I would ask you whether, or not, you know them? and whether the grace of God, the pardon of sin, and the mighty teaching of the Holy Ghost, are the blessings you desire and are seeking?

NATURAL reason is very fertile in its objections and cavils against the doctrine of the grace of God; and especially when this corrupt reason is polished by learning and strong natural parts. When there are many to broach such doctrine, and many so disposed to receive it, is it any wonder that the gospel truth makes little progress in the world? Nay, were it not for the divine power that supports it, and the promise of its preservation, its enemies are so many and strong, and true friends so few and feeble, we might fear its perishing from the earth. But we know it is impossible. And if the Lord have a design of mercy to these nations, and hath a vein of his election to dig up among us, we make no doubt but the glory of Christ, as a crucified Saviour, shall yet be displayed in the midst of us, to the joy of all that love his salvation, and to the shame of others.—*Trail*.

FOUR SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

BY THE LATE GEORGE SALWAY, OF CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

No. II.

My dear Friend,—You will think me rather negligent in not answering yours before as to the state of my health.

The Lord is still keeping me in the furnace. Some days I feel much better than others, but upon the whole I am better than when I wrote to you last. So much for the poor body, which is only the casket that contains the jewel. But corrupt and vile as it is, it is redeemed as well as the soul. How sweet are the words, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

But the soul is the breath of the Almighty; and the new creation is the life of Christ: "Created after the image of him that created him." And "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

You complain of bearing much of the earthy. So did David when he said, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust." Yet he bore the heavenly in his confession, and in his petition, "Quicken thou me according to thy word."

The struggling of the two, more or less, is felt in all those who are born again from above. But the promise and the fulfilment of it in our souls, that the elder shall serve the younger, gives us encouragement; and when faith is strong we can stand where Paul stood: "Who shall separate us from the love of God?"

I am often afraid that nature will bear down grace; but I find grace reigning through righteousness (of Christ) unto eternal life; for he that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life. In such souls as these there is faith, which is wrought of God. Faith is the eye of the soul to see Christ, the desire of the soul to long after him (in sighs, groans, and tears), the hand that lays hold on Christ: "Laying hold on eternal life;" the feet that run after Christ: "My soul *followeth hard* after thee." And God upholds the faith, and will not suffer it to fail until the end comes. "Thy right hand upholdeth me." He keeps the soul on to victory: "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul," from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Faith is a heavenly persuasion of the soul, wrought by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of God's elect, whereby blessed revelations of the glorious Person of Christ Jesus are made known to the soul, and in and through him who is the Alpha and the Omega to all who are led to flee to him for want of a shelter.

What a blessing to be driven out of self, while thousands are resting in their own religion, and think that they are doing God service! The Lord is pleased to write destruction upon the whole of that by which we are surrounded. We have the sentence of

death in ourselves. Ask many professors about this, they would not understand you, and would wonder that you had a religion that should make you so miserable. Say they, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But such were never in the secret, for the fear of God is not in them. "We went through fire and through water, and thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." The road is marked out by Christ. "Through *much tribulation*." We may try to shift; but if we are children, and not bastards, depend upon it we shall find the words of Christ to be true.

I believe you are in the way. May the Lord God of Israel bless you abundantly, and cause your path to shine more and more unto the perfect day. Mrs. Salway with myself joins in Christian love to you and yours.

Yours in haste, a poor worm,

Chippenham, Feb., 1850.

GEO. S. SALWAY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM HATCHER,

WHO DIED JULY 31ST, 1880, AGED 69 YEARS; A DEACON OF
"GALEED," BRIGHTON.

"I was born in the parish of Sevenoaks, Kent, in 1811, and brought up to attend the Church; but in the providence of God, when ten years of age, on one occasion, I obtained leave of my parents to go to Mr. Shirley's Baptist chapel. The minister who preached at this time had been abroad; whether a good man or not, I know not. One thing I know,—he spoke much of the fall of man, and remarked that a child went astray from the womb, speaking lies. This entered my conscience, and convinced me that God was everywhere present, and knew my thoughts and actions, so that I could never afterwards sin cheap.

"Although I tried hard to follow my companions in what is called harmless amusement, the thoughts of death and judgment to come would torment me continually. I tried to banish these thoughts from my mind, but could not. I thought God dealt hardly with me in not suffering me to have my own way, not knowing that the course I was taking would lead me to eternal torment, if grace prevented not. Soon after this, I was left to commit a theft; and though not to the value of twopence, it brought guilt on my conscience, and I felt it to be a disgrace. And as I was seen to do it, I went in secret before the Lord, and entreated of him, with many tears, that he would be pleased to hide it, and I would never sin against him again. God was pleased to hear me in this; but I soon found that all my promises were like cobwebs, easily broken, for I continued sinning and repenting until I was 17 years of age; when, in the providence of God, we removed to Westerham, where I remained 23 years, malting and brewing, and experienced much of my fallen condition, but more of the goodness of a gracious God.

“ I now set about making myself a Christian in real earnest, and expected God could but save me. I attended church regularly, and became a zealous advocate for that carnal system, walking in uprightness before men, and, as I thought, in God's sight. I was so tied and bound to my church that I thought, and sometimes said, nothing but death should ever separate me from it, believing that to be the only place ordained by God for worship. Although, in thinking of it since, I never remember once hearing the name of Christ mentioned as the Saviour of lost sinners, but we were exhorted to do our best, and all would be well at last. This well suited my conscience. Alas! how blind are all men by nature! What is commonly called charity was the principal subject of the discourses, though never described either in its fountain or streams, or to show when we had done our best, we were but unprofitable servants. Surely ‘darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.’

“ I remained in this carnal system until I was about 22 years of age, when I began to be alarmed in my conscience, fearing that all was not right, and to consider my latter end. I then doubled my diligence, and searched my Bible to see if I should do right in leaving the church, as I could not find how a sinner like myself could be saved; but the more I searched and endeavoured to pray to God in my poor way, the more was discovered to me of my lost and ruined state by nature, and that parson and people were all dead together. At length I went to hear Mr. Chandler, who succeeded Mr. Payton at Edenbridge, as he came to Westerham once a month, and found that he knew how a sinner could be saved, consistent with the justice of God. I then left the church immediately, without conferring with flesh and blood.

“ I now sank deeper and deeper into the nature of my fallen condition. The enemy, perceiving my mind to be heavenward, began his temptations with, ‘Why disturb yourself? You see God has given you every blessing you need; then why change your religion? And you know you are the least esteemed in your father's house, and you never heard of any either on father or mother's side that ever dissented from the church. All this I knew to be true; but the strong man armed could no longer keep his goods in peace, for a stronger than he had already taken possession; but how to perform that which was good I knew not. I wanted no one now to tell me it was my duty to read my Bible, for necessity was laid upon me, although nothing but the curses appeared to belong to me. But I bless God, who enabled me in the day of his power to come to the light; but the trial I found it to be brought to count my own righteousness as filthy rags none know but those who have been brought by the power of God to pass through the same; for I found it written: ‘For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ And:

‘Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and offend in one point, he is guilty of all.’

“I now became dead to the world, and the world to me; but how I should escape the wrath of God I knew not, for I had not opened my mind to any one; neither did I, until some time after Christ was revealed to my soul as my Saviour. I now set about to fulfil the law in good earnest, not doubting but I should be able to accomplish my purpose; but instead of this, greater and greater abominations I found to be in my heart. So at length all hope failed me of ever being saved this way, and I concluded I must give up, which caused me to have hard thoughts of God, and to consider him unjust in making a law that must be fulfilled, and giving me no power to do it, although he knew I was willing to do so.

“I now found my heart filled with the most awful thoughts that ever entered the heart of man, which drove me almost to despair, and I was tempted to put an end to my miserable life. But God, whose eye was upon me, prevented, for which I desire to bless and praise his holy Name.

“About this time I found the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ which had been cast away amongst the waste paper. This was a book I had never seen or heard of; but I had not read far, before I felt assured the author was a man of God; and when I came to where he was speaking of the valley of the shadow of death, I felt a ‘Who can tell,’ spring up in my heart but this may be the work of the Spirit of God? for it exactly described my feelings, so that I hardly knew my own voice. I have many times answered questions not knowing what I said; and had not an unseen hand supported me at this time, I could not possibly have continued in my lawful calling. I continually cried unto God to have mercy upon my never-dying soul, for the thoughts of dwelling with the infernal spirits, and that through a never-ending eternity, was more than I could possibly endure.

“Moses with his demands still followed me, and I was driven to my wit’s end, harassed all day, and tempted every night, so that my sleep departed from me. This, with hard labour by day, brought down my strength, both of body and mind. In two instances I made up my mind I would neither eat nor drink until I knew what was to become of my never-dying soul. But God was merciful to me, and gave me these words: ‘For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.’ And now for the first time for many months past I was enabled to ask a blessing upon my temporal mercies, for my distress of mind had been such that I had thought or cared but little about these things.

“About this time I providentially met with Hart’s hymns, which were a great encouragement to me, and especially the one:

“‘But when thy Spirit descends to show
The badness of our hearts,’ &c.

I now perceived what I had been passing through was the work of the Spirit of God, and was assured that

“None less than God’s Almighty Son
 Could move such loads of sin;
 The water from *his* side must run
 To wash this dungeon clean.’

“But I was still followed hard by the ‘avenger of blood,’ until one never-to-be-forgotten day, whilst wondering where the scene would end, I saw with the eyes of my mind the Lord Jesus Christ look down from heaven, with a smile upon me, saying, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ This humbled my heart, and I lay at his dear feet as a little child; and I could but praise his holy Name for ever looking upon me.

“I now longed to be with him, and earnestly entreated him to enable me to come, for I knew I had no power or strength of myself. The point I longed to know was: ‘Did he die for me?’ The following portion was brought to my mind: ‘If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.’ These words cut me to the heart, and caused me to have hard thoughts of God; and the doctrine of election sounded in my ears, and appeared like a mountain of brass, as if it would prevent me seeking any more. But I searched my Bible continually, to see if these things were so; and I found it to be a truth which could not be overthrown.

“Mr. Chandler’s ministry at this time was very profitable to me, in confirming the experience I was passing through. At length, I proved I could do nothing but sin and rebel against God; and if ever I was saved it must be by an act of sovereign grace alone, without worth or worthiness on my part. I was now enabled to fall into the hands of a gracious God to do with me as seemed good in his sight, and to acknowledge him just if he sent me to eternal destruction. Moses with his demands could follow me no farther. The law had done its office; and I was in better hands, although I knew it not. I was now left with only a cry in my heart, that God would have mercy upon me for Christ’s sake; and if he would be pleased to grant me this favour, I would never sin against him, but would praise him through the countless ages of eternity.

“The enemy now came upon me in a most fearful rage to curse Christ. My feelings at this time I cannot describe. The thought of cursing him who was my only hope of salvation, knowing if ever I was saved it must be wholly through what he had done, for I had nothing left of my own to appear before God in at the day of judgment, which I thought was close at hand, was more than I could bear. After much conflicting with the enemy, I replied, I neither could nor would do it; and though he came in upon me like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord was pleased to lift up a standard against him, which delivered me, and caused my soul to rejoice in hope of the mercy of God for a short time.

“But my soul longed for pardon, as that had not yet been proclaimed to my conscience; and though I saw the eternal safety of those whom Christ had redeemed, my fears were that I was not one of them, for my case appeared too desperate for him to show mercy unto. And the thought of being for ever separated from him was heart-rending to me. But in my distress I was brought to fall at his dear feet, to do with me as seemed good in his sight.

“I remained much in this spot for some months, sometimes hoping the time would come when I should know my sins were pardoned, and then again tempted to give up all hopes of ever being saved. At length the happy day arrived for me to prove the effect of the dying love of my dear Redeemer; and God is my witness of the reality of what I then experienced. I was on my knees by my bedside in mental prayer, and my soul fast sinking, for all hope of my being saved appeared to be gone; when, in my distress, my dear Saviour appeared to the eyes of my mind, expanded on the cross, in the greatest agony, the blood streaming from his pierced side. This sight removed all guilt from my conscience, and caused me to weep for him whom my soul loved, and to bless and praise his holy Name that it should have been for one so unworthy as I felt to be. Every promise in the Bible I could call my own, and felt the truth of dear Hart's words,

“That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have prayed to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers.’

“But I shall never be able fully to describe my feelings at that time, as I have not anything noted down, and this occurred more than twenty-two years ago. I was led to trace my Saviour from the manger to the cross, and to behold him on the throne of God in heaven, there interceding for me. I felt as sure of being with him when death came as I am now that the sun shines. The communion I enjoyed with my dear Redeemer for about six months, with but little intermission, was such that I had as much difficulty to get my thoughts from heaven to earth, to carry on my lawful calling, as I have had many times to get them from earth to heaven. On two occasions my thoughts were so carried up to heaven that I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of it. The consolation I enjoyed at this time was more than I could well bear; or even follow my lawful calling, which I knew was my duty for a livelihood, for the Word says, ‘Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;’ which I was willing to do. And now, in the simplicity of a child, not knowing what I asked, I prayed unto God that he would be pleased either to take me to himself, or to give me a sufficiency to keep me, that I might not have anything to do with this sinful world; or if it was his will for me to continue where I was, that he would withdraw a little of his presence, that I might fulfil my calling with honour to his Name.”

(To be concluded.)

GOD'S VOICE STILL HEARD.

PROV. VIII. 34.

Does eternal Wisdom still speak to men upon earth? Does he, "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain," still condescend to speak to sinful dust and ashes? Yes! blessed be his Name! He whose goings forth in covenant love and mercy to elect sinners were of old, from everlasting, has said it. "My sheep," says he, "hear my voice." This is perhaps one of the most distinguishing of all Scripture marks which the sheep of Christ have in this time-state; for by speaking to their hearts with power (Ps. lxiii. 11), God separates his own chosen and redeemed ones from the rest who are blinded. (Rom. xi. 7.)

There is, then, upon earth, a people unto whom God will speak in mercy. And if he is silent to all others, permitting them to walk after the freedom of their own will, the dictates of a heart full of sin, and the counsels of a mind at enmity with himself, he will not be silent to them, but "will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say," in response, "Thou art my God." (Hos. ii. 28.)

There are various times in the experience of God's living family when he thus speaks to them. When they have been for a considerable time a companion with Jeremiah in the low dungeon of gloomy fears, and have been concluding that they are none of God's elect, that their past experiences have been a delusion, that they are still among the foolish builders who have never dug deep enough to find a foundation on the Rock of eternal ages, ah! they fear that they have but built up a profession upon the sand of a dead faith and fleshly frames and feelings. When they are thus writing bitter things against themselves, and are brought very low; then the Lord draws near to them in his eternal mercy, rich free grace, and speaks unto them, in effect, the same words. He does as he has said he would do. "I will say unto them, Thou art my people." And O! what a deliverance this brings unto them.

When they have been a considerable time a companion with Jonah, and have felt themselves cast out of God's sight, and have reflected also that their own disobedience has led to it, O! then how they will, with Cowper, say,

"I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast."

And their anxious inquiry will be, Will the Lord ever again speak peace to my soul?

Then the Lord, who is rich in mercy unto all them that call upon him, will again return to this poor soul with mercies, and with the same divine word and assurance: "Thou art my people."

Again. When they have been for a long while a companion with David, shut up and unable to come forth in the actings of living faith and the abounding of hope through the power of

the Holy Ghost, then their soul cleaves to the dust, and the Comforter which should relieve their soul is far from them; and, with Newton, they say,

“Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never known his Name.”

By nature they are in the sleep of death, and but for grace, would sleep their sleep outright. But this soul has heard the Lord's voice; and what the Lord doth it shall be for ever. Hence it is that the Lord will again come, and speak to the soul the same language of everlasting love.

And again. When they have long been a companion with Job, finding no sweet access in prayer (Job. xxiii. 3, 4), nor any comfort from past experiences (*ver.* 8), and yet they cannot give up praying, as best they may, for that mark of election is still upon them (Luke xviii. 7); and so the Lord avenges them, for his voice is heard in their souls once more. “It is the voice of my Beloved. Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills.”

The Spirit-taught man, who has truly been in those spots of experience with Jeremiah, David, Jonah, and Job, he is the man who hears eternal wisdom; he is the man who is truly blessed, for God's teachings have delivered him from a fleshly religion, from a name to live, from ease in Zion, and from the paths of the destroyer. And no other man can, be he professor or profane, watch daily at the Lord's gates, and wait at the posts of his doors. He has heard God's voice in preaching, singing, prayer, and at other times; and he knows what God's word has done for him, and what it can do.

G. A.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MARY BOOKHAM.

(Concluded from p. 129.)

A DAY or two after, the feeling sense of this seemed to abate a little, and I began to question whether it was all right. One morning, as I was on my knees before the Lord, I earnestly entreated him that if it was a true manifestation of his mercy, he would manifest himself to me again, so that I might not have the least doubt about it; and while I was in prayer I saw with the eyes of my understanding the Lord Jesus stand before me with the holes in his hands and feet. He stood with his arms wide open, and I appeared to kneel at his feet; and I heard this passage as though he spoke it to me: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” I heard with the inward ear these words several times. Faith rose again in my soul; all my fears were gone; and I had joy and peace in believing.

But after this, when these comfortable operations were withdrawn, I found much questioning and many doubts to rise in

my soul again. But sometimes in a moment the dear Lord would be pleased to shine upon his own work with such power, that there would not be room for a doubt. He was pleased to do this several times, till my faith became more established, and I had more power to believe, whatever my frames and feelings might be, that God was my God still. Though I changed, he changed not; for,

“Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves them to the end.”

Still, these comfortable operations were very sweet to my soul, and the Lord was pleased to favour me with them, and from time to time to lead me into sweet meditation on the love and mercy of God to me, an undeserving creature, and to show me that he had set his love on me, one of the vilest of sinners. O what a difference there is in me now from what there was a little time ago! I was afraid the Lord never would come; but he has been better than all my fears. I want now more love, to love him who has done so much for me. I cannot praise him enough. I can say, with David, “Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy Name.” My only desire now is that he would keep and guide me by his blessed Spirit, the little time I have to live in this world, that he will not suffer me to sin against him any more. The Canaanites are still in the land, and although they are not permitted to overcome me, for the elder is forced to serve the younger, yet I find still that I am a poor, weak, and helpless creature unless the Lord is pleased to keep me by his almighty power. I know the enemy is too strong for me, though I know he never can destroy my soul finally. May the Lord ever keep me weak in myself (Paul said, “When I am weak then am I strong”), that I may live dependent upon him for everything I stand in need of, that I may live to the glory of him who has done such great things for me, whereof I am glad. O!

“What are all the joys of earth
To this well-grounded peace?”

They are nothing but vanity; may I ever count them such.

O the condescending and unchanging love of the Father! And O that fulness of grace which is treasured up in my dear Redeemer, to be bestowed on me by his blessed Spirit, to rescue me out of the hand of the enemy! Viewing his love to me with such a sense as I have of my own vileness and unworthiness, it constrains me to love him, and give him all the glory for the great change which of his own free and sovereign grace he has wrought in me, the most unworthy of any that ever received a favour at his hands. O may I be enabled to love and praise him for ever. I feel I can say now, with Mr. Hart,

“How high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven,
To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heaven!

“O what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
 To this well-grounded peace?
 How poor are all the goods of earth
 To such a gift as this!

“This is a treasure rich indeed,
 Which none but Christ can give;
 Of this the best of men have need;
 This I, the worst, receive.”

After I had received this blessed testimony in my soul, the enemy came in to buffet me, but the Lord was pleased to lift up a standard against him. But the Lord began from this time to wean me from those comfortable seasons that I had had; and a hard thing I found it. Truly I could say, with David, “As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.” Not being able to find that nearness of access with the Lord that I had in times past, I began to find my corruptions rise up again, which made me grieve and groan to the Lord that he would keep and uphold me by his almighty power; for I was sure, if left to myself, I should fall, knowing I had the same body of sin and death as I ever had; and the dear Lord was pleased to hear and answer me, to the joy and rejoicing of my heart.

One time, I remember, I had been very dead and lifeless in my feelings for two or three weeks. The world, the flesh, and the devil had got into my heart, and seemed to overpower everything that was good. When I went to the Lord in prayer, I could find no access; all was shut up. This did not appear to trouble me much at first, for I was somewhat dead and careless; but after a little time, the Lord was pleased in his great mercy to stir up my soul to see what a sad state I had again got into. I had lost that blessed communion I had had with him; and that peace which passeth all understanding was gone; and I began to be in trouble. Many doubts arose in my mind about my interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I began to think that perhaps all the love, joy, and peace that I had experienced was a delusion of the enemy, because I felt such evils work within. But for all this, I could not quite give up what I had received of the love and mercy of the Lord, for I had still a hope that was as an anchor to my soul, that kept me above water, and I was enabled to cry unto the Lord that if I was a child of his, he would in his great mercy shine again upon me, and give me another token for good.

But the Lord did not seem to answer me at the first, second, or third time. But one day I was ruminating over my state, and what things I had enjoyed which were now gone, what sweet communion I had had with my precious Lord, but how he had now hid himself and was gone; and whilst thinking on these things, my hard heart somewhat melted, and I felt a desire to entreat the Lord once more. But the moment I had thought of this, the devil suggested it was of no use to go to the Lord, for he would not hear me; and then he brought all my

deadness and baseness in the ways of the Lord, and set them before my face, and made me look very, very black. And now, said he, do you think the Lord will hear you, in such a state as this? When, lo, these words sounded in my soul, "I am black, but comely." This seemed to put the enemy back. I fell down before the Lord, and my soul was drawn to entreat him that he would forgive and pardon all my heart backslidings, and love me freely; and as I was begging for the things I felt to need, these words came with sweetness and power: "I have cleansed thee from all sin." O! it broke and melted my heart indeed; and I cried out in the words of dear Hart:

"And dost thou still regard,
And cast a gracious eye,
On one so foul, so base, so blind,
So dead, so lost as I?"

I saw the blessed Jesus stand as a Mediator between God the Father and me, a poor lost sinner, and I could see that he ever lived to make intercession for his people. This drew out my soul in love and gratitude to him who had done such great things for me.

This manifestation of his love brought peace again into my soul. I went on in this sweet peace of mind for some little time, blessing and praising the Lord for the great things he had done for me, and was again favoured with sweet access to him in prayer. O! no one knows the sweetness it brings into the soul, for the Lord to draw near at a throne of grace, but those that have experienced it. It is the very life of my soul when I can find the Lord in this way; when I cannot, I go moaning, sighing, and groaning.

I said, I went on in this sweet frame for a little time; and it was but for a little time; for the Lord soon began to hide his face again, and then I began to sink in my feelings, through what I felt working within me. When I would come before the Lord, and tell him all my trouble, my heart would often be carried after some evil thing, and my mind would wander here and there, and which was a trouble to me to think that my heart and mind instead of being engaged in what I was about, should be so taken up with other things. O! it seemed like mocking the Most High. But the dear Lord was pleased to manifest himself again. One night, as I was groaning over my evil heart, seeing what an unworthy wretch I was, and how the Lord was pleased to bear with me from day to day, and how merciful he was to me in keeping his judgments from me, for I felt I justly deserved them, my soul somewhat melted within me in pondering over these things; when, all in a moment, there was presented to my mind a high mountain, on one side of which stood the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I saw as a bleeding Saviour. As I was by faith beholding this sight, these words were sounded in my soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." I saw in a moment what this high mountain signified. It was my sins, and that they were as immense as the sea, as dear Hart says; yet that it was the blood

of Christ that cleansed me from them all. Having Christ's righteousness put on me by faith, I saw I stood complete in him, without spot before God the Father; the blessed Spirit also bearing witness within me.

O what love and gratitude sprang up to the precious Saviour of sinners for again manifesting himself to unworthy me, thus proving that his promises stood firm and sure, and although my feelings changed, yet that he was "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and what he had promised, he would surely perform. Now I could again praise the Lord for his great goodness and loving-kindness to such an unworthy, ungrateful, hell-deserving wretch. But these feelings are better felt than described. I believe it is not the lot of God's children to travel much in the sunshine of the Lord's presence; at least it is not my lot.

The enemy now came in another way. He began to work on the testimony I received when the Lord was pleased to pardon my sins and justify my soul. He told me it was only a fancy of my brain, and a delusion to make me more secure in a false hope, and that it was not the real testimony that the children of God received. And now such a cloud covered all the way the blessed Spirit had led me from the beginning that my mind was all in confusion. I could compare it to nothing but as when a thick dark cloud comes before one's eyes. These blessed things being again hidden from me, and so much evil being stirred up again in my heart, it caused many fears and doubts to arise that perhaps I was deceived after all. The great enemy of souls tried his utmost to cast me down and make me give up all as lost; he so argued and terrified me that I did not know what to think.

One day I was in company with a preacher who was considered by some to be a great man. He asked me concerning my justification, and whether the offices of Christ had been opened up to me. My answer was, No; they were not all opened up to me at that time. What I felt was, that my sins were all pardoned and washed away by the precious blood of Christ, that he had fulfilled all the demands of law and justice for me, and that the sting of death was gone. In the way he answered me, I thought he doubted whether it was real, which was the very thing I had been harassed about for some time; so that when he spoke, it came like a dart into my soul. My body shook from head to foot; and I felt such a pain at my heart, I thought I must have dropped in the room. I verily thought that all I had professed to know of these things was a delusion of the devil; for if I was deceived in my justification, I was deceived altogether. And for a short time I believed I *was* deceived altogether. I felt as though body and soul were sinking into the pit of hell. O! what I felt I cannot express. But the Lord has said he will be a present help in every time of need; and, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." And so I found it at that time; as with the temptation the precious Lord

was pleased to make a way for my escape. He first began to shine upon the work of his own hands in my soul, which had been for some time hid from my eyes; and I thought, Surely this must be the work of God. If this is not, what is? And so I began to battle the enemy, though much cast down in my feelings.

But a day or two after this, the Lord was pleased to send this passage with power into my soul: "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." I saw in a moment it was the enemy that had been trying to get me to cast away the confidence that I had had in the Lord, that he was my Saviour and Redeemer, to redeem me from all evil. Now, the Lord was graciously pleased with these blessed words to raise up faith again in my heart, to believe it was all well with my soul, and would be all well at the last; and that the Lord was pleased by my trials and temptations to try the faith that he had given me, to let me know what sort it was, and whether it would stand the fire or not. I believe the Lord puts his children into such fires at times that they find and feel that nothing short of the almighty power of God can ever deliver them. And surely I can say the Lord has delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, and doth also yet deliver. O that the blessed Spirit would enable me with a humble heart to believe that he will ever deliver me out of every trial and temptation I may get into.

Thus the Lord was pleased by these trials and deliverances to establish me in some measure in his faithfulness to fulfil what he has promised to them that trust in him. But I ever found it a hard thing, when the Lord is absent, "to maintain," as Hart says, "the battle

With soldier-like behaviour;
To keep the field, and never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour;
To trust his gracious promise,
Thus hard beset with evil;—
This, this is faith will conquer death,
And overcome the devil."

But to return to the next trial I had, which indeed was a very heavy one, and in some respects the hardest I ever had after the Lord was pleased to justify my soul, and to show me what he had done. I was one day meditating on the great mercy the Lord had been pleased to bestow upon me, and why he should have blessed me in such a way. It was impressed upon my mind that it was to meet some heavy trial, and that it might be that the Lord intended to take away my dear husband. About eighteen months after this, the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon him; and now, I thought, this is the trial I feared, as I fear the Lord intends to take him away from me; and to submit to the Lord's will, if it should please him to take him away, I felt I could not. This caused many sighs and groans to go out of my soul to the Lord, that he would in mercy look upon me, and spare his life a little longer.

The trial went on for some weeks; my trouble being great, and the Lord not seeming to hear or answer me by giving me any promise, as I wanted and cried for. Yet there was a little persuasion in my mind that the Lord would spare his life, which in great mercy he has been pleased to do for many years since that time. The affliction brought many troubles upon me in temporal things. The Lord's hand seemed against us, and I was very dark in my mind; the Lord had hid his face, and all seemed dark. O! I thought, if I could but find that sweet access to the Lord, that I have had in times past, how I would carry my burden to him, and leave it in his hands; and then I should find submission to his will. But instead of this, I found quite the contrary; for the Lord had hid himself as it were with a thick cloud, so that I could not behold him. I looked on the right hand, and on the left, as Job did, but could not see him working things together for my good, for all seemed against me; and I said, with Jeremiah, "Surely is his hand turned against me." Instead of peace, I had bitterness; instead of love, enmity; instead of submission to the will of God, rebellion against it. O! what feelings they were that worked in my soul, month after month, no one can know but those who have felt them. O! what hell-deserving creatures we are, that after such love and mercy bestowed upon us from such a good and gracious God, and after receiving such testimonies of his love in our souls, that he will no more remember our sins, that he has washed them away by his most precious blood, and that he will never leave nor forsake us, yet to become so rebellious again. Well might the prophet say, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." I am quite sure it is so by my own feelings; if not, I should have sunk into despair long ago, and into hell too. O the long-suffering mercy of God to poor sinners!

But I must tell you how the Lord was pleased to bring my poor soul out of this pit. One day these words of dear Hart came to my mind:

"Effectual fervent prayer prevails,
When every other method fails."

These words kept sounding in my mind, at times, until the Lord was pleased to deliver me. I felt if I could but find that prayer in my soul the Lord would hear and answer it. Here the enemy laid hard at me, telling me to look at myself; did I think that ever the children of God felt such evils as I did after they had received the love of God in their hearts? I was afraid they did not; but still there was a little faith at the bottom that I was a child of God, and at the set time the Lord would deliver me out of the hand of the enemy, and that I should yet praise his holy Name. But O! how the enemy tried to take this from me! He told me it was a presumptuous faith to believe this, when I felt as I did. I really felt that if I died in the state I was in, I should go down into hell, full of rebellion against God, and felt I had no power to deliver myself. But for ever blessed

be his holy Name, he did not suffer me to fall here; but in his own time he caused it to become such a heavy burden upon me, that there was a cry poured out of my soul to the Lord: "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. O Lord, do deliver me out of this state. O Lord, do subdue these evils that I find working in me, that must sink me for ever unless thou art pleased to put forth thy power and deliver me; for I have no power against this great host that is come up against me." The dear Lord was pleased to hear the cry which the blessed Spirit had put into my soul. I was sure at the time that it was the Lord's own work to put this cry into my soul; for O! my heart was too hard to cry, and too rebellious to humble myself; and I knew nothing less than the almighty power of God could ever break it to pieces, and humble me in the dust of self-abasement.

Now, after the Lord had humbled me, and had laid me low at his feet, he was pleased to appear for me, but in such a way as I had never experienced before. It was not in the way of joy and rapture as heretofore; but more in a still soft way. No promise came at first, but I felt such quietude in my soul, and such sweet peace. The Lord was come, and he had turned all the thieves out of the temple; they were all gone; there was not one of them to be found; and I knew it was the Lord that had driven them out. These words came, too, with much sweetness: "Peace; be still; and there was a great calm." O! what sweetness I found in those words! They were exactly suited to my case. No words in the Book of God could I find so suitable. I saw and felt more in them than I could bring out. The dear Lord had heard and answered my poor petitions, and brought my soul again to rejoice in his great salvation, and enabled me to believe my dear husband's sickness was not unto death. Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy Name for ever and for ever. Amen and Amen, says a poor sinner saved by free grace.

MARY BOOKHAM.

I thought I would write a few lines to say that my dear and beloved wife was called and quickened into eternal life in the latter end of the year 1832, or the beginning of the year 1833. She walked in bondage and distress at times till the dear Lord delivered her precious soul, as she writes, in August, 1837. I have heard her say that when waiting in the shop (for we were then in the grocery business) she was afraid of making mistakes, for her soul and thoughts would be running up to the dear Lord for what he had done for her. She walked on very comfortably for six or seven months; then the dear Lord began to withdraw his presence gradually, as she has related.

In her last few years she was more established in the everlasting covenant love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus to her soul; so that she was not so easily cast down as she had been formerly.

But I come now to her last days. She was taken with dropsy in January, 1875, from which she got relieved; but it returned again; and which illness brought her to her end. But she did not take to her bed till five or six days before her departure. The dear Lord kept her in peace; the sting of death had been removed; so that she was waiting for her dear Lord, and longing to go. I asked her if faith and patience held out. She answered, "Yes." The last hours she could not speak to be understood.

Thus my dear wife departed this life Nov. 9th, 1876, to enter into everlasting life with her dear Lord and Saviour; she was in the 66th year of her age.

And may the dear Lord be pleased to send his blessing with this testimony, if it is his will, with light, life, faith, and feeling, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to the hearts of his dear people.

WILLIAM BOOKHAM.

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING, AND MORNING OF JOY.

How wonderful are the dealings of God with his chosen people, whom he hath loved with an everlasting love! So mysterious sometimes are his leadings, that when his children are passing through these depths of the wisdom and knowledge of God, his unsearchable judgments constrain them to confess with the great apostle, that "his ways are past finding out." O the depths into which my soul has sunk at times! and even just before writing this, being brought almost to the borders of despair in my feelings, and all hope of being saved almost taken away, and the enemy roaring, "thy God has forsaken thee." Being ready to believe the great forger of lies whilst under the hidings of God's face, it almost seemed like hell in my conscience, for the great accuser of the brethren came with his vile infernal rage against me, even when I did not appear to have a spark of divine light, sensibly so, in my soul. The horror and terror I felt were something more than I could express in words. I paced to and fro, and begged of the Lord to appear, fearing that such dealings would prove a final stroke of the Lord's disapprobation unto me, which I knew full well I deserved; and I felt like one beginning to sink for the last time. And all this after so many tokens, as I had thought, of the Lord's favour in times past. O how sensible I am that true vital religion stands in the power of God! For one to have said to me at this time, "you should believe," would have been like a dagger unto me.

I hope what I am writing may be blessed to some of the poor tried and afflicted children of God, and I wish to tell them how God has just now turned my captivity, and changed the sad scene which I before experienced. My mind was directed to look for the words: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us; if we believe not, yet he

abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." When I could plainly see that the hidings of God's face belong to God's suffering people, and that in this we have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, as the blessed Spirit takes of these things of Christ, and shows them unto us.

My mind was further directed to look at the 22nd Psalm, and there I saw how David experienced the same things, and how he testified of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. I wept at the goodness of God for such a revival in my own soul; I found my unbelief could not make the Word of God of none effect, but that he abideth faithful. The great mercy is, that our faith is of the operation of the Spirit of God, to take hold of his faithfulness. Now I could see the sufferings of Christ were different from the afflictions of the body, through sin; though it pleases the Lord, through his sanctifying influence, to use our afflictions of body as a means to bring us to think, and consider our latter end. But all God's people must know something of the real sufferings of Christ, such as the vile temptations of Satan, the hatred of the world and professors, the hidings of God's face, and the offering up of prayer with strong crying and tears; all of which, and much more, Christ suffered for his people, the Just for the unjust. The world came out against him as a thief with their swords and staves; and Christ said, "But this is your hour, and power of darkness." And there is Satan's hour with us, which is sometimes a long and dark one. But God giveth us the victory through Christ, sometimes, when the body is low and mountains of darkness and unbelief seem to stand before us, our prayer shut out, the Word of God sealed, and every word that is spoken by the children of God for our comfort seems to strike against our hard heart instead of entering in. O what an hour for Satan with his vile temptations is this! The poor soul being full of confusion, and driven like stubble before the wind, Satan comes with his winds of false doctrine, and says, "Ah! now you thought all was well, and that you had got sound doctrine, and was built on a sure foundation. But see," says Satan, "how it is crumbling away under your feet; and you will slide down to destruction, an awful and deceived character after all." He says, "Had you held fast the profession of the day, what a happy soul you might have been. Universal salvation is right," says he, "after all. Now where are you? and where are they?" But what a mercy that, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." Some to honour, and some to dishonour, says the Word of the living God. And Paul charges Timothy to "put them in remembrance of these things."

The Lord looks unto him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at his word. But the synagogue of Satan are rich in themselves. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

J. K.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“ Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend,—I know not what to say to you under your great and sore affliction, as none but God the Holy Ghost can help you. “ I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal.”

“ When that great God, to whom I go
For help, amazed I view,
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I—and lower too.

“ But he that shows, can purge the filth
Of each polluted soul;
Restore the *putrid* parts to health,
And purify the whole.”

“ Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.” The Lord will not let any of his dear people get into heaven with *any* of their own dress on. I tremble at the *way* that lies before me,—saved by “ the skin of their teeth.” Did you ever see any skin there?

“ He drank of the brook in the way.” What a brook! Kedron’s brook, foul and filthy; it lay between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet, at the foot of Gethsemane. “ Jesus ofttimes resorted thither.” “ If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” He drank the curse; he was made our sin; he bore our sorrow, he died our death. All the hosts of martyrs walked in the narrow way. He bore all their curse; yet they suffered; it was their legacy; but there was no curse in it for them. There is no curse in it for you and me. We often fear it, and say, “ The thing that I feared is come upon me.” But not so; it is *love*. Whom I love, I chasten, or educate, or teach. The devil would have us believe it is vindictive punishment for sin. But it is not. It is to cut down self, to cut down the flesh, to make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, to make us partakers of his holiness, to make us worship him. Thus Christ becomes the most lovely, not to our sense, not to our intellect, but to our soul. The soul is thus brought to groan after him, to long for him, to inquire for him, “ Hast thou seen him whom my soul loveth?” And when he in the least way reveals himself, we shall want to show it to others. “ Come and hear, all ye that fear God,” &c.

By this anxiety after him, we shall count all things as dung and dross in comparison. Nothing in the world will satisfy;—friends, comforts, wealth, poverty, experience, even of thirty, forty, or fifty years’ standing. All will drop out of our hands for him. “ Give me Christ, or else I die,”—die mortally, die eternally. Our past experience will not stand here, nor the opinion of friends, nay, even of God’s people; and though even the written Word may be attempted to be proved in our favour, it will not help, except the God of the Word help. We feel we must give up the ghost, and yet we are held on, day after day, month after month. “ *Who could hold us up but thou?*” And in this way (for this is Christ’s way) they shall be all taught of God.

We cannot at times even bear to look into the way we may have to walk. But O! what lies beyond?

“Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears.”

They shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is. “Your life is hid with Christ in God.” O glorious words! Hid from self; hid from the world; hid from man; hid from the devil; but hid “in God.” May the Holy Ghost, whose office it is, reveal it to you. Give my love to all, who love his Name. Please write again on receipt of this, if only one line. I remain, my dear loved, tried friend,

Yours affectionately,

Dec., 1877.

J. H. T.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with my very dear friend. Amen.

I asked my daughter to write and state how I am, but my wife thought I should be able to do so in a few days, which I now attempt.

In this affliction I am more in the mental exercise of faith above sense than enjoying sensible comfort. But I am not cast down, but am led in a constant cleaving to the Lord, longing and craving to be kept in his fear, to be led and guided by him, to be brought truly into his blessed will, whether to live or die, to be or suffer according to his will, longing to be strengthened to endure what he is pleased to bring upon me. I do at times find much nearness to him; yea, am constantly impressed with his being near me,—“the God in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways;” so that I feel free in conversing and pleading with him. I appeal to him that he knows I do long above everything to enjoy him and love him; and I feel at times that I do love him (“I sought him in affliction whom my soul loveth”). O! I long for sin to be completely subdued. I crave of him: “Search me, O God, and try me, and know my ways; and if there be any evil way in me, O bring it forth, subdue and destroy it, and lead me in thy blessed way.”

I do freely give up myself, and venture my all on him for time and eternity. O! I feel, even when in sharp pain and agony, to justify him: “Thou art clear when thou judgest (afflictest) me. I know, O Lord, thy judgments are right. I accept them as such. I accept them for correction and profit, that I may be made more sensibly a partaker of thy holiness and of thy love.”

This is when by faith I am brought out of myself to the Lord; otherwise I can do neither. No; when I fall back into myself, and consider my wretchedness and affliction, and think it may prove fatal, and that it hinders my preaching, writing, or even conversing with a friend, I am ready to exclaim, What am I (as to my unfitness) more than a dead man?

Thus I am not without the trial of faith. It is easy for people to talk of faith and confidence; but to feel that all is working right and well when all appears against us,—here we must be brought out of and away from ourselves into the Word and pro-

mise of God, and to know that all the afflictions of his people emanate from his love, and must of necessity terminate in their profit. Blessed be God for the teachings of the blessed Spirit and free grace.

“The Lord be with you.” So I desire and pray, who am
Yours very affectionately,

Hastings, March, 1860.

D. FENNER.

My dear Friend,—In answer to yours, which I have read and considered, I am compelled to say that there is nothing in it but what has befallen many of God's saints.

In the death under the law there is a sense of guilt and condemnation, working wrath and rebellion against God, the struggles for life being made through trusting in abstract mercy, without a Mediator and a repentance and reformation of life. These failing, despair, as near as a child of God can go to it, sets in; then there is a fearful looking for of judgment to devour the soul as an adversary.

In process of time comes the deliverance, with all its joy and peace; that is, so long as the presence of God abides in the soul. But although death to law hath taken place, yet death to one's own power as a child of God hath not yet happened; so we can judge and talk and condemn without much mercy or discretion.

Now, then comes a time when God removes all feeling sense of grace from the soul. I have stood in the streets, and examined myself if I could see anything that I might hope was grace, and could not find it. Then I said, I am dead. I never did know anything. But in this I was mistaken; for the feeling of death supposes life.

This, then, is your present condition. You are now proving that if there is life, it must come from God; so must love, faith, and indeed everything that bears the stamp of godliness. All, yes, all is of God. Not a tear, nor a sigh, without God, if that tear or sigh is of a spiritual nature. No one can know, nor yet believe, the real nature of the fall and its destitution, unless he has been stripped of all his former profession, and left to try to worship God upon past experience. Under law it could not be known, because there is no experience of former mercies, and communion with God, which have never been enjoyed.

Now all these things have ceased for the present in you, and you are left to the bare remembrance of them; but that remembrance is only like salt on a wound, because they appear to be a deception. But you must remember that what appears to have been a deception must have really existed. That is, there was something which you really thought at the time was all right. It is the removal of this which causes your grief; and if you could have that restored which once enabled you to rejoice, you would rejoice again.

So much on your behalf; now I must say something on God's part, as a faithful and merciful God.

Those portions of the Word of God, which you and the devil hatch up as belonging to you, really belong to the self-righteous, who trust in themselves. Now, if you do not trust in yourself, and I am sure you do not, then why do you take such portions of divine truth which are issued against the persecutors of God's saints as coming from God to you? God never applied them to your mind. They came from Satan, not from God. No; God never sent them, no more than he deserved the charge of forsaking his people in olden time.

God has said, "He will not despise the prayer of the destitute;" and blessed be his Name, he will never break his word, even were you a tenfold blacker sinner than you are. Bring all your hypocrisy, deceit, sins, devilisms, and whatever else you choose, and I will declare to you a Saviour, Jesus, who is able to save to the uttermost; and who has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "*Whosoever*," you, or any other, be he or she like Paul, Mary Magdalene, or the blackest sinner out of hell. I therefore exhort you to cry unto God; and if unable to cry, look up once more, and again once more; and I will pledge God on his own Word, that he will hear the prayer of the destitute.

I shall accompany this with my prayers to God on your behalf; and I beg you will allow me to know more about your condition than you do yourself. "Hope thou in God."

Yours for Jesus' sake,

Red Hill, Sept. 30th, 1878.
To Mrs. Russell.

J. HATTON.

My dear and much-esteemed Brother,—I hope you will not think my long silence to be any want of my love and union to you as a partaker of the like precious faith. I feel to be a poor empty vessel, driven by fierce winds.

God is light, dwelling in light inaccessible. Clouds are round about him, so that the way that he takes with us seems very dark and mysterious. He hides his face, and passing through a painful experience I cannot but cry, "I am oppressed; undertake for me." But the dear Lord seems at times to tarry long, though I feel to cry with much vehemency of soul. But, though the Lord makes darkness his pavilion with reference to the way he takes with us poor blind perplexed things, and we unable to believe, yet he abideth faithful.

This seems to be the day of Jacob's trouble, when clouds and darkness appear to be resting on his tabernacles; but how it melts my poor soul at times when I am enabled to think upon the rich mercy of an ever-faithful God, who in many a storm, trial, and trouble has been a refuge. And how glad we are, brother, to find, when the dear Lord visits us again, though of a sinful race, he has not utterly cast off nor abhorred his inheritance. Under the anointing of such sweet visits, how one's soul is enabled to sing,

“ When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His lovingkindness, O how good !”

Also :

“ His love in time past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.”

I felt sorry to be informed of the death of dear Mrs. Jacques; but though death with its relentless hand snaps all natural ties, to the grief and trouble of those who may be left behind; yet how pleasing to have the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Jacques' poor sin-burdened, sin-plagued soul has now entered the rest reserved in heaven for those kept by the power of God.

My poor wife has been very poorly for a few weeks, but is now somewhat better.

Give my sincere love to your dear wife, to your sister, to Mrs. Lacy, and any of the friends who may have inquired after me.

Yours in the best of bonds,

Feb. 3, 1881.

GEO. AUSTIN.

Dear Brother, highly esteemed for your work's sake,—Though personally unknown to me, I felt great union with you in reading your address for this year in the “Gospel Standard.” I wrote soon after to my godly sister Gregory, telling her what solemn feelings of self-examination I was led into; and it is very remarkable that she was writing the same day to me, expressing the same; and with her letter she sent me a few lines written down for you, saying, in her letter to me, written on the 7th, “ You will see we are both in the same mind by what I had written last night about the address in ‘G. S.’; and I had half a mind to write to C. H. a word of encouragement, as you will see I had begun, but send it to you instead; and have thought (the Lord helping) we may best strengthen his hands in *prayer*.”

The day after this she was taken ill with congestion of the liver, and died on the 15th, at the advanced age of 75. She had been longing for her summons for many years, enjoying very near communion with the Lord, which some of her weighty letters will testify, and which I hope to send for insertion shortly; and also a very clear and sweet account of her call by grace, and her “Diary.” Her last moments were most calm and blessed.

If you think well to insert this next month, with the bit she wrote for you, I am sure it will be read with interest by many who knew and highly esteemed her. She was well known to Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, and to most of the champions of truth who have passed away so rapidly. I greatly feel her loss, not only as a dear and affectionate sister, but a real companion, seeing (as we did) eye to eye in the things of God; but having very nearly reached the allotted days for man, I hope soon to join her ransomed spirit, in never-ceasing shouts to sovereign grace.

Desiring for you a rich outpouring of the blessed Spirit, to help you in your labours from time to time, I remain,

Yours in Christian love and sympathy,

Walsall, Jan. 31st, 1881.

ROSA MOUNTFORT.

To Mr. Hemington.

[The following is the letter referred to by Mrs. Mountfort.—Ed.]

My dear Brother C. H.,—A poor trembling one like yourself felt real union with you whilst reading your New Year's Address in the "G. S."; and would say, Go forward in this your might, following him who made himself of no reputation; and the feeble ones who are faint, yet pursuing, bowed down with a body of sin and death, will follow you in desire after increasing knowledge of, and nearness to him. How sweet that word in Zech. xii. 8 has been to me.

Jan. 6th, 1881.

MARIA E. GREGORY.

My dear Friend,—You are now in the path of affliction. God has taken away the desire of your eyes, the wife of your bosom, the object of your affections, the sharer of your sorrows, the partaker of your joys. She is gone; yes, gone for ever. Gone where? Paul tells us—"Absent from the body, present with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8.) I can from my heart sympathize with you in your bereavement. My soul feels for you. You have the prayers of the Lord's people, with whom you meet for worship. I feel sure the throne of grace will be well watered with the tears of Christian condolence on your behalf. I esteem it a great mercy to have the prayers of the Lord's people.

My brother! This may be to you a bitter cup; but is there nothing to sweeten it? Nothing to calm the troubled mind? Yes; blessed be God, there is. "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as others which have no hope." (1 Thess. iv. 18.) Her conflict is over; her sorrows ended; the body of sin for ever dropped; the wedding robe put on; the soul crowned with the crown of righteousness; and the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost glorified in her salvation. Although I feel for you, my soul rejoices in the thought of her eternal happiness.

The Lord has done great things for her;—separated her from the world, kept grace alive in her soul, made her a mother in Israel. With pleasure she entertained men of God. It was her delight to provide a chamber, a table, a bed, a stool, and a candlestick, for any man of God that passed by, and turned in. (2 Ki. iv. 9, 10.) I do well remember the many years on your anniversaries, the kind, cheerful, and Christian manner of her receiving poor, unworthy me. Many pleasant hours have I spent with dear brother Vinden, yourself, and the departed one in your house. They will not soon be erased from my memory.

It is true, the Lord has taken away, but not in wrath; her work upon earth was done. The Lord has called her from earth

to heaven, to be for ever with the Lord. God was her shield in life, and her exceeding great reward in death. What a blessing that she was at the last enabled to exercise faith and hope in the Lord Jesus Christ! What does the Holy Ghost say in reference to departed saints? "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

Jesus Christ is the great Shepherd of his sheep; the sheep have all by sin been scattered abroad; but he will gather them, first by regeneration to the fold militant. (Jno. x. 16.) With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter the king's palace. What a mercy to be gathered from a vain world, for that act of mercy frees us from wrath, from the dominion of death, from the reign of sin, from the tyranny of Satan, from the course of this world, from the kingdom of darkness. We are thus brought into the church of Christ, to be fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, being members of that *one* body, having *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism, *one* God and Father of all, who is above all, going in and out, finding pasture.

The second gathering is when at death they are gathered to their people and their fathers. This gathering is a careful sorting or collection of things that were confusedly dispersed. All sorts in this world are mingled together, good and bad, tares and wheat; but now the good are gathered, sorted, and housed in glory. When all are gathered in, then shall the Redeemer come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. (2 Thess. i. 10.) There is no separating one believer from this blessedness. All shall be partakers of it. In the fulness of time Christ will gather in *one* all things in him. (Eph. i. 10.) But in the interval what changes take place, and every change has some effect; according to the nature of the change, so the effect; if from adversity to prosperity, then joy succeeds; but if from prosperity to adversity, then mourning is the effect.

The wise man says, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting." (Eccles. vii. 2.) The house of mourning is the church of God; the house of feasting the world. "Blessed are they that mourn." You and I have been mourners for many years. Now and then a little peace of mind, a little reviving in our bondage, an earnest of our total release from mourning. "Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion." (Isa. xli. 11.)

May the great Head of the church be with you, to reconcile you to this trying stroke. O that such a measure of rich love may be let down into your aching heart, to swallow up every feeling of discontent; for we must acknowledge God has a sovereign right to do with us as he pleases.

“Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise;
 All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.”

I hope to remember you in my poor prayers. Had I the wings of a dove, my friend would see me shortly, for I should very soon take my flight to him, if possible, to be the means of soothing his distressed mind. I am with thee in spirit. My love to friends, to your afflicted family, and yourself; in which my wife joins.

Ever yours,

Southill, Sept. 8th, 1880.

JOHN WARBURTON.

To Mr. Wm. Bennett, Tenterden.

Dear Editor of the “Gospel Standard,”—It is now above forty years ago, by the mercy of God, I was brought to see my lost and ruined state before a holy, just, and righteous God, being at that time almost 29 years of age (1840). And having drunk deep into infidelity, I thought I was so firmly fixed in mind that I should never be moved, but our thoughts are not God’s thoughts. He brought a poor trembling soul to his feet, crying, “Lord, save, I perish.” I tried first to throw away or banish all thoughts of religion, thinking if I could not I should end my days in a lunatic asylum; but this I could not do, for the word had entered my soul, and it stuck fast. I then tried hard to keep the commandments; but in this I failed. The Lord was pleased to show me the fountain was impure, and that all I could do was to send forth impure water. I was made to die to all hope in self, or of doing anything pleasing or acceptable to God. All my refuges of lies were swept away, and I was led to call upon God in spirit and truth.

I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and he delivered me out of all my distresses; and I could see how God could be just, and yet save a rebellious sinner like me. And the Word of God seemed quite a different book. Before Jesus was revealed to me as my sin-atonement Saviour, every word called for vengeance on me a sinner; but now it spoke peace and pardon through a crucified Saviour. O what a change! I expected hell, he brought me heaven, shed abroad his love in my heart, and made me “sit together with him in heavenly places.”

I had not a soul to speak to, but the blessed Spirit became my Teacher, sweetly opening the Word of God to my understanding, and led me into the precious doctrines of the gospel, and enabled me to separate the precious from the vile. Many that I had before thought were the children of God I found to be my worst enemies, and soon they began to separate me from their company. But I had the Spirit and the word bearing witness in my soul, that the doctrines I spoke of were the truth.

About this time, 1845, in October, I heard of the “Gospel Standard,” and sent and got the Nov. and Dec. Nos. I read the book, and could set my seal to the truth of it, and say, It is

of God. May God bless the dear editor, and still enable him through all trials to go on. Such blessed sermons and other things which have been published in its pages have been blessed to my soul, and others. It is the same blessed truth as was sent forth by dear Philpot. May the work of the Lord prosper in your hands is my humble prayer. Those blessed doctrines it contains, I hope I have been taught through much tribulation; and I know how the book and those who believe in its sentiments are despised; but, blessed be God, there are times when I can take up my cross, and feel to thank God that I am counted worthy to bear it, believing my blessed Saviour will lay no more upon me than what shall work for my good and his own glory, to separate me from the world, and to make me know myself. O how deceitful the heart of man is! How desperately wicked! And how a feeling sense of these things causes us to hate ourselves, and to feel how dependent we are upon God, and to cry unto him to keep us from sin, that it may not grieve us. We well know the consequences of sin, that it brings the rod, and makes the cross heavy; but it is among the things that work for our good. Many times I have been led to rejoice that the Lord did bring me into trouble, and I have been led to say, I would not have been without trials whatever, for I do sometimes find that they work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Notwithstanding all my sinfulness and pollution, God remains faithful. He loves me still; he knows just what I am; but, " 'tis Christ is seen instead of me." And it is this that breaks the heart down in love unspeakable, and full of glory, and causes us to cry out, Not unto us, but unto thy Name be all the glory.

From yours in love,

Oberlin, Lorain Co., Ohio, Dec. 8, 1880.

HENRY J. MARTIN.

My dear William,—I am sorry to inform you I still remain very ill. I have been in bed chiefly this last fortnight. The doctor says I shall get better when the warm weather comes; that I have no particular disease, only weakness, and have been worked beyond my strength; which I have for many years. Mary is here, and desires her love to you. I hope James will be here to-morrow. I will get him to put a line into this; and perhaps he will give his opinion.

I am not afraid to die, should it issue in death. Through mercy, I have not my religion to seek. The doctrines I have preached I can die by. I can see the way as laid down in the Word,—Christ Jesus. I felt yesterday how my guilt broke his guiltless heart, and how when sinking under the load he stepped into my place. I saw this, not only in the knowledge of the doctrines, but I felt it through his own precious Person applying his precious blood to my bleeding wounds. I felt to faint beneath the bliss. I stretched out my withered arms; he allowed me by faith to embrace him; which faith brought the substance. After a mutual embracing of each other, with a thousand kisses

on each side, I said, "Dear Lord, wilt thou at this time heal my poor body?" upon which he hastily withdrew, with these words, "Have faith in God."

This is he whom the feet of the priests of old bare up in Jordan, when the waters were cut off. The stones on which the priests' feet stood were the eternal perfections of God,—Father, Son, and Spirit.

I can see my call by grace into the knowledge of these things, having fellowship with his Son, and through the Spirit, which now bears witness with my spirit. Thus I have three witnesses,—the Spirit, the water, or word, and the blood. With my spirit they witness, and I know that this witness is true.

Thus the vilest sinner out of hell has found mercy; so that if I die I have not my religion to seek; neither want I to change with Paul, or Peter, or Abraham. So now, if I never see you again in this world, you know where I go; and I hope to see you in God's good time no longer under the tyrant's lash, but a citizen of no mean city. If I could have been disinherited, I believe the power of sin, death, and hell would have effected it, for I have been tried thereby to the uttermost; but having stood for 42 years, I may say, "Having done all, I stand." Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

With love to all, I am your affectionate Father,

Flitwick, March 17th, 1865.

GEORGE MUSKETT.

To the little folks that fear God at Coulsdon the poor tinman sendeth greeting.

God has promised that he will seek out his own sheep in the cloudy and dark day, let them be scattered where they may; and you and I are witnesses of the truth of this; for, having none to guide us, the good Lord took upon himself the office, and by his blessed teaching hath brought us thus far. Now, how were we to know that *we* were going wrong, seeing there was none to tell us? Therefore, the first thing that God did in our hearts was to show us that our doings were not what they should be. Then we thought we would be better, and be more exact in going to church, and observing the Lord's supper, and other things. But still there was a voice within, and a feeling all was not right. Then some fresh sins broke out, and some old sins appeared; and how to get rid of them we could not tell then. We would ask one person, then the parson, thinking those good men (as we thought they must be) could put us right. But alas! alas! our wound was from God. The arrow of conviction stuck fast in our conscience, nor could men and outward things ever move it.

Then God began to make us hunger and thirst for something we knew not, and set our hearts after him; and in honesty and simplicity we prayed to be taught, and that he would have mercy upon us. Then he made us sick of the world, and the vanities of it, by making our sins a trouble to us. Then this made us

look close to what the parsons said, and we found that their preaching and what we felt did not agree. O! then how our poor hearts have been tossed about, thinking that these people must be right and we wrong! And we would have given up our trouble about our sins if we could, and have believed that we should be all right at last, but we could not. In vain we tried to get rid of it. And how Satan hath tempted us to believe we were wrong; for what would become of all our neighbours, and the whole parish if we were right? What! all wrong? says Satan. What! gentry, parsons, and all? and only you, a poor fool, like you, to see different, and not be satisfied? Why, you are deluded. Think no more about it.

And then God came again to us, and opened up some part of his Word, and showed us what sinners we were in thought, word, and deed. But our poor hearts have cried out, "Lord, what can we do? What shall we do? O! pray set us right." Then we tried to pray, but our heart was so hard, there seemed no feeling in it; and then for Satan to come and tell us if God was teaching us we should be able to pour out our heart before him. Instead of that, says he, you cannot tell God what you want, nor what you feel; only say over again and again the same thing. O how this sunk the poor heart! Now, thinks the man, he must be wrong. But God teaches him by this where a spirit of prayer comes from, and hides pride from his eyes, that he is not heard for his much speaking.

Again. He wants to love God, but he cannot. He tries to think of the mercies he has had to draw out his heart, but all in vain; and thus God shows him and makes him feel that unless God circumcises his heart, he cannot love him. And Satan tells him that the saints love God, therefore he cannot be one of these. These things make him cry out, O wretched man that I am! And these things God uses to bring us out from all trust in our own hearts, and from the congregations of the dead. And then the poor soul goes hither and thither after the bread of life. A sense of his sin, and feeling burdened with guilt, moves him through life in his soul to quicken his pace, and gives him a longing for it. Then God comes, and directs them where to go; and as soon as they come and hear of a crucified Saviour, these tidings suit their poor minds. And then they try to lay hold of the blessing of his word; but, alas! their hands are too weak to hold. They try to believe that it is for poor sinners, but then they faint through unbelief. But now they are at a point, that none but Jesus can help or save them. So that in heart and affection they go over to those that love and fear God, and say, "Thy God shall be my God; and nought but death shall part thee and me." And then God instructs them to detect a blind guide, and see the difference between one sent of God and one sent of men. This enrages Satan, to think that he has lost a subject, and one that can see the darkness that his people are in, and he is almost sure to send one of his servants to oppose, and try to get them

back again, and to charge them with delusion, and try and persuade them they are wrong, and blinded by poor ignorant men who are filled with pride, and want to usurp the priest's office. But it is no use. God has begun his work, and he shows the poor soul the ignorance of the blind guide, and teaches the poor soul to cry mightily to him.

O the condescension of the Almighty to such poor sinners as we. "For the meek he will guide in judgment, and teach his way."

At any time if any of you want any information, send me a line, and I will answer it; and may the Lord be with you indeed.

Croydon, April 2nd, 1846.

F. COVELL.

My dear Friend,—As I am laid by with an attack of pleurisy, and feeling the uncertainty of my being able to fulfil my engagement at Bath, I thought the sooner I communicated it the better you would be able to provide. I asked the doctor this morning if he thought I might venture to take a journey next week, if I go on well; but he said it would be attended with some risk, however well I may go on. I confess I thought as much. My breathing and cough are very bad at times. He says I am tender there, and need great care.

I have been much exercised and in much felt darkness. I felt my distance from the Lord a solemnity, under the circumstances. But yesterday morning a few words, with the Lord's blessing, brightened my cell and loosed the prisoner. And the sweetness of the mercy, the Lord looking on me in my dismal state, after painful storms within, made me roar; heart and eyes gave way. "For a season." I said, "Only for a season, Lord." How different this voice of love to what I had before been hearing.

But, my dear friend, in my weak state I can't write as I would. I can very feebly write what I felt. O how blessed are they who have the God of Jacob for their help! O how awful to be without God and without hope! What a wretched life without mercy manifested!

My love to your wife, self, fellow-deacons and friends. May the Lord help you to remember a poor sinner at a throne of grace; and may his presence and blessing be with and among you.

Yours truly,

Walsall, Oct. 29th, 1873.

C. MOUNTFORT.

P.S.—I perhaps should have said it was not until Lord's day I felt it so sweetly, and spoke very quietly at home; but the next day was one of suffering. I didn't know till then what it was. I had to beg the Lord to give more strength, or ease the pain; and mercy heard. O that I were more thankful!

THE sin against the Holy Spirit consists in some high rebellion against special workings of the Spirit of God on men's consciences under the gospel. This dreadful sin Satan perplexeth many believers with fears of it. But it is certain that a disturbing fear of this guilt is a proof of a person's innocence as to it.—*Trail*.

THE TRUE GRACE OF GOD.

1 PET. v. 12.

THE gifts and callings of God are without repentance. Jesus, "having loved his own that were in the world, loved them unto the end." "God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" "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."

Here are a few of the numerous considerations that should influence the saints unrepiningly and uncomplainingly to endure all the crooks, crosses, chastenings, and sorrows that fall out to them while here below. When God has once given grace, he never takes it away again. "Behold," saith Job, "he taketh away; who can hinder him? Who will say unto him, What doest thou?" Comfortable frames may be taken away; but these, though a feature of grace, must be distinguished from grace in the abstract. Help in duties may be taken away, to show us what helpless, prayerless, hardened sluggards we are in and of ourselves.

Sometimes the Lord makes the issue of a battle to depend upon our prayers, as it were, to keep us up to the privilege; at another time the victory may be given us when we are most remiss in the privilege, to take us off from vaunting. But, whatever the Christian may seem to be, and feel to be destitute of, *grace* is still vouchsafed. For peace Hezekiah had great bitterness; but he had not less grace. "He weakened my strength in the way," said the Psalmist; but he was not left to fall. When Ephraim was bemoaning himself most, the divine compassion was most moved towards him. (Jer. xxxi. 18—20.) When the saints are in the cold grip of death, then they are precious in the sight of the Lord. Yea, when we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. (Rom. v. 8.) See then the lofty (Psa. ciii. 11) character of "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." But the strength of grace within us may be measured by mighty trials; and every degree of it that many of God's children receive, may cost them a deal of grief; but the discovery of its true measure does not reduce it. It is kind of the Lord to show us how the case stands with us, seeing that we are apt to suppose that we have more than we really do possess; as Peter, to wit. "We take our five to be fifty," saith Rutherford.

"Sometimes we seem to gain
Great lengths of ground by day;
But find, alas! when night comes on,
We quite mistook the way."

God's design in trials is to hide pride from man. A spiritually-proud look God hates; and saints have to witness and to approve the crucifixion of creature pride with aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes. God will tear the tinsel away. He shall sit as a refiner, purging the dross. Yet, notwithstanding, he giveth

more grace. The soul thus learns that a soft heart is better than a sound creed merely, and a pinch of experience than a peck of notion; that all the promises, which in Christ Jesus are Yea and Amen, are made to bruised hearts; that God as a Father is very particular with his children (whom he loves he chastens); that the devil has many devices of which it is a mercy not to be ignorant; and that faith, though under smiling skies, may be comparatively easy work, yet under clouds it is difficult; and especially that it requires long, lonely, and laborious wrestlings to experience the aboundings of *love*. "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." So, also, the same apostle, in writing to that church which was behind in no *gift* (1 Cor. i. 7), but which was sadly behind in *grace*, as appears from the several indictments that he brings against them; namely, that they were *contentious* (ch. i. 11); *carnal* (iii. 3); *proud* (iv. 8, 18); *shamelessly unclean* (v. 1, 2); *selfish and unjust* (vi. 1-8); *disorderly in church matters* (xi. 17-22); and in which were some who had not the knowledge of God (xv. 34). How fitting, therefore, that the apostle should tell them, as he does in the thirteenth chapter of that most instructive epistle (and in which he seems to have visited them with a rod, though in the second epistle he came to them in love and in the spirit of meekness, thus fulfilling his own words in 1 Cor. iv. 21); how fitting, we say, that he should remind them that it was not gifts of prophecy, or knowledge, or faith, or benevolence, or even of self-sacrifice, but charity, enduring, believing, meek, heavenly, Christ-like love, that would never fail; but would prove them to be possessors of "the true grace of God."

G. R.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

EPH. iv. 21.

THE truth in Jesus suits poor sinners well;
 It brings them peace, and does of wonders tell;
 Truth nowhere else so well would meet their case,
 This is the truth,—*that they are saved by grace*.
 Here Wisdom does disclose her wondrous plan,
 And mercy finds relief for sinful man.
 Here justice smiles, because by Christ appeased;
 Truth wears no frowns, and righteousness is pleased;
 And peace here waves the olive branch around.
 Here mercy says, We have a ransom found.
 The attributes of God in Christ agree
 To smite the Shepherd, and his flock to free.
 It is the truth that we in Adam fell,
 Were born in sin, and loved its bondage well.
 'Tis true we broke God's laws, deserved his ire,
 Yet to be pardon'd had not one desire.

'Tis true in law, that each one ought to die;
 'Tis true in Christ, that thousands live on high.
 'Tis true that, had we not been sought of God,
 We never should in wisdom's paths have trod.
 These solemn truths we own, with conscious shame,
 Yet bless our God for truth in Jesus' Name.
 Though dead in sin, and enemies to God,
 Yet loved in Christ, and ransomed with his blood;
 Then called to know our state, and feel our woe,
 To hide in Christ, and his salvation know.
 In him we find the robe of righteousness,
 And ample stores which all our woes redress.
 The truth in Jesus is the truth of grace;
 The truth eternity will not erase.
 This truth is truth which makes us truly bless'd;
 It is our food, and gives us solid rest.
 How sweet, when crossing Jordan's swelling flood,
 To feel its power, and die in peace with God!

Wadhurst.

J. J.

Obituary.

PHILLIS THOMAS.—On Dec. 2nd, 1880, Phillis Thomas, a member of the Baptist church, Hanover, Tunbridge Wells.

My dear wife was born at Farnborough, in Kent, in the year 1842. She lost her mother when very young, and was put out by her father under the care of very poor people at a mere trifle per week. I have often heard her refer to this period in her life, and of being sent out in all weathers to find wood, and of being frequently sent to bed feeling the pangs of hunger. After a few years her aunt took her, with whom she remained for some years, and where she was made to serve with rigour in laundry work. I could not tell what my feelings have been when she has related to me the hardships she had to endure, the cruelty to which she was subjected, how at four o'clock of a winter's morning she had often to be out making paths through the snow, and wiping it from the lines, long before the men went past to their ploughing. Feeling her coldness and emptiness, she would search for potatoes, and bake them in the copper hole, unknown to her aunt.

But during all this time she was in nature's darkness, yet frequently there were times when she felt a desire to go to a place of worship; and many times while there would feel herself to be a sinner. During this time, she heard of a person who used to take his Bible on a Sabbath afternoon and go round the village to read it to some of the aged people, which made her feel a strong desire to meet with this person, her mind not being at rest. When she inquired of a tradesman who it was, she was jeeringly told it was Tom the preacher, which made her afterwards watch to catch a sight of him.

The hardships of her situation continuing, she at last made up her mind to leave her aunt, and though every inducement was made to prevent her going, her clothes even being locked away, yet stop there any longer she felt she could not. So one morning, in the year 1860, she left, and after many miles' walk, reached Camberwell, where she remained for a short time with a distant relation; and afterwards obtained a situa-

tion in Greenwich. Dark in her soul, and ignorant of the way of salvation, what to do, and where to go, when Sunday morning came, she did not know. But at last she found herself in a church, called St. John's, where she heard the minister preach from the words: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The dear Lord blessed those words by making them a means of raising up a hope of mercy in her soul, and which all her after-trials and sufferings were never able to extinguish. She would say, "Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?"

She went to the same church again and again; but alas! there was a depth in her soul into which the minister could not descend, a hunger and longing he could not satisfy; so that she afterwards wandered from place to place. But after a time she was favoured to hear with some satisfaction at Bridge Street.

Passing on to the time when the ordinance of believers' baptism was pressed upon her mind, she with some others went through it, and felt much of the peace and love of God in her soul, and love to the Lord's people. She could say, "All things have become new."

But soon the time of trial came. Foes without and within rose up against her, and she was left to doubt whether the good work had ever been begun in her soul. During this time she was in the habit of purchasing her little necessities at a certain shop, when one day, to her surprise, she found that she was being served by "Tom the preacher," who at that time was filling a situation there. Previously to that, we had been entire strangers to one another, but were afterwards united in marriage, and I have now to mourn my loss of her. But it was the dear Lord who lent her me, and he has a right to do as he pleases with his own. Still, I find it hard to say, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord." Many hills of difficulty have we had to climb together; yet I hope there was a bowing in submission to the dear Lord's will. She used to say, "The Lord knows where we are, and what we need. He has caused his goodness to pass before us in times of distress."

When, in the providence of God, we were removed to Tunbridge Wells, in 1874, she expressed her desire that when she made another move, it might be to her home above. For some considerable time we went in and out amongst the people of God to worship the God we loved, the God that cared for us, and that hitherto had helped us; and though we determined not to make ourselves known, yet O! when the truth came with power and comfort, it got beneath the tongue, and caused the speech within us to betray itself. We soon became united to the little flock, with whom we met for worship, and were agreed in matters pertaining to salvation through grace.

But I fear to proceed; so will come to her last few years here below. She had been suffering more or less for some considerable time. Early in the year 1878, we called in a doctor, who advised her to go into the infirmary, where she would get the best of attention for her case; and after being there about a month, she returned home somewhat better, and for a time so improved that she was able again to attend the house of God. It was about this time she heard Mr. Newton so precious to her soul. His ministry continued to be received, in a feeling suitable way, and according to the way in which the Lord had taught her; so that we jointly said, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

With many fears and much trembling, she went before the church Feb. 18th, 1879, and was unanimously received in fellowship with them. Sometimes, after returning from my Sabbath labours late at night, we have wept together, when she has related the favour, the sweetness,

joy, and peace in her soul in receiving the bread and wine in remembrance of the dear Lord's love, life, and death. "O!" she would say, "how nice, how solemn, is our pastor at the ordinance! How he seems melted sometimes!"

She was, however, soon too ill to attend the house of God. In November, 1879, we called in a medical man, who at once said he thought her disease (tumour) was incurable, and advised her to go into the hospital. What a blow! What tears, what cries unto the Lord! Yet O the consolation and submission she felt to the Lord's will, when he spoke into her heart, "Certainly I will be with thee;" causing her to say, "If it is the Lord's will I should go, he will make it all plain, and prepare the way;" and which, thanks be to his dear Name, he did, and without our moving a straw. She became a patient at the "Samaritan's Hospital," Feb. 16th, 1880. From there she would write to me when able, relating how the Lord was with her there, and that as her sufferings abounded, so did her consolations abound.

On the morning that she was being taken into the operating room, the Lord sweetly and powerfully spoke into her soul the two words of her precious text, "Fear not;" when all dread was removed, and the knife was not so keenly felt as she had feared. She said, "Who can tell but the Lord may yet spare me to my husband and children?"

After enduring painful processes, the physician said she had not made the least progress; so she wrote to me, saying how her hope was blighted of ever getting better, but that the Lord was her stay; also that she would rather come home and die amongst her own people.

On the 3rd of May she came home, after being away eleven weeks. But she had only been at home a short time when inflammation set in, and her sufferings became intense. She said, "I shall soon be dying; but the Lord is good to me. He has taken away all fear of death. Don't fret. God will bless you. He will help you; he will raise you up friends. You have been a good husband to me, but I must leave you and the dear children soon. It won't be long. The Lord is good, and his mercies endure for ever; yes, over all my sins. He has made me by his grace what I am. He brought me out of the world, and out from the Arminians, and brought me to trust in his blood and righteousness; and he will not lay one pain upon me more than I deserve, and not one more than he will give me strength to bear. But do, dear Lord, give me *patience* to bear it." I said to her, The psalmist could say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." "Yes," she said, "he has been with me in the past, and whom once he loves he never leaves, but loves them to the end." Can you, then, say, I asked, his rod and staff comfort *you*? "Yes, yes," she said, "a rod of fatherly anger to smite; a staff of mercy to lean upon."

Mr. Newton called on June 15th; and seeing her so ill, said he thought she would not be here long. He asked if there was any particular portion she would wish him to read; when she mentioned the 107th psalm, which she had so often spoken of as being a precious psalm to her soul. I also read to her hymn 297, which proved a great comfort to her. I could not help weeping to see her so resigned to the Lord's dear will. She said, "If anything should be said about such a sinful creature as I am after I am gone, I should like my sweet and precious text to be spoken from (Luke xii. 32), and for that hymn which has so often told my feelings to be sung:

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

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?"

The Lord was graciously pleased to lengthen out her days beyond the expectation of all the dear friends that visited her. At times she had much darkness in her soul, doubting and fearing if ever a real work of grace had been begun; saying, "I fear I am wrong. I am not fit to die. I have not been taught deep enough; and something tells me Mr. N. feels so too. Besides, some of the members are not satisfied with me." I tried in my poor way to comfort her, replying, The devil is a liar, and always has been, and he won't leave you alone any more than others of the Lord's poor and afflicted family. Has the Lord, I said, ever shown you a token for good? "O yes!" she said, "but I want another." Yes, I said, and you will want another then; and you will never be satisfied till you awake in his likeness.

June 28th. She was a little more free from pain, and more comfortable in mind, and cheerful in spiritual conversation. In the evening Mr. H. visited her, and read a portion, and prayed on her behalf, which she much enjoyed.

July 1st. When entering her room, she said, "That hymn,
'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,'

has been so much upon my mind. Would you find it for me?" After reading it to her, she said, "Ah! I could not say Amen to that once, nor always since I have been suffering here; but now I can feelingly say,—

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

After this she revived again, beyond the expectation of all, so that she said, "Why the dear Lord is pleased to keep me here so long under such sufferings, I know not; but, it may be, I am to learn more of his goodness and mercy to my soul yet." Then, with such peace in her soul, she exclaimed—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

I mentioned to her how poor Ruth once felt herself a stranger, and that the Lord's poor and afflicted people were but strangers in a strange land, yet chosen, called, and blessed by God, the Father, Son, and Spirit. "Ah!" she said, "I can look back to the time when I was a stranger amongst strangers, homeless and friendless, yet kept from falling into open sin; and the Lord led me about in the wilderness; and now he has brought me to a people I knew not heretofore."

Dropsy having set in, she said, "It won't be long now," and begged of the dear Lord for patience to endure her sufferings. She said, "May he never afflict you as he has seen fit to afflict me. But

"His way was much darker and rougher than mine."

One Sunday morning, about this time, I left her very dark in her soul, and begging of me to remember her before the Lord. O what struggles to break away from her for a long day! When entering her room after returning home at night, she said, "I have been singing." I said, "My dear, have you been singing, 'What will it be to be there?'" "No," she said, "I have not been singing that; but I have been singing—

“ ‘Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.’ ”

I said, “Do you *feel* that?” “Yes. I shall soon be home. I love you; I love my children; but I love my Jesus better; for he is good to me, and has taught me and made me by his grace what I am.”

It was not many days before she seemed much worse again; and fearing every one would be her last with us, I asked her if there was any one amongst her relations she would wish to see. “No,” she said; “I feel happy. I have not always felt so happy as I do now.” Then I said to her, “Sunday is coming, and it will soon be here; and I feel I ought not to leave you.” “O,” she said, “go; it will all end right. Some poor soul wants comfort, and wants another crumb of hope in God’s mercy; so you go, and the Lord will be with you; and if I am gone when you return, remember that other servants of the Lord have left home upon their Master’s business, and have returned to find some dear one gone to be with Him whom they have been exalting.” When I returned I found her much the same. One of the deacons of the church had visited her, and she had had a refreshing time.

Coming now to her last few days on earth. We had noticed a very great change in her, which made us feel that all would soon be over; but it was good to be in her company. She would often thank the dear Lord for retaining to her her reason. She said, “I am a poor simple creature, and am not worthy of the dear Lord’s notice, nor the many kindnesses of his dear people; but, poor and simple as I am, he has preserved me in grace, and will preserve me unto glory.”

On Sunday, November 28th, three dear friends called in, and seeing her so ill, they stayed with her to a late hour. Feeling her end was near, I asked her if she would like me to read a little to her out of the Word. “Yes,” she said. I said, “I have the 8th of Romans upon my mind; when, with a countenance that spoke the joy she felt within, she said, “O! I know what that contains;—no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; and no separation from his everlasting love.” I said, “Is that it?” “O yes!” she said, “that is what it contains. And how good is the Lord to give me, a sinful creature, a taste of it!”

Wednesday, Dec. 1st. Two dear friends called again, and remained with her all day, having at times some sweet conversation, so that it was felt good to be there. In the evening we sang the 9th hymn together, in which she joined in spirit, being too ill to sing with her voice. O what a solemnity of feeling entered into our souls on this occasion, all being under the impression she was about passing through the Jordan, and that the waters were making a way for the ransomed to pass over. After the hymn was sung, I asked if she would like me to read and pray with her; and at her request read Jno. xi., which she much enjoyed. Indeed, we all felt, that “surely the Lord was in this place.” She then thanked the friends for their kind visits, and with tears wished them the last good-bye for ever in this world of sin and sorrow.

The poor sufferer soon became again very restless; and when I had turned her on her right side, she said, “I now feel comfortable, and I shall get a nice sleep. So do you go to bed, for you must be tired.” I said, “No, my dear, I cannot go to bed; I promised to sit up with you to-night, and so I will. I feel that you are not far from the kingdom. You will soon be gone to see Him as he is. You once said, ‘On Christ the solid Rock I stand.’ Can you say so now?” “O yes,” she said; “though I have not always felt there, I do *now*.”

Being now about 12 o’clock, I expressed my anxiety about her, know-

ing she needed sleep and rest. After putting her head a little forward upon the pillow, she said, "Let me pay you once more for all your kindness;" when she gave me her last kiss, and fell into a comfortable sleep. I continued to watch her, and when near three o'clock, being still asleep, which was so unusual for her, I said, "My dear, are you not so well? Is Jesus still with you?" She turned her head towards me, with her eyes upwards, and her countenance expressing the last sign that all was well. I said to her, "Can you speak to me once more?" but there was no answer. Shortly after, I spoke again, as best my feelings would allow; when she again turned her face as though sensible of my presence. O! how I did beg of the Lord that she might speak to me once more! I wanted one more token that all was well, and that Jesus was still precious; but she gave no answer. I soon called the children; but all we could do was to stand and sob around her bed whilst the last enemy, death, was rapidly doing its work. A few minutes after 7 a.m., Dec. 6th, she fell asleep in the Lord.

Her dear pastor buried her in the new cemetery, Tunbridge Wells; devout men, members of the little church, bore her remains to the grave, and she was followed by a large number of sympathizing friends. Her funeral sermon was preached from her comforting text (Luke xii. 32), the chapel being crowded.

Thus, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;" and none have a right to say, "What doest thou?"

D. THOMAS.

THOMAS DYKE.—On Sept. 30th, 1880, aged 80, Thomas Dyke, of Cherhill, near Calne, and a deacon of the church at Calne.

In his younger days he was amongst the Wesleyans, who met together at Zoar chapel, Marsh Lane, near Calne. During this time he went to Allington to hear the late Mr. Tiptaft, who spoke (as I understand) from Zeph. iii. 9. While Mr. T. was describing the pure language, Thomas felt that he came short, and was exercised thereby. After this, he went occasionally to Calne, where his soul was more blest than in hearing the Wesleyans. He was in the habit of speaking a little amongst them, though he did not preach for them; but what little he spoke was bearing on the doctrines of free grace, and a female member amongst them said that Thomas was spoiled after he had heard Mr. Tiptaft. The more Thomas went to Calne, the more he became dissatisfied with the Wesleyans, until he was led finally to leave them in the following way:—He said that ministers ought to *preach* the gospel, and not *offer* it. A person said in reply that there was no difference between preaching the gospel and offering the gospel; and a second person who was referred to on the point, said the same. From that time Thomas took up his hat, and left the place, never to return.

He now attended regularly at Calne, and in time became a candidate for baptism. He was baptized by the late Mr. Beard in June, 1842, and joined Calne church. He grew in grace, and lived the gospel. He was chosen deacon in 1863.

Some little time before 1863 a room was opened near Cherhill for prayer-meetings, and occasional preaching of the word of God. Thomas attended at this room as long as his health permitted, and led the prayer-meetings, and gave out the hymns for the ministers. He was like a father to the people who met there, most of whom attended at Calne. The room is still open for our country friends, and others who desire to meet together in that neighbourhood, for prayer and sometimes for preaching. The late Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Huggins, and others who are now in glory, have preached there; also Messrs. Ferris, H. Hammond, and A. Smith, who are still living. Though the Lord has re-

moved our departed friend from meeting there, he has brought another father in Israel to fill his place.

Our departed friend was afflicted for nearly eight years. For three years he was confined to his home, and for 18 months of it to his bed, but was kept generally patient during his confinement. The writer often saw him, and found him often favoured in his soul. He was glad to have the Word read to him, and for me to speak in prayer. He was not worse than usual until Sept. 28th, on which evening he was very ill, but rallied a little afterwards. On the evening of the 29th he was very restless, and about midnight went off to sleep; but on the 30th he seemed again to revive. But in the afternoon of that day he became worse, and scarcely said anything. He expired shortly before midnight, on Thursday, Sept. 30th.

We who knew him can say, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." (Ps. xxxvii. 37).

H. M. HINCHLIFFE.

MRS. N. LAWTON.—On Sept. 6th, 1880, aged 73, Mrs. N. Lawton, a member of Salem church, Philadelphia, United States, America. She was formerly a member of the Particular Baptist church at Oldham, in England.

Having often conversed with her during the last eight years of her life, I have felt desirous to send a short account of her to the "Standard," of which she was a constant reader. She was born in Oldham, of God-fearing parents. Her father, I have often heard her say, was one who feared the Lord greatly, and lived in much communion with God. He would rise very early to read his Bible, and call upon God in prayer. Many a time she has wept as she lay in her bed, and heard him singing the praises of God, feeling persuaded there was something in her father's religion to which she was a stranger; but such feelings quickly passed away when she got amongst her worldly companions. Once, when weeping at the grave of a Sunday-school companion, who had left a good testimony behind of having gone to heaven, the superintendent remarked, "Nannie, if she could speak to you, she would say, Weep not for me, but weep for yourself." These words followed her for some time, and she felt a great desire to be numbered with the people of God, and which the Lord granted in his own time and way. She was one day at work, when a young woman working in the same room commenced singing:

"Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight."

"O!" she said, "I can never forget the power which accompanied those words. I had such a view of the depravity of my heart, that I was shocked at the sight. It seemed as if God's piercing eye was searching me through and through, and I knew not what to do. I longed to get out of sight of any human being to give vent to my feelings. I left my work as soon as I could, and went into a private place, and told the Lord he would be just and righteous if he cut me down and sent me to that place where hope never comes."

How long she remained in bondage I cannot say, but she walked many miles to hear preaching, sometimes to hear Mr. Gadsby at Manchester, and sometimes to Rochdale to hear Mr. Kershaw, and often felt a hope in the mercy of God; and then again she sank very low. One day she had retired to her chamber, sick in body through the troubles of her mind, and pleaded earnestly with the Lord to speak peace

to her guilty conscience through the peace-speaking blood of the Lamb; when the Lord was pleased to fulfil her desire by enabling her to sing with the poet:

“The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.”

Some time after this she was baptized, and joined the little church at Oldham. I never met with one who more prized the privilege of meeting with the people of God. It was quite a trial if anything occurred to keep her at home when God's house was open. On one occasion, having typhoid fever in her family, she was kept away from God's house for six weeks. The first Sunday she was able to go was a very wet morning; and having a considerable distance to walk, she stood at the door, scarcely knowing what to do, yet earnestly longing to meet again with the dear people of God, and wishing she was there. “Well,” she thought, “I shall never get there standing here;” and so she set off with the rain so driving in her face that it was with difficulty she got along. But when she had gone some distance, these lines dropped into her mind with great power:

“Up to his courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.”

She often spoke of what a sweet season it was to her that day.

About 26 years ago, our dear friend came over to this country, some of her family having come previously. She rambled about in search of truth; but not finding any place where it was proclaimed, she could not settle, so after a time returned to England again. One of her daughters, who had been in delicate health, died before she returned. Little did she think, when she went back to England, that she should end her days in America; but “it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” During the cotton famine, our dear sister being very much tried in providence, one of her children offered her a home in this country; and in July, 1863, she returned, though very reluctantly, to America. She has often told me that when the vessel was leaving the shore, she was almost overwhelmed with the thought that she was leaving those privileges she held so dear. However, soon after she got to Philadelphia, the Lord in his providence directed her to a few who loved the truth; and O! what a privilege she did esteem it to find some with whom she could meet, and feel a soul union, and be united in church fellowship. She was one in whom the grace of God shone very brightly, adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

But I will come to her last days. The commencement of the year 1879 she was taken very sick, and thought her end was near. She sent for me. We had some sweet conversation, and she referred to a sermon she had heard in Hope chapel, Rochdale, when the minister (Mr. Leach, who was supplying during Mr. Kershaw's absence) remarked that all his religion was summed up in one verse:

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.”

She said she felt the same.

Living at some distance from her, I could not see her as often as I wished, but went as often as I could. The last day of January I received from her the following note:—

“My dear sister in the Lord,—I want to beg of you to come again as soon as possible. I have something important to tell you. I have found the Pearl of great price; and, like the woman in Scripture, I must call the neighbours to make merry. It seems to me I had only been seeking for nearly forty years; but now I have found that invaluable treasure, I can do nothing but pray, praise, and sing. I have had many sweet manifestations, but never anything like what I had yesterday.”

I went the next Sunday, and found her remarkably happy, her countenance beaming with peace and joy. She had evidently had a foretaste of immortal bliss; but through weakness of body was not able to say what she wished. It was on the Wednesday previous that she had had such a blessed visit from the Lord, and she lay all night blessing and praising God. The next day, when a dear sister in the Lord called to see her, they talked and rejoiced together until she was quite exhausted.

I begged her to be quiet, and I would read to her. She wanted me to read the 103rd Psalm, and other precious portions. She afterwards told me she believed it was to prepare her for a long sickness, and which proved to be the case; for she was never able to meet with the people of God again in his earthly courts.

Many times during her sickness she referred to this sweet visit. She told me she had always had a natural dread of death, wondering how it would be with her when she came into the swellings of Jordan. “But this,” said she, “has removed it all; and I have no more fear of death than I have of going to sleep; for,

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

For the most part, during her affliction she was greatly favoured, but she had some dark seasons. Once, when her dear daughter was giving her some medicine, she refused it, saying in great distress, “O! it is no use. I have lost my Jesus; and nothing else can do me any good.”

Not long before her death she told my husband she had had a very severe struggle with the enemy, and that he had been telling her that all her religion was a delusion, and that she was altogether deceived. So great was the conflict, that she got out of bed, and groaned aloud upon her knees, her distress being more than she could describe. But he who hears the groaning of the prisoner, came to her relief by resisting the enemy, and speaking peace to her tempest-tossed soul, by the following scripture, and words of the poet: “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

“The soul that on Jesus has lean’d for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I’ll never, no, never, no, never forsake.”

She was well taught in the things of God, and greatly prized the visits of such as she believed feared God. She always wanted the scripture to be read to her, as well as good hymns; the Bible and hymn-book were in fact her constant companions. She always looked forward to the coming of the “Gospel Standard” every month, and had many sweet seasons whilst perusing its pages.

The last time I saw her was on the last Sabbath in August, when I found her very poorly in body, but calm and peaceful, with her mind sweetly stayed upon God. She was longing to depart to be with Christ, but wished for patience to wait the Lord’s time. I told her how sweetly that portion had come to my mind, as I was coming to see her that morning: “Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him;” when

she added, "Woe unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him;" and spoke very solemnly of the contrast between the one and the other, ascribing all the glory to God for a good hope that she belonged to the former class.

When I was coming away, she gave me her parting blessing, praying that God might be with me in all my journey through life, and especially, she said, "when you come where I am,—on a dying bed."

My husband saw her the following Sabbath, when she lay very quiet, taking little notice of anything. She was evidently fast sinking, and only spoke when spoken to. The following day she quietly breathed her last, about half-past eight in the evening.

Her family have lost a kind, affectionate mother, and the little church a valuable member. O that God would raise up many more like her! We deeply mourn our loss; but are persuaded it is her eternal gain.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, America.

SARAH JANE CLEGG.

MARY BAILEY.—On Jan. 28th, 1881, aged 67, Mary Bailey, of Bolton. She was a humble member of the church at Bolton, for nearly 18 years, being baptized by Mr. Geo. Chandler, with two others, on Feb. 15th, 1863.

She had been gradually declining in health for some years, but sank more rapidly the last eighteen months. It has often surprised the friends here how she has got to and from chapel, in her very weak state of body, during the latter part of her life, especially with such a heavy road some of the way; but it was the custom of one of our female members, some years older than herself, to assist her home, which was like the lame helping the lame.

The Lord began his work in her soul when young. She told me the day before she died she was in Mr. Nunn's church in Manchester when 18 years of age, and she spoke of the effect which the text, and what Mr. Nunn said, had upon her; the text being from Rev. ii. 2: "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil," &c.; which made her sigh and weep bitterly so that she never could forget it. When in great darkness of soul at one time, she said the Lord spoke, "Be still and know that I am God," with power to her heart. Then she felt peaceful and quiet; and said, "His work is perfect."

I asked her in her last illness if she had any desire to be raised up again, to be spared a little longer to her family, and to meet with the Lord's people in his house. She said, "No; I want to go and be with Jesus. Bless him, bless him!"

She was in very humble circumstances, but it was to me and others a pleasure to visit her in her last illness, she received us with such thankfulness. I went on the Monday before she died to see her, and with a brother deacon on the Wednesday. I went again on Thursday evening, and each time she said, "You must kneel down before you go, as I cannot read and pray now (meaning, no doubt, she could not kneel). She was a contented soul, answering both literally and spiritually to those words spoken by Zephaniah: "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Name of the Lord."

She has now entered into that rest that remains for the people of God.

GEO. NEWMAN.

THE essence of the gospel doth not lie in an offer of Christ; but the essence thereof is free promise, free grace, free gift. God does not stand, Wilt thou? Wilt thou? and there leave it by an offer to the creature's will; but positively gives Christ, and works the will by his Spirit.—*John Beart.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1881.

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

THE LOVING-KINDNESSES OF GOD.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED IN BURGESS HILL NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, MARCH 21ST, 1875, BY MR. E. ASHDOWN, JUST AFTER BEING RAISED UP FROM LONG AFFLICTION.

“I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us.”—ISA. LXIII. 7.

THE prophet begins this chapter by saying, “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?” And the Lord answers him thus, “I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.” Here is all we want. We are totally lost, totally undone, without God’s salvation. Have you who have come here this morning been crying to God for mercy, and for his presence and blessing to be with us? David said, “I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.” Can you say so too? There is salvation in no other name but in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he says, “They shall know my Name.” And the apostle Paul said, “That I may know him,” &c.

First, I shall make a few remarks on the loving-kindnesses of God. What loving-kindness in giving his dear Son for us, and that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us! Next, to have the seeds of grace sown in our hearts, by the power of the Holy Spirit, in regeneration, without which no man can see the kingdom of God. This seed sown in the heart will spring up, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. When the farmer has sown his field, suppose a friend from the great metropolis was to walk round the field, how could he know that it had been sown, if the seed had not sprung up? So it is in grace. It is a mercy to have the seed of the kingdom sown in our hearts. God’s people are set forth as the poor, the blind, the lame, the halt, the ignorant, and guilty; but they are partakers of the riches, power, and love of God in Christ Jesus: bless his holy Name. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God; so then all must be grounded on God’s blessed Word of truth.

Now, the first manifest loving-kindness of God towards us, is in regenerating our never-dying souls, and in calling us with a

holy calling. Some may say, How may I know that I am called by grace? Thy poor soul will pant after mercy and holiness, and will hunger and thirst after righteousness. So we know the seed has been sown by its springing up. Sometimes seeds may rot in the ground; but God's word sown in a sinner's heart brings forth fruit, for it is the engrafted word, which is able to save the soul. As sure as God's truth is sown in your heart, it will spring up into holiness, and a godly walk and conversation. He makes no mistakes; the Lord the Spirit ploughs up the fallow ground of the heart in conviction of sin. The poor sinner becomes acquainted with the plague of his own heart; he knows in his conscience he is a sinner, guilty before God; he feels the burden of guilt under the ministry of the everlasting gospel. The seed is cast; it falls sometimes on unregenerate hearts, then no fruit is brought forth to perfection. Others receive the word in an honest and good heart.

Now, the Lord has done something for that man, to whom he has given an honest and good heart, a heart that he has made true to its real state before God. Here is loving-kindness; the man feels himself to be a lost undone sinner. In this way the heart is prepared to embrace a precious Christ. Destitute of comfort, nothing can satisfy him, but some one who is able to supply all his needs, and to be to him food and clothing. God's people are taught their utter inability.

"If one good thought all heaven could buy,
Not one good thought, O Lord, have I."

Nor have they any past well-spent life to trust to.

These last few months the Lord has shown me a little of the worth of salvation. Whilst lying on a bed of sickness, at the borders of the grave in my feelings, these words were very sweet to me:

"Faith in the bleeding Lamb,
Oh, what a gift is this!
Hope of salvation in his name,
How comfortable 'tis!"

Also the 88th Hymn, 121st page (Hart's), was the language and feeling of my soul. Lying on my bed, I could welcome death in full view. I felt and said, "I shall soon be away from all sin and sorrow at God's right hand, where sorrow can never come." Bless his precious Name! what tears of gratitude and repentance I poured out at his blessed feet for his loving-kindness to poor, base, unworthy me; and with David said, "Is this the manner of man, O Lord God? And wilt thou look upon such a poor sinful worm that has done nothing but sin against thee?" Bless his precious Name! to them that believe he is precious. I hope, my dear friends, you may prove him so.

Well; I felt, if I had not got this salvation, dying without him, how wretched would have been my case. That would have been a solemn day, expecting to go down to a deserved hell. As Dr. Watts says,

“Death, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those that have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.”

My physician was afraid to tell me I should not live; but I said, “You need not be afraid to tell me. I am willing and ready to die.” “But you would feel it leaving your family.” I said, “I can leave my dear wife and family in the Lord’s hands; he can do more for them than I can. I can leave earth and all its transitory toys in the hands of God.”

It is in these circumstances a poor sinner learns the worth of salvation by grace. It led me back to think, How did my religion begin? I remember well the spot where I used to creep away to cry to God for mercy. It was near a gravel-pit, where there were some furze bushes, in the midst of which there was a little green spot, and there I used to go two or three times a day, and pour out my heart to God, a poor guilty, lost, condemned sinner, with the sentence of death in my soul, fearing I should die and go to hell. While in this spot one evening, begging for mercy, I heard my old companions in sin in the road, shouting and rejoicing, going to some of their games. A thought struck me,—A few months ago I used to be happy with them, but now I could no longer join them. Then a hope sprang up in my heart that the Lord had done something for me. How I did beg him to pardon my sins, and put his holy fear in my heart, and felt such a softening and melting of heart before him, with tears of repentance. Thanks to his holy Name. What loving-kindness!

“First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.” The blade is a very tender thing. What is this blade? The living principle of faith and holiness in the heart, springing up into everlasting life. The poor sinner that has this principle pants after holiness. Sin is his burden; holiness is his desire. He is sensible that without it he will never see God. By God the Holy Spirit’s teaching, his conscience is made tender; a living desire is wrought in the soul; and this germinates in sighs and cries before God for mercy.

The text says, “I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord,” &c. This tender plant of eternal life is easily bruised. When a man rises in the morning, let him feel his heart going after the Lord, by-and-bye he goes out into the world, thoughts of God are gone, the world crowds in, and the spirit of it, and guilt is on his conscience, and a distance from God is felt; thus this tender plant is bruised. Now the Lord has a special regard to his own work; and he says, “A bruised reed shall he not break, nor quench the smoking flax.” The Lord’s people often change, droop, and wither under trials and darkness of soul; but though we change, God changes not. From all eternity he has fixed his love on that soul, unmoveable, unchangeable love; and in that unchangeable love of God, he stands, though he has not a knowledge of his standing.

“Once in Christ, in him for ever;
Thus the eternal covenant stands.”

He fears to pray; he is bruised with sin, and is broken down with darkness, trouble, and sorrow. Now he groans out his complaint before God, with sighs that cannot be uttered.

“I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us.” What would a tender parent do for a wounded child that came home hurt, and bruised, and dirty too, perhaps? Words of rebuke may perhaps be administered; but love will be the end, cordials and bandages, and its little mind comforted. “He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.” And, “as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.”

The prophet speaks in the plural, *loving-kindnesses*, to show the abundant mercy and loving-kindness of God, to a poor coming sinner. It is a vast ocean, higher than the heavens, deeper than hell, broader than the earth. But for this vast love and mercy, we should soon be in hell, drinking of the cup of the wrath of God, due to our sins; but instead of our drinking this cup of the vindictive wrath of God, we are drinking the cup of salvation. Mr. Hart says,

“I looked for hell, he brought me heaven.”

“I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord.” How we falter in praising God! Sometimes I have felt a little glow of praise in my heart, particularly too while this chapel was building, when the dear friends were trying to raise the money for it; and many prayers were answered on our behalf; thanks to his holy Name. The flesh is very strong, yet the graces of God’s Spirit are set forth in Scripture by the weakest metaphors; such as the smoking flax, no fire even to be seen; and the bruised reed. Then there is the little faith: “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt”? If taught of God the Spirit, we are taught to feel our shortcomings in rendering to God the praises due to him. Well, dear friends, we that are taught of God shall all have this humbling lesson. We shall all die indebted to a dear Redeemer; as the poet says:

“A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour’s obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

We are undone sinners, guilty sinners; and God is a perfect and complete Saviour. O! to know it by heartfelt experience is a blessing rich indeed. He raises his people out of the pit, and makes them heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. “Come, let us exalt his Name together.”

Under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, we learn that without the Lord we can do nothing; utterly helpless, utterly undone; but under his fresh anointings and mercies the church cries out, "I am like a green fir-tree." And Christ answers her, "From me is thy fruit found." He says, "Abide in me. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself," &c. What is it to abide in him? To trust in him, to hang upon him, to live upon him, to lean upon him, to call upon him, and to venture on him, sink or swim. Is there any time when those who have been united to him by living faith can be out of him? No. There are times and seasons with us when unbelief and sin separate us from God in our *feelings*. What do we do then but question the reality of our religion? Then, like Thomas, you will say, I won't believe, except I see in his hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side. His unbelief did not alter the truth of Christ's resurrection. If Thomas had never looked into the face of a risen Christ, it would not have altered the fact of his resurrection; but it altered the feelings in Thomas's heart. The poor sinner lets go his hold of God's mercy, and wretchedness, despondency, and doubt fill his heart, and he cannot believe; faith being not in his power. "That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." The mother must hold the helpless child. Just so with God's saints. The psalmist said, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." Ah! there is safety in him. Job says, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make myself never so clean, yet wilt thou plunge me into the ditch, till my own clothes shall abhor me." Though poor Job had fallen into the ditch of his own corrupt nature, he could never fall from God's love, from God's hand, or from God's promises, which are "*Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.*" There is the security, the blessedness of the everlasting gospel, which is good news to them that are ready to perish. By these falls they are taught their own weakness and baseness; but through the matchless mercy of a covenant God, supplications and cries are brought out of their hearts; and by repentance and godly sorrow they are brought to his feet as poor Mary was, washing his feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head.

This last winter has been the best winter that ever I knew in this poor sin-polluted world. Never have I had such a happy winter. Bless his holy Name, his mercy endureth for ever. My neighbours pitied me, and said, "O! he will be sure to die;" but this was life and peace to my soul. The consolations of God are so profound, so mighty, so rich, they comfort the soul in the deepest afflictions and trials. "He lifteth up the needy out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, to make them inherit a throne of glory." He makes the dungeon a palace. The walls of John Bunyan's prison echoed with the praises he sang to God. What a God is our God! He can comfort in all circumstances.

Tribulation is the appointed lot of all; it is through much

tribulation we must enter the kingdom. I could not utter one-tenth part of the mercy that God has bestowed on my poor soul; but I can sing with the poet,—

“Mine’s a paradox too hard,—
Rich of mercy, poor of grace.”

I should only fail, if I attempted to mention the praises of God. At times I am reconciled to be a debtor, to fall at his feet, and say, Lord, I am a debtor.

“A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood,
The streams of love I trace
Up to the fountain, God;
And in his sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.”

We feed on the bounties of heaven. The angels even desire to look into the rich mercy of God in Christ. He came to save the lost.

What mercy has been shown to you, in raising up this place for us to meet in! Though God has answered our prayers, our praises are so feeble; they falter on our lips. O for grace to praise him for his loving-kindness individually. What a mercy, when our race is run, and we come to the end of our course, and breathe out our souls into the hands of our Maker, to be able to say, “He has bestowed loving-kindnesses on *me*. He says, “I am among you as one that serveth.” The Lord Jesus Christ was given to his church, and he serveth his church and people now, at the right hand of God. There he pleads his precious blood and finished work on their behalf; our prayers go up to him; and through the perfect merits of a dear Redeemer, are echoed in heaven, and bring down blessings on our heads. “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him.” What a blessed thing it is to have a good hope in God’s mercy, a hope in his power to save, in his promises, and in his Word, according to all the Lord hath bestowed on us to the praise and glory of his holy Name. What providential mercies he hath bestowed on us! what long-suffering mercies! what privileges in some of our hearts! Thanks to his holy Name! May he enlarge our hearts, and sanctify this house, and bless the word of his grace, for his holy Name’s sake. Amen.

DR. OWEN’S LAST DAY.—A friend called to tell him that one sheet of his “Meditations on the Glory of Christ” had passed through the press. Owen, with uplifted hands towards heaven, said, “I am glad of it. But O! Brother Payne, the long-wished-for day has come at last when I shall see that glory.”

It is a human aphorism that the proper study of mankind is man, but deeply fallacious. Man knows not himself by studying himself, but by studying God. I have often thought that the annals of history, dark as they are, and the record of crime, black as it is, would not present such a picture of the depravity of man as would the secret confessions of saints to God, if their confessions were laid open to us as they are to the Lord.—*James Harriss.*

REGENERATION AND LAW BONDAGE.

“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”—Jno. III. 5.

THE Lord combines the two together, as both form but one heavenly regeneration and sanctifying power; and he likewise therein points out the nature and immediate Author of spiritual life; and plainly shows that no person can enter heaven until the Holy Spirit has regenerated his soul. According to the Lord's own words, real religion *must* first begin with God himself. Consequently, all the attempts of men at what *they* call conversion are fruitless, in respect of adding one soul to the number of God's elect, or of helping God in the work of saving sinners, seeing that, without eternal life, which is the sovereign gift of God, none can enter the kingdom of heaven. Moreover, it is specially recorded of all those who are the children of God, that their origin is from above: “Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” (Jno. i. 13.) Can any words be more plainly spoken on the subject?

The Spirit of God, then, first of all, enters the soul as a quickening Spirit, and thereupon takes up his abode within the man from that time and for evermore. “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?” (1 Cor. iii. 16.) By this indwelling of the Spirit of God, he becomes to the man in whom he dwells the inward source of that immortal vitalising principle, which we call the “life of God,” and which God so freely and graciously communicates at the time the new birth actually takes place.

From that hour the Spirit operates in the heart or conscience, producing life-giving convictions within, and putting forth living actions in the divine life. Desires from a living heart now spring up, and the living child requires food: “As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.” (1 Pet. ii. 2.) For, as there is now life, so is there also a growth in divine things; and it is the Spirit who becomes to the living child of God “the Spirit of knowledge” (Isa. xi. 2); “the Spirit of wisdom” (Eph. i. 17); and “the Spirit of truth” (1 Jno. iv. 6); and in these things he grows as the quickening power of the Spirit is put forth in the heart, thus instructing him in the great mysteries of godliness, even the hidden wisdom of God in a mystery.

The nature of eternal life is peculiar to the essential nature and character of its Author; and there is a peculiar significancy in the Lord's words, “water and spirit.” The “water and spirit” are found in the words of Paul: “But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the *washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost*; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.” (Tit. iii. 4-6.) Here the Spirit renews,

and "the washing of regeneration" cleanses the soul. The Lord directed the priests to wash the inwards and the legs of the burnt sacrifice in water; which was typical of this washing of regeneration, which cleanses the inwards and feet. God desires truth in the inward parts, and writes his new law in the heart, and puts it in the inward parts. (Ps. li. 6; Jer. xxxi. 88.) These inwards are sanctified, and the feet washed; so that conduct and profession may be somewhat alike. "Ye are clean," says the Lord, "through the word which I have spoken unto you." (Jno. xv. 3.) The water and the Word mean the same thing; and to accomplish this end the Lord gave himself for the church, as says the Holy Spirit: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." (Eph. v. 25, 26.) Here is the water and spirit.

Being the life of God, which is thus communicated at regeneration, the emotions and dispositions that are put forth by the new creature are spiritual, living, holy, truthful, and God-ward. It is also accompanied with a heavenly light; and this light is the light of life. (Jno. viii. 12.) By it the understanding is divinely illuminated, and is spoken of as possessing eyes: "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened." (Eph. i. 18.) What a book the Word of God now becomes to the enlightened mind! With what different eyes the man beholds the world and its pleasures *now*; he longs to flee from an empty world, empty of all that is good, and to flee unto the Lord, and see him through whom Deity shines forth.

This light and life accompany each other. Life feels, and light discovers. For as the quickening energy of the Holy Spirit is put forth in the conscience, the mysterious operation of divine life is felt, and becomes manifest by a tenderness produced in the conscience, and by the peculiar emotions and sensations that draw the soul toward seeking an interest in vital godliness. Light accompanies these felt operations, and the soul discovers *that* in the religion of God which kills him to all other religions.

But before there can be a marriage of this living member to Jesus Christ as its living Head, there a death to law must really take place. (Rom. vii. 1-6.) The work which brings about this death is usually termed a law-work; but we will define it by the words of Holy Writ: "For by the law is the knowledge of sin." (Rom. iii. 20.)

Some treat the dreadful distress which many fall into under a sense of sin as "*the law-work*;" but this is rather the effects than the work itself; and many have felt deep gloomy forebodings which have created almost black despair, and with some despair itself, but which have at length passed away, and left the possessors of them hardened hypocrites, unclean professors, and raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame. (Jude 12, 13.) But a law-work in a tender conscience, arising from the convictions of the Holy Spirit, and giving a knowledge of sin, attended with

godly sorrow, is always effectual; for gospel repentance, a confession of sin, and a forsaking of the same, are said to be unto life and salvation. (2 Cor. vii. 10, 11.)

It is not, then, the amount of trouble any one passes through that stamps the work of the law with the genuine seal of heaven; but a sense of sin that fills the soul with shame, grief, and bitterness. He is ashamed to look up to God through a consciousness of his vileness, and laments and bewails the past follies of his life. The law points out the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the Holy Spirit works up a sense of self-loathing and self-abhorrence against this evil self, which humbles the man in the dust before God. For his life-giving operations make the conscience susceptible to the application of God's law in its righteous demands; whereby "sin by the commandment becomes exceeding sinful." (Rom. vii. 13.) A real knowledge of sin is thus gained; and its separating effects are clearly seen; and the breach appears to grow wider and wider, and the case of the soul seems to become more hopeless. For, as his inward corruptions and the hidden evils of his heart are brought up to the light, the hot displeasure of God is revealed against the unrighteousness which is thus discovered within; and the commandment, which was ordained to life, is found to be unto death. (Rom. vii. 10.) This, sooner or later, completes the separation in law between God and the soul; and he feels to have neither part nor lot in the matter. For the fiery law has scorched up all former and present self-righteousness, which renders him without righteousness in any form; for sin has revived, and he has now become dead. His spirit is also withered and dried up, so that he has no heart to try to serve God any more; he is faint, and disheartened.

This separation from God, which is now become manifest, discovers to the man the fearful fact that he has not God, for he feels he dare not claim God as his God, nor use the words, "Our Saviour," and "My God." No; to do so, he feels would be to lie wilfully against the convictions of his conscience. He now feels, with more or less weight, the bitterness of the curse, which is thus expressed: "Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore." (Ps. xxxviii. 12.) Now he feels enmity against God to be working in his heart, because he thinks he will certainly pour out upon him his just anger which is due to his sins. Rebellion moves, and raises its deformed head, and utters its loathsome voice: "I wish there was no God, or that I had never been born." Impenitency hardens his heart to such a degree that he cannot repent, and tries to harden himself for the worst. "No," says he, "I do not feel that I am truly sorry for my sins; I feel hard and rebellious; and, though I want to grieve for my sins, I cannot. I am sure I am not right; mine is not the spot of God's children." Rebellion again becomes added to the "*revived sins*," and death is felt to be working within. This so discourages the person that he thinks he will pray no

more, nor try any longer to seek God. Now he feels he may as well give up all thought of religion, and live as the rest of his fellow-creatures live. But all these thoughts are added to the already overgrown bulk of guilt, and only tend to increase the evil. He feels he is now held in the iron grasp of some power; and the inexorable Judge keeps one point constantly in view, namely, condemnation; which produces slavish fear, and an irritating galling yoke in all service. This strips him of all felt hope, and discovers to him, to some degree, what a depraved nature he has got, how carnal is his mind, and that the plague of the leprosy of sin is spread over the whole person. This he sees he ever was, and *now* feels to be, and fears he ever shall be. He sees that man's condition by nature is that of having no hope and being "without God in the world." (Eph. ii. 12.) Thus every human being appears manifest to his mind as being like himself, a doer of evil; but himself the worst of all. By these means all former hopes perish, and all hope in self comes to the same end.

This is being dead in law; and is that death which God passed upon all men in Adam. All men are then without a real hope, and without God; but they know it not. O what a fearful condition! No hope; and no God! Dead in sin, yet ignorant of it. Living without law; "for I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." (Rom. vii. 9.) He must then have been really lawless at that very time he believed himself to be perfect in the law. O how deceitful is sin, and ignorant the human heart!

But the peculiar nature of the life of God which the Holy Spirit communicates to the soul in regeneration is that it causes the soul to seek after God. God is the grand object before it to be sought after; and, like David, pants and thirst for the living God. Life gives energy to the prayers which are put up to God, begging an interest in him as a covenant God. Life strengthens languishing hope; and so the person hopes against hope. This life acts, in a measure, as a counterpart against the law; and, as the Holy Spirit puts forth the power of life in the discouraged heart, the heart puts forth fresh cravings after God, and feels determined to get God as his own God and Father, if such a thing can be possible. But the heart faints at the thought of the vast stoop in God to own so foolish and base a sinner as he feels himself to be. He fears it can never be; yet he hungers, thirsts, and longs for it. For all seems to the man's mind to turn upon this point. "If," says he, "I can get God to be my God, I shall have hope, and heaven will at last be mine." This thought gives a fresh impulse to the seeker, and again he pants after God with renewed vigour; but this renewing springs from the quickening power of the Spirit. So that death and life struggle together. Sometimes one seems to be the master of the field, and then the other; so that the final issue hangs in doubt to the soul. For he sees clearly that God must become his own God before he can

comfortably hope in him. He tries therefore in good earnest to obtain his good-will, and become acceptable to him; and he holds no sacrifice too dear to yield up to obtain this object. With this purpose in view, he further reforms his life, more, as he thinks, in accordance with God's Word; and adds many promises of future improvement, if the Lord will but have mercy upon him.

How any one who has laboured thus to please God, can again turn to a striving to do works of law we should say we cannot tell, were it not for the example found in the Galatians. For such an one really does try to please God, and to live as the Bible directs. All which is laudable enough in itself; but it is not acceptable as a cause of God's bestowing covenant favours on the man. But this earnest attempt to do good works according to law, is, in the end, made a means of convincing the man there is no good thing to be found in his flesh. Thus, also, writes Paul: "For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not." (Rom. vii. 18.) Life works in the will; and the Spirit's cutting convictions make the conscience sore. The fear of the Lord also mingles itself with the affections, and produces a godly tenderness in the heart. So that, on the one hand, the child of God is chafed, desperate, and ready to resign all up together, because of the presence of evil when he would do good; and, on the other hand, he has a consciousness of the blessedness of all those who are favoured to have this God for their God, that this gives a fresh impulse to his will, which again runs after God.

This great desire after God stamps the work to be of the Spirit: "Your heart shall live that seek God." (Ps. lxxix. 32.) It is God that is wanted; and the soul is discouraged because he cannot find God. It is this that in the end convinces the person that there is no way of access to God on the ground of law-works. In other words, he finds it is impossible to approach God by any deeds of man. But the finding God is a very important matter with the quickened soul, because this is the proof of the genuine nature of his religion. For, if God could be found, all would be well; and really all that is wanted by the poor soul is to be enabled to say, "The Lord is *my* God, and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" For he cannot receive comfort apart from God.

A law-work, then, is the law in the hand of the Spirit, applied to the conscience, whereby the sentence of death is personally executed on the quickened soul; for "he kills and makes alive." In the execution of this sentence the soul discovers the real separation that exists between himself and God as his Creator; and all claim, right, or title to mercy is banished from view. The real nature of sin is discovered, in some degree, by the law; and the man becomes undeceived as to his condition, and the end of that condition, if grace prevent not. It is the law also that stirs up the wrath in the mind against God, so as to wish there was none; and that brings on the spirit of bondage through fear of hell.

But what puzzles the soul most of all is the felt struggles of life working within. For, if he fall in the pit, he struggles to get out, and cries out, "Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me." (Ps. lxxix. 15.) To live is the great desire of the soul; and its prayer is, "Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee." (Ps. cxix. 175.)

Wheresoever, then, this longing desire after God exists, there the Holy Spirit has implanted eternal life: for, "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (Jno. iii. 6.) And the great desire of such persons is to worship God in spirit and truth. Spirit and life being the grand secret sought after by the man, no mere *form* of godliness without the power can satisfy him.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM HATCHER.

(Concluded from p. 161.)

SOON after this, the Lord saw good to withdraw the light of his countenance from me, so that I could not find his presence even in prayer, which I had been favoured to do for many months previous to this. My mind now was sorely distressed at the thought of living under the hidings of his face, and I longed to enjoy again the presence of my dear Saviour. The enemy suggested God was answering my prayers by withholding his presence; but God be for ever praised, he soon "disproved the lie, and kindly made it o'er again;" and gave me these words: "Whom shall he teach knowledge? And whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts." And at another time, when greatly distressed: "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

I now found that instead of walking with joy to heaven, as I had anticipated, I had to engage with the world, flesh, and the devil, without the least strength in myself for either. This made me long to be unclothed, that I might be clothed upon; but I was brought to submit to the will of God, to do with me as he saw good. Bunyan, in one part of his "Pilgrim's Progress," speaks of their repenting in not asking a guide; and this being much upon my mind, I was led earnestly to entreat God that he would be pleased to grant me his Holy Spirit to be my guide and teacher, and to support and uphold me under all the trials I might be called into. I became lifted up in thought against some I knew who had known the Lord, and had been suffered to fall through the power of temptation; but I soon found that unless God kept me by his almighty power, such would be my case; for an awful temptation came upon me, agreeable to my fallen nature, which I strove hard against, and earnestly entreated God that he would keep and preserve me. The enemy

suggested I need not be in such trouble; for, said he, "your salvation is sure, and all things are determined and appointed by God." This I believed, but the thought of walking in darkness all my days, with a guilty conscience, kept me continually at a throne of grace, fearing and trembling lest I should bring a disgrace upon the cause of God. This conflict lasted more or less for nearly six months, when God was pleased to deliver me by these words: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Do not err, my beloved brethren."

This cured me of my Antinomian spirit; and since then, in times of temptation, how my mind has been led to look back upon that time and deliverance, which has again brought up the fear of God in my heart. I could now feel and pray for those Christians who might be left to fall through the power of temptation, knowing by experience there is no power in man to keep himself, any more than there is to quicken his soul when dead in sin. And I have to bless God he has kept me to this day, and excluded me from boasting, through a daily sight and feeling sense of my own depraved nature.

On one occasion, having walked under the hidings of the Lord's countenance for about three weeks, with many fears I should have to grovel in darkness all my days, the thought of which was more than I could bear, as I was on the road to hear Mr. Chandler at Edenbridge, the dear Lord spoke these words to my heart: "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." I could now bless and praise my covenant-keeping God, that he had not forsaken me; and to my surprise Mr. C. spoke from the same words, which proved to me we were led by the same Spirit. God has been very gracious to me in not suffering me to remain at a distance from himself long together since, but has shown me the evil, and enabled me in his good time to cry unto him to quicken my soul afresh, although I knew from past experience,

"The means, perhaps, would prove severe"

to flesh and blood; for it is generally brought about by a fresh discovery of my sinful nature; and this sometimes works rebellion, until I am brought to confess to God that it is of his mercy alone that I am out of hell. And when brought here by the Holy Spirit, deliverance is not far off; and then I dare not promise I shall never more be moved, but the burden of my prayer is, "Lord, keep me, and leave me not to myself."

For the next few years no record is kept. In the year 1851 he left Westerham, in Kent, and came to reside at Brighton, after

much exercise of mind, and watching very minutely the Lord's leadings in providence. At this time the way was opened very remarkably for him. He had long had a desire to sit under old Mr. Sharp's ministry, having occasionally heard him whilst residing in Kent, so that he now continued to hear him until Mr. S.'s death, and his soul was often benefited and blessed. He then sat under the ministry of the late Mr. Wallinger, occasionally hearing Mr. Grace. There is a mention of his hearing Mr. W. in October, 1861, with some comfort; and the next day was favoured with nearness at a throne of grace. Whilst walking by the sea-side, he saw two men mending their nets, which led his mind to the circumstance recorded in the Word, of the dear Lord calling two of his disciples whilst in that employ, and also what the Lord's voice had been to him many times, unworthy as he felt himself to be. The thought caused him to drop in soul feeling at the Lord's dear feet, under the sweet distilling influence of the blessed Spirit. This, he says, was one of the days of the Son of man.

He again writes: Oct. 23rd. The dew of heaven is still upon my branch. At the evening prayer-meeting, called upon to speak. Was favoured with sweet nearness of access at my dear Saviour's feet.

24th.—Had sweet meditation on Hannah's prayer, being a woman of a sorrowful spirit, and how God heard and answered her request. At this time I was walking in sweet peace, which continued more or less for some time; but when it began to abate, the enemy came upon me with a powerful temptation, and suggested this scripture to my mind: Heb. x. 26, 27. This sank me very low for about two hours, when I was enabled to ply a throne of grace; and my kind and gracious God appeared, and again set my soul at liberty, so that I could rejoice in God my Saviour. But it was not long before my joys began to abate, being left to a light and trifling spirit, which soon produced an indifference in spiritual things. Here I got very uneasy, and was led to cry to the Lord to appear for my help, which he did whilst reading Mr. Hart's experience, in that part where he speaks of being awaked with a pain in his side. One of the first things he thought of was the pierced side of Jesus. This was brought home with power to my heart, and enabled me to rejoice in my Saviour, and to bless and praise his holy Name for all his mercies to me, so undeserving as I felt myself of such a favour.

In December, 1865, I injured my leg, which caused me many fears; but in hearing of Mr. Chandler's heavy affliction, I was led out in prayer to plead for him, and found sweet access. I had no sooner done than these words came upon my mind: "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends;" and from that hour my leg began to amend, and in two days was as well as ever.

Nothing was written down from this time until the early part

of 1868, when he met with the friends who assembled for worship in a room in Windsor Street, under the late Mr. Henry White's ministry, whilst Galeed Chapel was being built. He became a regular hearer and supporter of the cause from that time, and soon made known his exercises respecting believers' baptism, and was one of the number who were baptized and formed into a Strict Baptist church by the late Mr. Godwin, in the month of August, 1869, the week previous to the death of Mr. White, who in the providence of God was removed from us. Relating his exercise prior to this circumstance, he says, "I was led to beg earnestly of God to decide the matter for me, and that I might not be left to any carnal reasonings, or fear to take up the cross, and that he would give me some unmistakeable proof in my soul. I had no words, but was favoured with a sweet nearness and access at a throne of grace, and felt such a blessed softness of heart, and the love of God in my soul, that I dare not refuse to follow my dear Lord in that blessed ordinance; and it was confirmed in an especial way under Mr. Godwin the following Sabbath when he preached from Luke iv. 18."

In the summer of 1872, he went to Uckfield for the benefit of his health. Whilst walking in the fields one day, the Lord was pleased to favour him with a very blessed visit, which sweetly revived him in soul and body. The savour of it remained upon his spirit for some weeks afterwards, and in the relation of it, on his return, we felt a communication in measure of the same.

In the month of March, 1880, he and his wife went there to reside with a relative, as their health seemed failing. At first he appeared to benefit by the change, but it was very soon manifest his health was fast declining, and that his poor weak tabernacle was being gently taken down. Miss Markwick, a member of the same church, who was living next door to him, constantly visited him, and generally found him firm upon the Rock, the enemy not being permitted to molest him. He often remarked, "I have nothing to rest upon but God's faithfulness. He will not be true to his Word if he forsakes me now." He often felt the preciousness of that blood that had cleansed him from all sin; and that hymn was much blessed to him,

"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.;

and it was his support in his last days.

From extreme weakness and difficulty of breathing, he was unable to converse much. He was a man of few words, but his conversation was savoury and weighty, being a man of a sober mind and of much prayer; and in many instances the Lord gave him very special answers to his prayers. As his breathing became worse he was tried lest he should be choked. Doubtless this was the enemy's work.

For some days just before his decease he longed to depart. Miss M. saw him the morning previous to his death. He was very cheerful, awaiting his summons. Later in the day, his dear wife went to him. He said, "I have been to sleep; laid

my head on the drawers. It was a hard pillow; but I had sweet peace." Thus intimating it was well with him. He sat in a chair, not being able to lie down in bed.

During the night a change was manifest, and early in the morning of the 31st of July, without a sigh or groan, his happy spirit quitted the clay tabernacle. Those who were present could scarcely discern when he drew his last breath.

He was interred in the burial-ground of Five Ash Down Chapel, by Mr. Martin, the pastor, assisted by Mr. Knill, of Croydon, an old and esteemed friend of the deceased. The hymn commencing,

"At length he bowed his dying head," &c.,

was sung at the special request of our departed friend.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

D. T. C.

FOUR SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

BY THE LATE GEORGE SALWAY, OF CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

No. III.

My dear Friend,—I have felt my mind somewhat led to these words: "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." It is indeed wonderful for the soul to be brought here, considering it is sunk so awfully low, and is so desperately degraded. But, deep as sin has sunk the soul, it is not so low but that the arm of mercy can reach it, and that in sweet harmony with stern justice. Are we led to see and feel the preciousness of him whose soul was a sheath from the sword, and who groaned, bled, and died? Do we know Christ crucified, the God-Man mediator? If so, it is by his own revelation. "I know my sheep (saith he), and am known of mine."

I know that there are degrees of spiritual knowledge. There is a knowledge of Jesus as a Saviour before he is known as our Saviour. Now, the same faith beholds him first, which receives him afterwards to the joy and rejoicing of the heart. Before this is obtained, there are two good things wrought in the souls of the living; I mean those who are quickened, having the life of Christ; for only these are made acquainted with them. Jeremiah knew and felt them. Does he not say, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord?" Have you the first? Then it will surely lead to the second. But how bitter was Jeremiah's complaint before he was brought to this point! I see a great family likeness between his spiritual features and those of Paul, who saith, "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience," &c.

So you see it is good that a man should be brought to hope. Oh! it is a good thing indeed, for it is of the Lord, "the God of hope." David's soul was encouraged by this hope when the people talked of stoning him. He had everything taken from him by the Amalekites; but they could not take away his hope. Why? Because it was in Christ; and this is the reason:

“The Christian’s hope shall never fail.”

Now, this hope leads the soul to quietly wait; that is, it keeps the soul steadfast, looking out for what is hoped for. “Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” Faith beholds in Christ the great God, mighty to save; the “Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” and our Saviour; his flesh being meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed; that is, in his being seen and received into the soul as one who has performed the glorious redemption of his people, and is one with them, and one for them, individually and collectively.

Now to have the soul waiting only upon God is to have it taken away from all other things, and to say, “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee.”

We often are mourning, and are grieved with ourselves that we are so much taken up with the things of this world, and of the poor dying body, and that we feel so little spirituality of mind, which is life and peace. Now, nothing will give us real peace and comfort but to know our adoption of God, as it is treasured up in Christ. Love to Christ is here implied, though not felt to the soul’s satisfaction. But there is a going on and a pressing, as saith Paul, and saith Hosea: “Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.” There is a waiting, and yet the soul following hard after God. This is good. “They shall not be ashamed that wait for him.” The time of love will surely come when such poor souls shall plainly see that Jesus Christ not only died for sinners, but that he died for them. Even the hope that it is so is as a cheerful ray of the sun shining through a dark cloud. Such hope reflects a little of the love, wisdom, and faithfulness of God, and conveys some degree of confidence to the soul, or helps it to feel that though “clouds and darkness are round about him,” yet “righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.”

The soul thus led by the Holy Ghost will be still moving only as the Lord leads it on, till it has a knowledge of that love which casts out fear. The perfection of Jesus is seen by faith, and Christ is received into the soul by the same principle; and by the same faith the soul enters into Christ, and finds the Word of God to be true, that Jesus is the faithful and true Witness; the Father’s gift (as saith Isaiah, ch. lv.), and as such is revealed by the power of the Holy Ghost.

I have been running on; but as things came to mind, so have I written. May the Lord graciously grant you a discovery of your standing in Jesus, having your loins girt about with truth, and your lamp burning, kept alive by the oil of grace. We need fresh anointings; that is, divine illuminations of the Spirit of God, to know the things of God.

Remember me to your mother and brothers.

Yours in the truth, for the truth’s sake,

Chippenham, March, 1848.

GEO. S. SALWAY.

THE GOSPEL AT ELAH;

OR, SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS ON JONATHAN'S GIFTS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND DAVID.

BY THE LATE MRS. ANN HENNAH.

“And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.”—1 SAM. XVIII. 1-4.

To those alone who are sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Jesus Christ, and called (Jude 1), are the divine oracles especially precious, suitable, comforting, and edifying. Those only long to discover the vein of spiritual truth which lies underneath the surface; and to such as these, we trust, will prove acceptable the gospel gleanings which the Holy Spirit has enabled us to gather out of the little incident contained in the verses we have quoted.

It is not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, not with excellency of speech, that God the Holy Ghost feeds the souls of his chosen ones: for he selects the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; with a stone of the brook in the hands of a stripling slays Goliath; and with the feeble instrument of a woman's hand, the captain of the Syrian host is transfixed with pin and hammer to his bed. When God calls to his work, he will qualify the instrument; when he gives the word, great will be the army of those who publish it; when he suffers not a Paul to go into Bythina, it is because he has other work designed for him; and when he sends him to Corinth, it is because he has much people in that city. God is not without his wayward Jonahs now, nor yet without his loving Johns. He has his weeping Jeremiahs still to lament over the defalcations of his wayward spiritual Israel, as well as his bold Elijahs to confront a persecuting Ahab; accomplishing all he does according to his own declaration: “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.”

Under the fullest persuasion, then, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor favour to men of skill (Eccles. ix. 10), but that of him, and through him, and to him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever; we desire, as the Holy Spirit shall be pleased to help, to speak of Christ, and of such things concerning him, as we have, we hope, discovered in the scripture given at the head of our paper, and which we have found greatly refreshing to our own soul.

We are aware that the interesting Jonathan who, in this part of his history, so eminently typifies the love of the Lord Jesus towards his people, has been before introduced to notice by the wonderful victory he obtained over the Philistines, as recorded in chap. xiv.; but it was just after the deliverance of Israel from the Philistines, on the return of the youthful David from the

slaughter of Goliath, with the fruits of victory in his hand, that Jonathan, the royal son of Saul, the heir-apparent to the throne, comes into our especial view. Before the wondering and envious king stood David, the ruddy youth, with the sword and head of his conquered foe. From whom does he spring? From what tribe or source has he derived his bravery? These were only natural questions, arising in Saul's mind as he inquires of the brave Abner, "Whose son is this youth?" But Saul, too impatient to wait for information from Abner, asks himself, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" The humble and insignificant opinion entertained of himself by David may be gathered from his reply,—“I am the son of thy servant Jesse, the Bethlehemite.” The modest behaviour of the youth, entitled as he was to the loudest acclamations of the thousands in Israel, escaped not the notice of Jonathan. For before him was not the veteran soldier whose scars and mutilations bore testimony to his valiant exploits in defence of his country; but there stood the stripling shepherd, the youth of few years, with ruddy countenance unimpaired by care and the flight of time. Before him stood Israel's champion, Israel's conqueror, Israel's deliverer; yet modest, unassuming, and indifferent to the praises and commendations of men. Why? From the inward consciousness that the issue of the battle is God's, not man's; that the crown belongs to Him from whom the victory came; and that God, and God alone, was entitled to all the glory.

But though Jonathan was a silent, he was not an unmoved observer of what was passing around him. No; he listened; and as he heard, he wondered, gazed; and as he beheld, he loved; until, as we find it said, “The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David.”

Different, widely different, is the Sacred Word from any human composition. Not only for its sublimity, its poetry, its conciseness and elegance of expression, but it is voluminous also. Written by “holy men of old moved by the Holy Ghost,” it proclaims its own divine origin and Authorship. Who can fathom the depths of mercy into which one of its monosyllables may lead? or who shall place boundaries to the magnitude and importance of the little word “all” in the precious proclamation, “The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin”? Here, too, in one word we see the fullest expression employed to convey the emotions of Jonathan's heart towards the young Bethlehemite that could be found—viz., “The soul of Jonathan was *knit* with the soul of David.” Those who are in any way acquainted with the useful, though homely art of knitting will at once perceive that it cannot be accomplished without an incorporation of substances; for to knit with, or into a thing implies that two articles, distinct in themselves, are so interwoven that to rend asunder the one from the other would be to effect the destruction of each. Apart, the materials were distinct; but immediately they are knitted together, they

make but one substance; have but one object, and are used for one purpose; thus establishing a complete identity. Such was the nature of the affection which sprung up in the soul of Jonathan for David. "He loved him as his own soul;" with real, undissembled, unselfish, undisguised affection.

Let us now endeavour, as the Holy Spirit shall condescend to enlighten our minds, to trace in what way this most interesting person Jonathan herein typified our precious Lord Jesus. Are we not warranted to borrow and use the beautiful and descriptive word "knit," and to apply it emphatically to the great Head of the church in the stupendous work of redemption? What short word can better express the union and the oneness of the believer with Christ? or what more faithfully depict the inseparable character of this union? How emblematical, too, of the glorious scheme of salvation! Behold the youthful David, a stranger, whose very name and dwelling-place are alike unknown; behold him becoming an inmate of the royal domain of Saul; allowed no more to return to his humble home and occupation, but the recipient of all the honours and comforts the kingly residence afforded; adopted, moreover, by the king of Israel, raised from obscurity, and placed on a footing with royalty itself! Sweet representation of the church of Christ, each member of which is translated from the kingdom of darkness, adopted into God's family and to all the privileges of citizenship; yea, more, unto the dignity of sons of God. "Now are we the sons of God," &c. (1 John iii. 2.)

This very adoption, then, indicated the presence of love. It was not that species of love or admiration which at first induced the persecuting Saul to retain David in his family, but proved afterwards to be a love which could, without provocation, degenerate into hatred. O! not so the love of Jesus for his church. Sanctified, or set apart, by God the Father from everlasting; the property of the Son by divine gift, ratified both by covenant and oath; his bride, his inheritance, his chosen, his members, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh; loved by JEHOVAH as Christ was loved; viewed by God in the Person of Christ; and partakers of his divine nature; these are some of the blessed results of adoption, but the half has not been told, nor can be. As Christ is, such are we (the church) in this world; no longer twain, but one flesh. Great, though very great, be the mystery involved in this union, yet is it a blessed reality.

We find, however, that the love of Jonathan towards David had a beginning, and resulted from the wondrous prowess, guileless simplicity, and beauty of the young warrior. Not so the love of the Lord Jesus to "his body, the church;" for his love was from everlasting. Nor was there ever a time or point in eternity when the love of the Father, the love of the Son, and the love of the Holy Spirit, was not fixed on the church; as it is written, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." The sentiment is quite true:

“He saw them ruined in the fall,
Yet loved them, notwithstanding all.”

Not loving their sins, but loving their persons, because they were beheld by him in the Person of Christ. Apart from Christ, they could only be the subjects of divine wrath and condemnation; but as viewed *in* Christ there was found neither “iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel.” The perfection of the Head gave perfection to the members. Without the Head, the members would be useless; and without the members, the Head would not constitute a whole body. Thus the union of Christ with his church must be an inseparable union, an everlasting union, which can never be destroyed in time, and must exist throughout eternity.

Nor can this union depend on creature acts, nor on creature excellency; for it was irrespective of the creature. Before the world was made, or earth's foundations laid, “His delights were with the sons of men.” (Prov. viii. 31.) We remark that, as Christ is the Head, the church is his body; that as he is the Husband, the church is his bride; and as such, they are always one, for ever one. What can separate from the love of Christ? Can thy *past* sins? No! for they have been blotted out by the blood of Jesus; nor thy sins to come, for where much is forgiven, the same loveth much. And if thou lovest much, wouldst thou willingly offend? It cannot be; for love, when manifested to your soul, will beget in return a love which is both warm and melting; for we only “love him, because he first loved us;” and this love will constrain you to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; to hate all sin, yes, not only to dread all outward acts of sin, but to abstain from all appearance of evil; and to abhor yourself on account of the sin which dwelleth in you, that corrupt principle within your heart from which you cannot flee nor get rid of, but which makes you cry out, under its intolerable burden, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?” &c. (Rom. vii. 24.)

Yes! the love of Christ constraineth its possessors, but to what? To love his commandments, which are not felt by the believer to be grievous; on the contrary, as the psalmist expresses it, he feels “that in keeping them there is great reward.” What reward? The reward of peace of mind and a quiet conscience. But these blessed fruits of the Spirit cannot flow from the keeping God's commands in a legal spirit, or from slavish fear; not from observing these as a duty, an obligation which cannot be neglected without incurring the divine disapprobation or forfeiting divine favour, and thus procuring eternal condemnation by their neglect. No! Wherever the love of Christ reigns in the heart, sin must and will be dethroned. Love to Christ, and allowed indulgence in sin, are incompatible one with the other, and are as opposed to each other as light and darkness, and are as much at enmity the one with the other as Christ and Belial. Christ in the head and not in the heart will account for what is generally known as

antinomianism in the life of professors. If the root be good, the fruit will be good also; the mistake lies in substituting natural faith for supernatural, animal excitement for the work of the Holy Spirit; and the assumption of religion without a divine change being wrought in the heart. It is this external, superficial, ostentatious religion which leads into error, self-seeking, will-worship, and an entire departure from the religion of the Bible; a religion which leaves man precisely where it found him, "dead in trespasses and in sins," alienated from God, a stranger to God, and so fully led captive by Satan, that he can neither "deliver his own soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

Moreover, the constraining love of Christ necessarily draws the soul to Christ, nor can it be satisfied with less than Christ. Natural love cleaves to the creature, and is of the earth, earthy; but the love of Christ being spiritual and supernatural, lives on, and is attracted only by spiritual things. Damped by its contact with earth, it requires the oil of grace to be continually poured into the heart; nor will it be content with anything short of the sensible appropriation of Christ, as its Lord and its God.

Where this divine love is shed abroad in the heart, it is an unmistakeable evidence of the indwelling and work of the Holy Spirit; consequently, is proof that the soul has been regenerated, that spiritual life has been imparted, that the darkness has passed, and the true light has shone, and that the apostle's words are understood experimentally: "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and in sins." Without life, there could be no feeling; and love without *feeling* is a fallacy. Solomon, speaking of natural death, says, "The dead know not anything; also their love and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun." (Eccl. ix. 5, 6.) Is not this a just description of man's state by nature? But although man is thus spiritually dead to everything pertaining to God and godliness, there is yet within him the carnal mind, which is enmity against God; so that it follows that where Christ is loved, sought, and embraced, there must be the spiritual mind. That soul must be partaker of the divine nature, must be quickened into spiritual life; "born, not of the will of man, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God." It is exclusively the work of the Holy Spirit, is altogether supernatural, above all the combined efforts of man; but the work of him whose operations are free and sovereign, and as uncontrolled as the wind which bloweth where it listeth.

This change being so great, so fundamental, so all-important, that without it a man cannot see, cannot understand the things of the kingdom of God, how important the inquiry, "Have I been made partaker of this divine change? Have I been born again from above? Have I received the saving influences of the Holy Ghost, or is my religion the religion of nature, and my supposed love to the Name of Jesus only the result of education?"

Be content to answer those inquiries by an appeal to what is daily passing within; for we confess we have not much opinion of an abstract resting on the finished work of the Lord Jesus, unless it be accompanied with those "things which belong to salvation." Those things which invariably accompany salvation are the hungering after the bread of life; a thirsting after the water of life; the sense of disease which needs healing by the tree of life. Do you feel that your heart is deceitful above all things, that you dare not, cannot, must not, trust it? Do you feel that you require as much a daily supply of strength from above to overcome the wicked one as you require strength of body to perform the duties of the day? Do you feel so utterly unable to do what you desire, that unless Christ did all *for* you, and *in* you, you must perish? Are you conscious that you have no power to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil, except as God shall enable you? Do you seek salvation from Christ on the same terms as the prodigal sought his father's forgiveness, unworthy to be called a son, but willing to be received as the chief of sinners? Do you come to Christ as the only physician that can cure your soul of the leprosy of sin? As the only refuge from the wrath to come? And are you asking Christ to be *all* you need, your "wisdom, your righteousness, your sanctification, and complete redemption"? Then be of good cheer; this sense of want, of desire for Christ, this conviction of Christ's suitability to meet your necessities is not of nature, but of grace. The incorruptible seed has been sown in your heart; life, eternal life, is there, though the only evidence of its existence to yourself may be in groans, in tears, and in the heart-stricken inquiry, "O that I knew where I might find him! Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest," &c. (Song i. 7.) The Lord the Spirit has thus made you willing to accept of Jesus in all his fulness, and brought you to the conviction that without him you can do nothing. By-and-by, the clouds which hide Jesus in all his manifestative suitability will vanish from the horizon, the Sun of righteousness shall arise, and you shall exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Jesus will manifest himself thus to you as he does not unto the world, and love more precious than gold which perisheth will be as a chain to hold him fast as "the Chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." You will then discover that the religion of Christ is that of the heart; with the heart man believeth; with the heart he loveth, and as a willing captive he surrenders his heart to Jesus, accepts him as Prophet, Priest, and King; yea, his All and in all.

Further, our scripture proceeds to show that as Jonathan's heart was knitted with David, he loved him as his own soul. The result of this love ended in a covenant or compact with each other, as we read: "because he loved him as his own soul." May we not from hence gather some very precious experimental truth?

and may not the fact be very clearly established, that where the love of Christ reigns in the heart, the fruit of the Spirit, love, will in return reciprocate the affection; or, as Solomon avers, "will give all that it hath for love;" in proof of which, many instances in Scripture may be adduced.

Look first at dear Jacob, the expatriated son, the lonely wanderer, with a staff only as his companion, a stone for his pillow; and the world of uncertainty before him; yea, worse than all, a sense within of the cause of this evil, viz., his own deception. Yet it was at Bethel God met with him, there manifested himself as Jacob's God, guardian, provider, and never-failing friend. At Bethel did the great *JEHOVAH* condescend to enter into a compact with a worm of the earth. God had said, "I will bless thee; I will keep thee; I will give thee food to eat, and raiment to put on;"—all absolute promises, gracious and free promises, on God's side. But when Jacob engages to take the Lord to be his God, he enters into a conditional covenant: "If thou wilt be with me, and give me bread to eat, &c., then thou shalt be my God." So we find that whenever the creature makes a covenant with the Creator, it is always conditional, always dependent, and always, we may add, selfish. Not so with God! for his gifts are free; his grace is free grace; his salvation is without money and without price, and all his acts of love are those of a sovereign, who giveth not to man an account of any of his matters, but "who has mercy on whom he will have mercy."

We find, moreover, that though there was no expression of affection on David's part at this particular time, yet no one can, after reading the pathetic lament of the psalmist over the death of Jonathan, for a moment doubt that not only did he reciprocate, but entertain for him the warmest and strongest amount of affection. Compulsion there was none; the covenant was a mutual engagement, and we are sure embodied all the love, interest, concern, and brotherhood which the closest alliance could command. The subsequent history of these bosom friends evinces it.

Here let us pause to inquire of thee, O thou that art tossed with tempest, and not comforted, thou of little faith, canst thou not call to remembrance some Bethel where thou didst also enter as it were into covenant with God? Hast thou no secret spot, no closet, no garden, no retreat, nor retired nook to which thou canst point and say, "It was there, with the most sincere yet solemn supplication, I preferred the prayer of Jabez, 'O that thou wouldst bless me indeed.' It was then I could count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; and there it was I exclaimed, 'Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.'" We say to thee, O thou beloved of the Lord, that those stones of remembrance are as much real indications that the Lord has made a covenant with thee, as the stones which were taken out of the bed of the Jordan proved that Israel passed through

the river on dry ground. JEHOVAH has fulfilled his covenant engagement to thy soul. He declares that he has loved thee with an everlasting love, and his loving-kindness has thus drawn thy heart to himself. Once more we would inquire, Hast thou not been drawn with the cords of love to Jesus as thy Advocate and thy Redeemer? Hast thou not been drawn to behold his glory in the works of creation? Hast thou not stood amazed at his tomb? Hast thou not mingled thy tears with the weepers at his cross? Hast thou not re-echoed the prayer of Calvary's dying thief, "Lord, remember me," &c.; and hast thou not felt thine heart burn within thee as the Lord has again and again expounded to thee in his precious Word the things concerning himself? Can you, and do you, seek for stronger evidences than these to prove the "drawing of the Father," or that the Holy Ghost is thus fulfilling his office, by taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto you? What greater proof can you have that the Lord has made with you an everlasting covenant, one which can never be broken or destroyed, and that according to his promise he has put his laws (of love) into your heart? And if love constrain you not to love in return, to obedience in return, what motive, what more potent principle, can engender it? Certainly not fear; "for where fear is, there is torment."

(To be continued.)

THE BELIEVER'S ACCEPTANCE IN THE BELOVED.

Lines written by the late Mr. George Corral, after hearing Mr. Gadsby preach from the following words: "Wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

How blessed are the men who stand
Accepted at JEHOVAH's hand;
Whose sins were drown'd in Jesu's blood,
When he the sacred victim stood!

Clad in his righteousness divine,
Their persons in perfection shine;
Nor have they any cause to fear
Lest any charges should appear.

The Father views them with delight
As pure and lovely in his sight;
He owns them as his sons and heirs,
And has by gift made heaven theirs.

Beloved is th' incarnate Word,
Not only by JEHOVAH God;
But saints, when they his beauties view,
Are sweetly led to love him too.

Who are the men that thus are blest
With mercies these, beyond the rest?
How may I know I'm favour'd thus,
To be amongst the number "us"?

The *us* are brought to feel their sin,
 To know the danger they are in,
 To prove their guilty, helpless case,
 To see in Christ a hiding-place.

To him they go with trembling heart,
 Compelled to act the beggar's part;
 Their plea is mercy for his sake,
 Nor can they a denial take.

How many doubts their minds assail!
 How many "buts" and "ifs" prevail!
 But at *his* feet resolved they lie,
 That *if* they perish, there to die.

At length the Holy Ghost reveals,
 And sweetly on the conscience seals
 The grace and love of Christ our Lord,
 As represented in his Word.

Faith views his wounds a safe retreat;
 Faith all his gracious words doth eat;
 And while she on his fulness dwells,
 With love her rapturous bosom swells.

Hope views her home beyond the skies,
 And longs to reach her heavenly prize;
 A godly sorrow fills her breast;
 With zeal as with a cloak she's dress'd.

With joy they run nor fear a fall,
 Themselves are nothing; Christ is all;
 They hope that all their foes are dead,
 And pant for likeness to their Head.

But, ah! that ugly monster, pride,
 (So sure to turn their heart aside,
 And numerous other evils rise,
 And form a cloud before their eyes.

Their smiling God they can't discern;
 Shut up in darkness, how they mourn;
 Their fears return whilst sin prevails;
 The devil roars; their courage fails.

Thus low they're brought, but not to death,
 For God will answer praying breath;
 Who will in season comfort give,
 Whilst Israel's consolation lives.

This is the way the Lord doth lead
 His people in and out to feed;
 This chequered path of peace and woe,
 All Zion's pilgrims have to go.

May I be taught, most gracious God,
 To go the way thy saints have trod;

Whilst here to serve thee out of love,
And then to reign with thee above.

Oct., 1840.

[See memoir of G. Corral, "Gospel Standard," 1878, page 279.]

THE LATE JAMES CRABTREE.

A SCRAP OF HIS EXPERIENCE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF ABOUT THE YEAR
1849 OR 1850.

He commences: "Last night I thought, What a thing if after all I am wrong at my beginning! all my after-steps will be wrong too. You [Mr. Taylor] were led to speak of the severity of the Father in his law against newly-quickened sinners; and you said 'that there never was a man in the world that knew the *Son* but knew the *Father* first'; which assertion I agree with, for it is scriptural. 'All that have learned of the Father,' saith Christ, 'come unto me.' But I was led to conclude that I had not known the Father to that degree you spoke of. It is true I have felt sin a burden, and have felt heavy laden; and I felt deserving of hell. Sin is mixed with all I do, and I feel it a greater trouble now than in all my life. It cleaves faster to my conscience, and interrupts, and obstructs, and yields me more grief, disquietude, and distress than anything in this world.

"Seven years ago I was baptized; and I professed to have been quickened of God before that time, but I cannot tell the exact time when. I have prayed the Lord to make it clear unto me, and shine upon his own work, if it be indeed begun, and the time and the circumstance. I remember having these words spoken to me: '*What business hast thou here?*' when I was among the Association Baptists; nor did I know then that they were in the Bible till you were led to speak them in your sermon (Aug. 17th, 1845), and which brought them to my remembrance, and which had been forgotten. But whether I was quickened into life at that time I cannot tell. I know I acquiesced with the voice that spoke to me, and believed there was something wrong, but could not tell where. I began to suspect the minister did not preach right; and I would try to read his texts, and observe attentively to see if he explained it right, and I fancied he did not; therefore I would lean my head down in the pew in token of displeasure. My affections began to get cool towards this people and the minister (Mr. Crook); but I had thought with myself that he was a good man, and I would try not to think otherwise for the sake of my aunts and uncle, who were members there. But I was led to read my Bible, and certain sayings of Solomon's and other parts, which I thought were true, I would write down on paper. But I thought again, To what purpose is it? What profit is there in this? And I felt it came short of what I wanted. It did not satisfy; and I did not know what would. I began to grow very uneasy; and I remember rising early one Sunday morning and taking a walk and coming

to a bridge. I leaned over its side, wondering to myself what had befallen me, and what ailed me; for I could not make myself easy, do what I would; and I could not help trying to pray. But still I knew not what I wanted, nor whom I was praying to. I was very restless and comfortless. I returned home, and having in the house a pamphlet of J. C. Philpot's—"What is it that saves a soul?"—I sat by the fire and read it. I opened at these words: '*Reformation is not regeneration.*' I thought, this is true; it is indeed; but nothing did appease the disquietness of my mind.

"I left the chapel above referred to, and constantly attended a room newly opened called 'Dove,' where I heard the truth by men of God who supplied the pulpit. And I was led to take notice of a certain melting and softening of soul which did wonderfully *relieve* me while it lasted. I would be reading continually, and purchased pamphlets which were recommended on the back of the 'Gospel Standard,' which periodical was providentially brought to me without my seeking after it in March, 1842. Under the Holy Spirit the 'Standard,' which I dearly loved, and other sermons by Philpot, and John Kay's pieces and experience, were made instrumental in feeding the life of God in my soul, and enlightening me into the truth; and they were the only companions I had. And thanks be unto the Lord in keeping me diligent in seeking him unto this day. From the beginning I knew religion was something brought into the soul by God, which was to be felt; and without feeling there could be no religion; and I thought feeling and realizing were the only criteria to prove that there was life in the soul.

"JAMES CRABTREE."

[The deceased intended sending the above to Mr. Taylor, of Manchester; but it was, as his son informs us, never sent, but was found among his papers after his death. We have to thank Mr. Henry Crabtree for kindly placing it in our hands for insertion; also Mr. James Hargreaves for a few particulars relating to the last days of the deceased, which we also publish this month as an obituary.—ED.]

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

"Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven."

My dear Sir,—A remark you once made I have often thought of, and it has encouraged my trembling tempted spirit, and I trust also others of your readers. You say, "We like for our readers to take an interest in the magazine." This has induced me to send the enclosed, for I hope I can say, if I am interested in anything, it is that which tends to promote the welfare of Zion. And we cannot but believe the "Gospel Standard" has been made a means, under God's blessing, of good to many souls. Though I have lost that interest I once possessed in aught else, yet I cannot say I am become quite indifferent to the prosperity of Zion, or the glory of God. His eye beheld with

delight the widow's humble offering, and it is our mercy that the same Omniscient eye looks down with approval on the least or feeblest desire to honour him. "There is no device in the grave;" and there soon will be this feeble hand, and then will its labour cease. Till then may the good Spirit of God direct, in what it findeth to do, and may the blessing of God rest upon it.

Affliction increases fast. I am now confined great part of the time to my room; and how wearied and worn I feel. Though scarcely half the age of good old Barzillai, yet, like him, I feel life a burden. The days are come when I have no pleasure in them, and the grasshopper is become a burden, and desire fails, because I am fast nearing my long home. Life is fast ebbing out, and "Lo, I die;" but I die, I hope, to live. "The day," yea, rather, "the night is far spent;" and O that I could constrain him to abide with me! "Abide in me, and I in you," are his own sweet words; but here I own my guilt. I have forsaken him, and such as do "forsake their own mercies." "With the froward thou wilt show thyself froward." Can I wonder at his absence? Yea; may I not rather wonder he can ever have anything more to do with such a one? A great wanderer, a base backslider, "yet" (must again cast myself on his faithful word) "yet return again to me." "I have made altars to sin; altars have been unto me to sin"; for as we sow we reap. "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death." His hand hath been heavy upon me; yet, blessed be God, his hand sustains me still. The lash, as one hath it, has been "dipped in brine," yet, as another says, "steeped . . . and softened in his blood." It has been a hard struggle; but "the war with Amalek will soon be over;" an unequal war,—my "foes so very strong, myself so very weak." "They have thrust sore at me that I might fall;" and if it had not been the Lord (I hope) that was on my side, where should I have been? The enemy has "thrust with side and with shoulder;" such hellish darts and infernal blasphemies that I scarcely dare hint at. I have often heard of "the valley of the shadow of death," but never knew what it was till I came there. I know Satan is chained, and I have often told him so. He must have permission. "Behold, he is in thine hand." As with our body, so with aught else that comes upon us; may we not hear its voice, "Am I now come without the Lord?" The Lord said, "Go up against that land," or individual, to afflict him. "I say to my servant, Go, and he goeth." "Asthma, rack that frail frame. Sorrow, rend that soul with anguish." And when the hour is come, death is also bid to do its commission. "Destroy that temple." It is called "a great fight," and "the good fight;" but I am a bad fighter indeed; never was such a poor soldier, yet hope to overcome at last.

It is said of a certain bird, "The sweetest song is the last she sings;" and I am sure it can be so said of many of Christ's doves. "Dying saints can sing, 'tis well." I have never yet

sung, at least, like others; yet have *many, many* times tried to entreat that I may lisp forth one sweet note to his praise ere I leave this mortal clay. My religion (if I have any) began with prayer; may it end in praise. I began in sackcloth; and who can tell but I may close with a palm, and so "finish my course with joy?" My sad life has been prolonged to see another (it may be my last) birthday. "Few and evil," said good old Jacob; and few are my days, though *many* are my sins. Young in years, "old in sin." (Ezek. xxiii. 48.) How *few*, I can tell; how *evil*, I cannot, I dare not. "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation;" and near that time have I been sinning against the God who gave me breath; and though I have been twenty years telling him what a sinner I am, yet seem further from the end of my tale than ever. "Forty years didst thou sustain them;" and forty save one has the God of Israel sustained the poor worm in the wilderness. I must still hope my father's God is my God; and he that fed my dear afflicted parent is able to provide for me. The Lord's goodness to him in temporals was great, and not much short of miraculous; and rather than he should want, the sea must give up her treasure, as you will see by the enclosed. The Lord himself be with you.

Your most unworthy friend,

Clack, August, 1880.

E. MORSE.

Mr. Hazlerigg, Leicester.

My dear Friend,—An unknown friend in Australia has sent me a little money to distribute among the poor and needy of the Lord's family; and as you have come upon my mind, I send you herewith a P.O. order for £2 as a part of the spoil.

The difficulty with me is how to distribute the money in the best possible way; for I know so many of the Lord's people to whom a little help would be acceptable, that the difficulty is to make the selection. But you, my dear friend, certainly seem to have some claim upon me, both from the length and peculiar nature of your distressing affliction, and because I feel that you are indeed through grace a member of the mystical body of the Lord the Lamb. It is but a small part of the afflictions of a saint of God which money can alleviate; and yet the want of it much adds to the weight of their other trials.

Yours has been a life of dependance upon the Lord, both as a God in providence and as a God in grace; and no doubt often seeing his kind hand in the former, has much strengthened your faith in the latter. To have had all your temporal wants supplied for so many years has no doubt often raised up a sweet feeling of gratitude in your bosom. It has given you a gracious conviction that the Lord thinketh upon you, and careth for you; and where this faith is given, it often blends itself as it were with that faith which deals with the love and goodness of God as manifested in the face of Jesus Christ.

Yours has been indeed a path of tribulation; but through it you have already entered into that kingdom of God which is present as well as future, which is a kingdom of present grace, as well as of future glory. Every day of affliction and every night of pain and restlessness shorten the number of your appointed days. You have nothing to live for but to glorify God by submission to his will in doing and suffering.

Our dear friends at Oakham are much as usual. As far as regards myself, I am at present favoured with sufficient health and strength to fulfil my ministerial labours. With every desire that the blessing of God may rest upon you, I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately in the bonds of the Gospel,

Stamford, Dec. 20th, 1861.

J. C. PHILPOT.

My dear Brother, which I feel assured you are from both likeness of mind in nature, as well as grace,—I often think of you in your temporal calling, as well as your spiritual calling, and when I received your kind letter last month I could feelingly respond to your grievous lamentation about those rotten spots you name. How the vexatious things of this short, empty, vain time-state rob my poor soul! They come upon me sometimes like a cloud of locusts, and captivate thought, mind, heart, and purpose. They cut up the little verdure left; and what barrenness and woe is felt! How it wrings out, "O wretched man that I am!" It is these departures in spirit that cause the Lord to hide his face, and withhold those sweet visits that keep our souls alive in times of famine. I am, out of felt necessity, reduced to groans, cries, sighs, confessions of heart before the Lord. Like David, "Out of the depths have I cried" unto God. How tired of all concerns of life, and the trade of it, the men and manners of it. O! what evils swarm within this vile wretched heart! What a chamber of imagery here! I often, my brother, feel dumb before the Lord, while I would not give open room for a worldling to reproach me. Yet how full of self-loathing and self-reproach! It seems plain my base heart goes half way to tempt the devil to tempt me. "I am as a beast" before the Lord on this account, and feel unfit to read, pray, or speak again. As for real faith or patience, I seem to have none. I sink into the slough of despondency, and am almost choked with woes felt and feared.

"How can a soul that doubts like mine,
Dismayed at every breath,
Pretend to live the life divine,
Or fight the fight of faith?"

These things, with family trials, losses and crosses in business, bring me into deep waters; and that wretched canker-worm, self-pity, corrodes the root of every comfort. Yet "To whom can we go?" has been a sweet word to me. "Thou hast the words of eternal life;" and that is what I want to feel. Ah! it is here, my brother Stenning, where we cast down our idol gods, and set up solemn penitential grief and heart-felt confession. And I have felt it good thus to be brought down, crying for mercy;

and with a little of the bedewings of tender mercy felt on the spirit, how the heart opens and makes a clean breast of it! How good to know our Advocate on high pleads the cause of poor pauper bankrupts, and that his precious blood avails for pardon, peace, and reconciliation too; and that its sweet effect sealed home upon and into this vile old charnel-house of a heart, maketh *peace*. O precious truth! "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from *all sin*."

I was sorry to hear of your affliction; hope you are now quite restored. I have been a prisoner a good deal this winter hitherto; cannot stand the cold. I feel I am getting older and weaker in body. Have no one good thing to look back on, nor do I possess one now, that can in the least be urged why the Lord should be gracious. No;

"Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days."

The *sweet, unmerited, free favour of the Lord suits me well*. It sweetens my bitter cup, moistens my dry places, enriches my poverty, loosens my bonds, heals my diseases, strengthens my hope, comforts my heart, cheers my prospects, loosens my tongue, and loosens every carnal, sensual, worldly tie. "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

Please pardon the scrawl. Accept my heart-felt love to you, and dear Mrs. Stenning, and your brother deacons; in which my wife joins.

Yours affectionately,

Baldham Mills, Seend, Feb. 5th, 1879.

N. MARSH.

My beloved Friend in the bonds of covenant love,—I fear you will think I have forgotten you, as it is so long since I last wrote to you. But I assure you, though I have not written by paper and ink, I have sent up many of my poor cries and prayers to the great Head of the church, who alone can be a present help in trouble. It was many years ago the Lord put you in my heart, and you have never yet been taken out, so that my poor soul has travailed for you in your deep trouble and affliction until Christ was again formed in your poor soul the hope of eternal glory; and my dear, kind, and merciful Lord has spared my poor worthless life to see you brought out into a wealthy place, and again made you to go forth in the dances of them that make merry. O how pleased was I to hear of the goodness and mercy of our covenant God manifested towards you in his bringing you out once more from the iron furnace of unbelief, from the horrible pit and miry clay of despondency, and once more setting the feet of your faith upon the rock, Christ Jesus! I know this made you sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." And again: "O Lord, I will praise thy Name; for thou hast done wonderful things. For thou hast turned my mourning into joy, and my sighing into singing."

What an unspeakable blessing it is, my dear friend, to be made a sensible sinner; for none but such will ever find a merciful Saviour. O! my dear sister in the faith, I must tell you that I feel to want saving day by day from my daily sins and infirmities. And O, what a mercy for us poor sinful worms that our Saviour saves to the uttermost all poor sinners that come unto him, and feel they cannot save themselves.

My dear friend, I fear that old age is bringing on me many infirmities; though, blessed be the Lord, he is still very good in blessing me with the use of my limbs and my faculties, though my memory is not quite so good. If I live to the 6th of May, I shall be 79 years old; and, like dear old Jacob, I can say that "few and evil have been my days;" but thanks be to the God of all grace for a good hope beyond the grave, for only this bears me up above the water-floods of temptation, unbelief, and daily infirmities. As death is making inroads upon us on every side, it often seems to sound the alarm in my ears, and say to me, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." The Lord has taken home to himself our dear pastor, Mr. Covell. I have sent you a paper with some account of his death, but you will see more in the "Gospel Standard." He is gone to be for ever with his Lord; and my cry and prayer is, that he will send to West Street chapel another man after his own heart, to take the charge of those that remain.

Now I must close, with our kindest love to you and your dear children, also to Mr. and Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. W., and all friends. We should much like to see you all once more in this life; but the Lord knoweth what is best for us all. Yours, &c.,
Croydon, Dec. 10th, 1879. H. KEMP.

To Mrs. Russell.

REVIEW.

An Antidote against Arminianism, &c. By CHRISTOPHER NESS; recommended by Dr. Owen. Eighth edition. London: Robert Banks, 5, Racquet Court.

RELIGIOUS works that have been in existence for a couple of centuries, and which have passed, in the course of so long a period, through multiplied editions, and have had notice upon notice, and review after review written of their publication and merits, we should be ready to think they would require no further notice or commendation to keep them in continuous circulation than what they have received in the past. But as with many other things of ancient date, so with books, as time rolls on they are apt to get lost sight of, and to become quite obsolete in the minds of people by more recent publications, and especially by such vast numbers as are published in the present day, in the making of which, we may truly say, "there is no end." Neither could any better fate befall most so-called religious works that emanate from the press than the brief existence which divine providence suffers them to have in the world, and the utter extinction which

awaits them in the memories of succeeding generations, that they ever lived for a single day. The bulk of such works being more dangerous, through the erroneous sentiments they contain, than beneficial, it is a mercy when they soon get out of print and out of remembrance. But when the works that are published have gracious men of God for their authors, and sound divinity, without the least admixture of error, filling their pages, and hence are in every way calculated to promote the glory of God in their defence of his truth, and in their refutation of poisonous lies in doctrine, it would be exceedingly remiss on the part of persons in our position not to back up the publication of such works as often as practicable, with a word of notice, in order to promote the dissemination of God's truth.

Our magazine being very limited in its circulation, in comparison with the prodigious circulation which many trashy religious periodicals command, it is but little we are able to do in making known far and wide any valuable work which we might more particularly wish to be well read and pondered over, and especially by such children of God as have received some spiritual light in the discriminating truths of sovereign grace, yet who need to be further instructed, and better grounded therein. But, so far as the medium of our magazine serves our purpose, it would, we repeat, be inexcusable were we not to avail ourselves of the advantage it gives us for the accomplishment of such object.

Prompted by such motive in the present instance, we gladly call our readers' attention to the present cheap edition of Christopher Ness's celebrated work, "An Antidote against Arminianism," which was first printed in the year 1700, and was recommended by Dr. Owen and other eminent servants of God. No doubt, many of our readers have long since been familiar with the work, although we guess numbers of them have never seen it, and perhaps have never so much as heard of it; indeed, we are inclined to think with the editor of the present edition, that Ness's book is comparatively but little known, and that it has been allowed to remain too much "in the darkness of oblivion." That it is a most masterly written treatise, has long been acknowledged by many who have read it, especially by such as love the truths it advocates, and whose minds were able to grapple with the author's cogent reasoning and solid argument. That the little work is very argumentative and doctrinal, must be admitted; and because this is more its character than that of its being experimental, it might not fall in with the taste of some of our readers so well. Still, those children of God who care less about doctrinal works for their own private reading, need, notwithstanding, to be on their guard that they do not speak disparagingly of them on that account, but rather they should remember the specific object for which many such books were written, viz., to hurl the battering-ram of divine truth against the ramparts of error, and thereby, as in the case of Ness's

“Antidote,” to lay bare the pestiferous lie of Arminianism. Besides, there is no other way in which godly men, moved by the Holy Ghost to a work of this kind, are at all likely, through the blessing of God, to accomplish their end, the only weapon they have at their command being God’s truth, the only thing they can do, is to wield it against the heresies they aim to overthrow.

Would to God that Arminianism had been crushed in Ness’s day! But it is like the flesh, of which Scripture says, “That which is born of the flesh is flesh.” So that which is born of Arminianism is Arminianism. Like the viper, it is hatched from many eggs, and as every egg of the kind brings forth the same species of reptile, the consequence is, that we are swarmed with the Arminian viper in almost all parts of the earth. It creeps into almost all the sects of Christendom, defiles the creeds of almost all religious communities, and leaves comparatively few, under a profession of religion, untainted with its venom.

Arminianism, we believe, has been the very root and sap of pretty well every great religious movement that has taken place in our day. The great revival which, only a few years ago, caused such overwhelming excitement in our own country, had nothing but the worst dregs of Arminianism to keep it alive. The still more abominable delusion, which at the present time is parading the whole nation under military terms, and with military manœuvres, is solely and exclusively Arminianism in its most detestable form. And we verily believe that if all Arminian props were to be swept away, as they must be by-and-by, to the confusion of thousands, from all the places of worship, both church and chapel, which have nothing else in sentiment to keep them in existence, then most such places would drop into oblivion before many more years have passed over our heads. “Time was,” as the editor of this new and cheap edition of Ness’s “Antidote” observes in his preface, “when in England, in our universities and colleges, the young men designed for the ministry were instructed in the doctrines of grace which are advocated in this work. Our pulpits, too, were the organs of these truths; so that it was accounted *then* as strange for a minister *not* to preach election, particular redemption, and final perseverance of the saints, as it is *now* when a minister of Christ has the holy boldness to enforce these doctrines upon the attention of hearers.” But, as the editor very justly remarks, “This degeneracy in doctrine in the present day calls for humiliation on the part of the people of God, and bids them supplicate the great Head of the church for an outpouring of his Holy Spirit, that these doctrines might again flourish in the church, to the great increase of spirituality and vital godliness.”

Our first extract from the work will be in reference to predestination, which, as Ness writes,

“Is the decree of God, whereby (according to the counsel of his own will) he fore-ordained some of mankind to eternal life, and refused and

passed by others, for the praise of his glorious mercy and justice. Some are vessels of mercy, others are vessels of wrath. 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour? What if God, willing to show his wrath and to make his power known, endure with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction; and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of his mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory?' (Rom. ix. 22, 23).

"In a great house are various vessels, both for use and ornament, vessels of *honour* and vessels of *dishonour* (2 Tim. ii. 20); and the master of the house hath a right to, and can wisely use, all his vessels, even as he shall think proper. God hath his use even of Pharaoh and of the church's greatest enemies; if it be but scullion work, to brighten vessels of mercy by them. God hath appointed the elect unto glory; and he hath, by the eternal and most free purpose of his will, fore-ordained all the means thereunto; such as redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, effectual calling and conversion, justification in the court of conscience by saving faith in Jesu's merits; sanctification in the heart by the Spirit, producing holy living and holy walking with God and man. And these blessed participators are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation (1 Peter i. 5). 'Whom he did predestinate, *them* he also called; and whom he called, *them* he also justified; and whom he justified, *them* he also glorified. What shall we then say to these things? We will say with the apostle, God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation.'" (1 Thes. v. 9).

Of the divine decree of either predestination or election, which words our author uses promiscuously, he says,

"'Tis unchangeable, because it is a decree written in heaven, and so above the reach of either angry men, or enraged devils to cancel. 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.' (2 Tim. ii. 19.) They are 'the assembly and church of the first-born, written in heaven.' (Heb. xii. 23.) Thence it is called *the Lamb's book of life*, which contains a catalogue of the elect, determined by the unalterable counsel of God; which number can neither be increased nor diminished. This is to be rejoiced in above dominion over devils; 'rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven' (Luke x. 20); which if our names may be written in heaven to-day and blotted out to-morrow, would be no such ground of joy. If the decrees of the Medes and Persians, which were but earthly writings, were unalterable (Dan. vi. 8), how much more the decrees of the great God, written in heaven, must be unchangeable. Must Pilate say, 'What I have written, I have written' (John xix. 22); that is to say, '*My writing shall not be altered*;' and shall not God say so much more? 'I know (saith Solomon) that what God doth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it; nor anything taken from it.' (Eccles. iii. 14.) 'My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it.' (Isa. xlvi. 10, 11.). The sun may sooner be stopped in his course than God hindered of his work, or in his will. Nature, angels, devils, men, may all be resisted, and so miss of their design; not so God; for, *who hath resisted his will?* All those chariots of human occurrences and dispensations come forth from between those mountains of brass, the unalterable decrees of God (Zech. vi. 1); and should it be granted that one soul may be blotted out of this book of life (this writing in heaven) then it is possible that ALL may be so; and, by consequence, it may be supposed that that book may become empty,

and useless as waste paper; and that Christ may be a head without a body."

Neither, as Ness states, does God decree the end without the means, nor the means without the end, but both together.

"As a purpose for building includes the hewing of stone, and squaring of timber, and all other materials for building work; and as a decree for war implies arms, horses, ammunition, and all warlike provisions; so here, all that are elected to salvation, are elected to sanctification also. God ordains to the means as well as to the end. 'As many as were ordained to eternal life believed.' (Acts xiii. 48.) God hath ordained that we should walk in 'good works.' (Eph. ii. 10.) We are elected unto *obedience*, through the sanctification of the Spirit (1 Peter i. 2); therefore God hath promised to *sanctify* those whom he purposed to *save*."

O! can we not then sometimes feelingly say with our author, what infinite condescension "that the great God should hold a poor lump of clay so fast in his Almighty hands as to secure our interest to all eternity!" (John x. 28, 29; 1 Peter i. 4, 5.)

Again :

"Let us learn submission to the will of God. Proud, yet brittle clay, will be knocking their sides against the absolute will of God, till they break in pieces; so did Adonijah, when Solomon must rule (compare 1 Kings i. 5, with 1 Chron. xxii. 9; and mark the end thereof, 1 Kings ii. 23-25.) O for the grace of humility to enable us to adopt the language of the prophet, 'Now, O Lord, thou art our Father, we are the clay, and thou our Potter, and we all are the work of thine hand.'" (Isa. lxiv. 8.)

Further, the "freeness of the divine decree,"—that is, the sovereign Almighty Jehovah claiming a right to act in whatsoever way he pleases, either to choose or not to choose, or to receive some of mankind into his favour, and to reject others, has been confirmed throughout all time, by the examples God has given us of his own conduct as set forth in Scripture history.

"Of Adam's three sons, Cain, Abel, Seth, the eldest was rejected. Of Noah's three, Japheth, Shem, and Ham, the youngest was rejected. Of Terah's three, Abraham, Nahor, Haran, the middlemost was rejected; for Nahor was an idolater, and Laban swore by Nahor's idol. (Compare Gen. xxxi. 53 with Josh. xxiv. 2). Now, why this picking and choosing, this receiving and rejecting; eldest at one time, youngest at another time, and middlemost at a third time? What is all this but to show that neither birth nor age, nor anything foreseen or existing in the creature, can produce any claim; but that all lies in the free election of God. We can give no reason, save the good pleasure of God, why Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar (both engaged in the same warfare against Israel, the Church of God) had different dispensations of heaven upon them; the one was hardened and the other humbled; why Pharaoh's baker was hanged, and his butler restored to his office again; why two men shall be in one bed, the one taken, the other left; why two women shall be grinding at one mill, the one taken, the other left; why Aaron's rod, of all the twelve, only blossomed."

The Lord, then, gracious reader, give thee grace to bless God, as our good author writes, "For raising *thee* up from thy death in sin, and healing *thy* blindness, and not others." Thou wert, thou art still, in thyself a sinner. And, if thou art taught by

grace, the last accents on thy faltering tongue will be the publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Our readers will hardly need to be told, after reading the extracts we have inserted, that the other branches of divine truth which go towards making up the glorious scheme of free and sovereign grace, as revealed by the blessed God, in Holy Scripture, as much commands the consideration of our author, as election and predestination. In the first part of his book, which he tells us cost him "many ardent prayers, and many wrestlings with God," he writes of "Arminianism in general." He next takes up "predestination," showing that it is "*eternal*," "*unchangeable*," "*absolute*," "*free*," "*discriminating*," &c. Next, he holds up "universal redemption," and gives distinct reasons why it should be rejected as being erroneous. He then comes on to speak of free-will, and proves, unanswerably so, that "there is no free-will to *good* in man in his fallen state." In his fourth and last chapter, he states the blessed doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints, twelve reasons being assigned, "why the chosen of God cannot totally fall away from grace." Also, he meets in different parts of his work, the infamous charges which the enemies of truth are ever ready to hurl against the blessed doctrines of the grace of God, in the way they deserve, as for example, the Arminian will say, "What need or use is there of good works? Let me live as I list. If I am elected to salvation, I shall certainly be saved."

Or the opposer of truth will even dare to affirm, "Let me do what I can; if I am to be damned, I shall be damned. I am under a fatal necessity."

"Answer. This is to suck *poison* out of a sweet flower; to *dash* against the rock of ages; to *stumble* at the Word, whereunto they were appointed. (1 Peter ii. 8.) Why has God ordered all things by an absolute decree for ever? It is 'that men should fear before him.' (Eccles. iii. 14.) God acteth *freely*, as the *first* cause; and man *freely*, as the *second*; in *concurrence*, and not by *constraint*.

"No man may judge himself a reprobate in this life, and so grow desperate; for final disobedience (the only infallible evidence of reprobation) cannot be discovered till death. We are not to question the secret will of God, but to pay attention to his revealed will.

"The Arminian doctrine (*God foresaw what good courses I would take of my free-will, so did elect me*) is miserable comfort to one whose heart is privy to myriads of departures from God. It was well said by the Psalmist, 'Who can understand his errors? Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' (Psa. xix. 12)

We have now said enough of Christopher Ness's "Antidote against Arminianism," to show in what way our mind runs towards his book, and sufficient to increase the sale of it, if a kindly notice of it be all that is needed to effect it. May the Lord hasten the day when every pool of Arminianism in the world shall be for ever dried up, by the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness, when he shall arise in greater power, and reflect his Person with greater refulgency on the minds, and in the hearts, of tens of thousands, through the glorious doctrines of his cross.

Obituary.

CHARLES POOLEY.—On March 12th, 1881, aged 34, Charles Pooley, of Liverpool.

The Lord has again seen fit in the exercise of his sovereign pleasure to take away in the midst of his days one of the favourites of heaven. We feel we can ill spare him; he was a tender, humble, praying soul; but we desire to say before Him on whose shoulders the government of the church rests, "Thy will be done."

On the first Lord's day in March, 1877, I baptized the dear saint who has now entered into his rest. It pleased the Lord to exercise him with a long wearisome illness—consumption; but God in his mercy and faithfulness bestowed upon him much patience, humility, and resignation, together with many consolations; and which divine goodness to his soul made visiting him a pleasure and comfort, and means of instruction to many of us.

Among the many excellent things the dear man said during his illness, the following have been preserved. But as they were addressed to ourselves personally, we should have preferred casting them into a somewhat different shape, for the purpose of keeping ourselves more out of notice, had it not been that an alteration of this kind would have affected the originality of our dear friend's dying testimony. We shall on this account prefer letting his statements go forth as they dropped from his own lips.

"For some months previous to February, 1873, I had many terrors, and often feared I should destroy myself. I read of the Lord breaking up the fountains of the great deep, and thought he was going to destroy me. I saw he was a just God. I went from one place to another amongst the Arminians, hard, dead, dry, and barren in my heart. I attended their class meetings; and hearing them talk about their holiness, and feeling myself a poor vile sinner, it used to cause me more anguish than before I went. The more I strove, the more the Lord seemed to block my way up. When I came away from those meetings, I used to feel I was wrong. There used to be that springing up sometimes: 'Well; the Lord can have mercy; the Lord can save the vilest.'

"After a time, these words came, and would follow me: 'Guilty sinners, come;' and they made me willing to give everything up, and leave myself in his hands, if he would only save me in his own way.

"One day I went to St. Thomas's church, and heard a man who gave me a little hope, because he showed that God had a chosen people; and some of the hymns did my soul good. The Lord brought me into such places and straits, I thought I was deceived. I went to the Docks one morning, and I met a man who professes religion, and he said, 'I believe there are times when the Lord hides his face from his people.' Oh, what a lift that did give me! How I did pray that he might only be hiding his face from me. By that man I was led to Shaw Street. Mr. Corral was preaching; I heard nothing of his text, but the 80th hymn was sung, and it suited me well, particularly the last three verses, above all these words:—

"Born of God, they hate all sin;
God's pure seed remains within."

I felt if that hymn was right, I was a child of God. The sermon never troubled me; I learned those three verses while in chapel. I came again the next Lord's-day evening, and Mr. Chandler was preaching; his text was Rom. viii. 38, 39. As soon as he began to speak, I felt there was something for me. That man described my case; he so en-

tered into my feelings, that I felt if he was a child of God, I was one. When he closed he said, 'There will be preaching here to-morrow night;' and I said, 'Then I'll be here;' and I managed to come. The text was 1 Cor. ii. 12. I felt so lifted up. But I got into the place by the wrong door (the dear man had gone to the side door, and had to pass through the minister's vestry); so after the sermon I went to beg pardon. Then some of the friends asked me what brought me there. I was so ignorant, I didn't know what to say. I had never heard such preaching before, so I said, 'Because I like it.' They asked me if I had been brought under the guilt of sin. I said, 'Yes; I had to give myself up for the Lord to save me.'

"The next Sunday morning you were preaching, and the text was Eph. v. 1, 2. I felt when you spoke that, if you had a true religion, I had one, and that Shaw Street was my place, especially when I heard you lay poor sinners low, and exalt Christ. After the service, one of the friends asked me how I had got on. I told him well; he said he was glad, and told me there was a prayer meeting in the afternoon. I said, 'But I go to a Bible class;' but something said I was to come here; and I did come. You read part of the sixth of John, and spoke on the 40th and 41st verses. You spoke to me, me, into my heart; it was as if you spoke to me only. I felt as if I must come and speak to you, and ask who had been telling you about me.

"When I got out, how I did bless and praise God for guiding me to this place, for I found that though I had been lost, I had been found; I had not been given up entirely. I was delivered from the law, and was builded up. What I passed through in the week you used so to confirm in my soul on the Sunday.

"I came one Thursday night. You were preaching from Peter healing the lame man. I came in in a very dark dismal state. I found I could only get out in the way showed; it gave my poor soul a great relief. I felt I was on the right road, felt that I was a child of God, born of him.

"When the Lord, after this, brought me into great trial of soul, he was teaching me *such* a blessed lesson. He taught me that I could neither think a good thought nor work a good deed; then I came across that hymn,—294; and O! when I read that hymn, I felt it was just the place I was in. I felt the Lord would not pursue me to death.

"O! I could tell you of many blessings my soul has had under your ministry. Two special times just now come to my mind. One was when you preached from—'Because the Lord hath need of him.' (Lu. xix. 31.) The other was out of 2 Cor. xiii. 5: 'Examine yourselves,' &c. As you traced out, so I found I was in the faith.

"Another time I came to the prayer meeting on the Monday night. The chapter read was Isaiah xii.; and as you spoke on the 1st verse, it was made a great blessing to my soul. I did draw water out of the wells of salvation."

After giving us the above account of God's dealings with his soul, our dear friend became much weaker, and was taken to his bed, which he never again left. For five weeks he lingered there, to the astonishment of all. During that time it pleased the Lord, in the exercise of his infinite mercy, to pour into the dear sufferer's soul the most abundant consolations, and to give him an almost uninterrupted victory over the "accuser of the brethren," and to keep him from all that painful anxiety which, but for this rich mercy, must have settled on his mind with respect to his circumstances, having a wife and three little children. On one occasion he said, "O! what should I do now without the blessed witness in my heart? A hay and stubble religion won't do here."

February 15th he was much favoured in that word: "Behold, I and

the children which God hath given me." "What a sight I had. Ah! He will present me sound and whole. O! I could have almost sung out:

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!"

"I am only going a step before to see him as he is. Bless the Lord, I have no desire to get well. I feel resigned to his will. I feel that when heart and flesh fail, God will be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. O how good the Lord is to me, not to let the enemy trouble me! The Lord has so shone upon his work in my heart; he has given me to see how he made me willing in the day of his power, to give myself up into his hands. I have felt his power in my heart. I can go with the apostle, and say in feeling, that it takes the same power to make a Christian that raised up Jesus from the dead."

On some references being made to his dear sorrowing wife and little ones, the dear man said, "I can leave her in the Lord's hands. He has been a faithful God to us. These things have been written in my heart as with the point of a diamond. No; not one word of his good promise has failed. I have been strengthened in him."

February 18th.—"In the night my dear wife asked me how I felt. I said I hoped that the Lord had not

"Taught me to trust in his Name,

And thus far have brought me to put me to sbame.'

She replied :

"He that has helped us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through,
And give us daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.'

O how those words did fit in my soul!"

Referring to temporal things, he said, "O what a God I have! He said to me once, 'Do you see the lilies? They toil not; neither do they spin.' He has provided for me."

During one of our visits, our beloved friend said, "O! if it was not for these blessed things I feel in my heart, what should I do? He said to me once, 'I have redeemed thee;' it came three times. 'Yes,' I said; 'Lord, thou hast.' How I did bless and praise him! After the Lord quickened my soul, and gave me new desires, where did they go to? Why, when I awoke, they went to heaven. I felt the words of our dear Saviour: 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'"

February 20th.—"This afternoon, in the midst of great bodily weakness, he said, "God has reconciled me to himself. O! those words—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more,'

have been meat and drink to me. O! bless the Lord, he has loved me, and washed me in his own blood, and made me a king and a priest."

24th.—"I awoke this morning with these blessed words: 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.' I could hardly bear it; it seemed too good for me. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

25th.—"These words came, O so sweet!—

"All hail, the power of Jesus' Name.'

O, it was too much for my body; I could scarcely bear it. I could see he was my Daysman, my Redeemer, my Conqueror. I could see he was made 'wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and re-

demption; all for *me*. O what do I see in the Lord Jesus Christ this morning! What desire have I to live here, when I have such a Saviour? I see he was made everything to me, all that I stood in need of. O how favourable God has been to me! No; I don't fear death. He is a good God to me! Last Sunday morning, I did feel a little darkness; but, bless the Lord, he broke through; he heard, I do believe, the prayers of his people."

26th.—"I have felt that so good, so sweet,—'Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us.'"

On one occasion the enemy was permitted to cast some fiery darts at this dying saint in the shape of "horrid thoughts," as he himself called them. "O," he said, "they were dreadful. I can't name them; they did force me to cry to God; they made me sweat. If we didn't feel such abominable thoughts, we could not believe anybody could ever have them. Blessed be God, he came to my help. I felt those words:—

" 'He to the feeble and the faint,
His mighty aid makes known;
And when their languid life is spent,
Supplies it with his own.' "

After this, the Lord drew near to him again, and, though he said but little, being now too feeble, Isaiah xxvi. 3 seemed to be much on his mind, and also to express the state he was in. One day when, to use his own words, he was "enjoying sweet and blessed thoughts," the enemy suddenly threw in the suggestion, "You are only a one-talent man." "I began to sink," said he: "but I soon saw that the one-talent man had not a *willingness* to serve the Lord; but when my heart is touched I would serve God a thousand-fold." How very beautiful is divine teaching! How effectual to the breaking of snares!

No more was the roaring lion permitted to roar in the ears of our dear friend; as he lay day after day, labouring hard for breath, it was evident from the word or two he had just strength enough to utter, that he was "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and longing to be gone, but resigned to the Lord's will; as he himself said, "His pleasure is mine."

About an hour before he died, he was heard repeating the words: "At evening time it shall be light"; and a few minutes before bidding adieu to this sinful world, hearing his youngest child playing, he said, "And dear daddy is going to sleep." This was his last word; he fell asleep, and awoke no more on earth. In glory he opened his eyes to gaze for evermore on that dear Redeemer whose precious blood had purged his conscience, whose righteousness clothed him, and whose gracious presence in his heart had enabled him to meet death without alarm.

At the risk of trespassing too much on your space, I cannot forbear mentioning, as briefly as possible, the goodness the Lord made to pass before our dear friend in providence. In a remarkable manner the Lord provided a home for him and his family, in our chapel house, some time after he had become unable to work. For some months we were making efforts to obtain the services of a godly couple without children; but during all those months, as we afterwards learnt, the dear departed one and his wife—the latter especially—were constrained to pray for the situation. The nearness which was experienced, the energy that was felt in pleading with the Lord, and the confidence which held them up, when none but themselves knew of what was going on between God and their souls, were remarkable. And when there appeared a probability of our obtaining what we had been so long seeking, our dear brother said, "We shall not get the place;" but his wife's faith was

made strong to believe they would; for she said, "I believe, if the people come, they will not stay; we shall get the place." Yet none, then, knew of their desire to have it. But the Lord so wrought that we were disappointed; the people we hoped for did not come.

"God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform."

Our friend's desire became known, and the way was soon made so plain that none could doubt whose hand had done it. What rejoicing there has often been in this matter! "Ah!" said poor dear Pooley, referring to his new home, "the Lord knew what he was going to do with me, and so he provided this place for me. While he has afflicted with one hand, he has strewed the path with mercy with the other."

Much more might be added with respect to one with whom the Lord dealt most graciously, and to whom the church here felt much union and affection; but I forbear.

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

J. K. POPHAM.

RICHARD WINDER.—On March 23rd, 1880, aged 70, Richard Winder, of Blackpool.

Richard Winder, the subject of the following sketch, was born at Patrick House, near Goosnargh, in North Lancashire, and was the youngest son of Ambrose Winder, farmer, of that place.

Of his early life little is known, until about the 18th year of his age; at which time he was fond of athletic and other sports, taking pleasure and delight in foot races, hunting, fishing, &c. While witnessing from an elevated spot one of those degrading scenes, a prize fight, the Almighty, in his sovereign goodness and mercy, sent an arrow of conviction deep into his soul. He said he was afraid to move from the spot where he stood, lest the earth might open and swallow him up; feeling certain, if God in his divine justice should deprive him of life, hell would be his portion there and then.

He now commenced to read the Bible, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" and, in order to better understand what he read, procured an English dictionary, to which he would frequently refer in the course of reading and meditation.

For a time the seriousness he had manifested seemed to wear off, and Satan strove to bring him back into his former scenes of revelry and paths of sin, in which he had taken so much delight, but which now his soul detested, and he attributed such change to the sovereign grace of God. The enemy, however, succeeded in drawing him into Arminian paths, and so leading him astray in matters of religion, and setting him about building up much which had afterwards to be destroyed.

His spare moments were spent in reading God's Word. He also kept up a regular attendance at an Independent chapel, about four miles from his home, as well as attending what other means of grace were within his reach, and by these and other outward forms, he sought to establish a righteousness of his own. So eager was he in this matter, that every book except the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress" was passed aside and abandoned. The Bible by degrees became his delight, and ultimately his only companion, having an ardent thirst after the truths recorded in its sacred pages.

An incident as showing his strong will and desire to gain a knowledge of Bible truth under difficulties may here be mentioned, as the writer heard Mr. Winder relate the circumstance personally. Being compelled to go and work at his calling in Blackburn, he took lodgings with a

respectable family, who had in their possession a family Bible, which was allowed to remain from week to week in one place covered with a clean white cloth, but where it remained unread. Our friend having no pocket Bible of his own, he would sometimes take up the one from under the cover in order to read it, but he saw that it did not meet with the good woman's approval who kept the house, and in a little time the Bible was removed out of Mr. Winder's way. After this, he purchased a Bible for himself, and constantly carried it about with him, marking all the passages where the words election and predestination were to be found.

Observing on the counter of the bookseller's shop, where he bought his Bible, a hand-bill announcing the late Mr. Tiptaft to preach in the "Old Baptist Chapel," Blackburn, on a certain evening, his mind led him to attend the service; and being directed to the chapel on the service evening, he went in, but had to sit in an obscure corner of the place, through its being so crowded with people. Mr. Tiptaft began the service with one of Hart's hymns (222, Gadsby's Selection); and whilst the hymn was being read and sung, our dear friend (to use his own expression) "cried and sobbed like a child." During the sermon, which was from 1 Cor. i. 30, 31, he felt the props and stays upon which he had built his hopes to give way, and the building he had raised to come down about his head; and he felt his poor soul well-nigh crushed into the depths of despair.

About this time he paid a visit to a relative at Rawcliffe, where a few of God's people frequently met for worship in a barn, and attending one of these meetings, he heard Mr. Fairclough, who was then just commencing to preach. After the meeting, Mr. Winder and Mr. Fairclough spent some time in conversation upon the sentiments advanced in the sermon; Mr. W. urging the Arminian against the free-grace doctrines of Mr. F. This conversation, with the sermon he had heard Mr. Tiptaft preach, was made a means, through the blessing of God, of his being afterward led more clearly into the discriminating truths of sovereign grace, and from which he derived so much comfort the remainder of his life.

He still continued for a time to go to the Independent chapel, it being near his home, and sometimes took part in the service, both at prayer meetings and at other times in the way of expounding a portion of Scripture, when asked by the friends. But as he now believed in the free-grace doctrines of the gospel, he contended for the same in speaking from the Word, but which soon laid him under the charge of being a Gadsbyite, and led to his being prohibited from taking any further part at such meetings. He joined himself shortly afterwards to a Baptist church, being baptized by the late Mr. John Straw, of Nateby.

In the order of providence he removed to Preston, and was received into the church in Vauxhall Road, under the ministry of the late Mr. McKenzie, and where he remained in fellowship until the unhappy division took place, which ended in the formation of another cause at Zoar chapel in the same town. While residing there, Mr. and Mrs. Winder opened their own house for meetings on the Lord's day, and from this time it was that Mr. W. commenced more particularly speaking in the Lord's Name, both at home and at other places.

About two and a half years ago, at the invitation of the church meeting at Poulton-le-Fylde, he joined himself to that people, and was identified with them up to the time of his death. Two years, or a little later [*i.e.*, as we read the account.—*Ed.*], God was pleased to remove the partner of his life, who had proved a true helpmate to him. The loss of his dear wife proved a great trial to Mr. W. and his family, but he was

enabled to bear the trial with Christian fortitude and resignation; his comfort being drawn from God's Word of promise. I well remember on the day when Mrs. Winder was interred, Mr. W., in the course of conversation, remarked what a desire he felt that the dear Lord would grant him submission to his sovereign will under the overwhelming affliction; adding, that under every trial and case of suffering through which he had passed, the Lord had been gracious to him, delivered, sustained, and comforted him in times gone by; and expressing a confident hope that God would still extend his love and mercy to him to the end of his life.

The Lord, during the summer of last year, was pleased to lay upon him the affliction which terminated his life here below; his sufferings were great, not bodily pain so much, but the action of his heart seemed to cause considerable exhaustion to his frail body.

During the month of February, I visited him, and found that to all appearance his time here would be very short; but his countenance bespoke the happy and calm frame of mind he seemed to enjoy. That interview, and the conversation we had, will, I trust, never be forgotten. He seemed to have had a foretaste of heaven here below. God's most precious Word, and Gadsby's selection of hymns, were made a great blessing to his soul. He repeated to me and others in the room Isaiah xlii. 16: "And I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will lead them in paths they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them;" laying particular emphasis on the words "I will," and "not forsake them." He also quoted, in a clear distinct voice, the whole of Psalm xxiii., dwelling on the 3rd and 4th verses.

On the day he died, his only theme was the sovereignty of God's grace, and his everlasting love. A short time before he breathed his last, he summoned his family around him, and again repeated Psalm xxiii.; after which he himself engaged in solemn and earnest prayer for a blessing upon each member of his family, mentioning each by name. Having prayed for a blessing on his family, he paused, and said, "I must cease speaking," and almost immediately breathed his last, without a sigh or groan.

R. N.

Oldham, August, 1880.

JAMES CRABTREE.—On January 19th, 1881, aged 58, James Crabtree, deacon of the Strict Baptist church, Hebden Bridge.

He had been thin and weak in body, and only able to get to the chapel with great labour for more than 20 years; yet he would, if possible, be there as long as he could get out of doors, for he loved the house of God. He felt and groaned under the burden of sin, as a sore and daily plague. At times he was favoured in his soul, and enabled to bless God for his word, that Jesus Christ died for lost sinners, and could say, "even for me." He would say, "O what love! O what a good God to me, to call me, to know and feel sin to be a burden and a grief to me, and to bless me with a hope in his mercy through Christ Jesus, the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, the only name given under heaven whereby I can be saved."

In the beginning of last November, he began to be laid up; but he said he thought his sickness was not unto death, and that he should live to come amongst us again. But unto the following month, when I went to see him, he said, "I have something to tell thee. The Master has come to say he will make all my bed in my affliction; and so I understand I am not to leave it any more, for he saith he will come for me. Bless his Name, I have no fear of death, nor Satan either.

His mouth is shut now; bless God for that. Though he has often plagued me enough before, but he dare not speak now." In this confidence he fell asleep.

JAMES HARGREAVES.

Feb. 10, 1881.

THE NEEDY SOUL'S CRY FOR REFUGE.

"I hide me with thee."—PSA. CXLIII. 9. (*Genevan version.*)

LORD, let a sinner pillow
 Upon thy faithful word;
 For many a raging billow
 Against my soul is stirr'd:
 Of all my wisdom emptied,
 Of all my strength bereft,
 Oppress'd and sorely tempted,
 Thou, only Thou, art left.

And wilt thou cease to guide me
 Amid the rising storm?
 Shall refuge be denied me,
 A fearful, trembling worm?
 How these disturbing questions
 Perplex my troubled mind,
 When Satan's dark suggestions
 Are with them intertwined!

No other power can shield me,
 Except thine arm of grace;
 No word but thine can yield me
 A solid resting-place:
 Thou who didst spread the ocean
 Caust tread its swelling wave,
 Canst quell its fierce commotion,
 And show thy power to save.

Amidst continual dangers
 Thou leadest me along;
 Preservest fainting strangers,
 And makest weaklings strong.
 The fatherless forsaken
 May build upon thy care;
 That hope shall not be shaken
 Which has its anchor *there*.

Lord, thy sweet word can never,
 Like men and princes, fail;
 Thou keepst truth for ever,
 And wilt o'er all prevail:
 The storm will soon be over,
 And calm ensue at length;
 For in the LORD JEHOVAH
 Is everlasting strength.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1881.

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

THE SPIRIT'S POWER,
THE REAL SECRET OF ALL PREACHING THAT IS OWNED
AND BLESSED OF GOD.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED IN THE YEAR 1645, BY WILLIAM DELL, SOMETIME MASTER OF GONVIL AND GAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me.”—ACTS I. 8.

THESE words are the more remarkable, because they are the very last words in the conference between the Son of God and his beloved apostles, immediately before his ascension unto heaven. In the third verse of this chapter, Luke informs us that he discoursed with them touching the kingdom of God; that is, not only touching his *spiritual* kingdom, which he sets up in the heart of each particular Christian, and which begins at our regeneration, and is consummated in our glorification; but also touching that mediatorial and monarchical kingdom, which, in the time appointed of his Father, he will set up in the world; when he will have the “heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession,” and when “all people, and nations, and languages shall serve him;” and “he shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.” This was the sum of Christ’s discourse with them, and the apostles were fully satisfied respecting the time. They remembered many prophecies and promises of the Old Testament for, and in favour of the restoration of the kingdom of David; and this they thought Christ would have effected in the days of his flesh. Presently, however, all their hopes were blasted by his death. But when they saw him risen again from the dead, their hopes were revived. And yet, seeing nothing done, all the time he conversed with them after his resurrection, when now he was ready to ascend into heaven, they desire him, first, to resolve them this question: Whether or not he would, at that time, restore the kingdom to Israel? Now, Christ doth not deny that the kingdom should be restored to Israel, but denies to acquaint them with the time *when* it should be restored. He tells them, “It is not for you to know the times or seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.” (Ver. 7.)

But though the Son of God did not reveal to them what the Father had reserved in his own power; yet he tells them what the Father had promised unto them, and what he would certainly confer ere long, and which was the gift of the Spirit; saying, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me." As if he had said, Do not trouble yourselves about secret things, which shall not be accomplished in the world till many years after you are fallen asleep; but do you mind your present business, wherein you are to serve God in your generation. Your present task is to be "witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth;" to declare and make known what you have heard, and seen with your eyes, and looked upon, and how your hands have handled of the Word of life: you are to testify to the world my incarnation, doctrine, miracles, death, resurrection, and my kingdom and glory which are to come; you are to make known to the world the high and deep, the great and glorious mystery of the gospel. And that you may be fit for this great and mighty work, you shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

On these words we shall observe in general two things, and then consider and apply them more particularly.

I. The first general doctrine is this: that as Christ will not suffer his disciples to be tempted, so neither to be employed above their power; but he furnishes them with ability sufficient, both for their temptations and for their employments, for what they have to suffer, and for what they are called to do. And as soldiers that are under a wise and careful commander, when they are near an engagement, are not permitted to run rashly upon the enemy, nor to go forth to battle till they are armed and prepared; so Christ would not suffer his disciples to go forth, in his warfare, to encounter so many evils, oppositions, and persecutions, and to meet the whole force of the world and of the devil, till first he had armed them with the power of the Holy Spirit. "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Christ always communicates unto those whom he sends forth, of his own power, for his own work; heavenly power for heavenly work; spiritual power for spiritual work; the power of God to do the work of God. Indeed, Christ gives unto some a greater, and to some a less measure of power, according as he intends to use some in greater works and difficulties, and some in such as are less. Yet, still all those receive of Christ's power, whether more or less, who are employed by him; and a little of that power that is communicated by Christ will enable a man to do great things, far greater than the world suspects or imagines.

II. Observe, secondly, that Luke, being about to speak in this book of the instituting, enlarging, and governing the Christian church, first makes mention of the pouring out, and that both upon the apostles, and afterwards upon the other disciples; signi-

fyng hereby that there is nothing so necessary for the increase and well-ordering of the true church of Christ, as the communication of the Spirit. And, therefore, they are altogether deceived who think the increase, preservation, establishment, and order of the church of God depend chiefly upon the councils, decrees, and constitutions of men; and that without these the church of God would soon come into disorder, yea, to utter confusion. As if Christ and his Spirit were idle in heaven, and had left the whole of his church to men, and as if ecclesiastical power, confirmed by the secular, were abundantly sufficient for the increase and well-ordering of the church, without the promise of the Father, and the communication of the Spirit by the Son, which is the very mystery of iniquity among us, and head of antichrist.

And, now, from these general observations, we proceed to consider the words more particularly, in which we may note two things:

I. What he promises them; and that is *power*. "Ye shall receive power."

II. How they should be made partakers of that power; and that was by the Holy Spirit's coming upon them.

The point we will insist on from both these particulars is this: that the receiving of the Spirit is the receiving of power. Till we receive the Spirit, we are altogether without power; and when we receive the Spirit then, first of all, do we receive power; "power from on high."

By nature we are without strength; weak, impotent creatures, utterly unable to do anything that is truly and spiritually good. For, by nature, we are but flesh; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and all flesh is grass, a fading, withering, and decaying thing, together with all the flowers, that is the perfections and excellencies of it. But when we receive the Spirit we receive power, for the Spirit itself which is given us, is power, and that both in itself and in us.

1. The Spirit is power in itself; for as Christ is the power of God, so also is the Spirit; yea, the Spirit is the God of power. So that he that partakes of the power of the Spirit, partakes of God himself.

2. The Spirit is power in us, by being in us—

i. A spirit of *knowledge*; for the Holy Spirit teaches us to know the things that are freely given to us of God. Yea, he teacheth us to know what sin is, and what righteousness is; what death is, and what life and heaven, and hell are; and what we ourselves are; and what God is. And these things he teacheth us to know, otherwise than other men know them. In a word, the Spirit teaches a Christian to know all things which are of importance to be known; that is, to know God and the kingdom of God, and the things of both; all other things being nothing in comparison of these.

Thus the Holy Spirit is a spirit of knowledge in us, and so of power; for knowledge is the strength of a man, whereas an

ignorant man is a weak man; you may carry him whither you will. But knowledge renders a man strong and immoveable; for, in all things wherein the Holy Spirit is a spirit of knowledge in us, he is also a spirit of *strength*.

ii. The Holy Spirit is a spirit of power in us, by being in us a spirit of *truth*. He not only leads us unto the word of truth, but also into the truth itself contained in that word; and even brings the truth into us, till we become one with it, by an inseparable union. The Holy Spirit takes a believer and leads him into one truth after another, till at last he leads him into all truth. Now, wherein the Spirit is a spirit of truth to us, he is a spirit of power; for through the truth which we learn from the Spirit we become steadfast and immoveable among different and contrary winds of doctrine. Whereas, on the contrary, the true ground why so many are seduced and overcome by errors and heresies, is because they have taken up their religion only from man's teaching, and have received their opinions from men; and so what one man hath taught them, another man unteaches. Yea, if we be led into the truth itself only by man, man can again lead us from it. But he that hath been led into the truth by the "Spirit of truth" is immoveable among all doctrines. And thus also the Holy Spirit by being a spirit of truth, is a spirit of power in us.

iii. The Holy Spirit is a spirit of power in us, by being in us a spirit of *faith*; for faith is a work of the spirit of power; and no less a power could work faith in us than that which raised up Christ from the dead. So that, whoever truly believes, by this faith of the operation of God, experiences in his own soul a measure of the self-same power that raised Christ from the dead. Faith carries a man out of himself to Christ; and so, through the power of faith, he is able both to do and endure things similar to those which Christ himself did and endured. Hence Christ declared, "All things are possible to him that believeth;" so that a believer hath a kind of omnipotency, because by faith he lays hold on the power of God, and hereby all things are possible to him. Thus Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;" that is, all things that he was called to do. Christ, who strengthened him, was the power of God; and this power of God is not a finite power, but an infinite; not a particular power, but an universal; and so can do, not some things only, but all things. And they who are truly partakers of it by faith, can do all that they are called of God unto, and what will be for the glory of God.

Again. A Christian, through the power of faith, is able, not only to *do*, but also to *suffer* things like those that Christ himself suffered. Hence Paul desired to know not only Christ, and the power of his resurrection, but also the fellowship of his sufferings, which flesh and blood trembles at; yea, and to be made conformable to his very death. And true believers, through faith, are enabled to speak the same language, and to resemble Christ in

suffering as well as in doing the will of God; yea, even if that will should require them to resist unto blood.

iv. The Holy Spirit is a spirit of power in us, by being in us a spirit of *righteousness*. And this he is two ways. As,

(1.) In regard of mortifying sin. For the Spirit of God dwelling in us, is not idle in us, but continually active; and so, from day to day, mortifies sin. And this is the proper work of the Spirit in our souls, to mortify in us whatsoever is contrary to himself, and that is every sin, lust, and corruption.

(2.) The Holy Spirit is also a spirit of righteousness in us, in regard of imparting grace to us; for all graces are the fruit of the Spirit in our souls. As all light is from the sun, so is all grace from the Spirit. Now, every grace is a proportionable degree of strength in the soul. As much faith, or hope, or love, as a man possesses, so much strength does he possess; and so of humility, patience, temperance, godliness, brotherly-kindness, and every other grace. They all imply strength in proportion to the degree in which they exist. In other words, according to each man's measure of grace is his measure of strength; and according to each man's measure of the spirit, is his measure of grace. And thus the Holy Spirit, by being the spirit of righteousness, is also in us a spirit of power.

v. The Holy Spirit is a spirit of power in us, by being in us a spirit of *love and unity*. He is a Spirit of love and unity in the Godhead; and the same in the church of God. Why is there such constant love and unity between the members of the same human body, but because one spirit influences and actuates them all? In like manner there is love and unity between all true believers, because one Holy Spirit animates them all. For the Holy Spirit, which is as fire, melts all the faithful into one mass, and makes of many one body, according to the prayer of Christ. "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us." Mark the words, for they are wonderful: "*that they all may be one;*" that believers, who are many among themselves, may be all one; "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee." And this unity of believers is their strength; and when God shall take away all those prejudices, suspicions, jealousies, particular ends, interests, and divisions that are among his own people, and they shall be reduced to this blessed unity among themselves, and the Lord shall be One, and his Name One among them all, then shall the church also, in its oneness and unity, be of invincible power. So that all they that strive with it shall perish; and all they that war against it shall be as nothing. But till the church of God attain to this unity, it shall not do any such excellent thing; it shall not work any notable deliverance in the earth. When the Spirit of God shall be a spirit of unity in the faithful, and shall heal all the sad dissensions that are now between them, then also shall it be a spirit of admirable power in them. And thus much for the explanation of the point.

The use of this doctrine is twofold. The first is to show the importance of being made partakers of this supernatural, spiritual, and divine power of the Holy Spirit, which is certainly communicated to all the faithful. And let no man think it a thing indifferent, whether he have this power or not; but let him know that the having of this power of the Spirit is of absolute necessity, and that both for ministers and for all other Christians.

1. If ministers have not this power of the Holy Spirit, they have no power at all. For Christ sent them, only as his Father sent him; and, therefore, gave unto them no earthly or secular power, no power of swords or prisons, no power of outward constraint or violence. Christ gave them no such outward and worldly power for the enlargement of his kingdom, as not being at all suitable to it. For his kingdom is spiritual; and what can carnal power do in a spiritual kingdom? His kingdom is heavenly; and what can earthly power do in a heavenly kingdom? His kingdom is not of this world; and what can worldly power do in a kingdom that is not of the world? And though antichrist and his ministers have usurped such a carnal, earthly, and worldly power to themselves, in their pretended managing of the kingdom of Christ, yet the faithful ministers of Christ cannot.

Again. The ministers of the gospel must needs have this power of the Holy Spirit, because otherwise they are not sufficient for the work of the ministry; for no man is sufficient for the work of the ministry by any natural parts or abilities of his own, nor yet by any acquired parts of learning and knowledge; but only by this power of the Holy Spirit. And till he be endowed with this, notwithstanding all other accomplishments, he is altogether insufficient. And, therefore, the very apostles were to keep silence till they were endued with this power; they were to wait at Jerusalem till they had received the promise of the Spirit. Yea, Christ himself did not betake himself to the work of the ministry till first the Spirit of God came upon him. And if Christ himself and his apostles were not sufficient for the ministry till they had received this power, much less are any other ministers. For without this power of the Spirit ministers are utterly unable to preach the Word; that is, the true, spiritual, and living Word of God. For to preach this Word of God requires the power of God. One may speak the word of man by the power of man; but no one can speak the Word of God but by the power of God. Without this power of the Spirit ministers are unable to preach the Word powerfully. They may, perhaps, express the letter of the Word, but there is no power in their ministry; their ministry is cold, there is no heat in it; it is weak, and there is no strength in it.

I say, first, their ministry is cold. Unless men have received the power of the Spirit, there is no fire in their preaching. Their ministry is unlike that of Elias, which was as fire; and unlike Christ's, whose ministry made the disciples' hearts burn

within them; and unlike that of the apostles, who, having received this Spirit, were as men made of fire, running through the world and inflaming many with love to God and zeal for his glory. Without this Spirit a man's ministry warms the hearts of none; it inspires none with ardent desires after God, or gratitude to him, or delight in him; it leaves men still frozen in their sins.

Again. It is weak, and hath no might in it. There is no strength in a ministry where there is no Spirit; whereas, when men have received the Spirit, then their ministry is powerful. Thus Paul speaks in Thess. i. 5: "Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost." And again, in 1 Cor. ii. 4: "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." In which words you see the Spirit and power in the work of the ministry are conjoined, as the sun and light are. And that ministry that is in the Spirit is always in power; and being in power, it is always effectual, either to convert men, or to enrage them; and the enraging of men is as evident a sign of the Spirit of power in a man's ministry as the conversion of men. Whereas a cold and dead ministry that is destitute of this power doth, as we use to say, neither good nor harm. It neither converts nor enrages, neither brings in righteousness nor destroys sin, neither kills nor quickens any; but leaves men in the old temper for many years together, and never moves them. But the ministration of the Spirit and power is operative and mighty, and carries all before it. And though evil men will ever be murmuring and wrangling, opposing and contending against such a ministry, yet they are never able to resist the wisdom and spirit of it.

Further. Without this power of the Spirit, ministers will neither be able to hold out in their ministry, nor to carry it on with success against all opposition. Peter and John preached the gospel, but presently the rulers, and elders, and scribes straitly "threatened them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor to teach in the Name of Jesus." Now, if the apostles had wanted this power of the Spirit, they would immediately have been awed, have quitted the field, and you would have heard no more of them. But, having received this power, all the threatenings of the magistrates could not deter them from the discharge of their office; but they said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." And I would to God that the unjust commands of all secular powers whatsoever might be no otherwise obeyed; and that no man would dare to yield more obedience to the creature than to the Lord of all. For no magistrates in the world have any power to forbid the preaching of the everlasting gospel, which God hath commanded to be "published to all nations for the obedience of faith."

Once more. Without this power of the Spirit, ministers are

not able to reprove the world; for no man, by his good will, would provoke the enmity of it against himself; and, therefore, flesh and blood will never "reprove the world of sin," but allow it, and countenance it in sin. But the Spirit, when he is come, will "reprove the world of sin." When a man hath this power, presently he bids defiance to the whole world, and provokes the whole world against himself. And this no man either can or dares to do, except he be first endued with this power of the Spirit. And therefore, saith Micah (ch. iii. 8), "I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgression, and to Israel his sin."

The world cannot endure the declaration of its evil ways; hence it is exceedingly offended, yea, and extremely rages against the faithful teachers of the Word; as the examples of all the faithful witnesses of God, in all ages, declare. Yea, Christ himself testifies, touching himself, "Therefore the world hates me, because I testify of it, that its works are evil." But all ministers are not of such strength and resolution as to contemn the hatred and fury of the world; nay, the most are quite overcome with the prosperity of this present life, and with the desire of friends and riches, and preferment; and so are ministers, in whose mouths are no reproofs, though the whole world lie in wickedness. In this way they escape the rage and violence, nay, they obtain the favour of the men of this world. And thus weak and unworthy are all those men who are only endued with their own spirits.

Thus you see what necessity all the ministers of the gospel have of the power of the Holy Spirit coming upon them. For without this power, they are unable to preach the Word, to preach it powerfully, and to persevere in the course of their ministry. They are not able to reprove the world, and to suffer that persecution which necessarily attends their calling. And so, without this power, they may minister to themselves, but they cannot minister to others, "the manifold grace of God." They may do their own work, but they cannot do *God's work*. They may feed themselves, but not the flock of Christ.

2. As the Holy Spirit, and the power of it, is necessary for ministers, so also for other Christians.

(1.) First, to distinguish them from reprobates; for without the gift of the Spirit, there is no difference between us and them. Moses differs not from Pharaoh, nor Abel from Cain, nor Peter from Judas, except in regard of the Spirit which the one received, and of which the other was destitute.

(2.) To unite them unto Christ; for as the Holy Spirit is the bond of union between the Father and Son in the Godhead, so the same Spirit is our bond of union with Christ, uniting us to him, and making us one with him. For as Christ is one with the Father in the Spirit, so are believers one with Christ in the same Spirit; for "he that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit."

And he that is not one spirit with the Lord, is not joined to him.

(3.) To change their nature; to effect which is above the ability of all power, save that of the Spirit. It would be a great power to change clay into gold; but it is a greater change that is wrought in a Christian. But the power of the Spirit, when it comes into the soul, changes the nature of it; for it finds a man carnal, it makes him spiritual; it finds him earthly, it makes him heavenly; it finds him in darkness, it makes him light in the Lord; in a word, it finds him nothing but a mass of sin, and makes him the righteousness of God in Christ. As fire makes the iron, which is cast into it, like unto itself, communicating its own nature to it; so the power of the Spirit changes our nature, which cannot be changed without it. For, without this power of the Spirit, we shall always remain the same we were born; yea, our corruption will increase, till at last it quite eats out that common good which God hath given to every one, for the common benefit of mankind.

(4.) All Christians stand in need of this power to enable them to mortify and destroy sin. There is no power in our flesh against sin, but all the power of our flesh is for sin; and it must needs be another power that destroys sin. And that power can be no other than that of God's Spirit, which will ultimately destroy the whole "body of sin." For as that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and the spirit that is in us naturally lusts to envy, or pride, or vain-glory, or covetousness, or uncleanness; so that which is born of the Spirit is spirit; and the spirit we have of God, according to its mighty power, will finally destroy the very root of all those sinful works and fruits of our corrupt nature and deeds of evil done in the body. And although every man hath some one corruption, to which by nature he is more inclined than to any other, and which is a man's bias, yet the power of the Spirit will subdue this bias, and make us take straight steps towards God.

(5.) All Christians need the Holy Spirit, to enable them to perform service spiritually. If spiritual service be performed in a carnal way, there is in such service no strength, nothing but weakness; for there is no power in any service except there be something of the Spirit in it. There is no more power in praying, in preaching, in hearing, in meditation, in reading, in resisting evil, or in doing good in any way, than there is of the Spirit in it; and according to the measure of the Spirit in each service is the measure of power in the same.

(6.) This power is necessary for Christians to enable them to confess Christ before kings, rulers, and magistrates, when they are called thereunto. For without this power they would tremble and conceal the truth, it being a very hard thing for a man not to be daunted, but to be immoveable, before all worldly power and glory, and all the terrible frowns and threats of mighty men. Now, saith Christ, at such a time "take no thought beforehand

what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost;" and if you have Christ and his Spirit in your hearts, you cannot want words in your mouths.

Lastly. All Christians stand in need of the power of the Spirit to overcome afflictions and persecutions from which it is impossible they should be free, they being contrary to the world, and the whole world contrary to them. A man who hath no real strength in himself, but what is called his own, faints under affliction and persecution; but the faithful have in themselves strength above that of nature, even the strength of the Spirit, and so they endure and overcome. Our spirits are weak in themselves, and are easily conquered by evil; but when they are strengthened by the power of God's Spirit, they are over all evils more than conquerors; and as much power as we have when under persecution, to endure and overcome, so much of the influence of the Spirit we have, and no more.

[The overplus of matter in type left over from last month, has obliged us to leave out the last part of the above sermon, as sent in manuscript; but what is inserted well deserves, we think, a careful perusal.—Ed.]

A FRIENDLY GREETING FROM ABROAD.

My dear Brother, Mr. Hazlerigg,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

I have of late felt moved from within to pen you a few lines as a word of Christian greeting and encouragement with you in your position as the editor of the "G.S." I can assure you, dear brother, as far as I know the minds of your readers in these parts, your work is highly appreciated. The painful circumstances of the past grieved some of us much; but we pray that the sorrow of bygone days may be buried and forgotten, and that you by divine grace may be enriched experimentally, gathering from all such sources of trial knowledge and fitness for God's service in future conflicts. We all find the process of training painful to nature in the extreme; but

"This is the way, though dark and rough;
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough;
And we, when faith is changed to sight,
Shall see the ways of God were right."

"If we suffer we shall also reign with him."

"Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

Dear brother, we rejoice to know that your trials have been sanctified, and will, we hope, work for good, through God's rich blessing. I happen to know that your January address was as the broken alabaster box of ointment to some sanctified minds. May the mighty God of Jacob make the hands of your arms strong for this his work in Zion.

"Work that might fill an angel's hands;
Which filled a Saviour's heart."

Your unknown friend is one who hopes he is the possessor of

some scriptural evidences that he is called to take some humble part in the same great work. When 22 years of age (1861), it pleased God to bring him into deep soul trouble, and to keep him in it, until the following year; when, if he mistakes not, the lifting him out of the horrible pit took place. O how great the change! Then he knew what it was to be encompassed about "with songs of deliverance," and to be able to say, "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me." During the enjoyment of those happy days, I was constrained to cast in my lot with the Lord's dear people at Warboys, which church accepted me as a member. This took place in the harvest time of 1862; and about one year from this date, I was pressed from within and without, until compelled to open my mouth in the cause of the poor and the needy of Zion. Such was the anxiety of those trying days that my poor frame was almost shaken to pieces; yet this in the providence of an all-wise God was the means of bringing me to this country, where I have been made to feel myself like a sparrow alone. But, having obtained help of God, I have continued until this day, testifying both to small and great the glorious gospel of the blessed God. I am now filling the pastorate of a small church in this town, and have been with the friends nearly five years; the cause being commenced about six years ago. Fifty-two names have been upon the members' roll, but of these some have fallen asleep, and a few, through the sifting process, have been lost to us. We are often "faint, yet pursuing"; and we still hope the little one may become a thousand, &c.

Dear brother, I have felt moved to make these remarks, entreating, through you, an interest in the prayers of the spiritually living readers of your periodical. O! ye highly favoured of the Lord in the land of our Puritan forefathers, forget not your tried brethren at the ends of the earth.

Before I conclude, I wish to record my gratitude to almighty God for the "Gospel Standard." My late beloved mother was a reader of it from her earliest days; her father, the late J. Longland, of Warboys, being a friend and helper of the cause of truth in that village, and cherished the sentiments advocated in your magazine. My dear mother had accumulated a good number of "Standards." Some of these were bound in volumes, and which, when God quickened my soul into life, were brought to light, and I read and re-read many pieces in them; and can testify that the sermons of Ralph Erskine, and the pieces by John Rusk, with many others, were especially helpful in bringing light, life, and comfort to my poor benighted soul. There was one piece which I can never forget, having, like yourself, been a Churchman, and our village church-folk being totally unacquainted with the joyful sound, I was ignorant indeed of the doctrines of grace. But, through the piece I refer to in a number of your monthly, I learned that J. Wesley called imputed righteousness imputed nonsense, which remark led me to say, What can this mean? One man glories in imputed righteousness, whilst another calls it non-

sense. My soul was intensely earnest to get at the real truth. I read and searched the Bible, and the "Gospel Standard," and what other books I could command, until the light came through a letter in the "Standard" from a plain unlettered writer, who explained himself something in the following way: "My sins were made over to Christ, and his righteousness, obedience, and blood-shedding were made over to me;" or words to that effect. O the blessed light that shone forth! Well can I remember the thrill of satisfaction that filled my breast. I could have leaped for joy. The great problem was solved; the glorious plan of salvation was unfolded; the puzzling knot was untied. It was like the unfolding of the doors of a palace, and inviting me to feast my eyes upon the wonders never before seen. I could then see God a just God and a Saviour.

But I must forbear. May the God of all grace bless your work in the future, as in the past.

I am happy to state that we have some witnesses for the truth in the colonies; and although few and scattered, yet we hope by your truthful magazine to be silent helpers for the furtherance of God's cause.

I am, dear Brother, yours sincerely in Gospel bonds,

F. FULLARD, Baptist Minister.

Geelong, Victoria, July 4th, 1880.

P.S., Sept. 28th.—You will see by date of this note that it was written some time since, after which I felt afraid it might be troubling you to no purpose in forwarding it. But finding by some recent remarks from your pen that sympathy and encouragement are not despised, I am constrained to post it. May our Triune JEHOVAH bless you and your work.

**"THE WORK OF RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL BE
PEACE; AND THE EFFECT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS QUIETNESS
AND ASSURANCE FOR EVER."**

My dear Son,—After such a long silence I am again writing to you. You know we are dumb, and cannot open our mouth until the dear Lord, who made man's mouth, is pleased to open it, and put words into our mouth. Then our language is, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." What a proof, when this takes place, that we belong to the election of grace! Besides, we must tell out with a heart full of love to God and his people, what great things the Lord hath done for us and in us.

You know that for many years I have professed to know God; but O! shall I tell it? Yes; all must come out, the black side, as well as the bright. Many times have I, a monster of iniquity, provoked him by fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. What! say you; have you readily fallen in with temptation? Yes; too readily, to my

shame be it spoken. Many times have I suffered the devil to tempt me that I might gratify the desires of the flesh and as to my resisting the devil, that he might flee from me, I am sure he never had an easier fool to deal with. Yet, surprising mercy, love unknown, the dear Lord, who is long-suffering to usward, who passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage, because he delighteth in mercy, did not cut me down as a cumberer of the ground, but visited my iniquities with stripes, and my transgressions with the rod. But such was the love of his heart, the rod was dipped in blood, even in the blood of God's dear Son, who never did sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. He died for our offences, and God the Father laid on him the iniquity of us all. *What* all? Why, all those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life. Well might one sing:

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

Well; notwithstanding all my sins, transgressions, backslidings, coldness and indifference in the things of God, rebellion, unbelief, and hardness of heart, yet he was determined to be gracious to unworthy me, because he delighteth in mercy. O how many times have I, like a silly sheep, wandered from the good Shepherd. Yet he was

"Hard at heel where'er I strayed."

He said he came to seek and to save that which was lost; so he made good his word in my experience, in seeking me out time after time. And notwithstanding all my baseness, he has been pleased again and again to make known his love to me, and enabled me to hope in his mercy, and to say, with some degree of confidence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

These blessed things being at times brought powerfully to my mind by the blessed Remembrancer, have caused me to covet earnestly the best gifts, and to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts. Still, to my sorrow, such hateful things would keep cropping up time after time, that I have felt my heart to be a sink of iniquity; and I have so hated them, and myself on account of them, that I have been compelled to smite on my thigh, and say, Can ever God in very deed dwell in such a heart as mine? Can it be that such a one as I can be the temple of the Holy Ghost? The desire of my heart hath been many times that the dear Lord would be pleased to drive out all these money-changers, and buyers, and sellers, and never suffer them again to enter; but would himself take full possession, cleanse, and purify my heart, and dwell and reign there as King supreme, governing all my words and ways, and keeping me from vain thoughts; for I could say, "Thy law, O Lord, do I love; and thy testimonies delight my soul."

I have been enabled at times ardently to long to experience

more of the love of God in my heart with power, but I have known that power belongeth unto God; and the Lord, who searcheth the heart, and knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, has known, I hope, that I did not want to be deceived nor dissemble before him, but I wanted him to work in me all "the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power." I did not want these things in my judgment only, but wanted them wrought in my heart with almighty power. I could say, I love the people of God, and counted them the excellent of the earth; but that did not satisfy me; for I wanted to be enabled to say, with an unwavering tongue, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Thus was I enabled to press, as saith the apostle, towards the prize; but so often found such a crowd that I could not press through. But give it up I could not; for the blessed Spirit, who helpeth our infirmities, was pleased to strengthen me with might in the inner man, to put words in my mouth, and to work in me living faith, to look to Jesus.

Well; as he is the God of patience, and the God of all comfort, so he was pleased to enable me to watch and wait, until, in the greatness of his love and tender compassion, he was pleased to suffer himself to be troubled for his Ephraim, and to come skipping over the mountains of all my sins and infirmities. This time of love was yesterday. I was up at work between five and six a.m., when his blessed adorable Majesty broke in upon my heart with the words: "Sanctified by God the Father," &c. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." Such was the effect that my eyes were instantly drowned in tears, so that I might almost say, rivers of water ran down my cheeks at the boundless love of God the Father, the sympathizing, compassionate, redeeming love of God the Son, and the grace and comforting operations of God the Holy Ghost. I saw to my joy and satisfaction that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Trinity in Unity, were all engaged in the salvation of my soul.

I know now what it is to weep to the praise of the mercy I found. Well might Ezekiel call it a river to swim in. O what a blessed bathing in this river of mercy I experienced! Much as I had felt my sinfulness before this blessed time, yet never before did I see myself such a deformed monster as I did now. I looked at some sins I had been guilty of, and they seemed so bad that I felt as if the Lord must surely remember them; but instantly my dear Jesus, who sanctified himself that I might be sanctified, said, "All manner of sin," &c. I felt—

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

I was then, and am now, enabled to say, with good old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

I know now what David meant when he said, "My mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved." If I have long to remain here below, I may lose the sweetness of it; but am confident that nothing can separate me from the love of God. The wonderful endearing way my dear and precious Lord has been pleased to indulge me ever since he came with such divine mercy is beyond my power to tell you. I found it yesterday to be a blessed Sabbath day; and again to-day I told the friends I did not wonder at the three favoured ones on the mount wanting to make three tabernacles, and saying, "Lord, it is good to be here."

There is one thing I must not omit, and that is, that three weeks before receiving this blessing I thought I had outlived my religion, and that I had prayed until I had nothing more to pray about. I felt so destitute of all vital godliness that I could not pray any longer; and I fully made up my mind to tell the friends on the next Sabbath morning that I could not meet with them any longer. But the Lord, who keepeth Israel, and neither slumbers nor sleeps, was pleased to speak this word into my soul while my body was sleeping. "God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son." It woke me up quickly; and then I had enough to meditate upon, and I believed with some little faith that I was included in the "us." After I got up, the Lord led my mind to the 106th psalm, and when I came to the 4th and 5th verses it was enough; for there I found the whole desire of my soul. Not pray, indeed? Why, I was all prayer and expectation. The oil ran down the golden pipes into my heart, and it was a blessed softening time. I went to the cottage; and having experienced such sweetness from it at home, I read it again before the people, and the sermon read was, I believe, by that dear man of God, Covell. The text was, "May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." Truly the dear Lord favoured us at that time. I told the friends that I had made up my mind to tell them that morning that I should come no more, for I had been feeling that I must give it all up; but I said, "the Lord has spoken to me this morning with some degree of power; and now I have had another benefit, for I am sure I have experienced the things the dear man's sermon speaks about; and if ever he gets to heaven I shall go there too; therefore I'll promise you I shall come again." So that this proved, as you will see, to be a fore-taste of what the Lord intended to do for me afterwards. It was a few precious drops, a prelude to the more copious shower which I experienced, as before stated.

I am now constrained to utter the memory of his great goodness, and can only say further, that "my cup runneth over;" for I am full of the blessing of the Lord.

I find I made a mistake about the sermon mentioned. It was by that dear man of God, W. Gadsby. Well; he belonged to the tribe of Gad; and although a troop overcame him at times,

yet he overcame at the last, and was made more than conqueror through Christ, who overcame death and him that had the power of it, the devil.

I do not know how to stop; but stop I must.

From your loving and affectionate father,
Shipston-on-Stour, Nov. 24, 1878.

T. F.

FOUR SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

BY THE LATE GEORGE SALWAY, OF CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

IV.

My dear Young Friend,—Letter-writing, when the soul is bound up and in prison, is no very pleasant task; but having had you upon my mind, I felt an inclination to write, if it be only of complaints.

Of all creatures in existence, I have the greatest reason for gratitude. I have a certain feeling which may be called gratitude; but I want to feel the overflowing love of Jesus, which David felt when he said, "My cup runneth over." Now, the cup is the vessel, or the new heart, which sometimes feels and mourns over its emptiness, while at other times it says, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels," &c. No wonder David's cup ran over, if we look at his blessed position. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." It was this wrought in his soul that led him to say, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," &c. Yet David complained many times after this. His cup was empty as to his own conclusion. Well; it is much better to feel our emptiness than to be indifferent about it. The world cannot feel it; and no earthly joys or vanities can give real comfort. The new bottles must have the new wine of the kingdom. It is true we have to drink of the wine of astonishment, of which there appear to be two sorts; but I conceive they proceed from one fountain. That astonishment we feel from a *partial* view of our situation as sinners before a holy God, and of the total depravity of our fallen nature, so as to be brought to say, "Woe is me; I am undone;" this is an evidence of the love of God in giving us to know a part of that spiritual mystery which is hid from the wise and prudent. But he gives us to drink of the cup of trembling, as it is said of the jailor at Philippi, "He sprang in, and came trembling," &c. And we are often left to tremble at our exceeding sinfulness in the hardness of our hearts, and the vileness of our propensities. This cup is a bitter one, which, together with the trials, fears, temptations, crosses, and losses, proves oftentimes a very bitter draught, which nature cannot swallow, but which the love of God will enable the souls of his people to say, as said the Head, "The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The sweets follow the bitters. The cup of salvation is for the lost, ruined, destitute, and spiritually undone. Now, the Lord makes his people such. It is as much his power

to make us poor as to enrich us. He makes them poor, and then blesseth them (Matt. v.), by filling them with good things, while the rich he sends empty away. Now, there is nothing really good but what is in Christ.

May the Lord fill you with his fulness, so that you may say with David, "My cup runneth over."

My health is fast improving. Mrs. Salway joins with me in love to you and yours.

I remain, my dear Friend, yours affectionately,

Chippenham, Jan., 1850.

GEO. S. SALWAY.

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME TO DRAW NEAR TO GOD."

Ps. LXXIII. 28.

APPROACH, my soul, the throne of grace,
There to behold the blessed face
Of Jesus as my all;
There, falling low at his dear feet,
With him enjoy communion sweet,
Beloved of my soul.

O that my soul were tuned to praise
The Ancient of eternal days,
And love him as I ought!
Who visited my soul with light
When all was darkness, death, and night,
Or him I'd never sought.

Breathe thou more blessedly on me,
That I may thirst and pant for thee,
Thou solace of my heart;
Refresh me while I linger here;
The subject oft of doubt and fear,
Assure me mine thou art.

Give me thy fulness to enjoy,
Of which excess will never cloy
Or stupefy the soul;
The greatest blessing here is this,
Sweet foretaste of unmingled bliss,
'Tis happiness, 'tis all.

Then shall I count all things but loss
To Christ, all else but dung and dross,
His boundless love explore;
And satisfied when I awake
His perfect likeness to partake
In glory evermore.

Penmon, N. Wales.

JOSEPH STEER.

OUR salvation is not in our faith, but in the object of it.—
S. E. Pierce.

THE GOSPEL AT ELAH;

OR, SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS ON JONATHAN'S GIFTS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND DAVID.

BY THE LATE MRS. ANN HENNAH.

(Continued from p. 221.)

WE are now to contemplate another act of love in the noble Jonathan. Let us also endeavour herein to catch another glimpse of our precious Lord Jesus. It is recorded that Jonathan "stripped himself of the robe that was upon him." And when we see how exactly this demonstration of affection, simple in itself, corresponded with the loving acts of our blessed Lord, can we do amiss in using it as a figure to bring to our remembrance "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write?" We think not; but to the everlasting hills of eternal love must our eyes be again directed. It was in eternity that the everlasting springs of grace had its rise. It was in the eternal purposes and counsels of the ever-glorious Triune God, that man, ruined, fallen man, should be redeemed; but not with angelic sacrifice. That were inadequate to satisfy the demands of infinite justice! When Adam fell he transgressed against a holy law, a law emanating from an infinitely holy Being; consequently the reparation, or the penalty attached to disobedience, must be either of infinite value or virtue, or of infinite severity and duration. The hierarchy of heaven, however glorious, were not essentially glorious; they were created intelligences, made what they were by infinite will and pleasure, and kept what they were by infinite goodness and grace. Though elect angels, their election was vested in their glorious Head, Christ. Had they been left to themselves, they would not "have kept their first estate," any more than those who fell and became the instruments of ruin to myriads of created beings. As creatures, therefore, creatures upheld and sustained by a power not their own, had a legion come forward and voluntarily undertaken to redeem man, and satisfy the demands of that justice which craved satisfaction for laws trampled on and broken, the self-annihilation, were it possible, of legions of angels would have proved no more a sufficient atonement than the cedars of Lebanon would have been sufficient to burn, or the whole of the beasts thereof sufficient for a propitiatory burnt offering. Hence we see how forcible is the expression of the apostle when treating of Divine substitution: "He," that is Jesus, "*passed by the nature of angels;*" left them altogether in their derived glory, and *Himself* took our nature, that he might so obey the law, satisfy justice, and die for sins, that henceforth there should be neither law to condemn, nor justice to exact compensation from any of the redeemed family.

In the fulness of time, the Second glorious Person in the Trinity laid aside his glory, became man, was recognized as man, endured man's sorrows and man's sufferings; tasted death for

man; yea, from the manger to the grave he was "the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Are any of his followers homeless? Where was the first home of Jesus but in a stable, where the brute was his companion? Could there have been a lower place found for the birth of the Messiah, "Immanuel, God with us"? Behold him again in the village of Nazareth, a village proverbial for its shame: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" No doubt enduring there in youth, the "contradiction of sinners against himself," weeping in secret over the sins of those for whom he came to suffer; being clothed in a body like our own, was subject to all its sinless infirmities, hunger and thirst, weariness and watchings; yes, every want pertaining to frail humanity was experienced by our blessed Lord, sin only excepted. It was needful that he who came to redeem from the curse should taste of the bitterness entailed by the curse. It was necessary that Jesus should be a suffering Saviour, a deserted Saviour, a despised Saviour, that he should, in fact, in *all things* be made like unto his brethren, that he might be thus able to sympathize in their sufferings, and succour those who were tempted.

If, then, the blessed Jesus when on earth were thus a sufferer, how could there be any sympathy in the souls of believers with their suffering Lord, except they were acquainted with the path of tribulation? It is blessedly true that they have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings; but when, we ask, is that fellowship more deep, more real, than when their hearts are lacerated by the thorns of the wilderness, and when they are compelled to run to his bosom for protection and shelter? Then do they understand that no new thing has happened unto them; that "the disciple is not above his Master;" and that of the same cup of which their adorable Saviour drank so deeply, must they also be partakers. As in all points he was tempted like ourselves, no event, however appalling, can happen to a child of God, which must not secure for him the sympathy of the Lord Jesus. Does he know what it is to lose the desire of the eyes with a stroke; to have the family circle invaded by death; to witness the beloved-one consigned to the solitary chambers of the grave? Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and therefore knows that the stricken heart needs the balm of Gilead for its healing. Are any of his beloved ones sorely tempted? He knew what it was in the wilderness to be tempted of Satan, and in his human nature to encounter the fierce attack of those monsters of the desert, urged on by the powers of darkness, doubtless with a view to the destruction of his humanity, which sank, as afterwards in the garden of Gethsemane, so low that the ministrations of angels was called forth in their superhuman acts of benevolence to strengthen him. Mystery of mysteries! O the length and breadth, the depth and height, of divine love! Who can fathom the unsearchable riches of Christ?

Yes, dear child of God, it was in this way the everlasting

love of JEHOVAH the Father was manifested, as we read in John iii.: "For God so loved the world (the elect world) that he gave his only begotten Son," &c.; and in the covenant of grace gave the church to Christ as his spouse, he (Christ) engaging therein to pay her debts to a violated law. In the fulness of time, the Lord Jesus fulfils his engagements, finishes the work of her salvation, silences the clamours of justice, receives the sword of vengeance in his own sacred Person, dies the Just for the unjust, that he might make an end of sin, and effect an everlasting reconciliation between his church and an offended God.

But, further, we read that Jonathan stripped himself of his own robe, the robe in which he was arrayed, and gave it to David. In this act we are again reminded of our precious Lord Jesus. Did he not lay aside his honour, his glory, to assume our clay, and be fashioned as a man? He "who thought it not robbery to be equal with God," and was God; "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his Person," took on him the form of a servant, thereby stripping himself of all earthly comforts also; and voluntarily submitting to be homeless, friendless, weary, hungry, thirsty, poor, and forsaken. What, we may well ask, could be done more for man than Christ did? What greater sorrow could be known than was experienced by Christ, the "Man of sorrows"? Who could drink more deeply of the dregs of life's most bitter cup than Jesus? And all this for your sake and mine, thou tempted believer. The omniscient eye of Christ it was which, beholding the ruin sin would make, beholding how Adam's transgression would invoke the ruin of all his race, beholding, moreover, that man once lost could never again restore himself to holiness and innocence; beholding that every faculty of the mind would be perverted, in his loving purposes determined that his own arm should bring redemption. Truly do the Scriptures affirm: "As in Adam all die," so in that spiritual death would the whole of his posterity have remained, had not the "last Adam, the Lord from heaven," have come to the rescue of his own, bringing with him the promised ransom, even his own most precious life, which he poured out on the cross; and there, through the rent veil of his flesh, he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Man having become unholy by reason of sin, the question arises, How, then, can that which is unholy be admitted into heaven? because it is expressly declared that all unholy things are *without*, and find no place *within* the gates of the celestial city. This inquiry leads on to the blessed doctrine of imputed righteousness; constituting the believer a blessed man, whose transgression is covered, and to whom the Lord will not impute sin. (Rom. iv.) We are sure that sin is imputed to all of Adam's race, for all the world are guilty before God; therefore sin must be either imputed or removed. There is no neutral ground here; we are in God's sight either sinners, or righteous; either holy, or unholy; either justified, or condemned; either guilty, or ac-

quitted; either one of Christ's sheep, or one of the large flock of goats. Our sins are either unatoned for, or for ever blotted out. David declares that the man is blessed to whom the Lord imputeth not sin. Who, then, can be in this blessed state? "Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." Whilst the law says, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things," &c. The glorious gospel also declares, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.)

Sin, therefore, is condemned to everlasting destruction; by what? By the atonement of Christ! "Where there is no law there is no transgression;" therefore sin cannot be imputed where no law exists. The glorious merits of the Lord Jesus form an all-sufficient robe of righteousness for the poor sinner who sees he possesses nothing but nature's filthy garments. This robe of righteousness is the substitution of infinite holiness for the sinner's unholiness; the substitution of infinite obedience for finite rebellion. The vicarious sufferings of the God-Man form the only adequate sacrifice for appeasing the demands of justice.

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

This would prove, with man towards man, to be an act of the greatest injustice; but with God it would be to disjoint his gracious attributes, which is not possible, for God is perfect, in himself, and in all his ways, "a God of truth without iniquity."

As the name *Immanuel* signifies "God with us," so the merits of Jesus, being stamped with infinite value by reason of his Divinity, were more than sufficient to meet all the requirements of a broken law; and when Jesus cried, "It is finished," the debts of the church were for ever paid; for the transfer of her sins having been made Christ's by imputation, the righteousness of Christ became her righteousness, since he had made expiation for her sins by his death upon the cross. Then it was that the handwriting of ordinances was taken away; the sins of the entire church were buried with him; and, like the scape-goat in the wilderness, when sought for, could not be found; being cast behind *JEHOVAH'S* back, and swallowed up in the sea of his wrath, to appear no more for ever.

But is there a time, it may be asked, when, like the beloved Jonathan, a believer is made to feel that he possesses individually this blessed righteousness, this gospel wedding-garment? Yes; when Christ is pleased to manifest himself to the soul as an all-sufficient sacrifice, his peace-offering, his burnt-offering, and his sin-offering; when he whispers, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven; go in peace;" imparting with the words that indescribable peace which the world knows nothing of, and a joy which emboldens the language of triumph. "There is therefore now no condemnation for me; there is no divine sword unsheathed

against me; the pit of destruction is for ever closed against me; none of the divine denunciations belong to me; for I have been redeemed with a price, and the ransom paid down has for ever purchased my deliverance from wrath, and for ever secured my freedom from condemnation."

But although the child of God may thus be a partaker of the blessed fruits of the Spirit, love, peace, and joy, he may notwithstanding be at the same time ignorant of his completeness in Christ, and may even be endeavouring to patch up the old Adam-nature with increased acts of zeal, acts of apparent devotion and of self-sacrifice; but he is led on step by step, from one chamber of imagery to another, one development of indwelling corruption to another, until he feels that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; that all his righteousness is as filthy rags, and that only in the righteousness of Christ can he be at last presented without spot or blemish before God. Being thus sensibly justified, sensibly accepted, the spirit of adoption teaches the believer to comprehend the blessed source from whence his peace flows; proves to him that the darkness has passed, because the true light has shone into his heart; that legal fear has been cast out for love to reign; that rebellion has been subdued, that acquiescence to the divine will might take its place. These may be classed amongst those evidences which go to prove that the soul is indeed clothed in the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness.

Let it not, however, for a moment be supposed that man has any power, either by good words or works, to array himself in this heavenly robe. No! There are no creature acts in the work of salvation. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." "It is God who worketh in us both to will and to do." The hand of man might as well attempt to snatch a planet from its orbit, as to attempt to reduce the mountain of guilt, increasing in magnitude from infancy to death, to the size of a pea. Adored be our Triune God, it is done *for* us, though not *by* us. Not, however, done for us against our will; for God declares "his people shall be willing in the day of his power"; willing to accept salvation on gospel terms, viz., "without money and without price."

We furthermore read that Jonathan took the robe that was on him, and wrapped it around David. Our blessed Lord Jesus also says, "Come unto me, poor sinner, just as you are; my blood must be your only plea for forgiveness; and it cleanseth from all sin. Look unto me, and be saved; renounce all your vain and fancied recommendations, and come; for though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become white as wool." Again we repeat, it is in this way Christ becomes what he is called, "The Lord our Righteousness." Thus in Christ the church is beheld by God the Father without spot or wrinkle, and fair as the sun. Thus does she appear arrayed in the beautiful garments of salvation. Thus is she one with Christ, "accepted in the Beloved," and therefore entitled to adopt the Name of her glorious Hus-

band; as it is written, "And this is the Name whereby she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." Consequently she becomes partaker of his throne and glory; she is heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ of that future inheritance which is incorruptible and fadeth not away. All the merits of her divine Husband are to her imputed; "no longer twain, but one flesh." He that toucheth her toucheth the apple of JEHOVAH'S eye. She is thus enabled to rejoice evermore collectively, though individually not always in sensible comfort, or in the manifestation of Christ to the soul; but she rejoices in the truth that, amid all her changes, her glorious Husband changes not. However conscious that her love towards him is often languid, yea, apparently gone, yet he is faithful, according to his own precious promise, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." Again he shows himself behind the lattice; and when his voice is heard in the soul, it brings with it rejoicing and the song of melody; gloom departs, joy succeeds sorrow, the night of weeping has passed, the beasts of the desert retire into darkness, and Jesus and his bride hold sweet communion together; when, in the strength of that interview, like another Elijah, she goes on many days to the next encampment in the wilderness. But, as with the patriarch of old, so now with the believer, when Jesus as the desire of his eyes leaves off communing with him, as with Abraham, he returns to his own place, and earth again becomes to him a wilderness indeed. The cry of the soul is renewed, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou dwellest."

Then does the poor child of God truly understand what widowhood and desolation mean. Then the language of inquiry arises, "When wilt thou come unto me?" The affections having been centred in Jesus, though he withdraws himself for awhile, yet it is that the true state of the heart may appear, that as his presence constitutes its happiness, so his absence may be felt as its greatest sorrow. Utterly lost, utterly helpless, utterly without strength, necessity urges, need and extremity unite to drive the soul again to Christ; for the pleasures of earth being like the waters of Marah, bitter to the taste, the heaven-born soul pants for a sip of those pleasures which the world cannot give, and for the enjoyment of that peace which the world cannot take away. Vanity being indelibly stamped on all created things, the believer is not satisfied with anything short of durable riches and righteousness.

Christ, being in this way endeared, becomes to him more and more the Alpha and Omega of life. Christ *in* everything and everything *in* Christ is now the one-absorbing principle, whose ways have indeed become the only ways of pleasantness, and his paths the only paths of peace. Thus does the child of God day by day live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit; for as the office of the Holy Spirit is to take of the things of Christ and reveal them in the soul, this evidence of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit is an unmistakeable evidence of regeneration; for no man

can thus affirm Jesus to be the Lord but by the Holy Ghost. And "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Such an exhibition by the Holy Spirit of Christ as a Saviour, so every way suitable to the sinner's necessities, case and circumstances, exalts and glorifies him; whilst at the same time this spirit of life in him, makes the sinner free from the law of sin and death, whilst the righteousness of Jesus forms his meetness for heaven. We again assert, in the language of inspiration, that his righteousness only forms the "white robe" worn before the throne by those who came up out of much tribulation; and as our blessed Lord assures his followers that through much tribulation they must each enter his kingdom, there can be no diversity of raiment in heaven. There only will be visible the one glorious dress of the imputed righteousness of Jesus, that being the "white linen" of the redeemed; for nothing that defileth, or is defiled, can enter therein. Here, in the body, the believer is a compound of good and evil, sin and holiness, light and darkness; and carries with him to the grave, "a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" a corrupt nature; the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, creating a perpetual war within. Hence he often loses, in consequence, the glorious liberty of the sons of God; often is he brought into bondage to the law of sin within his members; often is his mind beclouded by unbelief; often does *distrust* take the place of implicit confidence; often fearing that he is in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; until at length he is constrained to cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" &c.

All these exercises of the soul, whilst they are infallible evidences of life, spiritual life, are not pleasing but grievous to the flesh; yet by these chastisements, or fatherly teaching, the believer learns to loathe self, to look away from self, is revengeful against self; and thus altogether leaves self in the wilderness, borrows as it were the wings of a dove, even faith and hope, with which to soar to the bosom of Jesus, who once more becomes to the soul as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The world thus becoming to the child of God as a weary land also, he longs for the day when he shall rest from his labours, see the Lord as he is, and awake up in his likeness.

These are some of the "precious things" which called forth the praises of the patriarch Moses, those precious things which he describes as being "put forth by the moon." When Jesus as the Sun of righteousness shone into his soul, then all within was light, and joy, and peace. But night came on, when he had to call to remembrance JEHOVAH's love in times past, his blessed Bethel manifestations, his divine and exceeding precious promises, his faithfulness, his unchangeableness, his attributes; yet all these were as moonlight to his soul in comparison to the blaze of divine light, love, and peace when the glory of Jesus filled the temple. As the moon ever waxes and wanes, so do

the believer's frames and feelings vary. Even like the moon, the church militant is an opaque body in herself, and only light as she is illuminated by the rays of the glorious Sun of righteousness.

(To be continued.)

TO THE READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD" AND "FRIENDLY COMPANION."

Dear Friends,—It would hardly seem right and courteous for me to resign the editorship of the above magazines without addressing you in a few farewell words.

I have now been connected with the "Gospel Standard" for about ten years, and have been its responsible editor for more than three; also during the last year I was responsible editor of the "Friendly Companion." It is impossible to have such a connection severed without many exercises and some painful feelings; but I desire that these few lines may breathe nothing but a kindly and Christian spirit. My conduct and writings have been too long before the churches for it to be necessary for me to say much about the one or the other. I trust those writings have been made a blessing to some of the Lord's people, which certainly is their best vindication and truest praise. As to my conduct, I feel very little inclination to vindicate that. I am, and confess to be, a poor sinner. Sin is mixed with all I do. Would it not be foolish in me, then, to attempt to set myself forth as a great saint, as one who has never transgressed at any time? I dare not do this. I accept James's words as infallibly true: "In many things we offend all." My best place before God is to lie low at his footstool, and ask him not to enter into judgment with me. I cannot answer *Him* one of a thousand. Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Who can understand his errors? Before men, too, I would not assume a proud appearance. I only pray to have a good conscience towards them. I do not wish to injure my fellow-men, or be a troubler of God's people. If, then, to write in a self-applauding or vindictory strain would be unbecoming, how much more would it be so if I wrote in a vindictive spirit? If others hurt and injure me, they must, after all, be the greatest sufferers by so doing. My anxiety ought to be, as I have said, not to hurt or injure them.

But whilst it would be highly improper in me to write to you in a self-vindicating or vindictive strain, it is at once a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge publicly in this brief farewell the services of those who have helped me for some time in conducting these magazines. I must especially mention my kind friend, Mr. Hemington, who for three years worked with me in a loving and friendly way. I found him during those years a faithful colleague, and during the last half-year he has sustained for me, through my failing health, the burden and heat of the day. It would also be wrong if I did not thus publicly acknowledge the able and faithful services of Mr. Wileman, the agent for me in London. So far as the "Friendly Companion" is concerned, the work of bringing out the magazine was almost entirely his. My work from month to month merely being to look through the proofs, giving here and there perhaps slight corrective touches. Mr. Wileman has been placed, I may say, in a singularly difficult and trying position, and in that position has conducted himself with fidelity, ability, and zeal. And here I must publicly state that if any wrong steps have at any time been taken, it would be most unjust to throw the blame of them upon Mr. Wileman. He did his duty. The blame of anything wrong must

be mine. I trust the Lord will ever keep me from improperly sheltering myself behind another by meanly shifting off anything blameable in my conduct upon that other. I do not here say that anything wrong has been done. In such cases persons must of course be allowed to form their own opinions, as before the Lord. I have said before some things may *possibly* not have been done in that spirit of Christian meekness and love which is so desirable. He that judges us is the Lord. Even Paul, though he was not conscious of wrong, would not take the judgment seat from the Lord Jesus; but referred himself and his conduct to Him who judges righteous and impartial judgment, and who is the Yea and Amen.

I must add no more. It seemed proper to address you in these few lines. May I ask an interest in the prayers of those who fear God, that the Lord will preserve me from evil, and at length bring me to his glory? And believe me to remain,

Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

G. HAZLERIGG.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—May mercy and peace be with thee.

I find by the contents of your epistle that you are still in the path of great tribulation. If you were not tried, you would want the distinguishing mark of a saint. I can assure you, my dear brother, afflictions are thy Father's sweet love-tokens; therefore, why should you think it strange? James the apostle says, “My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.” They are intended to try thy graces and thy faith, and thy patience will either endure or sink; thy faith will either be bowed down, or it will prevail. The Lord help thee to take thy crosses and troubles to him, and beg of him to undertake for you; and may you and I be kept from looking at and quarrelling with second causes.

I can assure you that I had a sip this morning when I was getting up of the cup which the dear and precious Lord has mingled for his saints, that my poor heart seemed full, and I said, “O blessed trouble! for the comforts that are mingled with our griefs.”

I heard one of my members in prayer; and he was pleading with his God for a blessing upon my ministry. He said, “Lord, we thank thee thou dost use him for the comforting thy poor saints.” Ah! thinks I, comforted with my bitters. Yes, Lord; and I am comforted too. The dear Lord mingles sugar with our myrrh, and honey with all our gall. Ah! my dear brother, thine is not a singular case. Try a throne of grace; fight thy battles on thy knees; that is the place where many a poor sinner, as weak and feeble as thou art, has combated with greater crosses than thine, and has gone off with the garland of victory.

O, my dear brother, there is a needs-be that we are in heaviness through manifold temptations. “Hold that fast which

thou hast, that no man take thy crown." It is but a holding fast until Christ come, and then the servants of God shall have a crown of glory. Here we are exhorted to patience; but what need for it if we did not meet with many crosses and oppositions? We must bear the injuries we suffer from others, the indignities and unkindness of men; but the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, when we shall reap a plentiful harvest. Here we "sow in tears"; by-and-bye we shall "reap in joy." Solomon tells us that "the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning"; and I think I may say that is where yours and mine are. A wise man's heart is bent to sadness, and a serious meditation of his end, and making choice of such mournful thoughts as present death and the grave before his eyes. Can you not claim affinity with Jacob, who scarcely ever had a merry hour after his father had blessed him? He has to travel 500 miles; and when 77 years old must be bound apprentice for a wife to a harsh and churlish uncle. All Jacob's hard travail and afflictions are recorded in Scripture for our comfort and instruction. Remember, too, that the Lord was no sooner out of the water of baptism, but he was cast into the fire of temptation; no sooner heard the words, "This is my beloved Son," but he heard also from the tempter, "If thou be the Son of God." It is enough that we fare as the rest of our Father's children, who have drunk wormwood and ate the bread of affliction. We must never expect a new way to heaven, or different from the old way his saints have always gone. Thy Lord was without sin, yet he sorrowed much; yet all our sorrows and sufferings to his are but as a feather to a mountain of lead.

May the dear Lord help us to bear our afflictions with patience, but help us to cry out under our sins more than our sufferings. O may the dear Lord grant you and myself this favour in great distresses, the presence of my precious Lord Jesus, then the furnace will be pleasanter than the most noble palace. Religion might cost us yet our estate, limbs, liberty, life; so that if we suffer with him we may reign with him. This is the count we are to make in first launching into the cause of Christ. The saint who hath eternal life secured to him may, without complaining, bear a few temporal losses; for what are a few leeks, garlic, onions, and flesh-pots of Egypt, that we should linger after them?

Now, may the Lord bless you with needful grace; and bless you with as much enjoyment in reading this epistle as I have had in writing it.

Yours in truth and love,

Biggleswade, Feb. 17th, 1881.

RD. BATCHELOR.

My dear Brother in a precious Jesus,—I am in the receipt of yours, with the parcel, for which I thank you. Sorry to hear of poor R.'s illness, and of the other dear child.

What sin has brought upon us, as well as into our poor bodies and souls! Alas! alas! our dear Lord, among all his family,

only knows the real weight of sin. Our poor bodies are sadly vitiated with it, and must needs go to the grave to be renovated. This mortal must put on immortality; and all the weakness, and pain, and lassitude which our bodies now suffer from shall be removed for ever. O what a change will that be for those who are now plagued with rheumatism, cancer, asthma, dropsy, paralysis, &c.! To be blessed with immortal vigour and freedom from pain, is such a change as we can only conceive of in a small measure.

The dreadful agony the dear Lord Jesus passed through in Gethsemane, and at Calvary, no angel's mind can conceive; the depth, the intensity, the intolerable anguish and pain, were such as none but Christ could know, as well as bear. We poor creatures feel the weight of our own bodily afflictions, and think them severe; but he endured the wounded spirit. "He was wounded for our transgressions." Wounded indeed, in his body, spirit, reputation, members, his dear Father's honour and glory, by law and justice, and sin, and by Jews and Romans, and in the house of his friends. O Lamb of God! were ever pain and love like thine?

I do pray the dear Lord will deign to bless and sanctify the affliction to the dear children (God bless them), and cause them to feel that it was good for them to be afflicted.

We came here last night; and I am almost worn out with my cough, for I have been at it almost all night. Yet would not complain, but remember with gratitude my dear Lord's kindness in correcting me, when I have merited destruction as much as any that have met with it. Our united love to dear Mrs. W. and the dear children. We hope your dear minister will see that, whilst he has suffered for the truth's sake, the dear Lord owns his ministry, and blesses the Word by his mouth to many poor souls. Give my love to him, and dear Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and all friends.

Yours in the love of the Gospel,

Abingdon, Oct. 16th, 1874.

THE COLLIER.

Mr. W., Leicester.

Dear Brother Evans,—I received yours of Nov. 23rd, with the "Gospel Standard" for September. Albertsen's letter came to hand also on Saturday. I am happy to learn by the former that your health has improved, and that you enjoy more peace in your soul. I really believe that if our minds are agitated in any way with temporal concerns, to a great extent we lose the enjoyment and tranquillity in spiritual things; for I am convinced that Martha, although loved by the Lord, and as one of his loved ones secure in his hands, did not experience the same amount of happiness while cumbered with the "many things," as Mary enjoyed at the feet of Jesus, learning of him. O that we could set our affections more on things above! May the Lord grant us that grace, so that we may not be unduly careful for the things of this life. Lord Jesus, keep us looking to thee,

the Author and Finisher of our faith. Keep us near thee; let not the enemy get an advantage over us. Bruise in us the serpent's head, for truly without thee we can do nothing; and we trust that thou hast given us this knowledge, as also to know that we are not able of ourselves to think a good thought, much less to do the many things which some would try to persuade us lay in our own power. We know that thou alone canst keep us in thy ways, and establish our hearts in peace and love.

Dear brother, though many of the Lord's people who know me may think too much of my confidence in regard to spiritual security, yet, believe me, I am not always without doubt, but I do desire to thank the Lord, who I trust has called me by his grace, that he will uphold me by his mighty power. When I look back to the length of time I was careless and indifferent, I can but wonder that the Lord should have given me a desire for higher enjoyments than this world can afford, and should have upheld me amidst all my shortcomings and wanderings from him, and preserved me, notwithstanding the horrible suggestions of Satan, which have been at times continually, as it were, ringing in my ears blasphemies which I dare not express to mortals, and which have often made me shudder and tremble. And though this has been repeated again and again, the Lord has enabled me by his grace to look and cry to him alone for help. Truly I feel the corrupt nature still remains; and I believe that all God's people feel the same, and that all those who would try to make us believe in their inherent holiness and sanctity are no better than whitewashed sepulchres. Still, amidst all, I have a persuasion that the Lord has called me, and that he who has all power, and holds the keys of death and hell, and openeth, and no man shutteth, and shutteth, and no man openeth, and who, I trust, has taught me his truth, and to know my own helplessness, will still uphold and guide me, and keep me humbly trusting in him until it is his good pleasure to call me hence.

I am thankful to you for sending Alberthsen's letter. I hope I can see the Lord's work there, and I have not the slightest doubt the Lord will grant him his desire, and give him hope in him as his personal Saviour. When I was without hope, still the promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," was as ointment to a wound; and I pleaded it until the Lord, who has said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away," was graciously pleased to cause me to rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory, or at least *to me* full of the hope of glory, and to grant me peace which the world cannot give, and which, blessed be God, I was enabled, as I am still, to hope can never take it away. May the Lord in his rich mercy grant to our brother peace and joy in believing. Has he not graciously promised to the weary and heavy-laden, "I will give you rest?" and cannot every ransomed soul set to their seal that God is true? Who ever trusted

in him and were confounded? Sweet to think we can challenge the world to produce one.

Dear brother, my hope is still in the Lord that he will look favourably on the little cause; and truly that promise in Isa. li. 8 came sweetly to my soul this day.

Remember me to all my brethren and sisters in the Lord, and tell them not to forget me at the mercy-seat.

I thank you for the "Gospel Standard," but I have not received the August number yet. I cannot tell whether I can go down at Christmas or not. I have got one of Gadsby's hymn-books with me. The end of this month, I believe, the quarter is up. I enclose a pound note, and I know you are willing to trust me to settle for the "Standards" at a future time. I have got Mr. W.'s address, and purpose writing him; it was on A.'s letter. Let me know whether you require the letter back.

Wishing you and all the dear saints grace, mercy, and peace through Christ Jesus, who is our hope,

I remain, dear brother in the Lord, sincerely yours,

Bowral, New South Wales, Dec. 13th, 1880.

WM. ARDILL.

Dear Christian Friend,—I break the long silence by addressing a few lines to you.

I hope you do not find it "winter all the year." We certainly have had one sort of winter rather sharp for a while; and, as usual, the days have been short, and the nights long. The other kind of winter is not so regular in coming and going. We sometimes get a summer's day, and finish up with a freezing winter's night. At another time we have a cold stormy winter's day, followed by a beautiful summer's night, and the dew lies all night upon our branch. I have sometimes six days so dreadful, dark, and gloomy, that I can hardly see *out* of my clay cottage; and I can assure you that when this is the case, I can see nothing *in* it worth looking at. But on the seventh day the darkness, mist, and fog go off, the Sun appears, and gives both light and heat, and I can see beyond the skies. I do not mean that this is always the case; but it is frequently so. And perhaps you will say, A good thing too. I grant it, brother; it is a good thing to see the light, or how could we lead the blind without danger of falling into the ditch? Besides, I should be groping about in the dark old house, and telling the people about the bad walls, the old furniture, and the broken and almost stopped-up windows, and a long tale about the rubbish in all the rooms. Every Christian should have a middle room in his dwelling, containing some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel. I like to be enabled to clear away the rubbish and find that good thing. Ministers should not preach themselves, nor another as bad as themselves, but "Christ Jesus the Lord." Christians ought not to have to say of ministers, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him;' nor should they put on the old man, but should put him off, and put on the new man. Nor should they spend

their whole time in describing the old man, as most Christians are supposed to have a painful knowledge of him; but they should endeavour to lift the new man above the rubbish of the old, and describe him by his principles, wants, and desires after God and heavenly things; and show that nothing but rest beneath the cross, and eating and drinking at the gospel table, will satisfy him. It is too bad to throw a black cloth over the table of showbread to hide it from the hungry soul, and to set a broken cistern before one who thirsts for living streams. It is of no use feeling the pulse, describing symptoms, and talking of weakness, unless something suitable of medicine and food be administered.

I hope you are well supplied from the fulness that is in Christ; and that Brother S. still feeds you with knowledge and understanding. I hope you have fared well this Christmas, that you have had a feast of fat things, fat things full of marrow, and wines on the lees, well refined.

Shall be pleased to hear from you, when you have time to spare.

We are very well attended at our place, and trust that the Lord is in the midst. Many friends would have sent their love had they known of my writing. Yours in Christian love,

Wadhurst, Jan. 15th, 1875.

J. J.

[The following hitherto unpublished letter was written by that gracious woman, Mrs. Hooper, otherwise known as "Philomela," in Mr. Huntington's Correspondence (vol. xviii, Bensley's ed.) She was greatly attached to both Mr. Huntington and Mr. Jenkins, the latter being her spiritual father in Christ.—ED.]

My very dear Sister, beloved of the Lord,—You tell me in yours that you find a desire in your heart to know how my mind is at this time. Your letter contains so much kindness, sympathy, and Christian affection for me, that I think myself bound, as far as I am enabled, to comply with your request; and though you have been made glad when you saw me brought low, however, that proceeded from love. Though it did make a deep wound in my heart, yet it is now healed; and nothing that was then lame is turned out of the way.

You tell me that from your own feelings you have a hope that God has broke in upon my soul. What bird of the air could ever have brought such tidings, but that blessed Dove who was at the same time descending on my soul? O, my dear sister, it was the same blessed Spirit that gave you enlargement of heart towards me, as was enlarging me from my second captivity. It is so of a truth. I am again brought to tread on my high places; and what you tell me is true; faith has got a faster hold of Christ than ever, and my feet do stand in a more even place, and secure. I do feel myself in the arms of my Beloved; but how long I shall be favoured to tarry here I know not. I believe Satan watches me closely, and is laying some snares for my feet, that I may fall; but my God sees him, *for hell is naked before him;*

and he was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and he has promised to keep me by his mighty power, through faith unto salvation. Here is my anchorage.

I am sure I can join with you in saying, I should have split on ten thousand rocks had he not kept me. But we need an increase of faith for every trial. May the blessed Spirit be continually helping our infirmities to be praying, with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." For faith is the very substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not yet seen. May the Lord perfect what is yet lacking in our faith. It was by this precious grace that Sarah received strength to conceive seed, because she judged him faithful who had promised. May we be helped to go and do likewise. Paul prays for the Ephesians that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith, that they might be rooted and grounded in love. This rooting and grounding in love I feel my soul on the stretch after. This being done, he proceeds, and says, "That ye may be able to *comprehend* with all saints *what* is the *breadth*, and *length*, and *depth*, and *height*; and to know the *love* of *Christ*, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD."

These are the Christian's privileges; and may we never be suffered to rest short of the enjoyment of them. I cannot describe the view God has given me of these things under this last visitation. I am sure they are to be attained, because faith reveals them; and the way they are to be got at is clearly shown to us in the second chapter of Proverbs, where the wise man says, "Yea, if thou criest after *knowledge*, and liftest up thy voice for *understanding*; if thou seekest her as *silver*, and *searchest* for her as for *hid treasure*; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the KNOWLEDGE OF GOD." He tells us likewise that "wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom." But we are not to stop here. He addeth, "And with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of *grace*, a *crown of glory* shall she deliver thee. When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble." But it is only when God giveth us enlargement of heart that we shall run in the way of his commandments. David says so; and so can we from our own experience.

I know whom I am writing to, or I could not write after this sort. They are dazzling truths; it doth require a strong eyesight to behold them. But so it is; and they are for the chiefest of sinners, and for the most rebellious, on whom Christ bestows them. O, my sister, we shall never get to the bottom of the mysteries of redeeming love. May the language of the apostle be ours by heartfelt experience, where he says, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high

calling of God in Christ Jesus." As we have received Christ, so may we walk in him.

I should be glad to hear from you as often as you shall feel your mind moved to do it. I know the times and seasons are with God; but you know the apostle's exhortation, where he says, "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love, and to good works." The Lord bless you and enlarge you more and more, and hear you in the day of trouble. "The Name of the God of Israel defend thee; send thee help from his sanctuary; and strengthen thee out of Zion; remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifices; grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel."

This is the prayer of your affectionate sister in the Lord Jesus Christ,

MARY HOOPER.

1798. Written to Mrs. Shoemith, of Laughton.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—I feel it is quite time, having a spare hour this evening, to reply to your last kind and welcome letter. In reading it I felt—"As face answereth to face in water, so does the heart of man to man." You expressed my complaints, and my exercises in yours; so that what is often a discouragement to the one thus exercised, encourages the other to find he is in the way; and though I do not find the way gets any smoother, nor my trials more endurable, as I feel to get a greater coward every day of my life, yet, in my right mind, I do want the Lord to choose my trials for me. Yet I often murmur at his choice, and often have to pray for submission under those things that the Lord in his divine wisdom has ordained for me, and to say, "Lord, thou knowest my frame, and rememberest I am but dust." I have many fears at times I shall not hold out until the end. It will be marvellous if I do. And yet I feel at times a greater desire than ever to honour and serve the dear Lord with all the powers of my inmost soul, and would never sin against him again, in thought, word, or deed, if I could help it; and can say, with the apostle, "I delight in the law of God, after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." And this makes me, with him, often to cry, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"But death, that puts an end to life,
Will put an end to sin"

in every child of God. And though we find this world to be what the Israelites of old did, "A great and terrible wilderness," yet, like them, how we are cared for! for it is said, "The Lord brought forth water out of the rock, and fed them with manna, that he might humble them, and prove them;" and all to do them good in their latter end.

But, sad to say, like them too, how often I am provoking a kind and gracious God by my untoward ways, which makes me often wonder at his long forbearance with me. This reminds me of the words of the poet, in reference to the children of Israel:

“ Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow ;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduced them low.

“ Yet, when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And called them still his sons.”

And O, what a mercy, my dear brother, God's love is from everlasting to everlasting, eternal as himself, and knows no change or variation. So that I do at times, in the midst of all my fears and trials by the way, trust I shall get safe at last.

But I not only want to die the *death* of a Christian, but earnestly desire to live the life of one; and it is my constant grief because I do so little resemble the dear Lamb of God, whose mind was characterized by meekness, humility, patience, love, forbearance, and every blessing that could be named. And the apostle, in one of his epistles, says, “ Let this *mind be in you*, which was also in Christ Jesus.” And my prayer often is,

“ More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear.”

And yet when I ask it I often tremble at the issue.

Well; I think I have said enough about myself and my pathway, and if I mention that of another I find it is “ through much tribulation.” Our dear friend, Mr. L., has lately experienced a sore trial. Three weeks ago to-morrow, he buried his youngest child; and to-morrow, dear Mrs. L. is to be interred in the same grave. She breathed her last on Monday morning, after a long illness of about fourteen months. She was much tried at times about her state and standing, but the Lord appeared again and again to her relief, and subdued the power of the enemy and unbelief, and gave her a peaceful dismissal from this vale of tears. What a mercy, said dear Mr. Tiptaft, “ to be well laid in the grave.”

We are, through mercy, going on peaceably at Galeed, with now and then an addition. We have baptizing to-morrow evening. Mrs. H., Mrs. C., sen., with Mrs. H., will be received on next ordinance day. Mrs. C. has been previously baptized. Mr. and Mrs. B. have returned again to Brighton, and have commenced business in Preston Street. We quite hope to see you and Mrs. B. again with us some day, if the Lord will. Please give our very kind love to her; and accept the same yourself.

From your sincere friend,

Brighton, Nov. 22nd, 1877.
To Mr. Beal.

D. T. COMBRIDGE.

TWO SHORT PAPERS IN ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENCE OF AN IMPORTANT NATURE.

I.

A CORRESPONDENT, with whom we have full sympathy, has asked us to drop a hint in order to awaken attention among the children of God who read our pages to the effort which has again been made by thousands in our country to get a certain character re-elected to Parliament. Our correspondent says, "I know a poor man who, in public and private, has since last spring tried to beg of God to keep him out, and did at one time feel some little sweet satisfaction that the dear Lord would hear his prayer. O, Sir! is it not within your province to stir up the Lord's people, that the Lord would either convince him that there is a God, or stop his career."

But we are afraid, before our correspondent's request will appear in print, the thing he so justly dreads will have been brought about, that the persistent and determined efforts on the part of thousands and thousands to get a precedent of the most dangerous and threatening nature established in the nation, will have been accomplished.

But whether it be so or not, yet we have too much sympathy with our correspondent in the view he takes of national evils not to comply with that part of his communication wherein he asks us to drop at least a hint about the importance of much more prayer being made to the Lord God, that he would so far interpose in the nation's behalf as to prevent all such iniquitous measures as are a direct invasion upon the Protestant laws of England from having increased development.

What, dear friends, will very soon become of those religious liberties which have been so dearly bought by the blood of England's martyred sons, if Roman Catholics and infidels are to be allowed to multiply as members of Parliament, and in consequence to take an active part in the legislation of our beloved country? Surely, if not in our day, yet in our children's, our liberties and rights as Christians will become more and more scattered to the winds; and lawlessness and libertinism will rule with iron hand.

The influence which popery, ritualism, and infidelity are exerting in our own day, in causing defection in all directions from the Protestant ranks, is truly alarming. But what their influence will be in a few years after we are dead and gone it is impossible for one amongst us to calculate. Neither is there anything more disheartening to our mind, both as it respects the present and the future, than the little that God's own dear people seem to be aroused to a sense of their own position, as being affected by such things, and to a sense of more prayer to God being called for about them. When our correspondent asks whether it is not within our province "to stir up the Lord's people" to prayer, we are obliged to answer, We are afraid it is

not. We fear that, as a rule, they are in far too low a place to be much moved to prayer about the evil days that are coming upon the nation, and the iniquitous measures that are being transacted in our own time, until they get a mighty moving within from the Lord himself.

Still, if our spiritual readers can feel it laid upon their hearts to take the hint we drop, and if the Lord will be graciously pleased to give them a *little* moving within, our hint will do good. May the Lord, then, help you, dear friends, to be awakened much more to the awful "wickednesses" which are fast commingling, and spreading themselves like a black portentous cloud in the sky, over your beloved country. May we be helped to grieve over national evils *more* than what we have reason to fear we have many of us done. May we ever remember that national evils affect the church of God, and that the bitter mixture of weeping and sorrow, desolation and misery, which the Almighty often deals out as a "full cup" for a nation to drink at his hands, has to be tasted by his own people, through forming a part of such nation.

The Lord, however, still waits to be gracious. But he says, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." O that he, then, would enable us, yea, constrain us, to cry to him more, to stop blasphemous heretics in their maddened course, to disappoint them in their hellish devices, so that their crafty hands shall not "perform their enterprise"; and thereby to conserve unto us as a nation our liberties and privileges, both civil and religious. May poor Zion be helped especially to bewail her own present desolations, and cry, "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid; O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy."

II.

ON more than one occasion within the last few months we have received communications from correspondents in reference to deacons of churches allowing things of a carnal worldly nature in their families; and the plain question that has been asked us is, Whether we think it right for such persons to retain their office in the professing church of God, whilst they fail to rule "their own houses well."

We confess we have felt a backwardness in dealing publicly through our pages with a question of this kind. We have not known whether it might not be thought to be a matter lying too much beyond our province to be right for us to interfere with, especially as the churches with which the blameworthy deacons are connected are not among those which are recognized on the wrapper of this periodical. But inasmuch as we have felt it to come within our province both to bear testimony against such wrong doing as affects the honour of God, and to give a word of counsel to correspondents that have been brought into grief thereby,

we dare not on this account shrink from answering the inquiry now under notice, as conscience, guided by the Word of God, dictates.

In turning, then, to that part of Scripture where the subject of deaconship is brought forward by the apostle Paul, we read, "Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre; holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience. And let these also be proved; and let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless. Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well. For they that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Herein, then, the apostle, in one thing at least, is too plain and unmistakable for his words or his meaning to be misconstrued. He lays it down in the most solemn way, that none but those who are godly men have an atom of warrant from God to assume office in his church; and that no man ought to be allowed to take the honour unto himself who has not been thoroughly commended to the consciences of his fellow-members, as having been effectually called by grace.

But, then, a man might in *character* be a godly man, and might be received by his fellow-members in the church as being such, and yet in the *habit* of his Christian life he might not be regarded as being a very spiritually-minded man, or one who, in manner and conversation, manifested much of the savour of Christ. He might possess good discernment to detect error in the pulpit; might through scholarship be well qualified to attend to the more secular affairs of the church; and might be a rich man, and through his wealth command a deal of influence; and yet withal, in respect of the more spiritual qualifications required in him, he might be about the most unsuitable member in the whole community to be called upon to fill the deacon's office. Would it not, then, be a dangerous thing for a church to pitch upon such a man merely on the ground of negative qualifications? We think so; and, if not mistaken, have seen, in more instances than one, the mischief resulting from such course having been taken. Still, so long as deacons who lack the more spiritual qualifications are notwithstanding enabled, according to the qualifications they do possess, to fill their office, and discharge their duties towards the church in an honourable manner, and to live and act, both at home and in the world, so far circumspectly and according to the gospel of Christ, that they bring no scandal upon the church, other defects may often be borne with, and things may go on pleasantly enough between themselves, the minister, and members. But what shall we say when we come to face the question of our correspondents, and who, through being in unison with the spirit and sentiments of this periodical, seek an opinion through its pages, and think that a few remarks upon the subject

on which their question turns, might apply to other cases as well as their own.

We are asked, whether we consider it right, or whether we could palliate, the establishment of a billiard-room, and a library of novels, in the house of a deacon of a Strict Baptist church, under the plea of amusing and entertaining his growing-up sons. Also whether it is justifiable to take them to a circus performance, or any other such places of the like carnal character. Well; let the scripture before cited alone decide whether such things being even allowed by a deacon is right or wrong. "To the law and to the testimony;" if we speak not according thereto, it is because there is no light in us. When, then, we find the apostle declaring, in the most solemn words, that a deacon should "be grave," should *rule* his "children" and his own house, as well as his office in the church, so well as to be blameless, or beyond the reach of censure; we should be an unfit person to offer an opinion upon a single matter pertaining to the church of God, were we not to condemn such practices as have been mentioned, as being the very essence of worldliness, and not only in those who indulge in them, but in those also who allow the same. Suppose any member of a church, more carnal than spiritual, should be found guilty of having frequented a billiard-room, or joined in with a card party, or of having attended some theatrical performance; the other members very properly demand that a church-meeting shall be called, for the purpose of suspending the guilty member for immoral conduct. But where would be the conscience of any deacon in supporting the resolution to put the fallen member outside the church, when at the same time he himself was guilty of deliberately sanctioning the same things in his own family? Surely, if he had a conscience, its rebukes would be cutting, and its dictates, if followed, would constrain him to rule his own house better, or give up his rule in the church.

We can deeply sympathize with Christian fathers who have sons growing up into manhood. In a day like the present, we are not so ignorant either of the difficulty which many godly parents have to contend with in keeping their sons and daughters under proper restraint, as to think that it can be easily accomplished. But when it comes to card-playing, billiard-playing, and other amusements of the like carnal nature, we simply say it is a positive disgrace to the man who holds office in the church of God, to suffer, under any plea whatever, such amusements (wickedness) to take place in his own house. It would, moreover, speak bad for any minister presiding over a church with such a deacon in office, were he, either through fear of giving offence, or of endangering his temporal interests, to quietly allow such inconsistency of conduct to go on unchecked. But we fear the professing church is becoming so fast sunk down in worldliness that numbers who are members of it either think there is no harm in such things which we have exposed as gross evils, or else they

are too worldly-minded to be much concerned whether professed Christians commit such evils, or whether they do not.

But it is very certain that wherever in any church holding the doctrines of grace, such a state of things prevails as we have hinted at, nothing but barrenness and decay can be looked for. The form of godliness may be there, but not the *power*. Besides, the practical inconsistencies of its deacons, or its members, will cause the whole church to become a laughing-stock in the eyes of the carnal outside world, and will enrage that world against the sovereign and discriminating truths of God all the more on that account.

It becomes the more godly, whose lot is cast in the order of Providence where they must either stand connected with a church where things are not as they should be, or not be connected in the way of public worship with any church at all, to wait much upon the Lord by prayer, to watch his hand in interposing on their behalf, and to be on their guard how they act and speak in reference to the matter which has given them trouble.

LETTER BY HUNTINGTON.

[Good Mr. Philpot said that no one knocked the pen out of his hand like the Coalheaver (Mr. Huntington). The following letter most likely was read by Mr. P., and I think would be one of those masterly letters which through the blessing of God he was enabled to write, calculated to bring out the expression quoted above. It is in the "Gleanings of the Vintage."]

Dear Mother,—Grace and peace be multiplied through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

I really wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, as I hope by this time that thy soul prospereth.

I have this morning read over afresh thy little epistle, which is full of complaints, but I hope by this time matters are mended, and thy heart a little more fixed. I have of late had some sweet thoughts upon Heb. iii. 1: "Consider the Apostle and high Priest of our profession." Our high Priest not only bore our sins, and made an atonement for us, or appeased the wrath of God in our behalf, and took his blood, the price of our redemption, into heaven with him, but he ever liveth to make intercession for us; a high Priest was to bear our names upon his heart. He was likewise to bear our judgment. And thirdly, he was to bear the iniquity of our holy things. Read Exod. xxviii. God has put us into the heart of Christ's love. He has chosen us in him, and made us his charge, and he has loved us better than his own life. "Greater love hath no man than this." He has borne our judgment, the curse of the law, and the wrath of God for us, and appears in this his sacrifice within the veil, where he ever lives to make intercession for us. And who shall separate us from his love? And now he bears the iniquities of our holy things, even we ourselves are by the Spirit of God offered up as living sacrifices upon Christ our altar and priest.

“That the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost.” And it is in God’s beloved Son that we are made accepted, and it is the altar and priest that sanctifies the gift. We are God’s gift to Christ, and he is made sanctification to us. In him we are wise, just, redeemed, washed, and made holy, and are complete in him. “Clean every whit,” says Christ; and there is no spot in us; for in him we are without fault before the throne. Stick fast here, my dear mother, and let the devil move us, or alter this performance of divine wisdom, if he can.

And observe, further, that there is nothing comes from God to us but through the Mediator, who has made peace, and through our high Priest who has made the atonement by his sacrifice. And he having endured the curse, and appeased the wrath of God, we are secured from both by the covenant, the oath of God, and the blood of Christ, so that even vindictive justice itself promises to forgive us, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness; so safe and secure are we in the heart and hands of the dearly beloved and ever-blessed Son of God.

And now, mind what I say. Our high Priest is to bear the iniquity of our holy things; that is, sin cleaves to us, and to all our services; when we would do good, evil is always present with us. Deadness, unbelief, rebellion, self-seeking, hypocrisy, enmity, doubts, misgivings of heart, half-heartedness, backwardness; but nothing of all this shall ever pass through the hands of our high Priest, in whose name, and for whose sake, we pray God to hear us.

All sin is Satan’s spawn, and it shall never ascend above the stars. Satan is the prince of the power of the air, and above his realm his works shall never arise, because our high Priest and his offering are in the holy place. Christ upon his golden altar offers the incense of his sweet savour, sacrifice, and much grace, which perfumes the prayers of all saints; hence it is that all our services are accepted. “Their burnt offerings and their sacrifices,” says God, “shall be accepted upon mine altar; and I will make them joyful in my house of prayer.” Therefore we should always pray and not faint, however dead; or else we undervalue the great high Priest of our profession. I have often prevailed when my heart has been stiffened by the devil and unbelief; and it is in this way and no other. “Whatever you ask the Father, ask in my Name, and I will do it,” says Christ. He so mends, alters, perfumes, and presents our poor imperfect performances, that we should not know them again; as they cry, “Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or thirsty, or naked,” &c. They were astonished at their own works when he brought them before them. Open your mind freely to your yoke-fellows. The devil often pushes off when he is discovered.

Tender my love to John and Mary. Shall send a kite, when I can get the wings and tail put on. God bless thee.

W. H., S.S.

Obituary.

JOHN SPENCER.—On April 29th, 1880, aged 62, John Spencer, of Love Clough, Rosendale, Lancashire.

It may truly be said of him that he feared God above many. His dear widow having furnished us with some of his letters to a friend, in which he relates the Lord's dealings with his soul, we wish to select a few things therefrom, and pray they may be encouraging to some of the tried and exercised of the Lord's people.

When a young man, he was permitted to go to great lengths in sin. He said, "I far exceeded my companions in all manner of wickedness that it was possible for me to run into." But the time came for him to be stopped in his mad career of vice and folly. On one occasion Mr. Kershaw was to preach at King's Row, and out of curiosity he went to hear him. Mr. Kershaw in his discourse took up the case of Zaccheus; and the dear man of God was enabled to draw the bow at a venture. The Holy Ghost caused the arrow to fasten in our friend's heart as a nail in a sure place; the terrors of the holy law, and the wrath and vengeance of God, seemed to be let loose upon him, and the sorrows of death compassed him about, and the pains of hell got hold upon him; and such was the deep distress of his mind that it very much affected his bodily health. How to get from under his trouble he could not tell, but he thought he would try to be good, and do good, and if it was possible to keep the law, he would do so. But these words were brought with power into his mind: "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all;" and, as he said, this made him reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man. When the commandment came home with power, sin revived, and he died to all hope of keeping the law, or getting to heaven by his own works, or the obedience of his own hands. His sins seemed to be set in the light of JEHOVAH'S countenance. The law and the justice of God condemned him, and he felt he had the sentence of death in his conscience, and eternal destruction seemed to him to be inevitable. The troubles of his heart were so enlarged, and his burden so heavy, that it caused him to cry out, in the bitterness of his soul, "O God, if thou canst show mercy to one so vile and hell-deserving, do be merciful to me. Lord, save me; for if thou do not save me, I am lost, and must perish for ever."

But the time of love and mercy came, as it will to every poor trembling sinner so taught by the Spirit of God.

Our friend, speaking of this time, said, "When in the midst of my deep distress, these words were brought with much power and sweetness into my heart: 'Fear thou not; for the rock whereon thou standest is holy ground.'"

Many other sweet portions of the Word were much blessed to him at the time, so much so that he said, "My sins, my burden and trouble were all gone in a moment, and pardon, peace, and joy flowed into my soul, through the blood of a precious Christ."

For many weeks he went on his way rejoicing in the God of his salvation. He then began to inquire of the Lord where he maketh his flock "to rest at noon," as he could no longer attend the church of England as he had done. He was led to the place where a few of the Lord's dear people met together for worship. He said, when he got into the place, he thought that was not the place for him, that there would be nothing for him; and as he looked at the minister, he thought, that man can never preach. The minister read his text, and soon began to trace out Spencer's path, in which the dear Lord had led him, and so minutely too, that he thought some one had been telling the minister

all about him. The Word was much blessed to his soul, so much so that he said, "This people shall be my people; and where they dwell, I will dwell."

It pleased the dear Lord to lay the subject of believers' baptism upon his mind, which exercised him very much for a long time. He often feared he was not the character to attend to the ordinance; but these words were much impressed upon his mind: "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

After this, the dear Lord took away all his fears, and enlarged his heart, so that he ran in the way of his commandments; he was baptized in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Israel's One God, and became united in fellowship with the church of Christ at Rehoboth, Goodshawfold.

He was a real lover of the truth, and of those that preach it, and a humble, honest walker. He was much respected by his employers, and in the Sunday school as a teacher. In the church, he was no troubler, but a peaceable man; a real lover of Zion, and very much desired to see proper order and discipline maintained in the church; and when any one was determined to rule the church, and lord it over God's heritage, it pained and grieved his heart. He would say, "These things ought not so to be."

For several years before he died, he was very feeble in body, being subject to bronchitis. In his last affliction he was blessed with much grace, and was calmly resigned in mind to the Lord's will, and enabled to say, "Let him do what he thinks best."

On one occasion, when I called to see him, his hope was sweetly resting upon the Person, blood, and righteousness of Christ, for the salvation and justification of his soul. A few days before he died, he desired his wife to read the 14th chapter of John, when he said, "He has prepared a mansion for me."

After this, he grew gradually weaker, so that he could scarcely be heard to speak. His wife said to him, "You will soon be where there is no pain." He said, "Yes, and no more sorrow." He said, "I am going to that mansion which Jesus has prepared for me." Then he sweetly fell asleep in the gracious arms of his beloved Lord. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

J. EDDISON.

JOHN BARRETT.—On January 18th, 1881, aged 66, John Barrett, of Claphill, Beds. Also on the same day, and within a few hours, Mary Barrett, his beloved wife, aged 68. The esteem we had for John Barrett constrains us to mention, before giving the very brief account we have received of his last days on earth, a few particulars about him on our own account.

It is now many years ago since, in the providence of God, we were engaged to supply for a Sunday at the late George Muskett's chapel at Westoning, Mr. Muskett being then pastor over the church. Our friend Barrett, who was a member, we believe, of the church at Clifton, came over to hear us, though at that time we were perfect strangers in the flesh to one another. It was, however, the will of God to give our departed friend such a remarkable time in hearing the word, that the particular blessing he received, the power with which the truth of the gospel was brought into his soul, and the peace and joy he experienced on the occasion, led to a warm-hearted friendship between us throughout the remaining years of his life.

Being thus brought in contact with the departed; and our hearts being drawn together by the "love of the truth," we cultivated our friendship more by mutual correspondence through the post than by personal

interviews, for which we had little opportunity. About three times a year our friend would write us a letter, and in every letter he wrote he would be sure to speak of the way in which his soul was blessed on the occasion referred to, and to say how much he wished our way might be directed into that part again.

In the course of some years we did go that way again. We had an engagement, not at Westoning, but at a place not far away, and where Barrett was able to get. On the morning of our engagement, when we had arrived at the town, the first person we saw waiting to speak to us at the railway station was our friend John Barrett; and we soon perceived, by his countenance and remarks, that he was full of expectation of another good time in hearing the gospel. But we said, "Barrett, you will get nothing to-day. There will be neither dew nor power attending the word to *you*. You have been expecting too much from the creature, and looking to the creature, who alone can plant, or water, whilst it is the Lord alone that can give the blessing."

The services of the day being over, we appealed to him to tell us frankly, whether we had not been a true prophet? Barrett was compelled to acknowledge we had. He confessed that he had not found the preaching that day to be what it had been before. No doubt both of us had something to learn by such dealings of God; our friend had to prove that the man whom he most wanted to hear was no more than another of the Lord's servants, and that it was not the man at all, but what God might be pleased to do by him. We had to prove that what God had been sovereignly pleased to do by us at one time, was no criterion that he would operate in the same way on subsequent occasions.

The following very scanty particulars, as sent us by a personal friend of the departed, are all we have been able to obtain of his last affliction and dying moments:

"Our dear friend was taken ill with bronchitis on Saturday, Jan. 8th, and died on the following Monday week. His complaint, the doctor said, affected his head. He seemed to be overpowered with sleep, and in a kind of stupor, so that he was able to say little. I saw him three or four times a day during the nine days that he lingered after being taken ill. On the Thursday morning, after a blister was applied to his neck, he seemed quite sensible for a little time. I told him he was in good hands. He said, 'Yes; the Lord will not leave me now. He has helped me so far, and he will help me all my journey through.' His wife told me he seemed to give up everything, that he seemed quite dead to the world, and which made her think from the first he would not last long.

"The last three or four days he appeared to be very much in prayer. He kept saying, 'Do, Lord, as it pleaseth thee.' He prayed much for his dear wife, but we could not understand much that he uttered.

"He was a man who thought very little of himself, and never wanted much to be said about him when he was gone. He was a well-taught man in divine things, and a true lover of good men. He used to tell me, if it were the Lord's will, he should be very glad to see his wife go first; and remarkable to say, his desire was almost fully granted, for his dear wife passed away only a few hours after himself, and died with the same complaint. They were both baptized together, and were buried together in the same grave, and I believe in sure and certain hope of a 'better resurrection.' I have lost a real friend in John Barrett. I could always see eye to eye with him in spiritual things."

If correctly informed by another friend with whom we had some personal conversation about Barrett's death, his wife was just permitted

with her dying strength to get from her own bed to witness her husband's departure out of the world, after which she returned to her bed, and in a short time, like Jacob, "gathered up her feet, and yielded up the ghost."

Such dispensation of God, though strikingly solemn, yet to our mind was singularly blessed; for left, as the Lord's dear handmaid was, to taste the bitterness of her bereavement, and to feel herself a poor lonely, afflicted, helpless widow in the world; what greater mercy, and more gracious interposition of God on her behalf, could it have been, than for the Lord, on the very same day that her desolate widowhood began, to so gently lay his hand upon her mortal breath, and unite her spirit with the spirits of the just in eternal glory? Though in their poor bodies both sleep in their grave; yet

"What is sown thus in corruption,
Shall in incorruption rise;
What is sown in death's dishonour,
Shall revive to glory's light;
What is sown in this weak manner,
Shall be raised in matchless might."

Devizes.

C. H.

SIMEON EMERY.—On Jan. 26th, 1881, aged 79, Mr. Simeon Emery, Baptist minister, of Fitzroy, Melbourne; late of Malmesbury, Wilts.

He was well known for many years to the churches of truth in England. I heard him in Bristol over 50 years ago, when supplying the people after Mr. Simmons' death. I always loved him as a man who knew the truth of God, not in the letter only, but in the spirit and power of it in his own soul.

Before I left England in 1852, he came and spent a little time with me. Some time after my arrival in Australia, I heard he was in Sydney, where he spoke in the Name of the Lord, and was, I believe, instrumental in planting a Baptist church there. I often wished to see him, but being so far away we could only hear from one another. But about a week before he left the world, I and my wife went overland a journey of more than 600 miles on purpose to see him. On the Sunday morning I went to the chapel, and sat close to him; but as nearly 30 years had passed since we had met, we did not recognize each other. I asked one of the deacons after the service, whether Mr. Emery was yet alive. He said, "Yes, and he was here this morning." I then found that I had been sitting just behind him in the chapel, and thinking as I sat there, I wonder if that old man knows the truth.

Finding that he was staying for a time with one of the deacons at Botany Bay, we took the coach the next morning, and went to the deacon's house, where we met with him, and we soon recognized one another. We walked together along the Bay, and talked over the days of the past, the many changes that had taken place, the many that had gone home to glory, and among them the many servants of God. He spoke of his interview with Mr. Tiptaft, Philpot, and others, and said, "I am waiting my call. My work is done. My memory fails me, I seem lost; and my sight is so bad, I can hardly see my way about." We talked together until we parted, never again to meet and converse on earth.

A few days after, he was in the crowded city, where there is a tramway. He went to get into one of the carriages, just as the whistle blew, when he missed his foot-hold, was dragged under the wheels, and almost had his legs severed from his body. He was taken to the infirmary, but died the same evening.

He was perfectly sensible to the last, and spoke of the state of his mind, and the circumstance that had brought him where he was. He was calm and peaceful until he fell asleep.

JAMES DAVIS.

ANN SMITH.—On Feb. 9th, 1881, aged 48, Mary Ann, wife of Enos Smith, for eleven or twelve years a member of the cause of truth at Providence Chapel, Cheltenham.

The Lord graciously supported her through a long and painful affliction. She was confined to her bed, and obliged to lie in one position for about nine months with cancer, and could not be moved without suffering extreme pain, most distressing to witness. But the dear Lord gave her submission and resignation to his will, so that she was enabled to bear it with patience, and justify the Lord in all his dealings with her; and he graciously fulfilled that promise in her soul's experience: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. xliii. 2.) The Bible and Gadsby's hymns were her chief companions in her affliction, and several portions and verses of hymns were very much blessed to her soul. She much felt the weight and importance of eternal things, and told me she never had such a view of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and what it cost the dear Lord to redeem his people from their sin, as she had in this affliction.

Not long before her death, she said the 329th hymn had been much on her mind for several days, and seemed a great support to her, especially the fifth verse. "But," she added, "I seem to be scarcely anything else but dross, and want so much refining."

At another time, when I went into her room, she appeared to be very calm, after a severe fit of suffering. I said, "How do you feel in your mind about eternal things?" She said, with a smile, "Very comfortable, my dear. It will be all right by-and-by. The Lord is very precious; he does not lay more upon me than he gives me strength to bear. But," she added, with tears, "it seems too much for me to contemplate, such a vile sinner as I feel myself to be."

At another time, when leaving her to go to chapel, I said, "Have you any message to send to the friends?" She said, "Give my love to them, and tell them I think it will not be long before he will come and take me home. The Lord is my support and my stay. Darkness comes, but he disperses it."

At another time, after extreme suffering, she repeated, in a very solemn manner, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you;" adding, "this is a fiery trial; but the Lord is in the fire."

One evening she said to me, "I have had such a fiery temptation. You know what a little thing would stop my breath in my weak state; and yet it was powerfully suggested to my mind, to put the bed-clothes over my face, and then my sufferings would soon be over. But I saw at once where it came from; and was enabled to say, "No, enemy, I have had enough of you. I will wait the Lord's time." She said it was soon removed from her mind, proving the truth of God's Word: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

She often begged the dear Lord to come and take her home; but she said, "It is not so much to get rid of pain, but to see my dear Saviour, to worship, praise, and adore him."

At another time, she said, "There is nothing on earth, or in heaven, not even the glories of the place that I desire, but to see Him as he is."

She was a dear lover of the truth, the Lord's house, and his people,

and often met with them when scarcely able to walk, and often felt refreshed when conversing with them of the Lord's goodness and sustaining mercy towards her in her affliction. I believe some of the Lord's children felt it good to visit her.

For two or three days before she died her reason seemed to give way, I believe from extreme weakness, so that we could understand but little she said. But it was evident, even then, that she knew where to look for help; for almost the last words we could recognize were, "O my dear Lord, do come and take me home." About 20 minutes past eight on the morning of 9th of February she breathed her last; and is now joining those who came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

I have lost a kind and affectionate partner, but feel assured that my loss is her eternal gain.

1, Windsor Terrace, Cheltenham.

ENOS SMITH.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

"THE Lord will provide,"

Though there be a dearth,
And man in his pride
Oppresses the earth.

His mercy is still
A sceptre of grace;
And extend it he will
To his chosen race.

His purpose and love
He may awhile hide;
And afflict when we rove,
But he still will provide.

Our wants may be many,
Our fears may be great,
But never did any
In vain on him wait.

He will be at hand
In all our distress;
And when brought to a stand,
He our trials will bless;

And will open a way
Whilst he humbles our pride;
Turn our night into day,
And for us provide.

Through manifold foes,
And dangers, and gins,
O'er mountains of woes,
And thousands of sins,

He'll come, and will save;
Out of all we shall come;
He'll bring down to the grave,
And then lead us home.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1881.

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

A SHORT ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITUAL READERS
OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

Dear Friends,—Having been requested to take charge of this periodical, which made its first appearance amongst the churches of our denomination in August, 1835, with the specific object of vindicating and disseminating the doctrines of discriminating grace, we have ventured to respond to that request; and having done so, our intended line of procedure may be demanded. This will be, then, as far as in us lieth, that of its founders, which they have clearly expressed in their first "Address;" giving a summary of the doctrines they designed to advocate. And these doctrines may be seen more fully set forth in the "Articles of Faith" of our Societies.

The founders of this magazine, referring to the truths contained in their Articles, say, "In our labours, we hope ever to keep in view the following things, and vindicate them, in all their bearings, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear." Fixing, then, our standpoint on the original constitution of the magazine, we come before you, leaning on and begging for the gracious teaching and holy influence of the blessed Spirit; knowing that this unerring Guide is able to conduct us into all truth. On him alone we desire to depend; hoping to be enabled to contend for the truths contained in those "Articles," both in the power and experience of them. We pray, also, to be kept from our own spirit, and to be enabled to seek the glory of God and the good of the household of faith.

In contending for vital godliness, we feel constrained to acknowledge how greatly its power is needed amongst us. Do we not need more of its powerful influence in our lives and deportment? Is it not, also, a fact, known and felt by us, that we need more

grace to enable us to seek the glory of God with a single eye, and with one mind to be willing to be nothing that Jesus may be all in all? For it is in this spirit that a disinterested and earnest solicitude for the welfare of Zion dwells; manifesting itself in a desire to promote the spiritual union of God's family. The Lord grant that this affectionate and sweet spirit may run amongst all the saints. The spiritual profit of the living family of God, forming, as it does, a conspicuous part of the ministrations of the blessed Spirit, he, for that purpose, puts forth his power, to give success to the gospel of Christ; and by it promotes a spirit of love, union, and peace among his people. This power is essential to their edification, comfort, instruction, and encouragement. We pray, therefore, that he may bestow this gracious power on *all his servants*, on the whole publicly-praying portion of the household of faith, on individual believers, and on us, in conducting this magazine. Then all will indeed be well.

Our chief desire is, then, *power*,—power resting on the soul to keep it manifestatively abiding in the Lord, that from hence much fruit may be produced, and that thereby the doctrines of our holy faith may be adorned. For in proportion to the power of the Lord resting on the soul, so is its fruitfulness; as says the Lord, "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." (Jno. xv. 5.)

Who that has ever felt the exceeding greatness of the blessed Spirit's power can do otherwise than contend for that mighty influence which has produced so great and sudden changes in his own soul on different occasions; suddenly turning night into day, mourning into gladness, and bondage into liberty. On this account we desire to stand upon the ground of *power*, and because it exerts a mighty influence over the souls of God's people, whether viewed as a whole or as individual believers. For if any one of them be overwhelmed with cares and sorrows, how blessedly does the power of God deliver him from the deep waters of grief which have entered into his soul! What a change it also makes in a man who may be called upon to engage in public prayer while feeling himself unfit to approach to God on account of his felt depression of soul, or through the wretched feeling of an earthly mind,—darkness, unbelief, and a hard rebellious heart! How soon all these distressing things are then removed, and there is now power to draw near like a little child

to its parent. Moreover, should a person enter a place of worship bowed down, being heavily laden, vexed, crossed, and peevish, through trials and temptations; how soon the scene is changed and the clouds dispersed if the power of the gospel enters the heart while hearing the word preached!

We are, then, for *power*. That will sustain a beggar by heavenly alms, and an infirm soul by the Creator's strength. Here we hope to make our stand, "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear."

We may add that we have nothing whatever to do with the advertisements. In future, the responsibility thereof will rest entirely with the publisher, as *that* department of the magazine properly belongs to him, for the benefit of the Societies.

Dear Friends, affectionately Yours,

J. HATTON.

GOING FORTH, BEARING REPROACH.

SERMON PREACHED BY MR. MUNNS, AT BEULAH CHAPEL, 79, HARROW ROAD, LONDON, ON SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 2ND, 1870.

"Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."—HEB. XIII. 12, 13.

You that were here this morning know that we had these words before us. Having dwelt some length of time upon the ceremonial law, we had not much time left to go into the remaining portion of God's word. If the Lord will help me, I will say a little this evening of the reproaches of Christ, and from whom those reproaches came; and then we shall endeavour to speak of Paul's invitation, namely, "going forth" unto him without the camp.

I. We will notice *who* they were, and the *reason* they cast their reproaches on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Jesus needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." How oft did he tell the Scribes and Pharisees what their thoughts were, and said, "I know the love of God is not in you." These are solemn expressions from the lips of infallible Truth, who is judge of every man's heart. The Lord Jesus Christ gives us a description of his enemies, and the enemies of the church of God. Jesus had done many miracles, and the Pharisees saw that he had done such works as no other man could do; but it shows us what a state man is in when left in a false light or in a spark of his own kindling. But it is said, "They shall lie down in sorrow." The Pharisees were well acquainted with the Scriptures; for it appears when the wise men came from the East, and said, "We have seen his star," it was something they had never seen before;

and so they called it *his* star. Yes; he is the bright and Morning Star. Peter calls him the Day Star in your hearts. They said, they were come to worship him that is called King of the Jews. This staggered Herod, and there was a great stir among the people. Herod being troubled, demanded of the Pharisees where Christ was to be born; they gave a scriptural answer, and said, he should be born in Bethlehem. They spoke of the prophecy of Micah: "O thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been of old from everlasting." They had a knowledge that he was the Son of God, "whose goings forth were of old from everlasting." How true the words Christ spake, "He came unto his own, but his own received him not."

The Scribes and Pharisees could not bear the truth we touched upon this morning respecting the blind man, and they said, "Are we blind also?" and he said unto them, "Because you say you see, your sin remaineth." He said, "Take heed lest the light in you be darkness, if so, how great is that darkness." What an awful darkness for a man to have a knowledge of truth and have no love in his heart to Christ, for such have no part in the lot of salvation. Jesus said, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and yet they said, 'He hath a devil.' I came eating and drinking, and ye say, 'Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.'" I say bless God for that. O what a mercy he is such a friend to poor hell-deserving sinners! Christ also performed a miracle upon the man sick of the palsy. He said, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." Now, out comes the enmity of the human heart. The Scribes said within themselves, this man blasphemeth. Christ knew what was in their hearts, and said, "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?" And he knows all our hearts, and I can say for one I love to see poor sin-sick sinners healed with the blood of Christ. What has made us to differ? Nothing but the grace of God, and we are constrained to give God the glory and praise of our salvation. But there is a blessing attending this, for he said, "Blessed are they who are not offended at my words." These poor blind creatures could not rejoice to see the dear Saviour doing such works, but condemned him for that which he had done, while their own hearts told them it was nothing short of the work of God. After they had reproached him, and said he was a devil and a drunkard, one of these crafty professors asked him to come and eat with him; and so some do now, but hate you in their hearts. Jesus goes to the house; he knew there would be one of his dear children there who was made alive by the power of the blessed Spirit, who felt herself a vile sinner from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. When Jesus was there, I expect, according to the Eastern custom, he was reclining on a couch, and this poor woman goes to the feet of the Redeemer and anoints his feet

with ointment, and wipes them with the hairs of her head. O! what a blessed faith this poor woman had in Jesus Christ. I am sure, my friends, when Jesus Christ speaks to our souls it brings us as poor sinners down to the dust, and to wash his dear feet. There will be sure to be some enmity against that work which God is pleased to perform upon a poor sinner. What was the Pharisee's expression? He said, "He does not know who this woman is, for she is a sinner." Jesus put a question to the poor deluded Pharisee: "Simon, which think ye loved most, the fifty-pence debtor or the five hundred-pence debtor?" He answered, I suppose, the five hundred-pence debtor. Jesus turns to the woman and addresses Simon: "Seest thou this woman? Thou gavest me no water;" as if Christ had said, "You have not had love enough in your heart to give me a drop of water, which is only a common custom; but this woman has washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. You have not been kind enough to give me a towel; you never met me like a friend to welcome me with a kiss, but this woman has not ceased to kiss my feet. My head thou didst not anoint, which is a common custom, but this poor woman has put it on my feet." I expect Simon was astonished to hear the dear Lord say, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." No doubt, Simon wished he had never asked Jesus to his house; and if you come out plainly and tell them what he has done for you, the professors now-a-days will hate you; but, never mind, "go forth without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Notice again, by raising Lazarus from the dead their enmity rose against him, and not only against Jesus but against Lazarus also, for they wanted to put him to death, and the reason was because they did not wish Christ's fame and power to go abroad. But how different it is with the real children of God. The Pharisees were speaking about the children crying; Jesus said if they were to hold their peace the very stones would cry out. My friends, they cannot hold their peace when Jesus speaks to their souls; they are bound to bear a testimony of his love, blood, and mercy to them as poor sinners.

Christ says to his own, "Without me ye can do nothing." Yes; the poor sinner feels it, and is bound to bless God when the blessed Spirit takes of the things of Jesus and reveals them unto him. Ah! say some, "it is your own fault; you may always be happy if you will exercise your faith." If it was in my power I would never leave the feet of the dear Redeemer, but would weep myself away and find myself in his presence, to sing unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.

Christ came into the world to do the work of him that sent him; that work was for his own people. The Pharisees did not understand the discriminating work that Christ preached; their enmity rose against it. When Christ preached in the temple when he divided between the precious and the vile, he said in the days of Elias he was sent only to the woman of Sarepta, and

she was a widow, and the leper Naaman, and they were both strangers or gentiles. He knew that they could not receive him, but the poor Syro-Phœnician woman could. "Truth, Lord," she said, "yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." As if she had said, "Thou camest to thine own people (the Jews) as a whole loaf, but they were too full. But as thou sayest thou hast come to the lost sheep, I venture to come with a 'Lord, help me!'" and, bless his dear name, he did not turn her away; nor will he turn thee away, poor sinner. So let us follow him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

These professors wanted to cast Christ down from the brow of the hill, but he passed through their midst; and if you are made honest they will do the same to you. But O! what a mercy we have such a God to look to and believe in, and to know he is able to save to the uttermost, and to preserve his people in every trouble. Jesus knew that his time was drawing nigh. He called his disciples to him, and said that "things concerning me must have an end." When he stood up in the great day of the feast, he said, "If any man thirst let him come unto me, for he that believeth on me, as the Scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Now, say the parsons, and thousands we have at this hour standing up and telling dead sinners to come to Christ, and holding out that portion of God's Word, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price." You see, friends, how blind are the parsons to tell a dead man to come and drink; it is every one that thirsteth that is to come. You see the man must be thirsty, or otherwise he will never come. Now, what is it to thirst? God declares that his wrath is kindled against sin, and it shall burn to the lowest hell. When God enters into judgment with a man he will make him to know that God is angry with sin. He will have to find that sin in him is a burning fire on his conscience, and God's wrath is kindled against him. Now, Christ is the water of life; until God is pleased by his blessed Spirit to cause that man to live and to know and feel that he is a sinner, he will never come to Christ, the water of eternal life. Christ spoke to the woman at the well of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Now I understand this to be a gift, for Christ said to her, "If thou knewest the gift of God thou wouldst have asked of him;" but she did not know until she was convinced of sin; then she said, "Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did."

Christ said again, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and none shall pluck them out of my hands." But oh! say some, "We may sin away the day of grace." How is that possible? I understand grace to be a sovereign reigning through righteousness unto eternal life. How can that eternal life ever be destroyed?

Had he not been the eternal Son of the Father, one in the covenant, when they were given to him before the foundation of the world, he could not have given them eternal life; therefore he is spoken of as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Now these doctrines could not be received in those days, and neither can they be received now. The Lord Jesus Christ was determined to declare the will of his Father; the sheep were given unto him, and not one of them should be lost. The son of perdition was not a sheep, for the Lord Jesus Christ knew from the beginning who should betray him. He said I am the good Shepherd. I lay down my life for my sheep. He said I am the bread of life; my flesh is meat, and my blood is drink. O! said the Pharisees, how could this man give his flesh to eat, and his blood to drink? But what says the poor child of God? He is our meat, and his blood is drink indeed, because Jesus Christ took our nature into union with his Godhead without sin, and went to the end of the law for every poor sinner that believeth; and who are they that believe? Paul says as many as were ordained unto eternal life.

If I were about to build a house, I should like to see the plan of it, and God himself has drawn the plan of salvation, and every stone in the building. As with Solomon's temple, there was not the sound of a hammer to be heard, nor a chisel to be put upon it in the temple, for everything was fitted and squared right for its place. The apostle Peter said "to whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious; ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house and a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. So the children of God are all priests; the priests under the law offered blood for their sins, when they went within the veil, so the children of God plead the blood of Christ as the only way of acceptance, Christ having now entered within the veil, heaven itself.

Again. Men will tell us to believe directly! What will these poor creatures say about Paul's conversion? He was on the road to persecute the church of God. Paul tells king Agrippa it was a light above the light of the sun at mid-day. Yes, it was the light of the Holy Ghost which shines brighter than anything in nature, and there was a voice in the Hebrew tongue, saying, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. Jesus knew other pricks would come from the same source that he received from the Pharisees. And, poor child of God, if you bear a testimony to his power they will hate you. Jesus told Paul he was going to make a minister of him; and so he did, as Paul says, by revealing himself unto him, and he felt all he had learnt at the feet of Gamaliel was but dung and dross compared with Christ. Jesus showed Paul that touching the church he touched Christ, showing that the church of God stand in union with Christ, and none can ever separate them; and as Jesus trod the path of tribulation the church must

follow in measure in the same path. Jesus the Shepherd goes forth willingly, but under the law every man was obliged to bring his own victim; but this was not so with Jesus. No, my friends, what did Jesus do? He presented himself; he told the Pharisees, this is "your hour and the powers of darkness. If they do these things in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?"

Jesus tells his disciples yet a little while am I with you, then I go unto him that sent me, pointing out that the time was coming when he would be removed from them. In a way of encouragement he said, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." Christ is the Father's house. God rested in his love; and every poor sinner for whom Christ died is a monument of grace, and has a mansion in Jesus Christ, and will be sure to arrive at that house which is in heaven, a house made without hands, eternal in the heavens. Jesus saw they were sorrowful. He said, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy; that is an eternal and an everlasting joy. The world rejoices; but their joy shall be turned into sorrow, an eternal sorrow. Paul says, "these light afflictions are but for a moment;" and so they are in comparison with the eternal sorrow which awaits the wicked. Oh! what a mercy that we are brought to feel and to know we are still going forth bearing the reproach, feeling sure there is nothing to help us but God's strength put forth, and faith viewing Christ going forth as the Captain of our salvation.

That psalm we read to-night speaks of reproach as having broken his heart. The Redeemer met with his children in the guest-chamber when he was about to eat the Passover supper with them. "With desire, I have desired to eat this supper with you before I die." The Passover was setting forth that which was kept by Moses; therefore, up to the last moment he did not interfere with that type, but after they had eaten that Passover supper. Jesus now shows them that he is the Antitype. Jesus is now about to rise, brighter than the sun shines in the firmament, and putting all the Passover into the shade, he comes forth as the substance. He breaks a piece of bread, saying, "This is my body which is broken for you;" the wine also, saying, "This is my blood in the New Testament, which is shed for you." He was then going to seal that covenant, so that at the death of the testator all blessings were to flow to the church from that covenant, ordered in all things and sure. So what Moses set forth as the Passover was vanished away by the death of Christ, as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Now we see how Jesus was to sanctify the people with his own blood, as I said under the law the man brought his own victim, not himself. Now Jesus goes forth into Gethsemane's garden. He knew that the hour was drawing nigh that he must leave this world and go to the Father; for he said, "I came forth from the Father." Jesus was about to shed his blood, to seal the cove-

nant that he had entered into from all eternity. Paul says, "Before the will can be of any force the testator must die." Jesus said to his disciples, "Arise, let us be going." He had set his face towards Jerusalem, for he knew that was the place where he was to be tried and condemned, and suffer ignominy and reproach.

Let us look for a moment or two at Gethsemane. He falls with his face to the ground; he felt the wrath of God that was due to the church was laid upon him. The payment must be made; so that nothing short of the shedding of blood could ever give satisfaction to divine justice. He said, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death."

II. Now, poor sinner, "Let us go forth without the camp, bearing his reproach." Now comes one who had assembled with him and his disciples to betray him; the Redeemer knew that he was ordained for that express purpose. When Judas came up to him, and he kissed him, Jesus said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Before he gives himself up he gives them a display of his Godhead shining in that humanity. He said, "Whom seek ye?" They said, "Jesus of Nazareth." He said, "I am he." And immediately every man falls back to the ground, and then he allows them to take him. Now, friends, let us look at our precious Jesus. Bearing reproaches and insults, they took him as a lamb or sheep dumb before his shearer. He was taken early in the morning before Annas, then to Caiphas, then to Pilate, and then to Herod; there he is interrogated concerning his doctrine. Jesus said, "Ask them that heard me, for what I taught was openly; in secret have I said nothing." He knew they had sent many to watch him, and they knew what his doctrine was. One smites Jesus on the face. What for? Why, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. It is said, "They shall smite the Judge of Israel on the face." He said, "If I have done wrong, testify of it." Here is a meek and a lowly Jesus. Now comes the scorn and rebutting of man; they now take him before Caiphas. When he was asked who he was, he said, "I am the Son of God." The high priest rent his garment, and said, "What need have we of witnesses? we have heard the blasphemy out of his own mouth." O, friends, this is going forth bearing reproach! The mob take him to Pilate. Pilate says, "I find no fault in him." Jesus knew his time was come. He saith to Pilate (as though he would have the sentence passed), "He that hath delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." It appears that Pilate did not want to pass the sentence, but they cried out, "If thou let this man go thou art no friend to Cæsar." Pilate, hearing this, gives up Jesus to them. They spit upon him, blindfold him, and smite him, saying, "Prophecy who is it that smote thee."

O, the love of Christ to sinners! May the Lord enable you and me by his blessed Spirit to bear reproach. Friends, what a mercy we are not left to say, "Crucify him," but brought to

know that our sins pierced him, and that we have been brought to weep over them, and brought to hate ourselves because our sins have pierced him. It was their custom to let a prisoner go at that feast; which sets forth that Christ came to release his people; but they cried, "Release unto us Barabbas," a murderer, while they were leading the great Deliverer to be crucified.

Now, without God's grace, our hearts are as hard as theirs; for we once said, "We will not have this man to reign over us," but our grief is now because we cannot love him more. Poor child of God, have you ever, by faith, been led to see Christ bearing these reproaches? If so, I am sure you know what it is, as a member of his body, to sympathize with Jesus, the Head.

Now let us follow Jesus a little further, for I feel my heart a little soft, and moved in love towards him. Herod had a desire to see him, of a long season; even in this the Scriptures must be fulfilled, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and dumb before his shearers." He stood before Herod; he opened not his mouth; they put on him some gorgeous robe (I expect some old thing in the way of degradation), and they plaited a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, and a reed in his hand (a kind of a mock sceptre); they bowed their knee before him, and said, "Hail! King of the Jews!" they take the reed and smite him on the crown of thorns. Previously to this, Pilate and Herod were at enmity, but now they are made friends; and so it is now. If they can slander and abuse a poor child of God, the more tongues they can get the better they like it, and the greater friends they become. But we must come into a little of the master's path to sympathize with him. I seem at this moment as if I could see them sneering and saying, "Look at their king." Yes, poor sinner, it was King Jesus, and his visage was to be more marred than any man's, and so it was. O, what a mercy he has set his kingdom up in our hearts, and made us loyal subjects! The King said his kingdom was not of this world; nor is ours, for our hearts are after the King of glory.

And now they lead him away without the gates; he was not permitted to suffer within the gates, and, my friends, be assured there are hundreds of places in this land, if you bear a testimony of Jesus, they would not suffer you in their gates; they would not allow you to be a member with them; he suffered without the gates, and they crucified him there. When we look at him going through Jerusalem, seeing him carrying his cross; ah! friends, we must all have to bear the cross, more or less, and I never lost a cross yet that I had to carry only by an eye of faith seeing Christ on that cross; then I have felt I could follow him and "go without the camp." I can bear the reproaches of men, feeling a little of his love in my heart.

Paul says, "Let us go forth without the camp, bearing his reproach." Christ declared he came into the world to die for his people; therefore this is a truth that the church of God believe that he as the Son of God entered into covenant, and the sheep

were given unto him, and that they must all be made manifest in time, and called by divine grace to follow Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep.

Let us say a little concerning the reproaches of those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ, for they will have the same reproaches in measure as the Master had. I recollect an Arminian once in this place hearing me preach; he went out of the chapel, looking at me with vengeance, and said, "I should like to burn you," because I said the blood of Christ could never be shed in vain. Now here is the human heart against those who believe the truth. Perhaps some of you have been brought up with freewillers or General Baptists, for they are all alike. Some of you may have had your minds disturbed about the doctrine of election, and if they heard a word come out of your mouth they would say, "Dangerous doctrine!" But, blessed be God, I desire to continue in the same doctrine, because I believe free sovereign grace will save a man and carry him safe into eternal glory; therefore I desire still to bear the same reproaches. Friends, do you know the general slander of the world and professors put upon you who maintain the same truths as Jesus maintained? Those people who go to that chapel, and that man that preaches there believe there are infants in hell not a span long—God has ordained them to damnation. Now this is one of the reproaches we get. I, for one, never thought or said so. I believe what David said. He said when the child was dead, "It shall not return to me, but I shall go to it." I am glad to leave these things. I believe that God loved his people with an everlasting love, and the Son of God entered into covenant that he would discharge all their debts, and that they should be presented without spot or wrinkle, and that they should sing praises higher than angels, for they shall sing unto him that has loved us, and washed us in his own most precious blood.

Let us go forth bearing his reproach. Paul had to bear it; they charged him with licentiousness, and declared that it "led to sin that grace might abound," Paul said, "God forbid!" "We have not so learned Christ." I say, Amen, Paul. I hope we can say we can put our life, walk, experience, and call by grace by the side of any of these progressive sanctification gentlemen, and I for one am willing to bear their reproaches. I know that the grace of these doctrines humbles us and gives us a praying heart, and if we had it in our power all the world should be saved, if in accordance with God's will; but the freewiller says all men may be saved, if they will come to Christ; but Christ says ye will not come unto me that ye might have life; show me where a man's will is, and then I will show you where the man is. No man ever had by nature a will to come to Christ. It is not by blood or birth, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Therefore the church of God must bear the reproach. David said he was reproached by one he thought was his friend. Jesus Christ was betrayed by a professing friend, and the church

of God will have to follow their Lord and Master. These things take place that we may be weaned from man and weaned from self, so that the church of God shall have an eye to the reproaches of Christ.

The apostle Paul said he was in perils by sea and by land, and by his own countrymen, and by false brethren, and a number of other things besides; but these were some of the thorns in the flesh, and some of the goads he would have to kick against. Yet the promise was, "My grace is sufficient for thee." So Paul kept on preaching the gospel to poor sinners, and pointed them to a reproached Christ "going forth without the gate, bearing reproach," and finishing the work his Father had given him to do, to bring in an everlasting righteousness to poor sinners, and pointing to the safety of it said, "Whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate, whom he called them he also justified and glorified." Jesus prayed that they might be with him to behold his glory which he had with the Father before the foundation of the world. His was an all-prevailing prayer, and all this was done for the hungry, naked, poor, and destitute, and just suits us poor bankrupts. Now I hope we can say that we have been compelled to go forth, without the camp, for we must either go forth or starve. O! that I could say oftener with the apostle, when reproaches and afflictions abounded, he still kept on and said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify of the gospel of the grace of God." Now this was his object, and therefore he said, "Pressing forward to the mark of the prize of the high calling," a high calling, indeed, called by God, as Peter said, "Make your calling and election sure." These called ones will bear a testimony; they cannot receive the free-will notions of man; the Scribes and Pharisees could not bear to have their pride cut. And just so it is now with the professors; touch their form of godliness, you will pull all their religion up by the root, for it only stands in the same soil that the Egyptian had when Moses slew him, and hid him in the sand; and Christ says, "That house which is built on the sand shall fall." Now you go forth with the testimony of the work of regeneration on your soul, and then you will try both preacher and people; and if they do not withstand you to your face, they will be sure to reproach you behind your back.

Now, who are the worst characters upon the face of the earth, to reproach, and do the most mischief, and bring the most reproaches upon minister and people? Why, those who have been brought up under the truth, and learned their religion from their parents, and have sat under a sound gospel. You stir their enmity, they can speak the language of Canaan, and they can make the living family of God believe the biggest lies, so that God's servants and the children of God have to go about with the sharpest swords in their hearts, and sometimes receive the scorn

of God's people, through the lying tongues of these hardened hypocrites. David said their words were as smooth as oil, yet he had to prove them as swords. If there are any of you suffering from it, may the Lord help you to commit it into his hands; he will reward them. I can say it is a mercy for that man who is able to say with David, "Come now ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul."

Go forth, poor sinner, bearing the reproach. Christ did until he was laid in the grave. Christ came out of the grave, and is gone to glory. Some day your poor body shall come out, fashioned like unto his glorious body. Reproach can follow you no further than the grave, and then you will find you shall be well repaid for all your sorrows in this world. Our dear Redeemer hath set forth those characters which rob him of his glory, putting the power upon the creature instead of the Creator; and I believe they will be found in the hands of divine justice without a mediator. Christ says in that day they shall come and say, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Then will he say unto them, "I never knew you. Depart from me, ye that work iniquity;" ye men that will rob God of his glory, and put the power on the creature instead of the Creator. And what do these men say according to Christ's own words? They will say, "Open unto us; open unto us; we have cast out devils in thy name." But he shall say, "I know you not; depart, ye workers of iniquity." Then their cry is, "Rocks and mountains fall upon us, and hide us from the presence of him that sitteth upon the throne." I say, my friends, the rocks are gone; the mountains are gone; they stand naked and bare.

Now, poor sinner, if this world was drawn together as a scroll this night, what would be your cry? I know what mine would be—

"Rock of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

May the Lord command a blessing on these few remarks. Amen.

THE golden chain hath so linked the means to the end, and sanctification in order to salvation, that God doth infallibly stir up the elect to the use of the means, as well as bring them to the end by the means. "Brethren, beloved of the Lord, God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth." (2 Thess. ii. 13.) "A new heart will I give you, a new spirit will I put within you; I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25-31.) Those in whom the Lord hath put his spirit, let them live as they *list*, and I am sure they will live *godly* lives.—*C. Ness.*

PANTING FOR GOD.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—PSA. XLII. 1.

O WHAT a mercy of mercies if we have been privileged to know anything of these heavenly longings and pantings after God and his righteousness, and to have a spiritual appetite to know, with David, a man after God's own heart, what it is to say from our hearts, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God!" Not merely to say the word. O no! but to speak from our hearts to God, who is the searcher of all hearts, and who knoweth all our thoughts; yea, our secret thoughts are not hid from him. We may deceive our fellow-creatures, but not God, who reigneth in heaven.

I am sure we never had these desires, these hungerings, and these thirstings in our natural state; at least, the poor sinner that is attempting to write these few words can answer that he never had; but it is a plain evidence that the Holy Spirit has begun a work within us, which he will carry on until it is perfected. We may have many fears and doubts about it, and Satan will be sure to assail the poor soul on every part. And must we not expect it, when we know he tempted our Lord himself? But here is our mercy; Jesus will never forsake the work of his own hand.

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

In our natural state we panted after the things of this world, the pleasures of sin; we were carnally-minded; and, as Paul says, "To be carnally-minded is death." Was not this our state? And would it not have been unto this day, but for the Holy Spirit stopping us in our mad career, and convincing us of sin? But, ah! when the blessed Spirit takes poor sinners in hand, he renews their minds and wills, and

"Turns their feet to Zion's hill."

Then do they truly begin to pant after God; and can say, with David, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Now the poor soul is in real earnest; he sees, feels, and knows that he is a sinner, and that he has broken God's holy law; and he is made in a solemn way to understand that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all;" and that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." O what a sad state the poor thing is in! He feels there can be no hope for such a wretch as he feels himself to be, and he cannot see how God can be just in saving such a sinner. Still, he cannot give it up, but sighs and groans after the forgiveness of his sins. He cannot delight in the things that he once did; yea, the Holy Spirit applies the words: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." And thus he has to come out from his former companions, and leave them, and take up his cross, and follow Jesus; ah, and may even have to leave father, mother, sisters,

brothers, and near relations, and may be despised by them, which is trying work. But be of good cheer. David says, in another psalm, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

If this is your lot, go on, poor soul, crying unto God; for in his own time he will appear. He may tarry for awhile; but he will come. Remember the poor woman of old, with the bloody issue twelve years. What was our Lord's answer to her? "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." Or look at the poor man waiting for the moving of the water. He waited thirty-eight years; but the Lord of life and glory came when there was none to help. That was the Lord's time. Mark what it says: "Jesus knew that he had been now a long time in that case; he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?" What was the poor man's answer? "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeth down before me." Now is the Lord's time, when a poor soul is thus stripped of his own righteousness, and of all creature help, and comes, saying,

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

Thus it was with this poor man. He had none to help him; then Jesus saith unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." Can you not imagine the joy there must have been in the poor man's heart, when he found himself made whole of an infirmity which he had had for 38 years?

Well; cheer up, poor soul; there is hope for thee. O may the Lord give you that waiting grace that you stand in need of, so that you may go on seeking the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and be enabled to say, with David, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Are you hungering for a crumb from the Master's table? Are you panting for a sip of living water? Yea, are you like the hart hunted hither and thither, panting for the water-brooks? Fellow-sinner, is this where you have got to? Then hear the gospel invitation to such a poor, needy, thirsty soul: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.) It may be, yea, doubtless it is, that you do want him to speak peace to your soul; you want him to speak to you as he did to one of old, when he said, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are all forgiven thee." Then go on, poor soul; do not give it up; for he says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." O what a happy time it will be for you, poor sinner, when he comes and seals home peace and pardon to your poor soul! Then you will leap as the hart upon the mountains, and be enabled to sing from your heart with the poet:

“Amazing grace (how sweet the sound)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.”

Then, as you travel on in this wilderness, you will often be panting for a word from the Lord, for Satan will not leave you alone. And O! if the Lord should withdraw his blessed presence, and leave you to walk in the dark for a season, you will indeed say, with David in the same psalm, “My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.” When I have been in this dark state, how the words of the poet have suited me:

“O that my Lord would shine again,
And turn this night to day!”

Brighton, Feb., 1881.

C. C.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

“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.”—
GAL. VI. 14.

Of my own, I boast no more;
Vile as dung I count it all;
What I did esteem before,
Worse than worthless now I call.

In the cross of Christ alone,
I will glory, I will boast;
’Twas his blood that did atone,
For poor sinners, wholly lost.

Jesus crucified for me,
To the world does crucify;
When, by faith, his blood I see,
Then to all things else I die.

I my piercèd Lord would view;
See my sins upon him laid;
Feel repentance, deep and true,
Viewing him who sin was made.

I believe, and I confess,
I have nothing in me good;
But in him I’ve righteousness;
All my trust is in his blood.

A. H.

DURING the discussion at Marburg, between Luther and Zwingle, “Listen,” said Zwingle, “to what Zulgentius, the bishop of Kuspa, in Numidia, said in the fifth century: “The Son of God took the attributes of true humanity, and did not lose those of true divinity. Born in time according to his mother, he lives in eternity according to the divinity that he holds with the Father. He is God, and consequently present in every place. According to his human nature he was absent from heaven while he was upon earth, and quitted the earth when he ascended into heaven; but according to his divine nature he remained in heaven when he came down thence, and did not abandon the earth when he returned thither.”

THE GOSPEL AT ELAH;

OR, SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS ON JONATHAN'S GIFTS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND DAVID.

BY THE LATE MRS. ANN HENNAH.

(Continued from p. 287.)

We proceed to remark that not only did Jonathan give David his robe, but also his garments; which again reminds us that all the fulness of Jesus is for the use of his church, each individual member of his mystical body being raised up to sit with him in heavenly places, and as his Bride becomes the recipient of his possessions as her dowry. The Bridegroom's possessions are made over to her; the love of the Father becomes her portion: "For thou lovest them as thou lovest me;" the glory of heaven is hers by virtue of her union with Christ. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." The strength of Omnipotence is her portion also; for it is written, "By strength shall no man prevail;" that is, by human strength; yet at Peniel Jacob, as a prince, wrested with God and prevailed. All that the Father hath is mine, said Christ to his disciples; and through Paul he again affirms, "All things are yours." All the fruits of the Spirit,—love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost, those beautiful adornings of the believer, come with the change of raiment; and when stripped of creature-righteousness, it is that the regenerated soul may be clothed in the beautiful garments of salvation. Thus clothed, the daughter of Zion may indeed be said to be beautiful; yet not so in her own comeliness, but because of the glory put upon her by her union with Christ; yet does she not resemble in this respect the light of the moon, a borrowed light, and only for a season; but whilst her light is a derived light, it is both permanent and in a degree essential, from the indissoluble character of her union with that Divine One who has betrothed her to himself. Not only does the church appear glorious in God the Father's sight, but likewise in the eyes of angels; for as she is beheld coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her Beloved, whose righteousness having become hers by imputation, and his attributes being enlisted on her behalf, the beautiful garments as her dowry, how can angels do less than behold her dignity with admiration, wonder, and love! With what readiness do they not attend her through her wanderings, and with what joy do they not execute the commissions of the Lord of angels in protecting her from the powers of darkness!

To return, however, to the Scripture on which we are reflecting, we learn that the robe in which Jonathan encircled David, and the garments in which he arrayed him, would have been totally insufficient for his safety without some weapon of defence too. Wherefore we find that the next present the distinguished prince gave to his beloved friend was his sword. Of what avail to

David was his recent triumph, had he himself been afterwards defenceless and unprotected? Where would have been the beauty and force of the song, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands," had that warrior-youth in an unlooked-for hour been slain by treachery! But, conqueror as he was, he was not invulnerable to the arrow or the assault of the foe; and in anticipation of his having to confront the enemy, Jonathan gives him his sword, yes, his own sword.

What a beautiful delineation of the love of Jesus, of the consideration of Jesus, and of the care of Jesus, do we not herein behold! He knew that in every age his body the church would be as sheep among wolves; that his members would be hated of all men for his sake; that the world's hatred would be, because they were not of the world; that "they would sit alone and be like a sparrow upon the house-top;" a people not reckoned among the nations; tempted, persecuted, despised, forsaken, and everywhere be evil spoken of. Nor was it consistent with the purposes of Heaven to save them from all this; for as his witnesses they were to show how much they must endure for the sake of the Lord Jesus, and how amidst all their sorrows from within and from without, his grace was sufficient for them, agreeably to his own petition: "Father, I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." (Jno. xvii. 15.) The church militant, therefore, was not to go a warfare on its own charges; nor yet be sent out into the battle-field without weapons, for the whole armour of God was provided, and with it would the church be able to withstand all the attacks of the enemy. The conflict would not be as if they had only to beat the air," but with evil spirits infesting the air, which although invisible were at all times present; a phalanx led on by the great spirit of evil, working in the children of disobedience, on the unregenerate, described as sons of Belial. Not only, therefore, with flesh and blood has the church to wrestle, but, as we have seen above, with evil spirits. Again, evil men and seducers would set the battle in array against God and his Christ, in the way of persecuting his church; and this, if not by open acts of violence, by malice, slander, misrepresentation, deceit and guile; all tending to inflict severe injury to the peace of mind as well as to wound the heart of the child of God. It was in this way the enmity of Nabal towards David discovered itself. Not only did Nabal misrepresent, but he charged David with violating the laws, and also the relationship existing between himself and Saul, the one as a king, the other as a subject; the one as a maeter, the other as a servant; the one as a friend, the other as an enemy. In this way Abitophel wounded the heart of David when king of Israel, by conspiring with his enemies to dethrone him and place Absalom on the throne; and this in defiance of both the laws of God and man. In this way also was jealousy excited in the heart of wicked Cain to slay his righteous brother. The same spirit which still worketh in the hearts of the disobedient

once moved the hearts of the patriarchs with envy, when they beheld Joseph approaching, and they said, "Behold this dreamer cometh; come now therefore let us slay him." (Gen. xxxvii. 19, 20.) From the same cause likewise, did the wife of Potiphar cast her amorous eyes on Joseph, and tempt him to violate the divine laws written on his heart. And what shall we say more, for the time would fail to tell of all the outward acts of evil and of persecution, even unto death, effected by the author of all sin, "for sin is of the devil," in the hearts of the ungodly against the church of Christ. As recorded of Esau and Isaac, "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit," so will it prove to the end of time. The church in the wilderness must expect wilderness fare and to confront wilderness foes, both being inseparable from earthly pilgrimage. But although the Lord sends forth his warriors to the fight, he leaves them neither comfortless nor defenceless. He has for them provided the shield of faith, wherewith they shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. But we may ask, *how* can they quench these fiery missiles, and fierce assaults of Satan? "They endure as seeing him that is invisible!" Faith, the gift of God, that blessed grace of the Spirit, is not an inactive, dead principle. Natural faith, however much accompanied with what are called good works, flowing it may be from the possession of wealth, time at command, a compassionate spirit, freedom from domestic cares, only proceeds from natural religion, a legal spirit, self-seeking and from self-pleasing. "Come and see my zeal for the Lord," was the language of Jehu; but although he drove furiously to execute his intentions, and to attack the enemies of God's true worship, yet we never find him enumerated amongst the worthies of Israel. The apostle too affirms, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Why, Paul, no man could do more than all this, and do you count all this as nothing? Yes; if I have not charity it profiteth me nothing; it is only the produce of nature after all; it has nothing in it divine, nothing supernatural; it is counterfeit, and not the current coin of the kingdom; it bears neither the King's image nor the King's superscription; it came not from God, but is of the earth earthy, and is included in that comprehensive declaration, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

There is, however, as before stated, a faith which is not dead,—a living principle, a "faith which worketh by love" (Gal. v. 6); a faith which, because God is its author as well as finisher, must live, be sustained, and endure even unto the end. Do you again ask, "What is faith?" We reply it is a gracious principle which comes into the soul with spiritual life. Whilst man is dead in trespasses and sins he is without faith, as well as without hope and without the Holy Spirit, and consequently without one of his graces. He may possess, as before said, a

feeling, heart, and may do many things in themselves excellent, but not resulting from the Holy Spirit; they are not from above, therefore not acceptable to God; for whatsoever springs not from God, in some way or other tends to rob God of his glory, and is not that perfect gift which the apostle James describes as "coming down from the Father of lights." (Jas. i. 17.) The faith, therefore, of God's elect is the gift of God; and is imparted, as before observed, when a man is regenerated, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Real, genuine, divine faith, however, may be present in the soul, yet its possessor be unconscious of its presence. Thus our blessed Lord declares, "He that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto me." Again, "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come he shall convince the world of sin." How shall the world (the church of Christ) be convinced of sin except through faith as the instrument? Faith only can accept the words of inspiration as the Word of God, who cannot lie; consequently faith can appropriate to herself revealed denunciations against sin, and all unrighteousness, and coincides with the accusations of conscience, Thou art the man." Faith can believe that heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or one tittle of God's Word can be nullified. Faith is assured that because God has said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God," that eternal perdition must be the doom of every unpardoned sinner; so that were it possible for man to keep the whole law of God, yet that the sin of *forgetfulness* was in itself sufficient to render that man amenable to punishment. If such be characteristics of real, genuine faith, the question may arise, how are so many individuals apparently brought to the same conclusions, and still their career and their end give proof that they never were partakers of faith? How, then, shall we discriminate between the actings of true and genuine faith, and those emotions of agony which evaporate with time and circumstances and not unfrequently end in despair? Perhaps we might simplify the distinction by making David's standard a true evidence of genuine faith. David in his Ps. li. 4. confesses, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned." True faith therefore brings home sin in the soul, as sin committed against God; making its guilt and criminality to consist, not so much in transgression against the creature, but against the Creator. Faith apprehends the goodness of God, and the sense of his goodness leads to repentance. (Rom. ii. 4.)

Further, an unmistakable evidence of faith being the faith of God's elect is, that the soul is led on to seek salvation in the Son of God! Faith having learned both by law and conscience, that man is under the just condemnation of heaven, the same blessed principle of faith, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, whispers in the soul, "You have heard of Jesus; he is mighty to save, he can save even to the uttermost, and those who come to him, he will in no wise cast out." You have tried to make yourself better, but sin has again plunged you in the ditch, and

besmeared with mire your fancied holiness. You have tried to keep the moral law, but have found its requirements reach even to the heart, and bring in as sin the very thought of foolishness, in the sight of him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

Urged on by necessity, reduced to the last extremity, every fragment of hope in self-preservation torn to atoms, the anxious soul goes to the throne of grace, there supplicates help from Jesus, the language of his heart being, "I can but perish, nevertheless if I may but touch the hem of his garment, will not Jesus heal my soul?" Thus inspired with a little hope, a little expectation of mercy, faith advances until Christ is found, when the soul flies as it were into the arms of Christ for salvation; casts itself entirely on his mercy either to be saved by him or to be lost for ever. What, therefore, can it be but faith drawn forth by the Spirit which leads to all this self-renunciation, this going to Christ, this simple reliance on Christ, this "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." But you may again inquire, Does faith ever meet with a repulse? Apparently it may, as in the case of the Syrophenician woman; but, on the other hand, faith will take no denial, for, as before remarked, it surmounts all opposition; for, urged on by a sense of deep need, and by the overpowering work of the Holy Spirit, it pleads with stronger importunity than before, "I will go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish." "Who touched my clothes?" asked the precious Jesus. "Somebody hath touched me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." This, this is still the language of the Christ of God to every penitent sinner; he still says, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." In this way, therefore, the kingdom of heaven may be said to "suffer violence, and the violent take it by force." Christ thus reveals himself to faith, and in return faith apprehends in him all she can desire or need. She sees that he can justify the ungodly, that his blood as typified by the blood of atonement under the ceremonial law is sufficient expiation for all sins; that his righteousness is more than commensurate with the sinner's unholiness; that his love is better than thousands of gold and silver; yea, that he is the "chiefest amongst ten thousand and the altogether lovely." Neither stands faith alone, for her companions are love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. The knowledge of Christ removes both fear of guilt and punishment, sin and shame; therefore there must be peace; as the apostle writes, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." All condemnation being for ever removed, peace must be the blessed result. As the happy possessors of this faith and love, we can now understand why Moses chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Why Abraham also hesitated not to leave both country and kindred, and at God's command to go forth not knowing whither he went. Faith nerved the young David with courage to en-

counter the giant; and it was faith which, in later times, led the early and persecuted Christians to seek a home in the caves and dens of the earth, in preference to a life of ease, purchased with the denial of their Lord and Saviour. The noble army of martyrs endured persecution even unto death through faith; and if this gracious principle of faith enables its possessors to do and to suffer all this, then it must be more than a natural principle, a something beyond what is taught by man; beyond what is imparted by education; beyond what can be handed down either by tradition or by birth; but is, as it is said in the sacred Word, "the gift of God, and that not of yourselves, lest any man should boast."

We are now led on to another contemplation, viz., that without the hand of faith to wield the sword, "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," it will not avail in the battle. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." The great Captain of our salvation does not send out his soldiers either comfortless or defenceless; he comforts them with manifestations of his glorious Person to their hearts, before he sends them forth to fight the battles of the Lord, as well as equipping them with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit. We say the battles of the Lord, because it was the Lord God of hosts whom Goliath defied; it was also the God of Israel whom the boasting Sennacherib defied; and it is still God in creation, God in redemption, and God in revelation, whom the world defies. What are the geological fables of the day but the denial of God in creation? What, too, the heresies of the day but a denial of God in Divine revelation? And what the neology of the day but a denial of God in redemption? Well might the apostle Paul enjoin his son Timothy to "beware of the opposition of science, falsely so called!"

To proceed, however, with the interesting description afforded us by the inspired penman, another feature is herein disclosed, and we learn that the noble-minded Jonathan gave to his beloved David another weapon, viz., his bow. Unlike the sword, which is both offensive and defensive in warfare, the bow is an offensive weapon only; and the church, whilst in the wilderness, will require a full suit of armour; for though assailed and assaulted by the whole phalanx of hell, yet is it by the church in return that the powers of hell are overthrown. As God's messenger she goes forth bearing the glad-tidings of salvation through the blood of the Lamb to nations sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. The glorious gospel thus becomes, as it were, a bow; whilst the arrow,—that is, a sentence of the precious Word applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit,—is very similar to the man in the battle of Ramoth-Gilead, who, drawing his bow at a venture, smote the King of Israel; but the difference lies here,—the Holy Spirit makes *sure* work; with God are *no* peradventures. Whilst the strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace, until a stronger than

he shall overcome him. The Word of God, like a well-directed arrow, enters into the heart, slays the natural opposition, despoils it of its boasted strength; rends asunder and divides, even dissects the thoughts and intentions of the mind,—wounds the soul by bringing to light secret sins, and finally brings the sinner into judgment. One of a family and two of a city are thus singled out from the army of Satan, pierced by the arrow of conviction and brought to Jesus, the great Physician, to be healed of their wounds. The word spoken in season, that arrow out of the divine quiver, though dropped by a babe of the family of Christ, shall not miss its object! God's Word, when by himself sent, shall not return unto him void, but it shall accomplish that whereunto it was sent; but only is that word effectual when in the hands of the Holy Ghost. Whilst a man remains in his Adam state of nature, that is, of ruin and of death, the Bible is to him as a dead letter; but when spiritual life enters, by the quickening Spirit, the first sign that the soul is made alive is because there is feeling; yes, the man feels his spirit grieved within him; he is cast down and troubled because of those sins which have become to him a sore burden, too heavy for him to bear. Like the newly-born infant, whose little cries are tokens of existence, so the cries continually ascending from the broken and contrite heart, prove that the man has been new-born; that he has first been killed that he might be made alive. The arrow which has entered his heart is too firmly fixed to be taken out by any human hand; with Job he says, "Miserable comforters are ye all," "Physicians of no value." But the hand who wounds can also heal. He who casts down can also lift up. Weaned from all creature helps, the convinced sinner finds out through the further ministrations of the Holy Spirit that there is balm in Gilead, and to the throne of grace he again and again repairs, with a cry as fervent as that of sinking Peter, "Lord, save, or I perish!" Nor shall the cry be in vain, nor the anguish be unheeded; the precious hand of the Omnipotent Jehovah is outstretched to save; yes, as Jesus was with them in the ship, when destruction seemed to the disciples close at hand, so is he with the poor broken-hearted sinner. When at his bidding the arrow smites, his eye watches its flight, directs its course, and it is his gracious hand which sustains the soul in the furnace of sorrow, until the appointed moment arrives for Christ to manifest himself as he does not unto the world, and to make the penitent know that salvation is of grace.

It is, however, as before observed, only when the Holy Ghost speaks *in* the Word and *by* the Word that it enters the soul, either for conviction or consolation. Unless his divine power fastens it in the heart, like a "nail in a sure place," it will start aside from the mind and memory like a broken bow; it will be without object, and fall to the ground both useless and meaningless. However earnestly man may go forth with the blessed Scriptures, "harnessed," as it were, in the service of God, like

the Ephraimites of old, carrying bows, "yet like them also they will turn back in the day of battle." "He that killeth with the sword must first be killed with the sword." All who go forth to fight the Lord's battles must have likewise the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith; neither of which can be dispensed with. He who would attack the enemy must look well to his armour, to his accoutrements and arms, lest he be worsted by the foe and put to shame; lest, having preached to others, at the last he finds himself a "cast away." "The words that I speak unto you," said our blessed Lord, "they are Spirit and they are life;" therefore expect no victory but through the blood of the Lamb. Those only who have themselves seen, tasted, and handled of the word of life, those alone can be faithful expounders of the written word! All the productions of the pens of the unenlightened will prove as broken bows, and will only tend to darken counsel by words without knowledge, mystifying and obscuring the sacred page; give an uncertain sound and verify the wise man's proverb, "As the legs of the lame are not equal, so is a parable in the mouth of fools." Similar in effect is the teaching of those who, calling themselves scribes, though as it were with Paul brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, are, notwithstanding, destitute of divine instruction.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLY TENDENCY OF GRACE IN THE HEARTS OF GOD'S ELECT,

AND OTHER REMARKS ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY G. PAYTON, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, EDENBRIDGE, KENT. 1819.

As the doctrines of the grace of God are ignorantly supposed by many to lead to licentiousness, to correct the folly of such persons I will here detail what effect the enjoyment of these things has had upon my mind; as also a few other things which may be profitable to the children of God.

I have sometimes been careless about my body, and should have been glad of some illness to have taken me off the stage of time, and land me in that haven of eternal rest in the presence of God for ever; for I feared I should go back again into the world; as saith the proverb: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." (2 Pet. ii. 22.) This I dreaded more than I did death itself; for the fear of death was taken, in great measure, away; but the fear of returning back to sin was worse than a thousand deaths to me. But love working in my heart toward God brought hatred to sin and love to holiness. "Holiness becometh thy house for ever," says David; and I am sure when God the Holy Ghost takes up his dwelling in the heart of a poor sinner, holiness is written there, and he worships God "in the beauty of holiness;" and from the purest motives *that man* serves the Lord. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in

the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy youth." (Ps. cx. 3.)

Now I could say holiness was what I longed after and desired more than gold or silver, or the applause of men. I desired "to worship God in spirit and in truth." This regulated all my powers, my tongue, my feet, my hands, and my mind; and my meditations of God were sweet altogether. The Lord's day was my high day; and so tender was my conscience on it that I could hardly bear to wash myself from the filth I had contracted by labour. When the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, that will constrain us to every good word and work. God's Spirit is holy; and, when he enters, he makes his people holy. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts" (mind, "holiness unto the Lord of hosts"); "and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein; and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts." (Zech. xiv. 20, 21.) Now this prophecy must be fulfilled in this state, for there is not any sacrifice or seething wanted in heaven; for there is no sin there; therefore nothing of that sort will be wanted.

Now, as all the spiritual utensils of this house are holy, so is the law of it holy also. This is the law of the house: "Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be holy. Behold this is the law of the house." (Ezek. xliii. 12.) And if my reader think fit to read the two foregoing verses, he may see more of its beauty. "Thou, son of man, show the house to the house of Israel, that they may be ashamed of their iniquities; and let them measure the pattern;" and let them see what a difference there is between their house and mine. And if they be ashamed of all that they have done, [and we shall never be ashamed until we have seen the pattern by the light of God's good Spirit,] show them the form of the house, and the fashion thereof, and the goings out thereof, and the comings in thereof, and all the forms thereof, and all the laws thereof; and write it in their sight, that they may keep the whole form thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and do them."

One thing I must observe here, and that is, if a man has not seen the "fashion," the "out-goings," the "in-comings," and the "law" of this house himself, how can he show them to others? When God's children lose sight of these things, and a cloud overspreads the sky, we get just where the church got. "Surely my hope is perished from the Lord, and my expectation is cut off." This has been my case.

Now, reader, I will tell thee, as near as I can, the first appearance of this cloud. It was at first not bigger than a man's hand; I believe it was from Satan. The meditations of my heart, as I said before, were sweet; my mind much enlarged, sin appeared

to be almost gone, and I had holy longings and breathings to be more holy in body and in spirit. Well; the first appearance of this cloud was small; reasonings began to arise in my mind, what God was, how he had his beginning; what this world was before it was as it now is; or whether it ever had a beginning or not. Sometimes my mind would be so bewildered about these things that I was almost lost for a few moments; at other times my mind would be wandering through this vast world, extending my thoughts to find out the end thereof, but all in vain. My mind, I believe, was carried in these vain imaginations by the devil. At other times my mind would be so bewildered about the Scriptures, whether they could be God's Word or no; what ground we had for thinking it to be so; who could stand in his counsel, and know his mind and will. At other times he was set before me in such an august manner that he seemed as though he took no notice of us. His majestic appearance was such that I thought he could never lend an ear to such poor despicable worms as we are. Elihu seems to have been somewhat in the same case: "Shall it be told him that I speak? if a man speaks, surely he shall be swallowed up." (Job xxxvii. 20.)

Fellow-soldier, thou must learn to war "a good warfare," and "fight the good fight of faith," and then receive a "crown of righteousness" which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give thee. Thou canst not buy it; it is a *free gift*.

Thus my mind was much entangled at seasons like these. If I could have read the Scriptures with an understanding heart I should immediately have seen where all this came from; but this was not the case with me; for it was some years before I could see that these thoughts came (with many more that I was exercised with) from the enemy. After this followed a company of foolish and hurtful lusts, "which," says Peter, "war against the soul." And so they do; "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 17.)

Now, the time was coming on when I should measure the "pattern of the house," and compare the two together, to see what a difference there was between the house of Israel and the covenant of grace; which David calls "a sure house." And he is right; for there is everything in it to keep the inhabitant safe and secure from every evil snare; from the arrest of divine justice, from the sentence of a broken law, and from hell and damnation. A sure house indeed! and it is made so sure that it cannot be altered in any one thing whatever; for it is dedicated by blood,—the blood of God. (Acts xx. 28.)

Now, when the house of Israel, or a convinced sinner, is brought to see this in the light of God's Spirit, and compares therewith his backsliding heart, his infidelity, his idolatry, his wandering thoughts, his filthy unclean desires, his worldly-mindedness, &c., he is ashamed of his iniquities. This is the

way God taught me to know the filthy uncleanness of my earthly house; and I believe this is the way he teaches all his family, or, in other words, all the house of Israel; only they cannot always make it out to their own satisfaction; I am sure I could not for a long time.

One thing more I will mention, which my reader, if he be a stranger to his own heart and to Satan's temptations, will hardly believe; that is, after all I have mentioned of the joys, consolations, and temptations, that I have been so weak as to be persuaded that I had not experienced any one of these things, but that I had fancied them all in my imagination, and that they had no reality, or that I had borrowed them of others. Yea, so strong have these suggestions been that I really have believed the lie more than a hundred times. You see, brother traveller, I am open in my confession of matters; I believe I have waged war with Satan, and I intend to let out as many of his secrets as I can. Satan is often intruding himself in my Master's house and troubling the family, and I am determined to tell as many of his devices as I can, that they may be aware of him; for he often takes them captive, and, though he cannot hold them, yet he entangles them thereby for a while, and tells them to keep his secrets that none may know them; which they often do, for fear they should exceed the experience of others, and then be thought presumptuous. On account of this silence you may see many of my Master's family so bowed down that they cannot look up and speak of what they feel; and they are ashamed at times even to confess it before their heavenly Father, although he already knows it. Ezra says, "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens." But Daniel says, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him." Then, my dear fellow-citizen, go and plead this before him; do not hearken to the father of lies. If he should say, "Stay a little longer before you go," hearken not to him; he has taken me on this ground a thousand times twice told. If thy heart condemn thee through fresh contracted guilt, "God is greater than thy heart, and knoweth all things." He will not cast thee away because thou seest thy bad heart. "God is greater;" that is, he is able to save thee, though thy heart condemns thee. I can tell thee from experience that hell itself cannot turn out a greater scene of wickedness than my heart can. On this ground I have been condemned a thousand times over; but God is greater than my heart, for he has conquered it once by his Spirit, and subdued the enmity of it, and surely he is able now to subdue the rising corruptions of it. Paul says, none shall condemn God's elect; neither the world, sin, nor the devil." Why? God is greater than my heart, sin, devil, and the world put together: "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." (Rom. viii. 38, 34.) Christ died, and God justifieth. I am, to

be sure, reader, telling thee to do what I once could not do myself through fear and shame; for I have often thought what a shame it is for me to go to God in such a trim as this,—guilt contracted in my conscience, while shame and confusion covered my face; but these words of Peter's have taught me a better lesson now than wilfully to stay away from the throne of grace on account of guilt: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." (Jno. vi. 38.) I have gone with Peter's words many times when my heart has condemned me.

I would mention one thing, by-the-bye, to my reader. This will not make thee think lightly of sin; if it does, and thy conscience does not smart for it, I tell thee the truth for once, thou art either asleep in the arms of it, or thy conscience is seared with a hot iron; for, wherever the fear of God is, it "teaches us to deny ungodliness;" and if a man be dead to sin, he can not "live any longer therein." It is his daily plague, and a mournful lamentation before God daily as well.

Now, I did not see so much of the spirituality of the law, at my first awakenings, as I did after the Lord had been pleased to withdraw the light of his countenance and the happy enjoyment of his presence. Then I began to find, as Paul did, "another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." (Rom. vii. 23.) Then I found myself a wretched sinner indeed. This was what I never dreamed of all the while I enjoyed the light of the Lord's countenance. I had no more idea of it than I had of being made king of England; so that, when it took place, I was the more surprised at it; for I had thought a thousand times, I suppose, that if ever I could obtain the forgiveness of my sins, I never should doubt any more of being happy for ever. But what dear Hart says I found to be a truth, if I know anything about it, that, when a sinner has got his pardon sealed, "from that moment his conflict begins." How does this stagger the young disciple of Christ, when he enters the field of battle. I had more than once or twice secretly wished in my heart that God would give me an opportunity to show my strength for his cause; for I thought I had strength enough to stand against almost anything. These were some of my foolish imaginations, while I walked in the sunshine; like brother Peter, I would go "to prison and to death" too; but since that time I have been as much afraid to go into ungodly company, for fear I should deny his name and dishonour his cause as I then thought I should have shown myself valiant for him. What daggers have these words been to me sometimes when in this state of mind, "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." (Lu. ix. 26.)

Sometimes I have been in company with those who have laughed at religion, and ridiculed the children of God; and I

durst not speak either for God or his cause, through shame. What a cut this has given me, "Ashamed of me and my ways before men." Reader, dost thou know anything about this? or hast thou never felt thy weakness? I am telling thee some of the secrets of my heart; known to God they were before this disclosure was made to thee. I must tell thee, also, sometimes, when in such a state of mind as this, I have even in such company wanted to throw off all religion in appearance, to escape the sneers of ungodly men, and, if conscience would have let me, I should soon have done as Peter did—that is, stood to it, and said, "I did not know the man." So true is that word, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." (Isa. xl. 30, 31.) When we are strong in ourselves, then are we weak indeed. But Paul says of himself, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Strong when I have no strength; for then it is that God's strength is made manifest, or "perfect in my weakness." What a mercy is this! "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. For when I am weak then am I strong." (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10.)

Thus, brother traveller, I have told thee some things about my deceitful and "desperately-wicked" heart. Who can know it? None but God; and nothing but the fear of the Lord can keep a man back from evil. This I am sure of; and a man thus taught will never trust his own heart; but until he is, he will trust it in some way or other. This proves him to be a fool. Such fools once were we; but, if thy heart is as mine, we may say for a truth, "once fools," but now "made wise;" mind, "*made* wise;" not so by nature: "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise,"—a fool in his own eyes, one destitute of all wisdom in himself. Christ is "*made*" to such a one "*wisdom*" as well as "*righteousness*." "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." (Ps. xiv. 1.) Such a fool was I once; but now I know there is a God who spies out all my ways, and from whose presence I cannot fly nor go from his Spirit. Therefore God has made me wise above thousands; so will I give him praise for the same, and speak good of his name. He might have left me, and taken another in my room. This thought has sometimes so melted me down in love and gratitude that I have not known how to find words to express my thankfulness why the Lord should single me out among so many thousands, and think favourably of me, unworthy me. Words cannot express my sensations; they are better felt than described: "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints;" yea, the most unworthy. As says Jacob, "Not worthy of the least of all his mercies." So can the unworthy writer say from the bottom of his heart, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

He takes the vile, the outcast, and refuse of all things; thanks to his dear name. This was his reproach in the days of his flesh—"he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners." How suitable is this, brother traveller, to thy case and mine. What should we have done if he had come to seek out the righteous? But his errand suits us well. I can set my seal to the truth of it; for, if I have not committed so many outward sins as some others have, yet I know there is not an abomination but what I find working in some way or other in my heart, at one time or other. Else, *how is a man to see himself the chief of sinners*, when, in outward acts, he has not been guilty of half so many as others have? Yet, though stopped in early life from many enormities, the Spirit showed me there was not a greater sinner than myself, the worst devil God ever saved in human nature. I cannot find words sufficiently bad to exclaim against myself. The devil himself, in regard to inherent goodness, as much claim on God as I have; yet Christ died for sinful men, and not for damned spirits: "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." (Heb. ii. 16.) Therefore, for sinners he died, in their nature; since blood must be shed for man's ransom.

If my reader be one of the modest ones, he will be ready to shudder at this picture, and say it is a very black one, and ought to be hid from public view, as it will make people cry out against religion. I would say to thee, thy blindness does not obscure the glory of the sun, neither will thy hiding the badness of thy heart make it better. God tells us by Solomon, concerning every one "which shall know every man the plague of his own heart," and looks toward this temple, "then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sins." (2 Chron. vii. 14.) Christ is the great Physician; he can heal this plague and sickness, and those sores of which David complains, "My sore ran in the night, and ceased not." This is where God brings all his people to, at one time or another, in order that they may loathe themselves in their own sight. This is where he brought me to, and I bless his name for the recovery. For he declares he is pacified (that is, manifestly,) towards them when they are brought to "loathe themselves in their own sight:" "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations." (Ezek. xxxvi. 81.) But God's people are ashamed often to own or confess publicly what they labour under, because others do not feel these things. Therefore they are often held in bondage, and dare not speak out, thinking themselves hypocrites, because their hearts are so bad. This has been my case times without number; therefore I speak from experience. If my reader is one of the despised ones of Christ's flock, he will see that, as "face answers to face in water, so does the heart of man to man." "Rest is sweet to the labouring man, whether he eat little or much," says Solomon. "There is,

therefore, a rest remaining for the people of God;" and into it they must enter. Neither sin nor Satan can keep them out; it is reserved in heaven for them; and whether we have much or little of this world's goods, the labour we have with sin, the world, and our own bad hearts, will make this rest so much the sweeter. A stranger to God knows nothing about this labour, and, therefore, he knows nothing about being led to Christ to seek rest in him. "We that have believed do enter into rest;" but this rest is much interrupted by unbelief and the plague of the heart. But not so in the upper house, where there shall be no more sin; "and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" for ever; and where they are saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," and, "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. Amen."

"EVEN TO HOARY HAIRS WILL I CARRY YOU."

DEAR Lord, regard thy aged worm,
Whose glass is near run out;
O shine into his needy soul,
And scatter every doubt.

This poor frail tenement of clay
Must soon be taken down.
Lord, hast thou, through thy bounteous grace,
Laid up for me a crown?

I find I never can work out
A covering of my own,
To justify me in thy sight,
Or venture near thy throne.

Yet through thy blood and righteousness,
I now may venture nigh;
Trusting that thou wilt lend an ear,
And hear me when I cry.

Lord, put this glorious righteousness
Upon my needy soul,
To justify me in thy sight,
And make a sinner whole.

Bring home the blest assurance, Lord,
And seal it on my heart,
That I may never stray from thee,
Nor from thy promise start.

And give me patience still to wait
Till that blest time shall come,
When thou wilt send thy chariot down,
To take a wanderer home.

A WORD OF EXHORTATION TO THE REGENERATED PEOPLE OF GOD.

Dear Brethren and Sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ,—We hope you will pardon us for intruding ourselves on your notice thus; but the continued appalling and horrible sacrifice of life demand our attention. God, in his Word, asks this question, “Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?” (Amos iii. 6.) Now if the Lord’s hand is in these heavy calamities, is there not a cause? “For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. To crush under his feet all the prisoners of the earth.” (Lam. iii. 33, 34.) We need not hang in doubt as to what is the cause if we turn our attention to the awful and blasphemous spirit of the age. The Church of Rome with her numerous offshoots is allowed to advance with all her blasphemous pretensions without an attempt to check her onward progress. She has shed the blood, imprisoned, and otherwise maltreated some of the best men the world ever saw; and yet, on she comes, creeping into houses, and doing almost as she pleases. You may say, “What are we to do? They have a legal right to propagate their doctrines as well as we have.” Yes; but not to advance and devour the rights of others. Our fathers resisted Rome, although the legal right was against themselves and wholly in favour of that deadly enemy to Christ. Do not aid it in any way; and while you have authority over your children keep them out of its way as much as possible. Resist it morally, and by steadfastly holding forth the Word of life.

Again; see the dreadful monster, Infidelity, pushing its way into the press, the pulpit, and the pew. But this is only another head of the many-headed beast. The body and spirit are the same. Resist the inroads of this monster also. They both work on the carnal mind by leading the young, especially, into amusements, falsely so-called, which have had the hot displeasure of God poured out upon them to an awful extent. Young man! Young woman! as you value your life, abstain from them. But can there be a doubt about the disgracefulness of the conduct of professing Christians joining in the amusements of infidels and carnal professors?

We send forth this warning, begging the blessing of God to attend it, to awaken his people to the danger, and to rouse up the fear of the Lord “to depart from evil,” and to plant it in the heart, as a warning, where it is not. Your affectionate Friend.

The doctrine of salvation by sincere obedience, which was invented against Antinomianism, may well be ranked amongst the worst Antinomian errors. For my part, I hate it with perfect hatred, and count it my enemy, as I have found it to be; and I have found by some good experience the truth of the lesson taught by the apostle, that the way to be freed from the mastery and dominion of sin is not to be under the law, but under grace.—*Dr. Marshall.*

SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

A TRIBULATORY PATH.

[Having two letters written by the late Mr. Warburton, in 1819, which were published in "Zion's Casket" in the year 1886, a periodical which has ceased to exist, we thought they would not be unacceptable to many of our readers who love his memory for the truth's sake.]

Dear Friend,—I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. You seem to be about the old spot, needy as ever, and not out of the reach of the gunshot of the devil; and it seems the old man is still alive, and makes you to know that he dwells in the house; and I believe he will while the tabernacle stands. But what an unspeakable mercy, he will never trouble you after, for the kingdom that you are bound for is out of the reach of sin and the devil, ever to disturb or molest. But think not that you are to pass through this world without difficulties, both from within and from without; for the Word declares, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" for as sure as ever you are a partaker of Christ, you must be a partaker of his afflictions; and what a blessing; for if a partaker of his sufferings you must be of his glory. I can assure you I have not done with the path of tribulation for I find the way very rough, crooked, and thorny; and sometimes am quite at a stand, and know not what to do, nor which way to take. For, if I look within, all is misery, sin, and wretchedness; and without, nothing but crosses and trials of every description; and if I look into the Bible, all is sealed up, and there is no access at a throne of grace. These things, my friend, are trying work to the mind. They bring a poor soul to know his standing is not in himself, and heartily to confess it is of the Lord's mercies he is not consumed. And what a mercy it is that his compassions fail not in the midst of all our unbelief, and the dreadful depravity of our hearts. The word is gone out of his mouth, and shall not return unto him void: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn" (Isa. liv. 17); and, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." (Isa. xlii. 16.) My friend, what if the way is rough and crooked, we have a wonderful guide; and though we are not to go out with haste nor by flight, yet the Lord will go before us, and our God will be our rereward; and every fresh deliverance brings fresh honour to God, and fresh comfort to our souls. I hope God will keep you (in every path you have to tread) much in prayer, for his kind hand to lead, help, guide, and protect you in all calamities, whether it is for body or soul; for there is not one cross, however painful; not one dart from hell, however dreadful; not one blow from either saint or sinner, however mortifying; not one frown from God, however discouraging; but what is guided by Infinite Wisdom, and is really needful for you to have; for, "If

need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 6, 7.) My dear friend, what are our sorrows and troubles compared with the sorrows of our God and Saviour? Look at Gethsemane's garden. See the Son of God sweating drops of blood for such devils as you and poor me. Condemned at Pilate's hall; led to Calvary's cross, like a "lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth;" and there he hung till he had finished transgression, and made an end of sin; and bless his dear Name, he said, "It is finished; and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." (Jno. xix. 30.) O that the dear Comforter may often lead you to see a soul-humbling, sin-killing, devil-conquering, world-vanquishing, heart-ravishing, and God-glorifying sight. My friend, when we get here, what are our troubles? They are light afflictions indeed, which are but for a moment. You have been favoured with this sight, and you know a little what it is; and, bless the Lord, he will favour you with it again; for he that has delivered, doth deliver, and will yet deliver. Be strong, then, in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, for "God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" out of his fulness; and very soon we shall have done with this miserable world, and be for ever with the Lord. I must tell you I am not offended with your writing, but am thankful for every letter you send. Be so kind as to give my love to Mr. B——, and tell him we have received the ——, and it gives very good satisfaction. Next week I leave Trowbridge for Manchester, and, perhaps, may be two or three months before I get home again.

Yours in love,

Trowbridge, May 12th, 1819.

JOHN WARBURTON.

[We hope to give the other letter in a future No.]

"HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES, O LORD OF HOSTS."

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

My very worthy and dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you.

Now, my dear brother, I cannot show you how matters go betwixt Christ and me. I find my Lord going and coming seven times a day. His visits are short; but they are both frequent and sweet. I dare not, for my life, think of a challenge of my Lord. I hear ill tales and hard reports of Christ from the tempter and my flesh; but love believeth no evil. I may swear that they are liars, and that apprehensions make lies of Christ's honest and unalterable love to me. I dare not say that I am a dry tree, or that I have no room at all in the vineyard; but yet I often think that the sparrows are blest who may resort to the house of God in Anworth, from which I am banished. Temptations that I supposed to have been struck dead, and laid upon

their back, rise again and revive upon me; yea, I see that while I live temptations will not die. The devil seemeth to brag and boast as much as if he had more court with Christ than I have; and as if he had charmed and blasted my ministry, that I shall do no more good in public; but his wind shaketh no corn. I cannot believe Christ would have made such a mint* to have me to himself and have taken so much pains upon me as he hath done, and then slip so easily from possession and lose the glory of what he had done. Nay, since I came to Aberdeen, I have been taken up to see the new land, the fair palace of the Lamb. And will Christ let me see heaven to break my heart, and never give it to me? I shall not think my Lord Jesus giveth a dumb earnest, or putteth his seals to blank paper, or intendeth to put me off with fair and false promises. I see that now which I never saw well before.

1. I see faith's necessity is never, in a fair day, known aright; but now I miss nothing so much as faith. Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach having a sharp appetite, that is filled with the sight of meat; or like one stupefied with cold under the water, that would fain come to land, but cannot grip anything cast to him. I can let Christ grip me; but I cannot grip him. I love to sit on Christ's knee; but I cannot set my feet to the ground; for afflictions bring the cramp upon my faith. All I now do is, to hold out a lame faith to Christ, like a beggar holding out a stump, instead of an arm or leg; and cry, "*Lord Jesus, work a miracle.*" O what would I give to have hands and arms to grip strongly and fold heart-somely about Christ's neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession! I think my love to Christ hath feet in abundance, and runneth swiftly to be at him; but it wanteth hands and fingers to apprehend him. I think I would give Christ every morning my blessing to have as much faith as I have love and hunger; at least, I miss faith more than love and hunger.

2. I see mortification and to be crucified to the world are not so highly accounted of by us as they should be. O how heavenly a thing is it to be dead, and [not only] dumb and deaf to this world's music! I confess it hath pleased his Majesty to make me laugh at children who are wooing this world for their match. I see men lying about the world, as nobles about a king's court; and I wonder what they are all doing there. As I am at this present time, I would scorn to court such a feeble and petty princess, or buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me and as little it can give me. I recommend mortification to you above anything; for, alas! we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits, for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life.

* A place where money is coined by public authority.

One sight of what my Lord hath let me see within this short time is worth a world of worlds.

3. I thought courage, in time of trouble, for Christ's sake, a thing that I might take at my foot: I thought the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough; but I was a fool in so thinking. I have much ado now to win one smile; but I see joy groweth up in heaven, and it is above our short arm: Christ will be steward and dispenser himself; and none else than he. Therefore, now, I count much of one drachm-weight of spiritual joy: one smile of Christ's face is now to me as a kingdom; and yet he is no niggard to me of comforts. Truly, I have no cause to say that I am pinched with penury, or that the consolations of Christ are dried up; for he hath poured down rivers upon a dry wilderness like me, to my admiration. Praise, praise with me.

O that you and I, betwixt us, could lift up Christ upon his throne, howbeit all Scotland should cast him down to the ground! Remember my love to your brother, to your wife, and G. M. O that he may be made faithful and to repent of his hypocrisy! Say that I wrote this to you: I wish him salvation. Write to me your mind as to C. E. and C. Y., and their wives, and J. G., or any others in my parish; I fear I am forgotten amongst them; but I cannot forget them. The prisoner's prayers and blessing come upon you. Grace, grace be with you.

S. RUTHERFORD.

Aberdeen, Feb. 9th, 1637.

To Robert Gordon, of Knockbre.

“HAVING THE SAME CONFLICT.”—PHIL. I. 30.

My dear Friend,—In my last note to you I think I promised to write and let you know a little of the state of the mind of our dear friend, Mrs. T. I saw her on Wednesday, the 6th. She was then in a very low, distressing state of mind; and I have many fears as to whether her mental powers will not again give way, so as to render it necessary to send her away again. This she quite believes herself, which, of course, increases her distress of mind. She has had medical advice for some time. She is now an out-patient at the infirmary. I perceive that, notwithstanding all her distress of mind, yet she has not to the present been left to cast away her confidence as to the Lord's gracious dealings with her soul in the past. This she cannot give up entirely, although sorely tormented, and even tempted to believe all has been a deception; and that finally she shall be given up to reprobation. But I need not enlarge here, as I am persuaded you better understand her temptations, by experience, than I can relate them.

As to myself, I know that none but the Lord knows what my poor soul has passed through, during similar temptations, in days past; and the awful dread I had of the asylum I can never fully describe. But there I felt sure I should go, and there I should die, cursing that God whom I desired to love and fear.

Indeed, I felt such a hell within me that I thought I was but like a devil clothed in human flesh; so that I envied every one, and almost everything I saw or heard of. But I think the worst of all was that I felt to pity the devil and the lost angels; whereas I had the opposite feeling to this working in my mind respecting the Lord Jesus Christ. O, my dear friend, what my soul here endured I can never tell; but this I do know, that I then thought there was none except myself (out of hell) who ever was the subject of such dreadful things as I felt to be boiling up in my breast; and my daily companions (in mind, I mean) were such as Cain, Esau, Judas, and others of like character. For I felt shut up in hardness and impenitence of spirit, and that I should never more have one soft feeling of heart, nor one more tear of contrition; although, had I possessed them, I would have given ten thousand worlds for a relenting spirit. But no; all was denied me; and nothing but blackness and darkness, and that for ever, were before me. Yet, to the terror of my astonished soul, there was within me that which seemed as though it would even take pleasure in cursing God to his face. O, I even felt it would belch out of my mouth. It was this particularly that seemed to stop all hope of any deliverance; for I had no power, nor yet control, over these things. In fact, I felt it was *myself*; and that it was *in me*. Then, again, at other times, I could feel no trouble at all; neither heaven nor hell concerned me; and yet *now* I can see it did trouble me, and made me a miserable man.

Now, by these things, I have tasted a little of what hell is to the lost; and so, when deliverance came, I felt a little of what I believe heaven to be. O, then my soul was ready to burst through this tenement of clay; and was, indeed, melted within me like wax. Then, also, floods of tears, yea, mingled tears of joy and godly sorrow, rolled down my face; and my mouth was "filled with laughter," and my "tongue with singing." (Ps. cxxvi. 2.) And, blessed be the Lord, I have never sunk into that state since; but I have thousands of fears (yes, with tears I pen it), whether I have not been deceived after all; and, sometimes I think, surely if it was real I should not doubt my eternal safety as I do.

Do pardon me for thus far intruding on your time; and may I ask an interest in your prayers?

Believe me to remain Your sincere though unworthy Friend,
Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 9th, 1879. J. NEWTON.

FAITH, NOT SIGHT.

My dear Wife,—Through the mercy of the Lord I am brought through one Sabbath here. Our subject yesterday was from 2 Sam. xxii. 2, 8. A good congregation, and many professed to be profited. But to-day, as I reflect upon what I said, I wonder what there was to profit any one.

I feel very tired to-day, for, besides preaching twice, I had to

administer the ordinance in the afternoon. But what a poor unprofitable servant I feel myself to be! I often wonder if there ever was one child of God so base, so vile, so backward to good and forward to evil. I often feel as if I never possessed any religion more than that which comes by observation; and I know the kingdom of God is not by observation. O, my dear, what a path is a Christian's! He has to walk by faith, and not by sight, when every evidence, sign, and token is hid from view; and this is the path for us to travel in, for the Lord leads the blind by a way that they knew not.

I hope you found a little reviving yesterday, and that you are better than when I left. I feel the fresh air is doing me a little good. I hope by the blessing of the Lord to come home better. The Lord comfort you, and stay your mind on him. So prays
Your loving husband,

Trowbridge, June 3rd, 1861.

THOS. RUSSELL.

REVIEW.

The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated out of the Greek; being the Version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most Ancient Authorities, and revised A.D. 1881. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

THE revisers say at the commencement of their preface, "The English version of the New Testament here presented to the reader is a revision of the translation published in the year of our Lord 1611, and commonly known by the name of the "Authorized Version."

Many of the readers of the "Gospel Standard" are, no doubt, wondering what will be said in their monthly periodical about this "New Revision." Well; it is an important thing for a number of men to form themselves into "companies" professedly to place in the hands of a great and numerous English-speaking people a version of God's Word of truth; truth wherein the mind of God is revealed relative to the remission of sins, the justification of sinners, and the whole important work of salvation, and ask them to receive their version as the standard of faith and practice. But before we can do this we must pause, and examine the workmanship, and cautiously ask ourselves a few questions. The Book of God contains the revelation of the nature, character, and works of God, the origin of man,—his fall and depravity, the way of salvation, and the only way that this salvation is to be hoped for. The Old Version has been honoured by the Holy Spirit in quickening souls and in proclaiming peace to distressed sinners. It has been made useful in counselling, reproving, and in exhorting; and in every way has been adapted to all the needs of the saints. On this account we pause before acquiescing in the revision of a book so highly honoured by the Holy Spirit himself.

We do not question the careful attention and scholarly ability

displayed by the revisers; but we may be allowed to differ in judgment with them, without casting any reflection upon them. We may differ in judgment as to the actual rendering of the original Greek text, and from their textual criticisms. They have, for instance, rejected, as an interpolation, the Heavenly Witnesses: "For there are Three that bear record in heaven; the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One;" and also the words "in earth," in the next verse. (1 Jno. v. 7, 8). Who is to decide the question as to the genuineness of this passage? The revisers have disposed of it without a word of explanation in honour to the memory of the old translators. It may be said it is not found in the oldest three manuscripts,—the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrine, or in some others. But these are not the original manuscripts; and without the original ones it appears a bold stroke to cast out witnesses that are in perfect harmony with the whole tenour of divine truth. The revisers may have satisfied their own minds that they have done right; but they will not so easily satisfy the minds of others. This is not a pure act of scholarship; but a decision of judgment which ought not to have been arrived at without the original manuscripts.

Bear with us, dear readers. We are now examining a very important subject. We think that while the revisers have professedly been led by ancient manuscripts, they have occasionally abandoned them for no apparent cause whatever. Read the Lord's prayer (Luke xi. 2-4). This is broken up in jerky fragments, and spoiled. We should have thought it would have been much better to have tried to make a complete text rather than to break it up. We cannot view these as improvements on the Old Bible. There are a few emendations; but the sense of the passages remains nearly the same.

"Baptizing them *in* the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. xxviii. 19). "*In*" is corrected thus: "*into* the name," &c. If baptizing means sprinkling, how can any one sprinkle a person *into* anything? We certainly do not think the sense is improved here apart from immersion; yet we do not deny the fact of there being improvements here and there. We question, however, whether the sense is much altered for the better, taken upon the whole; and certainly the disadvantages are against the reader if we take the great disturbance of the old familiar style so pleasant to the ear which these supposed emendations have created. We cannot believe that the good Old Book has been improved. Take the New Version into your hand; and you at once meet with proofs of the want of decision in the minds of the revisers, as to what course they should take; and they have, consequently, confused the reader with numerous marginal renderings. It is true they have given *their* opinion of the original in the text; but which side will many readers take? There is as much right to take many of the marginal readings as those in the text. Surely if the subject of the gospel is understood by

the revisers, that understanding would guide them to a right decision what readings to adopt, and so enable them to bring out a clear text.

Let us turn to the first chapter in Romans. But, by-the-bye, in this New Version, there are no chapters or verses; for the whole epistles, &c., are thrown into one; figures being placed in the margin which refer to the chapters and verses in the good Old Book. Well, then, what should be the first chapter, and verse 17. The Old Book reads, "From faith to faith;" the revisers have removed "from" (Gr. *ἐκ*, *out of*), and substituted "by" in its room. But why? "by" is no improvement on "from." The apostle is here speaking about righteousness and the revelation of it. Righteousness is never revealed to an unbeliever. No, they to whom this revelation is made are regenerated persons, seeking after righteousness, and, consequently, must be so far believers, though not joyful ones. Had there been no faith communicated to the soul of the thief on the cross he would never have cried out, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." To this faith, which he now possessed, the Lord directed his reply: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Faith received the gracious message, and the thief's soul rejoiced in the prospect of heaven. So also is it in regard to the revelation of righteousness. There is faith already in the subject to whom righteousness is revealed,—faith to believe that righteousness must be obtained before heaven can be entered; and, at length, faith to believe that it never can be entered by any human performance. It is, then, to this faith that the revelation is made. On this it fastens hold, and "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Thus the revelation of God's righteousness is made to a believing soul. And "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness;" that is, *out of faith, already in the heart*, the man believes into God's righteousness to the joy of his soul. Thus the Greek preposition *ἐκ*, *out of*, denotes this preceding condition of faith in the heart, to which righteousness is revealed; and *out of* that heart faith enters into the righteousness of God. So we believe the Old Bible has the best of it, "from faith to faith."

Turn again to 1 Thess. iv. 6, "That no man go *"beyond."* "*Beyond*" is removed from the text, and "*transgress*" substituted in its place, and "*overreach*" put in the margin. The verb "*huperbaino*" is only used in this instance, and means, literally "*step over*," or "*overstep*," and evidently more than the general term "*transgress*." Why, then, was the strongest and nearest word placed in the margin, and a word that barely conveys the shadow of the original meaning put in the text? For "*transgress*" does not adequately convey the mind of the Holy Spirit in the passage.

These are only two instances, out of many, which show a lack of decision in the minds of the revisers with regard to the subject the gospel treats of.

It does not appear to have struck the minds of the revisers that the writers of the New Testament were Jews, or derived their information from Jews. The Hebrew element shows itself here and there. In fact, they thought in Hebrew and wrote in Greek; so that their writings must not be subjected to the rules of classical Greek; and we believe the Old Version deals with their writings more in accordance with the sense of revealed truth.

Further. All the old ecclesiastical words are retained in the text. "*Overseer*," it is true, is placed in the margin over against "bishop"; but "*consecrate*"* stands in the margin as an equivalent for "*sanctified*." Now, take an amendment in grammar (2 Cor. v. 14): "If one died for all, then were all dead," says our Old Version; "that one died for all, therefore all died," (2 Cor. v. 14) says the New Version. The death here referred to is a death with Christ in a law-sense; so that if once having died with Christ they could not die again penally. Their salvation does not rest on *their* obedience and faith, but on Him who "died for them, and rose again." But there is no error in *sense* in the Old Bible in such passages, for if "all died," "then were all dead." The doctrine of the resurrection forbids the construction being put on this rendering that "then you leave them still in death." But we must not here discuss points of doctrine.

We do not desire a denominational Bible, but one as near to the *spirit* as well as the *letter* of the Greek Testament as possibly can be made, apart from all ecclesiastical words, doctrinal points, and prescribed rites or forms of religious worship, in order that we may conform to the Word of God, and not make the Word conform to any one's opinions. We hope to keep to the Old Book until such a Version can be produced, a Version free from all tampering to suit any party. We desire the pure Word of God alone; not a sectarian Bible; and let us stand or fall by it. The New Version is not the Bible we desire; it does not come up to the standard of a free, unbiassed, pure, and safe accomplishment that would warrant its acceptance as a better rendering on the whole than the present Bible. God has honoured that; but the New one lacks the dignity and savour of the Old one. It is destitute of the authority and power that clothe the Word we have received. The Revisers appear to be like builders who have collected a great amount of materials together for building purposes, and, having too much of it, they encumber the gate-ways, &c., to work up their surplus stock.

Our advice is, Keep to the Old Book, and in nowise allow the New one to be introduced in the Sabbath schools or places of worship.

After sending this Review to the printer, we happened to open on the same subject under the head of "Inquiries," G.S., 1857, pages 120-3. There the reader may see the late beloved Philpot's mind on the subject.

* An ecclesiastical word. (Liddle and Scott.)

INQUIRY.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Permit an oft-instructed, profited, and constant reader of the “G. S.” to ask the following questions; which, perhaps, you will kindly answer in the “G. S.”: 1. Ought a properly-organized and long-established church to have more than one deacon or not? 2. If there be one, and ought to be another, whose place, right, or obligation is it to choose another,—that of the church or the pastor? If you say this belongs to the church, what does Tit. i. 5, and Acts xiv. 23 mean? But if it belongs to the pastor, as some may infer from these scriptures, then what does Acts vi. 3 mean? Or is the church and pastor under obligation concurrently to choose another?

Yours sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

First, let us try to arrive at the meaning of the word “*Exabon*.” When stripped of its ecclesiastical adornments, it means *servant*; and, like our own word *servant*, it embraces all kinds of service. The word *diakonos*, *deacon*, as found in the passages quoted, will show that there is no official exclusiveness about the word itself. (1 Tim. iii. 8, 12.) Then examine Matt. xxii. 13; Mark ix. 48; Jno. ii. 9; Rom. xiii. 4; xv. 6; referring to Jesus Christ as the *Servant* of God,—a “*minister*”; and so to Paul and others. (1 Cor. iii. 5; 2 Cor. iii. 6.) Also to Satan’s servants, 2 Cor. xi. 15, *ministers*; and 1 Tim. iv. 6, “a good minister,” “*deacon*”; that is, *servant*.

Deacon, then, means servant. Now, as a deacon is the servant of the church, there needs no difference of opinion to arise as to whose “right” it is to choose the servant. For the want of understanding that it means only “*servant*,” both ministers and deacons forget themselves very often, and incorporate ecclesiastical dignity into the service, instead of seeking to be made “good ministers of Jesus Christ.” (1 Tim. iv. 6.)

We hold, therefore, that it is the “place,” “right,” and “obligation” of the church to choose their own servants.

Taking this view of the subject, our correspondent asks us, “What is the meaning of Tit. i. 5 and Acts xiv. 23?” The word rendered *ordain* means simply to *appoint*, to *make*, or to *constitute*. Now, what was Titus to do? Not to appoint “deacons” only, as understood by our correspondent, but elders; and elders would be the *overseers* (*bishops*) also. (Acts xiv. 23; Tit. i. 5, 7.) So that elders included all needful servants. An elder might be an apostle; but of these Titus had no orders to appoint. (1 Pet. v. 1; 2 Jno. i. 1.) We must not forget that these Cretans were newly-formed little bands of believers, who had never heard or seen anything of the kind before; and, therefore, needed the assistance of the apostle, or some one else, who could act for him, to form them into little bodies of worshippers, and help them in their choice of *elders*, or *overseers*. Pliny says there were

about one hundred cities at that time on the isle of Crete, which is about 160 miles long and varying from 35 to 6 broad. That this ordination of elders was not a canonical consecration we may be sure of, by referring to the manner in which such acts were done. The mode of appointment is found in the other passage our correspondent refers us to.

Paul and Barnabas did not *make the choice* of the elders, as recorded in Acts xiv. 27. The word rendered ordain there means "*to vote by holding up the hand.*" Now, who would hold up their hands—the assembly, or Paul and Barnabas? Paul and Barnabas presided over the meeting, but the people made the choice. This, we think, disposes of both sides of the question. But it should be remembered that all things are to be done in a right spirit. It would not be wise for a church to choose another deacon (servant) to the annoyance of one who is serving them faithfully, nor yet to the discomfort of the pastor. The comfort of existing servants ought to be duly considered. Neither should existing servants, whether pastor or deacons, unnecessarily obstruct the church in the choice of their own servants. "Let all things be done decently and in order."

The number of deacons required can only be settled by the amount of labours to be done. Avoid too many servants, have sufficient, whether it be one or more. We have referred to the meaning of words in order to arrive at a clearer understanding of the question, and in fewer words.

Obituary.

MARY BUCKWORTH.—On April 21st, 1881, aged 89, Mary Buckworth, of Stamford, a member of the church in North Street, Stamford.

She has left no account of her call by grace, nor of her early experience. It is well known by most of her friends that she was a hearer of Mr. Huntington in the early part of her life.

On one occasion the distress of her soul was so great that she feared hell would open its mouth to receive her. At length she had a manifestation of Jesus to the eye of her faith. She saw him, *by faith*, hanging on the cross; his pierced hands, feet, and side seemed quite plain. Then came these words: "All this was done for thee." Her joy now became so great that she sent for two friends from Stamford, she living at that time at Ketton, to tell them how the Lord had blessed her soul, that they might rejoice with her, as they had seen her in her trouble.

At another time she was in great trouble respecting one of her sons, who was dying from consumption, and would not allow her to read the Bible to him. She was constrained to wrestle for six hours with the Lord on his behalf, and was then about to call in a neighbour; when the Lord stayed her from doing so by a word powerfully applied to her mind; and almost immediately after,

her son called out, "Mother, mother, come and read the Bible to me! I am a lost man." Thus the Lord gave her a marked answer to her prayers, and she saw the good work carried on to her son's deliverance and happy death.

A few years after the death of her husband she left Ketton, and came to reside at Stamford, and joined the church under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Philpot. She was baptized by Mr. Tiptaft on Sept. 30th, 1860.

It can, without flattery, be said of her that she lived a consistent member, and adorned the doctrine she professed. She was much esteemed and greatly beloved by her fellow-members and a great circle of friends.

Though spared to such an advanced age, she was able to get to chapel during the summer; but was kept at home during the winter. I called to see her on Sunday, March 13th; when she was specially helped, and became quite animated in speaking of the Lord's dealing with her—her various exercises, trials, &c.; and the way the Lord had delivered her on several occasions. Our hearts were warmed; we found it a good opportunity. She always appeared happy when enabled to testify of the goodness and mercy of her covenant-keeping God.

Finding her as well as usual, I little thought she would be so soon called to enter into the joy of her Lord, or I would have noted down what she said, as her dying testimony to the faithfulness of the Lord who promised her that he would never leave her nor forsake her; and to a patriarchal age she proved its truthfulness.

I called to see her on Sunday, April 10th, and found her very poorly. She had taken cold, which brought on an attack of bronchitis, and had rendered her very weak; but she said, "I fall into the Lord's hands, either to be spared or to be taken to his dear self, as seemeth good in his sight." I read and engaged in prayer with her, which she said she enjoyed.

She took to her bed on the following Thursday. I saw her for the last time on Easter Monday. As I entered the room she opened her eyes, and said, "I am ready and waiting to go. Why tarry his chariot wheels so long? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." After this she spoke of the goodness and preciousness of the Lord to her; and also that he had favoured her in granting her the use of her faculties to the last; so that she could extol the riches of his grace in her dying moments. Several of our friends visited her during her last illness. To one of them she said, not long before she died, "Let us sing my favourite hymn once more: 'Crown him Lord of all.'" She sat up in bed and sang the first verse through by herself, and then gradually and quietly passed away.

She was buried by Mr. Porter on April 25th. It can be truly said "she was well laid in the grave." "The memory of the just is blessed."

Stamford, May, 1881.

R. M. R.

Mrs. FERRIS.—Dear Sir, if this should meet with your approval, I should feel grateful to you in giving it a place in the "Gospel Standard;" not to praise the dead, but to glorify God for delivering one who had all her life long "been subject to bondage." For, while kneeling beside her lifeless body this morning, to thank the dear Lord for the blessed hope I have that her soul is a happy redeemed one, and that she is now enjoying the fulness of a precious Saviour, it came into my mind to write a little of her life, and some account of her death. So I sit down to write, hoping it may be an encouragement to some poor little babe in Christ; for of such there is a large family on earth.

My dear wife fell asleep in Jesus on May 12th, 1881, aged 53. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Old York Farm, Charlton, near Malmsbury, Wilts.

I believe it was about 30 years ago that the Lord wounded her poor heart, and spoiled her for the pleasures of this vain world. She was obliged to leave the Established Church, and go to Hankerton Chapel, to hear that dear man of God, the late Mr. Beard; where her dear parents shortly afterwards became members.

It was here I became acquainted with her; and, believing the Lord had put his fear in her heart, I afterwards made her my wife. We were cousins. She hoped that after our marriage, by going to chapel, together with family worship, she should soon become a happy Christian. But, alas, alas! The Lord had marked out 27 years' heavy trouble and tribulation for us. She scarcely enjoyed a day's health all that time. My heart ached for her many times, and sometimes it made my old nature twist. During all these years, she could not get the full assurance she desired that she was a child of God. She would often say, "How I do wish the Lord would change my heart!" At such times I tried to encourage her, and tell her the Lord had done it, "or what makes you feel so bad?" She would say, "Others can become Christians, but I cannot; for while I am trying to come along, others step in before me." Sometimes, when God's servants have been speaking to such little ones, she would catch at the words, and tell me she liked that. May God help his dear servants to remember such! But I must come to her latter end.

About fifteen months ago, the dear Lord saw fit to visit my dear wife with an attack of bronchitis, which reduced her to a mere skeleton. During her illness, I read to her, and sometimes asked her if I should read a hymn to her. She said, "Sing my favourite one, 898, Gadsby's Selection." The Sunday before she died, I read another favourite hymn to her, 1106. We also sang it; she singing with all the power she had. When we had finished, she said, "I should now like to die, for I think I shall be saved." I said, "We have worshipped the Lord together many years now." She said, "Yes, and I have shed many tears because I could not love him more."

I thought she was fast sinking, when all at once, she burst out, "Crown him! Crown him! Crown him!" Then she said, "My arm is so heavy I cannot lift it up." I said, "It is death; but you will have no enemy after death." She said, "No; I wish he would come and bring his chariot a little faster. I am a little anxious. Are his chariot wheels stopped? I long to be with Jesus; *that* I do." A little afterwards she burst out, "Happy in Jesus!" "Precious blood!" Some time after this she said, "Dying is hard work;" and shortly afterwards, "What does this mean,—my long breathing?" She appeared now to be almost gone; but, reviving again, she said to me most pitifully, "I had got so near I did not like to come back again."

As she was a little revived, she wished us to go to dinner, saying Polly could stay with her. Soon Polly cried out, "Aunt is sick," and in a few minutes I was with her; but I found her spirit had fled.

My dear fellow-travellers through this wilderness, may God give you grace to bear and forbear with each other's imperfections; for I cannot find words to express my peace of mind in looking back on our 27 years of married life. Hoping you will forgive all my imperfections,

Yours affectionately,

HENRY FERRIS.

Collins Farm, Purton, near Swindon, Wilts, May 15th, 1861.

WILLIAM GREEN.—On Jan. 27th, 1861, aged 96, William Green, of Leicester.

He entered the army in the year 1805, and, after being engaged in twenty-seven battles, he was wounded in the storming of Badajos. He received a pension, and returned to his native county. He often looked back to those eventful scenes, thanking God for his wonderful interposition in preserving him through so many dangers; which created pleasing reflections, and grateful acknowledgments to him who had been his preserver; to whose service he now desired to be devoted, whilst engaged in a more important conflict with Satan, the world, and sin, humbly looking to the great Captain of his salvation for a complete and decisive victory.

We have no account of his call by grace, but it is understood that he was amongst the Wesleyans. He says himself, "I attended a place of worship, and thought how good I had become since I left the army; and even fancied I was making up past arrears in the lack of gratitude in former days for the Lord's goodness in delivering me from the effects of war and bloodshed. I was proud of my religion, and was esteemed by other professors; for I worked hard to get a good name.

"At length the Lord opened my eyes, and convinced me that my heart was not right before him; so that I felt myself to be, after all my profession, a wretched and miserable sinner. Hearing a good man preach one Sabbath morning from these words: 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall

awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt (Dan. xii. 2), I thought, Which will be my doom when I leave this world? Shall I be with the damned, cast out, or numbered with the blest?"

At length a friend asked him to go and hear Mr. De Fraine, to whom he afterwards became much attached, and also to the members of the church to which he and his wife afterwards belonged. Referring to those days, he says, "We march out to and from Lutterworth, a distance of four miles, with cheerful hearts, while Jesus himself brightens our path to the blissful regions whence storms will be hushed, and where no cannons roar; but where

Living souls will live and reign
Far from misery and pain.
Living souls from sorrows free
Reign with Christ eternally!
Living souls through power divine
There will in full splendour shine;
Living souls, from sin set free,
There will dwell eternally!
Living souls will shout and sing
Praises to their heavenly King;
In that happy world quite free,
Then through all eternity!

Some years afterwards he removed to Leicester, and attended Trinity Chapel, where the Lord blessed him many times while hearing the Word.

His intellectual powers became rather weakened on account of his age, and from a fall down-stairs; but, at times, he was very happy; praying and repeating hymns, especially 166 and 938, Gadsby's Selection. He longed for his heavenly Father to take him home to "see the King in his beauty" and "the land that is afar off."

"Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

He was interred in the cemetery by Mr. Schofield, who gave an appropriate address to the friends and soldiers present. He leaves a widow, aged 78 years, unprovided for. E. C.

ROBERT WARREN.—On April 19th, 1881, aged 61, Robert Warren, who died at Hadlow, Kent. He was a member of the Particular Baptist Church at Hadlow.

About 30 years ago he first felt he was a guilty sinner before God, and strove to shake off the feeling by worldly amusements; but failing in that, he went regularly to church. He felt the desire of his heart given expression to when the congregation said, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." But still he was for some years very much like what you justly say on the 139th and 140th pages of the "Gospel Standard," March No.,

1881, "he put the cart before the horse." He frequently went to a Wesleyan chapel; but got on no better there. He at length came to the Baptist chapel at Hadlow; when Mr. Crowhurst, the minister, took for his text, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." (Ps. xlii. 1.) These words gave expression to what he felt at that time, and to the end of his days they seemed to follow him. But for many years he declared that he never would believe the doctrine of election.

In 1871, he was received into the above church, and continued a consistent walker, though not a great talker. When holding a controversy with any one, he maintained, and generally ended it with this sentence: "Nothing but electing love will bring a sinner to God." In harmony with this sentence, he once told a scoffer that the Bible was a sealed book to him (the scoffer), and would be to all those who perish.

For the last two or three years he had been gradually declining in health. One of his lungs was supposed to be gone; and for several weeks before his death he was confined to his bed. I often visited him, and found him either in a frame of mind lifted up to bless the Lord for his goodness to him, or complaining of the little love he felt towards God. A few weeks before his death, I said to him, "I seldom leave you without feeling guilty; for generally, after having some nice savoury conversation about the wonders of redeeming love, made manifest to the people of God, and the things of Jesus Christ being received in the Spirit of truth, and revealed to them by the gospel; then, after a pause for a few minutes, one of us introduces something about temporal affairs." On such occasions it seemed as though Jesus withdrew himself, and all our desires to draw him back were useless. We felt to have no power to cast away such talk, although we felt guilty in retaining it. Sometimes we were enabled to cast it off, and Jesus then was manifestly with us; and we felt a little pleasure in talking about him.

However, I come to the morning of his death. I was sent for to come and see him, as he was dying. He had told me he would try and give me a sign if he felt all was well with him. I took hold of his right hand, as he lay on the bed. He put up his left hand, opened his eyes, and gave me such a heavenly look that brought tears of joy into my eyes in a moment. He was reduced to a skeleton; but O what happiness appeared in his face! He closed his eyes again; it was a struggle with him for about half an hour. He then opened his eyes again with that happy look, and spoke out these words quite loudly, "'Tis worth dying for!" and in a few minutes he quietly passed away. We scarcely knew when he was gone. What he meant by "'Tis worth dying for," I think was what is expressed in the following two lines:

"Oh, 'tis heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God."

Hadlow, May 10th, 1881.

G. K. SEGAR.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1881.

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

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR, AND DAY OF
VENGEANCE.

A SERMON, BY THE LATE WILLIAM GADSBY, PREACHED AT THE SURREY
TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 1ST, 1842.

“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance
of our God.”—ISA. LXI. 2.

OUR text contains one part of the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ; and as a solemnly glorious minister of the New Testament, *he* was anointed by the Lord for the important work. And the two things mentioned in our text his Majesty proclaims in the Word, and in the conscience of all that he takes to heaven. A man, whose notions are all he has of religion, a mere judgmental knowledge of it, can be satisfied with the proclamation made in the letter of the Word; but I believe that any man, and every man, who can feel satisfied with that, is a stranger to God. God brings his people to feel that their disease is deep. He lays it upon their hearts; and they must have a proclamation that reaches the disease and comes to the heart. The Gospel of God must come to them, “not in word, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.” And when the blessed Redeemer, by the power of his Spirit, “proclaims the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God” in the conscience of a poor sinner, if the sinner is sunk as low as sin can sink him, it lifts him up, and brings him to have a peace which the world knows nothing of; a peace and joy in believing. And thus he knows experimentally that there is a solemn reality in God’s truth and in God’s kingdom, and that God’s kingdom “stands not in word, but in power.”

It is now fifty years since God first made a proclamation of this in my conscience. I have had many other visits since then; but I really cannot go on without fresh visits to the present moment. I have heard that there are men, very high in a profession of religion, who say they do not care if they never enjoy the presence of God again upon earth; they know they shall go to heaven. But, for the soul of me, I cannot make out what such men want to go to heaven for. They might almost as well go to hell as heaven, if they are not to have the sweet

and blessed presence of the Lord. And if the presence of the Lord here in this vale of tears is of such little moment that they do not care whether or not they have it again, I believe in my heart they are strangers to God and vital religion. For wherever the Lord, in the riches of his grace, reveals this blessed truth under his divine anointings, and grants the sinner an unctuous feeling of his presence, he wants it again—and again—and again—and will be thirsting for it till his dying moments.

“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God.” I shall endeavour, as God shall assist, to make a few remarks upon these two things:

I. “The *day of vengeance* of our God and the *acceptable year* of the Lord.”

II. The *proclamation* of them by the blessed Lord of life and glory.

I. Now we read in the Word of God of some solemn displays of God's vengeance and wrath; and yet our text speaks as if there were but one “day of vengeance.” Why, was it not “the day of vengeance” when he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah? Was it not “the day of vengeance” when he swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and their company, and when they went down into the pit alive? Was it not a “day of vengeance” when he hurled Satan and his adherents from their high towering thrones, and sank them into “blackness of darkness?” Was it not a “day of vengeance” when he drowned the Egyptians in the Red Sea? And are not the damned in hell, devils and damned spirits, feeling “the day of vengeance” now? And yet, put it all together, it were as nothing compared to “the day of vengeance” in our text. Therefore the Holy Ghost fixes upon this important subject as “*the day of vengeance*” that outstretches all the rest.

And what was it? The “day,” when Divine Justice unsheathed its sword, and the wrath of that incensed justice was poured with all its inflexible fury upon the God-Man Mediator; when all the sins of the church,—heart sins, lip sins, sins however circumstanced, were gathered together, and put upon the Surety, and when the whole of the wrath due to the millions of God's elect was poured into the heart of their covenant Head,—the Lord Jesus Christ. That was “*the day of vengeance*,” with a witness. Here justice exacted its utmost mite, and made no abatement; and his solemn Majesty paid the debt to the full.

Sin may appear a trifling matter to you or me; we may be sufficiently hardened to laugh at it, to trifle with it; but it did not trifle with the Son of God. It broke his heart, it tortured his soul, and harrowed up his mind; and with all the majesty and glory of his infinite Godhead, he had but strength enough to bear up under the tremendous wrath that he had to endure for his people. This was “the day of vengeance,” and here the wrath of God was poured out to the uttermost.

Neither did Divine Justice look upon sin as a trifling matter.

If God the Father loved the people with an everlasting love (and he did), if he fixed his heart upon them in eternity, if he considered them his jewels, the crown of his glory, and yet this people could not possess the bliss he provided for them till justice was satisfied in the Surety and sin was punished there, sin was no trifling thing in the eyes of God. The wrath of God poured upon devils and damned spirits is for their various transgressions; but here is the holy, the harmless, the innocent Lamb of God, the glory of heaven, and he for whom all things were created, he for whose pleasure all was made, standing as Surety for sinners; and though he was the Father's infinite delight, the people whose cause he had espoused must be set free, and the wrath of God must be poured upon him, as the Surety, and poured there to the uttermost. Thus Jehovah demonstrated his holy, his righteous indignation against sin; and it was "the day of vengeance."

To know what sin is, we must not go to some few trifling things that we suffer here in consequence of sin. Nay, if we could possibly sink into the regions of the damned, and hear their yellings, behold their tortures, and return back, we should come far short of knowing the evil of sin. It is at Gethsemane, it is at Golgotha, where the God that supported all worlds, in union with our nature and that nature in union with its Godhead, bled and was tortured, agonising with indescribable misery as the effect of sin,—it is here we see what an evil sin is. Can you trifle with sin? Can you sport with it? Can you speak of it as a light matter? Is there a hardened wretch here who can do it? Conscience! Where art thou? Good God! Arouse them to feel what an awful thing sin is, and let their hearts tremble before thee on account of their various transgressions, and lead them to Golgotha, lead them to Gethsemane, and let them have a feeling of the fellowship of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then they will know a little of the solemnity of our text,—“the day of vengeance;” for there it was executed with all its awful terrors and its tremendous power.

And now, before I proceed, I ask you, Have you a hope, a spiritual hope, that Christ suffered for *you*? that he weltered in blood for *you*? that “he was wounded for *your* transgressions, bruised for *your* iniquities,” that “the chastisement of *your* peace was upon him?” And do you feel, now and then, a sweetness in this truth, that “with his stripes you are healed?” Can you profess to cherish this hope, and yet trifle with that which tore his heart, which tortured his soul, which brought vengeance upon him as your Surety? Can you play with it? Is it a trifling matter with you? If it is, your hope is a damnable delusion, and you know nothing at all, of the life and power of vital godliness in your soul. For wherever the spirit of the living God brings a sinner to have a good hope, through the precious atonement of Christ, the glorious and solemn sufferings of Christ, he knows what it is to be a little in that spot: “They shall look

upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." And when we have been for a season mourning over ourselves, because of the light and life and love of God, made manifest by blood, we shall have a solemn mourning for the Lord of life, that he should suffer vengeance for such reptiles as we are, for such brutes as we are; and so we shall know something of being humble at his feet, whilst we bless God for the mysteries of his cross.

Now, do you know anything of this in your own souls? Has God ever presented it to your conscience? Has he brought you to feel something of the solemn sufferings of a once-slaughtered Christ, and to feel that it was your sins that were the daggers that pierced his heart,—your sins that pressed blood through every pore? Sometimes, when I have been led to feel the horrible oozings up and workings of a corrupt nature, and I should be worse than a vagabond if I said I never did, and when God the Spirit has then led me in faith and feeling to Gethsemane, dropped a little of the atoning blood of Christ into my conscience, and brought me to feel a sweetness in the efficacy of his blood, with contrition of soul I have been brought to bow before him, and say, "Lord, it is such a salvation that I wonder thou wouldst bestow it upon such a wretch; I wonder that such mercy should be given to such a brute." But so it is; and God is exalted, self abased, and Christ reigns, and the conscience triumphs in the efficacy of his precious blood, and adores God for such a blessed method of pouring out his wrath upon his Son, that we might be free.

Sinner! Trembling, broken-hearted sinner!

"Sinner! THOU hast done the deed;
THOU hast made the Saviour bleed.
Justice drew its sword on me;
Pierced my heart to pass by thee."

God help thee to feel it, and to glorify God for such amazing grace, such matchless grace, manifested to sinners.

But we pass on to make a few remarks upon "the acceptable year of the Lord." This solemn "day of vengeance" was at the same time an "acceptable year."

Here was the glorious body and substance of the jubilee; and the holy prophet appears to have this in view. Through the finished work of Christ, the blessed obedience and righteousness of Christ, the real spirit of the jubilee is proclaimed and made manifest, both in the Word of God and in the conscience of the sinner. "The acceptable year of the Lord." A word or two upon this point, as connected with the jubilee.

In that solemn year, when the proclamation went throughout all the land of Israel, all the Hebrews had their debts discharged, their legal servitude put an end to, their mortgaged inheritances restored. A proclamation was made of plenty without labour. No farmer, no person that kept a vineyard, was to sow or reap

for himself; but the fruits of the earth were free for every Hebrew to pluck and partake of. And this was "the acceptable year of the Lord" amongst the Jews. So, through the Person, blood, and obedience of Christ, every spiritual Hebrew has his debts discharged; for "he is not a Jew," saith the Lord, "which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter." Now, has God cut off all your legal hopes, cut off all your legal expectations? Some one may say, "He has; and yet I am not happy." Perhaps, if you examine closely, he has not quite cut them off. Say you, "I have no hope in anything that I have ever done." But have not you a little hope at the bottom that there will come some favourable juncture when you shall be able to manage a little better than you do now? "Why," say you, "if I had not that, I should despair." Then the sooner you despair the better, poor soul. You are not entirely a self-despairing sinner whilst you can have any hope of mending the matter in time to come; but when you are brought to be entirely hopeless, both now and for time to come, as it relates to anything you can do to help yourself, here is "the acceptable year of the Lord." Christ has paid the debt fully; cleared it, discharged it, without leaving an iota undone. He has "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself;" made an end of it, and finished it.

"Justice, when the Surety died,
Acquitted the believer;"

and here it is, poor soul, that it is an "acceptable year" of the Lord. Justice is satisfied. And when God brings it with power to thy conscience, it will be an "acceptable year" to *thee*; for thou wilt be satisfied, and say with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

If a Hebrew had sold himself or hired himself in service, "the acceptable year of the Lord" proclaimed his liberty. No master could keep him, if he wished to go. And so, if God has given you a heart really, truly, feelingly, to be at liberty (ponder over it, and ask whether he has), though you have "sold yourself for nought," you are "redeemed without money." Though you have become the slave of sin and Satan, and are under bondage and fetters, if the Spirit of God has made you willing to be saved in God's own way, here is "the acceptable year of the Lord." Legal servitude must be given up. When this is proclaimed in the conscience, conscience must rejoice in liberty, and in that liberty that is accomplished by the Son; and "if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Well," say you, "I feel as if I were willing, and yet I am not quite set at rest." Perhaps not quite willing. There is some little lurking, knavish thief or other, in some corner of thy heart, that wants to cling to self, wants to cling to something of thine own. Thou art not yet an entire bankrupt, willing to be saved in God's

own way, by the precious blood of the Lamb and "the acceptable year of the Lord." If God brings thee *there*, Christ has discharged the debt, the Son has made thee free, and thou art "free indeed."

But further. Is it the case that you have sold all that you have,—forfeited every morsel that you ever possessed in Adam the first? Yes, you have. And some people tell us that Christ came to restore that. So he did; but that is not all he did. He brings a better life than ever old Adam had to lose; and that is a mercy for God's people. He comes to give us life, and to give it "more abundantly," and to give a glorious life in himself. Thine inheritance that thou hast mortgaged or sold, by thy sin in Adam the first, was at best but a glorious earthly inheritance; but the Lord the Redeemer has secured for thee, not only a glimpse of an inheritance here, but one that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them that are kept by the power of God." Do you feel you need "keeping by the power of God?" I do; and I solemnly declare to-night that, old as I am, I never felt myself more liable to stumble, nor ever felt a greater need for God to keep me, than I do now. I feel in my very soul that if God does not keep me, I shall bring disgrace upon his name. I know it, and feel that that would be the case. But then, that blessed God who has made manifest this "acceptable year," has engaged to "keep the feet of his saints," and to watch over their path, night and day. And then there is an inheritance, secured by the love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he is gone, poor child of God, through the channel of his own obedience, to take possession of it himself. And there is one text that has confounded me scores of times. Christ says, "I go to prepare a place for you," To "prepare a place!" That is very strange. Is not heaven already prepared? It would appear as if created heaven was not glory enough for God's people; and I do believe it is not. I do not believe created heaven is what God considers sufficient glory for his people; and therefore Christ, as their Mediator, as their Head and representative, has "gone to prepare a place for them." How? To bespangle heaven with his blood and righteousness, and to exhibit to view, the glory of his own work, and to bring his saints into the blessedness of the glory of that work, that they may glory in that only. Through his blood and righteousness he has ascended up on high to bring this to pass! And this is "the acceptable year of the Lord."

We noticed that in the jubilee everything was to be free. And we should vastly well relish a jubilee of that sort at Manchester, I assure you. What work there would be with thousands of poor, famishing creatures! They would soon make clearance of the fields, if it were, "Pluck and eat." But, however it may be in nature, it is plain enough in grace. We have the promises; all the blessings of the oath, of the love and blood of a precious Redeemer; all the blessings of the fulness of his heart; all are

freely given, "without money and without price." Not an iota of creature merit to obtain it. The poorer the wretch, the more welcome he is.

"Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome, come bare;
You can't come too filthy; come *just as you are.*"

God, in the riches of his grace, keeps jubilee all the year round, —open house and open field for famishing sinners. May God bless us with hearts to enter into the field of the mystery of God's grace, and pluck and eat, by Divine faith in the love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then we shall know that it is the "acceptable year of the Lord."

But it is "the acceptable year of the Lord," inasmuch as it is acceptable to the Lord. "In an accepted time I have heard thee; in a day of salvation have I succoured thee." This is "the accepted time." Divine justice, poor sinner, has accepted the Person of Christ as thy surety, the work and obedience of Christ actively as thy righteousness, and the sufferings and death of Christ as the atonement for thy sin. It is passed current in the account of God and filed up in heaven; and God says, "I am well pleased for his righteousness' sake." He will magnify the law, and make it honourable. Thus it is "the acceptable year of the Lord." There is nothing, therefore, that the blessed Redeemer contains, or that he has done, as the Head of the church, but what is received in heaven with the Divine approbation of God; and as a demonstration of it, it is said, "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet." God and angels, and glorified spirits which were gone before, have all shouted him home; and when God gives you and me faith in the mystery of it, we help them to shout too. He is "gone up on high," as a demonstrative proof that he is accepted of the Father; and he is seated at the right hand of the Father, there to live and make intercession for his people. It is "the acceptable year of the Lord;" and I am sure it will be acceptable to you, if Jesus, in the riches of his grace, manifests it in your conscience.

Perhaps there may be in this assembly some who think they do not need such a salvation as this. You say, "Christ has done a great deal; he has done his part, and I must do my part; and, notwithstanding all that Christ has done, if I do not do my part too, I cannot be saved." There is a deal of talk in our day about Popery being likely to be established; and I know no men in the world who are more likely to establish it than these "*do part*" men, for their sentiment is the very life and soul of Popery. What is Popery? What is Antichrist? Creature merit. If you could destroy creature merit, man's doing his part, in all its bearings, and creature merit could entirely be put out of existence, the devil himself could not make a Pope. There could be no such thing in existence. But creature merit is the blood, and sinews, and pulse, and life of Popery; and therefore, where men go on with the strange idea that, notwithstanding all that Christ has

done, they must do their part too, or they cannot be saved, they are bidding Popery "God speed," and doing their part to establish it. They find fault all the while with some of their external things, such as their dolls, and a few mummeries of that nature; but the poison is in the soul of Popery, and the soul of Popery is creature merit. And, in fact, what can we find flourishing in our day but creature merit, in some form or other? You will find some men, who would be vastly strenuous against creature merit in the shape of free-will; and yet they have got it in another shape. They say, "O! You may awlays believe. Why *don't* you believe? *Simply believe*, and be happy." Why, that is creature merit; it is the old leaven; it is another name, but it is creature merit. But God's people are brought to feel that they can no more *believe* themselves into the mysteries of Christ than they can work themselves into the mysteries of Christ by labour; that it must be the Lord himself who must "work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure," and that faith is his entire gift. And so they glorify God for the mysteries of his cross, and are brought to know something of the freedom there is in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the blessings connected with it.

II. But we pass on to the *proclamation*: "To *proclaim* the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God."

Now our blessed Christ proclaims this truth in the written Word. Hear his blessed Majesty proclaim it: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." Now, some say that proclamation is made to sinners dead in sin; and, as a proof of it, they say that it runs, "Hear, and your soul *shall* live." But it would be very strange for a corpse to be invited to come to the queen's palace in order to be banqueted. It would want something to move it; and if it was dead, how could it "come?" The fact is, they are living souls who are here spoken of; but they are famishing, they are starving, they are wanting food; and when God the Spirit brings them to Christ, then they live, and live well too; for they have the fatted calf, the paschal Lamb, and the mysteries of the cross revealed to the conscience. Therefore says the Lord, "Come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." So again: "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 my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Just as if the blessed Redeemer had looked upon a poor burdened, dejected sinner, and said, "I see, poor creature, you are yoked down by Moses; you have got the burden of the law, and you have got the burden of a guilty conscience; there you are with your yoke on, and you cannot get ease, you cannot get rest. Now come to me; my yoke is easy." Why, what is his yoke? Everlasting glory; and O! How easy that fits the neck of a poor sinner, when God puts it manifestatively on! And what is his burden? The

divine fulness of the glory of God, treasured up in Christ; and O! How solemnly glorious is that, when the conscience receives it under the divine teaching of the Holy Spirit! Then we shall find a rest and a contentment the world knows nothing of.

Then, the Lord Jesus Christ, being anointed, proclaimed this day. He proclaimed this jubilee, and he proclaimed his own sufferings. O! How solemnly he by his Spirit proclaims it in the 53rd chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah, where he is spoken of as "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opening not his mouth!" And how solemnly he proclaims it when he speaks in his Word and says, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" And, poor wretch, *is it* nothing to you? Can you hear of the sufferings of Christ, the agonies of the Son of God, and be unmoved? Can you hear of them and have no feeling? Perhaps some poor living souls say with the poet—

"The rocks can rend, the earth can shake,
The seas can roar, the mountains quake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

Well, then, if the proclamation made in the Word again and again cannot move the heart, cannot soften the heart, cannot melt the heart, cannot bring the heart into obedience, and cannot lead to the sweet enjoyment of it, is there nothing that can? Has sin brought us into such a state of ruin, such a state of disease, unhallowed ungodly disease, that there is nothing that can move the sinner, nothing that can bring him to feel something of "the day of vengeance," nothing that can bring him to realize "the acceptable year" and the blessings that it contains? Yes, brethren, there is. When God, by his blessed Spirit, proclaims it in the conscience, brings it with power to the heart, leads the soul feelingly into that blessed text, "Thou, Lord, hast wrought all our works in us;" when he makes manifest that precious truth, "I will bring the blind, and the lame," and the burdened, and the dejected, and "they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd, and their soul shall be as a watered garden;" when he makes the proclamation with divine power into the soul, and leads the soul solemnly and sweetly into the mysteries of the cross, then he raises the hope and expectation of his people, and they are brought, in some blessed measure, to know that the proclamation of "the year of the Lord" is made to them.

Now do you know anything of this? Has God ever brought you to feel it? Say you, "I do not like you to talk about a feeling religion." And I would not thank you for any that is not; and so there is just that difference between you and me. AN UNFEELING RELIGION IS THE DEVIL'S RELIGION. It is not the religion of Christ; for God brings his people to know

what it is to "handle and taste" and feel "of the Word of life." He brings them to know what it is to have the Word sealed in their hearts, and hidden there. And, therefore, do not you deceive your soul. If you die without a feeling religion, as God is God, you will be damned. I am sure you will. And whatever trials, difficulties, or distresses you may have, a sweet feeling religion, revealed to the conscience by the power of the Spirit of Christ, will support your soul under your troubles, prop up your mind, and bring you sweetly to rejoice in the mysteries of the cross of the Lamb; and then you will bless God for the wonders of his grace.

I leave the few hints that have been dropped in the hands of Lord.

[Having known Mr. Gadsby in our boyhood days, and having frequently heard him preach after we understood what we heard, we retain a certain veneration for his name, for the truth's sake,—those truths which he was enabled so forcibly to preach. We should have inserted the above sermon last month but for the urgent request of Mr. J. Gadsby not to do so, lest any one might suppose he had used his influence in the matter. We assure our readers that it is our own act and deed.

Mr. G. was remarkably free from those petty jealousies so frequently found existing among ministers; and if he were in conversation with any one, he appeared to read him through and through in a few minutes. We give the following anecdote as an instance of the aptitude with which he was favoured in his replies to those who controverted his sentiments. We copy it from the "G. S.," October, 1874, which we sent to the publisher at the time, as the circumstance was known to us:

SIMPLE FAITH.—Many years ago the late Mr. Gadsby was going into the country to preach, and, as was his wont in his younger days, was walking, when he was joined by a "simple faith" professor. Religion soon became the subject of conversation. Mr. G. maintained that true faith was not man's work but the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of his people, and that without this there can be no real satisfaction for a quickened soul, hungering and thirsting after an assurance of his salvation; while his companion maintained that it was the duty of every man to believe. "There is the Word," said he, "and we ought to take it, and take comfort from it." After walking some miles, they came to a roadside house, swinging over the door of which was a sign: "Refreshments may be had here." "I am very tired," said the stranger. "Let us go in here and have some refreshments." "O no!" said Mr. G. "There is the sign (the Word). Let us read it and pass on, for, according to your doctrine, that is sufficient.

To tell men (as the Arminians do) that they may be justified and sanctified, and God's children, all but glorification; and yet, after this, may become reprobates, and be damned in the end, is desperate doctrine indeed. Truly it is theirs which is the desperate doctrine; whereas our doctrine is only liable to false inferences from carnal persons—from such persons as drew false conclusions from our Lord's words, and said, "Who then can be saved?" (Luke xviii. 26.) Such inferences are not fairly deduced, but corrupt consequences drawn from good premises.—*C. Ness.*

"I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE."

Ps. xxxii. 8.

MOURNING, fearing, doubting Christian,
 Upwards lift thy downcast eye;
 Look, and read this blessed promise,
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When affliction spreads its mantle
 O'er thy once bright starry sky,
 When thy dearest friends forget thee,
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

Is thy path a path of sorrow?
 Do the waves of grief roll high?
 When thou passest through the waters
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

Is thy barrel almost empty?
 Is thy cruse of oil near dry?
 Hast thou nothing for the morrow?
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When life's wants press hard upon thee,
 And thy trembling faith looks shy,
 I am Jesus, caring for thee.
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

Is the mountain steep before thee?
 Rugged, barren, wild, and dry?
 Let this promise cheer thee onward,
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When thy way lies through the desert,
 Where no pathway meets thine eye;
 Even there my hand shall lead thee,
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When thy heart and flesh are failing,
 When thy doubts and fears rise high,
 I am Jesus, still unchanging;
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When the pulse of life beats feebly,
 And the hour of death draws nigh,
 Love divine shall smooth thy pillow;
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When thou passest through the Jordan,
 I will all thy wants supply;
 There my presence shall sustain thee;
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When thy spirit drops its burthen,
 Soars to yonder world on high,
 Even to the gates of glory,
 I will guide it with mine eye.

“COMFORT THE FEEBLE-MINDED.”—THESS. v. 14.

My dear Friend,—“All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.) It is the revelation the Most High hath condescended to make of himself and of his holy will to the children of men. This divine revelation, wherever it pleases God in his providence to send it, is open to the perusal of all men; and we have seen that all who call themselves Christians draw their manner or mode of worship from the written Word. They set up dogmas for themselves according to the various constructions they form of various subjects or doctrines. For these they contend, and often condemn all others who do not coincide with them, and bow to their supposed superior judgments. But *we believe* that no natural or worldly wisdom, however great, can comprehend or receive the things of God in their true import; and that they can only be understood as the most Holy Spirit by his divine illumination is pleased to guide into them. For it is evident from the sacred records that men may “have the gift of prophecy (or preaching), and understand all mysteries, and all (human) knowledge,” and have “all faith,” and after all be nothing in God’s esteem. (1 Cor. xiii. 2.) For the world and worldly professors, with all their wisdom, know not God, neither the things of God. And why? Because “the natural man [profess what he may] receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. (1 Cor. ii. 14.) Hence it is plain that the Almighty hath, and ever will “stain the pride of all glory,” and pour contempt on the lofty pretensions of earthly men. (Isa. xxiii. 9.) For he hath “hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.” (Matt. xi. 25, 26.) When we hear men boasting of their knowledge, and making a fair show in the flesh, and at the same time condemning those to whom the Saviour has given the white stone of absolution, we may justly stand in doubt of them, as blessed Paul did; for he said, “I will know, not the speech of them which are puffed up, but the power.” (1 Cor. iv. 19.) In this evil day when so many have “a form of godliness,” but deny “the power thereof” (2 Tim. iii. 5), we are instructed to take heed what and whom we hear, not only in the pulpit, but in the circle of our professing acquaintance; for it is “not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.” (Matt. vii. 21–28.) The real children of the kingdom are such as are born again of the most Holy Spirit of God, in whose souls divine life is implanted, according to the promise: “As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; my Spirit that is upon thee (Christ), and my words which I have put in thy mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor

out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever." (Isa. lix. 21) Thus it appears plain that the Spirit of truth and the Word of life both go together unto all the seed of Christ; so the weakest of his disciples can give some account of the quickening operations of the Holy Spirit of God in their souls, and of their sensations under his divine teachings.

There is a choice and sweet description of this work given under twenty-three particulars, in a book of Mr. Huntington's, entitled, "The Mystery of Godliness;" and, likewise some blessed account of the union and fellowship that takes place between Christ and his elect family. There can be no real communion without union; and this is the cause why we meet with so few with whom we can enjoy what is in Scripture called "the communion of saints." In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" we read of one Talkative who had so much to say that he almost beguiled poor Hopeful; but Christian, who knew the man and his communications, put Hopeful in the way of detecting him by feeling after the power of godliness, and insisting upon heart-work, which Talkative was a stranger to. I have met with some of this man's stamp, in my pilgrimage, who, for a season, perplexed my mind; which has made me cautious in the choice of my companions, and my dear friend may be assured that I should not have ventured to write in so open a manner had I not felt something of this union to him; and where this is found, we are to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

I remember many years ago, calling at a friend's house where Mr. Burgess happened to be at the time, to whom I had never spoken before. I stopped but a short time with them; yet, on my departure, Mr. B. most cordially gave me his hand. Some long time afterwards, when I had become well acquainted with the good man, he mentioned the above-named circumstance, and told me that something I had spoken at that interview, fixed me in his heart as a brother in the Lord. There seems to be something peculiar in the way whereby fellowship is brought about amongst the disciples of the Lord Jesus, as well as in their union with his ever-blessed Self. It is somewhat like the secret that was between Elijah and Elisha, as recorded in 1 Ki. xix. 19-21. Elijah took no notice of the eleven persons who had charge of the preceding yoke of oxen, but when he came to Elisha, he cast his mantle on him as he passed by. Not a word was spoken that we read of; and yet, like the woman who touched the hem of the Saviour's garment, there was an invisible power which produced a visible effect; for Elisha ran after Elijah, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and mother, and then I will follow thee. And he said unto him, Go back again; for what have I done to thee?" Elijah had been directed by the Lord to anoint Elisha, the son of Shaphat, to be prophet in his room, and this casting of the mantle upon him was all the anointing we read of; yet we know that the same Spirit which

was with Elijah rested upon Elisha. In like manner by various ways the Lord continues to communicate his Spirit unto his hidden ones. The poor jailor at Philippi was quickened by means of an earthquake which shook his soul as well as the prison; and Lydia's heart was opened while Paul was preaching. The Holy Spirit wrought the same effects in them both, though by different means. Some people tell us that "Lydia was drawn by love, but the jailor was shaken over hell," &c. It is plain, however, that everlasting love was displayed towards them both; and, though Lydia might not feel the earthquake, yet when the Lord opened her heart, she had, no doubt, a discovery of its awful depravity; which, I think, may be gathered from her language to the apostles, for she rejoiced with trembling, and besought the disciples with humility of mind, saying,* "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there."

But to return. When once the soul is brought into the experience of the dear Redeemer's love, "many waters cannot quench" it, "neither can the floods drown it," though both men and devils may attempt to put the sacred fire out. On the other hand, this gracious gift comes in a free and sovereign way to the chosen vessels of mercy; for "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." (Song viii. 7.) Adam, in his primitive state, could hold no fellowship with the creatures when brought to him to receive their names: "But for Adam there was not found a helpmeet for him" amongst them all. And, as it was in the beginning, so it is now. Formalists and hypocrites cannot unite with the regenerate children of God; neither can the heaven-born soul find fellowship with the nominal professor. God himself hath put enmity between the two seeds. Therefore, whatever partial, natural, or civil union may subsist, yet they are all far short of the unity of the Spirit. The Lord Jesus Christ shows us the true standard of fellowship, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another;" and that "disciple whom Jesus loved" points us to the fountain head, "God is love;" and "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1 Jno. iv. 16.) Now, wheresoever love is shed abroad in the heart, the enmity of the carnal professor attends the recipient as sure as the shadow follows the sun. God's choice of us, and his work of regeneration in us, is sure to be attended by persecution, more or less: "Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." "But," again saith the Lord, "be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Further, "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance;" and if so, certainly this love, the root of all our mercies, can never be taken from us, let men and devils do what they may; for, "Jesus having loved his own which were

* The late Mr. Gadsby used to say, when speaking of Lydia, "The Lord does not open hearts with *feathers*."

in the world, he loved them unto the end." (Jno. xiii. 1.) To the end of every trial, every temptation, every affliction, and to the end of their lives; and the end of faith will most certainly be the salvation of the soul. Therefore nothing can, nothing shall, ever "separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In thus addressing my dear friend, my aim is to show, in my poor manner, that the elect of God, who are called vessels of mercy, receive from him the Spirit of life, by which they are distinguished from the foolish virgins, who, with all their profession, are destitute of this invaluable treasure. Every grace implanted in the heart hath life in it; and, notwithstanding the many conflicts we are called to endure with Satan, the world, and indwelling sin, "grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life."

It is ordained that this time state shall be a season of trial, and the kingdom of heaven is to be entered "through *much* tribulation." If, then, we had no changes nor exercises, we could have no fellowship with Bible saints; and, consequently, our experience must be different from theirs who are now before the throne. For these all "come out of great tribulation," and are now (their spirits) in the enjoyment of everlasting consolation, felicity, and joy. Let us not, then, my beloved friend, hang down our heads like a bulrush, nor harbour desponding gloomy fears. A few more conflicts, and this warfare will be over. Our abode in this wilderness cannot be long. Thus far the Lord hath led us on safely, maintained our lot, supplied our every need, and furnished a table for us "in the presence of all our enemies;" and hath faithfully promised that "he will never leave us nor forsake us." Yea, he saith, "Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb. And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." (Isa. xlv. 3, 4.) And again, "I, even I, am he that comforteth you; who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? And where is the fury of the oppressor?" (Isa. li. 12, 13.)

Perhaps you will say I am like "Little Faith" nursing his brother "Doubtful." I am very content to be called "Little Faith," for, of a truth, I am not only little, but less than the least of all in the household of faith; and often times so shut up that if I were asked, "Where is your faith?" I should hold my peace. Abraham, "the friend of God," who is called "the father of the faithful," was not free from fits of unbelief any more than his children; but the best family receipt for this in-

firmity is couched in these words: "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." (Gen. xv. 1.) Blessed Paul, also, exhorts us in every conflict to look well to our armour: "Above all, taking the shield of faith;" not faith for a shield, but the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the all-sufficient Shield of faith, "wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" (Eph. vi. 16); be they devils, or be they men.

I have run on at an in-and-out rate, and by this time peradventure your patience is sufficiently tried; but as the subject, though imperfectly handled, is intended as an answer to your last kind letter, I hope you will pass over the many blunders; and, that charity in your heart will "suffer long," and be "kind"; will bear all that is amiss, believe all that is true, hope all is meant for the best, and endure patiently to read it to the end.

Your unworthy Friend and Companion in Tribulation,

Jan. 26th, 1822.

JOHN KEYT.

THE GOSPEL AT ELAH;

OR, SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS ON JONATHAN'S GIFTS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND DAVID.

BY THE LATE MRS. ANN HENNAH.

(Continued from p. 312.)

How especially necessary is it, in these days of evil, to attend to the sacred injunction, "Take heed how ye hear." "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" If the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch? If, like the foolish virgins, we be content with the lamp of profession only, we may be assured that our light will go out in utter darkness and unalterable despair. Let, then, the all-important question be ascertained, Have I the oil of grace within my heart, and is it emitting a light which shall shine more and more unto the perfect day? Beloved reader, follow not blind guides, for they are as dark lanterns, unable to direct you through the wilderness below, to your happy home above. If you have the gospel faithfully and experimentally preached, you cannot too highly value it. The ministers of Christ are God's ambassadors and messengers to men; as such, prize them; but, as they are fallible creatures, lean not on *them*, but on God. The treasure is in earthen vessels, expect to find some flaws in each, but overlook them; the best are only men of like passions with ourselves, more tried, more tempted, more set upon by Satan, because they are as torch-bearers to the army; veterans in warfare, and have to stand in the fore-front of the battle. They can only water others as they are watered by God; therefore as *men* regard them, but as ministers of Christ "esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake." Mists of darkness have arisen, and are still arising from the "bottomless pit," casting

their gloomy shadows over the churches; hiding the pure doctrines of the gospel and substituting materialism, formality, will-worship, natural faith, outward observances, &c., for inward and spiritual grace. Beloved, beware of these novelties, fancies, and traditions of men! Look well to the foundations; "for if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" As children of light, walk whilst ye have the light. Have no communion with the unfruitful works of darkness, but with old Jacob say, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret." (Gen. xlix. 6.) "Perilous times shall come." "Evil men and seducers from the truth wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." (2 Tim. iii. 1, 13.) Alas! they are not alone the victims of Satan. No; others follow their pernicious ways, and the simple truth as it is in Jesus becomes as a legend in their hands. "Watch you, be strong, quit yourselves like men;" for the Lord of hosts is on your side, and as the mighty God he will go forth conquering and to conquer. He will reign and *must* reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet, even the last enemy, death! Christ and the church being one, she, however long she may be in the wilderness, shall at last shine forth "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." Victory shall be hers, the battle being the Lord's, and having the rock of ages for her foundation, the gates of hell shall not prevail against her!

Let us, however, with the divine help, pass on to notice the last, but not the least valuable present given by the faithful Jonathan to his needy and young friend David; viz., his girdle. In Eastern countries the girdle was a very important part of dress. Clad in their loose flowing vestments, the Orientals needed something to make these robes fit close, or rather to bind them to the person. Without the girdle these vestments would have been not only most inconvenient, but almost utterly useless. The girdle consequently was necessary to give compactness and utility to the dress; and whether we regard our blessed Lord Jesus as figuratively, prophetically, or descriptively set before us, he always wears the girdle to complete the representation. Thus do we behold him figuratively, as in the curious girdle of the High Priest. Prophetically, as he is set forth by Isaiah, "Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. (Isa. xi. 5). Representatively, as described by John. (Rev. i. 2), "Girt about the paps with a golden girdle." Again, speaking of the seven angels, chap. xiv., he says, "they also were girt about the breast with golden girdles." The prophet Isaiah having given us a key to their signification, we see at once how forcible is the figure employed to denote, in the first place, the righteousness of Christ, and in the second place, his faithfulness. To quote again the prophet's words, "Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins." What can his declaration import, but as being typical of the essential character of Christ; viz., that he is the righteous God, "righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works." We scarcely think we do right to suppose that the girdle

is symbolically used to represent the personal holiness of the Messiah, of whom the prophet was then especially speaking; for he knew that from everlasting he was the holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty. Nor, though when assuming man's nature, did he with it inherit man's corruptions; though born of the substance of his mother, that is, formed with a body like our own, a body capable of suffering but *not* of *sinning*, his conception being the wonderful overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. When angels announced his future birth, it was in such wonderful language as this: "That Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, well might the Redeemer say, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me."

Unlike the corrupt members of his body, the church, there was no evil heart within him to parley with the tempter; no corrupt affections to be inflamed by his solicitations. He was without sin as a Saviour, whilst he was made sin as a Surety. "The iniquity of his people was laid upon him," and consequently the law of God could lay hold of him and say, "Pay me that thou owest," if thy people are to escape the penalty at the hands of justice. Yes! "He bore the sin of many;" that is, the guilt of sin was transferred from the church to the immaculate Jesus, who was led away to Calvary as a malefactor, and died on the cross, "the just for the unjust;" the just, holy, and righteous Jesus in the place of his defiled, sinning, and polluted people. Well might the apostle exclaim, "Great is the mystery of godliness!" Who can scale the heights or fathom the depths of redeeming love?

As this point, to our mind, seems clearly established, viz., that it was not in reference to our blessed Lord's essential righteousness that the prophet declared "Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins," we will endeavour to ascertain what was the righteousness to which the prophet referred. With humility would we say that we believe those beautiful prophecies were especially intended for that branch of Christ's body, his spiritual Israel under the old dispensation, some of whom had been searching diligently into what time the spirit of prophecy predicted should be the period appointed in the divine counsels for the birth of the adorable Messiah. This glorious prophetic description of his character might have been given them, not only with the view of comforting and encouraging them to hope in his advent, but also to prove that, however long they had hoped for the appearing of the "Consolation of Israel," and even then might have longer to wait, hoping as it were against hope, "yet that God's ways were righteous, that there was a set time to favour Zion, that the vision was for an appointed time;" and that, however gloomy was the aspect of external events, however contrary present circumstances might seem to the realization of these fond expectations, yet "that at the end the vision should speak and not tarry."

We would, however, look deeper than the surface, and trust we shall neither do violence to, nor wrest the passage by applying it to ourselves in particular, as true members of Christ's visible church now, as well as unto his spiritual Israel in past ages.

It were surely a great blessing were this glorious declaration continually present to our minds; in our every-day's experience, in our contact with the world, in our intercourse with our fellow men; in every position, in every circumstance should we not do well to remember "that righteousness is the girdle of his (Christ's) loins." Had poor old Jacob remembered it in the power of the Spirit, he would not have exclaimed, "All these things are against me." Had the psalmist remembered it, he would not have been "envious when he saw the prosperity of the wicked." Had Samson remembered it, he would not have besought God to permit him to avenge himself on the Philistines for his two eyes. Had Samuel remembered it, he would not have given way to natural grief at the rejection of Saul, until it drew down on himself divine remonstrance. Had Jeremiah remembered it, he would not have prefaced his prayer with an acknowledgment of the divine equity or righteousness, yet coupled almost at the same time with a repetition of Asaph's amazement at the prosperity of the ungodly. Had the Jews been convinced of it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. No! It is for the want of knowing that "righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins," which leads the children of God to draw such rash conclusions under temptations as to the apparent disagreement between God's promises and his providential dealings. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It must, and ever will be so, since "righteousness is the girdle of his loins."

But as in the instances above cited, how often do the ways of God appear "unequal;" and how often does it behove his chosen ones to stand still! How often are they taught that "clouds and darkness are round about him," the darkness far, far too dense for sense to penetrate. To finite understandings must not the ways of Jehovah have seemed most unequal or without a shadow of righteousness when he suffered Israel to be hemmed in by mountains behind and the Red Sea before, until the enemy were almost on their heels; yet Jehovah made a path for them through the midst of the waters, and thus proved himself to be the righteous God. Who would have said that God was righteous in permitting the entry of the patriarchs to rise to such a pitch that had it not been for Reuben's intercession, the offensive Joseph would have fallen a sacrifice to it; and whilst not actually slain by their cruel hands, yet, notwithstanding they beheld his anguish of soul and heard his entreaties for compassion, they could mercilessly sell him as a captive, and unmoved with pity or compunction witness his departure into Egypt. In this land of exile and of strangers he was falsely accused and finally imprisoned for ten years, yet in all this God was righteous. Joseph was to preserve the lives of his aged

parent and brethren by a "great deliverance;" and in this circuitous way did the unsearchable Jehovah bring about his purposes. Again, look at Israel's wanderings in the wilderness; the destruction of the Canaanites; the idolatry of Israel and their subsequent punishments; may we not in all these circumstances, with Deborah, "rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord?" Again we discover from the New Testament the mysterious and untraceable footsteps of Jehovah in reference to the work of the apostles. Did he not suffer them to be persecuted from city to city and from place to place, whilst at the same time he employed that persecution as an instrument to disperse those preachers, and thus to extend the blessings of their gospel labours and ministrations? Are not all these righteous acts, though we confess they are the very opposite means man would use, to accomplish a desired end?

Dear Christian reader, we would next ask thee to look back into the page of thine own history, from the time that God first called thee by his grace and brought thee to the knowledge of himself, as the *just* God, and to the knowledge of thyself as a lost and undone rebel. What since then providentially have his dealings been with thee? How have thy greatest spiritual blessings come to thee cross-handed? Where hast thou learned some of thy sweetest lessons but in the school of adversity? When hast thou had most of the companionship of Jesus but in the furnace of affliction? When hast thou known most of the Lord as Jehovah-jireh but when thou hast been brought to thy "wit's end"? When hast thou proved the power of the Everlasting arms to sustain but when thou hast fallen down with "none to help"? When hast thou been most favoured with visits from the Holy Comforter? We reply, "When the earthly pitcher has been broken, and the gourd under which thou wast sheltering withered." Are not all these things evidences that God is righteous, though "his ways be not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts?" Yes, the very way, and be assured they are the right ways, to prove to thee how, according to his promise, he makes "all things work together for good to those who love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.) Yet still our God has his way in the whirlwind and the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. "Who by searching can find out God?" "Who can find out the Almighty to perfection?" High as the heavens, deep as the sea, wide as the earth are his plans; can the finite measure the Infinite, or the creature comprehend the power and skill of the Creator? Impossible! Painfully difficult as is the effort in the hour of peril, in the hour of perplexity, in the hour of necessity, yet it is *then* Jehovah says to his tried family, "Be still and know that I am God." So long, therefore, as righteousness remains the girdle of his loins, so long may the church of Christ "sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things." (Isa. xii.)

We observe, moreover, that our precious Lord Jesus wears a second girdle, which is styled the girdle of faithfulness. "Faithfulness shall be the girdle of his reins." The faithfulness of Jesus! How wonderful, how glorious! How needful, too! But to what may we liken this faithfulness, or to what may we compare it? May we not contemplate its value with even a larger degree of preciousness than would water be in the parched desert to the expiring traveller? Is it not like cement to the building? Is it not what the foundation is to the house? Is it not what a rock above high water-mark is to the shipwrecked sailor? Is it not what the sun is to our earth? and what the helm is to the ship? Yes, it is the sheet-anchor of the Christian when both faith and hope, like beautiful flowers, are laid prostrate by the sudden tempest! When, as like Paul, neither sun, moon, nor stars appear, and the storm of trial still rages, what has the poor tempest-tossed, weather-beaten, heart-broken believer to fall back on but the faithfulness of God? When all external things are apparently conspiring to effect his temporal ruin; when like Naomi he thinks "the hand of the Lord is gone out against him;" when, like David, he is hunted by the enemy of souls as a partridge on the mountains of difficulty, what could reconcile him to such seeming inconsistencies in God's providential acts, but the same reliance on the divine Promiser as David had when he believed he should eventually be king of Israel. What, moreover, but a sense of the unchangeable faithfulness of his God made the patriarch Abraham "hope against hope;" when year after year passed away without a sign of the birth of Isaac, more than time enough to exhaust Sarah's patience and prove her petulance and self-will. But, during these years of expectation and trial, we read that Abraham "staggered not at the promise through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God, believing that what he had promised he was able to perform." (Rom. iv. 20-21.)

O thou tempest-tossed believer, and not comforted! Has some such promise been given thee in the night of thy sorrow? It will surely be performed! Has it been said to thee, "If thou wouldest believe thou shalt see the glory of God." (Jno xi. 40.) It shall come to pass, though thou mayest have to wander in the wilderness many a weary mile first. Has God, thou bereaved one, whispered to thee, "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me?" He will keep his word. Has he promised, "I will keep thee as the apple of mine eye?" Retrace thy past steps, review thy pilgrimage, and say, has he forfeited his word? Nay! Thou art now the living witness that "Faithfulness has been the girdle of his reins." But look once more, when thou hast been saying in thine heart, it may be also even with thy lips, "I shall one day perish; nothing but the divine interposition, amounting almost to a miracle, can extricate me from this difficulty;" has not God again appeared as Jehovah-jireh, though, possibly, not until the

eleventh hour? Again, look back on the past, when some fair temptation came to thee, sparkling with apparently temporal advantages, like wine in the cup of which Solomon speaks (Prov. xxiii. 81), when the corrupt flesh was so captivated by the glitter it presented that thy foolish heart went after the bait, and thou almost becamest entangled thereby, like a bird in a snare; what, at that juncture, but divine faithfulness snatched thee from the brink of the precipice on which thou wast standing, and brought thee, blinded as thou wert by the power of temptation, yes, brought thee back by a way thou knewest not? Again, what but divine faithfulness has fed thee these many years in the wilderness with manna the world knows not of; given thee songs in the night of thine affliction; restrained the wrath of those thine enemies which would have eaten thee up, and said to each successively, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther?"

What, but because thine Elder Brother wears the girdle of faithfulness, hast thou been preserved from "the arrow that flieth by day, and from the pestilence which stalketh in darkness;" and why at this present time is it that you are able to raise your "Ebenezer" but because you have had to deal with a covenant-keeping God? Take, however, another retrospective glance at your own past circumstances; by doing which you only follow the example of Israel of old, who were to remember *all* the way by which God had led them for forty years in the wilderness. In the midst of your unforgotten murmurings, frequent as they were, did God suspend his mercies, or did he ever prove unfaithful to his word? When you have quarrelled with his providential dispensations, because it may be he did not prosper your earthly plans, did he not faithfully preserve you, and by hedging up your path with difficulties which you could neither remove nor surmount, thus prevent you from doing what his omniscient eye saw would terminate in ruin and destruction? When, like Lot, you beheld some plain, fair and well-watered as was Sodom, and like him, there pitched your tent, did he not, then, make its choicest fruits, apples of Sodom to you, and its grapes bitter, like grapes of gall? Divine faithfulness was as much in operation throughout Lot's sojourn in the doomed city as when the angel laid hold of him and hurried himself and family from destruction. In short, the whole Scripture abounds with records of the divine faithfulness. What a display of faithfulness to his promise is conspicuous in the history of Jacob. At Bethel did God promise to be his God, and on returning to his promised possession did not the patriarch, on the self-same spot, erect an altar to commemorate that faithfulness, acknowledging that with a staff only he had passed over Jabbok, but when he came back it was with riches and children, flocks and herds?

Look at the declaration of the great "I AM" to Moses in the burning bush, "Ye shall serve God on this mountain;"

and after more than forty years the lawgiver of Israel offered sacrifices there to him who was faithful. Again, look at the divine faithfulness as exhibited towards Job. "Behold," said the Lord to Satan, "he is in thine hand, but touch not his life." And although smitten with boils from head to foot, bereft of health, wealth, friends, children, and all which had endeared life, did the faithfulness of God depart? No! Throughout that sore and lasting trial God stood by him, and at the end blessed him both spiritually and temporarily more than at the beginning.

Once more, look at the rebellious, fretful, and wayward prophet Jonah, who would have his own way, come what might! Was the divine faithfulness withdrawn in any measure from him, notwithstanding all his perversity? Nay, God sent out a tempest to follow him, whilst he prepared a fish to preserve him; and brought him out of the "belly of hell," both to feel and confess that "Salvation is of the Lord." It will be both interesting and instructive to glance also at poor mourning Jeremiah, always in trouble, often in captivity, sometimes with only a bit of bread for his daily allowance, pent up in a dungeon, and there sticking in its mire. Was God even then faithful to his promise? Yes, Jeremiah's life was safe. Ebed-Melech, an Ethiopian, was moved to rescue him. And what was the reward of the eunuch for his sympathy and efforts to preserve the life of the harmless prophet? Why, that at the impending siege of Jerusalem, notwithstanding all his fears to the contrary, his life should be safe from destruction, and his person from captivity.

We will look at one more instance of the divine faithfulness as manifested to the poor destitute widow of Zarephath. Did her barrel of meal waste, or the oil in the cruse fail, until the showers from heaven watered the earth, and the songs of the reapers were again heard? And on a similar occasion, did the oil cease to flow until every borrowed vessel was set aside full to overflowing; until the son said to his sorrowing mother, "there is not another vessel left;" in this way affording the poor widow more than means sufficient to discharge the demands of her creditors and provide for her household? What are all these scriptural proofs of the divine faithfulness given us for, but that the church militant still may neither be discouraged nor dismayed, but individually remember that what Jehovah was to Old Testament saints, such is he, and such will he ever be to his people. Was he with Daniel in the lions' den; with the three children in the furnace of fire? The promise still is, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." O, yes! though saints believe not, "He is faithful and cannot deny himself." The unbelief within the heart, too often alas, causes them to depart from him, yet he changes not, for his faithfulness is unalterable. Through all the varying frames of the believer; in his seasons of coldness, indifference, and forgetfulness of God, he remaineth faithful and

true to himself and to his word, in spite of all the creature's contradictions, oppositions, and waywardness.

(To be continued.)

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend,—We are spared to see another year. How many fall unfit for the great change. Some are made fit, and they have much to thank God for; many do not like to hear about a particular religion. If God blesses their souls they will make it known either in trouble or in comfort. The secret of religion is with those who fear God, and he will show unto them his covenant. We cannot expect that men will be in heaven if not made saints.

Friend Mitchell has finished his course. How often he has said, “It is a mercy to be well laid in the grave.” He knew both sides of religion, and liked faithful preaching. What a mercy that the Lord was with him in his difficulties. We must follow.

I went to hear friend Philpot once on Lord's day. My cough was troublesome. Sometimes I have hoped that I might see the friends at Abingdon again, but I find my voice no better. Friend Knill will, if the Lord will, preach here next Tuesday evening. He is supplying at Nottingham. May the Lord bless the word through him, and may the Lord raise up ministers to preach the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

When a man is seriously ill he values the least mark of grace. Sickness, crosses, and trials will soon attend the true followers of the Lamb; and we learn profitable lessons from the word of God, from sermons and from hymns. It is one thing to talk about experience, and it is another to have it. The Lord, at times, renews my soul. I can see vanity, at times, upon all the world calls good and great. The Lord, of his mercy and goodness, has brought me on near to another birthday; many blessings and mercies have been bestowed on me. I wish to be very grateful to God, and also grateful to kind friends.

What a great psalm is the xxiii.! To know that is better than to possess thousands of pounds.

Give my love to the deacons and any inquiring friends, especially the afflicted. We are not to choose our own crosses; may the Lord sanctify them to us. What a mercy that the Lord hears and answers prayer, and will lead his people in a right way, however painful to flesh and blood.

“The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.”

Those who are tried and afflicted need not envy those who are in a smooth path, with everything that heart could wish. The greatest blessing that God can bestow upon his people is to

make them spiritually-minded and to keep them so. The way to heaven is narrow, and few are in it. I received friend Viner's letter. May the Lord send you ministers whom he will bless, honour, and own. How few value their own souls, or the souls of others! How little real faith! What a very great mercy to have afflictions sanctified! Can your wife say so? Those that can I hope are grateful. Yours affectionately,

Oakham, Jan. 14th, 1864.

WM. TIPTAFT.

To Mr. Porter.

My very dear Friends,—I have often wished for an opportunity to send you the thoughts, or rather some of the thoughts, of my heart. Many times, when bustling about in various directions, I have been composing a letter to you, and have even wished it was written and sent; but when I have returned home, so many things have pressed upon me that I have not had an opportunity to write my thoughts down; so at length I have lost them, and sunk into such a state of indifference that I have neither had thoughts nor heart to write. Nearly forty years ago these words made a solemn impression on my mind: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel" (Gen. xlix. 4); and if ever these words were verified in one of Adam's children, they have been and are continually being so in me. For, while "to will is present with me, how to perform that which is good I find not;" and oftentimes must say with Mr. Hart,

"A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the power to act or will;"

and however lightsomely, smoothly, and easily some may travel on, it is not my lot; nor has it ever been so long together. My old man of sin and my body of death have been to me, yea, and yet continue to be, a sore plague, a daily burden, a fountain of corruption, a deadly foe to grace, and an awful enemy to God, even on and off my knees; and although faith can and does triumph over them, at times, yet conscience is often afflicted, and my soul is also cast down because of sin. Besides, the desperate struggle sin makes to bring forth fruit unto death, gives so much life to doubts and fears that, for the time being, if honest James were to come along and say, "Show me thy faith," I must blush and hang down my head. But I do think all the Lord's family are not so exercised as I often am; nor half so wicked. Be that as it may, not a more base, vile monster of corruption, lust, and iniquity can be found amongst the sons of earth. These things are the offsprings of sinful Adam; yet sovereign mercy maintains my hope, which, as an anchor, stays my soul upon the finished work of Christ; and here I hope to finish my course, by the help of him who hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." His grace has been sufficient hitherto, and will, I hope, "to the end stronger and brighter shine."

I am exceedingly glad at hearing of your welfare; and do wish

that grace, mercy, and peace from the holy, adorable Three-One Jehovah may rest upon you constantly; enrich you daily, teach you, and never fail you; but to glory lead, and eternally crown you.

Through mercy we are tolerably well at this time. My wife had a fit of paralysis in January; but through mercy she is considerably recovered. My daughter is about as usual, and both unite with me in thanks for past favours, and in sincere desires for your welfare.

Remember me kindly to the friends at Braughing; likewise at Hertford; not forgetting Mr. Smart.

From Yours in hope of eternal life,

W. COWPER.

P.S.—I well remember poor old Warner, and am glad to hear he died in the faith. "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." May he bless you. Amen.

Dicker Common, Hailsham, July 8th, 1848.

To Mr. Lawrance, Welwyn,

Dear Friend and Companion in Travel,—If it be the will of the God of Jacob, may this find you quite well, and your dear spouse much better than when I was with you; and may your souls prosper in the things of God. Then you will have cause to say, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." (Ps. xvi. 6.)

O, dear friend, how weighty are those words of dear Hart, yet how true:

"O thou hideous monster, Sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery."

O, what a mercy after—

"A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain,"

both of body and mind. This is our hope, though we often cry out, being burdened with fresh discoveries of the mire of the sea which casteth up its filth, even so as to almost choke *my* soul; which makes me then cry out, "Can ever God dwell here?" And how quickly the fruits of sin are to be seen on all hands?

In my visit to Wallingford I saw a dear old friend, whose wife was seized, a few days ago, with apoplexy, and who died in either six or ten hours. I went on to Oxford, and, at the house appointed for me to stay with another fellow-traveller homeward, a daughter was laid low in death, after a few days' illness—tubercular disease of the brain. The word struck me,

"Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

O what a mercy to be blessed with a good hope that, when the dart shall strike, even then we hope to be delivered from all evil; yea, delivered from the worst evil, a desperately vile heart, that breedeth all its own woe and misery; and which so often causes the skies to blacken so that the dear face of the Lord cannot be seen. But I hope, whenever the veil of flesh is thrown off, that we shall see him 'as our Eternal Lover, who once was an agonizing man. Ah! It is astonishing how much we need to keep us at all on the look-out. Yet we do not like the process that the Great Refiner sees fit to put us through, in order to make us see more clearly what fires are needed to burn up the wood, hay, and stubble of daily accumulation.

Kind regards to Miss W.; hope she is well. Now accept love for Christ's sake, both for yourself and your dear spouse.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN BENNETT.

2, Clark's Place, Albert Road, Aldershot, June 20th, 1879.
To Mr. Whiting, Croydon.

INQUIRY.

Esteemed Editor,—I beg leave to ask if you would kindly give a few thoughts or a little explanation on 1 Tim. ii. 4. Also a few thoughts on the texts where it is said that Christ is the "propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 Jno. ii. 2.) I hope I may not be thought a mere critic. I do not ask the meaning of the above texts for the sake of criticism, as I trust I am a firm believer in the doctrines of grace. But as I often meet with freewillers in my work, they bring all such texts as the above forward, saying they can prove from Scripture that Christ died for the sins of the whole world.

May the Lord bless and prosper the work of your hands. This is the desire of
Yours in love, A. C.

ANSWER.

"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.) This is in perfect harmony with eternal election, and particular redemption. Salvation is not the act of man, neither in whole nor in part, but of God: "Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." (2 Tim. i. 9.) As, then, salvation is the entire work of God, it rests on his own will absolutely, as stated in the above passage, as also in others. See Jas. i. 18; Eph. i. 9-11. If "all men" in the text quoted means every individual, why are not all men saved? For it does not say God wills to save them if they are willing to be saved. Salvation is an act past. It is not *to be done*; it is done. But do all men partake of God's salvation? No. Then, why doth he yet find fault? "For who hath resisted his

will? Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?" (Rom. ix. 19-22.)

That salvation is of the Lord is a settled point in the Scriptures of truth; but the Jews did not believe the Gentiles had any interest in the Messiah, and of this belief the apostles at first partook; which is fully borne out by their surprise at finding God had a hand in sending Peter to preach the gospel to Cornelius and his friends: "When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." (Acts xi. 18.) It was upon the ground of the revelation of this fact that the Gentiles were "fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel" (Eph. iii. 6), that John wrote, "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours (Jews) only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 Jno. ii. 2); that is, the Gentiles also. Here, then, all men, whether Jews or Gentiles, without distinction of race, sect, nation, position in life, or class of sinners, the sin against the Holy Spirit excepted, have been saved, and such like will yet receive mercy. Murderers were excluded from an interest in the sacrifices for sin; and so were adulterers; they were to die. (Num. xxxv. 16-21; Deut. xxii. 22.) But no class of sinners are excluded from the gospel of God's grace, merely because he is a sinner. This is confirmed by the characters God has saved, and left on record as monuments of his mercy. Yea, none need despair who feel broken-hearted because of their sins. It is not the kind of sinners that mercy's door is closed against; but the application of mercy is recorded in these words: "Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." (Rev. vii. 9.)

Beyond "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. v. 9), the words at the head of this paper cannot be interpreted or extended. The salvation of persons out of all the races of mankind is being accomplished; but of every man individually it is not taking place. We must be guided by facts.

With regard to the other portions of divine truth mentioned by our correspondent, viz., 1 Jno. ii. 2, it is of like nature and character with the one we have been dwelling upon. A "propitiation" means expiation; and another form of the word used in Heb. ix. 5, rendered "mercy-seat," means the lid or covering on the ark of the covenant. Hence, then, it bears the signification of one who *covers*; and here, Christ has covered "the sins of the whole world." If it referred to "the whole world" individually, then it would follow that when the sins of the "whole world" were sought for they could not be found. For it is not merely original sins that are covered, but "our sins." If

these words are to be interpreted universally we cannot see how there can be one soul lost. It is impossible for any one to miss heaven; but many do come short of heaven; then, their sins were not covered; and if so, they had no interest in the "propitiation."

Several correspondents have desired to see Mr. Philpot's "Answer to Inquiries," referred to last month, page 329; as some of them have not the "G. S." of that date. In compliance with this desire we reproduce it as follows:

Dear Sir,*—Of what use are the italics in the Bible? And if, as I understand, they are additions by the translators, can they be considered a part of God's inspired testimony?

Yours sincerely,

R. G.

Dear Sir,—Since the new translation of the Bible has been talked of, there has been much written on the subject. It has been taken up in almost every newspaper, and some are clamorous for a new version. I wish for your opinion on the subject, knowing that you have had as good an education as most men, and have read the Bible in different languages. Seeing such statements circulating throughout the kingdom, and thinking it might do much mischief, I feel induced to write to you. If you think it would not be a proper subject for the "Gospel Standard," I would not for one moment wish you to notice it; but, if otherwise, I should feel thankful to see a few words from you.

Yours affectionately, for the gospel's sake,

OBSERVER.

ANSWER.

The intention of the *italics*, as the sloping characters are usually termed, in our version of the Scriptures, is often misunderstood. Their introduction by our translators into the Bible is not an arbitrary or blameable addition, but was, in most instances, a matter of absolute necessity. Their object, we need hardly remind the greater part of our readers, is to show the omission of certain words in the original, which, in our language, require to be supplied. But it may be asked, "What is the reason of these omissions in the original, and is it right that they should be thus supplied? Is there not a great hazard of introducing thereby uninspired, and, therefore, unauthorized words into the sacred record of God?" To understand properly this question we must examine into the nature of these omissions, and why they ought, or at least may be supplied, without any such dangerous or justly dreaded consequences.

Language being spoken before it was written, and the human mind naturally hurrying forward to express its desires and emotions, the consequence is, that certain words become, by practice and common consent, usually omitted, which may be easily supplied if necessary. Of this common circumstance all languages

* We have mislaid R. G.'s letter, but have attempted to give the substance as correctly as we can.—ED.

supply abundant examples. Thus, for instance, our own language frequently omits the relative pronoun, "who, which," as in the following sentence: "This is not the man I saw yesterday;" where there is the omission, or what grammarians call the "ellipsis" of the relative pronoun "whom." Now, if this sentence had to be translated into Greek, Latin, or French (we omit Hebrew, because in that language the same ellipsis is customary), the relative "whom" could not be left out, because the laws of those languages would not allow its omission. We do not feel, and perhaps scarcely notice, the missing relative, because we are so used to its being dropped, but most other languages would be ungrammatical without it. In ordinary translation no notice would be taken of this customary English ellipsis; but, if scrupulous accuracy were required, the translator, in order to show its omission in the original sentence, might put the word into italics.

This, then, is the whole history and mystery of these *italics* in the Bible, by which some are so puzzled that they point out the omission of words in the original languages, which cannot be omitted in our own, because the idiom of the two tongues is, in this point, different. We are not, therefore, at liberty to reject the words in italics, where they are obviously required to make sense, as by so doing we should absolutely spoil innumerable passages. Let us take an instance or two where to omit them would spoil the sense altogether. Read John xi. 1, without the italics: "Now a certain was sick, Lazarus." "Man," and "named," are supplied in italics. The Greek, having a masculine adjective, which we have not, does not require "man," but we do; "named" is not absolutely necessary, but is supplied to prevent baldness and obscurity. Again, verse 39: "For he hath been four days," where "dead" is in italics. This is not expressed, but it is implied in the original, and therefore could not be omitted in our translation. Of course, it requires a thorough knowledge of the language to be able in all cases to supply properly the omitted word; and in the Old Testament (the Hebrew being a most elliptical language, much more so than the Greek) there may be room for examination how far the ellipses are correctly supplied. We were reading the other day a very good sermon, in which an objection was taken to the italics, 1 Cor. xv. 45, and the preacher contended that it should be read "The last Adam a quickening Spirit." Now, if the good man had known anything of the original, he would have seen that the very laws of the language necessarily required those words to be supplied; and had he seen into the true meaning of the passage, he would have found the present translation sound divinity as well as good grammar; for "the last Adam was made a quickening spirit" by divine appointment when he was constituted Head of his Church. In fact, after much and careful perusal of the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament, we can hardly find an instance in which

the italics could be omitted without impairing the force and beauty of the translation. And we cannot but admire the great faithfulness of our translators in so scrupulously adhering to the exact words of the Holy Ghost, and when they were necessarily compelled to supply the ellipses in the original, to point out that they had done so by marking the word in italic characters. By so doing, they engaged themselves, as by a bond, to give the Word of God in its strict original purity; and yet, as thorough scholars in the original tongues, and complete masters of their own, they were enabled to give us a version admirable, not only for its strict fidelity, but also for its eloquence, grandeur, and beauty.

We have thrown together our answer to both the preceding inquiries, as affording us not only an opportunity to explain the meaning of italics in the Bible, but also to express our opinion upon a question of late much agitated, viz., whether it would be desirable to have a new, or at least a revised translation of the Scriptures. We fully admit that there are here and there passages, of which the translation might be improved; as, for instance, "love" for "charity" all through 1 Cor. xiii.; but we deprecate any alteration as a measure that for the smallest sprinkling of good would deluge us with a flood of evil. The following are our reasons:

1. Who are to undertake it? Into whose hands would the revision fall? What an opportunity for the enemies of truth to give us a mutilated false Bible! Of course, they must be learned men, great critics, scholars, and divines. But these are notoriously either Puseyites or Neologians; in other words, deeply tainted with either Popery or infidelity. Where are there learned men sound in the truth, not to say alive unto God, who possess the necessary qualifications for so important a work? And can erroneous men, men dead in trespasses and sins, carnal, worldly, ungodly persons, spiritually translate a book written by the blessed Spirit. We have not the slightest ground for hope that they would be godly men, such as we have reason to believe translated the Scriptures into our present version.

2. Again, it would unsettle the minds of thousands, as to which was the word of God, the old translation or the new. What a door it would open for the workings of infidelity, or the temptations of Satan! What a gloom too it would cast over the minds of many of God's saints, to have those passages which had been applied to their souls translated in a different way, and how it would seem to shake all their experience of the power and preciousness of God's Word!

3. But besides this, there would be two Bibles spread through the land, the old and the new; and what confusion would this create in almost every place! At present, all sects and denominations agree in acknowledging our present version as the standard of appeal. Nothing settles disputes so soon as when the contending parties have confidence in the same umpire, and are

willing to abide by his decision. But this judge of all dispute, this umpire of all controversy, would cease to be the loser of strife if present acknowledged authority were put an end to by a rival.

4. Again, if the revision and re-translation were once to begin, where would it end? It is good to let well alone, as it is easier to mar than mend. The Socinianising Neologian would blot out "God" in 1 Tim. iii. 16, and strike out 1 Jno. v. 7, 8, as an interpolation. The Puseyite would mend it to suit Tractarian views. He would read "priest" where we now read "elder," and put "penance" in the place of "repentance." Once set up a notice, "The old Bible to be mended," and there would be plenty of workmen, who, trying to mend the cover, would pull the pages to pieces. The Arminian would soften down the words "election" and "predestination" into some term less displeasing to Pharisaic ears. "Righteousness" would be turned into "justice," and "reprobate" into "undiscerning." All our good Bible terms would be so mutilated that they would cease to convey the Spirit's meaning, and instead of the noble simplicity, faithfulness, and truth of our present version, we should have a Bible that nobody would accept as the Word of God, to which none could safely appeal, and on which none implicitly rely.

5. Instead of our good old Saxon Bible, simple and solid, with few words really obsolete, and alike majestic and beautiful, we should have a modern English translation in pert and flippant language of the day. Besides its authority as the Word of God, our present version is the great English Classic—generally accepted as the standard of the English language. The great classics of a language cannot be modernized. What an outcry there would be against modernizing Shakespeare, or making Hooker, Bacon, or Milton, talk the English of the newspapers or of the House of Commons.

6. The present English Bible has been blessed to thousands of the saints of God; and not only so, it has become part of our national inheritance, which we have received unimpaired from our fathers, and are bound to hand down unimpaired to our children. It is, we believe, the grand bulwark of Protestantism; the safeguard of the gospel, and the treasure of the Church; and we should be traitors in every sense of the word if we consented to give it up to be rifled by the sacrilegious hands of Puseyites, concealed Papists, German Neologians, infidel divines, Arminians, Socinians, and the whole tribe of enemies of God and godliness.

It is a thing to be lamented that a Christian born from heaven, having the prize of his high calling set before him, and matters of that weight and excellence for his heart to be exercised upon, should be taken up with trifles and fill both his head and heart with vanity and nothing, as all earthly things will prove to be ere long. Yet, if many men's thoughts and discourses were distilled, they are so frothy that they would hardly yield one drop of true comfort.—*Dr. Sibbes.*

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.

My heart, great God, dost thou require,—

A sinful heart like mine?

If so, do thou my heart inspire,

And teach it to resign.

My heart? O! 'tis a wayward thing;

'Tis black as hell with pride;

'Tis a polluted, tainted spring;

Its guilt I cannot hide.

'Twill prove unfaithful, Lord, to thee,

And oft from thee depart;

'Twill ever act ungratefully,

'Tis such a wicked heart.

'Twill set up idols in thy stead,

And oft rebellious prove;

And though thou be my glorious Head,

'Twill seek for other love.

But O! How can I e'er describe

My heart, with all its guilt?

And was it, Lord, for such a soul

That thy heart's blood was spilt?

And dost thou mean to have the love

Of one so vile and poor?

'Then send thy Spirit from above,

And teach me to adore.

Take my poor heart, with all its sin;

I cannot make it better;

But thou canst make me pure within,

And bind me with a fetter.

O bind me with the cords of love,

Lest I from thee depart;

And fix on things that are above

This fickle, foolish heart.

Take it to cleanse, to form anew,

To mould to thy dear will;

Its evil passions to subdue,

And all its lusts to kill.

I know I oft shall need the rod,

The water, and the fire.

O yield me to thy hand, my God,

Whatever thou require.

Only when Satan hurls his dart,

Do thou be still my shield;

And thy supporting aid impart;

To all the rest I'd yield.

A paradise I shall not find,
 While on this earth I stay;
 But give me, Lord, a humble mind,
 And teach me how to pray.
 Then, when afflictions press me down,
 O teach me to resign;
 And do not on my spirit frown,
 But bend my will to thine.
 As clay beneath the potter's hand,
 Enable me to lie;
 Only awaiting thy command
 To suffer, live, or die.

C. SPIRE.

REVIEW.

Meditations in Prose and Verse. By the Author of "Spiritual Life,"
 &c. *A New and Enlarged Edition.* London: Nisbet and Co.,
 Berners Street, W.

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of man did there teem forth from the press so great a number of religious books as at the present period; and if we reckon with these those of an immoral tendency, infidel publications, and those sent forth, both openly and covertly, to uphold and further the fraudulent designs of the Church of Rome, one becomes astonished at the number of "Athenians" who are seeking "some new thing" to amuse themselves with. We cannot be otherwise than grieved at the pernicious influence the greater part of these books exercise over the minds of the young; and, indeed, over the old also. But what astonishes us most of all is to find young ladies so easily drawn away, and so willing to be led by the Satanic influence of men well known to belong to a sect that has perpetrated the most odious crimes and lived the most scandalous lives. The Ritualistic portion of the Church of England, for the most part, are either Jesuits or act as such. In confirmation of this statement we quote a paragraph from a pamphlet giving a "Sketch of the History of the French Refugee Church at Canterbury," and published by S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, London. The quotation is from a French author, Charles Sauvestre. "Imagine an association the members of which have unnaturally severed all the social and national ties which once united them to their fellow-men, and whose efforts have become directed towards a unique and formidable object—nothing short of its own development, and the establishment of its domination, by all possible means, and in every place under the sun. Imagine, besides, that this immense conspiracy should have succeeded in substituting its rules and its policy for the fundamental precepts of religion; that, by degrees, it should have proceeded so far as to dominate over the heads of the church, and to keep them in a real, though not acknowledged, servitude; so that the

very men who officially bear the titles and incur the responsibility of religious overseers, are only the docile instruments of a hidden and mute force. Such are the Jesuits." Thus it will be seen that 'the above order subject to themselves the heads of their own Church. What, then, must others expect? This is a faithful likeness of the Ritualistic portion of the Establishment also, as may be seen in recent trials.

These Jesuits draw into their deadly grasp young females, under the pretence of religion, for the worst of purposes; and their shameless faces are shown in every quarter. From the same pamphlet we quote an extract from the immortal author of "Paradise Lost :

"When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church, how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, struck though the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-christian tyranny; methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning gospel imbathes his soul with the fragrantcy of heaven. That was,—the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities trooping apace to the new erected banner of salvation; martyrs, with the unresisting might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

But, alas! how very unlike the spirit of these Reformers is the spirit of the present age. Now each one, almost, seems to press upon the heels of his neighbour in mad haste to get first to Rome, or on the pedestal of fame as a reviler and denier of the sacred Bible; and it will soon be as it was in the days of Laud, if not checked. The daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, having turned Papist, was asked by Laud the reason of her going over to Rome. "'Tis chiefly," she said, "because I hate to travel in a crowd." He asked her what she meant, and received the reply, "I perceive your grace and many others are making haste to Rome; and, therefore, in order to prevent my being crowded, I have gone before you."

There was never a time in which a bold unflinching stand for the distinguishing doctrines of grace, in their experience and simplicity, was more needed than now; for what is called "the religious world" is mad after the rags and ceremonies of Popery, and the carnal amusements of infidelity. What will be the end thereof? Turning, then, from these traitors to the Bible, we introduce the little work announced at the head of this article; and though we are compelled to take exception to a few words, we wish it a wide circulation. It is essentially a ladies' book, and may be placed in the hands of any young woman with great safety, and we hope with profit. We feel sure mothers cannot

do wrong in presenting their daughters with a copy on their birthdays, or otherwise.

The writer of this little book was baptized by the late Cornelius Cowley, and is a member of the little church at Fairford, over which Mr. Cowley is placed. The authoress appears to have passed through much persecution on account of the firm stand she made for truth. She has now removed from Fairford, not being able to follow the occupation of teaching (through declining health) owing to the confinement, and is residing with her widowed mother, at Marston Meysey. Being of an active turn of mind, her medical attendant advised her to employ it in some way, and consequently she turned her attention again to her pen. We will now give an extract of the prose, and a specimen of her poetry, to show that it is not all brainwork.

“This time of silence and spiritual barrenness is very humbling and trying to the soul, especially to one whose mind is naturally active; but it is often very profitable; it conduces to self-examination and deep searchings of heart; often, too, it is to make room for further discoveries of the Lord’s lovingkindness and tender mercies. In the busy activity of life, whether in our lawful secular calling, or in our service for the Lord, our minds are too often drawn away from their only satisfying object, and then our Lord, who is jealous of his honour, sees it needful to call us aside as he did his disciples of old when he said to them, “Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while.” (Mark vi. 31.) This desert place is often a season of affliction when called to occupy the chamber of suffering, or it may be some personal trial when brought to feel that Jesus only can revive and comfort by the gentle whispers of his own Word, “Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her.” (Hosea ii. 14.) Yea, the Lord himself will do it, and make the soul know that comfort can only flow from him who wounds to heal, who bringeth down and lifteth up, who hath betrothed his soul unto himself, in righteousness, and judgment, and lovingkindness, and in mercies. “I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord.” (Hosea ii. 19, 20.) See with what wisdom, and yet how tenderly, the Lord deals with his erring children, and the end he has in view, “Thou shalt know the Lord.”

“To know my Jesus crucified
By far excels all things beside.
Knowledge of all terrestrial things
Ne’er to my soul true pleasure brings.”

It is not the trial but afterwards that “it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” (Heb. xii. 11.) “And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.” (Isa. xxxii. 17.) O, what favoured objects to be thus dealt with; and then, when all the trials of this transitory world are over, when “patience has had her perfect work” in the much-needed

discipline and refining ordeal, the best is to come, even to be with and like our Lord at home."

A CALM RETREAT.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."—
MARK VI. 31.

"Come ye yourselves apart with me,
And rest a while;
I bring you to a desert place,
Away from toil.
Far from the busy multitude,
And din of feet,
In the lone wilderness to find
A calm retreat.
The quiet chamber often proves
A sacred spot;
When Jesus communes with the soul,
All else forgot.
The weary suff'ring frame a while
Partakes of peace,
In harmony with all within,
Where Jesus is.
O sacred season, thus to be
Alone with God:
The heart the secret sanctuary
Of his abode."

Obituary.

MARIA ESTHER GREGORY, sixth daughter of the late William Townshend, of Bridgenorth, was born June 3rd, 1805, died Jan. 15th, 1881.

The following account of the Lord's work upon her soul is copied from her own manuscripts:

"About the age of 15, or somewhat earlier, I had convictions of sin, terrifying dreams of the day of judgment, and fears of the judgment to come. Being brought up in the Church of England, I began to be very strict in observing its forms and ceremonies. In short, I lived a Pharisee from this time, until I was between the age of 18 and 19, when my beloved sister Jane, in our walks together, began to tell me of her conviction that there was something in real religion that she had never experienced, and of her fears about herself. This entered into my soul like a flash of lightning, with the questions, "What is it?" "Have I then been taking the shadow for the substance?" My sister died in the faith about a year after this. I then desired to be shaken over hell, as it is termed, that I might be satisfied I was on the way to heaven; but the Lord's way with me was very gradual, though accompanied with deep searchings of heart and many fears. The sins of my youth were brought before me, and the law entered and brought me in guilty of all. Some time

before my sister Sarah's death, the doctrine of God's sovereignty was set before me, and I struggled to put it away, not being satisfied of my interest in the everlasting covenant. After seeing it so plainly shown in Jno. xvii., I even foolishly turned over the leaves of my Bible, in the hope of finding something to contradict it; but turning to Rom. viii. and following chapters I got deeper into it, and proved that "God is in one mind." How often did I wish I had never been born; or had been anything rather than a being possessed of an immortal soul; and I began to cry earnestly to the Lord that he would manifest himself to me as he does not to the world. Many times in the day have I gone to my bedroom, and asked that the furnace should be heated one seven times hotter than it is wont to be, rather than that I should be deceived, and not have that faith which is of the operation of God and stands in his power. Sometimes I had a little hope in portions of the Word, such as, "The vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it," and "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 18.) Portions of hymns were also sometimes applied, as, "The time of love will come." I sought retirement, yet often dreaded being alone. The day before the Lord applied his salvation to my soul, I was very miserable. All the next day there kept running in my mind, in a way of questioning,

"Alas! And did the Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did he devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?"

This state continued until about six o'clock in the evening; then, while alone in the house, a spirit of prayer was poured out upon me, such as I had never felt before. I went to my bedroom, fell on my knees, and the language of my soul was, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." I felt a resolve not to rise from my knees until the Lord gave me an assurance of his pardoning love; and he gave me (by faith) to look upon him, whom I had pierced. It was *as though* he showed me his pierced and bleeding side, hands and feet, and, with a look of love and pity, said, "This was done for thee." My soul was filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" and I desired that he would either take me to himself, or keep me from bringing a blot upon his name and cause. This glorious day was on the 6th of April, 1826, and I was on the mount of enjoyment many days.

Immediately after this, Mrs. Mander, of Wolverhampton, having heard of the Lord's goodness to me, gave me an invitation to visit her. This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted while she lived. During my visit I was led to consider the subject of baptism, after hearing Mrs. M. mention to another person our Lord's command, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20); and she said, "It seems like a double command," "If ye love me,

keep my commandments." These remarks were at the same time applied or spoken to me. Without conferring with flesh and blood about it, the next morning I searched into the Bible concerning the matter; and having the *Lord's testimony* in my own conscience respecting it, and feeling that I had been baptized by the Holy Ghost *into Christ*, I came forward and was baptized *in his name* on June 18th, 1826. My soul was exercised, with fear and trembling, most of the week before, in the consideration of what a solemn profession I was about to make, and lest I should bring a blot on that profession. On the day, as I sat by the baptistery, the Lord shone into my soul, and filled it with his precious promises, so that I was borne above everything earthly. I was afterwards told that my shining face bore witness to the heavenly peace and joy that existed within. I then went on my way rejoicing.

Some little time after this event, I had permission of my father to invite Mr. Turner, who baptized me at John Street, Wolverhampton. He afterwards came to Bridgenorth, on a week day, once every five weeks, to preach for us. We were also favoured to have most of the supplies from John Street, Wolverhampton,—Gadsby, Hardy, Fowler, Kershaw, Tiptaft, Cowper, and many others of the best preachers of the day. We met together with a few lovers of the truth, for prayer and reading of the word of God. The word preached did profit, and was confirmed by signs following; for my dear father was brought out from the Church of England, after having been a strict attendant for many years, and was made to contend earnestly for the faith of God's elect. He had his own house licensed for the ministers of truth to preach in, and Mr. Tiptaft came soon after he seceded from the church, and the General Baptist Chapel was borrowed for him to preach in. His faithful testimony so stirred up the enmity of mere professors that one said he deserved to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. My father replied that he was; "for he is hanged or crucified with Christ; has been drawn by God's everlasting love; and is quartered on his royal bounty." Mr. Tiptaft rejoiced that he was counted worthy of such reproach for Christ's sake, and that my father was led to give a right answer. Notwithstanding these opposers of truth, the *Methodist Chapel* was borrowed for the late Mr. Gadsby, and his faithful testimony sent the *freewillers* out, one after the other, before the conclusion of the service. This led my father to compose some lines, which appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for April, 1871.

After this there is a great blank in her memorandum-book; some leaves having been torn out. I therefore send memorandum of the last year of her life.

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Our song throughout the year."

30th. Have been groping much in darkness lately, yet helped now and then to cry to my tender Shepherd, that he would grant me some word from himself, so that I might know it was his voice.

Feb. 1st (Lord's day). After a nice breakfast felt the Lord's goodness in thus supplying my poor body; but how empty and unsatisfying is everything; even the precious Word of God yields no support, except as the dear and holy Comforter takes of the things of Jesus, and fills both them and my soul with himself. O that I may have a passover feast with thy dear saints this day in remembrance of him.

March 7th. After a dark night of desertion the Lord has been again fulfilling his gracious promise to me this morning (Rev. xxi. 6). If these sips of the fountain of the water of life are so sweet, what must it be to be for ever with the Lord, as in Rev. vii. 17?

March 12th. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the sweet relief of being helped to commit myself, and all belonging to me, into his blessed hands.

21st. My most gracious Lord has let a little of heaven into my soul this day whilst reading that precious sermon of dear Birch's in the "Gospel Standard, in the first three numbers of 1859. Thus the day of prosperity succeeded that of adversity. It has been a week of trial and affliction of body. I felt something of my real state as a poor vile worm before God, deserving to be crushed, yet hoping in his sovereign mercy.

April 16th. After the blessed liberty that was granted me in pouring out my soul to the Lord yesterday morning, what a heavenly sight I had during my wakeful hours, in communion with my God and Father, through that hymn commencing, "Inspirer and Hearer of prayer." Also thought much of the precious word, Jno. xiv. 22, 23; Isa. xii.; Ps. cxxxix. 17, 18. What great love and condescension!

26th. Lord help me by thy power to gain one constant desire, which is,

"That we may know thee more,
And more resemble too."

All short of a vital standing in Christ will come to nothing (like a bubble) in the hour of death. "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins."

May 2nd. Precious, gracious, glorious, Lord God, be pleased to sanctify every dispensation, painful or pleasant, to the drawing of my soul "nearer to thee, my God; nearer to thee;" and do not spare to show me my shortcomings and misdoings, and to fill me with self-loathing and godly sorrow for the sins that pierced thee; that I may lie low at thy feet as a sinner bought with blood.

7th. What a glorious transcript is the Word of God; but the eyes must be anointed with unction from the Holy One to see any of the wondrous things it contains.

17th. Middle of the night kept much awake in meditation on

the past, present, and future; and in prayer to be kept on the coming day from evil. The hymn, "Guide me," &c., every word is expressive of the desires of my soul.

22nd. Heb. xiii. 5-6, and 1 Pet. v. 7, came to me in my pensive and sorrowful thoughts during the past night, with sweet encouragement. O what a resting place have they, who are enabled through the faith which is of the operation of God to commit themselves unto him, and to the word of his grace. (Acts xx. 32.)

June 18th. Most holy and gracious Lord God, thy poor vile worm desires to record thy loving-kindness and tender mercy, manifested in answer to prayer of thine own dictating, that "thy presence" might go with me in my journey to Walsall. How blessedly it has been fulfilled in the enjoyment I have had there, in communion with thee and the saints; and in reading dear Goodwin's exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians. My meditation on the first three verses of the 14th chapter of John, this morning, on my bed, has been sweet. For our heavenly Bridegroom has not only gone to prepare the place for his bride; but he will come again and fetch her home to himself. Halleluia! Amen.

June 20th. How truly did I feel myself the temple of the Holy Ghost this morning, though in a languishing body; while I could, in the sweet spirit of adoption, call our Triune Jehovah, *my* Father, *my* God, "the rock of my salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 16-18.) Yesterday I was walking in darkness, but have been greatly indulged this day. My glorious Sun has been darting his rays into my soul, and showing me the path of life, while divinely communing with me. The reading of the "Gospel Standard," Nov., 1862, has been most specially savoury to me. This has indeed been one of the days of the Son of man to my immortal soul. I have been filled with "joy and peace in believing," after a day and night of bodily ailment.

July 24th. Darkness that may be felt has surrounded my path since the last date; yet great mercies may be recorded.

25th. I never saw such grandeur in the 103rd Psalm as I did this morning; it was as the hand of the Spirit leading me into *glorious* meditation; and again, while reading the references (see Jno. xvi. 13; glorious Guide!). O that we had power to be more lively, following after him!

Aug. 9th. How *indulgent* our God is in the midst of affliction, and in disposing his creatures to show us so much kindness; yet these are but small things when compared with "his *unspeakable* gift" of his only begotten Son, and the gift of the Holy Ghost; and the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of himself.

18th. So much of the covenant love of the sacred Three-in-One, in his personal acts, has lately been let into my soul that it brings to my mind Bunyan's "Pilgrims" passing through the land of Beulah. Before it was light this morning my eyes were filled with tears in contemplating the Lord's goodness and

tender mercy to me in everything, while my soul was at the same time drawn out in love and praise to him. How sweet to hold him in the arms of my faith, call him my Father, my holy loving Father, my sweet Redeemer and Sanctifier! And how great is his humiliation! Abiding Comforter, how sweet are thy gentle rebukes, and thy manifested love in bearing me on thy wings, O thou celestial Dove, above the dying things of time and sense!

17th. What solemn sweetness I have felt in reading the first four chapters in Hebrews, after the sweet meditations of and communion with my most glorious Lord before daylight this morning from the recollection of Jno. i. 3, and the substance of that hymn of Watts's,

“Nature with open volume stands.”

How much this season of the year shows the Creator's indulgence to regale the senses of his fallen creatures; but, above all, my heart was ravished with a sense of the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in the new creation.

Sept. 18th. Though favoured above many in outward things, and often indulged with the bright unveilings of his face, who is the altogether lovely, I have to feel that I am in the enemy's country, and to prove that “the days of darkness shall be many.” But, in the midst of these thoughts, this came sweetly to my mind:

“Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.”

19th. I have been brought to number among my best good things those afflictions I have been most “exercised therewith” (Heb. xii. 11); that is, when the fruits have appeared, in my soul being humbled and God glorified. In this way the Good Shepherd has been leading me into the green pastures of his Word; and to him “the porter” has opened. (Jno. xvi. 13-15.) Though my periods of darkness are many, yet am I much favoured in my last days to prove that my path shines brighter and brighter, and I long for “the perfect day,” when I shall see him as he is, and this vile body shall be likened to his glorious body. The same sun of righteousness that has shown me what I am in him has discovered to me so much of what I am in myself that I could not throw a stone at the vilest character, knowing that sovereign restraining grace alone has made the difference. O what humbling recollections of the past, when I am led to remember all the way the Lord has led me! Yesterday, after being favoured to draw nigh to God in sincere thanksgivings, Psalm xc. and following ones were sweetly seasonable; and Pym's letter in the “Gospel Standard,” January, 1865. To-day, Gadsby's sermon in the February number, 1865.

Oct. 16th. That hymn beginning,

“What am I, and where am I?”

has been my late experience; but this morning helped to "turn the battle to the gate." (Isa. xxviii. 6.) Self-condemned in the court of conscience, the Word of God has tried me, and my righteous Advocate appeared (1 Jno. ii. 1), the Spirit bearing witness with my spirit in "groanings which cannot be uttered," and bringing to remembrance dear Goodwin's saying, that "the intercession of the Holy Spirit on earth is the echo of Christ's in heaven."

28th. While I was thinking this morning that the high and lofty One should make use of his feeble worms in any way to edify one another, making them as the pen of a ready writer, and thus to be his amanuensis, that word instantly lighted upon my spirit, "This honour have all his saints."

Nov. 15th. "Dear Lord and shall thy spirit dwell?" That hymn has come sweetly to me this morning as the language of my heart, after a night of communion with God. Both asleep and awake, the words, "if any man will come after me" (Lu. ix. 23), have exercised my soul lately, and I have been much in prayer for the Lord to make it plain in my soul's experience. The soul-humbling discoveries of what a poor, erring, and desperately-wicked wretch I have been all my days, make me know what it is to abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes; but (looking on outward things) how about taking up the cross? That has been opened up to me this morning through the word, Phil. ii. 5-8; Gal. ii. 20; Rom. vi. 5, 6; see Rom. vii. The inward cross is never wanting. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." He gave himself for us; gives his Holy Spirit, to take of the things of Jesus, and again and again to reveal them unto our souls. Precious, glorious Comforter!

30th. Dear Father, enable me to occupy, till thou comest, and give me to lie in humble adoration and sweet confidence at thy feet, and do love me home to thyself.

Dec. 5th. After the gloomy clouds that have passed over my soul during the past week, in anxious fears and gloomy forebodings, I have been favoured this morning, on my bed, with sweet sunshine in meditation and thanksgiving and blessed communion with my indulgent God, while he has talked with me as a man with his friend. He revealed a little of his love to me, and enabled me to adopt the language of the 46th Psalm. A letter of my own brother in the faith, dear old John Warburton ("Gospel Standard," Sept., 1867) was most sweet to me last evening. I was helped to thank my gracious Lord for the sweet hope given me, that he gathered my dear James as one of his lambs into his bosom, this day three years ago. Evening: Bless the Lord for a Sabbath indeed (this has proved a short evening), in reading the precious word, Math. xviii. 10, 11, and dear Philpot's Meditations.

Oct., 1867.—With the Scriptures referred to, sweet earnest of the joys to come.

This is the last of my departed friend's diary. She wrote a

letter the day before she was taken ill, and alluding to a family trouble she expressed herself thus: "I see much to grieve, except as I can look to him who has all power in heaven and on earth, and through mercy I can say,

"I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me."

Never did I feel more the blessedness of having God for my refuge and strength. At the same time I feel my extreme weakness, nothingness, and vileness."

Her illness was so short and severe that she could not speak much from extreme exhaustion and sickness; but was much in prayer, and her daughter said she appeared to be enjoying great peace. The day before she departed, her daughter expressed a wish that the Lord might spare her a little longer; she replied, "His will be done. I have seen so much of his goodness, and felt so much of his goodness, that I long to be with him, that I may praise him for ever." She was quite sensible to the last, and a few minutes before she fell asleep she told her daughter she was quite easy. Her daughter turned from the bed, but looking round again saw her mother in solemn prayer. With one gentle sigh, and a most heavenly smile on her countenance, she entered into the joy of her Lord, at 7 p.m., Jan. 15th, 1881. I would just add that my own weak state of health, together with the intensely cold weather that prevailed during my dear sister's short illness, prevented my visiting her then. I spent a fortnight with her, late in the autumn; and truly her conversation was in heaven. I had the impression that the Lord was making her meet for the inheritance of the saints. She was made a great blessing to me when in soul trouble, and we walked in close union for many years. I would submissively say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Amen.

R. MOUNTFORT.

THOMAS PARISH.—On May 1st, 1881, aged 82, Thomas Parish, of Westfields, Barnet.

He was a native of Rainham, Essex, and was baptized about 60 years ago at Pot Street, near Harlow, Essex. About the year 1850 or 1851, he came to live at Palewell Lodge, East Sheen. Not finding food for his soul at either Barnet or Mortlake, he went to Rehoboth Chapel, Richmond, and eventually joined the church there on May 6th, 1860. Exactly 21 years later he was buried (May 6th, 1881). His petitions at the throne of grace were always plain and simple, yet very earnest, for they came from the heart. He was much respected by the church and friends, and they have lost a pillar, who helped to support their hands, as well as the hands of the ministers at the throne of grace. The last time he came to my house was in December, 1880, and he was then very lame. I said, "Then you have come again?" and he replied, "Yes; but I hardly knew how to get here." My wife asked him how he was getting

on in the best things. He said, with much solemnity, and very slowly, yet cheerfully, "The ark was not shut till the snail got in." My wife said, "That will do; then you hope to get in." He replied, "Yes, I do." While staying at Mortlake, I went to visit the dear old man, just before his end. He told me he was daily in fear as to how matters would be with him at death, for he could not feel as satisfied as he would have wished to feel. But he had a good hope through grace. I told him that David said he should be satisfied only when he awoke in Christ's likeness; and asked, "Cannot you say the same, my brother?" He said, "Yes; and there I am sometimes able to get firm foothold; but I want to feel it more than I do. I feel such sinking of heart, such casting down; yet at times faith takes wings and bears me above the things of time and sense; then I feel I can leave it; but how soon I get back again to my sad state."

I saw him on the following Tuesday afternoon; his mind seemed very much wandering, and his speech failed him, so that I could not understand what he wanted to say. It appears that a fit of paralysis was then coming upon him. I left him about 5 p.m. He went out to his yard to do a little work, and about an hour afterwards his wife found him lying speechless on the ground, with his leg broken. He remained, for the most part, unable to converse with any one; but it was evident, by a word or part of a sentence that occasionally fell from his lips, that his mind was meditating on heavenly things. The enclosed letter is from the deacon of the church who visited him. Wishing you all needful grace and wisdom for your undertaking,

I remain, Yours sincerely in Truth,

T. HILL.

Dear Friend,—I will try and write a few lines respecting our dear departed friend. I think the last time he was at Rehoboth was the fourth Sunday in July, 1880. He came to receive the ordinance with us. When we were going home together, I told him that if he would come the next month I would fetch him; but he said he thought it was too far for him, and he would have to stay at home for that year. One Sunday morning I remember I gave out the 384th hymn, and at the close of the service he said, "That hymn suited me well; the fifth verse,

"I've scarce a glimmering ray of light;
With me 'tis little else but night,"

just describes my case." He was, as you know, in himself a poor weak worm, and seldom seemed to get beyond a hope. When I went to see him on the Thursday evening after he was taken ill, I stood by his bedside and held his head. As soon as he came to himself, he knew me and shook my hand three times and smiled. Then he wanted to talk with me, and I was pleased to hear him, and stayed about an hour and a half. His son said his father talked much better while I was there. His mind appeared taken up nearly all the time in the best things. He said, "All right, all right." I said, "You hope so," and he answered

me very quickly, "I am certain of it." I was very glad to hear this come from him. It encouraged me, and his son noticed it. At another time he said, "Many perish, many perish." On another occasion he tried to say, "Unto him, unto him." I helped him to say, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) He tried to ask after the friends at Richmond.

I went the next morning, and was told he had passed a very bad night. He, however, knew me again, and wanted to talk; but I thought it would not do, so said little. We visited him on the Sunday morning, and I think he knew us. He died the same evening.

Love to you,

A. ALLISTON.

2, Melton Villas, Albert Road, Marsh Gate, Richmond.

MARTHA BRIGHT.—On May 9th, 1881, Martha Bright, aged 78 years.

She was for 43 years a member of the Zion Strict Baptist Church, Trowbridge. She joined under the pastorate of that memorable man of God, Mr. John Warburton. In describing her life and conversation since her call by grace, I might say it was without blemish; and it is not too much to say of her she was no busy body of others' matters, but was of a discerning judgment, being slow to speak, but eager to hear. There are probably few who are more exemplary in their attendance upon the word of God than she was until bodily affliction came on. It was my lot to have correspondence with her for more than fifty years, and this enables me to form an opinion of her character.

She was seized for death ten days before her departure, and became quite helpless. During this illness we gathered up some of her sayings. On the first occasion that I saw her, after her being taken ill, I said, "Is it all right with you?" She replied, "I am now learning my inability," and asked me if my confidence for her was as great now as it used to be; saying, "I never heard but one beside yourself speak as you did years ago." I said, "Has the foundation given way?" and quoted the following lines, which were written by my father-in-law in reply to a letter of mine:

"Enough my gracious Lord!
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on the promise live,
Can on the promise die."

With much energy, pointing to a room close by, she replied, "The sweetness I enjoyed from that verse some time ago was food." I rejoined:

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die."

At another time I asked her, "Is it all right?" and she replied,

"I think so." I said, "It has been all right for the past forty years or more."

"Tell how secure the covenant stood
Ere time its race began,"

"You can join in that, can't you?" She replied, "Yes."

Her sister spoke to her about parting, and she said, "Earth exchanged for heaven," and at another time,

"And dying, clasp him in my arms,
The antidote of death."

On Thursday night, May 3rd, I said to her, "Well, once more I must say, Good-night. Must I say it is well?" She replied, "Yes." The next morning I said, "Is it all well now?" and she replied, "I hope so." I said again, "Tell how secure the covenant stood. That will never alter. Are you afraid to die?" She answered, "No;" and then asked for something to drink. I said, "You will soon drink at the fountain head." She replied,

"There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

May 5th she said to a friend, "He is my rock, and my portion for ever." I said to her, "When grandmother was dying, I asked her the state of her mind: She replied, "'My God, my glory.'" Then she cheerfully said,

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

"No, no, no," I said.

When I saw her the next morning I said, "How is it now?" She said, "I have much pain in my head." "How is the mind?" I inquired; and asked her if she knew me. She replied, "Yes." I said, "Moses a long time ago said, 'He is a Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he.' You can join with that, can't you?" She answered, "Yes." Afterwards she was heard to say,

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside."

The day before she died she said, "Saviour, take me to thy blessed self." She lay undisturbed to the end, and at eight minutes to eight on Monday morning breathed her last. On the following Monday her remains were deposited in the Trowbridge Cemetery, where I officiated.

A letter of hers appeared in the "Gospel Standard," July, 1837, signed Mrs. B., and some poetry in Sept., 1838, signed "A Doubter."

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

W. WESTLAKE.

I put the following together while she was dying:

See a Christian die supported,
Trusting in what Christ has done;
Th' ebbing stream is fast declining,
Breathing now is almost gone.

What a calm she's now enjoying ;
 Nothing stirs her sweet repose ;
 Doubts nor fears are now confounding ;
 To her rest in quiet goes.

He who has her hope supported,
 Gives her now to feel a calm ;
 Peace and quietness all possessing,
 What can God's redeemed harm ?

Blood-bought sinners all secured ;
 Salvation is the wall around ;
 God the glory, and the fulness,
 To support she now has found.

Passing thus along the valley,
 Soon her eyes shall plainly see,
 All she wish'd, while here she travelled,
 What creates felicity.

Love prevailing, which is perfect ;
 There no mist nor cloud can rise ;
 There to sing in holy concert ;
 Who on earth can tell their joys ?

There no more to know the conflict,
 Which to edify may be ;
 For a season leave the body,
 From temptation to be free.

Tho' the clod is sown in weakness,
 'Twill be raised in power, to prove,
 Life and immortality
 Are companions in God's love.

Church Street, Trowbridge.

W. WESTLAKE.

FAITH gives me to see how distinguishedly this love of God hath set itself upon me. By faith I see that though Esau was Jacob's brother, yet God loved Jacob ; that though there were thousands more besides me, who were as good as I, yet I must be the man that must be chosen.—*Bunyan*.

Look for all relief and for help against sin merely from grace. A wilderness will not help you, nor a paradise. In the one, Adam sinned ; in the other, all Israel sinned, who were an example to us all. It is to no purpose to go into a wilderness to seek for these things ; their dwelling is in the love and favour of God, and nowhere else can they be found. (See Job xxviii. 12 to 26.) Do not expect that mercies of themselves will do you good, or that afflictions will do you good ; that the city or wilderness will do you good. It is grace alone that can do you good. And if you find inward benefits by outward things, it is merely from the grace God is pleased to administer and dispense with them. And he can separate them when he pleaseth. He can give mercies that shall be so materially, but not eventually ; like the quails which fed the bodies of the people whilst leanness possessed their souls. And he can send affliction that shall have nothing in it but affliction, present troubles leading on to future troubles. May we, then, in all places, in every state and condition, live in the freedom, riches, and efficacy of grace ; for other helps, other advantages, we have none.—*Dr. Owen*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

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

THE THIRSTY SOUL SATISFIED, AND THE DRY
GROUND REPLENISHED.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. COVELL, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON, ON SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 26TH, 1861.

“For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.”—ISA. XLIV. 3.

THE Word of God, my friends, speaks to characters. Hence if you turn to the blessed Word of God, you will find how specially directed are its contents: “Blessed are the poor in Spirit;” “Blessed are the hungry;” “Blessed are the meek;” “Blessed are the merciful;” *there* is the character pointed out; so that God’s promises and threatenings are like letters, after the manner of those that either you or I may send or receive. They are directed to such and such folk. There is then in this portion the character pointed out, “I will pour water upon him that is *thirsty*.” Now by nature there is no thirst in a man’s heart for God, for his Christ, his mercy, or his heaven. Man by nature “drinketh iniquity as the thirsty ox drinks water;” and he says to God, “Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways.” So we find that man by nature is dead to God; there is neither hungering nor thirsting in his soul, for we read, “the dead know not anything;” as such, they can have no feeling. Hence, when this thirst is first produced in the hearts of God’s elect, it is in a way of saving conviction by the blessed Spirit. “The voice said cry, and he said, What shall I cry? 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.” So, then, he becomes thirsty under the blessed and saving operations of the gracious spirit in a way of conviction. O how it makes his head droop! how it makes his knees bend. “My sin, my sin,” he cries; “what will become of me on account of my sin? woe is me, I am undone.” The arrows of God stick fast in his conscience; and this dries up his spirit; and all his goodness fades like a leaf; and there is now a thirst in that man’s soul such as he never knew before, that is, thirst for the mercy of

God. "Have mercy upon me, O God, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified." Sinner! did you ever feel it? I tell you, poor thing, you had never thirsted for the mercy of God in your life, if the blessed Spirit had not made you feel somewhat of the evil and guilt of your sin. It was this that brought you to feel, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned and done this great wickedness in thy sight." "O pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." That is the man who wants the mercy of God; he is alive to his danger; there is a pain felt. He means what he says before God; he is in earnest. A drop of mercy would be more to that man than all the county of Surrey. He is damned without he receives mercy; he feels so. That man can comprehend what the Scripture speaks about. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Ah, my friends, that is the "good news," for God to persuade him he has got mercy for him. I will tell you another thing; that man's thirst will not be satisfied with any one *telling him* it is the work of God in his heart; no, *God must speak*. God must drop it into his heart, or it will never do; it would not touch his case.

Now what a difference there is in these saving convictions of the Spirit; how different they are to natural convictions. I know what will satisfy them; I know what used to satisfy mine; saying that I would do better for the future, giving a few shillings to the poor, attending chapel or church a little oftener. That satisfies a legal conscience, and the thirst is allayed. But where it is a saving work, and the finger of God touches the soul, then the soul must have the mercy of God. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" so he "puts his mouth in the dust if so be there may be hope." And till God drops his mercy in the heart, you cannot persuade the sinner to comfortably hope; he has got nothing to hope on or in; so he will thirst, long, pant, and follow after the Almighty, till God in his rich grace gives him to drink of his mercy, as he says, "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none"—can't get it from promises of amendment—"and their tongue fails for thirst." What makes it fail? I believe some of you before God know what makes it fail, *crying to God and not getting any answer*. What will God do for these folks? "Then I will open rivers in high places and fountains in the midst of the valleys, to give drink to my people, my chosen." I remember John Bunyan, where he is speaking of the desires of God's people for the mercy of God, says, "The things come like thimblefuls compared with what the soul wants."

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." When God drops his Word into the heart, O, my friends! How hope then springs up within him, for he feels "there is mercy with the Lord, that he may be feared;" and he now "rejoices in hope of the glory of God." No spiritually thirsty man ever had his soul satisfied naturally; no, the thirst is satisfied from God, for he

feels there is hope in God for such as himself, and that as "the eye of the Lord is on them that fear him, on them that hope in his mercy," so he feels, it is "of the Lord's mercies he is not consumed"; and, "who can tell," he says, "but what there is room in his heart for me too." If ever you have had this feeling you will never be damned; as sure as God's Word is true. You have crossed the line, and entered into the gate of life. You have passed the region of the shadow of death. Though "hope deferred" has often made your "heart sick," yet God has now set an open door before you, and no man can ever shut it.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." A hope in God's mercy springs from grace in God's heart running through the work and person of the Lord Jesus to your hearts; so you will have "grace for grace" to answer that grace. A drop of water is as much water as the ocean; but God has now poured the water upon you, something more than a drop, and he says, "The water that I give you shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And, for the life of you, notwithstanding all the unbelief you have found working in your heart, all the craft of the devil, you can't despair; you can't indeed, although you have tried to do so. Yea, for you have said at times in your feelings, "All men are liars," but God has made you eat your own words, and you have been obliged to acknowledge the truth of his words. So you have found this promise thus far to be true.

Another thing that will produce this thirst in the heart, and make waste all mountains, and dry up all their herbs, is God's law coming in the spirituality and power of it. When it first came with its solemn demands into Paul's heart, he was a flourishing professor; but saith he, "The commandment came, and I died;" and he found it something terrible to die. It came in its power, and like a devouring fire it burnt up all his goodness, and everything he had, and left him a heap of rubbish. Then look at the thirst that came out of his heart; yea, he so thirsted, cried, and longed for the living God, that God said to Ananias, "Go to him." The law could not help him, for, as the poet says,

"Since to convince and to condemn, Is all the law can do."

It burns up all the creature performances like a fire, and leaves him nothing to cover himself with. If this has been found in your heart, there has been much thirst in your soul for Jesus Christ; and now you must have a little of God's Christ to satisfy your soul. You may have had a word to hope in; but now there is something else wanted. "O," say you, "I am thankful for the least crumb. I have got to appear before God, and I feel I shall die." If God has brought thee into this place, nothing will satisfy thy poor heart but blood. This is what will satisfy the law. This is what will satisfy its claims; and it will bring such quiet into thy conscience that thou wilt "drink abundantly," and thy soul will be "satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and milk out, and

be satisfied with the abundance of Zion's glory." So that there is nothing but an applied Christ will satisfy the thirsty soul.

"Sinners can say, and none but they,
How precious is the Saviour."

And if you are not made to see and feel what spirituality there is in the law, and its solemn demands (I do not say any particular word, but the power of it), if this has never entered your conscience, then I tell you, and your conscience will bear witness to it, you are satisfied with hearing about it, and you have no idea about having Christ within. If you die in that state you will find you will sink into hell, having no Christ. If you die in that state the law will lay hold of you. If you never see me, or hear my voice again, you will find it true. As soon as you die the law will lay hold of you, and demand satisfaction; and having nothing to pay, it will carry you to hell; then you will cry out for a drop of water to cool your burning tongue. They that go down to the pit cannot hope for God's truth; there is no Christ there. Thou wert satisfied without him in this life; now Lazarus is comforted, and thou art tormented.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." When this thirst was on the great apostle he could not eat or drink any support from salvation, mercy, heaven, or God's Christ. How few believe what the Scripture saith, there is but "one thing needful." Paul did; so he could not rest till he had got it, for he felt he was damned without Jesus Christ. Did you ever feel so? If so, poor thing, what thirsting there has been for him when at times you have heard somewhat of his work and person; how your heart has longed for it, if so be you might have a drink. I will tell you what God promises to these, "I will satisfy the longing soul," and will "replenish every sorrowful" one, "and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness."

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty;" he shall not die for thirst. When Ananias came to Paul, he said, "The Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." This was what God would pour out, you see, and so he went and preached Christ to Paul, as if he should say, "My thirsty soul is satisfied, I have got it poured out on me"; and out ran the water from his mouth. It was Christ the power and the wisdom of God that he declared; and he could also say of the pouring out, "I have got it." So I tell you, if God has brought you here, you will give him no rest till you have got the same. For "the kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." It does not rest upon anything short of his love and mercy; "I will do it," saith the Lord; there is no condition. It is the same as this, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy." If the poor sinner objects on account of his badness, "I will do it," says God. And, poor thing, it will get God such a name in your soul that when he does it, you will never be tired of speaking of it, saying,

“Exalt his great name,” and you will cry out, “Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?” This will be the effect of it in your heart; and you will speak of it to the praise of his great name, and sing of it to all eternity. “Ah, but,” say you, “I have so many fears it will never be done for me.” It rests upon the faithfulness of God to do it; he is bound by covenant to do it: “I will do it.” I have thought a good deal this week upon that promise that God spake to Abraham, and how Abraham came and told God about it. God says, “In blessing I will bless thee.” By-and-by, when he comes to tell Abraham what he *would do*, he says in effect, “Thou hast given me no child, although thou hast said that ‘in me all the nations of the earth shall be blessed;’ why is it? Thou hast indeed told me so, and upon that faith has laid hold, and I am expecting to go to heaven by the work of thy dear Son coming through my seed; but I am now old, and Sarah is barren.” But it is as though God said to him as he did on another occasion, “I will make the barren woman to keep house.” So he did, you see; and I must have Christ realized, that I may feel *my* life is bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus Christ. But say you, “I don’t seem any nearer to it now than I did some years ago.” Hear what God says, “Shall I bring to the birth, and then shut up the womb?” I will show you a thirsty man that wanted this manifestation, and was fearful that the grave would open for him before he got it; and as this man, as sure as God liveth, you will find yourself before you die. You read of one Simeon; what did the poor man want? He was waiting for “the consolation of Israel.” There were the priests and temple services; but he was thirsting for Jesus Christ himself; he wanted a felt and enjoyed Christ. O to lay hold by experience that Christ was his, and that he had an interest in him. When he was in this state of mind they brought up the child Jesus to do for him after the law, and he came into the temple. Faith saw the mercy of God running to poor sinners in this blessed Christ; he took him up in his arms, saying, “Lord, now,”—*now*—what do you think he felt? As if he would say, “Lord, I am full, overflowing. ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’” Ah! says God, “I will do it;” yes, he will do it to purpose. And a felt Christ manifested will so satisfy your soul that you will feel,

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

Thus he comes into the promise of his word, “Drink abundantly, O beloved;” and he praises the name of the Lord; and he will bring you, poor soul, to say, “What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?” And then I will tell you what follows: you will see what a little religion there

is in the world; because real religion brings this man and woman to this thirsty state, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." For mind, as the Son of God satisfies the thirst of this poor soul, so he creates in him a greater thirst after more of Christ, for nothing will now satisfy this man but further applications of power; so he must have an every-day Christ. This brings him to cry out, "When wilt thou come unto me?" for God has wrought a living religion in his heart. Christ having satisfied his soul, satisfied all the demands of the law, put his accusers to silence, and made him rejoice in his goodness, this has, in its turn, created a greater thirst to have fellowship with the Father, and with his dear Son.

What a mercy it is to be spiritually-minded, for the many sweet tokens and drops that fall into this man's heart none know but God and himself! When the Son of God manifests himself to him, and opens up his beauty, and while these things are sweetly in operation in his heart, how it stops all his thirst for the world. Such things cannot live under so sweet an influence as a spiritual mind; it burns them all up, and leaves them neither root nor branch for the time being. It drowns his sins in the feeling of it, and the poor man thinks he is to become another being; he thinks nothing will be springing up but faith, hope, and love, and has no idea there is going to be a famine of hearing the Word of the Lord, or that he will ever thirst for the world again; for he says, at such times,

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me,
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free."

I know what it is to open my mouth and pant, as the Scripture saith, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so pants my soul after thee, O God." I then feel as I go to God's house, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts, my King, and my God!" and I find and feel God in my spirit. This very manifestation of God to the soul creates a greater desire for heavenly things, and brings the soul to cry with Paul, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." How truly the soul finds this is life and peace; he does indeed; and God at such times pours water upon him abundantly. Did you ever feel in your heart at such a time, "Lord, it is enough?" It was not then, "Hast thou not a blessing my Father? bless me." Nay, you felt then what it was to be satisfied, and for God to bless you with such meditations and divine fellowship, that you felt what it was to walk and talk with God, and felt that Christ has made you have an interest therein. What a few there are in such a thirsty place.

as this. What a few there are who are crying out for communion with God, while many others are saying, "Who will show us any good?" but we can say, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us," and that shall put more joy in our hearts than ever the wicked knew when their corn and wine increased. It is indeed thus in those that are spiritually alive, and have really got their eyes up to the hills.

You will find that even in God's people (it is true; it is too true), there is more thirsting for this world than there is for the living God, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" than there is from day to day, "Give me Christ, give me Christ." This will show what a state God's people are in. Yea, yea. But, however, God will move the souls of these; he will create a thirst again in their hearts. If you notice, after Samson had slain the Philistines, he said, "With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jawbone of an ass have I slain a thousand men." Then he threw the jawbone away. Afterwards he was sore athirst; this moved him to cry to the Almighty, and God opened a place in the jaw, "and there came water thereout," and that refreshed him, and he revived. Therefore, you read, Paul advises the church to take "the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." When these fiery darts enter the veins of the poor thing, they will create a thirst; and Satan will come in with such an injection as this, "Where is now thy God?" and begin to question the work of God in the soul; and, my friends, let but these injections enter in the heart, and they will bring the soul before God, saying, "Search me, O God, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." How the things that have been twining about his spirit begin to lose their hold; and when these injections get hold of his heart, you cannot make him satisfied with past experiences. God must revive that work in his heart; he must indeed. This will bring him in secret places before God, saying, "Lord, am I deceived?" How this fear of being deceived will work within him, and even though he comes again and again to God's house, he finds Satan comes with him, and fills him full of carnal thoughts, plottings, and plannings. Let these things befall him in his poor mind, and he will cry, "Do help me, Lord. Set me on high from him that puffeth at me." O how he longs to have a little quietness! These are the things that will stir him up.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." This will make him cry out, "Give me a hearing ear and a feeling mind." He does not now come like the door on its hinges, but he begins to fear whether he has not got merely a "name to live and is dead," and these things coming into his heart will stir him up; they will indeed. So again, there are even worse things than these; but these are things that will make the child of God look about him, and make him feel he wants God to come again. So

God at times will bring again a great thirst in his heart for heavenly things. For sometimes there is much going to God in prayer with mere formality, and the sinner can no more create a heavenly thirst in his heart than he can quicken his own soul. At such times when the man goes to prayer, even as soon as he goes before God, vile things spring up in his mind, and away go his thoughts. Do you know what this is? Put your hand on your mouth then. For in the midst of speaking to God and telling him something you may have felt, or you wanted, even then and there something will come into your heart that you would not, and what shame and confusion it will fill you with, and stir you up to cry out, "Lord, do appear for me, do come and help me." Yea, my friends, this will produce a thirst for God. You will want the sweet operation of the Holy Ghost bubbling up in your soul.

So "by these things men live, and in all these is the life of our spirits." No thanks to Satan; his is an evil intent; it is his infernal malice. God by these things quickens us heavenward, and makes us feel where we are; and our spirits cry for the living God. We want to feel more of the sweetness in his Word, and feel more what it is to walk under the sweet influence of the Holy Ghost, and God promises that he will appear for us. And I am satisfied, if God has made you alive in his Spirit, you have found this true. "Now will I arise, and will set him on high from him that puffeth at him." Then what does God do? Why, as he did to poor Samson, so he does for these folks, and opens some river in a high place, whence God "pours water upon him that is thirsty." There may be several here this morning before God under some of these trials, who may be ready to say, "I have not found it as you have described. I have found it so far as regards the things themselves, but I am afraid I shall die in this state." Well, then, poor thing, these words dropped into my mind just before I came, and I could see a light on my path; they were these, "When the children of Israel came from the Red Sea, there was no water, and they said, in effect, "We shall die in the wilderness with thirst." I daresay you have thought, "What a pity it is the devil is not dead; or, how is it God does not chain him up?" This at times has caused you some murmurings; but what did God do? Moses smote the rock, and the waters gushed out. What then? They drank. Then, you know, "They came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the waters." And I tell you, poor thing, God will smite the rock, and he will make the water gush out, from the tender mercy of a loving Lord Jesus; then you will "drink, and forget your poverty, and remember your misery no more." Therefore, God promises, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground, I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring."*

* The evening sermon next month.

THE GOSPEL AT ELAH;

OR, SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS ON JONATHAN'S GIFTS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND DAVID.

BY THE LATE MRS. ANN HENNAH.

(Concluded from p. 360.)

WE read in Rev i. 13 that our precious Lord Jesus is more-over represented to be "girt about the paps with a golden girdle." Taken in connection with the few feeble remarks we have offered on the two prophetic and figurative girdles named by Isaiah, how beautifully, yet distinctly, do we not see the union of those two representations in this "golden girdle" of which John speaks; and how completely it almost seems to raise us with John, even to catch a glimpse of heaven itself. Is there not in this sublime description something tangible, a solid foundation on which to found our meditations! Why are we shown the Redeemer, or why, we may inquire, was the apostle permitted to behold the exalted Saviour clothed with a golden girdle? Our inference surely must be, that as gold is a precious metal, it is the only fit substance to describe the preciousness of the Redeemer's faithfulness to his Church. Could any power prevent the exercise of this faithfulness, how soon would the whole fabric of "living stones," constituting, as Peter says, the Church of Christ below, crumble into nothing. The heart of every man is unstable as water; and we might as well expect the glorious orbs of heaven to maintain their order irrespective of divine arrangement and control, as expect man, yes, even the renewed soul, to swerve from the broad path which leadeth to destruction, unless, like the heavenly bodies, he be guided and upheld by divine faithfulness. The heart of man being the depository of every element which can ruin and shipwreck his soul, what, we ask, can intercept his destruction but divine faithfulness? Who more than Peter could speak of the preciousness of that faithfulness? How well able was he to write experimentally as well as by inspiration to the Christian strangers scattered abroad in the different provinces of Asia Minor—how well able to exhort those who among them were "suffering according to the will of God to commit the keeping of their souls to him, as unto a faithful Creator." (1 Peter iv. 19). Had Peter forgotten that it was owing to the faithfulness of his precious Master, whom he had previously denied with oaths and curses, that he was restored to "him, the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul?" What also could have prevented Peter, when he went out and wept bitterly, from doing as Judas did, but divine faithfulness? Was it not likewise the same faithfulness which upheld Paul, when the "thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him," seemed on the eve of driving him to desperation? But the blessed assurance given, "My grace is sufficient for thee," in an instant changed the apostle's lamentation into song of joyous praise: "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities," he adds, "that the power of Christ may

rest upon me." (2 Cor. xii. 9). It was the same apostle, who, in encouraging his weak converts, assures them too, that the divine faithfulness was both a sure and safe foundation on which to build their hope for temporals: "My God shall supply all your need," and for spirituals, "He who hath begun the good work in you will perform it," &c. Yes, "He is faithful who hath promised!" And having made a promise to *all* his children, not to one only, not to a favoured few like the twelve apostles only, but to all, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." What can separate from the love of Christ? For having, as John says, loved his disciples, Jesus loved them to the end.

But the golden girdle seems to prefigure to us something more than the preciousness of the faithfulness of the great Head of the Church; does it not also portray its durability? Time which alters and changes even earth's very surface, changes not this precious metal, gold. Iron will corrode, stones will decay, the royal oak and the long-lived cedar will become worthless and rotten, but gold remains the same. Though cast into the fire, it can again be found amid the ashes. It may be buried deep in the ground, deep enough for centuries to pass away, but when discovered it is found unaltered. Is not then the "golden girdle" a most suitable emblem of the durability of the divine faithfulness of our glorious Immanuel towards the church collectively, and towards each member of her body individually? Has not the durability of the divine faithfulness been tested towards his church now for more than eighteen hundred years, and has he not borne her safe above the surges of persecution? Has she not triumphed over her manifold adversaries, the assaults of infidelity led on by the powers of darkness? In by-gone ages, and in the dark and middle ages, and down to the present time, her glorious Defender and Head has stood on her behalf, clothed with the girdle of righteousness on his loins, the girdle of faithfulness on his reins, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle."

Beloved reader, let us also look at the subject individually as well as collectively. Have you not seen how enduring has been that faithfulness throughout your sorrow, however long or short its duration? At all times, at all seasons, in all places has the faithfulness of your faithful Friend appeared; it has never fluctuated, never abated, and never diminished. As it is durable or everlasting, it can never cease from displaying itself towards you, and will endure through all your changes, throughout all your necessities; yea, it will endure to the very end of life itself. We ask you, then, not to forget who it is who is thus clothed. No less a being than our exalted, ascended, and glorified Redeemer; who, as the great Head of his Church, has ever worn this golden girdle and ever will. What you have proved him to be to you in times past, that he will be to the end of life's brief journey. He "hateth putting away," nor can either of his glorious attributes decay or diminish, until the throne of

God shall totter ; for they are, in fact, himself, and are comprised in the word Deity. We would therefore say to you and to ourselves also, "Gird up the loins of your mind, let 'though faint yet pursuing' be your watchword. You enter not on the battle-field without armour ; for there is provided for your use the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, all invincible weapons, and more than a match for your most subtle as well as most powerful foe. The Captain of the Lord's hosts stand at your side, whose faithfulness is pledged to give you the victory. Remember also that with faithfulness is combined strength. Yes ; the strength of Omnipotence, and he who has pleased to designate himself "the Strength of Israel," is not a man that he should lie, or the Son of man that he should repent.

What though "the enemy may come in like a flood" and your timid, sinking heart should lead you to fear that you will be swept away by its desolating waters ; even then the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. "No temptation hath happened to you but what is common to man ;" he only acts towards you as he has ever acted towards the saints ; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted more than his grace enables you to bear. Your trust is not in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. Why has he caused you to be led into straits and difficulties but to make his power known, and to prove the truthfulness of his own words, "Without me ye can do nothing!" He has never failed to succour in your hour of need, but you have had to learn by painful experience to expect no help from the creature. Yes, you have had to learn that confidence cannot, must not, be placed even in princes. You have seen that neither the strength of horses nor of chariots could effect your deliverance without the divine arm ; but when, like Jehoshaphat, you have found yourself surrounded by foes, with no apparent way of escape before you, in your great extremity, like him you have cried unto the Lord for help, when, like the murderous band in the garden of Gethsemane, you have beheld your enemies retreat backwards and fall to the ground. "By strength shall no *man* prevail ;" but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory over every foe, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

How glorious the truth that Jehovah will not "suffer his faithfulness to fail ;" no, not even when his children forsake his laws and walk not in his statutes. If his faithfulness could fail towards David's seed the terms of the everlasting covenant would assuredly be broken, and the precious blood of Christ have been unjustly shed. But his redeemed church being one with him, he claims from Jehovah the Father, as his right, all for which he stipulated by his death ; which was not only the salvation, but the glorification of every member of his mystical body. "Father, I *will* that those whom thou hast given me be with me when I am to behold my glory."

But the question may be asked, "As God is faithful, will not the knowledge that it is exercised on their behalf lead Christians to 'sin that grace may abound?'" Not so. Who, when taught by the Holy Spirit, would not flee from sin, when they behold in David's embittered life the just punishment for sin indulged in the lust of the flesh? Who would not pray, "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins," when they remember how visible was the anger of God on the men of Bethshemesh for daring to meddle with sacred things? Who would not tremble at sin, when they knew for what cause the cities of the plain were overthrown with fire and brimstone out of heaven? What made Ananias and Sapphira the prey of death, but the revelation of the wrath of God against their unrighteousness? Can a believer trifle with sin when he sees that it is that abominable thing which God hates; when he is convinced that sorrow will follow its commission, as sure as the shadow follows the substance? When God says, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore I will punish you because of your iniquities," can a child of God make light of sin? We trow not. Has not the same holy God of truth declared "that the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways?" And again, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee." What keener arrow can possibly enter the soul than the voice of conscience, when influenced by the Holy Spirit? When Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man," who can fathom the agony which simultaneously filled the heart of the psalmist? Read the expressions of penitence and contrition poured forth in the 51st Psalm, and who can imagine from those confessions of guilt that Satan would again so easily decoy and entrap him with his baits as before? Would he not be watchful as well as prayerful? Undoubtedly. Consider, also, the briny tears which poor Peter shed; the bold, the resolute, fearless fisherman weeping like a child over his sin.

True, with the love of Christ constraining and the power of Omnipotence coupled with the promise, "Sin shall not have the dominion over you," the poor timid, fearing child of God may go forward; yet not in his own strength, which he feels to be perfect weakness, but, being strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," he shall learn from day to day that the "lame take the prey." But because thus guarded by Omnipotence, because he is led thus to rely on the Lord God of hosts for preservation, will he rashly and determinately run into temptation? Nay, but he will say with the apostle, "We have not so learned Christ." The hand which feels its need of the crutch, and that there is no support without it, will not recklessly throw it away. That heart which has felt the plague of its depravity and the depth of its deceit knows also that only a "fool" can trust it; therefore the daily prayer ascends, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe;" keep me that my footsteps slip not. Be thou, O my precious Jesus, my tower of defence from the face of every foe! It is true the

Antinomian professor who holds the doctrines of grace theoretically or in the head only, can sin that grace may abound, but not the child of God who knows what contrition for sin means.

Under every consideration, then, how consoling to the true believer is the truth, that Jesus wears on his reins the girdle of faithfulness; that he, as the Good Shepherd, undertakes the guidance of his "little flock" through the wilderness of life; and that the reason they are tried, tempted, afflicted, weary, and almost sometimes broken-hearted is, that they may call upon him in the day of trouble. By means of the thorns and briers of the desert,—the daily cross, the daily exercise, the daily needs, he keeps them closer in spirit to himself, preserves them from being entangled by the pleasures of the world, and from being captivated by its vanities. You have besought him, dear Christian reader, to occupy the highest and chiefest place in your heart's affections, and he has answered your prayer; but, as dear Newton has expressed it,

"In such a way
As almost drove you to despair."

Perhaps he may have brought you to his footstool with the cry, "Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell in Mesech and to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!" Again, a member of your family may, by acts of unkindness, harsh words, unjust charges, have made you writhe, under the conviction that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Or you may have learned that confidence in an unfaithful friend has proved to you like "a foot out of joint." Thus, in spite of yourself, as it were, you have been compelled, from sheer disquietude of spirit, from the thorn in the side, the buffetings of Satan, through external circumstances, constrained to seek shelter, strength, and endurance at the throne of grace; where you have found a "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." By temptations, trials, signs, and wonders, as of old, does the Lord not only take unto himself a people from the midst of another people, but he chooses this way to keep them separate, distinct, and a peculiar people, "that shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." By this method shall his Israel still be guided like a flock in safety in the wilderness; by this method shall they prove the integrity of his heart, the skilfulness of his hands, and the beauty of the girdle of righteousness which is on his loins. May it not well be said, "O Israel, happy art thou!" even in the path of tribulation; for in the midst of all thy discomfort, sorrows, heaviness, and affliction, thou art not alone, though thou dwellest alone, for the Comforter shall be with thee, and the Angel of the covenant shall be thy companion, until thou needest no more of the wilderness manna, and shall give up "eating the old corn because of the new."

Strong and ardent as was the affection between David and Jonathan, it was like every earthly sweet, of short duration and short-lived; for ere long the beloved Jonathan fell on the battle-

field, and the last tribute of affection which David could pay was his sorrowful lament over the mortal remains of his cherished counsellor and friend. Here, then, all comparisons and all similitude between Christ and the church end; for Paul emphatically declares that death itself can effect no separation between the glorious Head and the members of his body the church; for they are betrothed unto him *for ever*. Hear the sweet words of David in the time of nature's weakness, "Though my heart and my flesh faileth, yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." Did dear old Jacob apprehend a separation from Christ when he gathered up his feet in his bed, "and was gathered unto his fathers?" Did Elisha fear it, when "his sickness whereof he died" came upon him? No! Nor did old Simeon when he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Look throughout the sacred Word, and trace, if possible, any interval in the histories of the saints of old, wherein either the faithfulness, righteousness, or love of Jesus was diminished towards them. His goodness and mercy followed Israel, his patience and forbearance bore with "their manners" in the wilderness. Their departures and estrangements from him made no change in his love to them; though he knew they were a stiff-necked and rebellious people, yet he loved them still; and thinkest thou, O trembling believer, that he will not be the same faithful God of love to thee? "Has he said, and will he not do it?" Has he not declared, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and will he be found an unfaithful promiser? "That be far from thee, O Lord. Must not the Judge of all the earth do right? Yes! thou fearing child of God, notwithstanding all thy misgivings thou wilt still find him in whom thou trustest thy faithful God. He will be faithful throughout thy life, and faithful even unto death. He knows the depth of the Jordan; he knows the shadow of death's valley; he knows the coldness of the grave; he knows the solitude of the tomb; he knows that it is the appointed way of exit from earth and the channel of entrance into heaven; and will he bring thee safely to Jordan's brink and desert thee in thy weakest, thy most helpless hour? O, no! He has sanctified the grave of his saints, and made it for ever a hallowed repository for their precious dust. When the Jordan appears in sight thou shalt find thy omnipotent Jesus has said to its billows, "Peace, be still." The grave will only be to thee a place of repose for thy wasting and withered form, nothing more; for the grave has been stripped of its horrors by thy precious and great Forerunner; and thou mayest ask exultingly, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The love and faithfulness of Jesus will do all this for thee, thou beloved of the Lord; but he will yet do more; he will afterwards receive thee to glory. Yes! where the glorious Head is, there, as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, must each member of his body be; there can be no disunion, therefore

there can be no separation. "Father, I will," was the prayer of Omnipotence, and it must be performed. "I go to prepare a place for you," and that place is the presence of God and of the Lamb, with all its attendant blessedness—a fruition of bliss far too great for the finite mind of man to compute, and far too glorious for even an apostle to describe. There we shall see the King in his beauty; "the city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." (Rev. xxi. 23.)

Glorious revelation from a glorious God! What shall be said of the love, mercy, faithfulness, and righteousness of a gracious Triune Jehovah. That it passeth knowledge, passeth human understanding; but while those blessed realities will ever remain parables, foolishness, and mysteries to the unregenerate, by faith they can be embraced and rejoiced in by the weakest babe in the family of Christ. May we not exclaim, O the lengths and breadths, the depths and heights of divine grace! so wonderful in its mightiness, so wonderful in its operations, so wonderful in its fulness, that we may justly sing of it, as unto the God of all grace, the sublime strain which the sorrowing King of Israel sang over his fallen, but still, even in death, his beloved Jonathan,—"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

A. H.

THE GREAT LOVE OF OUR FATHER.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—JNO. XV. 13.

To sing of the marvellous love of my God,
 May I with his ransom'd aspire,
 Who came from above, and this wilderness trod,
 To raise them up out of the mire.

O! wake up my feeble and slumbering soul,
 And help me, thou heavenly Dove,
 To sing of the stream, nay, ocean, that flows,
 Of wonderful, wonderful love.

Three glorious Persons inhabit the throne,
 A doctrine reveal'd in the Word,
 Jehovah the Father, the Spirit, and Son,
 All by the bright seraphs adored.

The omniscient eye of *Jehovah Three-One*,
 With pity beheld from above,
 A race which astray from their Maker had gone.
 O wonderful, wonderful love.

Ah! Here is a love which no changes can know,
 Like grace its immutable friend,
 An emblem of which is the covenant bow,
 Having neither beginning nor end.

This love from eternity fix'd upon man,
 The bowels of Jehovah did move.
 Ere cherubims flew or time had began.
 O wonderful, wonderful love.

And when in the garden of Eden was found,
 The man and the woman dismayed,
 The Lord with a voice of melodious sound,
 The greatest of promises made.

The law had been broken and must be fulfill'd,
 Which no fallen creature could do,
 But Jesus the "Holy One" enter'd the field,
 With this noble object in view.

Completed the task, his own church to redeem,
 Her garments of righteousness wove,
 Then laid down his life to send forth the sweet stream
 Of wonderful, wonderful love.

Nor would we forget the great Comforter, no,
 Who opens those treasures of gold
 Who leadeth the blind in the way they must go,
 Ere they can love's wonders behold.

Who tells us what Jesus hath done for his bride,
 Though from him addicted to rove;
 Gives eyes to behold both his hands and his side.
 O wonderful, wonderful love.

Salvation's the work of the glorious Three,
 Who plann'd it ere old Adam fell,
 A scheme in which all their perfections agree,
 In saving lost sinners from hell.

Whose nature the Saviour was pleased to assume,
 When for them he came from above,
 To die for their sins and their grave to perfume.
 O wonderful, wonderful love.

O may I behold him, my Saviour, my all,
 When time shall have ended its race;
 When he the broad heavens shall fold as a scroll,
 And earth shall have fled from his face.

May I then adore him, my Lord and my God,
 Approach him his fulness to prove,
 When round him are gather'd the price of his blood,
 To sing of his wonderful love.

Boston, Lincolnshire.

J. BOLTON.

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

REMEMBRANCES OF THE LORD'S LOVING-
KINDNESS AND TENDER MERCIES WHICH I EXPERIENCED
DURING TEN WEEKS OF GREAT BODILY PAIN.

THE Word of God exhorts us to "offer the sacrifice of praise" "the fruits of the lips;" and as I am not able to see many of the Lord's people to speak to them, I attempt to write, that my dear friends may help me to praise God for his goodness. I believe it to be the will of God that I should do this, and I have asked him to guide me in the right way; and I trust the Holy Spirit will bring to my recollection whatsoever the dear Lord hath said unto me. I feel in my soul these words: "Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness." "Let your light so shine before men."

On Feb. 14th, 1881, I left my home to go to the Samaritan Hospital, in London, where I had attended about three and a half years ago. I arrived safely there; but was very tired, and had to keep my bed all the next day, with a very bad headache. On the 16th, and three following days, I went under the doctor's hands. The pains were very dreadful to bear; but my heart cried unto God for help, for I felt as though I should die under the operation, notwithstanding the kindness and tenderness of the doctor, who said he trusted I should be much better for what he had done. On Saturday I was much worse, and on the Sunday very ill indeed. I thought I should never see my home and dear children again; my mind was distressed, and I wished I had never come to the hospital. I was too ill to speak, and my thoughts tried me. Questionings arose as to whether I had done right, or as to whether the Lord had permitted me to come because of my importunity, and not because it was his will. I tried to pray, and my heart mourned and groaned before the Lord. My body was full of pains, and I had not strength to move; the suffering was hard to bear. On the Monday, I heard the doctor remark to the nurse, "Perhaps it is what we have done to her which upsets the system like this." On that day the dear Lord made me to feel willing to suffer anything. I then felt if it was his will for me to be in the hospital, and to suffer all this pain, it was right. I grieved over my rebellious feeling of the day before, and was quite willing to die there, if he pleased. I had such a sweet melting of soul and gratitude to the dear Lord for his great mercies toward one so vile, that it helped me much to feel that all my pains were given me in measure; that I should not have any more to bear than was good for me, neither would the same pains return. On that day I was also favoured to have a letter from a very dear friend, who said he had thought much about me the day before, and felt constrained to write, though he did not often write letters on the Lord's day. I felt that that was another mercy from the Lord to lay me thus on

the minds of his people. I often felt comforted by the thought that some of God's people were praying for me.

I received two letters from my dear pastor, which helped me much. In one of them he referred to the many storms and tempests, trials and afflictions, which the Lord had brought me through. He said, "The storms are often increased in violence towards the end." This I felt was true; for my trial then seemed to me a "fiery" one, and this text was often in my mind, "I will bring the third part through the fire." I wrote a line to ask him to write to me about the "fiery trial" spoken of in the Word. I could not remember the exact words, and was not able to search for them, being unable to read all the time I was in the hospital; but I desire to thank God that my mind was stored with texts, which the blessed Spirit brought to my remembrance in times of need. I suffered much from want of sleep; but it was often in the night that the dear Lord gave me a word to feed upon. Bless his dear Name, he often comforted my soul, and helped me to bear my pain quietly. I was not able to sit up, and had to take my food reclining on the bed; when I had to walk across the room I staggered, even to the last day I was there. I had a bad pain come on nearly three weeks before I left, which hurt me to move, and became much worse when I was on my feet. The doctor said it was neuralgia in the bowels; but I did not agree with him. He said it would leave me as I got strength, and I tried to hope so; but felt very disheartened because it got worse. I told the nurse that I thought the pain was caused by inflammation; but she tried to get my thoughts off the subject. She sometimes said she did not know what to make of me, because I got no better, and looked so ill each morning. She told me the doctor could do no more for me. I was afraid to tell him how very bad the pain was, because I dreaded those instruments; so I kept as quiet as I could, the Lord helping me.

I was in the hospital nearly a month, and really felt worse when I left than when I went in. Nearly a fortnight before I left there was a young person came as a patient. I felt my mind drawn to her. I had never seen her, nor heard her name before, but I could not help looking at her, wanting to know if she knew the Lord; and the next day the Lord caused us to understand each other. This was a great comfort to me. As she belonged to the Lord Jesus, we got a little talk together sometimes, and she usually came to my bedside before getting into bed at night, and read to me. May the Lord bless her for that. When I was too ill to bear the reading she came and kissed me, which caused my heart to go up to the Lord for a blessing on her, and in gratitude to him for his loving-kindness. Every one in the hospital was kind to me. The matron always spoke tenderly, and my dear nurse was exceedingly kind. Some dear friends came from Bayswater to visit me, and a friend from Blackheath also. His conversation was sweet and precious. He also read and prayed with me; and as he was leaving the ward, these words came into

my mind, "I was sick, and ye visited me." I prayed that the dear Lord would cause him to feel those words in his soul.

The doctor had a little conversation with me before I left the hospital; he said, "I think we may send you home now. You will never be able to do much work, and you must take great care of yourself." He gave me very good advice; but if he had known I was suffering from internal inflammation, he would not have sent me away then; but I am glad I left, and I did not tell him that I felt unable to bear the long journey. I left on the 10th of March, and the nurse went with me to the station, and saw me off, and through the mercy of God I arrived at Eastbourne safely; but I suffered much pain all the way, and when I got out of the train I felt as though my senses were leaving me. My dear friend, J. Verrall, took me to his house, where I had arranged to stay two weeks before going home, hoping the rest and change might do me good. O! how thankful I was to get to my dear friend, Mrs. V., for I was quite exhausted, but my heart was very full, so much so that I could not speak for some time.

I did not go home in two weeks; the Lord had ordered it otherwise. Bless his dear Name, he doeth "all things well." I continued to have much pain, so that I could not walk, but just creep down-stairs and lie on a couch. I hoped the pain would go away, but it tried me. Friday and Saturday passed; and Mr. V. was led out in prayer for me on Saturday night. I did not sleep much, because of pain; but in the morning of the Lord's day I had such a sweet visit from the Saviour, such a time as I had not had for years. When my friend came to inquire how I was, she said, "You look brighter." I said, "Yes, I have had something to make me look bright." O, my friends, I am writing this that you may help me to praise him for his exceeding great love to me. The first words which came into my soul were two lines of Rutherford's hymn:

"Glory, glory,
Dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

My heart began to melt with a feeling sense of the Lord's mercy towards me. The Name "Immanuel" was very sweet to me, and I cried out, "O Jesus, precious Jesus!" O what love, peace, and joy flowed into my soul; and the presence of the Lord Jesus filled the room. O that I could write of it as I would; my soul was filled with wonder; and I mourned and grieved before him for my many sins; but he said, "I have sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." He gave me also many such like precious words, and renewed in my soul those recorded in Isa. xxxiv. 5-10. He caused me to eat every word as he gave them to me.

I had about an hour's sweet and holy communion with him "whom my soul loveth." My own will was quite taken away, and I felt that if it was the will of God to take me I could leave everything. I did not feel a wish to see my husband and children, or any one. I told him to do with me whatever he pleased. He

also gave me these words: "As thy days so shall thy strength be. The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." O how sweet it was to feel those precious promises. The Lord gave me faith, and my soul was full of joy; and I begged of him to abide with me. O how I cried unto him not to leave me again, but to hold me fast, and if he was pleased for me to live any longer to help me to live to his glory. Then he gave me these words: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come;" and "The days of thy mourning are ended." I cried for more of the grace of understanding. I felt waiting to know what the Lord would do with me. I thought he would take me home to himself; but he did not. When I told my dear friend, she thought I was going to die, or else be very ill. Mr. V. was praying for me at the time that I was so favoured. When I got up, I looked into my Bible, and these words helped me: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." I felt rather better in body that day, and had a visit from a beloved friend. That night I was taken much worse. I suffered great pain all night; and the next day it was with difficulty that I dressed and got downstairs, and there lay down. O what agony I was in, only God knew. I was helped to keep quiet, and these precious words supported my soul: "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

My dear friend was much distressed, not knowing what to do for me. She tried various remedies, but nothing gave ease; neither could I get warm, until my friend got two hot-water bottles, and placed one against my body, and the other at my feet, and the pain was subdued a little. In the evening, at the time of prayer at the chapel, I felt such a sweet restful feeling come over my soul that I told Mrs. V. I felt some one was led to pray for me. I was greatly comforted, and for a time had less pain. The next day I was not able to get up. I suffered very much; but O, the goodness and mercy of the dear Lord were greater than all my suffering. He gave me peace and joy. I felt nearness to a precious Saviour also. He gave me the spirit of prayer, so that I could pray for myself, my husband and children, and all my dear friends by name. O, how exceeding great is his pity! I did not know whether I should live or die; neither had I any impression either way. I had no will but God's, and I told him I did not want to know anything except his love, and to have his sweet presence. I was quite willing to die, if it was his will. Sometimes I had such blessed foretastes of the joy of being for ever with Jesus that my spirit longed to go. I felt the preciousness of these words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee," and, "When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" and again,

“There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly bliss,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.”

Again and again, I felt the preciousness of those words; and I thought perhaps the Lord would take me home. He graciously kept my mind free from all worry and care concerning my home and family, and caused me to leave everything at his dear feet. O that I could praise him! I received the most kind care from dear Mr. and Mrs. Verrall, and pray the dear Lord to bless them.

The next day, Wednesday, I sent for the doctor who had attended me, more or less, for ten years. He came, and afterwards sent medicine; but instead of relieving me it caused more pain. He did not understand that inflammation was the cause of the pain, but thought it was an obstruction. I did not know then; I only knew how great the pain was. Sometimes I had to moan and groan all the night because of the agony; and every time I tried to move I could not help weeping. The Lord helped me to keep from making noise enough to awake my friends. I had a bell put close to my bed, and my friends wished me to ring if I wanted anything; but I felt the Lord near to me, and was kept looking and crying to him for help. I had no fear of death that had been taken away by the mercy of God. He kept me, in the midst of that severe pain, from feeling impatient. I never thought that the Lord had dealt hardly with me. No, bless his dear Name, it was in love that he afflicted. He said, “I will turn mine hand upon thee, and surely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin.” “I will bring the third part through the fire.” “I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.” “I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.” I did not mind being in a room alone, because I was not alone: the sweet presence of Jesus was with me. Truly his mercy toward me is wonderful. The dear Lord continued to keep my mind in perfect peace, resting upon him; and, at times, my heart was drawn up to bliss and joy greater than I can write of. I often cried out, “O the exceeding preciousness of his love!” It seemed to me so wonderful that the Lord should so favour me, the most unworthy of all his children. I loathed myself, while I rejoiced in the full assurance of pardon, and the preciousness of his love. I do not remember all the words which the Lord said unto me the next few days, but only that I was kept resting in him. One evening I had a visit from my dear pastor, Mr. Bradford, and I felt his prayer very precious, and I had Psalm xxiii. to feed upon all night.

On the next Lord's-day I was again favoured to receive a visit from Major P., and was enabled to tell him of the continued goodness of Jesus; which he was rejoiced to hear. On the Monday a visit from a dear old friend, Mr. B., cheered my heart; he prayed with me, and the Lord was very near, and gave us

each a blessing. O for a heart to praise him! My friend was afraid to stay, and feared that even a prayer would be too much for my little strength; but the dear Lord graciously gave me a nice sleep afterwards; which did me good, as it was very seldom that I slept. On the Tuesday I was not so well, and the inflammation came on again violently in the afternoon; this was the fourth attack. I got worse; the doctor had not been to see me since the Friday before, and that day he sent word that he should not come any more because I was out of his district. Dear Mrs. V. kept it from me all day, but had to tell me in the evening. It seemed very cruel treatment, and caused me to shed tears; but my heart went up to the Lord for help. I told him that I knew he was the *Great Physician*, and asked him to undertake for me. Then my husband and eldest daughter came, and were much distressed to find me so ill. My daughter went to the doctor's house, and begged him to come to me, or send some medicine, if it was only one dose, to relieve the pain; but he would do neither, and said she was to go to the relieving officer, and get an order for the doctor of the district in which I was. My poor child came back to me broken-hearted; but I tried to comfort her by telling her I believed it was best for me not to have the medicine. The dear Lord gave me these precious words then, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." I could not bear the thought of having a strange doctor, especially at night; so we did not send for one that night. My friend kept putting on poultices, and about 10 o'clock the pain was subdued again, and I persuaded my husband and daughter to go home, and my dear friends then went to bed. Soon after 11 the pain became terrible, and lasted for three or four hours. O how I had to groan and cry before the Lord; but I had no fear, though death seemed waiting for me. I did not call any one; but the Lord, in much mercy, took away the pain before daylight, and I had a little sleep. When my friends inquired in the morning I said the pain was quite gone; but when I moved I felt it was not really gone; it was only greatly subdued, and it did not return again with violence that week. My husband tried to get an order for a doctor, but could not; the man said he could not give it; as the case would have to go before the Board of Guardians, which did not meet until the next Friday week. It seemed very hard; but we could not alter it, as I was not able to pay a doctor; so we had to do the best we could. My dear friend never changed in her kindness to me, but nursed me as a sister in every way; though she was at times rather anxious, because it seemed that I must die, and I was in one of her best rooms, which she would have got ready for letting if I had not been there. It was very trying for her, and I did beg the dear Lord to help and comfort her all the time I was there. I did not once feel that my friends thought me a trouble, and this was a great mercy to me. The Lord caused me to pray much for

those dear friends, knowing they must be burdened. I cried unto God to remove their burden, which often pressed sore upon them. I wrestled in prayer, and often begged the Lord to send lodgers who would take the rooms which were ready for letting, so that they might be helped. I pleaded the Lord's own words before him, because he hath said, "Put me in remembrance;" "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" and, "If ye ask the Father anything in my Name, he will give it you." I was enabled to continue much in prayer for their burden to be removed; also for some other things which I had for some time past been asking the dear Lord to grant me; and the Lord gave me nearness of access. I felt so near to him, it was like talking to a friend, only it was a Friend so high, so glorious, bless his precious Name! "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly."

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS FROM THE MINISTRY OF THE LATE MR. JOHN VINDEN.

HOWEVER much thou esteemest the ministers and people of God, there must be nothing between himself and thine own soul.

God makes affliction to adhere, so that it cannot be cast off; and all affliction is peculiar which he sends.

Speak the *word* only, said the centurion; as though he should say, Wrap thyself up in that Word.

If God has enlisted you in his army, marvel not if all the armies of the aliens are against you.

Reality comes after passing the *shadow* of death.

When God brings trouble, he alone can deliver.

When conflict comes, it is well for us to have no armour of our own to go in.

Said an old woman, Satan brings me a new bait, so gilded, I take it down before I know about it.

As there is now a peculiarity of sound which attracts the children of God, so in the resurrection there shall be a peculiarity of power to draw them together.

There are few of God's children but who can say, "Although my house be not so with God."

God will rend your heart; but not as with a sword to destroy, but a rod to correct.

We may plot to soften the anger of our enemies; but God only can do this.

You will see some sufficient and wise enough in their own eyes to think to go full sail into heaven; but if God prevent not they will go full sail into hell.

I want to know God speaks to *me*; it will be that alone that will enable me to face the accusations of Satan, and pass the river when my time shall come.

God's children will be taught to live and taught to die.

If you are as those whose religion ends when the poor stammerer has done, I never want to see you here again as a professor of religion.

The world will not allow that there is anything like the Spirit of God speaking to the heart.

How many of you know anything of the secret solemn witness?

If you can get on without some secret dealings with God, I don't envy your religion.

I have left off to attempt to describe the feeling when God spake into my heart, saying I had an interest in his everlasting love. For seventeen years I prayed for the witness; but at last it came.

Pure language is wrapt up in one word,—*grace*.

If God has not appeared to thee as a sin-avenging God, solemnly watch it.

I never go to bed so quietly as when I have had a few minutes' speaking with God.

When it comes to, "O Lord, undertake for me," there is something grand to follow.

If your bed-chambers are no witnesses for you, God will witness some day against you.

It is a solemn thing to have to do with God, a terribly solemn thing not to have to do with him.

I would not give a farthing for your religion if death is not sometimes a trouble to you.

As Abraham dealt by Ishmael, so doth God by the Ishmaels of the world. He gives them portions, and sends them away. But the inheritance he reserves for his Isaacs. To them he gives all that he hath; yea, even himself. And what can we have more?—*Elisha Cole*.

WHATEVER notional knowledge men may have of divine truths as they are doctrinally expressed in the Scriptures, if they know them not in their respect unto the Person of Christ as the foundation of the counsels of God; if they discern not how they proceed from him and centre in him, they will bring no spiritual light unto their understandings; for all spiritual life and light is from him and centres in him—*Dr. Owen*.

THE ETERNAL SONSHIP. — Paul finely illustrates the eternal generation of Christ by a grand idea taken from the material sun. The passage I refer to is Heb. i. 3, where our adorable Surety is styled the forth-beaming of the Father's glory. Perhaps no other object, in the whole compass of nature, could have supplied the Apostle with a piece of imagery equally majestic, delicate, and just. Light proceeds from the sun, and yet the sun never existed without light. Christ is at once the begotten of the Father, and co-eternal with him. The sun's rays, or unintermitting efflux of light, are of the same nature with the sun itself; and Christ is a person in the same essence with the Father, Almighty, and joint partaker of all his lovely, glorious, and infinite attributes. Could light be exterminated from the sun, the sun itself, as such, would inevitably be destroyed; and to deny the deity of Jesus is virtually to deny the existence of God. For whosoever denieth the Son hath not the Father, but he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also.—*Toplady*.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

UNION TO THE SECOND ADAM.

Dear Sir,—My daughter gives but a sorry account of your wife's health. These bodies of ours, that bear the image of the first Adam, are pieces of wretched matter; and must be more so till they are reduced to dust, of which they were originally framed. But may we be enabled to comfort ourselves in the believing expectation of the new fashioning of them, after the image of the Second Adam, the Lord from heaven; in which fashion they will be incorruptible, glorious, powerful, and spiritual bodies. It is observed that bodies, the higher they are lifted up towards heaven, they are the lighter. This may help to some notion of the spiritualness of our raised bodies, when all relations betwixt them and this cursed earth are dissolved and we are in heaven.

Yours affectionately,

Nov. 22nd, 1729.

T. BOSTON.

A DREAMER.

"The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream."—Jer. xxiii. 28.

My very dear Friend,—Some few mornings ago, when neither awake nor asleep, but in slumberings on my bed, I dreamt that I was in company with you and a few others, and that I addressed myself to you, saying, "O! the thought that I shall see the face of God with pleasure, and be with him throughout an endless eternity; what a pleasure it doth afford!" Then, arousing from my slumberings, I feelingly realized in a small measure, what had been passing through my mind in the dream. I told the dream to Mrs. C.; and I afterwards said, "I think I shall write a few lines to Frank," as I had had some thoughts of giving up.

How sinful my heart is; how exceedingly sinful are these my heart sins! I have, I do believe, sighed, groaned, grieved, and sorrowed on account of them, and continued to do so. Then who can say that this is not the gift of God? Who can say that it will not issue in salvation, even eternal salvation? Who can say it is not approved in the sight of God? What infirmities I am beset with! I both see and feel them, and no doubt others have a sight of them too. What frailty there is within my nature, and how easily I give up unto the enemy! How apt in the day of adversity I am to faint; weak, ignorant, foolish, and blind I see and feel myself to be. I am sure that none can suit my case but the Saviour. Nothing can release me, guide me through, and land me safe in glory but his eternal salvation. Bless his Name that I do in my small measure understand the term, feel the power, experience the deliverance, taste the joys, and enter into the peace thereof. What should I do in these times, and at my age, and the last days of my labour, if he did not sometimes give me a look, pay me a visit, drop me a word, supply my need, comfort my heart, and encourage my soul to trust his gracious word of promise?

I assure you that I have been very poorly in my body. One night it appeared as though I must sink beneath the fatigue. My labours having been very abundant, both respecting places and times of speaking, and being a little warm on the subjects, I exerted myself too much. I felt, when I lay down, as though something within me was out of order. Well, if it be so, he has also brought me to the place where I humbly venture to say, "Father, thy will be done." I am not far from thence at this time. Here let me dwell. What can be more desirable? What can be better? What can be greater happiness? When do we more resemble the glorified spirits than when we feel that our wills are made straight in accordance with his own, and become quite absorbed therein? I have had some feelings in past days that seemed unbearable; such as these, as though the Almighty had cast me off, forsaken me, forgotten me, made no use of me, and that he would do with me as Samson did with the jawbone of the ass, finally throw me aside. Yea, and very justly might he deal thus with me, a poor and unprofitable servant, ever since the time he took and put me in his service. Well, I feel now a measure of humility for being such an unworthy one as I am; a degree of submission unto him to use me again or not; and a little entering into this portion: "Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." (Isa. xlix. 4.) My feelings that were unbearable produced the first, and my feelings that were pleasant are a key to the second. As before, so to-day, I cry, "Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God. Thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness." (Psa. cxliii. 10.) Nothing appears to me so great as to be enabled to do his will; and nothing is so great a pleasure as to be directed by him to do it here below as it is done in heaven above. Nothing seems to be more honourable than to bow with submission unto his will, as touching our estate that is brought about by his own hand, and which we are unavoidably brought in subjection to. I like to be as the child in the parent's arms; or like the clay in the potter's hands. I *will* to believe that he hath delivered, and to trust him that he will still deliver me. I have mistrusted his providence as the children of Israel did, and like Moses, when he said, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" (Psa. lxxviii. 19.) I have provoked his anger by my unbelief also, as they did when "they believed not in God, and trusted not in his salvation." I have "grieved" his Spirit, and wonder that he has not fought against me, and become my enemy. I have rebelled, at times, all through my life since I have known him. I wonder that I do not always dwell in a dry land. I have been, and still often am, forgetful and ungrateful. How is it that he has not taken everything away from me? I have been wavering, unsettled, and discontented; well may my back be black and blue with his stripes.

I have fretted, grieved, and pined at his ways and my own state. O! The wonder of wonders is that I am not shut up in black despair. Why is not his long-suffering ended, and his red-hot wrath kindled against me? That I have a being upon the earth is a mercy. That I have a well-being and a well-grounded hope of a better estate when this my poor sinful life is at a close, is a greater mercy. I have nothing to murmur or complain about; but I have much to be thankful for. He has hitherto restored me when I have been sick, he has strengthened me when I have been weak, he has fed me when I was hungry, clothed me when naked, comforted me when sad, and lifted me up when cast down. He makes himself to be all that is needful; but I crave for the greater, yea, the greatest supplies. *He* lives; so *I* hope to live. His treasures are not exhausted, so I pray for the fulness of his blessing to abide within me. I would be like Naphtali, "satisfied with favour, and full of the blessing of the Lord." When I go forth in his Name I want to have authority to say, "And I am sure that, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." (Rom. xv. 29.)

Mine and Mrs. C.'s love to you, to your obedient wife, to the D., and to all that fear the Lord or desire to fear his great Name. The Lord bless you, keep you, lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace through the blood of the atonement, and justifying faith therein. The Lord dwell amongst you, and keep you in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.

So prays your fellow-sinner, fellow-heir, and fellow-labourer,
and the Lord's poor servant,

WILLIAM CROUCH.

Pell Green, (Union Cottage, The Plain Land, Geba,
South of Jerusalem,) April 7th, 1847.

To Mr. Covell.

THE SINNER'S HOPES AND FEARS.

My dear Friends,—It is seldom that I write to any one on Saturday or Sunday; but this morning I feel disposed to do so. It is sweet to feel the precious ointment pouring down from the head; and I know of nothing else that will cheer the heart of Zion's pilgrim. No; because he is a stranger here, and whatever else may be presented by the god of this world, or sought after by the corrupted part, will not do for an Israelite. No; he is a new creature; "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Can you say it is so? Happy souls! But you might say, probably, "I am not at a point! Would to God I were!" Our Lord says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." How many sweet evidences are given in God's Word to the seeking soul! But nothing can be an evidence to one who is not seeking; and who would seek for a thing in which he had no interest? Surely we can say, both in the sight of God, and with a good conscience, "Lord, thou knowest I seek thee, and that with all my heart." That such a poor soul is plagued

is as certain as that it is seeking, and this seems to make against him; but in truth it does not, for what does he seek for? The victory over sin in all its branches; and what a cry at times goes forth from this poor burdened sinner! What causes sin to be a burden? Divine life, and this life must be supported; and it has a being in this soul as well as in Christ. Hence says Paul, "And you hath he quickened," &c. This poor creature is abandoned by all the world and counted a fool; just as Noah was, no doubt, when he, by faith, prepared an ark. Yes; and I know that if *they* do not abandon *him*, *he* will *them*, being constrained so to do. How different a religion from all fleshly religion, which only lasts but a short time, and then withers away; but how does the living soul fear this will be his lot! Surely enough it would if his soul was not united to the Lord Jesus Christ by a lively faith, which from time to time is invigorated by the sap flowing from the root; all arising from electing and everlasting love. Moreover, when such a poor seeking sinner gets fresh encouragement from time to time, how does it endear the blessed Lord to his soul, and cause him sensibly to hope in God. How different is this from the hypocrite's hope, who goes backward towards God, and *will* have the world with him. Such a man's hope will as surely let him sink into hell as God's words are truth. This good hope, John says, leads a man to purify himself, even as God is pure; that is, this is the effect of it, including hatred to sin and love to God; yea, perfect holiness is the soul's desire. But when such a desire is exercised with feeling in the heart, and every sin and corruption is also working, how is it then with his hope? "This surely cannot be purifying work," says the poor soul. Peter calls it a "lively hope;" and God's regenerated children are living children, all of them to a man. This hope is experimentally kept alive by our crying *to God*, and the fountain is open for sin and for uncleanness; so that it is the blood of Christ that cleanses from all sin; and such a religion as this will leave no time for the world. Say you, "You are too narrow." Does not our great High Priest (in the sense I mean) pray God the Father to keep them from the evils of the world? But, to our shame, how much of the time allotted us by our dear Father is spent as it ought not to be; and how many groans does it cause us at seasons; which sufficiently proves that the believer who is seeking God and his ways is only going right as his face is toward God. This causes many a bitter cry to escape from the sinner's soul when he steps aside, if it be only to listen to vanity, for his flesh still cleaves to the dust, and how soon caught where least expected; and then his dear Lord hides his face, which is easier lost than recovered. But this poor soul, who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, is never to be forgotten. What constraining obligations are we laid under, my fellow-travellers, from day to day; for while we are continually, through infirmity, departing from our blessed Lord, yet he never leaves us, or departs from us for one mo-

ment; for were this possible, destruction to us must be inevitable for ever. "Behold, what manner of love," &c., and I long that you may be brought to "comprehend with all saints," the breadth and length of it; for nothing in this world can do one (who knows something of it, in never so small a degree), so much good as to see it sweetly going on in another. What is to be compared with it? Let them whose happiness is made up beneath the sun bring all they can, and I know everything will fade before one five minutes' real communion with our covenant God; and the seeking soul shall never fail of receiving such blessings, for God says, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart." Their tongues often cleave to their mouths, but one divine look from their Elder Brother will set the spring sweetly moving, enabling them to tell their tale, perhaps in one desire really drawn forth, for every movement of this poor creature is now toward God; and it is sometimes at such seasons like Ezekiel's vision; the water first comes under the threshold, and presently to the ankles; by-and-by to the loins, and then they swim in it.

The more you and I know of such a religion as this the better for us; that we know something of it is a precious blessing, and not to be accounted a small thing; and to wait for greater manifestations from him who first was pleased to manifest himself by calling us with an heavenly calling, is our privilege.

When I got home, my little Mary was very ill indeed; she is now, through mercy, recovering. Mrs. Sharp is tolerably well, and the rest of the family. We expect to see J. and S. according to their proposition, should it be convenient, and if so, drop a line. Give my love to the brethren, and I join with Mrs. S. to yourself,

Brighton, Sept. 19th, 1818.

In the Bonds of the Gospel,

W. SHARP.

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—Having read in the Aug. No. of the "G. S." your reply to A. C.'s query, respecting the meaning of 1 Tim. ii. 4; and 1 Jno. ii. 2; I feel emboldened to trouble you with a famous text with Armenians; viz., 2 Pet. ii. 1.

What are we to understand by the statement that some among those to whom Peter wrote shall "bring upon themselves swift destruction" by "denying the Lord that bought them?"

If you will kindly give me your explanation of this, to me, very difficult text, in your next issue of the "G. S." I shall esteem it a great favour.

Cubitt Town, E.

Yours sincerely,

B. J. N.

ANSWER.

The true meaning of this passage turns upon the relationship of these persons to their Lord. The word rendered "Lord," is Despotees, whence comes our word despot, *an absolute ruler*, and

means much the same in Greek; a *lord*, or *master*, especially of slaves. We give our correspondent all the places in the New Testament where it is found; and he can then examine them for himself; Luke ii. 29; Acts iv. 24; 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2; 2 Tim. ii. 21; Tit. ii. 9; 1 Pet. ii. 18; 2 Pet. ii. 1; Jude 4; Rev. vi. 10.

1. The word implies supreme authority; and in this verse, as in some others, it refers to God as an *absolute ruler*, not to Jesus Christ as their Redeemer. Under the Old Testament there were false prophets amongst the people, whom God had not sent; and these were a plague breaking out amongst them from time to time. (Jer. xxvii., &c.) There are also false teachers under the New Testament; but God never sent any of them. Satan sends these. They are said to be his servants, and therefore do his work. (2 Cor. xi. 13–15.) These bring in all the damnable heresies against the divine and human natures of Immanuel, Baptismal Regeneration, Arianism, Socinianism, Sabellianism, free-will, creature-power, and all the soul-deceiving errors found in the various isms of the day. That God has not sent such preachers is plain, because they are not doing his work, but their own. We hope our correspondent perceives that this verse refers to false teachers only.

2. As to the purchase of them. They are not bought as his people, or his servants. His servants they are not, because they are false teachers; and as God is truth itself, he could not employ them as preachers of the gospel; but he is their Sovereign as of all mankind, and they are partakers of his temporal salvation; for God, as a Sovereign, “is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe.” (1 Tim. iv. 10.) This is temporal salvation which every man daily receives from God. Their life is granted them, and they are preserved and bought after the manner Joseph bought the Egyptians: “Then Joseph said unto the people, Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh; lo, here is seed for you, and for food for your little ones.” (Gen. xlvii. 20–26.) In this manner all become God’s servants, and are bought from immediate death, and temporally preserved.

3. The crime of these false teachers is that they deny their Sovereign, who has thus bought them. They deny him in their teaching, it being contrary to that of God’s revealed truth. A denier of truth is a denier of God and a reproacher of his Sovereign.

4. The height of the crime of denying the Lord is that they deny a Sovereign who has bought them, as before stated. The crime is such as that of the Egyptians would have been had some of them run about teaching their neighbours to rebel against the king, saying, they were their own masters, and that Pharaoh was an unjust monarch for not letting them do as they pleased; they had a free will, and ought to use it; and to interfere with them would be the act of a tyrant. Moreover, suppose the king had promised anything to his subjects, and sworn to his promise, and then some of them, like these false teachers, ran about,

saying, "Don't believe it, it is not true." Would not this be a great crime? Well, then, God has said he will never leave his people, and they shall not depart from him; (Jer. xxxi. 33-37; xxxii. 38-44); but these false teachers say, "he will, if they leave him," notwithstanding that he hath said neither the one nor the other shall ever occur; and to this he has sworn, in order that poor sinners might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before" them. (Heb. vi. 11-20.)

Hence the very men who are thus daily belying the character of God, and trying to prove from this passage that God does suffer his people to leave him, or, in other words, that men can fall from grace, are the persons who are denying a Sovereign who bought them, who feeds and clothes them, gives them health and strength, protects and guides them in this life, and blesses them in temporal things; and temporal things are all they feel to need, and all they seek after. "Nay," say you, "they certainly do desire to go to heaven." Not to God's heaven. It is an earthly paradise they desire, for the heaven they talk about is earthly enough. Therefore these circulators of lying doctrines bring "upon themselves swift destruction."

My dear Mr. Editor,—As I have been a reader of the "G. S." for above thirty years, I beg leave to ask you if you will give me some information, or a reason why the revisers of the New Testament omitted that beautiful verse, Acts viii. 37. It was this precious portion of Scripture, with others in the gospels, that were opened up to me, more than thirty years ago, that led me to follow the dear Lord in the ordinance of believers' baptism. I was baptized by Mr. Kershaw, in Zion chapel, Trowbridge. It was by faith I then saw the Father speaking from heaven, the Son coming up out of the water in obedience to his Father's commands, and the Spirit descending upon him like a dove,—a glorious mystery, a Trinity in Unity, one undivided Jehovah. Having had also another sip, and a sweet view of God's eternal Son, last week, in those words recorded in John xvii. 5, I saw in a moment that the spotless *humanity* of the Son of God had not then ascended, but that the Son of God was before in heaven, and had passed by the nature of angels, and had taken upon him the seed of Abraham, and was "made in the likeness of sinful flesh," and was now about to suffer "the just for the unjust," and to make reconciliation, by his blood-shedding, for the sins of his dear people; and when I saw in the new revision the question asked by Philip, and the answer given by the eunuch omitted, it grieved my spirit. Not wishing to intrude,

Believe me to be yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,
Trowbridge.

S. C.

ANSWER.

The question our correspondent asks demands a decided answer, and one that will satisfy his mind, as he appears to be

grieved in spirit by the new revision, and perhaps he is not the only one.

The reason the revisers would give is, "because that verse is not found in the three great manuscripts—viz., the *Sinaitic*, thought to belong to the fourth century; the *Alexandrian*, belonging to the fifth century; and the *Vatican*, about the fourth century. These three manuscripts were written during the fierce and savage contests between the Trinitarians and the Arians. But what did the Trinitarians believe? Well, that is easier asked than answered—that is, what they all really believed in at about this period. "Hence it happened that the Christian doctors entertained different sentiments upon this subject without giving the least offence, and discoursed variously concerning the distinctions between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; each one following his respective opinion with the utmost liberty." (*Mosheim.*) This is latitudinarianism with a witness, which the "doctors" made good use of. Origen believed that the Son was in God as reason is in man. He contributed more to corrupt the simplicity of the gospel, and opened a wider door to the wildest systems of errors, and pernicious doctrines of demons, than any other man. Added to this, Sabellius had already set his sentiments afloat; Paul of Samosata, the father of modern Socinians, had drawn away many disciples after him. He believed the Son and Spirit existed in God only as the faculty of reason and activity in man.

A.D. 320. Arius, a presbyter of the church of Alexandria, and of the school of Origen, now began to rise into note. The famous Eusebius undoubtedly was an Arian in heart,* but endeavoured to pursue a middle course. He inclined towards those who held that the three Persons in the Godhead were different from one another in rank and dignity. He died A.D. 340, while he was actively engaged in preparing, at the request of Constantine, fifty parchment MSs. for the use of the churches of the capital. What MSs. were these? Are the three, or any part of the three, great MSs. above-named, amongst the number?

But let us turn to the rise and introduction of Arius.

Alexander, bishop of Alexandria, expressed his sentiments freely in the assembly of presbyters that the "Son was not only of the same eminence and dignity, but also of the same *essence* with the Father. Arius opposed this sentiment, and hence began the controversy and rise of Arianism. About the year 325 a council was summoned by Constantine, and the Nicene Creed drawn up.

Thus it will be seen that the Arian controversy began about the year 325, and raged with more or less violence for several centuries. In the seventh century the doctrines of Arius were still adhered to by the Lombards.

At some periods during these centuries Arianism overran the

* He admitted Christ's eternity; but not that he was co-equal with the Father.

churches, and new heresies were continually springing up, chiefly respecting the Person of Christ; so that everything about this period ought to be cautiously received. For the Arians at times triumphed in several parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Arianism was the declared religion of the Vandals in Africa, the Goths in Italy, the Spaniards, the Burgundians, the Suevi, and the greatest portion of the Gauls. Here is evidence that the Arians and other new sects which arose out of this controversy infected nearly the whole of the so-called church. A few held fast to the doctrine of the Trinity in a scriptural sense; but very few. In the sixth century "the cause of true religion sank apace," says Mosheim, "and the gloomy reign of superstition extended itself in proportion to the decay of genuine piety." (P. 103.)

That these three manuscripts have been tampered with by the Arians, if not wholly copied by them from some others of more ancient date, is evident upon a comparison of the sentiments of Arius and some passages in these manuscripts. Here is Arius's own statement in a confession of his faith concerning Jesus Christ: "That the Son is not *unbegotten*, nor a *part* of the *unbegotten* by any means, nor of any subject matter; but that by will and counsel he existed before the times and ages, *full God, only begotten*," &c. (Milner, p. 213.)

Now place beside this "*begotten God*" of Arius the reading of the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS. in Jno. i. 18, "*the only begotten God*," in place of "the only begotten Son." The reading is the very core of Arianism; it is Arius's expressed sentiment. Should an undue veneration be given to antiquity when such a reading as *ὁ μονογενης θεος*, "*the only begotten God*," is found in the MSS.? This reading the revisers have placed in the margin, "*God only begotten*," but where is the difference? Arius believed in a "*begotten God*." The two MSS. say, "*the only begotten God*," and the new revision says in the margin, "*God only begotten*." It is Arianism all the way round, and these weapons can be turned against Trinitarians at any time when once the new revision is adopted. We view the Vatican MS. as meaning the same Arian sentiment in Col. ii. 2, "the God Christ."

With such a direct Arian tendency in these MSS. can we wonder at the removal of "God" from 1 Tim. iii. 16, and the substitution of "He who," in its room? Nevertheless, the proper antecedent must be "God:" "God, he who was manifested in the flesh." If the word "God" was purposely omitted, or if it was inadvertently omitted, is this the only word omitted? By no means; not by some good round numbers. Why, then, should this, with others of like character, be pitched upon to be left out? The Vatican is wanting in the epistles to Timothy, Titus, Revelation, and from Heb. ix. 14, to the end. The Alexandrian is wanting in Matt. i. 1, to xxv. 6; Jno. vi. 50 to viii. 52; 2 Cor. iv. 13 to xii. 6. The Sinaitic is said to have many blunders; yes, these are indeed blunders. Is not the omission of 1 Jno. v. 7, one of those blunders also? We have given a reason for their

omission being an Arian fraud; and never did a more fatal heresy spread its ruinous consequences over the profession of Christianity, never was there anything more extensive and more abiding in its continuance. The Eastern Church was almost wholly infected with Arianism, and some bishops and others, tired of exile, subscribed the Arian creed, and the condemnation of Athanasius.

We can do no more than vehemently protest against a version being introduced in the land with Arian sentiments in it. We will give some authorities for the genuineness of 1 John v. 7. Dr. Gill says it is cited "by Fulgentius, in the beginning of the sixth century, against the Arians, without any scruple or hesitation, and Jerome, as before observed, has it in his translation made in the latter end of the fourth century; and it is cited by Athanasius* about the year 350; before him by Cyprian,† in the middle of the third century, about the year 250; and is referred to by Tertullian about the year 200; and which was within a hundred years, or a little more, of the writing of the epistle; which may be enough to satisfy any one of the genuineness of this passage: and besides, there never was any dispute about it till Erasmus left it out in the first edition of his translation of the New Testament; and yet he himself, upon the credit of the old British copy before mentioned, put it into another edition of his translation."

Such authorities are entitled to some respect. Our correspondent therefore need not fear the erasure of Acts viii. 37, by some sacrilegious hands, in whose way it stood. For how could Cyprian face it with the utterance of such a sentiment as the following: "No baptism is valid, nor any ordination valid out of this Church," that is, *his* Church! The verse is not only in the way of all such like-minded men as Cyprian, but it is a perfect offence to those who hold the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. But it will endure all these shocks, for the passage named by our correspondent, viz., Acts viii. 37, has also authorities that date much earlier than these manuscripts. Dr. Gill says, "This whole verse is wanting in the Alexandrian copy, and in some other copies, and the Syriac and Ethiopic versions, but stands in the Vulgate Latin and Arabic versions;‡ and in the Complutensian edition; and as Beza observes, ought by no means to be expunged, since it contains so clear a confession of faith required of persons to be baptized, which was used in the truly apostolic times."

Irenæus recognizes its genuineness. He was elected bishop of Lyons, A.D. 178, and martyred about A.D. 203. Tertullian also recognizes it. He flourished from A.D. 194 to 220. See Trollope's note.

We have endeavoured to wade through these intricacies with the hope that our correspondent may be induced to settle quietly

* Contr. Arism, p. 109.

† De Unitate Eccles., p. 255, and in Ep. 73, ad Subajan, p. 184.

‡ The Arabic version of the Acts and Epistles of Paul, &c., is supposed to be of the eighth or ninth century. Bertholdt's Einleit. i. 692 sq. See Kitto's Cyclo.

down with his old Bible, and read the Acts of the Apostles and all the other parts in full confidence of faith that he is reading the Word of God. The old translators strove hard to give the *sense* of the original, and they appear to have succeeded to the satisfaction of the Holy Spirit, so that he has condescended to own it in innumerable instances in almost, if not quite, every possible case that could occur to the children of God in this world. What more is needed than to know God is pleased with it? And if the Holy Spirit apply a portion of the old Bible to your mind, you will not surely suffer *men* to deny what God has owned?

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I LONG for the home of my Father on high;
To drink of those rivers which never run dry,
Where God ever dwelleth, his chosen to bless,
With life everlasting and full happiness.

I long with the ransom'd to join in that song,
Which praises my Saviour who suffer'd so long,
That he might redeem me of old Adam's race
From sin, death, and anguish, from endless disgrace.

I know "It is finished," for Jesus said so;
His death and his works still declare it below;
While numbers in glory, who once dwelt on earth,
Proclaim that through Jesus they got the new birth.

I know that I shall meet afflictions while here;
The Redeemer exhorts me to "be of good cheer."
They cannot o'ercome me, while he rules on high;
His footstool of mercy remaineth hard by.

"I would not live away," surrounded by sin,
Where Satan is seeking a lodging within;
I'll wait till my Saviour shall open the door
'To joys everlasting, where sin is no more.

I'd lean upon Jesus for all that I need;
He gave me his Spirit, who sow'd the good seed;
Who worketh within me to do of his will,
And trust in the Saviour, who loveth me still.

I know I've a place in that kingdom of good;
'Twas Jesus prepared me by shedding his blood;
O! What do I owe to the Author of love,
Who reigneth for ever in triumph above?

My Father in heaven! O take my poor heart;
Nor e'er let it from thee a moment depart;
For more I would give thee, if I had but more.
I feel that thy love bounds eternity's shore.

Lancaster, Oct. 27th, 1865.

HENRY WARMBY.

[The above was written by a poor lunatic in Lancaster Asylum. We have one or two other pieces by the same.]

REVIEWS.

Consumption, and other Chest Diseases. By George Thomas Congreve. One Shilling. London: Published by the Author, and by Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

It may be somewhat out of our usual track to review a work on the healing art; but as few persons escape the effects of the ravages of this terrible and most fatal disease, either by its striking down some of their relatives or near friends, we have been induced to bring Mr. Congreve's book before the readers of the "G. S." For whatsoever may be instrumentally done, and by whomsoever that something may be done, to arrest the progress of this fell destroyer of the British people deserves the gratitude of the nation at large; and more especially so if the young people of both sexes could be induced to regard their health, rather than pleasure and fashion. Many young women have had the ruthless hand of this scourge laid on them through their adherence to fashion, in changing their apparel too quickly, and by being out late at night. "One hundred and forty thousand" victims are said to be cut off annually (in our otherwise favoured isle) by disease of the lungs. On this account we especially recommend Mr. Congreve's book to the notice of the young. Mr. C. says in the preface to the above issue:

"For many years my attention has been earnestly directed to the study of pulmonary disease; first with my father, then as a pupil of the late J. R. Hancorn, an eminent surgeon in the north of London, who had an extensive practice in cases of consumption; afterwards in the medical schools and hospitals of London (where I attended all the courses of lectures and clinical practice required of the medical student); and since that time in a practical sphere of observation, which has grown extensively year by year."

It is from a feeling of real sympathy with suffering humanity that we heartily recommend our readers to obtain Mr. Congreve's book, and to study the advice given by him; as "prevention is better than cure." Perhaps the reading of the work might, with God's blessing, save the expense of a cure; and, if so, the shilling will be well laid out.

It is not a controversy between allopath and homœopath struggling for ascendancy; but is advice given how, under God's blessing, to prevent the terrible disease of consumption, or, should it once fix its fangs on a person, how to relieve it. Read and judge for yourselves.

Foot-prints in a Pilgrim's Path; or, the Diary of Mary Lord, of Sleaford. Brighton: Farncombe and Sons, Duke Street; Oxford: J. C. Pembrey, 164, Walton Street; and (post free) of Edward Carr, Minister, Sleaford.

THE Word of God informs us that man by nature is "dead in trespasses and sins;" and death is always accompanied by corruption. There is, then, an innate habit of sinning in every

child of Adam; a habit which quickly makes itself manifest in the babe at its mother's breast. This innate habit is not something acquired by imitation, for violent motions of anger derange the quietude of the babe in the cradle very frequently; and even *there* it at times shows its vicious inclinations, to the distress of the parents. However well the child may be trained, still it is dead and corrupt. It is corrupt because it is dead in sin; and if in after-life the man takes up with religion, he does so from the covetous nature of his heart, and not from any inwrought principle of holiness.

Here we believe lies the grand distinction between genuine godliness and the form of it without the power; between one who serves God and one who serves *himself*. For there is an implanted principle in the former to holiness, as well as the natural inclination to sin; and it is these two that keep up the continual contests in the soul, being contrary the one to the other, both in nature and practice.

We have said that a natural religion springs from covetousness. Well, we will not withdraw it; but rather confirm it. How much religion would there be in the world were it not for the hope of reward? Would men profess to love and serve God if there was no heaven (as they think) to reward them, or hell to punish them? Do they not rather become infidels, both in principles and actions, when once the idea seizes the mind that there is no heaven to reward, or hell to punish them? The hope of reward induces them to become religious; and this is covetousness in principle. But grace teaches a man to deny ungodliness, and to live "soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world" (Tit. ii. 12); which he would do were there no heaven to reward, or hell to punish; and this distinguishes a genuine work of grace in the heart from a counterfeit, and gives a peculiar value to the experience of God's children. The language is peculiar, because the exercise is peculiar to all the living family of God, and thus the secrets of one heart are told out by another, so that, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." (Prov. xxvii. 19.) The face in the water is a reflection of the face looking into the water, the person is one; so also is one man's heart a true copy of all others. The difference is not in the heart, but in the restraining favour of God. So a diary, or a record of experience, that is a good reflection of other troubled anxious hearts, meets with more or less acceptance as a life-like portrait is drawn by the writer. This distinguishing feature of a living child is stamped on the diary now under review. The writer has no depth of law-work to describe; but there is a gradual growth in the knowledge of her own heart, and in a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many of the Lord's children are much troubled about their own beginning, and especially so when they hear or read of some one giving a clear statement of God cutting them down, like Saul at the gate of Damascus.

But, dear child of God, be not discouraged on account of your small beginning; it is not the cutting down that stamps the work with the seal of heaven, as a sure token of its being the operation of the Holy Spirit; no, it is rather the inwrought power of divine life putting forth those heavenly desires "and wishes so weak" that gives proof of the genuine character of the work.

There is this advantage in reading a good diary, or the experience of a child of God, that we get the best of them without any of their living actions to annoy; and therefore do not you raise objections because your beginning was obscured in the dark cloud of legality, for whose is not? For out of this obscurity our authoress comes in process of time, and records her soul exercises in a rather apt and pleasing manner.

She thus narrates the way she was led to leave the Independents:

"Nov. 22nd. I much wanted to go and hear Mr. Brandon again; but, as our doors were open, I did not know what to do. I knew the friends would regard me as a runaway; but as I had not profited under the ministry for a long time, I was desirous to go where I could find food. I trust I made it a matter of prayer, begging the Lord to direct me. I felt I must go again to hear Mr. Brandon, who spoke from Lu. i. 6: 'They were both righteous before God, walking in all the ordinances of the Lord's house blameless.' He was led particularly to show how the ordinance of believers' baptism was as much of the Lord's appointment as that of the Lord's supper. For the first time, baptism was preached home to me. Never shall I forget the beauty I saw, and still see, in that ordinance.

"After this I never hesitated about going to that chapel. I felt more and more dissatisfied with the preaching at the other place, there seemed no depth; it was like skimming the surface, compared with what I heard at Providence. My running away soon caused a shyness; and as they did not think it consistent for me to sit down at the table with them, if I could not profit under their minister, in a little time I left altogether. Some of the friends spoke a little sharply to me about leaving, but I told them I wanted food, I could not live any longer upon milk; I wanted meat, and must go where it could be found. It was a sharp trial, but I trust it was a right step."

From this period she began to see truth more clearly, and her soul became more deeply exercised in the way of the Lord. Indeed, we felt some sweetness flowing from her simple statements of bitters and sweets, for they both yielded a little honey. We therefore cordially recommend this little diary to the attention of our spiritual readers.

LET it be meanwhile sufficient for a Christian, while yet he lives by faith, and not as yet discerning perfectly; but knowing only in part, to know or believe that God frees no one but by *free* mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ; and damns no one but by the most just truth spoken by the same Lord Jesus Christ. Why he frees or does not free this or that man, let him who cares search so vast a deep; but let him, however, beware of the precipice which is before him.—*Augustine.*

Obituary.

RALPH KIRKMAN.—On Dec. 15th, 1880, aged 80, Ralph Kirkman, in the city of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ralph Kirkman was born near Bolton, in Lancashire, on Oct. 2nd, 1800. He was the son of Mr. Ralph Kirkman, a God-fearing man, who loved to hear such ministers as the late Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Kershaw, and others of a like stamp. These godly men occasionally met at the house of Mr. Kirkman, and young Kirkman frequently sat and listened to their godly conversation, with some degree of pleasure. By these means he learned the theory of the truth; and he has often told me that, even at that early date, he frequently contended for salvation by grace alone, long before he knew anything of it savingly for himself.

In 1826, himself, wife, and little daughter, left England for America, reaching this city (New York) in July of that year. At length the appointed time arrived for the sovereign mandate to go forth: "Almighty grace, arrest that man." He was made to feel and see the "exceeding sinfulness" of sin more clearly than falls to the lot of many of God's children. Being brought into great distress of mind, he was made earnestly to use the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Having in early life become acquainted with the truth, he procured a copy of Gadsby's selection of hymns, and he seized every opportunity of reading them, even when away from home carrying the book in his pocket, for the purpose of seeing whether he could find anything to suit his case and ease his troubled conscience. I have often heard him say that, in reading the Scriptures, every word seemed to condemn him. He wandered from one place of worship to another, seeking that which alone could give him peace. If on a Sunday he saw any one in the street, book in hand, he thought, "There goes one of God's people; but as for me, my portion is with devils and damned spirits for ever and ever." He attended every prayer meeting he could, in the hope of getting relief (like Bunyan) from the heavy burden on his back. Thus he went on hoping and fearing, until one week-night prayer meeting, to which he went in very great trouble. When the time came for reading, the 13th chapter of Judges was chosen, wherein is the account of the angel appearing to Manoah and his wife, and doing "wondrously" before them, while they "looked on." When the portion was read—"And Manoah said unto his wife we shall surely die, because we have seen God. But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands, neither would he have shown us all these things"—the words were accompanied with divine power to his soul. He felt one of the most miserable of beings when he entered; he came away one of the happiest of men. He has often said when recounting

his experiences in our meetings, "It immediately occurred to me that if the Lord were about to destroy me, he would never have shown me what a sinner I am."

Soon after this deliverance, and while in the first enjoyment of the love of God in his soul, thinking it would always last, he would say, "By-and-by, when I am old, I shall take my staff in my hand, and go round to see the old pilgrims to Zion, and try to encourage them, by telling them to cheer up and never fear, it will be all well at the last;" but the time came when he said, "Alas, alas! I now find, instead of that, I want some one to cheer me up."

Not long after he was set at liberty, the Lord in mercy was pleased to bring his wife (who survives him) under deep exercise of mind, and in due time I had the privilege of seeing them both baptized the same day in the waters of the East River, in this city, and from that period they have been enabled, by divine grace, to walk consistently before the world and in the church of Christ. I may here mention that they were both readers of the "Gospel Standard," I think from its commencement.

One particular experience of Brother K., to which he often referred, occurred at a time when he was going to visit an old pilgrim acquaintance (now gone home), who lived a few miles out at Long Island, with whom he had passed many blessed seasons on the heavenward journey. In walking he had to pass over a plain, where he could see quite a distance around him without anything to intercept the view. He looked up and thought to himself what a place this would be to pray in; but he said he did not believe a word passed his lips before he felt such an overwhelming sense of the love of God in his soul that, "whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell." He had such a view of the efficacy of the atoning blood of Jesus that his language was, "The blood! the blood! Do not tell me about how black a sinner may be, this fountain is sufficient to wash it all away." He went on his journey rejoicing in this gracious manifestation, using that precious hymn of Kent's (914 in Gadsby's), and he quoted the whole of it when relating his experience:

"Beneath the sacred throne of God
 I saw a river rise,
 The streams were peace and pardoning blood,
 Descending from the skies.
 Angelic minds cannot explore
 This deep, unfathom'd sea;
 'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,
 And lost in Deity.
 I stood amazed, and wonder'd when,
 Or why, this ocean rose,
 That wafts salvation down to men,
 His traitors and his foes.
 That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,
 Was free to take away
 A Mary's or Manasseh's stains,
 Or sins more vile than they."

These blessed feelings, however, did not last very long, and then, like Abraham, "when the Lord left off communing with him he returned to his *own place*." He soon began to question the reality of the whole of it, and so he was thrown into "Doubting Castle" for a time, until the dear Lord was pleased to deliver him, which he mercifully did again and again. Hence he often referred to Watts's hymn (474th):

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

laying particular emphasis on the word "when," saying "It is only then I can

'Bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'"

I remember, on one occasion, many years ago, the house in which he and his family resided took fire in the night-time after they had retired to rest. They all got safely out excepting one daughter, who was in the upper part of the house. This daughter was able to come out of the window, and to take hold of the sill and hang on, notwithstanding the flames were raging all around her, burning her night-clothing off, and roasting the flesh on her back. Those below encouraged her to hold on, if possible, until a bed could be obtained. She did so; a bed was brought, and her father called out to her, "Now drop." She looked down before letting her hold go, and seeing the shutter of the next window was open, and in her way, she deliberately, although suffering excruciating pain, put her foot out and pushed the shutter to, then sank, and was caught on the bed; and thus her life was saved, literally passing through the fire. At another time, some years after, two of his grandchildren and the nurse were lost by the burning of a steamboat on the North River. Some time after this, the mother of the two lost children was taken away very suddenly. These were trying seasons indeed, but the Lord sustained him through them all.

About the year 1850 or 1851, after reading the "Mercies of a Covenant God," by the late John Warburton (of blessed memory), Brother Kirkman wrote a letter to the author, detailing some of his experiences never expecting to receive an answer. However, in due time, the dear old "parson" did send him a very kind letter in reply, acknowledging him as a brother in Christ. This proved a great encouragement to him, so much so that Friend Kirkman concluded to go to England and visit Mr. Warburton at Trowbridge, and also see and hear Mr. Taylor, at Manchester, and Mr. Kershaw, at Rochdale. He did so in 1853, and had very comforting seasons with them. To these he has often referred when speaking at our services, especially mentioning that in Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, he sat down with the church to commemorate the sufferings and death of our departed Lord.

On one particular occasion I remember hearing him say, "Why do I maintain that salvation is by grace alone? Because I have to contend for a salvation that *will save me*."

For some years friend Kirkman and his wife were members of the Beulah Independent Particular Baptist Church of New York city. Since we have been without a pastor he has often taken the lead in our meetings. Many of the circumstances here mentioned are gathered from memory of what he has stated on those occasions. O! How much we miss him in our solemn assemblies, especially at our Thursday evening prayer meetings. He never let a *little thing* keep him away from the meeting. There was none of that "it is *only a prayer-meeting*" about him; but, as long as health and strength were given him, he filled his place. He often said, "I love to go to prayer meeting; it was there the Lord first met with and blessed me." His prayers in public were generally short, not more than about five minutes, but to the point and full of meaning; and nearly always closed with "Lord, remember our families and connections in life, as far as is thy sovereign will these, with every other mercy, we ask for Jesus's sake. Amen."

He had very humbling views of himself; hence he had very exalted views of the Lord Jesus Christ. He often repeated dear Gadsby's lines in the 613th hymn:

"Infirmities, as means
Have taught my soul to see
That nought, how fair it seems,
But Christ will do for me;
I must have Christ as all in all,
Or sink in ruin, guilt, and thrall."

He dwelt a good deal on the all-sufficiency of that fountain which was "opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness;" and in his exhortations he often brought in Watts's hymn (212):

"Why does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colors wear,"

noting especially the verse:

"It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found."

Still he was one who, like many of the Lord's family, walked much in darkness at times. Frequently he referred to Hart's hymn:

"Companions, if we find,
Alas how soon they're gone
For 'tis decreed that most must pass
The darkest paths alone."

On one particular occasion, when he was in great trouble, and could see no way out of it, the Lord wrought deliverance for him by applying to him, with power, the words of the psalmist in Psalm xlii.: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

He often referred to De Courcy's hymn on "The Christian's Spiritual Voyage," the fifth verse:

"Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss.
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

"Ah!" he would say, "I used to think De Courcy was wrong in that, but I have lived to prove that he was right and I was wrong." He would sometimes add, "Well, the lame shall take the prey."

In the summer of 1879, Brother K. and his wife went to Philadelphia, to visit one of their daughters living in that city. While there, his daughter informed him there was a good woman then lying very sick, whom, she was satisfied, he would be pleased to converse with. They went to see her, and he told me after he returned, that while on his way he thought to himself, How can I go to visit a child of God who is apparently on a dying bed? I feel so unserviceable and dark in my mind that I am not fit to see any one. However, they continued on until they came to the house, and entered. After a little while he was invited to the bedside of the sufferer, and they began to talk on the experiences of the children of God, while passing through this wilderness world; and though they had never met previously, they soon began to understand each other, for their exercises tallied and ran together like kindred drops of water. When they conversed on the subject of the prospect before her, death and glory, the afflicted one exultingly raised her fainting voice and said:

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

That gracious woman was the late Mrs. Lawton. The Lord so blessed the interview that all his sad feelings and darkness fled; and he often referred to it as a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Some months previous to his last affliction, the daughter who was so miraculously saved from the fire, was taken with sickness so as to be obliged to remain in bed. Her father was led out much in prayer on her behalf, that she might be spared for a while longer on account of her family, and through this he was impressed that she would get well. When the word was brought to him that the physicians said it was only a matter of time, that she could not recover, he said, "If she dies I shall die too;" and so the sequel proved, for after a lingering illness she passed away, with "a good hope, through grace," of being saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; and her father was taken by the Lord the day after her funeral.

During the few months previous to his being taken down in sickness, some observed a very great solemnity in his conduct

and conversation, especially so in our meetings; and remarks were made one to another about it. At one of our late services, speaking of the room in which we were assembled, where we usually met on Thursday evenings for worship, he said, "I shall not come here many more times; this place has often been a Bethel to me. I know God has scores of times blessed my soul in this room. I have come here as dark as midnight in my mind; but the Lord has appeared and so blessed me, that I have gone away like a giant refreshed with new wine."

His last illness continued about nineteen days. In the latter part of November a severe cold seized him, which brought on pneumonia; everything that the skill of earthly physicians could do was done; but vain was the help of man. His illness was very painful at times, especially immediately after a dose of medicine. On my last visit to him, a short time before he fell asleep in Jesus, I asked him if he had any intimation from the Lord of a change soon. He replied, "No; I know salvation is of God." On his asking me how one was I had just parted from, I told him she was quite poorly. He at once raised his hand and pointed upwards, saying, "Ah, her home is on high." I immediately replied, "And yours too." To which he said, "That's a question." I answered, "O no; not with us who know you." He then went off into a doze, and before he awoke I had to leave, and did not see him alive again. At the funeral I inquired of his daughter how he was towards the last, and was informed that he appeared somewhat better; but that appearance was deceptive, it being only "lightness before death," as it soon proved. About noon on that day (the day before he died), one of the friends from our church visited him, to whom he said, "Do you think I shall get well?" The friend replied, "Yes, you will be well in heaven." He added, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." In about twenty-four hours after that he quietly and peacefully fell asleep:

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

I copy the following from a secular paper, published in New York, which shows in some little measure how he was esteemed among his business acquaintances:

"John Kirkman, who for the past forty-three years has been so well and favourably known to all manufacturers of soaps in this city, was a man of great strength of character; his views upon such subjects as interested him were pronounced and decided; to express them he never hesitated, and so strongly did he impress you with his honesty, that you could not but respect, however much you might differ. His assurance and representations in all matters of business could be unhesitatingly relied on."

I close with one remark, made by a man who had long known him, but who is among those "without." When speaking of his death, he said, "He is now gone; but he was a *good man*."

New York, April 13, 1861.

JOHN AXFORD.

EDWARD RAWLINS.—On April 5th, aged 67, Edward Rawlins, of Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire.

He attended the Church of England until he was married, and was one of the choir; but left on account of a disagreement between the vicar and the choir. About this time his brother was taken ill, and the late Mr. Gorton frequently visited him, to read and pray with him. Mr. Gorton's conversation with the brother was blessed to both our friend and his wife, and they became attendants at our little chapel. They were baptized and joined the church (I believe) about April, 1851. From that time he manifested a great love to the people of God and his worship.

About last autumn his health failed, and he gradually sank into the arms of death. He was a man of few words; but in his prayers he always earnestly pleaded with the Lord to prepare him to stand before his face, and we have found it good to hear him. I loved to visit him when he was confined to his room, to read to him, and try to pray for him that the Lord would grant that sweet preparation he so often and so earnestly pleaded for.

One Sabbath evening I said to him,

“A day's march nearer home.”

He smiled. Then I said,

“There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest.”

He very cheerfully said,

“We shall sing loud there.”

The last occasion on which I saw him he could scarcely speak. I said,

“Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.”

When I turned away, I said, “God Almighty bless thee.” He feebly replied, with all the power he had, “Amen, amen.” This was the last time I saw him alive.

Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire.

JOHN CLACK.

SARAH WILKINS.—On March 21st, 1881, in her 38th year, Sarah Wilkins, a member of the church at Calne.

She appears to have had some concern about her soul when in her thirteenth year, as at that time she lost a sister; and just after her sister's death she went into her room, and for the first time begged of the Lord to give her the same religion to die with as her sister had. She believed her sister had gone to heaven; but she felt she should not had she been called upon to die then. Nearly twenty years ago the Lord afflicted her with paralysis, during which affliction she tried to find out all the texts on “election.”

Passing over several years, we come to 1871, in which year she lost another sister. This sister's death was a great trial to her. In a letter written May 3rd, 1873, addressed to a relative who is a good man, she, referring to this trial, says, “It seems

strange that I should be venturing to write to you on those things nearest my heart, which for years I have been hiding, and which I should have continued to hide had not the Lord been so good as to give me to realize something of the joy of assurance in my own soul. For years I have been pleading with him,

“Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear the witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.’

“Yet he seemed to disregard my cry, and frown upon me. I have often wondered whether the trials I have been called to pass through were signs of an angry God's displeasure, which I knew and felt I merited; or the chastening of a loving Father. Sometimes I have hoped that it was the latter; especially when in the midst of trouble, and some cheering little word has come, which, from the effect it produced, I could but hope was divinely sent. When I was ill, I remember when Aunt E. was at Calne, one afternoon I was reading, and came to the words, ‘Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven;’ and they seemed addressed to me. Never had I read them or felt them as I did then; but I was afraid to say anything to aunt for fear it was not real.

“I used to be so glad sometimes when aunt came up to my room and said a few words to me; and I wished I possessed what I felt she did—an interest in that precious blood. Then again, I told you of the goodness of the Lord to me the day after dear Lydia was buried; how sweetly came the words, ‘The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.’ I felt if that were the case I could give her up. I have frequently been encouraged when some of our ministers have been describing the inward workings of a child of God; for I knew I was not altogether a stranger to such experiences. Yet it was not till that memorable evening, Jan. 7th, this year, that I realized what I had longed for, but often thought I should never be favoured with,—an assurance from him that even *I* was really interested in that atoning blood. On that evening, I did see Jesus with the eye of faith, and it almost seemed with the bodily eye too. Was he not good to visit me? and so unexpectedly too; it seemed too good to be true. *I* who am so unworthy of his love! What a mercy it is he does still receive sinners. His visit, and the words he spoke seemed so direct from him; and not through either of his servants; though one would have thought Mr. Hammond knew all that was passing in my mind, when he took as the basis of his remarks, ‘Looking unto Jesus;’ and Mr. Hemington gave out that hymn, 179, and afterwards spoke from ‘Every good gift,’ &c. That evening is a bright little spot in my life. I could understand that verse, ‘The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.’ We want this sort of witness, do we not? ‘True religion is more

than notion,' I am thoroughly persuaded. I have always been afraid lest I might have head knowledge only, and be found wanting in that knowledge that will stand for ever."

In the same letter she says, "One thing has worried and tried me lately, since I have ventured to speak of what I trust are the Lord's dealings with me, and even before I spoke to any one, I have felt Satan's power more. I suppose I have been more dark than ever at times, and little daily worries seem to affect me more easily; and then I feel sorry I ever said a word. My old nature is as lively as ever: do you find this? But somehow I seem to hang and hope on; and now and again I get a little renewed token that he does love me. To-day I felt somewhat of this."

In a letter written about the middle of May, 1878, she says, "For some little time I have felt a strong desire that I might be permitted to unite with the saints of God at Zion; but there seemed too many obstacles in the way. It preyed on my mind for some days, so much so that I begged the Lord that if it was his will he would make it plain; and that he would give me a token,—that Mr. — should speak to me on the subject. I thought it would be marked if he did, for he had never spoken a word on religious matters." The Lord heard and answered her petition. Albeit the question afterwards arose in her mind, "Is it an answer to prayer, or is it not?" which, after waiting a week in doubt and silent anxiety, was cleared up.

When spoken to respecting coming before the church she was much tried for two days, fearing she could not say anything, when the words came so strongly to her mind, "It shall be given you in the same hour what ye shall say." "This," she said, "seemed to quiet me, and make things a little straight." In due course she was baptized by Mr. Hammond, on June 29th, 1878, and was received into the church the same day.

The writer first became acquainted with her in November of the same year, and her kindness to myself and to all ministers is well known. She always took a lively interest in the cause with which she was connected; and, according to her means, gave of her substance to the poor of the flock. Her affliction gradually increased, until in November, 1879, it assumed a more serious aspect. From that time she was unable to take any active part in worldly concerns, but continued to attend on the services of the sanctuary until the first Sunday in January this year, when, although very unwell, she was anxious once more to unite with the children of God "to show forth the Lord's death till he come."

So physically unfit was she for some years, before discontinuing her attendance on the means of grace, as to require help in and out of the chapel; especially towards the last. Dropsy now set in, and it was evident to all that her end was near, though she for some time failed to realize it. After this, the Lord in his infinite mercy stirred her up, by convincing her that her time on earth was short. Then eternal things were laid with weight

upon her mind, and she felt what a solemn position she was in; but the Lord enabled her to cry earnestly to him to manifest himself to her. She often exclaimed, "O if he would but give me one word!" One night particularly, when very weak in body, the enemy was permitted to harass her mind severely. She thought she was then dying, and was afraid she should be lost. She wished to see the writer, and begged him to pray for her; whose prayer and conversation were blessed to the strengthening of her faith and the encouraging of her hope. She quoted the words with much emphasis:

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

On another occasion, when asked whether she was anxious to live, she replied, "I feel quite happy, though not indifferent about it, and can leave it all in the Lord's hands." She frequently exclaimed, "What a good God he has been to me all my life! He has appeared for my help in so many instances; and what could I do without him now?" As her end drew near, she expressed herself as longing to be gone, "O if he would but come and take me to himself. Lord Jesus, do come. Why are his chariot wheels so long tarrying?" One evening a dear friend read to her that hymn of Mr. Hart's, commencing,

"Lord, hear a restless wretch's groans,"

which was her experience at that time. On another evening that sweet hymn, 410th Gadsby's, was read to her, and she emphatically concluded each verse,

"My Jesus has done all things well."

For the last week or two the paralysis affected the throat, and made her articulation so incoherent that only an occasional word could be understood. During the greater part of Sunday, March 20th, the dear invalid appeared unconscious to all around her, and being asked whether she was happy, the only reply was a momentary pause in the incessant moaning. At 7.30 Monday morning, March 21st, a change was noticed, and at 7.45 the happy spirit took its flight "to be present with the Lord."

I am, Yours sincerely,

Calne, Wilts, June, 1881.

H. M. HINCHLIFFE.

God's decree establishes means; it doth not only ordain the end, but the means to that end; and one is never separated from the other. God decrees that the earth shall be fruitful; this doth not exclude, but includes, that the sun must shine upon it, showers must water it, and the husbandman must till it, as his God instructs him. (Isa. xxviii. 26.) God decrees that fifteen years shall be added to Hezekiah's life; this made him neither careless of his health nor negligent of his food; he said not, "though I run into the fire, or into the water, or drink poison, I shall nevertheless live so long;" but natural providence, in the due use of means, co-wrought so as to bring him on to that period of time pre-ordained for him. Man's industry is subservient to God's decree; it is called "the life of our hands." (Isa. lvii. 10.) We may not tempt the Lord our God.—*C. Ness.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1881.

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

THE THIRSTY SOUL SATISFIED, AND THE
DRY GROUND REPLENISHED.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. COVELL, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON, ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 26TH, 1861.

“For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.”—ISA. XLIV. 3.

IN the morning we noticed several things that caused this thirst, and how God in his grace satisfied and replenished the thirsty ones, and now we will pass on. “For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.”

There are many things that produce a drought. Sometimes God is pleased to bring it about by withholding the influence of his Spirit; to teach us our helplessness, and that our springs are in him; and to teach us what we soon pick up in our judgments, that “without him we can do nothing.” To make us learn this real truth: “For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.” For after the sweetest experiences and most lively frame, the sweetest enjoyments and comforting feasts, God will withdraw. Nor is it in the power of the creature to retain the Spirit; and sensibly as he withdraws, the soul sinks into a barren and fruitless state. So barren does he become, and so sensibly is he made to feel that all his springs are in the Almighty, that, did his salvation depend upon an act of faith now, he has no such power of actions. So sensibly will the Lord teach him it is the Spirit that must communicate it, that, did his salvation depend upon a real desire, he has not that desire. Did you ever sensibly know this lesson? O my friends, if ever you did, where is creature merit, creature power, and creature strength then? That is all dried up when God, as I just said, sensibly withholds himself; and so commands the clouds that there is no rain upon the spiritual earth. Here the soul lays just as the parched ground. It can neither command the clouds, nor bring the rain upon the clods; so does the sinner at times move before God. He comes and goes. He kneels and rises up. He turns over the Word and closes it; and, my friends, at such a time

he would give all the world for a soft heart. He would give anything he possessed to feel the springing of life in his soul; which feeling makes him cry out: "Spring up, O well." So he comes to know what David felt: "All my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." And, my friends, unless God fulfil my text in his experience, so he would find it to the end of his days. For in his "flesh dwelleth no good thing;" and it is from Christ his fruit is found. This makes him come to to know what you have been singing,

"Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes."

Thousands of folks sing this, but do not know what they mean. They think more of the chime and rhyme than the feeling of the substance. But this is the feeling of the child of God; he really feels so. He knows what the Son of God says by Solomon, "A spring shut up; a fountain sealed." There seems to be a contradiction; but the child of God knows the truth in the feeling. This sealing up makes him doubt whether he ever knew anything savingly; but it brings him before God. The greater part of professors never come before God to know whether their religion is worth anything or not; but living and dying so, the flames of hell will give them to know there is a reality in religion, and that "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "They have chosen their own ways," saith the Lord; "so I will bring their fears upon them." But by being brought before God, you will indeed find what a great thing it is to be made alive to your soul's concerns; and be thus brought to know how matters formerly stood between God and your soul. But when God's people come here, they say, "If I am right, why am I thus?" Feeling themselves tied and bound, and their moisture turned into the drought of summer; no going forth in earnest cry; but rather coming into this solemn place, "Why hast thou made us to err from thy ways, and hardened our hearts from thy fear?" But when God has taught you and me our felt weakness, and helplessness; and brought us to feel our help comes from him; then says he, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." Up rises the poor thing's feelings when the blessed Spirit rolls the stone from the well's mouth; out goes faith after the Son of God; we sweetly welcome him into the heart; yea, every spice of the Spirit flows out to welcome the beloved. Then the Son of God comes in, saying, "I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk;" so the soul returns to the days of his youth. This is what the Scripture calls going in and out, and finding pasture.

But there is another cause that will bring a drought into the feelings; that is, the spirit of the world. Worldly conformity. How that will eat up the life of the soul in the feeling of it;

it will indeed. As you read that, after the children of Israel came out of Egypt, Balaam laid a stumbling-block before them: "They joined themselves to idols, and ate the sacrifices of the dead; they mingled with the heathen and learned their works." How the spirit of the world will eat up a man's religion, dry up his soul, and shut up his hand to the cause and ways of God. As this comes into his heart, out goes tenderness of conscience; and faith not having anything to feed upon, the soul comes into a barren place. Did you ever feel it? If so, sinner, thou wilt acknowledge what God says is true, "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." You have found this true also, "Ephraim is joined to idols." Then God goes up, and sensibly leaves you; and when the blessed Son of God withdraws, he takes the bag of money with him. "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone." Then there is not a folly but what his foolish mind will run after, so far as God will permit; so he learns their works, and tries to "fill his belly with the east wind." What will God do to such a one? "I have seen his ways, and I will heal him." How? "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." "I will restore comfort to him and his mourners." "I will be as the dew unto Israel." "Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels yearn for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." Out come floods upon the dry ground; and what is now the feeling? In that day "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols?" "In that day shall a man cast his idols (not only of wood and stone, but of silver and gold, his precious things, his pretty things) to the moles and to the bats?" It will come along lopping off; first one thing and then another will it lop off in the poor thing's heart; even that which has cost him something to get together, and he has been so delighted with. Yea, in that day when God pours "floods upon the dry ground," then he shall flourish like a herb; so out go these idols, worldly conformity, and the spirit of the world. There is such cleansing themselves now, and "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." So you can see it is as "one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord will comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." "When ye see this," says God, "your heart shall rejoice, and your bones shall flourish;" even these that have been so dry and parched up. Then, in those days, the Son of God comes down like rain on the mown grass, and Ephraim, as I just said, has cast out all his pretty things to the moles and bats; and he mounts up with wings like eagles, runs without weariness, and walks without fainting, and feels it is of God's mercies he is not consumed. Yea, he feels sure that if God had dealt with him according to his deserts he would have

damned him with the ungodly; and he feels the force of these words, "Why was I made to hear thy voice?" "Why me, Lord; why me?" While God answers him, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." God thus encourages the heart in his mercy, which makes the sinner feel if God had meant to destroy him, he would not have shown him such things as these. On he steps a step or two, and then comes to prove what a wilderness he has to pass through. O what a land of drought God brings him along; but it is in this God makes streams break out. You read that God "turneth a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein;" and so it is in a man's ways. Yea, he will bring him at times into such a wretched state of feeling that he is brought to have a sense of, and to prove that it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God; it is indeed.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground." There is another thing, sinner, that will bring a fruitful land into barrenness. The most pleasing state of soul in which it may be delighting itself may all be dried up, by the poor thing being swallowed up in the cares of this world. Jesus saith to Martha, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." Often with the child of God, such is the insinuating power of the world, and such is the deceitfulness of the heart, that the man thinks he must take care; it becomes him to be careful. Nobody would say a word against these things; we do not expect a man to sit in his chair, and bread to drop down from heaven to feed him. No, there is a difference between being diligent in business, and being carried away by it; yet such is the trickery of the heart, and such a fascinating appearance do gold and silver wear to the poor creature, that he thinks, "Let me add ten to this, fifty to that, then I will sit down quiet." But if you were to get what you at present want, and if God did not stop you, when you had got it, you would want twice as much. No, it is something beyond, *something beyond, something beyond*. So it is, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" When this feeling gets hold of a child of God, the one thing needful is out of sight. And mind, these things will eat up everything else. He has no heart for God, the world has got it; and though the heart is worth nothing, God will have it. Though it is such a little thing, it is what God will have. He will make the child of God know, though it is but a little thing all the world cannot fill it; nothing can fill it but God. But as these things get into the heart they dry up all the moisture, and the "fruitful land" becomes "barrenness for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." The soul would remain in this state unless God in mercy fulfilled the word of his promise; for let either minister or people jog the man, by way of reproof, it is no use; nothing can break the snare but the blessed Spirit arising, and the Son of God rolling away the stone from the well's mouth. Then the man

“Weeps to the praise of the mercy he's found.”

Then there is such sweeping the house till the piece is found; and the soul feels, “This is my God, and I have waited for him, and now he is become my salvation.” And so the Lord in mercy causes these streams to break out in the desert, to revive the souls of his people. This makes the Lord's goodness so endeared to their hearts, and makes them feel there is no God like unto their God, “a God forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin,” and “he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.” This is the way he gets hold of the cream of their affections, and they sing,

“Salvation to God and the Lamb.”

And at the same time feel in their hearts that “they that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies; but I will sacrifice unto thee with thanksgiving, I will pay that that I have vowed.” Thus there are “floods upon the dry ground.”

“I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed.” This is what God promises. The seed here referred to is the seed of the Son of God; as you read, “He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.” “Therefore,” says God, “he shall have a seed to serve him.” This is also what God promises him in the following words: “As for me,” speaking to his dear Son, “my Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever.” “Now, then,” says God, “I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed.” “Now,” saith Paul (O my friends, what a division this will make right through us; this will tell us just where we are; to whom we belong. Now hearken. *Now hearken*): “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.” Then whose is he? “Ye are of your father the devil, and the works of your father ye will do.” It is not what I say; but it is what the eternal Spirit spake through the mouth of the great apostle, and commanded him to write; for “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.” “Therefore,” says God, “my Spirit that is upon thee” (they shall have something of that Spirit that rested upon the Son of God) “shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, from henceforth and for ever.” So, then, it brings it to this solemn point, “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” You may not like my doctrine, preaching, manner, nor anything that I say; but remember this is not my word. You may try to forget it, and may be drowned in the cares of the world to-morrow; you may think of it no more to the day of your death; but you will in the end find it to be true.

When this Spirit is poured out, O my friends, it is sure to bring the blessing; it is indeed. First, it is a spirit of grace and supplication. “I will pour out upon the house of David, and

upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplications." When this blessing is poured out, the man is sure to prevail; whether it is for blessings on his soul, blessings of a temporal nature, or for God to avenge him of his persecutors; there is no standing against it. They will never be able to prevail against it. They will be overcome as sure as the Word of God is true. Why? Because "the Spirit makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God." There is no prevailing against the man. If you look into God's Word, you will find that when Haman had planned the device against the Jews to have them all destroyed, Mordecai ran out, "and cried with a loud and bitter cry." When Esther sent to know the cause, he told her. "You go and fast," said she; "I also and my maidens will fast likewise." Down came the spirit of supplication. The night before Haman asked to be allowed to hang Mordecai, Abasuerus could not sleep, and the book of the Chronicles was brought in and read to him; and it so happened that that part of it was read which referred to Mordecai's having told of a conspiracy against the king, and the king said, "What honour and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?" And they answered, "Nothing." Then the king said, "Who standeth without?" And they said, "Haman;" so the king said, "Let him come in." Then the king said to him, "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" "Now Haman thought in his heart, to whom would the king delight to do honour more than to myself?" So he said, "For the man whom the king delighteth to honour, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head; and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honour, and bring him on horseback through the streets of the city, and proclaim before him; thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." And the king told Haman to do such and such things to Mordecai. How mortified he must have felt, to have to do it to the man he wanted to destroy; the man whom he viewed as his greatest enemy. Having performed the king's pleasure, he went to his own house mourning, and with his head covered. "O," says Haman's wife, "if Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews, before whom thou hast begun to fall, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him;" so he found it. Hence, if you notice when Hezekiah was threatened in the manner he was by the captain of the king of Assyria, he spread the letter before the Lord; and when he did so God sent Isaiah to him, saying, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee," even this proud king; "I will put a hook in his nose and a bridle in his jaws, and lead him back by the way he came." He shall not cast a bank or shoot an arrow against the city. When Ahithophel had given counsel against David, up rose the cry in David's heart when he heard

of it. "Turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." Down it came; God is so quick of hearing you can see how he will prevail. So my friends, when God blesses his people with this, they are sure to prevail, like poor Jacob. "I cannot let thee go except thou bless me." If God has blessed you with this spirit, it proves you are of the house of David; one of the spiritual seed of the Son of God; and this is one of the blessed gifts he has received for men. As you read, "When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive, and received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." So the apostles were told to tarry at Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high. On the day of Pentecost, down came the Spirit on each of them, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost. Then, if you notice, when Peter was shut in prison, and the friends prayed, how the prison was opened, and what things were done. "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed." O this spirit of grace and supplication is so different from saying prayers, and talking with the lips. It is a pouring out the heart before God with sighs, tears, and cries. I will tell you what it is mixed with; there is a crying to and an entreating of God; there is blessing God for mercies; and there is thanksgiving and praise mixed with this cry of the heart. There is no such thing as getting it of one's self. It comes from heaven. The blessed Spirit descends in the soul's feelings; so the man receives out of the fulness of Jesus Christ grace to answer grace. If you are the seed of Christ, and one in spirit with him, you know something of this. Christ will intercede on thy behalf before God with such intercession that must prevail; and, as I just said, thy poor heart is running to God's heart; God's will is thy will, and thy will is God's; and there is gratitude for what he has done, and for what he has encouraged thee to hope in. And if thou art destitute of such a spirit as this, O, poor thing, thou hast reason to fear all thy prayers have been like the chattering of a fool; and God says, "a prating fool shall fall." You may have spoken extempore all the days of your life, and never said a word of prayer pleasing before God. God indites the prayer within, "the Christian's prayer is prompted from within," by the outpouring of the Spirit in the soul. Therefore, God says, "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed." If ever you have realized this in your soul, you will prove your life is bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus Christ. If you have partaken of this Spirit, as such, you can never die.

Secondly. This spirit is a humble spirit; wherever the Spirit of the Son of God descends, it makes the man so *little* in his own account that it brings him to feel (when he is under its anointing) he is less than the least of all. Though he may be the richest in grace, yet is he now the poorest in spirit. Though he may have been the greatest man, grace has made him the least. Hence the Son of God tells us, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Now into that

Spirit none can come but God's elect; and this is the spiritual seed of the Son of God. All beside, in spirit, say, if not in word, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou." They all say, "Thank God I am not as other men;" they do indeed. God says "they make a tinkling with their feet;" and he says, "the day of the Lord shall be upon all those that are proud and lofty, and they shall be brought low." If God has poured out his Spirit on your heart, it has made you take a low place. It has made you simple as a babe. It has made you feel your own ignorance. It has made you the least of all; and at times, how you have looked for and desired to possess the grace that you could see shining in the hearts of God's children. "O that I were like them." It has made you go humbly before God to receive of his Word; and he promises to give it; so that if you know in heart what this is, "I will save the *humble person*," you have drunk of the Spirit of the Son of God. What a mercy, poor thing, it is for you that God blesses these with a broken spirit with a new spirit, and with a spirit of adoption. When he pours out his Spirit upon them, how they come into the very mind of Christ; they do indeed. He helps them to show forth whose they are and whom they serve. Do you know anything of what this Spirit is resting on you? Did you ever feel this divine power moving on the face of your soul; working so great a faith in your heart that you believed you should go to heaven; and so filial a spirit of godly fear that you felt, and now feel, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? And of such a humble spirit that you walk lowly before God. This is wherein God's people are made to differ from the world and mere professors. For as God pours out of his Spirit, so they rise up and give glory to God. Under this influence how firmly they believe the Lord is on their side. Under this sweet influence they "shake themselves from the dust, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry." If this *is the truth*; if this is what the blessed Spirit does, then, I ask you, is it to be found in your heart? I ask you, where do you see it? And then comes in, as I just said, "if it is not so," all our religion is nothing worth; it is an empty thing; it is a fancy, not a truth; and the Son of God will say to all such that are destitute of this (when they shall say, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works"), "Depart from me, ye cursed. I never knew you." "I know nothing of your image; ye were never under my influence." "I never knew you;" "depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." O sinner, if it were *God's will*, O that you might know, O that you might realize, O that you might feel somewhat of this Spirit's influence in your heart! This would bring you into a right state of feeling, and it would cause you to walk in God's laws, and manifest you to be a child of God; as he says, "You shall be my people, and I will be your God." Is this it? Do you feel what it is? Then, as I said, you will "not die, but

live, and declare the works of the Lord." You have received of his fulness; and God has made a covenant with you ("ordered in all things and sure") that shall never depart out of your mouth from henceforth and for ever. You will find this to be true; for the Spirit will bear witness to your spirit, and seal you to the day of redemption; so that now you are one spirit with him.

"I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring." O how true is the Scripture: "The blessings are upon the head of the just." What the poet says is a truth,

"The men that fear the Lord,
In every state are blessed,
The Lord will grant whate'er they want,
Their souls shall dwell at rest."

They are blessed in life; blessed in their going out and coming in; blessed in their lying down and in their rising up; blessed in their basket and in their store. They are blessed in death,—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit;”—He sets his Amen to it, “Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” Then the Son of God welcomes them to eternal joy and blessedness. Now they come to enjoy the realities they have had a taste of in this life. “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” Now, if you will look; and just before I came here this evening, I saw that in God’s commanding Moses to bless the children of Israel which I never saw before, and thought, as I read it, “What more can God say? What more can he do in the way of blessing, that he has not blessed them with?” Well, look then, he said to Moses, “Speak unto Aaron, and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” Then, came, as if this was not enough, “They shall put my name upon the children of Israel; and I will bless them.” “They shall have everything in my heart to do them good. What I am, and what is communicable, they shall enjoy, and be blessed with. They shall inherit it, and be made glad therewith.” What is there in God? “Why,” say you, “everything to make a poor sinner happy in time and to eternity.” Why, then, poor thing, if God has blessed you with his Spirit he will put his name on you, and you shall be blessed. For, “in blessing, I will bless thee.” “I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring.” “They shall be so blessed,” says God; “they shall not lack anything.” If you notice, this is ever the state all God’s people are in. What poor Joseph was blessed with, when Moses blessed him, was from God’s mouth. Of Joseph, he said, “Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon,

and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush; let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren." This is the blessing that drops upon thy head, if he has poured out his Spirit upon thee; and thou wilt find it so in thy soul. It matters not however cross things may appear, whatever trials God may be pleased to bring thee in, I tell thee thou wilt find it true according to God's Word; there is a blessing in it. For, if you notice, God's Word says, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Hence, if you notice, when Balaam was called by Balak, to come and curse the people; as he went to curse them, what did he say? "God hath blessed them." It is done; he had come too late. "He hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it," said Balaam. Yea, the people are blessed of God; "the shout of a king is among them." So in blessing they were to be blessed. What a mercy, poor thing, is this for you and me. But you may be ready to say, it does not appear so; but you cannot judge of love or hatred by all that is before you. If you look at present things you will make a mistake; it is the end, sinner, you must look at. Do not look at Joseph in the prison; look at him by and by on the throne. Do not look at Job on the dunghill, his friends scoffing at him, and his wife telling him to curse God. Wait a little. Now see him with twice as much as he had before. Though at times God's hand may seem against us, and we say, "What can this be for?" My friends, you and I shall prove, though God's hand may appear to be against us, his heart is for us. Then, as such, if you look for a moment in his Word, you see his hand appearing against this and that servant of his, while his heart was for them; and while his hand is scattering temporal favours on others, yet his heart is against them. So you will find this true, "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring." Therefore in blessing, God will bless these people; and when they come to die, I have no fear (if they have a grain of faith in exercise, and their senses), but they will each one say, "Goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life." There has not anything failed of all God has promised. This you will find to be true; because God has put his name on you.

God give you to taste of the sweetness of it, as you travel along, that you may be able to sing in the ways of the Lord, and find "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" and blessed is that man and woman whose God is the Lord.

THERE is a most excellent suitableness and congruity betwixt repentance and remission of sins, without prejudice to the freedom of God's grace; since God gives repentance, and makes his people what he would have them to be.—*Fleming*.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE LORD'S LOVING-
KINDNESS AND TENDER MERCIES WHICH I EXPERIENCED
DURING TEN WEEKS OF GREAT BODILY PAIN.

(Concluded from p. 407.)

Every day the Lord, in his rich mercy, gave me a blessing. He taught me to pray, and inclined his ear unto me, and gave me sweet foretastes and anticipations of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." Sometimes he said to my soul, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." "Let me hear thy voice, let me see thy countenance; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." "Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee." "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands." "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." "But I said, How shall I put thee among the children to give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the host of nations? And I said, Thou shalt call me, My Father, and shalt not turn away from me." O! my friends, how precious it is to be a child of God! O what rich mercy that I should be thus favoured! Sometimes my soul was so full of joy that I was obliged to sing. Sometimes the words and tune were given me at once, to praise him who showed me such favour. Often my heart sang,

"On the Rock of ages founded,
Nought can shake my sure repose."

"Rock of ages shelter me;
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Sometimes my friend came into the room just after one of those sweet visits, and once or twice before he had left me, and I tried to tell her of his exceeding great love, while my tears flowed because of his rich mercy. I wish I had been able to have kept some record daily; but that was not possible. I was not able to read; but the blessed Spirit brought many texts to my remembrance, so that I did not miss my Bible. My soul was like a watered garden, rejoicing in the Lord. O what a rich mercy I felt it to be that I had not then to seek him in my sore afflictions! Bless his dear Name, he abode with me day and night, and sustained me, and said, "I am he that comforteth thee." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."

The next Lord's-day evening I was helped to pray very especially for my dear pastor, the deacons, and dear friends who were then assembled to worship. I had a most blessed time while praying for them, and for other dear friends; also my dear husband and children. O how sweet it is to hold communion with Jesus! The next day I was again taken with violent inflammation. It came on at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continued to get worse and worse: no poultices or hot water gave me

relief. O how I suffered! I cried unto the Lord for help. I had no doctor, and did not know what to do; neither did my friends. I knew of only one earthly friend who could help me, in sending medical aid, and he had been to see me on the previous Saturday; and I thought, "O if he had not come on that day; but this day." I desired of the Lord that he might come again, and the Lord sent him. I think it was about three or half-past. My dear friend, Mrs. V., was glad when she saw him. She said the sight of his face lifted a burden from her. That kind gentleman was greatly distressed to find me so very ill. He said he had hesitated about coming because he was there on the Saturday; but felt that he must call and see me before going home. I told him how I had wanted him, and had been praying that he might come. He said, "What can I do for you?" I answered, "Sir, please send me a doctor;" and he at once wrote to his own doctor, and sent the note by a messenger. He was then glad that he had come, and has since told me that it was a merciful providence that sent him. He stayed with me some time, trying to comfort me. I pray for him, that the Lord will bless him with his choicest blessings. The doctor was out when the note was taken to his house; but as soon as he returned, he sent his partner to me, and came himself about six o'clock. In the meantime I continued to get worse. My friend watched beside me, thinking I must die. My feet had been cold for some hours, and the pain got up my side, and caused palpitation of the heart; my throat was parched, and I felt even at the gate of death. The Lord Jesus has the key; but it was not his will to unlock the gates of death; therefore, death could not take me. My mind was not disturbed in the least. That afternoon the dear Lord gave me these words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours." I begged him to give me patience and strength. When the doctor came, the Lord gave him wisdom to understand the case. He asked only a few necessary questions; after which he injected morphia into my arm, and said I should not want any medicine that night, and he would see me in the morning. In less than half an hour the dreadful pains left me. O how nice it was to feel them going, after having suffered for eight hours; it was wonderful. The doctor told the gentleman who sent him that he was only just in time, for I could not possibly have lived much longer without help. Truly the Lord was merciful unto me, for my dear children's sake. I should have been happier with him; but he doeth "all things well." I hoped to have got some sleep that night; but did not. I was free from pain, but afraid to move, lest it should return. I was very ill, and feverish the next morning; but after two days the inflammation subsided. Then I began to feel a soreness and tenderness; but the comfort of rest from the previous anguish was very great, and I praised God for his goodness to me. I was exceedingly weak, and could not take much nourish-

ment. On the Wednesday night I was taken with spasms in the bowels, and diarrhœa. I suffered agony all night. The next day I was quite exhausted, and had hardly strength to speak. I was a little better on the Friday, and began to take a little solid food.

The next week was a most precious one to my soul. I wish I could tell of all the goodness and mercy which the dear Lord showered upon me; but I cannot. I will write what the blessed Spirit brings to my remembrance. I had prayed much, as before stated, for the Lord to send people to hire my friend's apartments; and a lady and gentleman came to look at them, and would have taken all of the rooms, if they could have had the one I was in; but I had not then begun to get up, and dear Mrs. V. would not promise that room; so the people went to another house. O how it caused me to cry unto the Lord! I begged him to look upon the kindness of my friends, and not to let them lose anything on my account. I said, "O Lord, thou seest it was for my sake the lodgers were sent away. O bless and reward such kindness! Lord, I am thy child, thou art my Father, and am here on thine account; thou hast placed me here, do in mercy help my dear friends. As I prayed, many precious promises came into my mind; these are some of them: "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." "All things whatsoever," &c. "And when ye stand praying, believe that ye receive," &c. "The desires of the righteous shall be granted." "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye should say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and cast into the sea, and it should obey you." My heart and soul wrestled in prayer for very great things for my dear friends; and the thought came into my mind, "How can you expect the Lord to do such great things for such as you?" Then he said, "Prove me now, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you down a blessing." O how my heart was humbled and melted before the Lord. Then the thought came, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Then I cried, "O teach me to ask aright." He said, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Then I prayed, "O Lord, cause me to abide in thee. O let thy word abide in me." O how precious it is to hear the voice of Jesus in the soul! How wonderful that he should condescend to commune with such a poor sinner as I am! But the Lord is a Sovereign; he doeth what he will.

I cannot exactly remember what the Lord said to me every day; but some days I do remember. There was not a day passed without feeling the sweet presence of him "whom my soul loveth." I felt that I must be in the land of "Beulah," because the air was sweet, and I often heard the sweet voice of Jesus in my soul, sounding like music; and my heart was often meditating on and anticipating the glory of that home above, hoping soon to be there. O the exceeding greatness of his love! How tender

and pitiful is he, like a very tender father, who, if he has a little one afflicted, will often take up that one to caress it, and comfort it; so the dear Lord favoured me as one of his little ones. Bless his dear Name, he gave me many kind friends, who ministered to my needs, and supplied every nourishment I needed. I pray God to repay them. One day I thought I should like a piece of chicken, and the next day a lady brought me a whole one. She did not know of my desire until she came to see me; but the Lord knew. It was really wonderful how the Lord supplied my every need.

On the 8th day of April, in the evening, I had a very precious time. A dear friend sent me some grapes, and as I looked at them my heart was drawn up to the Lord in gratitude for his mercy in giving me such kind friends, and he shone into my soul with such wonderful love that I wept and sang, and mourned and prayed. O how he helped me to pray for all my friends, by name; and he gave me again all the precious promises which he had given me before, and said, "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing," and "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." O how my heart wrestled often for my dear children.

The next morning while I was taking my breakfast, the dear Lord came again, causing my tears to flow, and I had to leave my breakfast for a time, while the Lord talked with me. He gave me the spirit of prayer, and made me feel again the sweetness of the promises which he had given me, and it came into my mind about Daniel and the "One" coming to him, saying, "O man, greatly beloved." I thought, "It does not say anywhere in the Bible, O woman, greatly beloved. O how I wish the Lord would speak thus to me." My soul hungered for such words, and then he said, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." O the joy of my soul, I cannot express. My heart cried, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine;" "My beloved is mine, and I am his." He said, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." My soul was as full as it could hold, and the greatness of the blessing overpowered my body, so that I had palpitation very badly. My friend wondered what had caused it, until I told her of the blessing which I had received. O how I begged the dear Lord to comfort my dear friends, and to remember the word upon which he had caused me to hope. I said, "Lord, I believe that thou wilt help them in providence, and thy word gives me hope that thou wilt remove their burden which presseth them; but, dear Lord, they hear me speak of thy preciousness in giving me these promises; and yet they have not the same comfort as I have. Do give them a word to rest upon. Lord, bless them, and sustain them. Lord, the silver and the gold are thine, and the cattle on a thousand hills, and all men's hearts are in thy hand." Again, he said, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall

ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." That night the Word of the Lord did indeed abide with me. I could not sleep because of restlessness and catching of the nerves, which sometimes even now tries me very much; but that night it troubled me very little, because of the presence of Jesus. My friend left me soon after eleven, and from that time until past three the Word abode with me. One text after another was brought to my mind with such sweetness that I had a "feast of fat things, full of marrow, of wines on the lees, well refined." I could not tell its exceeding preciousness; a person must be brought into the condition to realize it. The dear Lord did indeed sup with me, and I with him; and while I was with him I asked him again for the things which I wanted; and he was very gracious unto me, and caused me to pray again for all my dear friends by name. O how I again wrestled with him for them, and my dear pastor also, for whom I prayed especially. I was praying and praising, moaning and rejoicing and adoring until after three o'clock; my body being all the time in pain. Then the dear Lord graciously caused me to have some sleep after he had thus blessed me. Bless his precious Name; he said, "Fear not; only believe." "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." I felt as sure of receiving the things I had asked for as if I had them then. I had a refreshing sleep afterwards, and when I awoke the sweetness of the blessing abode with me.

I could not now pray the same as I had done, because I had got what I had asked for. The Lord had given me his Word, and that is true and faithful: "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful." "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" These words came to me in the morning, which was the Lord's day: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart;" but when questioned if I had a clean heart, he said, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." How very wonderful it was to me that God should show me such great things. My whole heart praised him, and he continued his favours unto my soul. Very often I had these words come to me, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." "And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you he will avenge them speedily."

"Thou art coming to a king;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his love and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

Often the dear Lord broke in upon my soul and melted my heart before I was aware of his dear presence. Sometimes it has happened while I have been taking a cup of tea, and I have had to move it away lest my tears should mix with it; they were tears of joy and thankfulness.

I did not leave my bed-room for a month; and then I began to move about a little by the aid of crutches. I went out in a bath-chair a few times by the sea. O how sweet it was to feel the air, and the sea looked so lovely with the sun shining upon it. It helped one to think of the "sea of glass." My heart went up to the Lord in gratitude for his great mercy towards me. I did not see many friends, because I had not sufficient strength; but I was greatly favoured in having very many led to pray for me. It was a grief to me not to be able to go to the chapel to worship before I came home. I shed tears sometimes about it; but it was impossible; I was not able. One Lord's day evening two dear friends came to see me after they left the chapel, and when I heard they were come, I thought, "O what shall I do? I cannot remember anything to tell them. They will expect me to tell them of the Lord's goodness to my soul;" and I could not then think of anything. I tried to remember what the Lord had said to me the day before; and I was greatly troubled about it. I looked unto Jesus for help, and he said, "The preparations of the heart in man and the answer of the tongue are from the Lord." O how those words quieted my mind! I was no more troubled, but trusted in the Lord; and he did help me to speak of his love, and I hope my dear friends felt his presence. The one who spoke in prayer was helped greatly, and I felt that his prayer was accepted. I felt it to be indeed a rich mercy to have the prayers of God's people, and also their love.

I returned home after an absence of ten weeks, all but two days, and have now been at home three weeks, and have written this; a little at a time. I am poor and afflicted in this world; but have an inheritance reserved. I am a "king's daughter;" and the Lord says, "The king's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold." Through grace, I can say, "The Lord is my righteousness." Many sweet tokens for good he hath given me in these last three weeks; and some precious visits. My dear pastor wrote, and asked me to unite with him in prayer to God for means to build the new chapel; and the Lord has caused me to pray, and has at times given me faith to believe that he will send enough. He has let me plead with him, and also wrestle in prayer. One evening especially, he gave me sweet access, and I pleaded his promises, and said, "Dear Lord, I thought I had asked thee for very great things while I was at Eastbourne; but now I am asking greater things. It is just as easy for thee to give much as little, dear Lord; for thou hast all power in heaven and in earth; the silver and the gold are thine." And I said, "Lord, I have told thy dear servant that thou hast given me the spirit of prayer, and faith to believe that thou wouldest send enough means, that there should be no debt;" and the dear Lord again gave me these words, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." O the sweet preciousness of that visit! I wept and adored the dear Name of

Jesus, and had such a sweet foretaste of the heavenly Jerusalem that it was a wonder the blessing did not overpower me. I longed to be with Jesus; and he said, "Yet a little while." O how sweet to my soul was the sight by faith of my glorious home. My soul yearned after it, to be for ever with him "whom my soul loveth." Most precious was the word, "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun." "And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

O how I have to cry unto him, "Lord, keep me; Lord, hold me fast; let me not slip." O, I need so much keeping grace; and the Lord only knows how prone I am to wander and to forget. My evil heart often brings me into bondage; but the Lord delivers me. Bless his dear Name, I feel that I am like corn which has been cut down, and afterwards bound in a sheaf, and stood up in a shock to get fully ripened. The natural corn has to stand in the field in the sunshine and the wind, and sometimes storms; but when it is ripe it is lifted up. So when the Lord sees that I am fully ripened, he will lift me up to be ever with him. Amen. Blessed be the Name of the Lord for ever. I pray him to bless what I have written, and get to himself much praise and honour. For this purpose only have I written; and the half of his love I have not told. I am, Yours very affectionately, JANE BREACH.

Ocklynge Cottage, Willingdon, near Polegate, Sussex. May, 1881.

I AM more than sure that God's elect shall never be finally deceived. This has been my prop and stay for many years in the Lord's work. As Satan is sure to send his bellman to cry me down, go where I may, this in reason's eye vexes and dejects me. But when faith considers that God made choice of Peter's mouth, that by him the Gentiles should hear the word and believe; and knowing that God works, and none can let it; and that his election ordains, fixes, furnishes, and appoints the mouth that is to bear the tidings to every chosen vessel; these lift me above Satan's schemes.—*Huntington*.

I HOLD myself bound in conscience and in honour, not even to imagine that I have attained a proper knowledge of any one article of truth, much less to publish it, unless through the Holy Spirit I have had such a taste of it, in its spiritual sense, as that I may be able from the heart to say with the psalmist, "I have believed, and therefore have I spoken.—*Dr. Owen*.

WE teach with Augustine, that "Election is an ordaining to *grace* as well as to *glory*." In predestination, therefore, the means of salvation are no less absolutely decreed than salvation itself. We may not conceive that God's decree runs after this form: "I will predestinate Peter to salvation, if it should so happen that he doth believe and persevere;" but rather thus: "I do predestinate Peter to salvation, which, that he may infallibly obtain, I will give him both faith and perseverance." Were it otherwise, the foundation would not stand sure; yea, and God's gifts would not be without repentance, if God did not absolutely decree to give and bestow faith and perseverance to his elected ones. The covenant of grace runs in this tenure: "I will be a God to you, and ye shall be a people unto me;" that is, I will make ye so.—*C. Ness*.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.

Dearly beloved Friend and Companion; for truly as such I can address you,—Your very kind and exceedingly welcome letter is duly received; for which accept my sincere and warmest thanks. For truly it is full of the blessing of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and, O, I pray God may hear your prayer, and mercifully fulfil all your petitions, and bless you with a double portion of the same divine inestimable blessings.

The morning I received yours I was in a sad state. I had been proving the truth of what the wise man saith, "Grievous words stir up anger;" but when I commenced reading your dear letter a sense of the Lord's unmerited goodness did cause the tears of (I hope) godly sorrow to come from my heart and my eyes. I could not tell you how many times I have read your excellent letter; each time seems to make the union closer and stronger. I do desire to encourage and strengthen your soul under all your discouragements. At the same time, as Hezekiah writes, and as our souls know, in all these troubles and trials of soul is the life of our spirit, and they bring us with a real heart-felt cry to the throne of grace; and what would your ministry be without sanctified trials? An untried minister is a dumb dog to a living exercised child of God.

I see from yours you are in that old, beaten path that all other dear servants of God have travelled before you. God Almighty bless, uphold, sustain, keep, strengthen, and comfort you in all your tribulations, and fill your heart with his heavenly treasure; that when you stand up in his great and holy Name you may be enabled, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to bring out of that treasury things new and old, to the strengthening of your own soul, and to the comforting of God's dear people; and then I am sure that "he that soweth and he that reapeth will rejoice together." Amen. I pray you may ever be kept from fearing the frowns of poor mortals whose breath is in their nostrils; and be enabled at all times and under all circumstances to look unto *him* that hath said, "*I, even I, am he* that comforteth you. Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die?" (Isa. li. 12) Or from courting their smiles; for you have already proved them deceitful; and it is a great mercy that it is so. If it were not, our depraved hearts would be looking for, and trusting in, the creature instead of God.

I was glad to hear you begin where God began with you. O dear friend, if the beginning is wrong all will be wrong; and O how many thousands there are who are resting on a delusive hope, a sandy foundation in this our day. But, my beloved and very dear friend, I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak; "and things that accompany salvation." I was permitted to run the downward road that leadeth to everlasting destruction, until I was about 23 years of age. Like you, I had many convictions under the evil course I was madly pursuing;

but I cannot believe they were anything but natural; and I will give you my reasons for believing so, by relating a circumstance that happened to me before I was stopped in my wild career. It was in a tap-room brawl. I was kicked in the throat; my throat swelled up to a great size, and became very hard. I could take no nourishment but what was poured through my teeth, not being able to open my mouth. They hacked me, and did all they could; but, apparently, to no purpose. The doctor said I could not live; which greatly alarmed me; and O how sincerely I appeared to tell God if he would spare my life how good and how different I would be. But I proved that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh;" for as soon as I was well I went on as badly as ever, if not worse. Yet I have been scared dreadfully when alone at night, by dreams, the devil carrying me off alive; but judgments nor mercies could ever sway my roving feet to wisdom's way, until the set time of a long-suffering Jehovah was come; but

"There is a period known to God
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in."

Pardon me if I quote another verse; but it is so beautiful:

"The appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to *propose* but *call* by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill."

As dear Hart says, "It is not *will* I be, but *may* I be a Christian?" I believe it was the same Almighty power that arrested you that arrested me; although the manner was different.

It was on a Sunday morning, after carousing in the public-house the most of the previous night, (my eldest brother and I being among the companions in sin) proposed going to the canal to bathe. We went. I believe I was in the water first, and had swum some distance from them, when I heard the cry of "There's a man drowning." I swam back; they pointed in the water, saying, "He went down there." I went under the water and felt about; but could not find him. I came to the top of the water, then they told me it was my brother. How I got out of the water I cannot tell; but by this time they had dragged and brought his poor lifeless body to the shore. My feelings I cannot describe; but I was like one bereft of his senses; and I walked up and down by his dead body. But one thing I cannot forget; in the midst of my distress those words came to me, "One shall be taken; the other left." I now felt something within I could not get rid of. It followed me night and day. It went to bed with me; it rose with me in the morning; it followed me through the day. Yes, it was my constant companion; and I can truly say has been from that day to this. Thanks be unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Yea, I believe that something was, or rather is, to me, the fear of the Lord, which is to depart from iniquity; for from that time I could no longer go on in my sinful course,

nor with my sinful companions. I felt great tenderness of conscience, and great fear of doing or speaking anything wrong. My Bible was now my daily companion, and truly I was one that trembled at God's Word. I could not sit down to eat quietly; but I must eat and read. Neither could I sit down to eat now without trying to give God thanks for his mercies. For the Holy Spirit mightily convinced me that the Scriptures were the Word of God by burning its solemn truths into my soul, especially at this time. Those portions of the Word that applied to the wicked plainly said to me, "Thou art the man;" and I fell under it. I believed it, and could see no way of escape; and I began to feel the truth of these words, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." (Ps. xc. 8.) For sins that I had forgot rose up in array against me, and it appeared as though God in his just anger was about to consign me to eternal punishment; and I had not one word to say why he should not. O, I felt it would be just; but still I could not stop crying for mercy; though my prayers seemed to come from such a hard heart. But, then, as dear Mr. Hart says,

"Law and terror do but harden
All the while they work alone;"

and you know it is so too. Now, while the Holy Spirit is teaching the soul this lesson, there is no fear of his turning back into the world. No. I believe the soul has the faith of God's elect implanted in it from the first when God's Spirit quickened it into life, and that is what the apostle means, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." But I must bear in mind I am writing a letter, not a book. How long, exactly, I went on in this distress of mind, on account of my outward sins, I know not, for I have only a treacherous memory to trust to, except the Holy Spirit should be pleased to bring to my remembrance what he hath in mercy spoken to me. But one morning going to my labour, bowed down with a sense of my outward sins, fearing God could not have mercy on such an out-of-the-way sinner as I felt myself to be, those gracious words dropped into my soul with divine power: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I need not tell, even if I could, my feelings at this time to my dear friend, because he felt the same when those blessed words came to his own soul: "Blessed is the man." My soul was now raised to a hope in the mercy of God, in and by Jesus Christ. For brevity sake I have passed over much that my soul went through in this troublous time. "He that believeth shall not make haste;" but it is here a little and there a little. "The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit;" but he finds that by "taking thought he cannot add one cubit to his stature," and that that which is wanted in his experience "cannot be numbered" with the testimonies and intimations the soul has had of God's favour. Nevertheless, God by his Spirit goes on teaching and leading the soul in the paths of knowledge. I now began to

prove the truth of that Scripture, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." For such was the desperate wickedness I felt boiling up in my heart that it outweighed everything. My outward actual sins were dreadful, unspeakably so; but what I felt within made them appear small (if I may use the expression). I felt such dreadfully wicked and blasphemous thoughts arise against the blessed Trinity; sometimes against the Father; at other times against the Son; at others against the Holy Spirit. These drove me almost distracted. But there were moments when I felt my soul humbled before God at the throne of his grace, and was enabled to pour out my soul before him by prayer and supplication, with holy longings and desires for deliverance; and then the bad feelings seemed to return stronger; so that it has really pained my head. Then such a passage as this would come, "Behold a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind; it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked;" till I have thought I was that very character. Again, where it says, "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." I remember once, while walking in the street, I really feared the earth would open, and I should go down alive into the pit, on account of the wickedness of my heart. But enough of this. I have said enough to show that he that increaseth in the knowledge of the depravity of the human heart increaseth sorrow; and this is only a small part of what my soul passed through; but not without occasional helps and deliverances. I had a little help from those words: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." In which I saw the two natures, the old man of sin and the new man of grace. My own experience unfolding the Word of truth, which, as I said, was quite a help to me at that time. O how many times I have had to leave my work and crawl into some secret place where none but God could hear or see me, to try to supplicate his mercy; for, although I had felt a hope in the mercy of God, in and by Jesus Christ, I feared I should be cut down on account of the dreadful blasphemy I felt within. But on one of these occasions, as I was going home from work, sunk almost in despair, these words sounded with power in my poor downcast soul: "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." It was his *unchangeableness* that was so comforting a cordial to my soul; so much so that I have never doubted God's immutable love from that day to this. Though, I must confess, I have doubted my interest in it, thousands of times. So, amidst it all,

"My hopes and fears alternate rise."

For if I felt a spirit of prayer, and could, with a feeling heart, tell God my sad state and condition, begging him to appear for me, then hope would be uppermost; but when overwhelmed with sin and guilty fears, and hardness of heart prevailed, then I should sink almost into despair. I have, on account of the

hardness of my heart, looked upon myself to be worse than Esau; for it would come to my mind that he sought the blessing *carefully, with tears*: but I could not shed a tear. I thought I was too black, too base a sinner to obtain mercy, and that I was without God, and without hope in the world. But, amidst all my fears, a gracious God upheld and supported me; and O with what heart-melting power these words were applied to my soul: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" which greatly humbled me before the Lord. For I saw that although my sins were so great they could not hinder the mercy of God; and, in tears, and with childlike simplicity, I said, "Yes, Lord, thou wilt have mercy on whom thou wilt have mercy indeed, if thou canst have mercy on me;" and I believe I felt his mercy flow down into my soul then; and this encouraged my soul afresh to still press on.

After this short respite, the wicked blasphemous thoughts came again, and tormented me more or less, day and night; especially when I was hastening home from work to be in time for chapel. I have sometimes had to run along the streets with my hand to my mouth, fearing the dreadful blasphemies would belch out of it. O with what eagerness did I run to places of truth to hear if there was any encouragement for my sin-bitten, cast-down, and needy soul! Yes, I would be there every night in the week, except Saturday night. Sometimes I was greatly encouraged; at other times very much cast down, and everything appeared against me. For I could not think it possible that I could have the fear of God in my heart, and be the subject of such wicked thoughts. It was about this time that I was greatly encouraged from what Mr. Godwin said, in Eden Street pulpit. He said, "There may be some poor soul here that is tempted and harassed" (or words to that effect) "with blasphemous thoughts, and sometimes you will put your hand to your mouth to stop them from coming out; but, poor soul, thou couldst not keep them in. It is nothing short of the almighty power of God can subdue and keep them under." This brings to my mind another special time of hearing under Mr. Godwin. He said, "The shepherds" (meaning God's ministers) "were sent to seek out the sheep in the holes they had got into;" and then he began to describe some of the holes the sheep fall into. One of the holes he spoke of was where my poor soul had been in on the Thursday night previous to the Sunday that he preached this sermon. If it will not be wearisome to my dear friend I will tell you what it was. I had been as usual poring over the sacred oracles until a late hour, and was about to try to pray, as I was on the point of retiring; but I felt unable with a feeling heart to do so, which very much cast me down. For I felt no spirit of prayer, and yet I was afraid to go to bed without prayer. Then it was as though some one said to me, "Do not attempt to pray any more until you feel your spirit drawn out;" which I thought suited my feelings exactly; for that was what I longed for; and it gave me momentary relief; but still it left me as I

was. I could neither pray nor could I go to bed without it; and, nature being overcome, I fell asleep on the bed with my clothes on. But as soon as my eyes were open in the morning, these words came to me: "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." What I suffered from that Thursday night until the Sunday morning, when I went to the house of God, I shall never be able to tell; but, like Asaph, I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I these things by the mouth of his servant; for had he been in my room on the Thursday night, and seen all that passed without, and knew all that was going on within, he could not have described my case more minutely; for he quoted the very words, word for word, that came to me, and said it was a temptation from the enemy.

Now, my dear friend, if I go on so fully relating all my ins and outs, ups and downs, it would fill volumes, and wear out my beloved friend's patience, if I have not already done so; but I must tell you that a gracious God did not leave my soul altogether comfortless; for sometimes he met with and encouraged my poor soul under the preaching of the Word, and at other times in private prayer. For, thanks be to his great and holy Name, the Lord did at times graciously soften my hard heart at the throne of grace, and at other times in reading the Scriptures. Yea, I have felt the truth of, and been encouraged by, this passage: "Is not my Word like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Yes, such I have found it to be, for it broke my rocky heart; not with sorrow, but gladness. On one occasion I felt in such a heavenly frame of mind that I was afraid to look, move, or speak, for fear of losing it. I think it must have been a taste of that bliss which the "spirits of just men made perfect" enjoy. I have thought of what the apostle Paul says, "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 19.) Surely this is to "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." O how contaminating did sin appear to me then! O what earnest fervent desires I felt within to live unto God without sin! Yes, I wanted to be holy as God is holy. But the frame I was in could not continue long here upon earth; neither did it with me; but I desire to bless and praise a gracious God for it. It is many years ago, yet the Holy Spirit seems to have brought it afresh to my remembrance; and when that is the case, we may look upon it as one of the "hills Mizar,"—a special favour from him in whose favour is life.

I will pass over the exercise of my soul from this time to another special deliverance. It was one Ordinance Sunday. Mr. Godwin was then supplying at Eden Street, London, and I, not being a member at that time, could only remain as a spectator; but during the Ordinance I had some (I hope) gracious feelings. When it was over, and I was on my way home, I had not gone far before I felt such a softness of heart come over me, and such a feeling that I cannot describe. I felt so powerfully a

spirit of supplication that I stood still, and my very soul went up to the Lord in prayer, that he would make it manifest to my soul that his body was broken for *me*; and such love filled my heart that I could, and did in truth say, with Mr. Hart,

“I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways.”

And the Scripture came with light, life, and power: “We love him, because he first loved us.” This made my cup run over, and I saw with comfort that I could not have felt this love to the Lord had he not first loved me. I went home full of the love of God. But O, my friend, when I got home the enemy was at me again; yet he could not move me while God’s presence abode with me. I then began to write to my dear friends to tell them of the Lord’s goodness to me; and I likewise cheered the heart of Mr. Godwin by a relation of it to him. It lasted two or three days. The apostle says, “Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you.” That blessed soul-comforting and soul-supporting feeling began to withdraw; and as it did so I began to sink; thus proving the truth of that proverb: “If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.” O what should we do in this sad, sad state were it not for the almighty, all-supporting, upholding, but unseen arm of Jehovah? I now wished I had never written those letters to my dear friends. O how I wished them back, and thought I must write and tell them I was a poor deceived creature; for I really believed I was. How hard did that great and powerful enemy of “man-soul” try to sink me in black despair. What a mercy that there is One stronger than he! And O, greater the mercy that we have hope that we are under his divine protection! It makes me weep tears of gratitude while I write it. For that arch-fiend set in upon me by bringing me on the verge of despair, and then tempted me to take my own life; presenting the razor to do it with. O, my dear friend, if ever I felt creature helplessness, it was in these sad hours. I am sure no creature could stand here if not kept by the Almighty Jehovah. Bless and praise his great and holy Name, he brought me through it all. We are not our own; we are bought with a price.

Here I must pass over another stretch of time. For could I remember all that my soul has passed through, it would make too large a package for mailing. Some time after I began to be exercised about the ordinance of baptism, and those words came to me, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” I felt greatly attached both to the ministry and the people then worshipping in Eden Street Chapel, Hampstead Road, London. I saw and believed they were a blessed people, whose God is the Lord, and felt a desire to cast in my lot amongst them; but I found it not so easy a matter, nor so light a thing as they appear to make it in these days. Sometimes I felt, “Now, if I was before the church I could, with the greatest freedom, tell them what God

has done for me." Then, again, I should, from what I felt, think it would be the greatest piece of presumption to think of such a thing. For a long time I was tossed up and down in mind about it; but one week night I went to Zoar, Great Alie Street, to hear Mr. Tite, and that night the ordinance of baptism was administered. Two were baptized. His text was, "Follow thou me." The connection is, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Then the text. O! What inexpressible love I felt in my heart to them as they stood by the water, while the minister was speaking to them. I felt I could have gone then and been baptized with them. I stood there with my face in my handkerchief, weeping, and with childlike feeling talking to Jesus, saying, "Jesus, may I come?" This increased my desire, and strengthened me greatly to go before the church; and after hearing a sermon from Acts xxvii. 44, "Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship," I found courage to go; but what I said that induced them to take me in fellowship I have never been able to find out from that day to this.

This brings me nearly to the time of our coming to America. So now I close. All that is bad in it I claim. If you find anything good in it, give God all the glory. He only is worthy. For I hope I may say it is by "the grace of God I am what I am."

Wishing you every new covenant blessing,

I remain,

Your sincere Friend, I hope, in Jesus Christ. Amen, and Amen.

ABRAHAM ABBOTT.

PS.—I am a daily dependent upon the Lord, both as a God of grace and of providence; but I had a sovereign put by to send over; which, as a small token of my love and affection for you as a dear child of God and his servant, I wish you to accept. It is only a little, but it may be a help. You will find a Post-office Order for £1, payable where your letter was posted, Petersfield. I have put Charles Barnes. I do not know if that is right or not, as you only put your initials, and I had to give your name in full; so you will have to ask for Charles B. to get it. Once more accept my kindest Christian love.

Ours appears to be a short-lived joy, according to this month's "Gospel Standard," with regard to Mr. Hazlerigg, our dear and worthy Editor; but notwithstanding, if his work is done, I believe with you he will find an abundant entrance into God's eternal kingdom and glory.

I do not think I shall ever see the other or your side of the Atlantic. My business has run down very much the last few years, and the expense of coming over, I assure you, is not small. But I feel thankful I have been permitted to see my dear native land once more. If I live until the 30th of this month I shall be sixty-three.

Once more adieu, with love to all who love the Lord.

Passaic, New Jersey, Dec. 26th, 1880.

“PEACE, BE STILL.”

MARK IV. 39.

ONCE, as a sinner fearing hell,
 Trembling at Jesus' feet I fell;
 My storm-toss'd soul long'd, if his will,
 To hear him whisper—“Peace, be still.”

No peace in self, nor all around;
 E'en in the means no peace I found;
 Sin all my comforts seem'd to kill;
 Christ had not spoken—“Peace, be still.”

Through many sore afflictions brought
 To cry for help I vainly sought
 Escape from all the woe and ill;
 Christ did not answer—“Peace, be still.”

A waif, toss'd on the sea of life,
 Exposed to the tempest's strife,
 I stagger'd to and fro until,
 At last, he utter'd—“Peace, be still.”

It was when sinking in despair,
 I heard him say, “On me thy care
 Now cast, my promise I'll fulfil;”
 And then he whisper'd—“Peace, be still.”

“My peace to thee I freely give,
 And thou in me shalt surely live.
 Bless thee and save thee now I will;”
 And thus was spoken—“Peace, be still.”

Fresh storms, indeed, burst o'er my head;
 Clouds darken oft the path I tread;
 The tempests roar and rage until
 He calms them with a—“Peace, be still.”

In Jesus Christ alone is rest;
 He sweetly soothes the harass'd breast.
 With joy the troubled heart he'll fill
 By gently whispering—“Peace, be still.”

In all my griefs to Christ I'd fly,
 'To him direct my plaintive cry;
 Then look, and watch, and wait until
 He softly breathes a—“Peace, be still.”

The storm of life will soon be past;
 And, when through Jordan's waves at last
 I take my way to Zion's hill,
 In death he'll answer—“Peace, be still.”

Sleaford.

E. C.

HE who by investigation of truth makes it his chief care to have his mind and will rendered subject to the faith, and obedient to the Father of lights, and who with attention waits upon him whose throne is in the heavens, he alone attains to true wisdom; the others walk in the vain show.—*Dr. Owen.*

SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

BAPTISM ; A COMMAND.

“And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord:”
—Acts x. 48.

My very dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee. I have read your letter with pleasure, and was glad to hear of the dealings of God with your soul, and that the Lord should condescend to bless the word of his grace through such a very unworthy instrument. I hope you will be enabled to come before us, and publicly tell us the reason of your hope, so as not to “turn aside by the flocks of his companions.”

But my friend says he cannot see that baptism by immersion is a door into the church. My dear friend, Christ is the door into the invisible church, but baptism by immersion in water is the right way into the visible church. Now, my dear friend, it is *believers'* baptism. “If thou believest thou mayest,” said Philip to the eunuch; and when Peter preached to three thousand and they were pricked to the heart, then they cried out, “Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved? And Peter said, “Arise, and be baptized, every one of you. And they arose, and were baptized. And the same day there were added to the church about three thousand souls.” Was not that a command of Peter to them?

But my friend may say, “How could Peter baptize so many in one day?” But there were seventy disciples, and they or more could all be employed. In Acts x. 47, 48, we read, “Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.” What was this but a command? And we read that John was baptizing at Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there. And they were baptized both men and women at Antioch. Not a word about baptizing children.

“But,” say you, “was not the jailor and all his baptized?” Yes; but Paul said, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house.” So they were baptized on their faith; not before. In Matt. iii. we read, “Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins;” not until they made a confession of their sins. “Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him; but John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answered and said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water. And lo, the heavens were opened unto him.” Therefore Jesus himself must have gone down into the water to come up out of the water, as an example for us to follow his steps.

But my friend may say, “I never have had it so laid on my mind.” Perhaps my friend has been expecting some wonderful

revolution from the Lord, to say to him with some audible voice, "Mr. Mannington, you ought to be baptized." But the Lord says, "If you love me, keep my commandments. Them that honour me, I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed. And in keeping my commandments there is great reward." Not *for* keeping them. The Lord often meets with them as he did the eunuch, when he came up out of the water; for "he went on his way rejoicing."

I know my dear friend has been taught not to think much of immersion from his cradle; but I as much contend for the baptism of the Spirit as father Vinall does. All other baptism short of the baptism of the Spirit is only a shadow. The baptism of the Spirit is the only essential baptism; and they who have never been baptized by the Spirit have no scriptural right to water baptism; as saith John: "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth fruits meet for repentance. And now also the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Therefore John would not baptize them without signs or fruits of repentance. But I am decided about the ordinance by immersion being of God. I only say I should wish that my dear friend should be guided and led by infinite wisdom, and by the Spirit and Word of God, as these cannot err.

I should not have written to you on the ordinance of baptism if you had not mentioned it in yours; and some friends told me you could not see baptism was a command. And what was this but a command: "Go ye into all nations, teaching them and baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Teaching first and then baptizing; not baptize infants, and then teach them.

My Christian love to you and your dear wife. I am at the Cape of Good Hope in winter quarters, waiting for a south wind to sail to a desired haven of rest and peace.

Flimwell, Feb. 12th, 1856.

JAMES PERT.

"HE SHALL REDEEM ISRAEL FROM ALL HIS INIQUITIES."—

PS. CXXX. 8.

My dear Sir,—At the request of my much-esteemed friend, Mrs. Radford, I am led to address you, and in her name acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th April. She would have written you, had her strength equalled her desire; but the Lord sees good to afflict her with much racking of body and excessive nervousness, which has prevented her corresponding with any of her friends for many months. Sitting up late and watching continually by her dear partner (now in glory) has affected her constitution; but her soul appears strong and lusty as an eagle, rejoicing in God her Saviour, who loved her and gave himself for her. This is the rock which has supported

her in her deep and bitter trials in time past; and upon this sure foundation the blessed Spirit now stays her mind and enables her, though a widow indeed and desolate, to trust in the precious Lord Jesus, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, resting in his love, rejoicing over his people with singing, and delighting to do them good.

You, my dear Sir, are no stranger to the blessedness of "The Hope of Israel," as your letter (the perusal of which has afforded me pleasure) fully shows. It is an invaluable gift to be enabled to realize his worth and grace in the soul, and to feel the heart in any measure leaning upon the Beloved, while coming up out of the waste howling wilderness; the cleansing power of whose dear blood alone can give peace to the troubled conscience, and disperse the horror of great darkness which falls and settles upon the soul when our sins are set in array before us, and guilt, fear, and meditations of terror bind us down to the confines of despair. The blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from *all sin* must flow over polluted, black, deceitful, and desperately wicked hearts, ere we can enjoy that *rest* which remaineth (or is left behind) for the people of God. And when this has taken place, again and again do we need to be brought unto this fountain, open for sin and uncleanness; for every day, yea, and night, the workings up and overflowings of the scum of corruption, which dwells in the vile body of death, brings distress into the soul and bows us down with heaviness and sorrow; while unbelief and the subtle arguments and pleadings of vitiated sense and perverted reason, make us go bowing down, sighing and crying for all the abominations done in our midst. O what a vile, detestable, and filthy mass of pollution do we carry about with us! Nothing in hell is more at enmity with God, nothing more pregnant with devilism, uncleanness, blasphemy, pride, lust, and deceivableness of unrighteousness, than the old man whose limbs, instead of growing more feeble by use and exercise, seem to increase in strength and size, and to regain vigour and forwardness after every view and earnest the soul receives of victory in the blood of the Lamb. Yet it is a mercy to know and believe that sin shall not have dominion over us, for we are not under the law but under grace.

And now to return to dear Mrs. R. On the 14th of this month, the Lord took her aged husband out of this barren land to receive him to himself, no more to groan, being burdened in the earthly house of this tabernacle. He was not, apparently, visited with much distress of mind for some time before his death, but seems to have been kept in perfect peace in the Lord. About a week or ten days prior to his departure, I preached to a few friends in his room, and heard the dear old saint joining in the hymn with us, as well as his feeble state of body would permit. The hymn was the second in Hart's Appendix (in Gadsby's, 872):

"Gold in the furnace tried
Ne'er loses aught but dross."

On Friday (having received a letter from Exeter to inform me that he was gone home), agreeably to my promise, I left Stoke and went to the friends who followed his remains to the grave. We interred him in the New Cemetery, on the Lord's-day morning, at half-past eight. The service commenced with the 45th hymn in Hart's Supplement. After singing the first eight lines, the body was lowered into the earth, and we then sang the two following verses, beginning

"Earthy cavern, to thy keeping
We commend our brother's dust."

When this was finished, I addressed the assembled crowd for about fifteen or twenty minutes; and having sung the concluding verses of the hymn and joined in prayer, we left the dust of John Radford to mingle with its parent clod.

Mrs. R. was wonderfully supported through the whole; her voice joined with ours in singing over the grave. She was at the Old Tabernacle in the evening, and I preached from Rev. xiv. 13, and went home feeling (as she said) assured that the word had been blessed, and that it would prove the birthday of some. It had been impressed on the mind of Mrs. R. that such would be the result, and she could not forbear talking to the people thereof all the way home. The Lord grant that it may be so, that he may have all the praise; for power belongeth unto him; and without the blessed Spirit apply the word, I know right well that the preaching is nothing more than an empty sound.

I must now tell you that Mr. Radford was much rejoiced to hear of your father's blessed end, and longed to write to your mother; but his illness prevented him. The dear old saint wept when Mrs. R. read your account of the Lord's dealings with your soul. He appears to have loved your departed father greatly; and truly it must have more than rejoiced him to receive so clear and unctuous a testimony from his own son of the Lord's making him an instrument to lead his son to the knowledge of the Rock of his salvation.

I was commissioned to say much more, but my treacherous memory refuses to give up her deposit. Our mutual friend, however, wishes me to express everything that is kind and affectionate in the name of the Lord; to whom I desire, with her, to commend you, for, although unknown in the flesh, I feel satisfied we have the same feelings in our hearts of our own nothingness, wretchedness, and depravity, and of Jesus's all-sufficiency and preciousness as the only anchor of our souls, our only hope and trust and stay; on whose merits we desire at all times to rest, and to enjoy communion with him, having the love of the Father shed abroad in our hearts, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

O that we may have more faith to depend on him for everything, and to trace his footsteps and handiwork in all that he brings us into, for the trial of that faith which he gives; so that we may glorify him in our bodies and spirits, which are his.

Yours to serve in the bonds of the gospel, an unworthy help-

less sinner; whose only support is the grace, mercy, and fulness which is in Jesus.

June 27th, 1839.

GEO. S. ISBELL.

To Mr. Samuel Fowler.

THE SAINTS IN THE MIDST OF MANY PEOPLE AS A DEW FROM THE LORD.

Dear Mr. W.,—I was just pondering over God's great goodness to me as a sinner, and was about to try to bend my knees in adoration for temporal and spiritual mercies. My heart was glowing with a measure of gratitude, so that I desired to take the cup of salvation, and praise the Lord for his many favours.

O Sir, the sense of God's love and mercy towards poor bankrupt sinners humbles them down in the dust of self-abasement. Who am I, and what am I, that I should be loved and cared for by the great Jehovah?

I felt refreshed on Tuesday in speaking from the words in Micah v. 7. The Lord said, "Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as showers upon the grass." The Lord makes his people good, and keeps them fruitful in his ways; making them a blessing in the earth. The dew is profitable to the earth; so are his people. They receive from the Lord, and distribute to others. His servants receive the Word, and minister it to his needy family. The Lord is pleased to bless his church with the dew, so that they should be a blessing to others. His dew from heaven will make us kind husbands, good children to parents, loving and caring for them in old age. His dew will make us comforters to others in trouble, and for the delivery of our poor oppressed brethren. What a mercy that there is such a remnant in the earth, yea, in our sinful and apostate nature. There are some to pray for, and to praise a covenant-keeping God. They are among the "chosen and faithful." The Lord commits his Word to them, and they are favoured to drop it. God is the Father of rain, and he begets the drops of dew (Job xxxviii. 28) and sends it upon the earth. He begets the spiritual dew, and sends it down upon our hearts, to revive life, and increase it, causing it to grow.

The dew comes in the night, or early morning, when we are often resting. How quietly and miraculously it descends, both to refresh, cherish, and comfort our souls. Many of the Lord's people have not received the "rain" (larger measures of grace), but they have the "dew." The dew may have descended upon them, and yet they, through fear of presumption, dare not call it help from God.

But O! When the morning comes (a morn of light), they will then see the dewdrops they have received; but more especially when the "Sun of Righteousness" arises, and shines upon them, they will then see clearly how the Holy Spirit has been their helper, and what dew has been descending, though they dared not to call it as such. But O! When Jesus comes, and shines

upon the heart, we then see the work of the blessed Spirit; it is Christ's light. The natural sun shows the dew upon the herbs, and so our Lord Jesus reveals the helps and the many tokens for good; so that in his "light we see light." When the children of Israel were in the wilderness they were fed with manna. We read of the dew descending upon the earth; then the manna came with the dew; so Christ comes in his power by the Word, through the Spirit's teachings. The hidden manna, the dew of the Spirit, comes to dispose the heart before we are enabled to receive Christ; so that there was dew at the bottom, and dew at the top. It is precious to have Christ for our portion.

This dew and the rain do not depend upon man. No foot of man carries water to this wilderness. The wilderness grass depends upon God to take care of it; and so God's remnant are dependent upon him for all supplies. He says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." May the dear Lord rain down his mercies upon us, giving us to realize the Lord Jesus as food for our souls. His "doctrine shall drop as the rain" and "distil as the dew." Where there is life the dew will come, sooner or later. The Lord, I hope, will be your helper, and prosper your soul in his "green pastures."

Mrs. Harbour unites with me in Christian love to yourself and friends. I did not think of writing so much to you, but my pen has run on, though not very orderly.

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

7, Clifton Street, Brighton, Nov. 4th, 1875.

W. HARBOUR.

"I WILL REMEMBER THE WORKS OF THE LORD."—PS. LXXVII. 11.

My dear Brother in our dear Lord Jesus,—Grace be with thee and thine is my heart's sincere desire and prayer. Do please give my kind love to my old and dear friend and brother, Mr. Owen, and family. I hope, if it is the Lord's will, that he may be restored to his wonted health. But afflictions are our common lot here below. Tell him we are highly favoured; more than millions are. The Lord has blessed us much in many things. We might have been born blind, and been begging our bread. We might have been passed by in our sins, and left to perish in them, without God and hope. O how much have we more than others; yet *we* deserve to be sent to hell in our iniquities and sins. If we could see and feel our every-day *mercies*, we should not waste so much of our time in brooding over our *miserics*, most of which we make; and if we are chastened by the rod of correction, we cause that rod; but the hand which useth it is God's. "But the rod of the wicked shall not rest on the lot of the righteous."

My kind love to the church, every one of them. The Lord bless you with peace. The church, the deacons, and all that love the truth have an interest in my prayers. I am most kindly and sincerely yours in the Lord Jesus.

Walsall, March 1st, 1876.

SIMEON BURNS.

WHY AM I THUS?

“WHY am I thus?” Why so full of gloom and sadness?
 Speak, O Lord and cheer me into joy and gladness.
 I daily wait upon thee, and daily I long
 To hear thy voice, which cheers my sadness into song.

I am a worthless sinner, trusting in thy grace;
 Empty, vile, and filthy, yet daily seek thy face.
 To me reveal thyself as my eternal God;
 Make me truly know thee, and wash me in thy blood.

Thou knowest my desire, also my very heart;
 Is it pure? Is it true? Thou know'st my inward part.
 Be thou my Judge; decide this doubtful case.
 Speak peace, O Lord, and let me live in thy embrace.

Give thy Word to comfort and feed my hungry soul.
 Is my heart well broken? If so; Lord, make it whole.
 Are my affections pure, and holy, and sincere?
 Is my conscience tender? has sin made me to fear?

I trust so, righteous Lord; but would not here presume.
 Hypocrisy I hate, nor wish to find it room.
 From hope that seemeth vain, and ev'ry idol too,
 Take me to worship thee, thou only God most true.

Lord, hear my humble prayer, reveal thy self to me.
 O let me hear thy voice; let me thy goodness see.
 Give me to know my sins are put away;
 That I may stand acquit upon the judgment day.

Give me a living faith; assure me Thou art mine;
 And make me to believe I shall in glory shine.
 Justify me in Jesus' righteousness,
 And clothe my naked soul in thy all-glorious dress.

March, 1881.

O. L.

“I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.”—See how quickly these words are uttered; but how weighty they are—God, Father; God in power, Father in goodness. How happy are we who have found the Lord to be our Father—God the Father Almighty. Let no one say, “He cannot pardon my sins.” What! Cannot one who is almighty? But you say, “I have been a great sinner.” I answer, “He is almighty.” Thou replyest, “I have committed such and such sins, and I cannot be pardoned, and cleansed from these.” I reply, “He is almighty.” Besides, his almightiness is indispensable to us.—*Augustine.*

To preach the gospel is a very important, and, I may say, an arduous task. Rightly to divide the word of truth, to take forth the precious from the vile, to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, by manifestations of the truth to commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Well may we ask, “Who is sufficient for these things?” I feel myself most insufficient, but I know that the Lord maketh his strength perfect in weakness, and this encourages me to cast myself on him, and seek help from his gracious hands who has said, “My grace is sufficient for thee.”—*J. C. Philpot.*

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—Will you favour me by informing me what is meant by the following: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. iii. 9.) "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

I do not ask this as one who disapproves of your doctrine, but because I cannot imagine what is meant by those passages.

YOUTH.

ANSWER.

God is a sovereign, and sovereignty is stamped upon all his works and ways: "He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased." (Ps. cxv. 3.) He hath done *what* pleased him, *when* it pleased him, and *how* it pleased him to perform his pleasure. He has a *right* to do it, *ability* to do it, and his sovereign *will* is the rule of his conduct in all his works and ways. Whatever God does must be *good* and *right*; because he is both *good* and *righteous*; and God's sovereignty alone can account for the various revolutions and reverses which are constantly taking place on the earth. Yet,

" All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend."

And his pleasure is the good of his people as well as that of his own glory: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.)

The apostle is led by the Holy Spirit to warn the church of God of certain "scoffers" who were to make their appearance in the last days, and who would take occasion to scoff at the idea of the second coming of Christ, and the end of the world, because they are delayed so long; and they say, "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." In answer to these objectors the Holy Spirit, by Peter, declares that "the Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness." That is, the Lord is not slack, remiss, or backward, concerning the promise he has made of coming the second time, and closing time so as to receive his saints to himself. This is not the cause of the long delay; but it is his sovereign pleasure to wait until the last vessel of mercy shall be born into this world. Therefore he is "long-suffering to us-ward;" that is, to God's elect. As, then, it is for his chosen's sake that he is waiting, he endures with the wickedness of the world and with individual sinners, refraining from cutting them off in their sins because some of them are to be the progenitors of the "us-ward;" as, for instance, Huntington's parents. Where would some of our readers, also,

now have been had God cut off some of their progenitors? They would now be in non-existence, if we may use such an expression to convey the force of the apostle's words. Suppose, further, that God had closed time a thousand years ago, where would many now in glory have been? They would never have come into being, and consequently could never have realized their eternal union in covenant with Christ, the Head of the body. This would make a gap,—a gap that God could never allow to take place. No; he will wait and endure until the number of his chosen ones is completed, let what will occur. For the church of Christ having an eternal union to him, God is not willing that any of this "us-ward" should perish, which, we say, they must perish *from Christ*, if God were to close time before they were brought into existence. Again. Why does not God cut off such persecutors and injurious persons as Paul was? Because he wills them to come to repentance, and so to repentance they *must* come; neither men nor devils can prevent it.

If it were that God wills all men universally to come to repentance, then Jesus has made expiation for every individual; and has become surety for every creature. Yea, he must have actually paid the ransom price for the whole world; and if so, the world must and will come to repentance, because it would then be the sovereign will of God that it should be so; and if he had so willed it, he has ability to perform it: "I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." (Isa. xlv. 9, 10.)

The God of the Bible "doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? (Dan. iv. 35.) If, then, all men do not come to repentance, God hath not so willed it. The sum of which is that God is not delaying time without a wise reason; he being unwilling that any of the "us-ward" should perish by hastening on time so as to end it before his will is accomplished in gathering to himself the whole number of his elect. He wills them all to come to repentance, then they must come into being for this to be accomplished; and as Jesus is exalted a "Prince and a Saviour to give repentance," they cannot die before they receive it. Observe, it is the "us-ward" that God wills shall not "perish." But to come to "repentance."

Rev. xxii. 17. If a man has the power of will he cannot be a dead man; that is impossible. Hence we at once begin with life, and all gospel invitations are addressed to the living, generally under some terms referring to the power of life, and here under the term of will. As, then, dead men never will, it at once excludes all who are "dead in trespasses and sins;" so that, "Whosoever will" are the regenerated family of God, and them only. So, if a man thirst, he must be a living person. Thus, we think, the characters are defined very plainly to whom the invitation is addressed. We can see no difficulty in such like

portions if the power of *life action* is observed. For the whole world is embraced in the arms of death or life. Whatever may be each one's thoughts, they are either dead or alive; and the Word speaks to them accordingly.

To J. E. Brignell.—We have received the sermon you sent us, wherein the preacher (Unitarian) wishes to set up the theory, "No hell." As you request some notice of the subject, and as it is an almost universally believed theory, we feel called upon to pass a few remarks on that point. Infidelity is openly and unblushingly professed by many; but the worst and most numerous class of infidels is the disguised infidel who, under a cloak of religion, profanes the Word of God. It is said by such that there is no place of "endless torment," nor "a world of lost souls." "Gehenna," or "Valley of the son of Hinnom," was the place where the Jews burned their sons and daughters in the fire, offering them in sacrifice to Moloch, and generally, it is said, casting them into the red-hot arms of the idol. (Jer. vii. 31; 2 Chron. xxviii. 3; xxxiii. 6). This valley being continually lit up with the fires of an idolatrous people, has been judged by the Holy Spirit to be a fit illustration of a world of lost souls and their bodies; and is called a "lake of fire and brimstone, where the *beast* and false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and for ever." (Rev. xx. 10) Here is both a place of torment and of endless duration. It is also said to be "unquenchable" (Matt. iii. 12); a "furnace of fire" (xiii. 42); "everlasting fire" (xviii. 8); "the vengeance of eternal fire" (Jude 7); and that this hell (*Gehenna*) is "the fire that never shall be quenched." (Matt. ix. 43.)

Who but an infidel would ask, "How can a pit have no bottom?" It is sufficient that the Holy Spirit has called hell a "bottomless pit." Again, "How can people dwell in a lake of fire?" Perhaps it did not strike the preacher's mind that three men were in a furnace of fire for some time, and the smell of fire had not passed on them.

That "*Hades*" is also, in referring to the abode of the wicked, a place of fire and torment, no one would question who pays any reverence to him who says, "I am the truth." He declares that "in hell" (*Hades*) "he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." (Lu. xvi. 23.) But we will give one of the late beloved Philpot's letters on the subject of eternity:

"My dear Sir,—In replying to your interesting letter I feel that I must, for various reasons, confine myself chiefly to one point; and it is that on which you have consulted me—viz., the meaning of the word *αιώνιος*; in classical authors. I do not, however, attach much value to the meaning of words in classical Greek when transferred thence to the pages of the New Testament. Language can only be the reflex of a nation's thoughts and knowledge, for it is the vehicle whereby they are mutually communicated to the members of that community. Thus, if

from ignorance of the idea of eternity, the thought was not present to the Greek mind, or, if present, was only so in a dim, shadowy form; then the word communicative of the idea would possess the same uncertainty and obscurity, for language can never rise beyond thought. The Greek lived only for time; eternity was not in his thoughts as it is in ours; and though he spoke of immortal gods and of an Elysium for good men after life, yet it was rather a negative idea of something beyond death than such a positive one as we now entertain from the fact of possessing an inspired revelation. I merely throw out these hints to show you how uncertain all deductions must be which are founded upon the meaning of the word in classical writers. We must look for the derivation of the word *αἰώνος* to a higher source than the Greek. It is derived from a Sanscrit verb 'ay,' which signifies 'to go, to pass by.' This root we find in the Greek verbs *ἴω*, *εἶμι*, and the Latin 'eo.' From this original root comes the Sanscrit word 'áyus,' signifying 'time,' whence are derived the Greek words 'αἰές,' 'αἰών,' and the Latin 'ævum,' which itself is derived from the Æolic form 'αἰφών,' in which is the ancient digamma. The idea, then, is of something that is ever passing on,—flowing forward, as it were, into the future. This is the reason why the word bears the two significations attached to it, both of time and of eternity,—each being viewed as something flowing onward, without any reference to termination or non-termination of the period. Thus, when a Greek thought or spoke of eternal life, he did not attach to it necessarily the idea of an unceasing duration, but of an undefined something that flowed on out of sight. He viewed time, so to speak, as a river flowing by, and his idea of eternity was the flowing on of that river till it was lost out of sight. This idea seems confirmed by the other Greek word which is used in classical authors, and also in the New Testament, to signify everlasting,—viz., *ἀίδιος*, which signifies unseen; as if the Greek looked forward into the dark womb of eternity as something hidden from sight.

"I cannot, therefore, furnish you with any decisive passages from the classics by which you may either substantiate or overthrow the meaning which you attach to the term; for if the word itself is shadowy and uncertain, the context in which it is found will partake of the same character. Plato, for instance, uses the word in connection with glory, but his view of eternal glory was very different from the apostle's (2 Cor. iv. 17); for the Greek philosopher looked not beyond the limits of this time-state, whilst the saint and servant of God could look up to the bliss arising out of the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.

"I conceive, then, that the only safe way of ascertaining the truth is by carefully examining, under the light of the Spirit's teaching, those passages in the New Testament in which the word occurs. And I cannot but think myself that as the same word is applied by the blessed Lord himself to the punishment

of the wicked and to the life of the righteous (Matt. xxv. 46), the duration of the one must run parallel with the duration of the other.

“I am sorry to read of the distress through which your mind has passed on this subject, but if you have a sweet evidence in your own breast that you have passed from death unto life, and shall no more come into condemnation, it will be your wisdom and mercy to bow with all submission to the sovereignty of God, knowing that the Judge of all the earth must do right.

“I can only conclude with my best wishes that you may enjoy the Lord’s presence, and be led by him into all truth.

“I am Yours very sincerely for the Truth’s Sake,

“To a Friend, Stamford, March 8, 1861.”

“J. C. P.

Letter CXL.

What we wish to convey to our readers’ minds is that Grecian learning is not gospel, and we hope they may not be drawn away by these scholastic terms, nor allow themselves to be defrauded by Grecian science. If men desire to introduce Grecian philosophy instead of the revealed truth of God, pay no attention to them, neither be disturbed thereby. This is what the apostles had to contend against, and the “learned” amongst the preachers in the third century did just as learned men are now doing, and paved the way for Popery; and this is what the present movement will do; or the introduction of infidelity will be the result.

“Hades” that we hear so much about now-a-days is derived from “*αἰδιος*,” “*aïdios*” “unseen” (see letter above), and signifies “*the invisible place or region*,” and is used in the Word of God to designate the invisible region of fire and torment, let the Greek use it how he may. (Lu. xvi. 28.) That this word should be used in a good sense does not destroy the use of it by the Lord in Luke. But is it come to this pass now that we must go to Greek and heathen philosophers to ascertain what the Holy Spirit means by this “invisible region?” Why not adopt this system of religion at once, which was *deism*. Perhaps this is what is intended to follow all this scholastic display.

Dear readers, obey the Word of God and search the Scriptures; for its truths are “not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” See 1 Cor. iii.

Compare the reign of Christ with the ending idea wished to be attached to the words. Lu. i. 33, 55; Jno. xii. 34; 1 Tim. i. 17; Heb. i. 8; vii. 17, 21, 24, 28; and 2 Pet. ii. 17; Rev. xiv. 11; God, Rev. xv. 7; torment, xx. 10.

WILL THE SAINTS KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

A correspondent has asked us to give our opinion on the subject of the saints’ knowledge of each other in heaven. We

certainly have thought about the subject, but have never had any troubled thoughts respecting it in our lives. For it is difficult, yea, an impossible thing for a creature on earth, bound only by earthly ties, such as father, mother, and child, &c., to fully enter into the bond of a relationship which is entirely heavenly and spiritual. This we are fully persuaded of, that there is nothing "earthly" about it whatever. But how can a person divest himself of all his earthly affections and passions which enter into the composition of his natural being, and judge of that state of existence of which he knows nothing yet as he ought to know? Can he think as they think in heaven? Or can he know as they know? This is impossible.

Taking, then, the Lord's own words for our guide, we must judge according to the light they may convey to our understanding. "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage. But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage. Neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." (Lu. xx. 34-36.) This is expounded by the Holy Spirit elsewhere to mean that "there is neither male nor female; for ye are all *one* in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 28.) If, then, there is neither male nor female in heaven, how can a man expect to see his *wife* there, who must be a female to be a wife? If there are no females, there can be no wives. Or how can a woman expect to see her husband, seeing there are no males in heaven? This must include children also.

In the annihilation of the sexes every sensation, emotion, passion, and affection peculiar to the sex must be entirely swept away; and every bond that now binds the sexes together, or any relationship arising therefrom, must be dissolved; so that it will be as though it never had existed.

"What," says a fond mother, "shall I not know my sweet babe, my little cherub which I lost a few years ago?" Remember, this is a *mother's* feeling towards her child; but as there are no mothers in heaven, such feelings could no more enter heaven than hope could enter hell. All such natural affections are swept away at the resurrection; and we feel persuaded that if those persons who feel so strongly on this subject would only examine the nature of their affections towards departed friends and relations, they would find a great amount of "*earthly*" affection mixed with them. Let two persons who have not a cordial feeling towards each other be asked whether they believe they shall meet comfortably in heaven, and we feel persuaded their feelings will oppose their better judgment.

It is due to our correspondent to say that he disclaims all idea of knowing each other in the flesh; but how far he understands that expression we are not fully prepared to say; and should therefore wish to meet him in affectionate words. The apostle Paul was caught up to the third heaven; but it is remarkable

that he never told any one what he saw and heard there. In fact, he had no words to express what he experienced. He had no command of imagery to exhibit it to the mind's eye, and therefore was compelled to keep it to himself. God only can represent heavenly things by earthly ones. Any one else attempting the same only speaks foolishness.

Then, with regard to sitting down with "Abraham," the Lord was speaking to men who only knew Abraham as having been a man in the flesh, and that God had been very gracious to him and blessed him. They did not know Abraham as he now is; so the Lord spake of heaven to them in words easy to be understood. But to waste no words in arguing the question, we ask every child of God when is it that they feel time-things, and relations to have the least hold on their affections? When can they give all up the easiest? Is it when they are the most earthly or heavenly minded? Cannot a dying mother leave her babe in the hands of God for him to do what he thinks best when her mind is heavenly? Does not that heavenly mind cause her to resign all to God? If, then, the nearer we get to heaven the less we feel the things of time, why wish to carry time things where they could not exist? We think it will be much better to wait till we get to heaven than be angry with each other about the subject. We do not know what we shall be there. (1 Jno. iii. 2.)

THE carnal mind, that is, the mind of every unregenerate person, is filled with wills or perverse lusts that are directly contrary to the will of God. (Eph. ii. 3.) There are the wills or lusts of the mind; that is, the *habitual inclinations* of the mind unto sensual objects. It "minds earthly things" (Phil. iii. 19), and hence the mind itself is said to be "fleshly" (Col. ii. 18); as unto spiritual things it is born of the flesh and is flesh. It likes, savours, approves of, nothing but what is carnal, sensual, and vain. Nothing is suited unto it but what is either curious, or needless, or superstitious, or sensual and earthly; and therefore are men said to walk in the vanity of their mind. (Eph. iv. 17.) In the whole course of their lives they are influenced by a predominant principle of vanity. And in this state the thoughts and imaginations of the mind are always set on work to provide sensual objects for this vain and fleshly frame; hence are they said to "be evil continually." (Gen. vi. 5.) This is the course of a darkened [fleshly] mind. Its vain frame or inclination, the fleshly will of it, stirs up vain thoughts and imaginations; it "minds the things of the flesh." (Rom. viii. 5.)—*Dr. Owen.*

I HAVE seen some friends dropping first into Arianism, then into Socinianism; others I have known to become Irvingites; some going into one error, and some into another. And what then kept me? Why, this solemn conviction, which I trust the Lord himself had implanted, to stick to God's testimony, to cleave to what I had felt, to abide by what I had known, and to hang upon that as the only link which held me up from making shipwreck altogether.—*J. C. Phipps.*

LINES PUBLISHED IN "FRIENDLY VISITOR"
 FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

My master, corruption, I bade it defiance.
 It smouldèd awhile, but it blazed out again;
 It laugh'd at the efforts of creature reliance,
 And haughtily whisper'd, "Thy struggle is vain."
 Thou Saviour of sinners, my heart is dejected;
 The sport of each evil suggestion within;
 Around me the legions of hell are collected;
 If left to myself I must perish in sin.
 Thy glory forbids that my spirit be guided,
 Or yield to a voice any other than thine;
 If hateful to thee be the heart that's divided,
 Lord, what wilt thou say when thou lookest on mine?
 The word of thy promise affords consolation;
 In patience I'd wrestle, in patience I'd pray;
 And cherish in darkness the fond expectation,
 Which beams through the gloom of apparent delay.
 To pant for thine image betokens thy Spirit;
 It is not of nature to breathe such a strain;
 And therefore it is I yet trust to inherit
 The blessing I ask for, again and again.
 I ask to be like thee, I ask to be near thee,
 To live to thy glory from morning to night;
 Nor can I believe but thou still wilt relieve me,
 And bring forth thy suppliant child to the light.

Obituary.

JOHN HACKSLEY.—On Aug. 10th, 1879, John Hacksley, of Wellingborough; born Sept. 26th, 1802; died Aug. 10th, 1881.

The deceased had been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ for about fifty years. Previous to being called by grace he was connected with free-willers, who soon told him he was a "budding Antinomian." At length God in his providence led him to hear a sermon wherein gospel truths were opened up; and he heard things that so well accorded with his experience that he quickly showed a decision of character for the truth, and which he manifested to his dying hour. He had a great aversion to worldly profession and carnal amusements. After he was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord, he was favoured with the assurance that the Lord would keep him by his mighty power; and often during his declining days did he acknowledge the faithfulness of God towards him through all the affliction and trials he had been subjected to.

Previous to a former affliction, he woke up in the night, and the following words were sealed upon his heart with the power of the Holy Ghost: "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence,

which hath great recompense of reward." In the midst of his affliction he often referred to this season, and gratefully acknowledged the loving-kindness of the Lord. Soon after his recovery he was plunged into another trial,—the loss of his wife. Under this sore trouble the remembrance of the visit from the Lord, in the night season, still appeared to support him, and afforded him much consolation and strength.

Eighteen months after the death of his wife, another trial overtook him; reverses in trade left him almost without a shilling. Those who were favoured to see him at this season were always well rewarded for their visits. The Lord sweetly refreshed his spirit; and though he knew not where to look for help, and at times almost choked with grief, he was confident the Lord would provide. He again and again looked back to the memorable visit of the Lord, and the recollection of the words, "Cast not away your confidence," seemed to inspire him with renewed strength; and he "judged him faithful who had promised." O how many days together he has said, "Job and Jeremiah have been my companions to-day, and good company too." Even in the deeps of adversity, he sometimes wore the appearance of one whose joy abounded in the Lord his Redeemer. The dear Lord honoured his faith; his creditors generously gave him his furniture. A dear friend saw him at this time, to whom he said, "The Lord has given me my household furniture; but the Lord knows I cannot live on that, and I am sure he will appear for me, and provide all needful good." Again the Lord honoured his faith; for his creditors, with the assistance of other friends, purchased an annuity for him, and so relieved him of all pecuniary care for the remainder of his life; and for a few weeks he enjoyed a comfortable cottage, and was very happy, being relieved from the cares that had burdened him many years.

July 11th he attended public worship, both morning and evening, and looked very happy that day. He had not been out in the evening for many months; and this proved to be the last day he came out of doors. He had taken cold, and became seriously ill, but recovered a little at the end of the week. Then a relapse occurred, and in a few days his sufferings became so intense that life was despaired of.

July 25, Lord's day morning, he appeared a little better. When I entered his room he clasped my hand and asked how I was. I replied, "It is well with me, and it is well with you, I think." His face beamed with such pleasure as I never before witnessed; it seemed like heavenly joy. He said, "It is well. How can I sink with such a prop? Underneath are the everlasting arms, and the eternal God is my refuge." I think I shall never forget this season. I had been trying to plead with the Lord for him before I left home, and found such sweet liberty in using the very words he uttered in my supplication. We felt the presence of the Lord with us while we talked a few moments together of the loving-kindness of the Redeemer. I saw him

again the next evening. He looked very ill indeed; I thought his end was fast approaching. He was still resting upon the Lord and trusting upon his faithfulness, and said, "What a mercy to have a refuge to flee to in such a trying hour."

Friday evening, I found him much weaker, and his voice very feeble. Jesus was very precious to him. He remarked to a friend in the morning,

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

He appeared to be meditating upon him, and said, "He is all my salvation, and all my desire." I said, "It has been your prayer many years, when heart and flesh faileth, that he would be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever." He replied, "He is so now." "He is the chief of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." After a few moments he said, with much fervour,

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

Speaking of his heavenly home, I said, "You will soon be there, and see Jesus as he is, with those same hands, and head, and side, and feet." He observed, "What a glorious sight it will be!" This was the last time I saw him to hold converse with him. Each time I visited him afterwards he was very weak, and was sleeping; but when he was conscious, much of his time was spent in prayer and praise. For several of the last hours of his life he was quite unconscious.

In losing him, many of us have lost a sympathizing friend, and one who cheerfully encouraged the babes in grace; and for their consolation would quote, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I do not think any of the God-fearing family found it difficult to enter upon profitable conversation whenever they met with him.

I think he was a subscriber and reader of the "Gospel Standard" over forty years.

Wellingborough, Aug. 15th, 1881.

G. P. MITTEN.

Mr. HERCOCK.—On Aug. 28th, 1881, aged 70, Mr. Henry Hercock, Minister of the Gospel, Leeds.

In writing these few lines about the latter stages of the pilgrimage of my dear father, Henry Hercock, I desire not to exalt him, but the grace of God which shone in him. The Lord was pleased to bestow on him a large portion of meekness of spirit, which was exhibited in all his dealings. Yet he would, with Paul, express his conviction of a sense of sinnership, and confess himself to be the chief of sinners. He showed this humility of spirit in his daily conversation, proving thereby that the Spirit of Christ dwelt in him.

His disease (cancer) precluded the possibility of much conversation during his last illness; but what he did say tended to the conviction that he felt himself firmly fixed on the "Rock of Ages;" and that his hope was centred in Christ, and there alone. Having proved the Lord to be faithful upwards of half a century, and having preached the glorious gospel of the grace of God for more than thirty-six years, he died in the full conviction that what he had preached would stand when he himself had passed away.

Shortly before my dear father entered the infirmary, the following verse was much on his mind:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

His illness first begun about October; but it was not till the spring of the present year that he was induced to consult a physician. On finding it was cancer, he went under an operation in the Leeds Infirmary, and for a short time all appeared to go on well; and he was able to preach a few times, though very weak. He thought he should recover up to a few days before the end; but another cancer making its appearance, he once more entered the infirmary, only to be carried out a few days before his death. As he lay in the infirmary, he saw a person die close beside him. He said, "I tried to pray for him, feeling that

'None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.'

I am a witness to it; and I want him now, for I believe I have an interest in him."

He appeared to have very little darkness. On July 31st, he said, "I awoke with these words on my mind:

'We shall be conquerors all, ere long,
And more than conquerors too.'

He remarked that he had often felt ashamed of his sermons, and feared he should not do better.

He wrote several letters to his family whilst in the infirmary, and all of them breathed a Christian-like resignation to the will of God, and an entire dependence upon *it*, knowing that what he did must be right.

He desired to be taken home to die; and though he evidently had no fear of death, yet he expressed a wish to live; but left it with him who "does all things well."

He was taken home on the Monday before his death. His mind was clear up to the last, and his thoughts were evidently dwelling upon the things of eternity. He, as before said, thought he should recover up to a few days before the end; but the doctor told him he must die. On hearing which he calmly said, "Then we must part."

Thus, trusting in the merits of a precious Christ, and relying on the atonement and finished work of the dear Redeemer, he could face death with calmness, feeling assured that all would be

well. "Yes," he said, speaking of those who had to undergo painful operations, "the wicked can only look at things gloomily, whether for the past, the present, or the future; but I hope we can look back at the goodness of God amidst our sorrows, which brightened all the scene; and we can look forward in hope of a better world—all through grace, even the grace of our God." This was a confirmation of what he had written in August 17th, when he said, "I have been in great pain;" and then added, "We shall have to praise the Lord for all things through which we must pass."

Upon his dear wife making a remark, he said he should soon see *Jesus*. This proves that *his thoughts were fixed upon Christ*.

He often said he had no wish to live, only that he might preach the gospel. "For," he said, "I have had such a discovery of a holy God, and a sight of the heinous nature of sin, that I am made to think what must it be in his pure eyes!"

During the last week he was too weak to talk. He also slept a great deal. But in the intervals of consciousness he appeared to be resting in Christ; and evidently felt that it was well with him. He was frequently heard to be both in prayer and praise.

He had the welfare of the church of God much at heart, and frequently prayed for it. He was once heard to exclaim, "Happy, happy!"

He had little pain for the last few days, and his exclamation shows that he had no darkness; and so he peacefully passed away, a sweet smile having passed over his countenance just before. He died on Lord's day morning, August 28th, at half-past seven, aged 70 years. So the Lord verified his promise to be with his people all through their journey.

He was buried in the Leeds Cemetery by Mr. Coughtrey, of Nottingham. Six God-fearing men carried him to the grave; and some of the congregation from the room in Basinghall Street, where he preached his last sermon, sang that beautiful hymn of Berridge's over his grave, beginning:

"O happy soul, who safely passed,
Thy weary warfare here;
Arrived at Jesus' sent at last,
And ended all thy care."

C. J. HERCOCK.

STEPHEN MARSHALL.—On June 19th, 1881, aged 80, Stephen Marshall, of Tenterden, Kent.

When young he married a godly woman, who persuaded him to go with her to hear the late Mr. Beeman; and the ministry was blessed to him. He was set at liberty under the late Mr. Crouch, of Wadhurst, Sussex; to whom he ever felt a very great love and union. He was baptized at Bow, forty-six years ago; and shortly after he was chosen deacon of Jireh Chapel, Tenterden, Kent, lately under the pastoral care of our departed friend Mr. Vinden.

He had a tribulated path in many ways. He lost his wife in 1866. A short account of her life appeared in the December number of the "G. S." of that year. About a year ago he changed his abode, and came to live near Jireh Chapel; but before doing so, he was much tried, and very anxious to do what was right in the sight of God. Hymn 276 was very useful to him in his anxiety; and truly he proved that Elijah's God was his God also.

During his illness he was carefully nursed by a God-fearing daughter; to whom, with others, he was led to speak much of the wonderful way in which the dear Lord had appeared for him, both spiritually and temporally. Although he was able to get to chapel till the last five Sundays of his life, he was often unwell, and not able to work; yet, as he testified upon his dying bed, he had wanted for nothing. The dear Lord sent him many kind friends, so that though very ill he said to his daughter, "If I were a king, and you were a king's daughter, I could not have more attention."

A fortnight before his death, at four o'clock in the morning, the Lord gave him these words: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." I saw him a few hours after, and his face was then bright with joy. He shed many tears while telling me (as well as his strength would allow) of the dear Lord's goodness to him. He said, "I am not alone; Christ is with me." A little water was given him a few hours before his death, when he said,

"Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

His daughter begged of him that if he could not speak at the last, but felt comfortable, to give some sign; this he did by gently moving his hand and smiling, till he quietly ceased to breathe.

E. J.

ALICE WHALLEY.—On July 9th, 1881, aged 53, Alice Whalley, of Blackburn.

The subject of the following brief sketch, attended the Establishment, in her younger days; but was eventually led to sit under the gospel of the grace of God, preached in the Particular Baptist Chapel, Blackburn. There the eternal Spirit of God met with her. She was baptized by Mr. Michael Horbury, and by him received into church-fellowship on May 5th, 1858. Since then, when health and strength of body have permitted, she was a regular attender there of the worship of a Three-One God. She was afflicted for many years; so that it was in her own house where the grace of God was more especially made manifest. Her son William writes thus to Mr. Wilson, one of the deacons: "I may mention a few blessings my dear mother enjoyed during her pilgrimage here. Soon after her marriage Zech. xiii. 9 was laid on her mind; she could not understand it at first, but told Mr. Roberts (one of the deacons) that she had seen it all fulfilled. A week or two before she died, she wished various portions of Scripture, bearing on her case, to be read to

her; also Hymns 469, 957, 980, 981, and 1021. The third verse in Hymn 957 was very precious:

'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread, how bright they shine!

Also the third verse of Hymn 1021, was often made a blessing to her soul.

While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attend."

About a fortnight before her death she called her family around her, and gave them advice and instruction, suitable to the circumstances of bereavement in which they were soon to be placed; especially to her oldest daughter, who is a cripple; concerning whom she had had much trouble and anxiety of mind; but the Lord had removed this care, and had given her a resting place in himself, wherein she rested with a sweet confidence of faith.

Mr. Schofield and Mr. Chandler visited her; their visits were made a blessing to the sick one.

Mr. Wilson, one of the deacons, writes: "I called to see her on the 20th of June. I asked her the state of her mind; when she replied, 'How kind and gracious the Lord has been to me; and how very different it is to what I feared it would be with me when I came into this place. There were many portions of God's Word which used to try and exercise me very much, such as Rom. viii. 28. When I looked at myself and the circumstances that surrounded me, I thought, how can it be possible that all things work for good?'" She mentioned another portion, Zech. xiii. 9, especially the first part of the verse: "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried." This with many others of the same nature formerly occupied her mind. "But now," she said, "my mind is so much changed that I am satisfied and reconciled to all the Lord's good-will and pleasure. 'At evening time it shall be light.'" I said, "There is a precious promise connected with these words: 'They shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God,' which was realized by her. I read Ps. xxxii. to her, which seemed to fit her experience. Then she said, 'I could never open my mind on these things so freely before.'"

I called to see her about half an hour before her departure. I found her quite sensible. She motioned for me to engage in prayer. I did so, and tried to commit and commend her and the dear family to the Lord. When I had done, she added her hearty "Amen." I then said to her, "The Lord will not leave you now that you are passing through the waters of death." She distinctly said, "No, he will not." She then lifted up both

arms three times, and with a smile upon her countenance her happy spirit took its flight to him whose precious blood had redeemed her to God.

She was interred by Mr. Chandler in the Blackburn Cemetery; "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Aug. 11th, 1881.

JOHN HEATON.

It is an effect of infinite condescension and grace that God would appoint a way of recovery for those who so wilfully and cheerfully lived at this woeful distance from him. Why should God look after such fugitives any more? He had no need of us or our services in our best condition, much less in that useless depraved state whereinto we were so plunged. And although we had transgressed the rule of our natural dependence on him, in the way of obedience, and thereby done what we could to stain and eclipse his glory; yet he knew how to repair it to advantage, by reducing us under the order of punishment. By our sins we ourselves come short of the glory of God, but he could lose none by us, whilst it was absolutely secured by the penalty annexed to the law. When upon the entrance of sin he came and found Adam in the bushes, wherein he thought foolishly to hide himself, who could expect (Adam did not) but that his only design was to apprehend the poor rebellious fugitive, and give him up to condign punishment. But quite otherwise, above all thoughts that could ever have entered into the minds of angels or men; after he had declared the nature of the apostacy and his own indignation against it, he proposeth and promiseth a way of deliverance and recovery. This is that which the Scripture so magnifies under the names of grace and love of God, which are beyond expression or conception. (John iii. 16.) And it hath also that lustre frequently put upon it, that he dealt not so with the angels that sinned, which manifests in what condition he might have left us also, and how infinitely free and sovereign that grace was from whence it was otherwise. Thence it was that he had a desire again unto the work of his hands, to bring poor mankind near unto him. And whereas he might have recalled us unto himself, yet so as to leave some marks of his displeasure upon us, to keep us at a greater distance from him than what we stood before; as David brought back his wicked Absalom to Jerusalem, but would not suffer him to come into his presence; he chose to act like himself, in infinite wisdom and grace, to bring us yet nearer to him than ever we could have approached by the law of our creation. And as the foundation, means, and pledge thereof, he contrived and brought forth that most glorious and unparalleled effect of divine wisdom, in taking our nature into that inconceivable, nearness unto himself, in the union of it upon the person of his Son. For as all things in this bringing of us nigh to God who were afar off, are expressive effects of wisdom and grace; so that of taking our nature into union with himself is glorious unto astonishment. And as we are thereby made inconceivably more nigh to God in our nature than we were upon our first creation, or than angels shall ever be; so by virtue thereof are we in our persons brought in many things much nearer to God than ever we could have been brought by the law of creation. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens." It is the admiration of this unspeakable grace that the psalmist is so ravished in the contemplation of God.—*Dr. Owen.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

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

CAUSING GRIEF, YET HAVING COMPASSION.

A SERMON PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, BY MR. SMART, ON
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 26TH, 1877.

“But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.”—LAM. III. 32.

God's poor people cannot imagine that the prophets and apostles of Jesus Christ were poor sin-bitten, tempted, unworthy souls like themselves. What does God say of Jeremiah? “Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.” And further, that they should fight against him; but they should not prevail against him: “For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.” But what does the poor man say of himself? Why, what millions have felt; and I am no stranger to it myself, far from it: “It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.” He could see nothing but mercy through blood between his soul and perdition. What a deep sight and sense he must have had of his fallen condition before the Lord his God! How much the words imply! And I believe this is more or less what the Holy Ghost teacheth all believers: “It is of the Lord's mercy we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.” I believe it is well for us to seek the Lord in his appointed means of grace, but there is a natural backwardness to it; and the more we encourage the flesh and sin the stronger they grow.

Opening the Bible on one occasion, with no particular desire or expectation, I looked down the psalm, and came upon these words; and I shall never forget them, they were made so great a blessing to my soul: “I was cast upon thee from the womb: thou art my God from my mother's belly.” I felt I was cast upon his providence; upon his grace; upon his love; upon his power; upon his mercy; and that he was willing to take charge of me, as his child, for time and for eternity. And this is the blessed portion of all the children of God.

“Because his compassions fail not.” Why, till his love shall fail, how shall his compassion fail? “Yea, I have loved thee

with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." (Jer. xxxi. 3.)

"Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me."

So then his mercy, like himself and like his love, is "from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him;" and takes in all his loving children—babes, young men, and fathers. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." There is no perishing with the filial fear of God in thy heart, poor sinner. "Because his compassions fail not." Everything connected with the salvation of a sinner is accomplished by the everlasting God. It is everlasting in its nature, and everlasting in its consequences. His love is everlasting; his covenant is everlasting; his mercy is everlasting; and the life he gives to his people is everlasting life. We shall enter upon everlasting consolations when we enter heaven. He is without variableness or shadow of turning.

"Because his compassions fail not." Poor child, think of thy case; that though thou art in the deepest gloom, and with guilt oppressed, yet, heaven-born soul, consider—sinner, consider that the more thou art an object in thyself "bruised and mangled by the fall," the more art thou an object for the compassion of a God; and his compassions, dear heaven-born souls, never can possibly come to an end, or fail, "because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness." "Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." Is it true? Can you forsake him? Can you forget him? "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she shall not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

"His mercies are new every morning." How often I have thought over those words: "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life!" We shall need his goodness to our latest breath, and we shall need to be saved according to his mercy when we come to the last day; and every child of God, that hath the filial fear of him in his heart, shall have hope of being landed in everlasting bliss,

"Tho' earth and hell obstruct the way."

"His mercies are new every morning." It is the rising of the natural sun that causeth morning literally; and it is the rising of "the Sun of righteousness" "with healing in his wings," upon the soul, that causeth our spirits to rise. "Day unto day uttereth speech," while "night unto night showeth knowledge." In the day we praise and bless him with all the power of our soul, and in the night season we take root downwards; and when the sun riseth we bring forth fruit upward, to the glory of God through Jesus Christ.

"His mercies are new every morning." New trials call for new deliverances; new obligations for new blessings; and new manifestations of his love and grace teach us new songs for the glory of his ever blessed name. "They are new every morning."

“Great is thy faithfulness.” Why, his faithfulness is established in the very heavens! But Satan would have us believe that at the first offence he will cast us adrift! Nothing of the kind: “Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself.” Those words were once light and life to my spirit, and I made a vow before the Lord that, if spared for the Sabbath, I would tell his children of his faithfulness. O, think of it, poor child!

“Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine.”

There is “no variableness with him, nor shadow of turning;” and “having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end.” Thus, what he is at our best, that he is at our worst. You say, “What do you mean by *best*?” Why, when we *feel* best. We can then both praise and love him; but *his* love to the children is the same, his faithfulness the same, and his mercies are the same. Think you that I don’t feel it and enjoy it! I say, he changeth not; “therefore we, the sons of Jacob, are not consumed.”

“New every morning; great is *thy* faithfulness!” I am not so sure that those who know him, and put their trust in him—I am not so sure, I say, that they are very fickle to him. It has long been the language of my soul, and must be till I die: “None but Christ.” I committed the keeping of my soul to him as unto a faithful Creator, and I never repented it. No! bless his holy name, there is no other trust; no other refuge; no other hiding-place; and I want no other.

“Great is thy faithfulness.” Poor sinner! poor sinner! art thou looking about for another besides Jesus, and afraid to trust him any longer? Is there any superseding him in thy soul? Can any set him aside? No; he has a pre-eminence (and will ever keep it) in the warm love of every quickened soul. It is the last thing,—yea, it is an impossible thing for God to be fickle to his saints, and his saints fickle to their God. Why! if he hides his face; if he holds them at arm’s length; if they go through long trying scenes of affliction,—what is their language? Why, to him they will come: “Thou hast the words of eternal life.” The believer knows that to go from Christ is to go to perdition; that is, could such a thing take place. So you see Christ is faithful to the saints, and the saints are faithful to their Christ; for they will have no other Saviour than himself. “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.” O, sometimes I look around upon the worldly ones! Ah! Think of it. It is a very short life; but to have a portion in the Lord my God is to have an enduring portion; yea, “durable riches and righteousness.” What a blessed man that is who can say: “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul!” How people dote upon their portions; and make a struggle to keep them. You ask any conscientious, dying, yet quickened sinner the question, “Is thy portion a precious Christ, and mercy through his blood?”

and you will receive the reply, "The Lord is my portion." I know nothing can outweigh him with my soul. He is *my portion* in life below and will be to all eternity; "therefore will I hope in him." The anchor is in the Rock, Christ. "Which *hope* we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus; made a High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." (Heb. vi. 19, 20.) Poor child of God, the anchor of thy hope centres in Deity, God in our nature,— "Immanuel, God with us." I have been much harassed and tempted in my time about the Deity of Christ; yet, take away his Deity, and my anchor gives up its hold, and my hope goes with it. The anchor of the believer centres in Deity; and while Jesus lives and reigns, who is to pluck his people out of his hand?

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him." "The Lord's portion is his people." Think of that! There is none that shall overthrow them; none shall harm them, for redemption is theirs. Poor sinners cannot imagine, cannot conceive the unquenchable, inexhaustible, boundless, free, and sovereign love of God in Christ to every child of his! Why, "The Lord's portion is his people, Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye." (Deut. xxxii. 10.) O, the mutual love of Christ and the church! "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine." The believer saith: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him;" and Christ declares that his "portion is his people, and Jacob is the lot of his inheritance." Saints shall never lose their portion; and Christ never can possibly lose his. Let fools talk about uncertainties: "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." Yea, God looks for the perfection of beauty; he looks for his church, his glorified church, body and soul to be in everlasting bliss; and going farther, saith: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." The blessed Spirit also leads the prophet to condescend to the little ones. I have tried many times to help the little ones. I believe the Lord loves them that love his saints; and he loves their labour of love, in trying to encourage poor souls to hope in God.

"The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him." Now, there is much said in Scripture to encourage those that wait for him; and perhaps four out of five of his regenerated people are in a waiting, hoping state, never yet having been brought to know that their Redeemer liveth; but longing for God to say to their souls, "I am thy salvation." Yea, "The Lord is good to them that wait for him." "Well, but," say you, "I want to know him more, and love him more." Poor sinner, thou art not dead yet; Jesus Christ hath not done with thee yet. Why, one man waited for the troubling of the waters 88

years, and got the blessing at last. A poor woman waited 18 years, troubled with infirmity; and Jesus Christ at length set matters straight for her, and she clung to him. The poor woman troubled with disease, who had spent her all in physicians' fees, came through the crowd, and touched the hem of his garment, and thus added to her faith virtue. She came trembling, and told the dear Redeemer why she touched him; and she was healed immediately. Think of Simeon, a "just" man and "devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him." So all who wait for the troubling of the waters; who wait for the grace of God; who wait for manifested salvation, and cannot be satisfied without it; they shall find that the Holy Ghost is upon them also. Poor sinner, the Holy Ghost abode with Simeon, and was his Teacher. He set him to seek Jesus of Nazareth, and to rejoice in his salvation. For it had been revealed to him by the Holy Ghost that he should not die naturally before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And let me tell thee, poor waiting sinner,—hoping, longing, desiring, hungering, thirsting soul; let me tell thee, that if ever thou hast had a gracious taste of Jesus Christ, and a good hope through grace, created in thy soul by the dawning of God's favour on thy heart, it is as much revealed to thee by the Holy Ghost as it was to Simeon, that thou shalt never leave this world till thou knowest more of a saving interest in Jesus Christ. As it was with Simeon so it will be with you; for when they brought in the child Jesus, desiring to do for him after the custom of the law, then he took the babe up in his arms and blessed it. Never did he deny Bethlehem's babe; but he blessed God for it. The moment you are enabled to take Christ into the arms of your faith you will bless God, and God will bless you: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

I once knew a man who was in church and was going through the church service; and when he came to that part of Holy Writ in the service: "For mine eyes have seen thy salvation," the man gabbled it out; and somebody said, "What have you seen?" The man confessed he had seen nothing. "Then, what a liar you are!" The remark struck his soul; he was afraid God would strike him down for being a liar. For he had said, "*Mine eyes have seen thy salvation;*" and when asked what he had seen, said, "I have seen nothing!" O, it is a mercy for God to take thee in hand, and take thee from lies to truth; and bring thee from shadows to substance, that thy poor soul might find everlasting salvation in the Christ of God. How many now in heaven have waited! And by-and-by the day will come, the day of the espousals, when they shall say: "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." David also said: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock,

and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." (Ps. xl. 1-3.) Poor waiting child! Why, God is waiting himself, as well as keeping you waiting. What does he keep you waiting for? "That he may be gracious unto you." He waits until you are brought into perfect poverty. Look at that word "gracious," and see how and when God applies it: "Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." That is when God is gracious; when the poor soul becomes ready to perish, at the brink of hell, "then he is gracious." And so the Lord waiteth, you see, until his people are all wrecked in head and heart, and brought to perfect poverty; and then, poor sinner, he will reveal his dear Son in thee. For he will be all or nothing in the salvation of poor sinners. "Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you." But who exalts him? Why, the poor sinner who prays with "his head bare,"—exposed to the vengeance of the wrath of God, due to his sin, and comes with weeping and with supplication, poor and needy in his spirit, exalting a precious Christ, and giving him all the glory. "Therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you." Perhaps you are not poor enough for mercy, having no need for mercy through blood! Well, sinner, God will wait till he has brought thee to perfect poverty, if he intends to save thee. "Therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you; for the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him."

"The Lord is good to them that wait for him." You would not like to say he was not good to you! You would not like to lie about it! Do you mean to say you never had a crumb? never a gracious taste? never a precious visit? never a few minutes' peace by the "blood of sprinkling"? Would you like to give up as nothing what you have in your poor soul? Ah! but you won't, poor sinner. What has been the fruit and effect of what you have had? Has it not brought your soul outward for more? Yea, bless his holy name, "The Lord is good to them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." And then Christ says: "For every one that asketh receiveth." "Well," say you, "what is it to ask?" To hunger for Christ; to long for Christ; to thirst for mercy through the blood of Christ. For though nothing is said in so many words, God can understand the secret groan:

"There's not a wish, nor sigh, nor groan,
But penetrates his ears;
He knows our sins perplex and tease,
And cause us doubts and fears."

"Every one that asketh receiveth." The Lord said to the woman of Samaria: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have

asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." "Ask, and it shall be given you." "For every one that asketh receiveth"—delays are not denials; "and to him that knocketh," by honest confession and humble supplication at the throne of grace, the door of mercy "shall be opened." Poor sinner! If your son asked you for bread, would you give him a stone? if he asked for a fish, would you give him a serpent? "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" He will satisfy the thirsty and longing sinner with goodness.

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Do you try to hope? Are you anxious to have a good hope through grace? Well, now, suppose a rich man were to meet a very poor needy man in the street, and suppose he were to speak kindly to him, and to ask about his circumstances, and about his condition, don't you think a hope and expectation would rise up in the poor man's mind somewhat like this: "I think he is going to give me something." And the man would watch, you know, and be so patient and attentive to everything that was going on, especially if he saw the rich man's hand go towards his pocket. Or suppose the rich man said, "You come to me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." Don't you think he would think of this rich man? And would he not be there at the time, and stand and knock at the door? And if policemen came up, "What do you want there?" "The gentleman told me to call." There is an answer for *them*. Then the poor man would knock, and listen again for footsteps—for some one to come and answer the door. He would not go away without knocking and listening. Now, would it not be cruel if the gentleman opened the door to him, and then slammed it in his face? Would it not be cruel? You will never make me believe that Jesus would treat poor sinners so. If he has encouraged thee to go to him, to move out in thy mind after him with a sound sense of thy need of him, sinner! he will hear and answer thy request; and, in his own good time, will show salvation even to thee.

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Why, it is worth waiting for to thy latest breath. "Ah!" say you, "I think I should be willing to wait till my latest breath, if I was sure of obtaining it then." Sinner! who set thee longing? Who set thee desiring, hungering, thirsting? Who encouraged thee to knock? Who? Why, God. It was thy hope in God. Who began this work of grace in thy soul, and has maintained it to the present? I say, "It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

It is good for a man "that he bear the yoke in his youth." Most of the people of God are called in early life. We have one instance (and only one to the contrary) of a poor malefactor

plucked from the jaws of death and hell at the last hour. None need despair. O, think of that poor creature hanging on the cross! Is it not marvellous? One poor creature said, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." The other said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" and Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." A poor malefactor nigh hell in the morning, and in heaven before night! What a wonder-working God is our God!

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It will make the gospel very precious, and very suitable and acceptable to thy poor soul. Thou canst then take Christ's yoke, as he saith: "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. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him." As Bunyan said, these persons are "house troublers;" they feel the speck within; and their sighs, and the uncomfotableness about their souls, bring them to become "house troublers." They sit alone as the pelican of the wilderness, or like "the sparrow alone upon the house-top." At a certain time, when God quickens the dead—what a change! O sinner, has this change taken place in thee? Others go on in their wickedness! but the poor sinner retires that he may seek God. If he is wandering a broad, there he is, sighing out his trouble before God, and supplicating for mercy: "He sitteth alone and keepeth silence."

"No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrine, will suffice:
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesus' eyes."

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him."

Now, about a year ago, a party told me they met with a man in London; and in conversation, my name came up. "Why," the man said, "he used to come to my father's chapel when a young man—now 50 years ago. He used to go in and out, and say nothing to anybody." Now the people where I lived went to church; and I went with them, till my eyes were opened to a sense of my danger. I then began to wander about Marlborough Forest on a Sunday afternoon, with my sins on my conscience. Now, you that know anything about tribulation; about sitting alone and keeping silence, "because he hath borne it upon him," you know "he putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope." Many times, while sweeping out the shop of a morning, my heart has gone up to God in confession and supplication. On a Sabbath morning, having no shop to open, I have gone by the mile, mentally pouring out my soul before God. Sinner! Sinner! "He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him."

“He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope. He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him; he is filled full of reproach.” His sins smite him; justice threatens to smite him; Satan smites him; but Jesus shall stand at the right hand of the poor sinner, “to save him from those that condemn his soul.” “He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope.” O! the sinner is glad of the least shadow of a hope, if it is a well-grounded hope. But what creates the hope? Grace; and the blood of sprinkling. “If so be there may be hope.” Others presume; they fancy they are strong in faith; they fancy they are on the road to heaven. But this poor creature feels he hath merited the wrath of God. He has heard of Christ, and he longs to be assured of his personal interest in Christ’s salvation. “He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope. He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him; he is filled full with reproach.” Well now, look here, he is getting dispirited—and what comes next? “For the Lord will not cast off for ever.” The devil says he will; but he is a liar. Unbelief, carnal reason, a broken law, a guilty conscience, and a wicked heart—all testify against thee, that he will cast thee into the pit. But—“the Lord will not cast off for ever.” How it suits thy case!

“But though he cause grief.” You and I must grieve for sin in this life; and we can only grieve in a godly manner on account of our sins, by the renewings of the Holy Ghost in the soul. “But though he cause grief.” Sinner! Why, sometimes this grief abounds in thy soul; and sometimes thou canst not feel half the grief thou desirest to feel; but let me tell thee, sinner—as to grieving for grieving him, or grieving on account of thy sins in his sight, in a godly way and manner, no believer in Christ can possess these things for a moment, or create them feelingly in his soul, any more than he can make the world out of nothing. Does not my text say, “But though *he* cause grief?” Does he cause grief? Bless God, if he causes grief, it is because he designs to save thee, and have thee in heaven to all eternity. Does he cause grief at any time, sinner, and in measure awake thee? Hope by it, sinner. O what a miracle is this of his love! of his design for mercy to the soul! He means to pardon thee, sinner, and take thee to heaven at last!

Now, there is not one in hell who could ever come in with my text, and whom God, by his mercy, by the dawning of his Spirit, ever made to grieve for sin. These grievors he never cast out for sin. Why?—

“New life from him we must receive
Before for sin we rightly grieve,”

The oldest believer in the world, that has weathered the storm through grace for 50 years or more—he can no more cause grief after a godly manner for his sins than he can save his soul. Sinner, it is a vital point. Why, there is “joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.” O, to be a penitent soul!

Sinner, what caused thy soul to grieve after a godly manner? to grieve for grieving him? to grieve because thou gettest worse and worse? and to grieve because thou hast got a false heart and tongue? Who causeth this grief—this godly, holy grief? Why, a holy God; and it flows from his holy love.

“But though he cause grief”—well, what then?—“yet,” notwithstanding, “will he have compassion.” Now, sinner, I am getting out of my depth. Look here, poor child (however mangled and bruised by the fall)—hear what David says: “Remember not against me the sins of my youth.” “But though he cause grief.” What! does Satan tell thee that thou wilt be a castaway—sent into hell? “Yet will he have compassion.” Think of that—*compassion!* I do not suppose that anybody in this chapel is poor enough temporally, to bear the word “compassion” applied to their case. Now, if anybody gave you a gift, and said, “I will have compassion upon you,” that word “compassion” would jar against your pride, and you would say, “I can do without your compassion.” It would almost drive a tradesman out of his wits for a customer to say, “Here is the money; I have compassion upon you.” Sinner! Sinner! I know what compassion is, because I have felt it. I tell thee, sinner, it is the vilest, the worst, the blackest, the biggest sinners in the world—these are they that grieve in a godly manner by the renewing of the Holy Ghost in their heaven-born souls; and these are they towards whom Father, Son, and Holy Ghost will manifest everlasting life. Poor sinner! Poor sinner! However thy poor tempest-tossed soul might be tempted, harassed, and dragged through the dirt, so that thou thinkest it to be impossible for such a creature to escape at the last, “yet”—I say, sinner, if God the Holy Ghost ever causeth thee to grieve for thy sin, after a godly manner—“yet will he have compassion.” Look at *compassion*. One poor man had a legion of devils (about 6000); and there he was among the tombs. So you and I dwelt among the dead till God bid us live; the poor thing had broken his chains, and was driven about by the legion of devils. By-and-bye Jesus Christ came to him, and brought him to his right mind; after which he was clothed, and sat at the feet of Jesus. Then Jesus said to him, “Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee, and hath had compassion on thee.” If any poor sinner out of hell is an object for the compassion of God, here stands the wretch! O, he will have compassion! When the Father saw him, he “had compassion.” When the good Samaritan saw the poor man, he “had compassion.” When Jesus saw the man full of leprosy, he had “compassion.”

“Though he cause grief; yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies.” This is how God deals with his penitential people: “According to the multitude of his mercies.” His mercies are a multitude! “According to the multitude of his mercies!” Poor sinner! Is there no way out?

God cause thee fully to grieve in his sight for thy sins; and then (bad as matters are)—“yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.” Ah! This is the sort of thing to suit me, and I love it in my soul! and I shall love, praise, and honour God, its author, to all eternity in heaven.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

O, thou kind and gracious God, make us truly humble and thankful to thee for any proof or evidence that thou hast remembered us in our low estate, with thy mercy which endureth for ever! Increase the little that is right; pardon the much that is wrong. Take care of us. Guide, defend, and bless us; and with us, bless all thy saints for Jesus' sake, who is worthy, with thyself, and ever-blessed Spirit, as the sacred Three-in-One, to receive equal praises now and ever. Amen.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT BOLTON, OF BROUGHTON.

[The following is a short account of the life and death of Robert Bolton, B.D., Minister of God's Word at Broughton, in Northamptonshire. It is abridged from that of Edward Bagshawe, of the Middle Temple.]

ROBERT BOLTON was born at Blackburn, in Lancashire, on Whitsunday, 1572. His parents not being of any good means, yet finding in him a great towardliness for learning, destinated him to be a scholar, and struggled with their estate to furnish him with necessaries in that kind, apprehending the advantage of a singular schoolmaster that was there in the town. He plied his books so well that in a short time he became the best scholar in the school.

About the twentieth year of his age he was placed at Oxford, in Lincoln College, under the tuition of Mr. Randle. He became a great Greek scholar, and could write that language better than either English or Latin.

He removed from Lincoln College to Brazen-nose. Here he grew into fame; and he was held in such esteem in the University, that on the first visit of King James, the then Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Abbot, nominated him to be one of the public disputants.

But all this time, though so very learned, he was not good; he drew no religious breath from the soil he came from; and his master sowed the tares of Popery in his mind. This manner of education made him more apt to tread in any path than that which is holy. He loved stage plays, cards, and dice. He was a horrible swearer and Sabbath breaker, and boon companion of Christmas holidays; and marvellous melancholy when they were ended. He loved not goodness, nor good men; and of all sorts of people he could not abide their company that were of a strict and holy conversation. While at Brazen-nose College he became acquainted with one Mr. Anderton, a strong Papist, and now a Papist priest. This man, well knowing the good parts that were

in Mr. Bolton, and perceiving that he was in some outward wants, took this advantage, and used many arguments to persuade him to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, and to go over with him to the Romish Seminary; telling him he should be furnished with all necessaries, and should have gold enough (one of the best arguments to allure an unstable mind to Popery). Mr. Bolton, being at that time poor in mind and purse, accepted of the motion; and a day and place were appointed in Lancashire, where they should meet, and from thence take shipping and be gone. Mr. Bolton went to the appointed place of meeting; but Mr. Anderton came not, and so he escaped that snare; and soon after he returned to Brazen-nose, where, falling into the acquaintance of one Mr. Peacock, fellow of that house, a learned and godly man, it pleased God, by his acquaintance, to frame upon his soul that admirable workmanship of his conversion and repentance unto life; but it was in terrible majesty God revealed himself to him. God appeared to run upon him as a giant, and laying before him the ugly visage of his sins, which lay so heavy upon him, that he was mad for grief of heart; and he was so affrighted that he rose out of his bed in the night for very anguish of spirit; and to augment his misery, he was exercised with foul temptation, horrible things concerning God, and terrible things concerning faith; which Luther called a "blow from the devil's fist." Hear his own words in his work, "Some General Directions for a Comfortable Walking with God."

"Blessed be God, that ever it was so; but so it was, that the holy ministry of the word, and guided particularly for that purpose by the finger of God, happily seized upon me,* while I did yet abide in the arms of darkness, and the devil's snares, a most polluted, carnal, abominable wretch, sanctified and effectually exercised its saving power upon my soul, both by the workings of the law and of the gospel. It was first as a hammer to my heart and broke it in pieces. By a terrible cutting piercing power, it struck a shaking and trembling into the very centre of my soul by this double effect.

"1. It opened the book of my conscience, wherein I read with a most heavy heart, ready to fall asunder, even like drops of water, for horror of the sight, the execrable abominations of my youth, the innumerable swarms of lewd and lawless thoughts that all my life long had stained mine inward parts with strange pollutions; the continual wicked walking of my tongue; the cursed profanations of God's blessed Sabbaths, sacraments, and all the worship of God I ever meddled with. In a word, all the hells, sinks, sodoms of lusts and sin, of vanities and villanies I had remorselessly wallowed in ever since I was born; I say, I looked upon all these engraven by God's angry hand upon the face of my conscience in bloody and burning lines.

"2. Whereupon, in a second place, it opened upon me the armoury of God's flaming wrath and fiery indignations; nay, and the very mouth of hell, ready to empty themselves and execute their utmost upon mine amazed and guilty soul. In the midst of these restless and raging perplexities wherewith my poor soul was extremely scorched and parched with penitent pain; and his wrath (who is a consuming

* He refers to his desires to become a minister in the Church.

fire) wringing my very heartstrings with unspeakable anguish, Jesus Christ, blessed for ever, was lifted up unto me in the gospel as an antitype to the erecting of the brazen serpent in the wilderness. In whom, dying and bleeding upon the cross, I beheld an infinite treasury of mercy and love; a boundless and bottomless sea of tender heartedness and pity; a whole heaven of sweetness, peace, and spiritual pleasures. Whereupon there sprang up, and there became enkindled in my heart, an extreme thirst, ardent desires, vehement longings after that sovereign, saving blood, which alone could ease my grieved soul, and turn my foulest sins into the whitest snow. So that, in the case I then was, had I had, in full taste and sole command, the pleasures, profits, joys, and glory of many worlds, willingly would I have parted with them all. So also, had I had a thousand lives, freely would I have laid them all down; nay, with all my heart would I have been content to have lain for a season in the very flames of hell to have had the present horror of my confounded spirit comforted from heaven, and my spiritual thirst allayed and a little cooled, but with one drop of Christ's precious blood; and the darkness and desolations of my woeful heart refreshed and revived but with the least glimpse of God's favourable countenance. The edge and eagerness of which enflamed affections made me cast about with infinite concern how to be enabled to compass so dear a comfort. Then came into my mind (the Holy Spirit being my merciful Remembrancer) those many melting compassionate invitations more warming and welcome to my heavy heart than many golden words; more delicious than delight itself; so that at last (O blessed work of faith!) being helped to stay myself, and to rest my sinking soul upon the Rock of eternity, and the impregnable truth of these sweetest promises, sealed with the blood of the Lord Jesus, and as sure as God himself; I was enabled to throw myself into the merciful and meritorious arms of my crucified Lord, with this resolution and reply to all terrors and temptations to the contrary, 'that if I must needs be cast away, they shall tear and rend me from the tender bowels of God's dearest compassions upon which I have cast myself. If they would have me to hell, they shall pull and hale me from the bleeding wounds of my blessed Redeemer to which my soul is fled. Whereupon I found and felt (and I bless God infinitely, and will through all eternity that ever it was so) conveyed and derived upon me from my blessed Jesus the wellspring of immortality and life, a quickening influence of his mighty Spirit, and heavenly vigour of saving grace, whereby I became a new man, quite changed, and new created. By this vital moving and incubation as it were, of the Spirit of Christ upon the face of my soul all things became new; mine heart, affections, thoughts, words, actions, delights, sorrows, and society; 'old things passed away, behold all things became new.'

"Now besides my blessed change, and this glorious work of the Holy Ghost upon my soul, by the help of God, I have stood at the staves' end with the darling pleasure and minion delight of my former life ever since I was new born; I have delighted in the saints, the only excellent ones upon earth, whom I heartily hated before. I have daily, with as great earnestness and fervency, as my poor dull heart could, complained and cried unto my God in prayer against mine own sins, passionate distempers, rebellious risings, the malice of Satan, the allurements of the world, corruptions of the times, the cruelties of strange injections and horrible temptations, my many and often failings, frailties and imperfections. Herein have I exercised myself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

"I have been, I confess, sorely against my will and the hearty desire of my soul, haunted and hindered while passing through the pangs of my new birth with the intrusion of many imperfections, distractions, temptations, wants, weaknesses, infirmities, and failings; privy pride, secret hypocrisy, distrust, and deadness of my own naughty heart. I was much wanting by reason of the natural rebellion of mine hard heart to those workings of law and gospel mentioned before. I have come far short of that sorrow for sin, which I desired, and of that heavenly mindedness in performing holy services which was required. But, then, I have from time to time grieved and groaned under those too many frailties and defects, as under a heavy burden. I have many times bitterly bewailed them in secret; they have made me walk more humbly before my God, and towards men. I have continually complained against them at a throne of grace. I have sincerely desired, and by his grace endeavoured after all those means which might restrain and mortify them; and made conscience to discover and decline their unwelcome insinuations, and so I have been brought on still in the holy path with sincerity of heart, and in obedience unto God; faith still upholding my heart with consideration of the sweet and merciful disposition of my heavenly Father, who ever, if the heart be made upright and truly humble, takes the will for the deed, and accepts us according to that which we have; and not according to that we have not. And therefore I am most sure (neither, by the help of God, shall all the devils in hell drive me from this hold) that they are buried for ever in the righteous and meritorious blood of my blessed Saviour. And so I am helped to hold up my head still against all contradiction of carnal reason, natural distrust, and Satan's cruel suggestions; being well assured that the spirit of hearty humiliation and grieving under weakness in well doing is as true a fruit of sanctification, and mark of true conversion, as spiritual ability to do well. It is not so much the muchness and quantity, as the truth of grace; not so much the exactness of the outward act in performing holy services, as godly sincerity of heart; which qualifies a broken heart for comfort in the promises of life and assurance of God's love. Though I know well, there was never any who tasted truly grace, but he sincerely thirsted and endeavoured after more. Never did any man well in the worship and services of God, who did not bewail his wants and failings therein, and truly desire and labour to do better. It is the property of Pharisees and formal professors to conceive that they are spiritually rich enough already, and have need of nothing; but the better the Christian is, the more sensible he is, and heartily complaining of his spiritual poverty, naughty heart, and manifold imperfections."

Upon this he resolved to enter into the ministry, and about the thirty-fifth year of his age was ordained minister, after which he wholly applied himself to the work of the ministry, and improved all his learning and time to that excellent end. A little while after this he was by means made known to Mr. Justice Nicolls, at that time sergeant-at-law, who, about the thirty-seventh year of Mr. Bolton's age, presented him to the parsonage of Broughton, in Northamptonshire. Then did he put out his first book containing "A Discourse of True Happiness." The which he dedicated to Sergeant Nicolls, his patron; and which for the godliness of the matter, and eloquence of the style therein contained, was universally bought up, and divers confessed that

they at first bought it out of curiosity for some sweet relish in the phrase, took Christ to boot, and thereby took the first beginning of their heavenly taste.

About the fortieth year of his age for the better settling of himself in housekeeping upon his parsonage, he resolved upon marriage, and took to wife Mrs. Anne Boyse, a gentlewoman of an ancient house and worshipful family in Kent. To her care he committed the ordering of his outward estate; he himself only minding the studies and weighty affairs of his heavenly calling, in the which for the space of twenty years and more he was most diligent and laborious; but, passing over the days of his ministry, at Broughton, we come to his last days.

This inestimable treasure it pleased God to put in an earthen vessel; and about the beginning of September last, began to break it by visiting him with a quartan ague—a disease which brought Calvin to his end; and by the judgment of the best physicians, by reason of the long and grievous paroxysms whereby it afflicts, is ever deemed mortal unto old men; and so it appeared to him; for perceiving after two or three fits that it mastered his strength, he patiently submitted to endure what by struggling he could not overcome. He called for his will which he had made long before, and perfecting some things in it, he caused it to be laid up; afterwards wholly retiring into himself, quitting the world, his soul was solaced with the meditation of the joys of heaven, which he had provided to preach to his people; for having compiled an elaborate discourse on the four last things, "Death, Judgment, Hell, Heaven," and having finished the three former, he told them that the next day he should treat of heaven; but the day before, being Saturday, he was visited with sickness, and never preached after. God was then preparing him for the fruition of those inexplicable joys which he had provided for his people in contemplation. His sickness, though it was long and sharp, he bore with admirable patience, for he saw him that is "invisible," and his whole delight was to be with him; often breathing out such speeches as these, while the violence and frequency of his fits gave him any intermission. "O when will this good hour come? When shall I be dissolved? when shall I be with Christ?" Being told it was indeed better for himself he should be dissolved; but the church of God could not well lose him nor the benefit of his ministry, he thus sweetly replied, with David, "If I find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation; but if otherwise, lo! here I am, let him do what seemeth good in his eyes." Being asked by another whether he could not be content to live if God would grant him life, he answered, "I grant that life is a great blessing of God, neither will I neglect any means that may preserve it, and do heartily desire to submit to God's will; but, of the two, I infinitely desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ."

In the time of his sickness there came many to visit him; but

he admitted none but his intimate friends, using a speech of Augustine, who desired, ten days before he died, that none might come to him, that he in that time might the better feel after God. But to those that came to him, he gave very godly and wise exhortations, suiting them to their callings and conditions, for, although his body was wasted with continual fits towards the close of his life, yet his understanding and memory were as active and quick as in the time of his health. He encouraged the ministers that came to him to be diligent and courageous in the work of the Lord; and not to let their spirits faint or droop for any affliction that should arise thereupon. To all that came to him, he bade them to look upon the world as a lump of vanity. He thanked God for his wonderful mercy to him in pulling him out of hell, in sealing his ministry with the conversion of many souls; which he wholly ascribed to his glory.

About a week before he died, when his "silver cord" began to loosen, and his "golden bowl" to break, he called for his wife, and desired her to bear his dissolution, which was now at hand, with a Christian fortitude (a thing which he had prepared her for by the space of twenty years); telling her that his approaching death was decreed upon him from all eternity, and that the counsel of the Lord must stand; and that he had no doubt but she should follow him to heaven. Then turning towards his children he told them that they should not expect he should now say anything to them, neither would his ability of body and breath give him leave; he had told them enough in the time of his sickness, and before; and hoped they would remember it.

About two days after, divers of his parish coming to watch with him, he was moved by a friend that, as he had discovered to them by his doctrine the exceeding comforts that were in Christ, he would now tell them what he felt in his soul. "Alas!" said he. "Do they look for that of me now that want breath and power to speak? I have told them enough in my ministry; but yet, to give you satisfaction, I am, by the wonderful mercies of God, as full of comfort as my heart can hold, and feel nothing in my soul but Christ, with whom I heartily desire to be." And then, looking upon some that were weeping, he said, "O! what a deal ado there is before one can die."

The night before he died, when the "doors" without began to be shut, and "the daughters of music" to be brought low, and he lying very low with his head, expecting every moment when the "wheel" should be "broken at the cistern;" yet being told that some of his dear friends were then about him to take their last farewell, he caused himself to be lifted up, and then, like old Jacob, bowing himself on his bed's-head, after a few gaspings for breath, he spake in this manner: "I am now drawing on apace to my dissolution, and am just in the case of Sir John Pickering, 'Hold out faith and patience; your work will speedily be at an end.'" And then shaking them all by the hands, prayed heartily and particularly for them, and desired them to bear in mind what

he had formerly told them in his ministry; protesting to them that the doctrine which he had preached unto them for the space of twenty years was the truth of God, as he should answer it at the tribunal of Christ, before whom he should shortly appear. This he spake when the very pangs of death were upon him. Whereupon, a very dear friend of his, taking him by the hand and asking him if he felt not much pain, "Truly no," said he; "the greatest I feel is your cold hand," and then asking to be laid down again, he spake no more until the next morning; then he took his last leave of his wife and children, prayed for them, and blessed them all; and that day, in the afternoon, about five of the clock, being Saturday, the 17th day of December, A.D. 1631, in the sixtieth year of his age, he yielded up his spirit to God that gave it; and according to his own speech, he celebrated the ensuing Sabbath in the kingdom of heaven. Thus, in the space of fifteen weeks, was the first and most glorious light put out in Broughton that ever that town enjoyed, or that many ages will render again.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MY PATHWAY.

I WAS born of poor parents; therefore I had to fight my way in the world when very young. I should have had but little schooling, had it not been that the schoolmaster was lame, and I had to attend on him; and bring his pony from the field in the morning, and put it away again at night. By these means I went to school before I was nine years of age.

I grew up to be a very wicked boy, and up to the age of sixteen was called the ringleader in sin among my own companions.

The first thing I remember, was a dream which I had when about ten years of age. I dreamt the end of the world was come. I saw the angels flying around the commons, outside the house where I lived. I thought all who were standing by were caught up to heaven, except myself, and I was left to be dragged by devils into everlasting perdition. In my fright I awoke, and behold! it was a dream. About this time, as I was playing by the side of a deep pond, I fell in, and went to the bottom twice; but, as I was coming to the surface the third time, a young girl caught me. Life was almost gone. However, by proper means, in a few hours I began to breathe, and after a few days felt right again. At another time, when opening a gate to a cow and calf, the cow attacked me as she passed through the gate, and knocked me down; but, as I fell into a pit, she could not get at me to toss me. If my father had not been standing by, she would have killed me. Through this accident I was obliged to keep my bed for a week, being much bruised and hurt. The mark of the cow's horn I shall carry to my grave; it is close to the corner of my eye. It is a mercy my eyesight was preserved, and I have many times been thankful to the Lord for it. At another time I was cutting a load of furze on the commons, when the reap-

hook fell out of my hand, and I fell on my side upon it. As the Lord would have it, it fell on its flat; for had it fallen with its edge upward, it must have been my death. Thus, again was I preserved. Surely the Lord's mercy was great towards me! At another time I jumped over a hedge, not knowing a quarry was inside, and went down a very great depth. In mercy I received no harm.

When about eleven years of age I dreamt again that the end of the world was come. I thought I saw all the people who were standing by me left behind, and I was borne away on the wings of angels towards heaven. In a transport of joy I awoke, and felt sorry to think it was a dream.

All this time I was living in sin, having no desire for God, nor yet the knowledge of his ways. I now began to sin greedily; sin was sweet to my taste. I began to keep game fowls; and never felt more delighted than when I stood and saw them beat each other blind, and that on a Sabbath morning. Another thing I was very fond of, was wrestling. Indeed I was, as I have often thought, a little big sinner.

Another twelve months had now passed away, and I went to learn the carpentry of a very strict and passionate master; indeed, from his passions, sometimes my life has been in danger, when standing before him. I was the only apprentice who served out his time. All his own sons left him before they were twenty years of age.

While serving my apprenticeship, I found I wanted a little money to spend among my ungodly comrades. It struck my mind I might get some by going, after I left work, to a coach-horse stable, to assist the ostler. I soon became a great favourite; and he usually gave me 3d. per night, and sometimes more, for my help. In time, this man heard from some one that I was clever at singing songs; so, after we had finished the horses, he took me to the public-house; where, after getting a little merry, I amused the company by singing songs until nearly 12 o'clock at night. Some gave me money, others gave me drink, and others praised me, while the innkeeper treated me with some cake. This swelled the bladder of my pride to such a degree that I began to think I was much bigger than I was, and a most clever fellow. I always gave the money to my mother, as she was very poor; for my father had been ill for eight years.

Some years passed away, and I still kept to the stables and the public-house. One night we were playing at cards in the stable window; but the horses coming in, I left my comrades, and went to shift the harness from a little blind horse, which went by the name of Belcher. I began to loose the mane strap; when, like lightning from heaven, the dart of conviction so powerfully entered my soul that I had scarce strength to hang the harness on the pin. I felt like a bird shot by the hand of the fowler. I ran out of the stable like a man escaped from the gallows; and I felt afraid to go home in the dark. Many times

before I got home I looked back over my shoulder; for I concluded that the devil was coming there and then to fetch me, and bear me soul and body to the everlasting gulf of eternal torment. When I arrived home I quaked for fear, and was afraid to take off my boots in the kitchen; so I went upstairs, and took them off by the side of my bed. I was soon in bed, and covered my face in the bedclothes; but there was no sleep for me. I thought I should be in hell before the morning. At breakfast, the next day, my stomach refused the food set before me; and the song of mirth was silenced. The dancing tunes, which I had whistled before in my labour, now entered my mind with terror; and I scarcely knew whether I was using the plane or the hatchet. I heard my aunt say to my mother, "What is the matter with Richard?" My mother answered: "He seems to be very low, but I know nothing particular." Evening came, but no Richard went to the stables. This was another mystery. I went to bed early that I might groan out my grief; and I was obliged to fall on my knees before my sister (who was in the room) and cry from feeling, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

It was soon whispered from one to the other about my case. Some could not understand it, they said, for I had not been to church or chapel, neither had there been any revival meetings in the neighbourhood. In a few days, my mother told my father. He wept like a child, and said: "Bless the Lord, my prayer is answered; the little prodigal is returned to his father." O, how my dear mother loved me! She knew that amidst all my sin and folly I was always her friend, and had done whatever I could for her. Indeed, I always felt I could give her the last half-penny I possessed. She was as dear and kind a mother as ever lived.

Sunday morning came. Instead of going to the stables, and looking at my game fowls for an hour or so, I was obliged to take down a little pocket Bible, go into a field, and by the side of a hedge among the brambles, away from human sight, read it, and pray to God. In reading my Bible, almost every passage seemed to seal my condemnation. It was hard work to pray, for I thought my prayer was nothing but abomination in the sight of a holy God. My mind was so distressed that I felt something like Cain, when he said: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." The revelry being near, I thought I would go and try whether the things I once delighted in, would not chase away my grief, and drown my sorrow. I went; but I thought the earth would open; and my knees smote together. The drum seemed to beat damnation; and the bagpipes seemed to whistle into my soul, "Eternity! Eternity!" I was obliged to leave and go into some lonely place, and there cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." This was the last time professor or profane ever saw me at any place of amusement.

After I got into bed, how the devil set at me! His darts came into my conscience so thick and heavy that I concluded hell

must be my portion, for that I had committed the unpardonable sin. Sabbath after Sabbath I went from church to chapel, and from chapel to church; but could get no food for my soul. None touched my case, or could give me the least comfort. I could truly say with Job, "Miserable comforters are ye all," and "physicians of no value."

As my mother and relatives attended the General Baptist room, I thought I would attend there with them. From these preachers I heard so many different opinions that I became puzzled; and as I had now become a big Bible reader (sometimes reading all night long, and all the time I could get by day), I found their teaching did not correspond with the Word of God. Some told me man had a will to choose or refuse that salvation which was offered in the gospel. I had read in the Scriptures that "the carnal mind is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7;) that "a friend of the world is the enemy of God" (Jas. iv. 4;) and that it is "not of the will of man," but that every man who has been enabled to receive Christ, Christ gave him that power to do so. (Jno. i. 11, 12.) Others laid all the salvation of sinners on *believing*; which, they said, was trusting in Christ. They would say, "Trust him *now*; believe on him *now*; fall flat on the atonement, and you are saved; if you do not, that will be the cause of your condemnation." "Well," thought I to myself, "this teaching is not in accordance with what the Bible tells me." Night and day I searched the Scriptures on the subject. There I saw that a quickening into life was the first movement of the Spirit's work in the soul. The apostle says: "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. ii. 1.) I saw that faith was given in regeneration. And to tell me that the non-possession of saving faith was the sole cause of my condemnation, was to tell me I should be damned for not quickening my soul into life; that is, for not regenerating my own soul. This doctrine to me was harsh; it was worse than telling the Israelites to make bricks without straw, and then punishing them for their inability. I never heard anything about repentance; but I had read (and read with solemn feelings, these being almost the last words of Christ before he left this world), "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." I also saw, from reading Rom. v., that I was condemned in the one condemnation which passed upon all men. Paul says: "By one man's offence" all men were condemned; and that all the world standing in Adam are guilty before God, and under the law; and that "as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.'" (Gal. iii. 10.)

Others told me that when Christ died on Calvary the work was finished, the atonement was made; and that if we believed what God's Word said about it, that was enough. I remember

that about this time I went to Plymouth; and my brother-in-law, who was one of the "Brethren," asked me what I wanted more. "Believe the Word," says he, "and that is enough." I told him I did believe the Word; but I felt myself to be a guilty, unpardoned sinner, and should never feel satisfied (I felt I could not) before the Saviour proclaimed from his own blessed lips into my inmost soul: "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee."

About this time a young man came into the neighbourhood as a travelling preacher, and often stopped a day with one and the other in the village. He frequently took tea at the house where I was serving my apprenticeship. Knowing he was going to preach on the next Wednesday evening, I went to hear him, as he seemed to be a friendly sort of man. He took for his text: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (Jno. vi. 37.) He began by speaking on the meaning of the word "all," and the Father's gift to the Son. "Now," says he, "these are a chosen people, which must and shall be saved; and nothing can hinder it." He brought Scripture beautifully to back what he said, and told us these people, that must and should be saved, were called in Scripture, "the elect." After this he made a bit of a pause, and continued: "It also says, 'Him that cometh unto Christ, he will in no wise cast out.' Now this tells us that the rest may be saved, if they will; and if they are not saved, this will be their bitterest drop in their cup of condemnation—viz., that they might, but they would not." This sermon puzzled my mind much; I could not understand it at all. The next morning at breakfast, the housekeeper said to me, "Well, Richard, what did you think of the sermon last night?" I told her I was thinking very much about it, and had been the greatest part of the night; indeed, I said, I could not keep it out of my mind, it was a real puzzle. And I believe she thought the same, and many others who heard it. One said, he worked hard and seemed confused; another said, he ventured beyond his depth; but my father, who was a keen detector of error, told me the young man was a Baxterian, and that he borrowed his views from Mr. Baxter, who believed that the elect must be saved, and the rest might be if they would.

This sermon made me think much about the doctrine of election, and about God having a people which would, and *must*, as the young man said, eventually be saved. But all this time, the salvation of my own soul was always uppermost. I groaned night and day for deliverance from the power and thralldom of sin.

Some weeks passed on, and a little man, by name Batten, was to preach in the room. I heard my father say, he always heard him with comfort; another said, "There will not be a great congregation to-day, he speaks too pointedly." I went up to the room, and the little man was in the pulpit, with a very good congregation before him. On the second to the back form sat a number of my former comrades in sin; and I sat on the next

form before them. The little man rose up, and gave out a hymn; then prayed, read, and gave out another hymn. He then opened the Bible, and read for his text: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter unto peace; they shall rest in their beds; each one walking in his uprightness. (Isa. lvii. 1, 2.) He began by saying, "My text speaks of the righteous; but where shall we find such persons, or such an individual?" He then went on to say, that by nature there were "none righteous, no, not one;" and he described how a sinner was made righteous, and said that the truly righteous were the only people who truly felt their unrighteousness. Here he began to enter into experience, and so described my pathway from the first, as far as I was come, that I scarcely knew how to keep my seat. "Now," said he, "these poor souls who are groaning over their unrighteousness, think they shall be lost; they think they are such hell-deserving sinners that they shall never 'see the King in his beauty, nor the land that is very far off;' and they conclude in their minds that hell must be their portion." He had been looking at me before; but now, looking at me with an eager gaze, he raised his voice and said, "I tell thee, poor trembling one, there was never one in thy case that went to hell. Didst thou ever know God forsake the work of his own hands?" And then, after bringing forth many precious promises to back what he said, he again raised his voice, and said: "Trembling one, the headstone shall be brought forth with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." I felt my heart so full that I could hold out no longer. I threw my head on my hands, and thought my poor heart would have broken; and I was obliged to sob aloud before the people. He then went on to the other parts of his subject; but I felt heart-broken before the Lord, and do not remember much of what he said afterwards. The vessel was full, and could hold no more. This was the first preacher that was ever enabled to touch my case, or give the least comfort to my sin-burdened soul.

I heard him once or twice after this, and his words always gave me comfort. O how I longed to see him in the pulpit! It did my heart good even to look at him. In a little time he went to Plymouth, and I was told he joined the church at Stonehouse, over which Mr. Isbell was the pastor. This man's preaching spoiled my mind for the reception of anything but truth; and I could not attend the place unless I knew that something like truth was to be spoken; for this was only spoken at times.

(To be continued.)

IN consequence of God's immutable will and infallible fore-knowledge, whatever things come to pass, come to pass *necessarily*; though, with respect to second causes, and us men, many things are *contingent*, that is, unexpected, and *seemingly* accidental.—*Toplady*.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

ETERNAL life is the *gift of God*; and is the real cause of every spiritual desire and gracious affection found in the hearts of God's elect. Neither can any spiritual action precede the gift of life. If there is any spiritual movement in the soul, it is the effect of regeneration having already taken place. The following is oft-times the language of a poor child of God bordering on despair, and feeling a necessity of God's salvation because of eternal life having begun to effect living desires. The Holy Spirit is working in him mightily, and at last draws him to cry, "I *must* go, come what will." Universalists and others take advantage of the case of Esther, and urge on *all* to go. But how can the dead go? Without life there is no adaptation.

"So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish."—ESTHER. IV. 16.

"I will go in unto the King;"
My help must come from him alone;
My guilt and burden I would bring
To him who did for guilt atone.
I will go in, and at his feet,
If I *must* perish, perish there;
But first, his mercy I'd entreat,
To save a sinner from despair.

"I will go in unto the King;"
Gracious and merciful his name;
My soul doth to his promise cling,
"He'd cast out none that ever came."
I will go in, and for my life,
Will earnest supplication make;
Will tell him how my fears are rife,
Yet plead for the Redeemer's sake.

I will go in, with all my need,
And to the King my case make known;
With his great power he will not plead
Against a suppliant at his throne.
Will he not rather, by his grace,
Put strength within and hope impart?
Did *he* not bid me seek his face,
Ere thus responsive grew my heart?
Then let me go, though fears arise,
Though law and conscience both condemn;
My trembling hope on him relies,
Who wears a monarch's diadem.
He can be just and yet forgive;
Love's golden sceptre he doth sway;
And till he bids me rise and live,
I, at his feet, would humbly stay.

Brighton.

VERA.

WHEN errors come among us to invade God's honour, we must be "Dans," serpents in the way, and adders in their path, to bite their horses' heels till their riders fall backwards.—*Huntington*.

LETTER FROM MR. W. COLLINS.

[The following letter was written by Mr. W. Collins to his sister, Susan Chapman, during her last illness. Her death was announced on the wrapper of July No. They were both members of the church at Trowbridge.]

My dear Sister,—Just a line, in haste, as my time is so fully occupied. I do not know whether you got my letter on Friday morning, respecting the medicine from London; but I have been anxiously waiting to hear how you are, and if you got it safe. I have been informed to-day by your husband that you are no better, which I am truly sorry to hear. Yet, I hope if it please God, you will soon be better; but if his gracious and holy will be not so, who shall say him “nay”? O, my dear sister, “He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.” A precious truth which I hope you can feelingly say, “Amen” to. I trust, you by no means think your affliction came by chance; but, “according to the purpose of him, who worketh all things after the council of his own will.” I feel sure of this, that the greatest kindness he can show his dear people is to sweetly reveal his blessed face to them; and assure them of their interest in his all-atoning blood and justifying righteousness, and take them out of a world of sin, sorrow, and suffering, to that blessed land, where “the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick”:

“But where they see his lovely face,
And never, never sin;
But from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.”

Yes, “endless;” and that is our mercy, if we are interested therein. O, my dear sister, have you not often after enjoying a sweet though transient day of rest in the house of God, singing his worthy praise, supplicating the throne of his heavenly grace, and listening to the voice of one of his dear servants (proclaiming the everlasting gospel), dreaded the very thought of a Monday morning, to have to mix with the world, and the busy cares and toils of this life to obtain your daily bread? But think, my dear sister, O think of that blessed time when we hope to join that happy throng in that blessed place,

“Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

There will be no dread of Monday morning there; nor any fear of parting or pain. Neither will there be any need of under shepherds there, whom though we love and highly esteem them here for their work's sake, will not be required there; but our King Immanuel, the great Captain of our salvation, will be our visible Shepherd there, as he is our invisible one here (except to the eye of faith).

“He lends an unseen hand,
And gives a secret prop.”

O how my very soul was melted within me some few years ago, in reading that blessed verse in the Rev. vii. 17: “For the

Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." What a sweet soul-comforting truth to those who are interested therein! But if your faith is not stronger than when I last saw you, methinks you will sigh, and say, "O that I could feel my interest therein, and could say, 'Yes, through his unspeakable mercy and boundless grace, I shall be one of the happy number!' but alas! alas! I fear lest after all I should be out of the secret." But, my dear sister, do you not believe the lines of the poet to be true:

"If once the love of Christ we feel
Upon our hearts impressed,
The mark of that celestial seal
Can never be erased."

And can you, dare you say, you have never felt a love, yea, a burning love to his Blessed Majesty? "God forbid," say you, "that I should lie against my right, and say, my wound is incurable." Well, if you dare not deny your love to his Blessed Majesty, the Word of God says, "We love him because he first loved us." Then, if our love is the effect of his, we must conclude that he has loved us with an everlasting love; and

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

Cheer up, then, poor downcast soul, for there is hope in Israel concerning you. But I know there will be little cheering up unless the dear Lord is pleased to bless you with more faith, hope, and love; which I verily believe he will do in his own good time; but the vision is for an appointed time. He hath not said, "Seek ye my face in vain."

While thinking what I should write before I commenced this letter, Isa. xl. 1, 2, dropped gently into my mind. O may the Lord graciously condescend to bless the same to your soul's comfort.

My dear sister, the dear Lord knows what is best for us, and if it be his holy will to raise you up again, there is nothing too hard for him; but, if not, O may he be pleased not only to give you submission to his will, but also a desire, yea, a longing to depart and be with him, which is far better; for his dear name's sake. May the Lord bless the humble attempt of a poor worm to comfort a poor cast-down fellow-traveller, who is now in the furnace of affliction, if it be his gracious will, is the sincere desire and humble prayer of your affectionate brother, after the flesh; and I hope, yea, and also trust, after the spirit.

May 31st, 1881.

W. COLLINS.

P.S.—My dear Sister, I thought perhaps you would think from the tone of my letter that I had either been specially blest of late, or was presuming a little; but the reason of my writing in a little higher strain than usual is, that during the past week I have felt such a love to our dear Redeemer; not from any particular words, but a gradual springing up in my heart

towards his Blessed Majesty, so that I could say, with the apostle, "Thou knowest that I love thee," and bless his dear Name, it has lifted me up a little out of the low place I was in, and given me a little more confidence in him. May he do the same for you, only in a much greater degree, if it be his gracious will. Amen.

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Mr. Editor,—I have been a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" for many years; and many times in reading over the experience of God's people contained therein, it has proved to be both instructive and comforting. Will you be so kind as to favour myself and others with your thoughts, through the "Gospel Standard," on Rom. ix. 3? What does the apostle mean? It has been on my mind, at times, for some years; but I have not been able to understand it to my satisfaction. May the Lord guide you by his Spirit into the truth.

Yours in the best of Bonds,

4, Scholes Street, Over Darwen.

THOS. VARLEY.

ANSWER.

We have no complaints to make in respect to any inquiry which has yet been sent us, except one. All church matters are strictly private; and, as such, we are persuaded that an outside person has no right to interfere. But if called upon, by mutual consent, to express an opinion, that becomes another matter.

We are quite willing to give our thoughts on any passage of Scripture, if able to do so, to the best of our ability; but we think it would be as well to say that as such answers may not always meet with acceptance from every one, we do not give the replies any otherwise than as our own view of the different portions of Scripture sent to us for explanation; and, therefore, leave others to accept or reject them as they think fit. Any controversy which might arise from the answer given would be out of place. It stands thus: We are asked; we answer. There it begins and there it must end. On any other terms we should decline to notice an inquiry.

But to the question before us. We are sorry to have to trouble some of our readers with a dry explanation of words; but we cannot answer the question without doing so. For, in order to ascertain Paul's meaning, it will be necessary to inquire into the signification of this word. The word rendered "*accursed*," is *anathema*, literally anything "put up" or suspended in a temple, consecrated and devoted to God. In the Septuagint, *anathema* is the general rendering of the Hebrew word *cherem*; and differs from anything set apart by a mere vow, in this, that what was consecrated by a vow could be redeemed (Lev. xxvii. 1-25); but what was *devoted*—*anathema* (Lev. xxvii. 28, 29), could not be redeemed.

It became irreclaimable, being an irrevocably devoted person, beast, or thing *unto the Lord*. If gold and silver were devoted, they belonged to the sanctuary for ever. (Josh. vi. 24.) If perishable articles, they were to be burnt; and whatever possessed life, whether man or beast, must die; being devoted thereto by the Lord: "And the city shall be accursed (*anathema*), even it, and all that are therein to the Lord: only Rahab, the harlot, shall live, she and all that are with her in the house, because she hid the messengers that we sent." (Josh. vi. 17.) An idol is also said to be "accursed" or devoted, *anathema*: "Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be a cursed thing (*anathema*) like it; but thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing (*anathema*)." (Deut. vii. 26.) So also the seven nations of the land of Canaan were devoted to destruction, and could not be spared; but must be surely put to death. The Lord thus devoted these nations to destruction: "But if ye will not drive out the inhabitants of the land from before you; then it shall come to pass, that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell." (Num. xxxiii. 55.)

It appears, therefore, that whatever was thus devoted could never be put to any other use. It became the Lord's absolutely and irrevocably. The word does not in itself necessarily imply destruction, execration, or a curse; but these things are added to it, if the devoted thing should be used for any other purpose than that for which it was devoted. Gold and silver were most holy unto the Lord, and brought into the sanctuary. An idol was given up to the Lord; and he commanded it or devoted it to be destroyed, and cursed the man who should reclaim it, or use it for any other purpose than that to which the Lord appointed it—the *flames*. It is easy to perceive how the two meanings became connected, seeing that the devoted thing could not be reclaimed; but was given up for ever, as the city of Jericho. (Josh. vi. 17.) Hence the *man* who reclaimed it must be under the curse of God for so doing. Peter devoted his life to God if he knew the "Man." Then, according to the idea conveyed thereby, he never could use his life, he must die, because he had pledged his life on a falsehood, for he did know the "Man." (Mark xiv. 71.) Poor Peter was in a sad case according to his own bond.

The forty Jews devoted their lives to God; that is, that God might take their lives away if they either eat or drank until they had killed Paul. They *anathematized* themselves; by which act their lives were not reclaimable. What would they do? But in the case of Peter, as with these Jews also, their lives were not their own; therefore they could not dispose of themselves in any such a form. For what is devoted must be a man's own; he also having a right to dispose of it. So Paul had no right or power to dispose of himself, neither did he do so. He refers to

a wish he had at one time for *Christ* to devote him for his kinsmen's benefit, which we will notice presently. The exact form of the wish is, "I was wishing," or as some render it, "I used to wish." So that it appears to us that Paul did at one time wish he might be devoted *by* or *of* *Christ* (not separated from him) for his "brethren," his "kinsmen according to the flesh." Not, we say, to devote *himself*: *Christ* was his Master, and he only could do so. For his words are in exact accordance with the form of the rendering of the Septuagint of Lev. xxvii. 28, 29: "Notwithstanding no devoted thing (*anathema*) that a man shall devote to the Lord of (*apo*) all that he hath, both of (*apo*) men and of (*apo*) the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed; every devoted thing (*anathema*) is most holy unto the Lord. None devoted, which shall be devoted of (*apo*) men shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death." We feel persuaded Paul used the word as the Septuagint uses it here: "For I could (or used to) wish that myself were accursed (*devoted—anathema*) from *Christ*" (*apo, of Christ*); as it is said in the foregoing passage, "that a man shall devote to the Lord of (*apo*) all that he hath."

If we render the passage, then, as the Sept. has that of Leviticus, it would run thus: "For I could (used to) wish that myself were devoted of *Christ* for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Then it would mean that he desired to be devoted to God for the service of the Jews, irrevocably and irrevocably; and this burning zeal for his brethren is manifested in his own statement. (Rom. ix. 1-5.)

We hope our correspondent will see that "accursed" is only connected with the word, just as the *devoted thing* might be used for any other purpose than that for which it was *devoted*, it being by that act given up to the Lord. An idol must of necessity be "an accursed thing," because if used at all it must be used contrary to that which God appointed it. So also, *devoted gold and silver*, if used for common purposes, became "accursed." "For they have taken of the accursed thing (*anathema*), and have stolen." Again, "And it shall be that he that is taken with the accursed thing shall be burnt with fire, he and all that he hath; because he hath transgressed the covenant of the Lord, and because he hath wrought folly in Israel." (Josh. vii. 11, 15.) Jericho and the gold and silver were devoted (*anathema*) to the Lord (Josh. vii. 20, 21); that is, were to be given up to him, and he appointed the city and every idol to destruction. Therefore Achan's sin consisted in appropriating to himself that which was devoted of God irrevocably to destruction, and so brought destruction upon himself and all his house. Israel also sinned in making a league with the Gibeonites; and in consequence the Canaanites afterwards became "pricks" in their "eyes" and "thorns" in their "sides," according to God's word. (Num. xxxiii. 55.)

The sum of all appears to be that a devoted thing (*anathema*) became so sacred to God that if it was used for any other purpose

it became an execration; and in things condemned, as idols and the Canaanites, they were made an execration by being devoted thereto; but clean things were "most holy to the Lord." "But all the silver and gold, and vessels of brass and iron, are consecrated unto the Lord; they shall come into the treasury of the Lord." (Josh. vi. 19.)

It is in this latter sense, we think, Paul desired to be devoted (*anathema*), laid up for this special purpose, and to become most holy to the Lord, to be *used* for this purpose only, viz., the real benefit of his kinsmen; with the same zeal for their spiritual welfare as he had for his Master, when he said, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts xxi. 13.) And die he *must*, in the service of his brethren, if he had been devoted of Christ to that service. He would have been doomed to all the consequences of their mad zeal, irreclaimably and irrevocably, but only in this life.

These are all the passages wherein the word occurs. (Acts xxiii. 14; Rom. ix. 3; 1 Cor. xii. 3; xvi. 22; Gal. i. 8-9. As a verb, Mark xiv. 71; Acts xxiii. 12, 14, 21.)

Those who called Jesus "accursed," accounted him as Achan, having stolen the things of God, and used them for his own purpose; and as such, God had made an execration of him as he did of Achan! How awful!

False preachers (preaching *another gospel*) are using God's Christ for another purpose than that appointed of God, therefore they are "accursed," and no league must be made with them, nor with *their* gospel.

The phrase "Anathema Maran-atha," we think, means that as the Canaanites were never to become associates with the children of Israel, they were to make no league with them, seeing these nations were devoted to destruction. So the children of God are to have no fellowship, *in doctrine*, with men who do not love our Lord Jesus Christ, lest they become "pricks" in their "eyes" and "thorns" in their "sides." For the Lord hath devoted all error to destruction, so that it cannot be used for any other purpose; it is an "accursed thing."

Keep separate, then, from erroneous men and their errors. Let them be devoted things and persons, so far as they are erroneous persons, but no farther; and enter not into religious connection with anything or person that denies that Jesus has come in the flesh. For all such persons, while in this state of enmity to God and truth, are as much an anathema as the Canaanites, that is, so far as connection with them goes in religious matters. "Let them be an execration, the Lord cometh;" that is, the *real one*; and then he will show who are his.

A REFINED Antinomian is one who is an Evangelist in the head, a Pharisee in the foot, a Believer in the tongue, but an Infidel in heart.—*Huntington*.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

My dear Friend,—I must just drop you a line to say that we received your welcome letter last evening, after we came from the prayer-meeting. It has done us good to read it, and to see how the Lord's own works praise him, and his saints bless him. Yes; "There is treasure to be desired and oil in the dwelling of the wise." (Prov. xxi. 20.) This treasure far outweighs *all* "the treasures of Egypt;" and sure I am, where this is felt, that sacred anointing will make a man honest and upright before God, let the world or professors say what they may. We have sung again and again with the poet:

"If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
If thou remember me."

Well, let us remember Christ was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and, "In his humiliation his judgment was taken away." Therefore he hath said: "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal, shall ye be baptized." (Mark x. 39.) It is here that our sonship is made plain to us at times. For if we were without chastisement, and had none of these trials by the way,—what proof would there be of union with the Lamb of God? Yea, the Word declares, "Then are ye bastards and not sons." So dear Hart sweetly sings:

"My dear Redeemer, purge this dross;
Teach me to hug and love the cross;
Teach me thy chast'ning to sustain,
Discern the love, and bear the pain."

You see the Lord will have a people to praise him, and to talk feelingly of his love and goodness. I *felt* those words of the poet this morning, after I had been talking with some friends, and speaking of his manifested love and goodness to us when we were in deep trouble, and thought there was no eye to pity, nor any arm to save. I *felt* my soul refreshed while speaking of these things; I am sensible the things were *felt*. After I had left my friends, these words came: "Make mention that his name is exalted." (Isa. xii. 4.)

Well, my dear friend, the Lord knows how clean we have *felt* your hands to be in making mention of the things you have. Yes; and what greater and sweeter testimony can you or we have than "the testimony of Jesus." For sure I am, as good old Berridge says,

"They squint and peep another way,
Some creature-help to spy."

Where there is squinting and peeping, and a heart not made up-right before God, he will take these wise ones in their own "craftiness," and shut the hearts of his people against them; so that, instead of a blessing, they will receive a frown; and "instead of well-set hair, baldness." And it is evident this has been the case

“The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.” (Prov. x. 22.) I do hope we shall be kept close to Jesus, looking unto him for faith and patience; and for his favour and loving-kindness which are “better than life.” (Ps. lxiii. 3.)

“Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,
 The Shepherd softly cries;
 ‘Lord, tell me what ’tis close to keep;’
 The listening sheep replies.
 ‘Thy whole dependance on me fix;
 Nor entertain a thought
 Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 But venture to be nought.
 ‘Fond self-direction is a shelf;
 Thy strength, thy wisdom flee;
 When thou art nothing in thyself,
 Thou then art close to me.’”

The first lines I never shall forget. It was at a time when I was not very conversant with them; but I was then sitting “under his shadow with great delight,” and feeling his loving-kindness to be “better than life.” The words, I say, I shall never forget; they came to me while I was in my shop:

“Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep;”

and my heart responded at once,

“Lord, tell me what ’tis close to keep.”

I have sent you the connexion; but must come to a close, for “changes and war” are still at hand.* I do believe it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for those who have been brought up under the sound of the gospel, and see these things carried out in precept and example, and are left to despise them. “The carnal mind is enmity;” and the life and death of Mrs. Robert Michaelson shows “the goodness and severity of God.” O, I felt her words, “No more chapel for me;” and thought, “These are the very feelings of many others. But what can we say to these things? Why, “Who can tell?”

The following words I have often felt a great encouragement to me, in the midst of all I have waded through and feared: “So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” (Isa. lv. 11.) This also: “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.” (Eecl. xi. 6.)

My dear friends, may the Lord lead you to pray for us, that patience “may have her perfect work;” and may he bless you both, with sweet access to himself: “For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.” (Ps. ciii. 14.)

* The writer here received some painful intelligence, which caused him to break off the strain he was writing in.

Mrs. Glover joins with me in the sweetest love and affection; begging for grace to be still, to

“Lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.”

We are, yours affectionately,

H. AND E. GLOVER.

Fleetwood Place, Croydon, Jan. 4th, 1858.

MINISTERIAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Friend and Brother in the Path of tribulation, and in the Faith once delivered to the saints,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you from a precious and ever-adorable Redeemer, who has once more, in mercy, passed by the transgression of his unworthy dust and ashes, looked over all my infirmities, and made his feet glorious unto me. Truly we may say, “Unto him be glory and honour and power and might and majesty, now and for evermore!”

Dear brother, pardon me if I have done wrong in writing to you. It is a thing I have never done before; but feeling that love I believe that “passeth the love of women,” abiding upon my spirit, I could not refrain from writing to you. May you be favoured with some of the same, if it is the Lord’s will, in reading these few scraps! What a deep, yea, what depth there is in the gospel! What a fulness to meet the needs and necessities of all the Lord’s people, when the Lord is pleased to condescend to open it to our understanding, and grant us faith enough to draw out of that fulness which is treasured up in him! Bless his precious Name! How sweet it sounds

“In a believer’s ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.”

Are these things to be passed by? My soul exclaims, “No; blessed be his name for ever and ever!”

Dear brother, while you were tracing out the pathway this day, and the things that make for our everlasting peace, I felt such a power take hold on my spirit that caused me to weep tears of joy, whilst the Lord, I believe, granted me faith enough to surmount all my fears and foes. How good he is! O, to be favoured for a few moments with a little of his presence and power! How it puts all things right in a moment! What are the trials and difficulties that we have to pass through by the way *then*? How light they are compared with his! Truly we can say then, as the poet did:

“O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues my disobedient will,
Drives all my discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.”

Dear friend, surely we have cause to bless the Lord for these unspeakable mercies. Sure I am, he has not left us yet; but, from time to time, there are manifest witnesses of his loving-kindness and tender mercy. May he go on to be gracious unto

us! It is the desire and prayer of your unworthy friend, that he may give you much of his Spirit; reveal much of himself unto you; give you grace for warfare; and lead you more and more into the hidden mysteries of the gospel, that you may be enabled from time to time to deal out bread to the hungry, and water to the thirsty; to be feet to the lame, and eyes to the blind; and that our God may be honoured and glorified in our little midst, and souls benefited and strengthened.

May this be for the Lord's honour and glory; and, if it is his will, for your comfort! The oil keeps running; but the paper is full.

In covenant love to you both,

Staplehurst, May, 1881.

W. CLEMENT WOOLLETT.

To Mr. Lewis.

DEAD CALVINISM.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter conveying the friends' invitation for me to come and preach at B., I beg to say, thanking you and them for any friendly love in Christ towards so unworthy and helpless a worm as I am, that I think it prudent and right to decline, perhaps for the present, the kind invitation you send.

It is a great mercy, yea, an unspeakable mercy, if you or I, or any of the B. church, know (as we trust some of us probably do) our eternal election! Well may such poor worms, as "feeble Jews," put their faces in the dust, if they have any well-grounded evidence of being eternally elected by God the Father Almighty before the world began! Blessed supremely for ever be his precious name! There is much talk about religion in the present day, and "Many seek the ruler's favour; but every man's *judgment* cometh from the Lord." (Prov. xxix. 26.) What a marvel therefore of all marvels it is, if such poor worms as we, are of the highly favoured number of the predestinated elect! I humbly believe that I know my own calling and election of God; and, blessed be his name, am enabled, in some degree, through the Holy Spirit dwelling in me, not to cease to "give diligence, with fear and trembling, to make my calling and election sure," or clear and manifest, in my happy soul's experience. But, my dear Sir, I acknowledge, and I dare say the wisest people of B. will acknowledge the same, that there is in the present day but little either assurance or faith of the right kind before the living and true God. Yes. Letter-faith; presuming assurance; a mere "name to live;" Calvinism in the brain; justification in the letter, merely on the tongue and in the brain; the slight convictions of merely *natural* conscience for sin, palmed off for the fiery and glorious ministration of death by the law in the elect conscience, preparatory, through the Spirit, for the also supernatural revelation of Christ *there*; baptism by water, and an ignorance of the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. Alas! This, with a merely natural Christianity and Calvinism, is the sad religion of the day! So that, dear Sir, if I were to come among you, I dare say I might probably have some fighting against me. Instead of building up people in a

letter Calvinism; instead of saying, "Peace," to dead members of churches; instead of setting the stamp of love on immersed hypocrites, and free-grace mere professors, who know "justification by faith alone" only in the *letter*, without ever having previously gone through a law-work, as the only road to experimental justification in the conscience; it wants, my dear Sir, in the present day, such exceedingly bold, strong, young pick-axe men as Tiptaft, Philpot, M'Kenzie, and such like, to demolish the stacks of stubble accumulated in churches! And this sort of work will get such men no few curses, it is certain.

I beg pardon for not having returned an answer previously. The truth is, I could not make up my mind. It was not, therefore, through any want of respect to you and the friends that this letter was not sent sooner.

And with every Christian respect to you and them, believe me to be,
 Your unworthy Friend and Brother,
 Abingdon, March 11th, 1839. J. KAY.
 To J. Forster.

A FRAGMENT OF EXPERIENCE.

Dear Friend,—With great pleasure I take the liberty to sit down and write to you, hoping these few lines will find you and yours in good health, both in soul and body. As to my soul, it has been very dejected and cast down both yesterday and to-day, till now I feel a little revived.

Dear friend, you do not know what an ungrateful, unworthy sinner I am. Instead of blessing and praising him who has called me out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light, and from the power of Satan to God, here I am, doubting whether I have ever been called at all in the right way. This seems, at the present time, to be Satan's chief temptation, as it has been times back; but, no doubt, you, as well as I, feel something of his assaults.

I was truly sorry that I could not open my mind to you more, on the Sunday you called upon me before you left Leicester; but I really felt so shut up that I could not tell you what I wanted to tell you. I thought, before you came, I could have told you all; but when you came, it was all gone. I am a very bad one to express myself; and often hear my experience told me in the pulpit better than I can tell it to others. But now, with the blessing of God, and his teaching me to speak to his glory and my own abasement, I sit down to tell you a little of the Lord's dealings with me, at the time of my first setting out in the way to Zion; but it will be in such a simple way, I feel ashamed to send it.

I told you I felt oftentimes afraid that I did not feel the impressions and convictions of sin deep enough at first; but though not so deep as some have felt them, yet I trust they were as lasting. O, I wish I had the ability to tell you very plainly how I felt; but you must look over my ignorant way, and I will tell

you as well as I can. Well, then, at times I felt very unhappy because I was so sinful, living "without God and without hope in the world." At that time he was blessing us, as he has done hitherto, with all temporal blessings that our hearts could desire; and when I considered these things, it was a grief to me to think that no one ought to love and serve him so much as myself, and yet none lived at a greater distance from him. Well, these things troubled me; and at that time there were two or three deaths in my family (two aunts and my mother died), which wrought a very serious effect upon me, and brought me before the Lord in prayer, beseeching him to make me a new creature in Christ Jesus; and begging him, if there was any grace or forgiveness of sins to spare, to let me, a poor handmaid, be a partaker thereof. The publican's prayer suited me; and there were two or three hymns very precious to me, which were my prayers often, when I did not know how else to pray; for they were my real desires and real feelings. I desired nothing so much as to be one of the Lord's own children. I felt that I would rather be poor and have God for my portion, than have all the world beside. One of the hymns was this:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

O how sweet that hymn was to me! another was:

"O come, thou wounded Lamb of God."

Some things that I had known in my childhood were precious to me; and Ps. li. was also very suitable. In short, I wanted to become a real Christian, and begged the Lord to make me a possessor of grace and mercy.

But I must be brief. One night I sat suckling my babe (for I was then the mother of two small children), and praying and crying; and these words fell with a weight upon my soul: "Be not faithless, but believing;" which made me feel so happy for a time; for I knew they must come from God. At another time these words came: "Only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God." At another time: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

I kept on in this way for about two years; only always getting into trouble through sin. But still I thought I should be better some day; for I was as ignorant as could be of Christ's righteousness. I thought that he would make me righteous, and let me live without sinning against him; for, indeed, that was what I desired to do. But I found I still kept getting worse; and that very wicked thoughts began to enter my mind. They lasted above three years; but for a full year and a half they were desperate. The law condemned me; and I felt my heart just like Ezekiel's chambers of imagery. If I saw a weed in the garden, I thought that was just like my heart. What a heart mine felt! I cannot tell you one-third part. Hart's hymns were very useful to me then. But though so full of trouble, my comforts from my God bore me up, or else I must have sunk into despair.

I will tell you a little of my comfort. Once, when I was heart-sick with sin, these words came to my soul: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all;" and these: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted?" besides others of similar meanings, which I should like to tell you; but my paper will not allow. Still, Christ was not revealed to me as I wanted him to be, nor has he been to this time; though the dear Lord seems to lead me from one degree of strength to another; which makes me hope he will reveal himself in his own good time.

Dear friend, when you come to Leicester again, I hope you will come and see me as soon as you can. One of the friends from Mr. Harrison's chapel has called once to see me; and I was much obliged to you for sending your love to me. I can say this: the children of God are all very dear to me. If I have no other evidence, I hope I have that. I have not written this, because I want your testimony; for I have heard you speak against man's testimony; but hope you will think well to write me a few lines by way of reproof, or of comfort, which you think fit.

ELIZABETH BARROW.

Curson Street, Humberstone Road, Leicester, Feb. 23rd, 1840.

REVIEW.

Life and Sermons of Daniel Smart, Minister of Providence Chapel, Cranbrook. London: E. Wilmshurst, Warwick Buildings, Paternoster Row, E. C.; Cranbrook: Miss Smart, Dearn Villa; Blackheath: E. Wilmshurst, 4, Spencer Place.

THE grandest review of the lives and doings of God's saints we ever met with in our lives, or ever shall meet with, is that inspired by the Holy Spirit, and recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. A profound silence is observed therein, in respect of all the faults and blemishes which at one period were attached to the names of those worthies. All is cast aside; and their faith is exhibited to the view of the reader: "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." If, then we speak of friend Smart by his faith, we shall not step much aside.

But in reviewing the lives, positions, and labours of the servants of God, we are brought to the consideration of some very solemn and important subjects. For God, in his eternal mind, has designed to save his elect; and his sovereignty is the base on which he has settled the hour, place, and manner wherein each one is to be called in time. All is irrevocably fixed, whether to be done with or without means; sovereignty has not only pitched upon the persons to be called, but upon the instrument to be used, if it should please Him to use one. This or that man is appointed to do the work the Holy Spirit requires to be done; and no one else can or may do it for him. How foolish

is that petty jealousy of one workman against another! How absurd!

The life and experience of each workman are afore determined upon, according to the work to be done. God fixes his eyes upon the work to be done, and then fashions the workman to his work. See how the Lord's servant is adapted to his sphere of action; so that if there is any special labour to be done, he is enabled to do it,—he is just the man for his work. Sovereignty appointed the birth and education of all God's servants. Whether men of letters, or men ignorant of this world's wisdom,—all is ordained of God. Seldom, though, does God choose the learned to do his work: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 26-31.) Of these, God places some in the firmament of *his* heaven to give light to his people during the dark night, while Jesus is the Sun of righteousness. Are some of them learned men? Then God gives them grace to use their learning as an handmaid; but never to drag the church of God to the footstool of Plato, Hermes, and Pythagoras to learn Christ through their philosophy, heathen mythology, and Jewish fables: "For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent." (1 Cor. i. 19.) Where, then, will be the wise man and his wisdom when God doeth this? The learned among God's servants will receive grace to enable them to subject their learning to the Holy Spirit's dictation, and the application of the spiritual meaning of God's Word as taught by the Spirit. But when a man attempts to subject the Word of God to his learned folly, and tries to test it by the standard of human intellect, guided by Platonic dogmas, and rational Christianity which is "another gospel" (Gal. i. 6-9), it becomes the worst kind of profanity, and an awful perversion. God's Word is to be believed; not to be subjected to speculation. God never used nor will he use any such men as instruments to erect his church. Such speculating men have never been honoured by the Holy Spirit to lay ministerially one stone in "God's building."

The servants of God, then, have to preach the preaching that he bids them. For this the Holy Spirit qualifies them, and separates them. (Acts xiii. 2.) It is true, men may thrust themselves into the ministry; but no man has a right to do so,

neither will his services be acceptable to God. No; the Holy Spirit makes choice of his own under-shepherds, and prepares them to be feeders of Christ's sheep. The food these sheep require, determines both the servant and his work. The same sovereignty that ordained Bunyan to be born in the lowest dregs of society, appointed Owen to *his* position in the church of Christ. Owen could not do Bunyan's work, neither could Bunyan do Owen's work. Each man must hold a position here according to his own order.

As a man cannot engage himself in the work, so neither can he discharge himself. On one occasion we felt determined to give up preaching. This was a special time when the determination ran so high that we said, "We will not preach again." The work had become really distasteful. Then some voice whispered within, "How do you know you will be allowed? That is as God wills, not as you will." The next day (Saturday), for the first time in our life, we were laid on a bed of affliction through an attack of erysipelas, which returned every ninth day for three years; and, to this day, may come on at any moment. This held us in terror, and brought us to seek pardon. At another time, while walking along the lane, the following question was powerfully suggested to our mind; and it came as quick as lightning: "Should you like to know more of God and his Word?" To this we replied, "Yes, Lord; most gladly." In about three or four weeks our wife dropped, and died in five hours. Three weeks after, our daughter had an attack of scarlet fever, and we took it likewise; also our son, at school, had an attack of typhus fever. His life was despaired of; but he ultimately recovered. We married again, and buried a second wife in twelve months. We then sent for a sister to come and keep house, and buried her in *one* month. Many times did we cry, "Stay, Lord! do stay!" But even this was not the worst of it. We had earnestly prayed that our wife might recover, and felt firmly persuaded she would; but she died. Then a flood of infidelity rolled in; such a flood as only those who have felt the enemy's coming in can form any idea of. We felt, and said, "This is a proof that the Bible is not true, neither can it be God's Word; because it is said therein, 'Whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive.' We asked, and believed; but we have not received. Therefore it cannot be true; neither can we ever tell the people to trust in that which has proved a failure in our own case. We have ourselves been deceived; but we will not deceive others." One Lord's-day, we did not go to chapel; we had an excuse; but we had none for the second, and were consequently placed in a fix. But still we felt determined not to go. The reason was that we had no felt confidence in the Word. The ground seemed to be swept from under our feet. What could we say? We felt we could not cheat the people by telling them to trust in what had proved (as we then thought) a failure in our own case. But this portion of Scripture forcibly

soized our mind: "Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer." (Rom. xii. 12.) With this Scripture came this order: "Go, and tell them that." We replied, "Never! never! It is impossible! We do not believe it; and how can we go and tell others it is a truth?" But there might have been no other text in the whole Book of God. We went and read the text out; but we had no sooner done so than we said, "If you want to know where we are, we are the very opposite to that." O! So angrily did we say that! Quickly the rebuke of God came, which made us tremble: "You say that again if you dare." Well, we told the people to "'rejoice in hope,' for all would come right at last; to be 'patient in tribulation,' for all would ultimately work for good; and to 'continue instant in prayer,' for God would surely answer prayer." This went on until we hated the sound of our own voice; for we did not *feelingly* believe a word of it. This pressure upon us we thought was cruelty added to cruelty! O how we did bemoan so hard a lot! But about three days afterwards, while sitting alone wishing for death and not finding it, suddenly the Lord came, and said, "Did you say, 'Thy will be done,' in your prayers?" Only those who have passed under a close examination by the Lord can form an idea of the force of God's reasonings. Those prayers stood present to our view, both in matter and manner. We saw that we had not freely said, "Thy will be done." It was of no use making any excuse. There they were plain enough, as in an open page before our eyes. Then out came a most reluctant, "We suppose we did not. It does not appear that we did. We were afraid to do so." "Then," the Lord answered, "you were wrong." "We were, Lord." "Did you prop your *faith* up, or did *faith* prop *you* up?" This question was accompanied by a clear insight into the whole proceedings, from the beginning to the end. The whole appeared like an old house shored up all round to keep it from crumbling to the ground. We replied, "We *suppose* we did prop it up." But that "suppose" was a firm conviction; and we were compelled to own that we did prop the faith up. We shall never forget the time. The Lord then said, "Do you not know that faith should support you, and not you prop it up?" We replied, "We do know it." Then the Word came: "You see, then, that you are wrong, and the Word is right." Here we fell under it, and were taught a most useful lesson thereby.

Some few years after this, we fell on our knees and begged God to allow us to leave off preaching. We were afraid, after all that had passed, to leave off without God's consent. We prayed earnestly, and used strong pleadings. A few months afterwards we were awaked with blood in the mouth, and flowing rather freely. The thought struck us very forcibly, "You may be in eternity in a few hours; how about your religion?" We appeared to be looking about for our religion, when it seemed to come up to the front, and say, "I am from heaven, and to heaven I shall

go." "Lord," we replied, "we are ready and willing to die." O, how easy it was then to look death in the face, and long to die. Not a speck appeared on the heavens; all was clear and bright. A few days after, when very weak, and the hemorrhage could not be stayed, these words were quietly spoken to us: "Do you remember praying to be allowed to leave off preaching?" We replied, "Yes, Lord, and it was very wicked to do so." The response immediately came, "Here you are." "O Lord," we replied, "we know thou wilt forgive the sin, for we have heaven in our soul; but we should not like to go out of the world with this between thee and us. O, raise us up again, we entreat thee; and suffer us to put that matter straight. For we will preach again, if thou wilt suffer it, just to put this right." He did raise us up; but it was no small request to have made to desire to come back and toil once more in the ministry of the Word. For we could not endure the idea that our own folly had caused us to be laid aside, and to leave it so; because it could be put straight by again preaching the gospel. We now feel to live by sufferance.

We have run hastily through these matters, to show what grounds we have for giving an opinion on preaching and preachers. Some must not discharge themselves, and some must not engage themselves. It is according as God wills in both cases. Moses may object; but God has appointed him (and no other) to do a special work.

We place little reliance on what are called marvellous or striking calls to the ministry. We once knew a person, a London deacon, who had a strong desire to preach. On one occasion he went to the Isle of Wight, and on the Lord's day morning he sought for a place of worship, and found a small one which appeared to be a place of truth. They were disappointed of a minister. The deacon of the chapel went to the London deacon, and asked him if he were a minister. He said, "No." But, at length, he did preach for the people. He thought it a marvellous call to the work; but he never preached again, that we are aware of. It is not that kind of call that may turn out to be a call from God. It is the Lord accompanying the man all his days. We rather prefer a call, in which God and the man do business together. Mr. Smart says:

"The first impressions I felt respecting the ministry were while walking in the country to collect money for my master. I felt peace in my soul, and unexpectedly a desire arose, if it were the will of God, that I might be of some use to those who feared his name; and when Hart had the same desire, he said, as I felt:

" 'Nor did the Lord offended seem.'

"It is not likely he will be offended at the desires created in his child's soul by the Holy Ghost. Some time after this, I drove Mr. Shorter fourteen miles, to Wallingford, where he preached that day; and I returned alone in the evening. I think, never before or since, was my mind so swallowed up in the will of God as on that occasion. He brought to my remembrance the deep knowledge he had given me of my fallen state; the trials and temptations with which I had been

exercised; his care, goodness, and mercy towards me and over me; and revealed to my heart that it was to give me the tongue of the learned to speak a word in season to the weary. I fell passively into his hands with one desire, that he would never suffer me to speak till the appointed time had arrived."

Here we have the small beginning of the man of God,—the first issuing forth of the ministerial waters that were to run in deeper and broader streams,—a living power that was to become, in the hand of the Spirit, a source of communicating pardon and peace to the hearts of poor sensibly guilty sinners,—an unction from the Holy One,—clouds filled with water, to drop down like rain on the dry ground, and distil as the dew on some poor parched soul, as directed by the blessed Spirit,—a melting, softening, and comforting frame of mind, to bring forth, in future days, the comforts of the gospel from a feeling, living, compassionate heart. Without this, a man becomes an encumbrance rather than a benefit to the church of God.

How different, too, is this beginning from that of the youth who enters college, of whatever denomination, to learn how to preach. We may be under the spirit of prejudice and bigotry in the eyes of many; but when we are told by some that they themselves are willing to endure the painful ordeal of the ungrammatical language of many godly preachers, but that it is an "excruciating agony" to have to endure it on behalf of the young, we think it is high time that a word should be dropped in the ears of these sensitive persons. We would not, for one moment, plead for ignorance and wilfully rough language; but we would rather have our mouth sealed up in silence than open it against a sent servant of God. Surely, God knows what he is about. Neither do we believe a really educated person would laugh at a man for his native articulation of sounds. The fop may; but not a sensible person. This we believe to be a trap of Satan's, to catch souls with, and then turn them into ridiculers of God's truth; and thereby close the ears, harden the heart, and give those people who have been brought up under the truth an excuse to turn their back on the sound of it. These are the sad signs of our times.

We cordially recommend the "Life and Sermons of Daniel Smart;" neither should we have entered into the subject of the ministry, had we not felt we could heartily close it up with the work before us. It is indeed pleasing to find that God moved on his heart to preach the gospel, and opened a way, as well as his heart, on the 12th of August, 1832; and for nearly 50 years that small stream has kept running on, to the no small comfort of many souls.

Daniel Smart will soon be a name of the past; but the little memento will survive the author, perhaps to help some poor souls in after-years.

The author is so well known, both in character and preaching, that we need not say anything on these points. No doubt, old

friends, and relatives of old friends, will embrace the opportunity to possess a record of the life of an old and well-known servant of God.

The "Life" is a short and concise account of the principal portions of his pilgrimage, occupying fifty pages. There are also fourteen unpublished sermons, and a good likeness. It will, doubtless, be thought curious by some to recommend the book, and then to close with a paragraph more likely in their eyes, to condemn it than otherwise. We ourselves think it will rather recommend it to those who know themselves.

"Great is the mystery of godliness.' Is it not a marvellous thing that a poor wretch like me should be gathered among the wheat? O, to be upheld, preserved, kept from the gallows and hell all these years, and yet not have a bit of dust to throw at the devil! 'Kept by the power of God;' and when he takes us home, what can we do but love him? That is what we do now, when he blesses our souls; and that must be our employ to all eternity in heaven. I do not know anybody that would care to live with me, or hear me preach, or get within an acre's breadth of me if they knew me; but they are in happy ignorance. But I feel what I am; and what must I do when I get to glory but ascribe all glory to the Trinity in Unity."—Sermon, p. 162.

The unpretending simplicity of the work before us is a better recommendation than anything we can say.

Obituary.

JOHN TRUMAN.—On July 11th, 1881, aged 47, John Truman, of Nottingham.

For some time this poor man had been in much trouble about his eternal state. He came home on the evening of the 2nd much cast down, and said he thought Satan tried no one so much as he did him; he felt as though he must be lost. There seemed but little or no hope for him. He came to chapel the next morning. The text was, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are all forgiven thee." The subject went to his heart. He was exceedingly broken in spirit, and scarcely knew how to contain himself during the service. The tears flowed so freely, and he was so full of emotion, that he was particularly noticed by the friends who sat near him. After the service was over, he went home, and went to bed. He felt unwell in body, but was full of blessed feeling in his soul. His wife inquired what was the matter. He replied, "I should like to die;" and with great emphasis said, "I am as sure my sins are all forgiven as I am that I was born. Mr. Coughtrey's text has killed me. All my sins are gone." He suffered much during the whole week in his body; but his mind was in a most blessed state. He was so full of the love of Christ, at times, that he seemed as though he could not speak fast enough, nor repeat, "Blessed Jesus, and precious Christ," as often as he wanted. "To think it is *me*," he said;

"a poor thing like me! To think I am saved! Yes, the precious blood of Christ has paid all my debts! All my sins are put away." His wife and five children seemed taken completely away from him. Yet his spirit was full of tenderness and affection—he was like a little child.

I saw him during the week. How affectionately he looked at me, and how lovingly he grasped my hand. He looked full of contentment and comfort. "Ah!" he said, "your text killed me. A blessed text then; and a blessed death to die! I asked for it on Saturday night. I came to chapel the next morning, and got what I asked for. I never had such a feeling before in all my life."

He died about two o'clock on the following Sunday night, and so had his wish. His widow wept as she spoke of him; but added, "I cannot fret; my heart is ready to burst with gratitude to the Lord for his kindness and goodness to him." He seemed delighted to see the Lord's dear people. The expression of his countenance spoke to them of depths of love which were unutterable. Though a poor man, his house and his heart were opened on the Lord's day to the people who came from the country.

As I and others stood by the side of the poor clay casket, which had so recently held the blood-bought jewel, the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," forcibly and sweetly struck our minds as a delightful and inexpressibly blessed fact.

I am, yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

A. COUGHTREY.

P.S.—I have had some blessed feelings many times in reading the accounts of the deaths of God's dear children in the "Gospel Standard." I have thought this account might, if the Lord were pleased to bless it, be of some use to his dear people.

4, Russell Place, Lower Talbot Street,
Nottingham, Aug. 5th, 1881.

HANNAH PAINE DUMBRELL.—On Nov. 12th, 1880, aged 28, Hannah Paine Dumbrell, of Hailsham.

Three years ago, this month, my dear daughter was very ill indeed. She went to London, and while there, her brother and sister took her to see Mr. Congreve. He told her hers was a very serious case indeed. From that time I believe serious impressions commenced; for when she returned home, I noticed a marked change in her. She said to me, "The world has now lost its charms with me;" and she was often asking me questions about election; as it seemed to trouble her very much. For she frequently said, "How can I help it? If I am not elected, I cannot be saved. What am I do?"

One thing gave me much pleasure, and hope too: she said, "I must get rid of all my light fictitious books, for I dare not read them. Yet I could once sit up half the night to read them."

I often found her in tears. I believe she was frequently in great soul trouble; and her health now did not permit her going

so far as "Galeed Chapel," so she sometimes went to hear nearer; but she often said, "It is not like 'Galeed.' The preaching is not so searching; it seems so different." On one occasion she stayed during the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. I said to her afterwards, "Why did you not sing the hymns which were sung at the table?" She said, "I dare not sing such solemn words."

She was very dear to me. Being myself paralyzed, she was my nurse night and day. She was much tried lest she should be left behind me. I often told her the dear Lord would take care of her if I went first.

One day after her brother, who had called to see her, had gone, she burst into tears, and said, "O how I do love him, he does enter into the very feelings of my soul! I never loved him like this before. Mr. Vine came to see her; and he told her he believed she was in a safe place. She said, 'But I must feel it for myself.' She wept very much, and said, 'O! what a wonder it will be if I am saved at last, such a poor guilty creature as I am! How will I shout victory, victory, through his precious blood!' Very soon after the enemy tempted her to believe she was nothing but a hypocrite; which made her cry out, 'Dear Lord, if I am deceived, do make me right, and keep me so; for I can do nothing of myself.'"

At another time she said, "Do you think that if there were not any real desire in me after the Lord, I should be so laid on the minds of the dear Lord's people?" I said, "No; I believe you will be saved at last."

She began to tell me one day what soul-trouble she was in; and that when she was on her knees these words came to her mind: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isa. xli. 10.) She was then staying at Upton; and being Lord's day morning, she went to chapel, and Mr. Elven took the same words for his text, and said, "These words have been laid with much weight on my mind, and I feel sure I have got a message for some poor seeking soul." She felt she was the poor soul, and said, "I had a feast of fat things." Her sister, Mrs. G., was sitting in the same seat with her, and has told me since the death of my dear girl, that she should never forget her countenance; and that she then thought to herself, "You are feasting. You are a vessel of mercy."

After this the dear girl was sorely tempted by the enemy of souls; but she told me how much she was comforted in reading a letter by the late Mr. Warburton, entitled, "From an Old Veteran," in the "Gospel Standard," Dec., 1826. As she had been greatly tempted herself in the same way, it seemed to comfort her to find that a good and gracious man of God had been tempted as she had been; and from this she felt there was hope for her, notwithstanding all. But she was again much distressed, and said, "I shall be lost for ever. *You* will be saved, and *I* shall be in hell. I shall be like the man in 'The Pilgrim,' that

the thunderbolt fell on. O what a dreadful thing to be deceived! O! How can I go to hell?" Her heartrending cries almost choked her. I tried to comfort her by telling her I believed she would not be lost; but she cried out again, saying, "Ah, but the Lord must tell me I shall not be lost, and he won't come and tell me I am safe! O that he would come to-day! I know I must die; and not to know where I am going; O, how dreadful! O! Can it be all a deception? If so, what a dreadful hypocrite I must be, and the few things I have said—all wrong!" Then, looking at me, she said, "O that I had your hope!" Her perspirations were very great. Once she said, "The Lord Jesus sweat great drops of blood. O that I knew his blood was shed for me! Suppose I was to die in this state!" At another time she said, "Black as I am, I sometimes think and feel that heaven will not be complete without me." Her distress being at times so very great, it seemed as though she must be choked by her excessive weeping; it was truly distressing to witness.

About a fortnight before her death she lost the use of her legs. She told one of her sisters she believed it was death, and said, "I do not think I shall be lost. I do not think the Lord will forsake me; for I keep begging for mercy, and to be washed in his precious blood. O, mother, if he would but come and give me a glimpse of himself, and say, 'Thy sins are all forgiven thee; go in peace!' I have no desire to live, and I can partly give you up." Bursting into tears, she said, "O! What a wonder it will be if I am saved! O! How I will praise him! Dear mother, do you think he will cast me off after begging so much for mercy?" I said, "No, my dear child; no, he never will." "Then," she said, "I do hope, if Mr. Vine buries me, he will be able to say of me that he believes I am gone to heaven." Then, "O to be deceived! I wonder whether my dear brother can still pray for me!"

At another time she said, "I have a picture before my mind with Satan holding me by a long chain; then I see Jesus Christ before me as if he were dying on the cross; and I seem all on the stretch after something I cannot reach." One of her sisters spoke to her about the poor man lying at the pool thirty-and-eight years, being at last healed. She said, "It has encouraged me."

She continued very weak and low in mind, frequently bursting into tears and saying, "O that I knew I was safe for heaven! How can I bear it? I cannot live in the world, and how can I live in that dreadful place! What shall I do? O that the Lord would come and comfort me!" She said, "Others have a hope of me; but I want to feel it for myself." When I was weeping, she said, "Don't cry, my dear mother. Never mind my poor body; it is my soul. I have faith to take my medicine; but I have no faith to believe that Jesus will have mercy on me, and save me."

At night, feeling extreme weakness, she said, "Are you awake,

mother?" I said, "Yes." She said, "This passage is so much on my mind: 'Be still, and know that I am God.' O what a mercy it is that I am not racked with pain; but I am so weak!"

She clung round my neck, and said, "What should I do without you? You are such a comfort to me. I feel it a great mercy that dear E. can pray for me. I have no wish now I am so weak to see any one." She often said, "O dear, if I am not a child of God, what a dreadful creature I must be! I must then be the devil's! O, I cannot bear it!"

On one occasion, after her brother had spoken in prayer, the devil tempted her to laugh and disbelieve it all. She became much concerned about her father, and said, "Poor man, I hope he will go to heaven when he dies." I have often prayed for him when I could not pray for myself. How often I have wept and prayed over those hymns, 384, 385, Gadsby's Selection. None but the Lord knows what I have passed through for months when I have been about my work; the many temptations of the enemy I have endured. I have gone about crying, "Lord help me; Lord help me!" At that time she longed to open her mind to some one, but felt she could not. So she committed a few of her trials, temptations, and desires to paper. She wrote forty pages of note-paper full; but the enemy so assailed her again, tempting her to believe that she had only done it to be thought something of, that, this temptation continuing, she destroyed them all.

About a week before her end, being very low and full of pain, she sobbed out, "O, if I should go to hell, the pain will be ten times greater! But I know God would be just in sending me to hell! Do you think there is hope for me? O, how I have prayed that the dear Lord would pardon my sins and take me to heaven." Her pains were very great and distressing to witness; but she said, "What are these compared with what the dear Lord suffered? But O! How I need patience!" She often begged for patience and submission. She manifested great honesty of heart; and had many fears of being deceived and deceiving others.

As she drew nearer towards her end she felt it a dreadful thing to die, and have no place of rest to go to! She wept very much, and said, "I have often pictured to my mind myself roaring in hell, and my mother singing in glory. O! If I did but know that I was a child of God!" She wanted the Lord to smile on her, and assure her heart that she was his child. "But," she said, "God is good to me. He has been a good God to me." She felt he had inclined the hearts of his people to pray for her. This encouraged her to hope that the Lord did not intend to destroy her. But still she longed for the assurance of it in her own soul. She frequently exclaimed, "O! If the Lord would but come!" The time was fast approaching when she would greatly need his coming, and to receive her deliverance.

About an hour before she died she asked to be moved, and said, "I feel very ill; do not leave me. All come. It will soon

be all over." She said several times, "Lord, help me! Lord, help me!" as if she could not die without his help and his presence. In a few minutes the dear Lord appeared for her, and she began to repeat, "When thou passest through the waters," &c.; and, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." She smiled twice, and raised both her arms, and said, "'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Yes, I shall soon be landed. Praise him! Praise him! He is a good God to me. He has been good to me!"

The last words she uttered, raising one arm up, were, "Praise him! Glory,—glorious!" Then she quietly breathed her last on Nov. 12th, 1880, aged 28 years.

MARY DUMBRELL.

Ersham Cottage, Hailsham, Aug. 24th, 1881.

HARTLEY TAYLOR.—On July 6th, Hartley Taylor, of Haggate, near Burnley, deacon of the church meeting in Jireh Chapel, Burnley.

He was a sincere lover of the truth as maintained in the "Gospel Standard." When the writer of this notice visited him on June 15th, referring to his well-known attachment to the unadulterated and complete gospel, inquired whether he found it at all diminished, he declared that there was no abatement of his affection. The solemn verities which then sustained and comforted him were those he had sought after for forty years. He had both a reflecting mind and a spiritual understanding, which made him a somewhat powerful advocate of the discriminating doctrines of sovereign grace when these were assailed by any adversary. He exemplified this Scripture, "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judge of no man." When he had been feasting on the precious things of the "everlasting hills," he would stay in Burnley for two or three hours after the services on the Lord's day, conversing, in his animated manner, with the minister, who was awaiting the departure of the train. Many sweet hours has the writer of this notice, in company with other friends of the deceased, enjoyed at the hospitable dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. James Wood.

He had had much conflict during the week following my first visit; so he informed me when I called again on June 22nd; on which occasion—referring to a text I had recently spoken from, namely, Job xlii. 12, "So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning"—I said that the ancient patriarch, in chapter xxix., has described how he was in the beginning. Then Hartley said that he had been dwelling inwardly upon those words, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." His mind, he said, had been much fixed also upon the hymn (Gadsby's Selection, 469),

"My soul, this curious house of clay."

Or rather upon the verse:

“I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
 And long to see it fall;
 That I my willing flight may take
 To Him who is my All.”

Mr. Holgate, of Burnley, also visited him in his sickness, and was much edified and comforted to find such a dear Christian brother, in so trying an affliction (internal tumour), so divinely supported.

I was not able to see him again before his departure, which occurred on the 6th of July. He desired that after his death I should speak from 1 Peter i. 3.

JOHN ASHWORTH.

THE PLAGUE WITHIN.

I OFTEN feel cast down,
 And in amazement cry,
 Can any who the Lord have known,
 Be half so vile as I?
 Sin, like a pois'nous spring,
 Comes bubbling from within;
 And if I read, or pray, or sing,
 All, all is mix'd with sin.
 On every passing day,
 Its loathsome stain it leaves;
 With all I do, or think, or say,
 Its subtle thread it weaves.
 E'en in communions sweet,
 Those feasts of love divine,
 The little foxes oft I meet,
 Which spoil the tender vine.
 And when my Lord withdraws,
 In dark temptation's hour,
 Then, like a pack of fiends let loose,
 They threaten to devour.
 Yet, while my sins disclose
 How vile a nature's mine,
 I find occasion, Lord, from those
 To prove that I am thine.
 Ne'er till by grace renew'd,
 Could I their depths explore;
 My secret sins I never view'd,
 Though they were there before.
 This *sense* of inbred sin,
 With my new nature came;
 And that pure principle within
 Still sees and mourns the same.
 But soon, to sins like these,
 I'll bid a last adieu;
 On this *old* Adam death will seize,
 But cannot touch the *new*.

BENJAMIN MILNER.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1881.

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

MINISTERIAL REMINISCENCE.

IN the year 1852, I was, in the providence of God, confined to my bed for several days with a severe cold, cough, and hoarseness; but was just able to get to the train on the Saturday to fulfil an engagement to preach on the following day at D., in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and through infinite mercy I was carried to my journey's end in safety, though being still the subject of many doubts and fears lest I should not be able to preach to the people; but the dear Lord proved, as he has thousands of times before, better to me than all the suggestions of my poor little faith. A friend, who occasionally preached, being present, having come to hear, opened the services with reading and prayer, which helped me much, so that I was enabled to speak to the people.

What a blessed weapon is prayer! I am compelled from necessity to cry continually to God in trouble of whatever kind it may be; and, to his honour and glory, I would record it: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." I have proved it as often as I have been enabled to use this weapon of "all prayer." Yea, I have never been so fast shut up for want of a text, or matter to treat upon it, with my heart sunk, my head reeling, and being more fit for any place than a pulpit, but that (being enabled to cry) the Lord hath appeared most wonderfully on my behalf, opened my mouth, enlarged my heart, and blessed my soul.

The text I preached from on that occasion was, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.) I endeavoured to scripturally and experimentally show who answered to the character of the "little flock," the subject of their many fears, the exhortation, and the basis on which the exhortation was founded.

The people were entire strangers to me in the flesh; this being my first visit to that part of Yorkshire. But the Lord blessed the word by giving it a general reception; for many were refreshed and built up on their "most holy faith." But one poor woman was especially blessed in being loosened from her infirmity, whom Satan had bound through unbelief, so much so that she could

by no means lift herself up. This woman was a cripple both in body and mind, and so enfeebled that she could not walk to the chapel, nor had she the means to hire anything. Yet how often do God's dear people prove that blessed promise true: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." (Isa. xlii. 16.)

There had been some little conversation among the friends respecting the fresh supply who was expected to preach at their little chapel on the Lord's day. A powerful desire had sprung up in this poor woman's soul to hear him; but how she should get there she failed to perceive. Her state both of body and circumstances were sufficient to preclude the possibility of her being present. But the Lord hath said, "The desires of the righteous shall be granted;" and it was so in this case. A few friends, seeing her so anxious to be present, subscribed their mites, and hired a Bath-chair; in which she was wheeled into the chapel, and there she sat during the services, both morning and afternoon.

One most trying circumstance I must not omit to relate in connection with the trouble this poor creature was passing through. She was a married woman, her husband travelled the country a considerable distance round, selling a few wares; she remaining at home, endeavouring to earn a few pence by mending umbrellas, &c. Her husband lost all affection for his poor, afflicted, and crippled wife, if ever he possessed any. He stripped the house of everything available, set off, and left her to do as she could. He married another woman, a publican's daughter, where he had been accustomed to lodge on his travels. One night his wife whom he had forsaken was disturbed. Believing some one was in the house, she got to the window as well as she could, called out, and made a noise, which some of her neighbours heard, and went to her assistance. The door was burst open, and a search being made, her husband was found secreted away. He was brought forth from his place of concealment; a constable was sent for, but on his arrival, he said, "I cannot take a man up for breaking into his own house." His poor wife replied, "I give him in charge for bigamy, he having married another woman, his poor old wife being still alive." The constable laid hold upon him, took him and searched him, and found upon him a knife, razor, and rope, thus leaving upon the minds of the people the conviction that these were instruments whereby he had intended taking away the life of his poor wife, and getting away out of the country unperceived. As it was he was tried, condemned, and imprisoned. Amid all the afflictions, troubles, and distresses, something good was in store for this poor child of God. She, like poor old Jacob, had concluded all these things were against her, but he found his dear Joseph was still alive, and we prove our spiritual Joseph still liveth, and is

not forgetful and unmindful of the miseries of his suffering children.

The word preached was blessed with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from above. This poor woman's case was met, all her fears entered into, divine assurance imparted, and she was enabled to believe to the saving of her soul. All her doubts and fears fled away before the "Sun of righteousness," who had now risen "with healing in his wings." Her darkness and bondage were gone, and light, love, liberty, and joy filled her soul. To use her own words, her whole case was "met," and she was completely delivered from that fear, guilt, and unbelief under which she had been held so long. For now her soul was enjoying sweet gospel liberty; and she could and did rejoice in God her Saviour; triumphing in redeeming blood, with joy in the Holy Ghost, and giving glory to God.

The blessing never was fully withdrawn; but continued with her down to the grave. She only lived a few months after this, and died in the full enjoyment of the blessed truth; rejoicing through the Lord Jesus Christ, as her Almighty Saviour, who had redeemed her from the curse of the law, and from the darkness, dread, and bondage of all her fears and unbelief. Her end was truly blessed. What a striking instance of the sovereignty of Jehovah in his love, mercy, and power. There was I, a very poor creature in body, raised out of bed, with just strength to get to the train and ride 40 or 50 miles; being unknown to a single individual there and having great difficulty to speak; a poor "bruised reed" and "smoking flax;" a vile, helpless, guilty sinner; being ignorant, foolish, good for nothing in and of myself;—but appointed to meet the poor woman in all her wretchedness, misery, and woe—lame, ill in body, dark, imprisoned through unbelief and sin—not able to get to the chapel—a way made by a few friends to get her there—and her own strong desire to hear the poor instrument. I had never seen her, nor heard her, nor knew anything about her; yet was led to trace her out in her holes and corners, sinking fears, and desponding doubts—power attending the word spoken—her soul being blessed, and set at liberty, to use her own words, "delivered from all my fears;" and the blessing received, to abide with her during her affliction (for some months) up to her dying moments, and the foundation for that blessed hope of eternal life to be laid at the same time; all this being accomplished without my knowledge, neither did I enjoy the privilege of hearing from her own lips the great things the Lord had done for her.

During the spring following, I received a letter from one of the deacons (now a Strict Baptist minister in Lancashire), inviting me to give them another Lord's day; and as an inducement for me to do so, the particulars of this remarkable instance of divine favour were related.

What an encouragement for the ministers of the cross to go forward and preach the Word of God experimentally; getting

into the feelings of the Lord's people, finding them out when hid in holes and "hid in prison houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore." O that the great Restorer of Israel would send more faithful labourers into his vineyard, as well as give great assistance to those already sent, who may be lamenting with Isaiah: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"—that they may go forth declaring what the Lord hath revealed to them in secret, even on the housetop. God will bless his own truth to his own glory and his people's good: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." The Lord hath said,—and every promise and declaration of God are solemn oaths, and "God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent,"—he hath said, "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Isa. lv. 10, 11.) "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (Gal. vi. 9.) "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Ps. cxxvi. 6.)

Witham, Aug. 12th, 1878.

JOHN FORSTER.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MY PATHWAY.

(Concluded from p. 502.)

Now my sister, being a dressmaker, was about pretty much among the people, and had a sermon of Mr. Philpot's lent to her, preached from this text, "And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish: I the Lord have spoken and have done it." (Ezek. xvii. 24.) "O," I thought, "is not this in harmony with the Scriptures of truth, and my own experience?" I read it through four evenings following, and many times afterwards; and the comfort and instruction I received, I cannot explain. It showed me where I was, and proved from the Scriptures of truth, that if the vision tarried I was to wait for it; for it would surely come in God's appointed time. I found out that this sermon was borrowed from Mr. S., who, with a few others, was ordered out of the room by my master in a very unbecoming manner, and some General Baptists were taken in. Those who were expelled met together every Sabbath morning for prayer, and to read Mr. Philpot's sermons. "Well," thought I, "I will go down one Sabbath morning and see how they do, and try to borrow another sermon." went, and Mr. S. had just begun to read a sermon of Mr. Phil-

pot's from this text: "For ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." O, I shall never forget how it suited my case! I stayed a minute or so, and then asked Mr. and Mrs. S., who lived in the house, whether they would be so kind as to lend me a few of Mr. Philpot's sermons, and I would take the greatest possible care of them. As well as I remember, they lent me the one which had been read. I read it many times on my way home; and had to sit down by the side of the hedge to give vent to my feelings, while the tears ran down my face and dropped on the ground.

I mentioned in the former part of this narrative that in the days of my unregeneracy, my game fowls were a great idol of mine. Up to this time I had not sold them, and now the Lord was determined to sell them for me. He caused a tame fox to break its chain, and come into my father's garden in the middle of the night, and take them all out of the house, and bury them. The gentleman sent for the fox, and ordered me to bring the fowls to his house; and he paid for them. "From all your idols will I cleanse you, saith the Lord."

Another thing the Lord laid with weight on my mind was, I had a lot of song books in my possession; and I could not rest either day or night, until I had put them out of my sight. One day when my father and mother went into the garden, and there was a good blazing fire, I took them all from the cupboard, and they were soon reduced to ashes. Every card, and everything which I thought improper, I there and then put out of sight; and O, what a burden I felt was taken from my mind! God had laid it with such weight on my mind, that I found it a burden heavier than I could bear.

About this time there was a baptizing at Lifton (about four miles from our place) at two o'clock one Sabbath afternoon. Several went down, and I went with them. I had seen many baptizings in the days of my unregeneracy; but I never saw one like this; it was a solemn time to my soul. But before I came away I felt troubled from hearing this hymn given out:

"He shall be damn'd who won't believe."

It was given out by the same man who preached that sermon at Lew Down, on Jno. vi. 37. "Well," thought I, "according to that hymn, faith cannot be the gift of God, but the performance of the creature." As I returned home, who should overtake me but the same young woman who had just been baptized. I was reading Joseph Hart's hymns. We entered into conversation, and I said, "When I read these hymns, I see myself as in a looking-glass; they tell out the very feelings of my soul." She said, "They are very good hymns, but they are not full enough of the glorious invitations of the gospel;" and added, "I suppose you believe that a child of God cannot go into the world again, after he is converted." I said, "I believe he cannot finally, after he is regenerated. At least, I cannot, and I believe the Lord

would not let me if I would. We shook hands, and parted. I went into my bedroom, and felt comforted to think that I had not been ashamed of Christ, but had been enabled humbly to defend that truth which was precious to my soul. A little while after, she married an unconverted partner; and whether she then made any profession or not, I cannot tell.

About this time, election—*God having a chosen people*, troubled me. It was so much on my mind that I could not sleep. The devil told me I was not an elect vessel of mercy, and that after all my trouble about religion I should die and go to hell. I could not argue the point with him, for sometimes I believed his words would prove true; although, from reading Mr. Philpot's sermons, and hearing that little man, Batten, there was something in this "valley of Achor for a door of hope." I thought the doctrine of election a mystery; and that the only way to get at it, was to pray God to enlighten my eyes on the subject, and to search my Bible carefully to see, not what man said, but what God said about it.

A little while before this I had been thinking about universal redemption and the atonement; and God enlightened my eyes to see that if Christ had shed his blood for the sins of the whole world, all the world must be saved, or his blood was shed in vain and to no purpose. I had also read some lines which said that

"Justice never can demand
Two payments of one debt."

"Now," I thought, "if Christ has paid the debt for sin, and suffered the punishment due to it in his Person for all mankind; then for the Father to punish a part of mankind, for those sins which Christ has borne for them, this would be, as dear Berridge describes it, taking "two payments for one debt." One from the Surety, Christ, and another from the sinner. This God could not do; for, as the poet says,

"He is too wise to err, and O,
Too good to be unkind."

Toplady saw the doctrine of the atonement to a nicety, and beautifully describes it in four verses. There is more matter in these four verses than I have seen in whole volumes written on the subject. He says:

"From whence this fear and unbelief?
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin
Which, Lord, was charged on thee?"

"Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people owed;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood

“ If thou hast my discharge procured,
 And freely in my room endured
 The whole of wrath divine,
 Payment God cannot twice demand,
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.

“ Turn, then, my soul, into thy rest ;
 The merits of thy great High Priest
 Speak peace and liberty ;
 Trust in his efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.”

This settled my mind about the doctrine, that it was a truth, and showed me God had a people which he called his own; and in searching my Bible I saw it marked on almost every page. I saw also in my Bible that the Jews were the elect from other nations. All the prophets saw this, and Jesus himself said that few were in the way to life; and that the elect, at the last day, would be gathered from the four winds of heaven. (Matt. xxiv. 31.)

Now, by following up these Scriptures and a host of others besides on the subject, I became satisfied that *election* was a Bible truth, and that no old-established preacher who rejected it ought to call himself a believer in the Bible; but stand honestly on one side with the unbelievers, and say, “I do not believe what God has said.” But I felt that merely knowing this to be a truth, without feeling myself interested therein, would never take my soul to heaven. I wanted to feel the witness that I was born of God, and an heir of the kingdom. I would have given the whole world to know that God was my friend, and that I was bound up in the bundle of electing love; the desire was so great that I have felt as though my breast would have split asunder.

One night, as I lay in bed praying to God to speak peace and pardon to my soul, I fell asleep between twelve and one o'clock, and a voice awoke me, which said, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.” It left a strange feeling, and I wondered what it could mean.” But the Lord foresaw I had some heavy trials and temptations coming; and they were so heavy, when they did come, that I almost despaired of life. I thought the Lord had forsaken me, and concluded that his mercy was clean gone for ever; for I could not pray. If I looked into my Bible, all condemned me; and sleepless nights were appointed,—I say, *were appointed* unto me; and days of sorrow, *bitter sorrow*, I had to endure. The Lord knew the weight of the burden, and he knew it was heavy; neither could I cast it on the Lord. “Well,” thought I, “sink I must, if the Lord does not appear for my help.” But one morning he spoke these words with power into my soul: “For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.” This comforted me a little. Again, one night these words awoke me out of sleep:

“Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier,
Lo, thy Captain calls thee out.”

These words cheered me, and brightened my little hope that I should see better days.

The time of my deliverance was drawing near; but I did not know it. I dreamt I was standing by the side of a river; it was very dark, and I thought I must go over. I heard the waters passing on rapidly; but with all my searching I could not find the bridge. All at once a light shone round me as bright as day. Just before me stood a person dressed in white flowing garments, in appearance (*to me*) like the Son of God, exactly as I have seen his form and beauty drawn in a picture. He stood at the end of the bridge, and with his finger beckoned me across. The moment I put my foot on the bridge, this lovely form vanished, and I awoke. The following morning, I felt much concerned about my dream; and whatever I did, I could not get my thoughts from it. All through the day, my work seemed a burden to me. In the evening after I left the shop, I went into my chamber according to my usual custom, to read my Bible and pray over it. My Bible and Hart's Hymns were in the window. I had no sooner taken the hymn-book in my hand than such a flood of glory overwhelmed me, that I thought I must have fainted beneath the bliss. I bore it as long as I could, at last I became unconscious to everything around me, and sank down prostrate on the chamber floor. I suppose I must have lain there underneath this weight of bliss for an hour and a half, or it might have been two hours. When able to rise, I found darkness had spread its mantle over the earth.

I was now able to rejoice in *sin forgiven*, and say “Abba, Father! My Lord and my God.” My load of sin, which had almost crushed me into despair for three years and more, was removed. Indeed, I felt like Jacob when he said, “This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.” When I got into bed I could not sleep, for I now believed all my sins were gone. O what beauty I saw in these words, “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us!” Instead of my countenance being sad and gloomy, it was lighted up with joy; and for days and weeks I lived and talked with the Lord. All things appeared new to me. I began to mention it to one and the other, who professed to be followers of the Lord; but I was astonished to think they did not understand what I told them. It was to them just like an idle tale.

Thus I have given you, as I said at the beginning, a brief outline of my pathway from the kingdom of nature into the kingdom of grace, from the paths of darkness into the path of light, and from the ignorance of nature to a knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins. May the Lord make it a blessing to both saint and sinner, professor and possessor, friend and foe, and his name shall have the praise!

Lew Down.

RICHARD BICKELL.

HEAVENLY DESIRES.

“Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble.”—Ps. x. 17.

THE boundless appetite of fallen man for something he has not in his possession, renders him a dissatisfied being, restless and tormented with discontent; and if, perchance, he should obtain some new thing, how eager he is for its increase. Still he covets more—then more; and frequently commits abominable crimes to fill his insatiable desires, the repletion of which becomes a nauseous accumulation of mere corruption, whence springs fresh disappointment. For satisfaction can only come from God; earth alone never can produce rest and quietness in the minds of men. However the infidel may laugh at the idea of a God, he himself cannot find any substantial good on earth. Mortification awaits him at every turn; and emptiness and disappointment mar all his projects, and he even has no control over his own miseries.

God is the only substantial good; and a real spiritual desire after him springs from the new nature, and manifests an appetite for what is of God. It is the effect of eternal life implanted in the soul. These spiritual desires, which are peculiar to the godly, if at any time the Lord should favour the soul with some fulfilment of them, they never cloy like the things of earth. The more the desires are supplied, the more the supply gives satisfaction. This is very unlike the desires of the flesh, which end in emptiness and wretched disappointment.

As natural desires, then, enter into the very nature of fallen man, notwithstanding the continual miscarriages in his plans, so also do spiritual ones enter into all the exercises of the regenerated soul. The child of God longs for more than he can obtain; hence his desires are, to a certain extent, witnesses to his incapacity to do the good he would. His insufficiency is also proved to his face by his desires, for he longs to love God perfectly, but cannot. The desire of the soul is to love God—to love him with a warm, active, living, and effective love. A love that he can feel sure is love to God; but he cannot love God as he would. Therefore this intense desire convinces him of his incapacity in spiritual things, and great lack of grace and power to perform any spiritual exercise of himself. O how short he comes; and how much cause he feels he has to mourn before God on account of his infirmities! How insufficient he feels himself to be before God; and how unworthy of his notice!

Self-sufficiency arises from a lack of spiritual desires; and where these desires are entirely absent, the professor becomes perfect in his own eyes. For the more fervent the spiritual desires are, the less the soul feels to come up to the thing desired. Yet as they can neither spring from nor produce a legal spirit, they beget no legal strivings; but they are rather signs of a healthy mind, seeing they spring from a felt need of inward good.

How often do the Lord's people think their religion is of none or little account, because the greatest portion of it consists of desires,—desires that are to a great extent unaccomplished. But, dear children of God, your desires never can be fully realized in this world; and what a dead religion yours would be if there were no desires about it! "But," say you, "I cannot love the Lord as I would." True; but you desire to do so. Thank God for the desire. For the natural man says, "Depart from me, for I desire not a knowledge of thy ways." Men of this character can no more willingly serve God than Satan himself; but *you* do will to serve him; and this is a sign of eternal life within. A religion of desires is not to be despised.

Sometimes the Lord's people are much disappointed in themselves, in that, when they are in trouble, they individually think, "O, how I will praise the Lord if he does but remember me and help me out of this difficulty." But they frequently find that when the help comes, their hearts are cold and indifferent; or else the help is not just as they wanted it to be; and so there rises up discontent rather than gratitude. O, how they feel disappointed in and with themselves through this! They desire to be grateful; but cannot feel it springing up within the soul as they desire to feel it. This brings on a conflict. Gratitude and ingratitude, and satisfaction and dissatisfaction, struggle together for the mastery; and, O how the soul desires that grace may gain the victory!

Some of God's children are desiring to know whether they *are* his children in truth. They have the desire, but not the knowledge. This state of experience is peculiar to the quickened family of God; all others settle the question for themselves; but God's child desires to know it as proceeding from God himself. Such as these belong to the class John wrote to: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." (1 Jno. v. 13.) It is this desire that keeps them craving after the spirit of adoption; and, at the same time, it adds force to their supplication. Do not then, thou longing soul, be dissatisfied with a religion filled with desires after God. "But, ah!" says one, "I do not feel even a desire at times." Then you desire to desire.

What a mercy it would be if the Holy Spirit would be pleased to quicken our desires to live more to the honour and glory of Go; to desire more earnestly to fear him, and to be kept from dishonouring his name, person, truth, and ways. People seem to imagine that desires do not amount to very much; but as the promise of God runs that "the desire of the righteous shall be granted" (Prov. x. 24), it follows that there must be the desire before receiving the grant. For if there are no desires, how can any one receive it? It is this promised grant that the soul is seeking after; and, as a general rule, you will find these earnest longers to be the greatest strivers at the throne of grace. The

Lord grant us more of these desiring ones; for God is sure to hear them, because he has said he would.

There is, then, a real spiritual religion in the hearts of these desiring ones. They dare not say they are interested in the things of God; but they desire to be. They dare not say they know the gospel, yet, O how they desire to know it in a saving way! Ask them if they fear God. They dare not say they do; but they desire to fear him. They feel they cannot fear God as they would; but they long daily to be enabled to do so.

"O," says one, "What a poor religion!" As poor as it is, all the angels in heaven could not create a heavenly desire after God, nor yet fan the least of them into a flame. Therefore, the least godly desire has the Omnipotent Jehovah for its Author, while the greatest act of "duty faith" is only the workmanship of a fallen creature. It is better to have a little thing made by the Lord than the greatest thing wrought out by man. For these little ones, with their "feeble desires," are remembered at the throne of grace: "O Lord, I besecch thee, let now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who *desire to fear thy name.*" (Neh. i. 11.) Ah! God will give them the desires of their hearts; but the rich he will send empty away.

The Lord says, "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." (Lu. vi. 45.) A person is, then, to be judged by what comes out of his heart. This gives us an unerring rule: "For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." (Ver. 43.) Hence, these desires after heavenly things can only spring from a heavenly nature. Come, then, poor sinner, the desire to fear God springs from the internal fountain of "the fear of the Lord," and all it wants is for the Holy Spirit to draw it out in gushing streams. Fear not, the fountain will never become dry; but, like a springing well, it will send forth heavenly desires after the Lord's presence and blessing. It will long to know Jesus and feel his touch; and though *only* desires, the Lord creates them all.

Can you then find a desire after heavenly things in your heart? If there is that blessed longing after a knowledge of Jesus in your soul, you feel as did Paul when he said, "I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me." (Rom. vii. 21.) He desired to do good, but found he could not; so you desire to love the Lord, but find you cannot do so. You are as far off loving God satisfactorily as Paul was in doing good. Well, this is not utter destitution. No, it is an evidence of the life of God in the soul, and an index to the real bent of the affections. These desires are the *smoking* flax that would blaze forth if it could, but cannot. O could it send forth a flame of heavenly love to God, how pleased it would be! It fears, at times, it never

shall be so favoured; but the Lord has said, "I will not quench the smoking flax;" and if he will not, no one else can.

There is a springing well from whence these desires come. They are produced by the Spirit, from grace in the heart. *External* influences make many letter Christians. Moody and Sankey made abundance of letter, or nominal Christians; but they failed to implant an *internal* desire after God in the hearts of their converts, through the lack of which they died away. Satan deceives both preacher and people, by persuading them that exciting oratory and imposing ritualism is the power of God. But these only appeal to the natural senses, and, like dram drinking, produce a mental intoxication, followed by mental languor. These look upon the desirers after God as mere drones; but the drones live when these are dead. What a continual whirl of excitement such people are in, to find out something new to keep their senseless religion a-going. But the desirers after God are influenced by the necessities of life—an heavenly life that breathes after God, and is supported by him; and, as it is eternal life, the desires can only end in perfect satisfaction.

One who desires God *seeks God*; and they who seek are sure to find. God will grant them their heart's desire. For there must be a union to, and a delight in an object desired. Would it not be a delight to you, poor desiring soul, to find that God who is able to save to the uttermost,—to find him, as your salvation, your God and Father in Christ Jesus, and your eternal All? David expresses his desires thus: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." (Ps. xxvii. 4.) This is the secret of earnest seeking after God, and of the continuance in it.

They who truly *desire Christ*, long to feel his gracious touch, and to hear him say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," they long for his sweet pardon, and to feel his mercy flow like a stream into their guilty souls; to see him in his beauty, and to feel his grace making them sufficient for the whole will of God. For these things they pant "as the hart panteth after the water brooks." (Ps. xlii. 1.) There is not anything that can rival him in the affections of the soul. Rivals may present themselves; but when detected, great indignation is felt against both the rival and self for lending an ear to it. For the effect of these desires is a powerful, vigorous search after the object desired.

These desirers will *wait for God*. They desire him, and therefore will wait for his coming; and, "Blessed are all they who wait for him." "My soul waiteth for thee more than they that watch for the morning; yea, more than they that watch for the morning." (Ps. cxxx. 6.) They desire him, therefore is it that they wait for him. They have no heaven without him; and all their hopes are in him. This waiting brings them often on their knees before God: "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." (Lam. iii. 26.) Such as these are sure

to wait and desire. How this determines the character of God's children, and stamps their religion as from heaven.

Desires must spring from the heart, they cannot be forced. Hence they determine the character of the man, whether he is a spiritual or natural person. The natural man cannot desire the things of the Spirit; but the spiritual man feels them springing up within him. So that although he deserves hell, he desires heaven. He is unfit for God, yet he desires him. Stick fast, then, to a religion of desires, and thank God for it. The real pleasure of the soul lies in the satisfying of its desires by the Lord; and as the Lord alone has access to the heart, and as these are heavenly desires, whatever does not touch the spirit, and help it in its desires, is only an empty sound to it. For as there is a desire of being vitally united to Christ, so is there a desire of communing with him.

Blessed, and only blessed, are they who desire God for their fulness. How contented are they with their lot, when they feel sure God is the manager of all things on their behalf! How satisfied when they realize a good hope of eternal glory, in expectation of heaven as their home! The Lord help all his desiring ones to bless God that they have a desiring religion.

“The soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesus' love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.”

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEALINGS OF GOD WITH RICHARD APPS.

“They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.”
—(Ps. cxlv. 11.)

Christian Friends and those who love the Lord Jesus in spirit and in truth,—I take up my pen simply to state a few things concerning the Lord's dealings with me.

I might begin by saying I had the blessing to be born of religious parents, and was brought up with a natural reverence of God, and a theoretical knowledge of the plan of salvation. At an early age, I was not without fears of a future state, thinking myself to be a sinner and unfit to die; and was often terrified with awful dreams, such as supposing myself to be dead and sinking into hell. As I grew up, I had often checks of conscience, and then set about reforming for a time; not that I can charge myself with gross acts of immorality (for which I have often admired the goodness of God), but the temptations and vanities of this world were too strong for me to resist, and I eagerly followed its pursuits.

Being in the height of my worldly enjoyments (now about 27 years of age), and seeming also to have more than heart could wish, I was struck with this killing thought—that my race was run, and I must now prepare for trouble. I soon saw from

what quarter the trial would come. It was of a providential nature, and distressed me sore for some months. I had long seen it approaching, and until now had endeavoured to keep it from my mind. But, when the Lord declares war, who can be at peace? It is needless to relate the wrath and rebellion which this trouble worked in my mind. I wished myself anything but what I was, thinking never to see another happy moment. Here I laboured, sometimes almost in despair, until after some length of time the Lord was pleased to deliver me, which I thought next to a miracle.

Now I hoped to see better days. But this storm had scarcely gone over my head, when another presented itself, which seemed to threaten with more violence than the former, and to cut at the very root of my future happiness. Satan was the chief instrument in this storm, as I was afterwards enabled to see. My conscience having been made somewhat tender by the last conflict, I thought I would hold fast my integrity, like Job, though all the powers of darkness seemed to be moved against me without cause. Here I laboured to weariness; trying all means to deliver myself, but in vain. At last these words were applied to my mind: "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord;" and the very next day I was enabled to see the hand of the Lord in a way I had no more thought of than the Israelites had when the sea was divided. Thus was I brought through these deep waters, confident that *he* had delivered me, and that all things were in *his* hand. And it was as a prop to me during the remainder of my bondage; for I thought, if the Lord had meant to destroy me he would not have shown me such things as these.

Now, again, I thought to find happiness. Satan endeavoured to show me "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;" but they could give me no real ease, any more than an empty table can satisfy a craving appetite. And I found, as the wise man says, "All is vanity." The one thing needful was wanting, which all the world could not supply; and death and judgment seemed to threaten. Here Satan would try all possible means to prove that my fears all sprang from nature; and many texts of Scripture did he endeavour to fasten on my mind. This one troubled me much: "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth." "For," said he, "if you are not already elected, you can never expect to be, since God's decrees cannot be altered; so, to beg for mercy would be an insult to the Majesty of Heaven; and it will be an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Thus he tried to hedge me in on every side, and grind me as between the upper and nether millstones. Sometimes I gathered a little hope from watching the countenances of others; for I could see they were not plagued as I was; but even here Satan would be beforehand with me, infusing into my mind that thousands might have a desire that would never obtain the blessing. Then, again, I determined to think no more about being saved, but live as uprightly as I could; thinking, if any escaped, it might possibly be my happy lot. Still my case

seemed hopeless; for I found nothing within but sin and hardness of heart; and if at any time I attempted to pray, Satan would soon come and distress my mind with a thousand foolish thoughts, and then tell me I had no real desire for what I was praying for, and that my desires only sprang from nature. Being almost worn out, I sometimes hoped I should not live long to sin against God. Yet I feared to die, and felt at the same time such hungering and thirsting for salvation that seemed to drink up the very moisture of my body and spirits. The enemy also set hard at me; and, by stirring up all my corruptions, now tried to prove I had neither will nor desire for God; and my own conscience bearing testimony, I became speechless. This I found to be true: "The carnal mind is enmity against God," let free-willers say what they may. And here, too, I saw the justice of God, that had I been sent where hope never cometh, I must have owned the sentence just. The language of my soul was, "Lord, work in me the will and power to do."

While in this state I was encouraged in reading Hawker on the free grace of God to the poor needy sinner. "Surely," I thought, "this is my case;" and though feeling both law and conscience against me, I cried out from my heart, "Lord, save or I perish." Immediately hope sprang up. I sensibly felt myself planted in the gospel; and these words were applied: "Hope is as an anchor of the soul." I eagerly seized them, as a hungry man seizes food; and then stood amazed to think what it all could mean. "To have a hope," I thought, "this is worth a thousand worlds." I felt now I should not mind being in bondage all my days, so that I might be right at last. But the Lord was pleased, only a few days after this, to manifest himself to me in a most powerful manner, as follows: I awoke out of sleep in a very comfortable frame of mind; my heart was melted; my soul was drawn out in praise to God; and I felt somewhat of that peace "which passeth all understanding." While my soul was thus going out after God, my natural feeling appeared to be taken away; and I lay, *as it were*, in a trance in the presence of God,—Father, Son, and Spirit. The Son of God was manifested to me in his humanity, with garments white as snow, and his countenance beautiful to behold, sweetly smiling on me as I lay at his feet, and speaking to my soul in the most endearing words. The Father seemed to extend his arms towards me, and I became, as it were, embraced in his arms; and immediately I felt the powerful working of the Spirit within. I felt the Spirit as sensibly poured into my soul, and that it was healed immediately, as ever I felt heat or cold, or saw light or darkness. The gospel oil and wine of the kingdom of heaven now flowed into my soul which before had been pierced through with the poisoned arrows of guilt and sin; and I secretly exclaimed, "It is enough, Lord; it is more than I can bear." My soul was now drawn out in praise and thanksgiving to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for this unspeak-

able goodness and mercy to me. Now I could say, with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." O, to think that he should have thoughts of mercy towards me, and that I, who had long been in such a hopeless state, should be one of his in the covenant of grace!—This caused me to wonder.

Shortly after what I have just related, the Lord was pleased to show me how my salvation was accomplished, by giving me a view of the sufferings of Christ, such as I could only bear, being supported by an almighty power. One night, while preparing for bed, such a gloominess and horror of mind came over me, that I was confident something would happen. I verily thought I could not exist long under my present feelings; and when I lay down on my bed I begged the Lord to lay no more upon me than I was able to bear. Immediately I felt as if I were wafted from my bed through immeasurable space, my soul exclaiming as fast as I could speak, "Lord, do not destroy me;" for the sensation seemed more than nature could bear. Then I had such a view of the sufferings of Christ as I am not able to describe—a representation, as it were, of his mangled body, and a *faint* sense (at least, as much as I could bear) of his agony in the garden. This gave me such a shock that I verily thought my soul was quitting the body. So powerful, indeed, was the effect that I was for some time (I was told) as cold as a corpse. When my natural feelings returned, I had such a view of the depth of fallen nature, the impossibility of man's recovering himself and the price of man's redemption, that I saw a thousand worlds could never pay the price of *one* soul. Love, pardon, and peace flowed into my soul; and I blessed God "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." I had such an assurance of my eternal interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ, that I have not despaired of my interest therein from that time. Although Satan has endeavoured to make me do so, he has had no power. Not that I am sufficient of myself; for I feel my own inability to perform any good thing of myself, and daily stand in need of Almighty support. Many things I have had to pass through since then, and my faith has been sorely tried, but, blessed be God, I remain to this day, and hope to be kept to the end; for which I desire to ascribe all the praise to the Eternal Three—to the Father for choosing me, the Son for redeeming me, and the Holy Ghost for calling me to an experimental knowledge of my interest in a precious Redeemer. Amen and Amen.

Norwood, 1835.

RICHARD APPS.

SINCE this absolute will of God is both immutable and omnipotent; we infer that the salvation of every one of the elect is *most infallibly certain*, and can by no means be prevented. This necessarily follows from what we have already asserted and proved concerning the divine will, which, as it cannot be disappointed or made void, must undoubtedly secure the salvation of all whom God wills should be saved.—*Toplady.*

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

IN life's uncertain path I stand,
 Supported by his sov'reign hand;
 That gracious hand, from day to day,
 Has thus far brought me on my way.
 Amidst the trying scenes I've pass'd
 (Through wildest storms and bitter blast),
 Thy gracious hand has been my stay,
 And guided me along the way.
 And here I am, brought to this hour
 Confiding in thy sov'reign power,
 'That when my dreary scenes are past,
 I shall behold thy face at last.
 My place of refuge is prepar'd,
 Though storms oft here assail me hard.
 Thy children shall to glory come,
 And thou wilt welcome them safe home.
 My feeble soul, 'midst dark or light,
 In confidence is kept upright;
 Secur'd in this, whate'er befall,
 That thou, O Christ, art All in all.
 This confidence shall bear me up;
 Nor can I sink with such a prop.
 Secur'd in this, I soon shall stand
 With thy blest saints on Canaan's land.
 A few more ills of life below,
 And then to glory I shall go;
 There sing with all the blood-wash'd throng,
 While endless ages roll along.
 While the whole vaulted roof shall ring
 With heaven's high praises to their King,
 Above the rest my notes shall swell,
 "My Jesus has done all things well."

Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

R. L.

GOD knows nothing now, nor will know anything hereafter which he did not know and foresee from everlasting. His foreknowledge being co-eternal with himself, and extending to everything that is or shall be done. (Heb. iv. 13.) "All things," which comprise past, present, and future, "are naked and opened to the eyes of him with whom we have to do."—*Toplady*.

SPIRITUAL MEN are a voluntary and free people, serving God freely without constraint; so as if Christ would not give them life everlasting yet would they love him, and desire the advancement of his kingdom. On the contrary, if God would not punish sins against the law, as adultery, drunkenness, and such like, with eternal death, yet would a Christian man abstain from these things, because he knows that they displease Christ; and he is governed by another spirit, to which they are contrary.—*Wm. Perkins*,

IDOLATRY.

“Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen.”—1 Jno. v. 21.

In the ninth century, image worship was encouraged by the superstitious Empress Theodora; and the people were indulged in this corrupt propensity to a shocking extent. The triumph of image worship, notwithstanding the determined efforts of these wretched idolatrous monks, was met with a bold front by some. The most eminent of these was Claudius, Bishop of Turin. He was born in Spain. In the early part of his life he was a chaplain in the court of Lewis the Meek. No sooner had he obtained the bishopric of Turin through the favour of Lewis than he began to exercise his episcopal authority, by ordering all images and crosses to be cast out of the places of worship and burnt. He was promoted to the bishopric about the year 817, or somewhere about that date. He wrote a treatise against the use as well as the *worship* of images; and denied that the cross was to be used in any way, or honoured with any kind of worship. His bold acts caused him to be complained of to the court of Lewis; and he drew upon himself a multitude of adversaries from all quarters. He wrote an apology, of which the following is an extract:—

“I have received your letter by a special messenger, with the articles wholly stuffed with babbling and fooleries. You declare in these articles that you have been troubled that my fame was spread, not only throughout all Italy, but also in Spain and elsewhere, as if I were preaching a new doctrine, or setting myself up as the founder of a new sect, contrary to the rules of the ancient catholic faith; which is an absolute falsehood. But it is no wonder that the members of Satan should talk of me at this rate, since they called Christ our Head a deceiver, and one that had a devil, &c. For I teach no new heresy; but keep myself to the pure truth, preaching and publishing nothing but that. On the contrary, as far as in me lies, I have repressed, opposed, cast down, and destroyed, and do still repress, oppose, and destroy, to the utmost of my power, all sects, schisms, superstitions, and heresies, and shall never cease so to do, God being my helper. When I came to Turin, I found all the churches full of abominations and images; and because I began to destroy what every one adored, every one began to open his mouth against me. They say, ‘We do not believe that there is anything divine in the image; we only reverence it in honour of the person whom it represents.’ I answer, if they who have quitted the worship of devils, honour the images of saints, they have not forsaken idols, they have only changed the name. This kind of people, against whom we have undertaken to defend the church of God, tell us, ‘If you write upon the wall, or draw the images of Peter, of Paul, of Jupiter, of Saturn, or Mercury, neither are the one of these gods, nor the other apostles, and neither the one nor the other of these are men, and therefore they are not

idols.' But, surely, if we ought to worship them, we ought rather to worship them during their lifetime than as thus represented as the portraits of beasts, or what is yet more true, of stone or wood, which has neither life, feeling, nor reason. For if we may neither worship nor serve the works of God's hands, how much less may we worship the works of men's hands, and pay adoration to them, in honour of those whose remembrance we say they are. For if the image you worship is not God, wherefore dost thou bow down to false images? and wherefore like a slave dost thou bend thy body to pitiful shrines, and to the work of men's hands? Certainly, not only he who serves and honours visible images, but also whatsoever creature else, whether heavenly or earthly, spiritual or corporeal, serves the same instead of God, and from it expects the salvation of his soul, which he ought to look for from God alone. All such are of the number of those concerning whom the apostle said, that 'they worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.'

"But mark what the followers of superstition and false religion allege! They tell us 'it is in commemoration and honour of our Saviour that we serve, honour, and adore the cross.' Persons whom nothing in the Saviour pleaseth, but that which was pleasing to the ungodly, viz., the reproach of his sufferings and the token of his death. Hereby they evince that they perceive only of him what the wicked saw and perceived of him, whether Jews or heathens, who do not see his resurrection, and do not consider him, but as altogether swallowed up of death, without regarding what the apostle says, 'We know Jesus Christ no longer after the flesh.' God commands one thing, and these people do quite the contrary. God commands us to bear our cross, and not to worship it; but these are all for worshipping it, whereas they do not bear it at all. To serve God after this manner, is to go a-whoring from him; for if we ought to adore the cross, because Christ was fastened to it, how many other things are there which touched Jesus Christ, and which he made according to the flesh. Did he not continue nine months in the womb of the virgin? Why do they not then, on the same score, worship all that are virgins, because a virgin brought forth Jesus Christ? Why do they not adore mangers and old clothes, because he was laid in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes? Why do they not adore fishing boats, because he slept in one of them, and from it preached to the multitude, and caused a net to be cast out, wherewith was caught a miraculous quantity of fish? Let them adore asses, because he entered into Jerusalem upon the foal of an ass; and lambs, because it is written of him, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' But these sorts of men would rather eat live lambs than worship their images. Why do they not worship lions, because he is called 'the Lion of the tribe of Judah?' or rocks, since it is said, 'and that Rock was Christ!' or thorns, because he was crowned with them? or lances, because one of them pierced his side? All

these things are ridiculous, and rather to be lamented than set forth in writing; but we are compelled to state them, in opposition to fools; and to declaim against those hearts of stone which the arrows and sentences of the Word of God pierceth not. Come to yourselves again, ye miserable transgressors. Why are ye gone astray from the truth? and why, having become vain, are ye fallen in love with vanity? Why do you crucify again the Son of God, and expose him to an open shame, and by these means make souls, by troops, to become the companions of devils, estranging them from their Creator by the horrible sacrilege of your images and likenesses, and thus precipitating them into everlasting damnation? As for your reproaching me that I hinder men from running in pilgrimage to Rome, I demand of you yourself whether thou thinkest that to go to Rome is to repent or to do penance? If indeed it be, why then hast thou for so long a time damned so many souls by confining them in thy monastery and hast taken them into it, that they might there do penance; if it be so, that the way to do penance is to go to Rome, why hast thou hindered them? What hast thou to say against this sentence, 'Whosoever shall lay a stone of stumbling before any of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the bottom of the sea?'

"We know very well that this passage of the gospel is quite misunderstood, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' Under the pretence of which words, the stupid and ignorant multitude, destitute of all spiritual knowledge, betake themselves to Rome, in the hope of acquiring eternal life. But the ministry of the gospel belongs to all the *true* presbyters and pastors of the church, who discharge the same as long as they are in this world; and when they die, others succeed in their places, who possess the same authority and power. Return, O ye blind, to your light. All of you, however numerous ye may be, who depart from this light, ye walk in darkness and know not whither ye go, for the darkness has put out your eyes. If we are to believe God when he promiseth, how much more when he swears, and saith, 'If Noah, Daniel, and Job, (that is, if the saints whom you call upon, were endowed with holiness, righteousness, and merit, equal to theirs,) they shall neither deliver son nor daughter;' and it is for this end he makes the declaration, that none might place their confidence in either the merits or the intercession of Saints. Understand ye this, ye people without understanding? Ye fools, when will ye be wise? Ye who run to Rome, to seek there for the intercession of an apostle, what would St. Augustine say of you, whom we have so often quoted?

"The fifth thing for which you reproach me is,—That you are much displeased because the apostolic lord, (for so you are pleased to nominate the late Pope Paschal,) had honoured me

with this charge. But you should remember that he only is apostolic who is the keeper and guardian of the apostle's doctrine; and not he who boasts himself of being seated in the chair of the apostle, and in the meantime neglects to acquit himself of the apostolic charge; for the Lord saith that the scribes and pharisees sat in Moses' seat."

The warning given in God's Word against the sin of idolatry, we might hope, would have some weight with Bible readers, were it not for the moral corruption of the human mind. Idolatry is always connected with depravity, more or less; and a corrupt religion is always attended by superstitious reverence of something which is not God. With what eagerness and zest do people decorate their places of worship with flowers and fruits. This is nothing less than the spirit of idolatry, and nothing more than nature-worship.

The worship of Baal was always connected with *groves*; and thus most probably have arisen the representations of trees and flowers. It is certain that nature-worship led to the formation of idols, and the idols received the superstitious veneration of their foolish votaries. The figure of *Khem*, the Egyptian god of productiveness, is accompanied by the representation of trees; and on the shrines are flowers and rosettes.

Dear readers, avoid the idolatrous practice of desecrating places of worship with flowers and garlands. It is a stepping-stone to the debasing superstitions of the heathen.

We place the above extract before your notice, at this season of the year, as a caution.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND SYMPATHY.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."
—Ps. li. 1.

My dear M.,—I fear that you will almost think that I have forgotten you by not writing before; but you know how much I am usually engaged in writing until I have got the month's "Standard" off my hands. I take, then, the opportunity of a few days' quiet and rest down here in this retired spot to send you a few lines to encourage you, I hope, to look unto and trust in the Lord above. I was reading this morning, at our family prayer, Psalm li., and was struck with a few things in it, which seem so suitable to the wants and feelings of every sensible sinner; for it is not necessary to have committed David's sin to have a measure of David's repentance and confessions, and of David's desires, breathings, and supplications. "Have mercy upon me, O God," he says, "according to thy loving-kindness." To ask God to have mercy upon us is one of the first cries that a convinced sinner puts up to God. It was so with the publican in the temple; and where it is sincere, God will certainly hear

it "according to his loving-kindness," for he is full of love and kindness to poor mourning sinners. How also he begs of the Lord to "blot out his transgressions according unto the multitude of his tender mercies." As our sins in thought, word, and deed, are a countless multitude, of which every one deserves hell, we need "the multitude of his most tender mercies" to blot them out. We may see the stars in the sky, the sands on the sea-shore, the drops of dew on the grass, the waves rolling in upon the beach; but both our sins and God's tender mercies exceed them all. How he showed these tender mercies in giving his dear Son to suffer, bleed, and die for miserable sinners; and how we need all these tender mercies to pity and pardon us and our transgressions. And how earnestly David begged, "Wash me *thoroughly* from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." It is only the washing of God himself that can wash us "*thoroughly*." If we could shed an ocean of tears it would not wash away one sin; but the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. In order to make us feel this, the Lord shows us and makes us feel the guilt and burden of sin, and that we can do nothing to put it away. Pardon must be his own free gift, and that every sensible sinner is made to feel. But David says, "I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me." It is good to confess our sins, for there is a sweet and precious promise that "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 Jno. i. 9.)

You may find it very difficult in your weak state of body to be able to kneel for any length at a time. But the Lord who searcheth the heart knoweth all the real desire of the soul, and can and does listen to a sigh, a desire, a breath of supplication within. He knows our state both of body and soul, and is not a hard taskmaster to require what we cannot give, or lay upon us more than we can bear; but can and does give all that he desires from us. But very often he delays to appear, that he may teach us thereby we have no claim upon him, and that anything granted is of his pure compassion and grace.

I hope you may be able to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." You might have had everything that the carnal heart desires, and only been hardened thereby unto worldliness and ungodliness. But to be brought down in body and soul, to be weaned and separated from an ungodly world by affliction sanctified and made spiritually profitable; to be brought to feel your need of Christ, and that without an interest in his precious blood your soul must be for ever lost,—how much better it is really and truly to be laid upon a bed of affliction, with a hope in God's mercy, than to be left to your own carnality and thoughtlessness. Affliction of any kind is very hard to bear, and especially so when we begin to murmur and fret under the weight of the cross; but as I used to tell you when I sat by your bed-side, when the Lord afflicts it is in good earnest; he means to make us feel. Strong measures are required to bring us down,

and affliction would not be affliction unless it were full of grief and sorrow. But when affliction makes us seek the Lord, with a deep feeling in the soul that none but himself can save or bless, and we are enabled to look up unto him with sincerity and earnestness that he would manifest his love and mercy to our heart, he will appear sooner or later.

I do hope, my dear M., that the Lord in his own time and way will give you a blessed manifestation of his pardoning love, and fill your soul with sweet peace, so that, compared with it, all affliction will be found light indeed.

We called upon Dr. C. the other day at the hospital, and were with him for nearly an hour. He spoke of you with much interest and affection, and expressed the strongest faith about you that the Lord had begun his gracious work in your heart. You appear to have been laid upon his mind in a remarkable way, so that he feels quite a spiritual union with you. We hope to see him again before we leave town.

I think you would be pleased to see our congregations at Gower Street so large and so attentive. I hope it may please the Lord to bless the word to many poor souls who come to hear from various parts in town and country. The world may despise the gospel and the people of God; but they are dear to the Lord, and he will one day make it manifest that they are his when he cometh to make up his jewels. May you and I, and those whom we love, be found amongst their number. Our united love to yourself, R., and the children.

Yours most affectionately,

Greenwood, July 23rd, 1858.

J. C. PHILPOT.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

“For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.”—Ps. xxxiii. 21.

My dear Brother,—I hope and trust you are not much worse for the dangerous fall you had on the stairs; it might have been very serious indeed. This is another token of the Lord's preserving care over you. I thank you for your kind letter, and would have written before this; but was called from home so suddenly that I had no opportunity. I was glad to see, from your letter, the manner in which you noticed the Lord's dealing with you, on your journey to Preston and home again. Those who mark God's leadings shall never be without something worthy of remark. O how sweet it is (as you express) to be able to plead with God for the church at large! It is indeed blessed work; and here it is we work *out*, when God the Eternal Spirit works *in*.

I am happy to inform you that on my return home I found my family in a fair way of recovery, though very weak, and all looking very ill; but this I expected. We still continue to improve; and O how grateful I feel to the Lord for his restoring mercies! I am not able to express my thankfulness; but he

can read it in my heart, for he has put it there, and knows all about it. I am humbled before him, and melted into content, satisfaction, and total acquiescence in the divine *will*. How good the Lord is to give me, sinful me, such sweet resignation! Ah! my dear friend, there is a God, and a God in Israel also. "In Judah is God known, and his name is great in Israel."

As religion is a secret thing, wrought in the heart by the Lord the Spirit, so also its enjoyments are in secret—not in the street, to be seen of men, but in the closet; and he "who seeth in secret" shall one day reward openly. O my dear brother, in that day God will openly acknowledge his dear despised ones in the face of angels, men, and devils; and the world shall know—that is, the wicked men of the world shall know—that God (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) hath loved poor sinful mortals (and us among the number) with an everlasting love, and "redeemed us to God by his blood." "And that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved *them* as thou hast loved me." (John xvii. 23.) This is beyond all mortal understanding. It is revealed by God the Spirit to his elect now; and, at the day referred to, there will be a revelation, by the same Spirit, not of love and mercy, but a revelation of truth in vengeance upon those who have hated Christ and the members of his dear body in this wilderness world. Then let us not care though the world hate us; we know it hated Christ before it hated us. Thus I speak at present, and thanks to God for the power. Before to-morrow I may be very different in feeling, and may sink very low indeed; but let me not invite the tempter. Thanks to God for his enlivening grace!

I had a good day yesterday; it was a high day. We attended to the ordinance of Believer's Baptism, also the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. We had large congregations; and the anointing oil by the blessed Spirit of the living God was upon us. In the morning, I spoke from 2 Cor. v. 14, "The love of Christ constraineth us;" in the evening from Zeph. iii. 17, "The Lord thy God, in the midst of thee, is mighty." And, my dear friend, he has shown himself mighty in *our* midst, even at Manchester. Surely the Lord hath been "a place of broad rivers and streams" in our midst. I could not help thinking of dear Miss M., while at the pool yesterday. May the Lord continue to bless her soul with the sweet teaching of his spirit. May he defend and support her in all her trials. There will be many; but the Lord will "perform the things that are appointed for her."

Now, my dear brother, in one word I thank you for your every favour; and may the Lord reward you.

Time is passing swiftly away; eternity will shortly open upon us, even upon the youngest of us. And O what an opening! What a scene to a saved, disembodied spirit, freed from a body of sin and death, to mingle with "the spirits of just men made perfect;" to "behold *him*, of whom Moses and the prophets did

write"—the Babe of Bethlehem, who struggled in Gethsemane, who stood at Pilate's bar, was mocked, spit upon, and crowned with thorns, then led to Calvary, and there nailed to the cross! O what a scene to see him in his own glory, and in his Father's glory, smiling on the objects of his redeeming love; whilst they bask in rays of bliss, and beams of love emanating from his divine majesty; and grow mighty in their power of worship and adoration, as they inhale the strengthening breezes of the heavenly land.

Pardon my hasty scribble. May God bless you, while you remain in Meshech. My love to dear Miss M., and to Miss H. Kind regards to all friends. My dear wife joins in love.

Yours in the truth,

Collyhurst Cottage, Nov. 4th, 1850.

A. B. TAYLOR.

IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—PROV. XXVII. 17.

My very dear Friend,—May the grace of God that bringeth salvation be abundantly multiplied unto you through Jesus Christ. Amen.

I must and will say of you as Paul did of Phœbe, that you have been "a succourer of many, and of myself also." (Rom. xvi. 2.) Your letter, with its liberal contents, was full of sweet odour, at least to me; and I trust to him who hath said, "Hide not thyself from thine own flesh." (Isa. lviii. 7.) My earnest prayer for you is, that you may richly enjoy what is contained in verse 14.

O how confirming has Job xlii. 2 been to my soul! And how ashamed I am of my unbelief and hard thoughts of God! It makes me say with Job, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." This is part of that pure language God says he will turn to his people. It is the *fire* of trial that makes them speak a pure language, as it is written, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined. Bless his precious name, he hath brought me through many fires; and such conspicuous deliverances as these strengthen my faith, and encourage my hope that he will bring me through all. I can now say with Paul, "He hath delivered and doth deliver; in whom I trust that he will yet deliver me."

You say, "No one need know anything about it save ourselves." But, my dear brother, how can I hold my peace at such marked deliverances? I would not break through the bounds of prudence in mentioning your name, if it is against your wish; but how is my dear Lord to be honoured, if I hold my peace, seeing he hath said: "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness?" Besides, there are many times, when I am in the pulpit, that I feel I am not my own. I do not think my own thoughts, nor speak my own words; but my heart is absorbed in the love, blood, mercy,

and faithfulness of God to poor sinners. The blessed Spirit says, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people;" and my soul is happy in telling them what he hath done for me. Yea, many times hath he delivered me when I have been stuck fast; but never has a deliverance been more conspicuous than the present one; as I hope will be seen when I relate the circumstances connected therewith.

There was a gentleman living here a short time ago whose land and premises adjoined my farmyard. He was formerly a clergyman. This gentleman seemed to take to me; and he sometimes came and looked at my stock. And often, when the weather would permit, he took a quiet walk in the fields, where I sometimes met with him, and we had conversation together. He seemed to take an interest in inquiring after my welfare, and, at one time, when he was more free than usual in asking how I was doing, &c., I said, "Sir, I believe it was God who brought me here; but he gives me daily to prove that this is not my rest. What I want is a little more money, so as to farm to greater advantage. I often think had I a father to turn to in these bad times how nice it would be." He said, "I can see what you want, and you shall have it. I have some money by me that I am making no use of, and you shall have it." He then wrote me a cheque for £75, and said, "I will buy you a flock of sheep as soon as they get a little cheaper." They were then very dear. But, O, how my heart smote me for wishing I had an *earthly father*, when I considered how good the Lord had been to me all my days, and how forcibly did these words of Mr. Hart come to my soul with reproof—

"My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there."

But, behold! the Lord took my friend away suddenly by death about six months ago. Then there arose another king, "which knew not Joseph." Consequently I received a letter to say the £75 must be paid in six months, which would be about harvest time, when more money is wanted to secure the crops. O how my heart sank within me! But now to think God should incline your heart to send me what you did, so that I can meet it comfortably. This breaks my heart in pieces, and makes me love the dear Lord for his kind and loving care over me, a poor, fearing, doubting, and mistrusting worm; and you as the instrument to relieve me in my deep distress and perplexity. May ten thousand honours rest on the head of my dear Lord and Saviour, and ten thousand blessings upon my dear friend. O how many times has God appeared for me in like manner, and, if God spares my life, I will acquaint his children of it, that they may take courage, and trust him in all times of trial.

I am thankful to say the crops are looking prosperous, and the stock are doing well. But I do not like trusting in anything I have, or am likely to have; for if I do, something is sure to befall it, and disappoint my expectations.

May the Lord bless you and yours with the rich blessing of knowing your eternal interest in himself, and bless you the remainder of your days on earth, and may you die in his sweet embrace, and be gathered to your fathers!

So prays, Your affectionate,
C. BARNES.

Fox House, Westmeon, May, 1881.

LIVING DESIRES.

My dear Friend,—I believe that there are some who really need God's servants to come and cast up the way for the lambs; which must be fed after their manner.

There are one or two, or even more, that are laden with pain, weight, grief, temptation, sorrow, guilt, discontent, distress, hardness, coldness, the Bible a mystery and a sealed book; who often faint by the way, having so much to cope with; the world, flesh, and so many fleshly professors; for the devil useth such to pester the Lord's tried ones, and fill them with confusion.

I met many friends at Ide Hill, on Sunday. One poor man said he had such a sweet experience while hearing. What a mercy to have a taste of *mercy* which "is welcome news indeed." The sinner's Friend at all times is Jesus Christ, the glory of God, of angels, and of saints. He is the desire of poor wounded sinners who are longing after salvation; which they will surely have some day, for he "has said it." It is impossible for him to lie. It is a great mercy to be one that longs after Jesus. The Lord's goodness will satisfy the soul when nothing else will. If unhumbled sinners were asked if they longed after Jesus, they would not know what to say. The woman said within herself, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment." O that precious "If I may." These little words are so full, and suit me so well. I do hope I can say, "If I may but touch the hem, I do believe I shall be whole." On this ground I have a little faith, and here I stand in hope, and keep hoping on.

Would this portion in Isaiah suit you: "O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down; that the mountains might flow down at thy presence?" This suits the felt hard heart, a wrecked heart, a heavy heart, a downcast heart, a dark heart, a heart full of mischief, and an unbelieving heart; all which are so many mountains. Prayer is then a task; but ashamed to say it, yet so often true. A poor wretch at the best of times, if there are any *best* times that I have, I cannot make myself out; I cannot fit in the world; I cannot fit with professors,—they call me bitter, dogmatical and sour, harshly judging and condemning.

The children of God love me for the truth's sake; yet I am often afraid I am not worthy of their love, through fear that I am one who does not really love the Lord. For it does seem so mighty a matter, and so great a thing, at times it seems almost impossible for my name to be in the Lamb's book of Life, who

am so great a sinner, only a cumberer of the ground, and often wondering I am not cut off with one stroke.

“Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.”

I do often wish I could sing in the ways, and talk of his praise. Often I think there is no song for me. Yet I hope to sing his loving-kindness in death; but have hardly faith to credit that. Can it be for me? How often do I want the Lord to tell me that he loves me; yet I cannot go in earnest. I cannot act the hypocrite before God; but I am often afraid I do. I always stand before God exactly as I am. I cannot alter one thing, nor make one hair black or white, nor yet add one cubit to my stature. Yet I would love God with all my heart and soul. How am I to get near to his Majesty? *Form* will not do; dead faith cannot do; I want a living faith. I often wonder whether I have it. True faith purifies the heart; yet my heart is as foul as hell itself. But I cannot help thinking I have two principles, or else I should not have a hatred to one and a desire to love the other; although I am often puzzled to know which possesses the mastery. Sin is not to reign; but I cannot see that grace does reign. Yet I hope it is grace in me that does hate sin.

Give my love to all our friends, and accept our love yourself.
Yours very sincerely,
Winchet Hill, Dec. 19th, 1870. T. CLIFFORD.

“OUT OF WEAKNESS WERE MADE STRONG.”—HEB. XI. 34.

My dear Sister,—I will try to tell you a little, while I can. I have been in a very low state of soul lately, so as to question whether I was really a living soul. One day this week, on reading Luke xi. 18, it was as though the dear Lord himself spoke the words to me, encouraging me to pour out my complaint before him. But all the week my body has been so prostrated that I have had to keep my bed mostly part of the time, not being able even to read the Word of God. But the best part was in the night. It was then given me to hear the good Shepherd's voice in the words contained in John xvii. 23. O the wonderfully glorious mystery, that it should be given to me (a poor babe) to know it; and to “milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her (Zion's) glory”—even the fulness of Jesus. “For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.” Then all is emptiness out of him: “And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.” O, there is a blessed need for us to be made to feel what poor, utterly destitute wretches we are! I feel to need all the humbling and emptying I have. How gracious the Lord is in his promises to those in low estate. As I was reading yesterday in “Notes of Two Sermons,” preached by dear Warburton, “Comfort ye my people,” &c., I could say with him, “I never felt weaker in all my life.”

I think it was about a fortnight ago I was going through some of the things described in Gadsby's hymn—

“The path that Christians tread.”—618.

Satan seemed to be stirring up such wicked feelings and evil questionings about God and his government, making use of the dreadful atrocities that are committed in foreign parts, that I could say, “The enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; for I was left to question whether the heart of stone had ever been taken away. Also, when I tried to call to remembrance past meltings down, &c., it was suggested, “Ah, it was all natural softening.”

I do feel to covet much to be a weeping, loving Mary; but have daily to mourn over a hard heart. I cannot but see and feel how gently and graciously the Lord deals with me; and how much this calls for gratitude and love. Pray for me, dear sister, that my last days may be my best days. The Lord help us to watch and pray; for we have a watchful enemy, and he knows where our weakness lies. O that we may be found with the unction of the Holy One in our vessels at last! Sometimes I hope he is making intercession for me “with groanings that cannot be uttered.” I have no other refuge but God in his Trinity of Persons.

I am much better; but still very weak. I shall be glad to know how it is with you. I hope you are favoured with the best company, and that you will return invigorated in body, and blest in soul.

Your loving Sister,

August 12th, 1876.

MARIA E. GREGORY.

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the “Gospel Standard.”

Dear Sir,—Will you be kind enough, through the medium of the “Gospel Standard,” to explain the following matter to me? I understand from Scripture, that the elect, as the non-elect, are deserving of *everlasting* punishment, and that Christ bore the penalty due to their sins. How could he, in the limited period of time, during which he was on earth, endure what would have been *eternal* if visited on the objects who incurred it? Knowing the Lord is a God of justice. I fully believe that divine attribute was satisfied, and that the atonement made by Jesus was complete; but cannot clearly see how. The only light on the subject that I can get at is, that *when* Christ said, “It is finished;” and the robe of righteousness was fully wrought, his people *were viewed as perfect* in him; and their sins being blotted out, the great Surety could no longer be held in punishment for what had ceased to be written in accusation against them. But if it is not troubling you too much, I should very much like your views on the subject?

Lenham, Maidstone, Oct. 17th, 1881.

E. F. G.

ANSWER.

The question that our correspondent has put to us includes most of the gracious revelations of God to his elect.

1. Eternal union with Christ as Head of his mystical body. This union is so closely connected with God that the Lord puts it forth in these words: "That they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." (Jno. xvii. 22, 23.) These, the Lord says, are loved as he himself is loved of the Father: "And hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." This love is said to be eternal: "For thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (Jno. xvii. 24.) The Lord's coming into this world was with the intent that this eternal union might be completed in glory. Thus God was never without his elect, and Christ was never without his bride.

On this eternal union hangs the whole covenant transactions of the Eternal Three-One God. I. The Father blessed his elected people "with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places; according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world." The intention of this is, "That we should be holy and without blame before him." He having, in love, "predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to *himself*, according to the good pleasure of his will." If this purpose is not accomplished, how can it be "to the praise of the glory of his *grace*, wherein *he* hath made us *accepted in the beloved?*" (Eph. i. 3-6.)

2. The Son became the Surety of God's elected people: "The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec; by so much was Jesus made a Surety of a better testament." (Heb. vii. 21, 22.) Thus Christ became Bondsman; and on this account "he (God) hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel." (Num. xxiii. 21.) Then it must have been imputed to some one else; and also to some one on whom God could depend. For Christ is not only Surety for the deliverance of God's elect from law and sin, but also to bring them to God. He is the Surety of a covenant which embraces both the certainty of God's will being accomplished and the accomplishment of the salvation of the elect. Christ is therefore *the* responsible Person, both to God, and for his chosen ones also.

3. The Eternal Spirit, in this covenant, becomes, to the elect, the Spirit of life, as an indwelling Spirit. He is indeed also the Spirit of holiness, grace, love, power, and every other grace required to constitute the elect a spiritual body.

All this was, then, settled long before the world began; because the blessings promised, in this covenant, were secured before time commenced. (Eph. i. 4.) The fall did not affect this covenant. The Head of it did not fall, and consequently the people remained eternally the same in "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." (Heb. xiii. 8.) All were secured in him.

II. At length, God created Adam, and constituted him the head of *creation*, not of *God's elect*; neither did he make him responsible for covenant mercies. This had already been settled with Christ. As these covenant mercies were not committed to Adam's trust, he could not lose them; so that heaven, which is the gift of the Father (Lu. xii. 32), never was lost, nor yet eternal life, for that is Christ himself (Jno. xi. 25); nor yet any spiritual blessing, for God gave them in Christ, not in Adam. To Adam were committed every temporal or earthly blessing and the life of happiness, peace, and communion with God in paradise—all which he lost. Hence, neither elect nor non-elect have any claim, as creatures, on the bounty of their Creator. All persons and all things, have been lost in the fall. For in Adam there is no distinction of persons: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) Neither are there any persons living, nor who have lived, but what would have committed more sins than they have if they could have had their own way; so that we owe the favour to God, in preventing evil as he does. God's restraining men from evil is one great part of the aggravation to fallen creatures. On this account sin lies at the door of the sinner; and restraints from sin come from the goodness of God.

III. The *real character and condition* of fallen man are expressed in the Word of God. (Rom. iii. 9-20.) But because some are honest, virtuous, truthful, &c., they entertain the idea that they are not so far fallen as some others—they are "not as other men are." (Lu. xviii. 9-14.)

Some of the old divines called creature-morality "natural grace;" which we believe to be strictly correct; that is, that all real morality is a free gift from God to his creatures; not of a saving nature; but it yields the benefit of an honest principle to one, virtue, amiability, and such like good qualities to others. For these things are not natural to fallen beings; they are God's free gifts. (Gen. xx. 8-7.) Is one man honest? May he thank God for it, and not boast of it; for God might take it away from him. One man cannot be better than another, even naturally, except God make him so. Hence the praise of all good, natural or spiritual, belongs to God; and the blame of all evil to man. God in no way influences men to evil; it is he that prevents men doing as they would: "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." (Prov. xxviii. 26.)

IV. The sins of God's elect were imputed to the Surety; not merely the punishment, but sin itself: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.) "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) This necessarily includes the guilt of sin, because he was made a curse: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is everyone that

hangeth on a tree." (Gal. iii. 13.) But they would not be cursed if they were not guilty persons.

Suretyship is a very dangerous thing for any one to engage themselves in. You may be told that there is no danger; it is only your name that is wanted. Is there no danger? Ask those who have smarted through it. Why, the moment you sign your name, that instant the actual debt and danger moves from the real debtor to the surety. How foolish are men in these transactions. A man tries to persuade himself that he is *only a surety*, and not an *actual debtor*; when, in nine cases out of ten, it is through the credit of the surety that the debt is allowed to be contracted. The money is lent on the credit of the surety, not on that of the debtor; for perhaps he has no credit. The surety is the real cause, then, of the debt being contracted, and therefore he must pay if the other cannot. Not so with Christ. He was not the cause, and he became their Surety without their consent or knowledge, so that their sinning was entirely from themselves. They did not sin on the strength of Christ's suretyship; but Adam, and they in him, sinned wilfully. Sin, then, is man's own act from beginning to end, and salvation is entirely of the Lord.

Sin is consequently therefore righteously imputed to Christ the Surety, on account of his headship and suretyship; on which account also the elect were set free from penal punishment, and the whole weight fell on him: "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii. 4, 5.) Thus the Surety suffered *vicariously*; that is, in the place of others. In fact, he became as themselves in point of law; that is, he personated them: "God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 3, 4.) So that, on the Surety assuming human nature, for he "was made of a woman made under the law" (Gal. iv. 4); he consequently became an actual debtor to do the whole law himself. Thus, being bound to fulfil the whole law, his obedience was done on behalf of, and in his people's name; and it was imputed to them. It could not be imputed to himself, because he was not a sinner. Thus, if a person pays a pound for another, the pound is entered in the creditor's book, not against the name of the man who pays the pound, but the one who owed the pound. The man's name who pays the money is not in the book. So Christ had no charge of any debt of his own, save that of suretyship, so that all he did must go to the account of others. As the Head of the body, therefore, he fulfilled the whole law under severe trial, and thus proved that he could obey God, and serve the Creator rather than the creature. (Rom. i. 25.) This Adam failed to

do under trial; but Christ rendered to God a perfect obedience, or, in other words, completed the law, and proved himself to be perfect in his humanity as well as in his Deity. This constituted his bride actually as perfect as himself *in law*: so that the righteousness of the law is thus fulfilled in us.

There can be no merit in *human* sufferings. If a man is imprisoned for debt, his sufferings do not pay the debt; and even though there was an infinite dignity and worth in the sufferings of Christ; yet he must make an atonement for sin. Thus Jesus added to his obedience, sufferings; and to suffering, atonement, in shedding his blood; and gave his life up to the law as its righteous demand. But, with all this, had he not been the resurrection and the life, seeing the law could not give him life, he must have been detained a prisoner for ever. Hence, then, the reason why Jesus accomplished his work in so limited a time, was that he completed the law under trial, suffered *all* that the law could inflict, paid all it could demand, and then resumed his former glory. This the wicked cannot do in any form, and so are kept prisoners. It is not the length, but the perfection of the work that is acceptable to God. If the wicked were to be liberated without an atonement, why did God demand the elect to pay the whole sum in their Head? The sufferings Christ was subjected to on behalf of the elect demand that the same should be required of the lost; but as they cannot do that, the law will keep them where they have brought themselves. If Christ had made an atonement for the whole world, the same law that holds the wicked, prisoners, would throw its gates open to all its prisoners; or rather, they would never have become prisoners. For God never would demand two payments of one debt.

We have put a word or two in your letter in italics, to draw your attention to them. God's people never were viewed imperfect; as we have proved from Scripture. When he said, "It is finished," then the righteousness of the law was fulfilled, the wrath of God against the sins of the elect drunk up, death was swallowed up in the victory of life and immortality; and then the dear Lord gave his life up; after which "the fountain for sin and uncleanness" was opened. You must not forget that important fact, that it was because he was the "resurrection and the life" that he was able to lay down his life and able to take it again. Man having lost his life, the law cannot give him one; so that salvation cannot come by the law, on account of its inability to give life.

By reason of that *vice, corruption, or depravation* of the minds of all unregenerate men, which the Scripture calls *darkness* and *blindness*, they are not able of themselves, by their own reasons and understandings, however exercised and improved, to discern, receive, understand, or believe savingly spiritual things, or the mystery of the gospel, when and as they are outwardly revealed unto them, without an effectual powerful work of the Holy Spirit creating, or by his almighty power inducing, a new *saving light* unto them.—Owen.

THE LORD FROM HEAVEN.

“Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us.”—LUKE I. 78.

ALL hail the day when Gabriel came
From God, the tidings good to tell,
Of Jesus' sweet and blessed name,
Or, God with us, “Immanuel.”

The Word made flesh; of Mary born;
Mysterious depth of love divine!
In David's house is raised a Horn;
A sun of righteousness to shine.

O tender mercy of our God,
To send this dayspring from on high,
To shed for man his precious blood,
'That he might not for ever die!

He came—from sin and hell to save
Those by his Father to him given;
He died—was buried in the grave—
Rose, and ascended into heaven.

And now he lives, and loves, and pleads
For all who by him come to God;
He hears their prayers, supplies their needs,
And worketh all things for their good.

All hail, dear Prince of life and peace,
Through thee our sins are all forgiv'n;
Ere long we hope from war to cease,
And ever rest with thee in heaven.

Oct. 6, 1880.

A. H.

Obituary.

THOMAS GARDENER,—On Sept. 27th, 1881, aged 74, Thomas Gardener, of Norton, Herts.

The Lord has seen fit, in the exercise of his sovereign will and pleasure, to take away one whom *we feel* we could not well spare. Yet we desire to be passive in the Lord's hands; and by grace to be enabled to say, “Thy will be done.”

His health began to decline at the commencement of the year 1860; and he gradually grew thinner and weaker as time rolled on. He had been very particular in the observance of the Lord's day; and although living three miles from the chapel, he was for many years very constant in his attendance under the word, up to a short time previous to his death. He never regarded the weather. The strong desire of his soul was to hear the Lord's servants. Ah! how excellent were Christ's messengers and their message to him; and how gladly did he entertain them at his house!

For many weeks previous to his death, he had a very trying path to travel. He had been for many years a tender, humble, praying soul, and a constant searcher of the Bible. He had also taken the "Gospel Standard" from its commencement; and much enjoyed Gadsby's and Daniel Herbert's hymns. But now he was brought into deep exercise of soul, wherein he was led to ponder over and weigh up all his former experience, and he came to the conclusion that it was nothing—it was not acceptable to the Lord. Thus all was brought into question and put away from him. O, how he begged the Lord to give him an earnest desire after the things which accompany salvation; to be enabled to hunger and thirst for heavenly food; to remove every obstacle out of the way; to be his defence; to put a cry in his heart as one of his children; and to let that cry come up even into his holy habitation; to give him pardon and peace through the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer; and to deliver him, and bring him at last to that blessed habitation above, that he might bless and praise his name for ever and ever.

The following sentences contain the expression of a few of his exercises during the last few days of his life.

On the Sabbath day, a little time previous to his taking to his bedroom, some friends called to see him. He was then much cast down. One friend said:

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

He said, "That is the work of the blessed Spirit upon my soul."

From this time, nearly to the end, he was much tried through fear lest he should not be right; frequently exclaiming, "Ah! I am in despair; but the Lord only can preserve me. He only can give me grace, and be my strength and portion. He only can strengthen my faith to hold out to the end. O Lord, have mercy on my soul, and put a new cry in my mouth! Lord, take this despair away from me! O, take it away, take it away!"

Sept. 7th. His wife said, "My dear, can I get you anything?" He replied, "No. I want the comfort of the blessed Spirit in my soul—that is all I want. I am destitute of that."

Sept. 13th. A little more comfortable in mind. He said to his wife, "My dear, do you think there is anything in this: 'I will give thee the desire of thine heart;' and, 'Thou shalt be saved with an everlasting salvation?'" Those words had dropped into his soul during the night.

Sept. 14th. His mind was a little comforted. He said, "I want to feel it,

'Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.'"

Sept. 17th. "O! I was in a state! O those nasty sins! I would not be in their place for ten thousand worlds! O my soul, my soul! why art thou cast down? 'Light is sown for the righteous!'"

“O my God, have mercy on me! O Lord, be merciful to my unrighteousnesses! Precious, precious Lord! O Lord, rebuke me not in thy hot displeasure! Lay not thy chastening hand upon me! O my soul, my immortal soul, what will become of thee! I wish the Lord would be pleased to gather up my feet in bed! Lord Jesus, quickly come! I wish the Lord would take me home, that I do. O, I am a great sinner! I am ashamed to hear myself speak. O my poor tempted soul, whither shall I flee from his presence? I am afraid I shall go to hell. I was in hopes my fears were all cast away. O last, last night!—last night! Ah, Lord, thou knowest all my frames and feelings,—thou knowest how I am tempted! O Lord, help, or I shall perish,—help, Lord! O that the Lord would have pity on a poor tempted, ruined, and buffeted soul! O Lord, teach me how to pray. Ah! I must give up, and say, ‘Thy will be done!’ O Lord, do save my soul, or I *must* perish,—save me with thy everlasting love! O, I must perish! O, what a thing to be saved with an everlasting salvation! Look down upon me, for thou art my only hope!

‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’

“O, I wish some one would sing it.”

After lying quiet for a short time, he said :

“Rock of Ages, shelter me;
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow’d,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow’r.”

He repeated the whole of the hymn; and then said, “I want the pardon and peace which flow from it. ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; I shall praise him.’ O, I want the precious love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. O my God, thou hast brought my poor soul into the stripping room! O my God! what a trouble *he* has had with me in saving my soul! Precious blood and dying love of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Sept. 18th. Again he was in much trouble of mind, and said, “O Lord, eternal God, have mercy on my soul! In mercy look down and bless my soul! Lord Jesus, quickly come and take me home.”

He passed a very restless night. He was not able to rest in one posture many minutes. In the middle of the night he said, “O Lord, have mercy on me,” and very vehemently called out, “There, devil, take that, and crack that nut.” I did hope this was Satan’s last dart.

It was most painful to witness the conflict. I left him to get a little rest. When I returned he said, “My dear, I believe the enemy has said all that he could bring against me. Now I am resigned. O what a glorious Man Christ Jesus the Lord is!”

Sept. 21st. Much cast down again to-day, saying, “I have no hiding-place—no refuge from the storm—and no comfort. Lord,

have mercy upon me! I am afraid I must give up. O what a sad plight I am in! What must I do to be saved? O Lord, I am afraid of the awful advantage of Satan. O my sins! O Lord my God! O wretched man that I am! I am afraid I am nothing but a deceiver. O Lord help me; I am so tempted,—I am so tempted above measure. I am afraid I have sinned against light and knowledge."

Sept. 25th. A little more composed; but still saying, "I am afraid. O Lord, save me for thy mercy's sake."

Sept. 26. Sunday. In the morning he said, "O that the Lord would say unto me, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise!' 'Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us.'" He repeated several times during the day: "O Lord, have mercy on my soul."

We had a minister with us. He conversed very comfortably with him; and offered up a very earnest prayer for the little cause he had been connected with so many years. After our friend had left, he was dressed, and he sat in a chair at the window. All at once he looked up very steadfastly, and with surprise said very earnestly, "Grand—grand—beautiful!" His wife said, "My dear, what can you see?" He answered, with a beautiful smile,—"Just one little peep into heaven."

Sept. 27th.—He was to-day in a very quiet calm state—very ill, but quiet. He was conscious, and sat in a chair the most part of the day. He said, "It is through Christ—Jesus 'Christ is All in all.'"

A little before his departure, his wife asked him, "My dear, do you feel Christ precious?" He said, "Yes; I hope I do." We thought he must be tired, sitting so long; and his wife said, "My dear, would you like us to get you into bed?" He said, "Yes." We did so; and in a very short time he drew one heavy breath, and passed away.

PENFOLD.

ELLEN LOWE.—On July 21st, 1881, aged 80, Ellen Lowe, of Golborne, Lancashire.

She was born in the year 1851. Having good Christian parents, who loved and valued a searching discriminating ministry, she was from childhood brought up under the sound of the gospel, and thus was made acquainted with the letter of divine truth. But I will quote from her own words, written in the year 1870.

"From early childhood I was the subject of strong convictions of sin, of my vileness and baseness, and of what a hell-deserving wretch I must be in the sight of God. I remember once being very solemnly impressed with the fourth hymn, which Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, gave out. My soul shuddered within me while he proceeded with this deep, this blessed hymn on the sovereignty of God. I seemed to see what a holy, great, and terrible God we have to do with, and what a vile nothing I was; and I seemed this night, for the first time, to see for myself that

a great change must take place. What this change was to be I could not tell; but I felt solemnly convinced that, in my present condition, I could not face a holy God, and live. I knew the Scripture declared that all who reach heaven must be born again; but how such a change was effected I could not tell. One thing I knew, that I had not had such a change. This was when I was very young indeed. Another time, when hearing Mr. W. from Ps. cxvi. 4, I was led to see that I was out of the secret; but O, how earnestly I tried to pray that the Lord would show me I was one of his, and that he would visit me with his salvation!"

Thus she was led on and on to see her own sinfulness. When speaking of her vile thoughts not coming out into open action, she says: "No thanks to me; for I loved sin too well. It seemed to be my very element—I delighted in it, and drank it in greedily; and if almighty grace had not stopped me in my mad career, I should long since have been in hell, reaping the reward of my doings. If God were to send me to hell, I must confess before men, angels, and devils that he is *just*, for richly have I deserved it."

In this way she went on, longing and thirsting to know God; feeling salvation was a personal matter. She knew Christ was a great Saviour; but could not see how he could save such a vile sinner as she felt herself to be. But the Blessed Spirit was pleased to show her Jesus' ability to save the vilest, and that there is a "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness;" and though she could not yet say, "My Lord and my God," still she felt a "Who can tell?" and a hope sprang up that he who had taught her to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, would appear as the sin-pardoning God, passing by the transgression of the remnant of his people. Her time of love was not yet; she was led more and more into the mystery of iniquity. In one place she writes: "I am truly a mystery to myself, to think that God, in his infinite mercy, should not leave me to fill up the measure of my iniquities, and then send me to that place where hope and mercy never come."

But, to get nearer her deliverance, I will pass over (though reluctantly) many weighty things. The Lord was pleased to put her on a bed of affliction, until, to all human appearance, her time here was short. She writes: "O bless the Lord for this affliction! How true, that 'before I was afflicted I went astray.' One day, while thinking on the things of God, these words came powerfully to my mind: 'The time of the singing of birds is come, &c.;' and truly the time had come. What a view I had of a crucified Saviour suffering for *my* sins! And these words were impressed powerfully on my heart: 'I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love; I have called *thee* by thy name, *thou* art mine.' O what rich, free, eternal love! and to be poured out on one so vile! For several weeks, I had a most blessed time, and a rich foretaste of heaven.

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

What a happy time! Jesus was with me of a truth; and his everlasting arms were underneath. I was truly fixed on the Rock of ages; and was willing for anything—for life or death, whichever should be most for the glory of him who had done so much for the vilest sinner out of hell. O what sweet and glorious promises were brought home to my poor soul! The Bible seemed unsealed, and all its promises mine. Never did I think God would condescend to bless such a worm as I, in a glorious way like this. I expected every day and every hour to be my last; and O what an abundant entrance I thought I was going to have, into the kingdom! My work was prayer and praise; Christ was my All and in all."

She was raised from this affliction, and felt it a trial to go into the world again; but she did desire, though in the world, not to be of it. Leaving this part of her experience, I come to the subject of baptism. She never went through the ordinance; but I will give her own words.

"May 25th, 1870. Dear Mr. Garner preached from Deut. xxxiii. 23, 'And of Naphtali he said, O Naphtali, satisfied with favour.' O what a refreshing time was this! Mr. G. begged that the Lord would give some poor soul a good feeding that night. I felt as satisfied that I was one of God's people, and as sure that I should finally land safe in heaven, as that God was in heaven. In the course of his sermon, after he had in some measure described a crucified Saviour in his beauty and loveliness, as suffering in his people's room and stead—he made the following remarks: 'I am a Baptist, because my Master is one; and O what beauty I saw in him when I went through the ordinance. If there is a poor child of God here, that has been led to see Jesus suffering in his room, and has not yet gone through this ordinance, God enable thee so to do! Thou art not yet a professed disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ before men, angels, and devils; thou art but a disobedient child of his. Why call him Lord and Master, and do not the things which he says? God grant that some poor soul may get a wound this night, that nothing but following the Lord can heal.' I am that poor soul. I never saw baptism in the same light before. I thought it all right for those who had such clear deliverances; but I had never felt it applied to myself like this before." She then goes on describing the sermon, and its sweetness: "I never had a sweeter time under the ministry; but how soon it was gone! How oft an absent God I mourn! But, everlasting thanks, glory, and honour crown my precious Jesus for a drop now and then by the way to one not deserving of anything but damnation!

'O could I know and love him more.'

"Hail, blessed time, when I shall see him face to face without a veil between! when I shall be rid of this wicked heart, these dreadful doubts and fears, and be for ever rid of a tempting

devil. O, if he would but give me another taste of his love, brighten my evidences, and give me strength; for I have not a grain of strength, but what he gives me. I feel I would rather give worlds than deceive one of God's people. *What an awful thing to be a deceiver and a deceived one.* Lord, do keep me from deception. Rather would I go through seas of trouble and be right at last than die and find myself deceived. Every line of hymn 427 used to be so precious to my soul. I used to think that if I were called to it I could willingly lay down my life for Christ."

Like all God's people, she was subject to many changes. Many blessed times she has had in hearing the Lord's sent servants; many sweet times in hearing that dear man of God, Mr. Clough, as well as Forster, Simkinson, Vaughan, Smith, Standeven, Oldfield, and many others. The last named she heard well from these words: "My sheep hear my voice," &c. (Jno. x. 28, 29); also Ps. lxxxix. 15, 16, and Mal. iii. 16, 17.) This was about three years ago.

But I must come to her few remaining days on earth. Her health began to decline some twelve months ago; and not being able to meet with God's people as she had been wont to do (though she longed for it), she grew cold in the things of God; but the dear Lord forsook not the work of his own hands, and led her to his feet with weeping and with supplication. She was at this time expecting her confinement; and feeling her great bodily weakness, she was made to cry and sigh unto God. He was pleased to deliver her safely of a son, and it was thought she was again to be raised up; but her time was come, and she saw and felt the solemnity of it. As great darkness again prevailed, she wanted a continual prayer to be sent up to the Lord for him to appear, to show her another token for good, and said she could not die without another evidence. I tried to pray with her and comfort her, telling her that if Jesus had once upon her shone, then he was for ever hers; for

"Whom once he loves he never leaves."

But she wanted to be told by God's own mouth that Jesus died for her; and she said, "If God would give me one more manifestation, I would sing or praise him a million years for it," (though she knew his favours were free and sovereign.) "Do come, Lord, do come; I cannot take a denial. 'Will he not be favourable any more?' Do come, and let me have a view of thy lovely face once more,—do not disappoint me at last,—give me patience,—and, if I get there,

"'Loudest of the crowd I'll sing.'"

About three weeks before her death, Mr. Oldfield came to see her, and she appeared a little better in body, but very dark in mind and dead in feeling, and exceedingly anxious for the comfortable enjoyment of the light of life. He tried to comfort her, telling her it was divine light in her soul manifesting her darkness, and causing her soul to seek the light of God's countenance;

and it was life in her heart which was mourning over death, and seeking for life more abundantly to triumph over death, and it would do so before she departed, for,

“At evening time it shall be light.”

Before leaving her, he read and prayed with her, still hoping he might see her again, but was not permitted to do so. I tried to pray and read for her; but O, power was wanted, and the Lord's manifested presence; which, in due time, came and enabled her to view death, and speak of it, and meet it in a quiet, calm, and solemn manner, which is the triumph of faith. Mr. Standeven read and prayed with her, and she was helped and comforted very much. The few remaining days she continued much in prayer; her last day, more especially, was a day of prayer: “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,”

“‘Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face,’” &c.

O what vehement desires, longings, and thirstings that he would appear! The enemy tried her very much, as his time was short. She said to me, “What do you think about that,—the devil says I shall be tired of singing in heaven?” As the darkness of the night came on, she said, “There will be no night there.” A few hours before her departure, I asked her if she had a good hope, and with emphasis she said, “Yes;” which not a little gladdened my heart. After two hours' sleep she awoke again, and with a sweet, composed, and smiling countenance, waving her handkerchief, she bid adieu to me and to all earthly things.

Though I mourn her loss, having lived happily with her, yet I do not sorrow as those without hope, feeling fully persuaded her happy spirit has taken its flight to view him whom her soul loved, to

“Join with the hosts of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise;”

and to cast her crown at the feet of Jesus. May all the honour be ascribed to him who hath done such great things for us, whereof, I trust, we are glad; and O, may we, through grace, be ready for the summons, whenever it shall come, and be able to say, “Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” WM. LOWE.

WILLIAM WHITING.—On Aug. 14th, 1881, aged 70, William Whiting, of Islip, Oxon; for nearly 40 years a deacon of the church meeting for worship (until the opening of the new chapel in June last) at Mr. Higgons's room, Jericho, Oxford.

He lost his life under the following painful circumstances. He was a stonemason by trade, and was engaged in doing some repairs at a farmhouse in the village. Some worked stones were required to be brought from Oxford, a distance by road of about seven miles; and he decided upon fetching them himself on the Saturday afternoon, to be ready for the work on the Monday morning; the farmer lending him a horse and cart for the pur-

pose. He apprised his wife of his intention on the Thursday, and she, fearing something would happen to him, endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. He, however, could see no danger, and still persisted on going. It was then arranged that a niece, a little girl about 11 years old, should accompany him (he being very deaf) to apprise him when vehicles were passing from behind. After dinner on Saturday he left home, in good health and spirits, to fetch the horse and cart, leading the horse through the village to the place where he had appointed his niece to meet him. After assisting her into the cart, he proceeded to get up in front, when the horse suddenly turned round and started back through the village. He held on to the harness until quite exhausted, and then fell. The wheel passed over his hip, and splintered the bone; and his rule, which he carried in his pocket in the usual way, penetrated his body to the extent of two or three inches. Meanwhile the horse dashed on through the village, the little girl remaining in the cart, which was once or twice nearly overturned; but on reaching the place it had been accustomed to go to, it stopped. The child then got out unhurt, and ran back to the place where her uncle fell. He was taken up in a fainting state; and, after taking a little brandy, he was conveyed to his home, about 500 yards from the spot, and placed in bed. After his wounds had been dressed, he was able to tell the doctor how the accident had occurred. He continued in great pain until about five o'clock the next morning, when death put an end to his sufferings, and his spirit took its flight, to be with him whose blood and righteousness had for many years been "all his salvation, and all his desire." He had been an untiring friend to the late Jane Walker, of Islip (whose Memoir was published in 1871), doing all in his power to alleviate her sufferings; and at last died in the same room and on the same spot where she had been confined to her bed 36 years.

Truly we may say, with Paul, "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

Some account of his call by grace may possibly be inserted at some future time.

4, Seckford Road, Oxford.

T. N.

WHOSOEVER WILL.—It may be here said, "Who is it that would not be saved? Men indeed love to walk in wicked ways, but they love not damnation; willingly would they be saved. How then is it said here, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely?'" Surely here is no more than that he saith before, "I will give to him that is athirst of the water of life freely." For he that thirsteth hath a will, and he that thirsteth not hath not a will. For this ye must know, that the will is not here put for every light desire, or for every wish that a man doth wish in his heart, when he walketh in the way of destruction and committeth the things that deserve damnation, and yet would be saved. He that "willeth," then, even he that "is athirst for the water of life," let him give all the praise to God, who hath endued him with that grace; and let him know that if it were not for the grace of God, he would never have had any will to come to those waters.—*Gifford*!


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