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THE  
**GOSPEL STANDARD.**

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THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JANUARY, 1903.

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

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AN ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

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THE time has arrived, when our readers will expect to receive a few friendly words of greeting from us; which has been the custom of each of the editors ever since the "Gospel Standard" had a being, and was sent as a messenger of peace and good-will amongst the churches of truth, by the late Messrs. Gadsby and McKenzie. And we should be sorry to discontinue addressing our friends in a few homely words of encouragement at the commencement of the year, if so be that it is their wish that we should do so. But, there have been so many truly excellent addresses sent forth in our monthly Magazine by our late godly editors, whom we highly esteem in the Lord for their works' sake, that some of our friends may conclude that all the valuable matter for building up an Address suitable for our pages is now exhausted; seeing that sixty-seven of them have already appeared. We share in this opinion, and feel that our present position in this respect can hardly be described as an enviable one! But looking up to the Lord for his divine help and blessing, as we have many times done before, we humbly hope that he will be merciful and gracious to us, in bestowing upon us all that grace, wisdom, and understanding we so much need for the important work in which we are now engaged; so that the labour of our hands may be to the honour and glory of his holy name, and for the spiritual welfare, and the encouragement of his Church and people who are travelling home to God.

In writing then, an Address, suitable for the opening of this another year, we desire to keep in mind that it should not be an attempt at sermonizing, nor an essay written upon any given subject, neither should it take the form of a letter. In our humble opinion, we consider that our time might be not unwisely spent if we were briefly to notice a

few of the important events that took place during the year that is past.

It doubtless will be fresh in the minds of our readers, that when we last greeted them in this friendly manner this country and our colonies were engaged in war in South Africa; and the two contending forces were endeavouring to destroy each other in a most solemn manner, to the great grief of all sober-thinking, and right-minded people; a people who think more seriously of the eternal destiny of those who fall on the field of battle than they do of gaining victory and annexing states. It was one of the most distressing wars in the history of mankind, and the enormous cost in lives and money is truly appalling! Well, may we long for the time when war with its ever-attendant destruction may cease, so as never again to be resorted to by man, and the banner of peace be unfurled in all lands! This, we are sure, would rejoice the hearts of thousands of the Lord's chosen people who detest war and bloodshed! But we are heartily thankful to the Lord that the war is over thus far, and sincerely hope that no such disastrous calamity will ever take place again between professing Christian nations. But, "the hearts of all men being deceitful, and desperately wicked"; according to scriptural testimony (and which we can clearly prove from own individual experience), we are not so sure that the like solemn devastations may not occur again; if a convenient opportunity were to be given, and the means were to be forthcoming. Human life, and money count but little with those who are filled with pride, and who seek honour one of another. We overheard some declare when the war was ended, that "it was a glorious victory"! but we failed to see it in that light, as there cannot be anything glorious in what arises from sin, and is the fruit of a carnal, and a depraved mind! We can rejoice in the Lord that the war is over, but we cannot rejoice with the world that so many of our fellow creatures are fallen, and that money and property has been so ruthlessly spent and destroyed. But we deeply sympathise with all who are bereaved, who have lost husbands, sons, and brothers, in the course of this lamentable war. Let us then, who are so minded, betake ourselves unto the throne of Grace, to seek for mercy and forgiveness at the Lord's hands for the national and individual sins we have committed; for alas! they are many.

But another solemn event which took up our attention in the year that is past, was the very serious illness of our King. Perhaps in all the annals of history that remark-

able case stands without a parallel; and we greatly question whether the most godly, and spiritually-minded person now living, ever saw the hand of an over-ruling Providence more conspicuously lifted up, for the purpose of disappointing, not only the Heads of Nations, but to frustrate the carnal designs of the masses of people in our own country, and in other lands; and to show the creatures of his hand, that, "the Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth"; and that by him ALONE kings reign, and princes decree justice; and also that nothing can take place without his divine permission. When we saw the gorgeous display being made in many places in honour of the King's Coronation, the words of Jeremiah came forcibly to our mind: "Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?" (Lam. iii. 37). But when we heard that the Coronation was postponed, through the serious illness of the King, the words appeared to rest upon us with a bouble weight; and led us seriously to meditate upon the wonderful display of God's power, and might, so singularly put forth to teach us all, that when he commands he is to be obeyed! and we look upon the solemn event as a gentle reproof from the Lord; to our reigning Monarch, and to all his subjects; which in substance said, "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling" (Psalm ii. 10, 11). And how good it would be, if from the king downwards, we could all of us treasure up those words in our hearts, for our future meditation, and spiritual instruction.

Many times since, have we hoped that our King has greatly profited by that afflictive dispensation which was brought upon him during the spring of last year, as doubtless it showed him how very near he was to the gates of death. But oh, the rich mercy of God in preserving him so signally in such a time of need! Let us hope that he will be wise in the future, and always remember that it is by God's sovereign will and pleasure that he reigns over such a vast empire. And although God gives to kings dignity, and to judges wisdom, and to artizans skill; yet we read "that whom he will he sets up, and whom he will he puts down," thus we ought ever "to stand in awe of him," to learn his ways, and as far as we are able to do his will. It would be a great blessing to our King and to his humble subjects if the Holy Spirit would be graciously pleased to lay in his heart the foundation of real religion, which is that chief corner-stone, Christ Jesus the Lord; and thus

begin to build a good work of grace thereon, which good work, we are assured, shall be completed; and the head stone put on, with "shoutings of grace, grace unto it."

Were this rich favour bestowed upon our King, we believe the good old Protestant religion would soon revive, and come more to the front, and be strengthened, as it was in Edward the VIth's days, and in Cromwell's time, and in the days of the Puritans, when men's hearts were turned to the Lord, and a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit fell upon them. Such reviving times are now greatly needed, both in our own land, and in other countries; and we feel sure, that, we, who profess to fear and love God, would be quite in harmony with the Word of God, if we were (when drawn by the Lord's Spirit and grace) to seek unto God for these great blessings; for which the Lord says, "that he will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do them for them." And surely, it would be a blessing indeed if the God and Father of all our mercies would give us a Pentecostal day in our hearts, and amongst our fellow creatures, around us, that our chapels might be filled with people of a godly sort, and that our churches might receive a goodly increase. But alas! we have to complain of our coldness, and barrenness, in the things of God, both individually, and collectively; and we grieve to see the increasing carelessness, and indifference so clearly manifested by our fellow creatures on all hands, respecting their souls' future state. It seems more clear to our mind than ever that some men are only living for time, with but little or no regard to eternity; and as though the value of their souls was but of little moment. And, even, many of those who profess to be religious, we regret to say that the religion they have imbibed is only a natural religion; which lacks the living substance (which is Christ) and therefore is entirely without power, and savour, and the divine unction! Such a religion may appear to be all right in the eyes of an empty professor, or a pious Pharisee, but all such religion, at the grand day of assize, will vanish away like the early dew, before the rays of the sun on a summer's morn.

It seems then most needful that we who profess godliness, should take the timely hint given us by the Apostle Peter, who says to all godly people, "Wherefore that rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall" (2 Peter i. 10). But this we can only do aright, as the Holy Spirit is pleased to help us; for without him we can do nothing.

Another important event which has somewhat taken up our attention of late, is the cruel treatment that has been shown to Mr. Kensit and his son, for their bold assertions of Protestant principles, and for making an attempt to put down ritualistic practices in the Church of England. Many Protestants, we have no doubt, would say that it was a great and a noble work for those two Protestants to take in hand; and perhaps there are but few to be found who would deem it prudent to commence such an undertaking. We believe that none are sounder, and firmer Protestants than are the godly people, who are called Strict Baptists; and whilst we must admit that it is just and right to do all we can to put down those abuses complained of, yet in some instances in attempting to do the right thing most miserable failures are met with, simply because we failed to do the work at the right time; or we might be doing it in the wrong way.

It is but little that can be done now in matters of religion by main force, seeing we have not a Protestant Cromwell on our side, to lead us on, as our commander-in-chief, in this great battle that is still going on between Protestantism, and Roman Catholicism. Men of grace, and those who have spiritual wisdom, know quite well, that the best way to put down error, is by setting up truth; for who can stand against truth? Thus, however much we may approve of the work in which Mr. Kensit and his son have been engaged, we are afraid they did not choose the right time, or did not discover the right way to do that work.

We could have wished those two good Protestants had been successful in their noble undertaking; and that good results might have followed. But in their bold endeavours to cleanse the religious system of the Church of England from certain innovations in practice and doctrine, the one was cast into prison, and the other has lost his life, which cruel treatment we can but deplore. We could have wished they had been guided aright by the principles of grace, and had listened to what God says in his word—"Tis not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit saith the Lord." Hence we clearly see, that to be successful in any good cause that will bring glory to God, we must have his Spirit to work in us, both to will, and to do all his good pleasure, and lacking the Spirit of God to influence us aright, we must expect failures.

Now, these practices and doctrines in the Church of England complained of, appear to be deeply rooted in the hearts of many of the clergy, and numbers of their hearers are well satisfied that it should be so; then we ask how can they

be cleansed away? The answer is, only as the Lord is pleased by his Spirit to undertake the work; and if he uses human means, it invariably comes to pass that the work is done by that still small voice which he speaks into the hearts of those he employs; as we read, "And thou shalt hear a word behind thee; saying this is the way; walk ye in it." Much then, is done by prayer and supplication; and nothing is lost by waiting upon the Lord, and watching his gracious hand; for he will surely bring that to pass and complete it, which he commands his dear servants to undertake. We, therefore, must leave the godly people in the Church of England to do their own business in their own business way, and we wish them God-speed in all those undertakings where truth is maintained, his dear people spiritually considered, and the Lord's name is glorified.

Another important matter during the past year, which has taken up our attention, is the demand for old numbers of the "Gospel Standard" to be sent to our British Colonies, to be distributed among the poor, and needy, and the aged, and afflicted of the Lord's people there; and the earnest and grateful manner in which those old copies have been received by those people.

We have a humble hope that this large consignment of several tons in weight of old copies of the "G.S." may be accompanied with the Lord's blessing, and prove to be the means in his hands of our receiving from those Colonies much larger orders, than we have done, for new copies, so that, like some of our merchants, we may have the privilege of saying "that we are doing a very good foreign trade"! And so it may prove to be, if those friends to whom they were sent are led by the Spirit to sow them beside all waters. But, we are asking, and we hope to continue to ask the Lord to grant us this great blessing, so that we may not only feel truly grateful for present favours from our friends abroad, but that we may be extra grateful for their increasing orders of current numbers of the "G.S.," the profits of which will at once go to aid the Lord's poor, who are helped from our two excellent Societies.

But while we were led to rejoice at the foreign encouragement we had lately received, we did not know what to say about our friends at home; for they seemed to be as anxious to get rid of their "Gospel Standards" as our foreign friends were to receive them! This set us thinking for a time; and as we kept hearing of the large consignments our esteemed friend Mr. Shillingford was constantly receiving from different parts of the country, we were almost ready



to conclude that our "G.S." was no longer required by our friends in the home country, but the Lord was opening up a larger field of usefulness for it in other lands. But as we ever wish to put the best construction we can upon things that exercise our mind; we then concluded that our friends at home meant well towards us, and our monthly Magazine; and that they were only clearing their drawers, and bookshelves, and other places, for the purpose of making room for more; and were now going to commence with a greater earnestness, and a deeper interest to take the "G.S." for themselves, and for some of their friends whose means were so small that they could not afford to purchase it! We heartily hope that the future may prove us to be right in our conclusions. But, the while many of our friends at home have been looking for an outlet whereby they could dispose to spiritual advantage their old magazines, we have of late years been most anxious to obtain all the back numbers, at any reasonable cost, so as to make our volumes complete; and we are pleased to say that we now possess them all from the commencement; and we are not a little delighted with such a treasure; as we fully believe that in them we possess a library of sound Gospel truth, the reading of which not only interests us, but spiritually encourages us, as we have the opportunity to turn unto them. Most of the former editors we knew, and highly esteem them in the Lord, for their works' sake, and other godly ministers and friends, who contributed to the pages of the "G.S.," we were personally acquainted with, knew well their manner of life, and their mode of preaching the Gospel, so that when we come upon any of their published discourses, or their letters, or writings, they have a peculiar charm for us, and there is such a freshness, savour, and a divine unction resting upon them, that at times it is as though we were living our former life over again, and we ask this question, "how can we be expected to part with these spiritual gems, the value of which to our soul cannot be told?" None but the Lord, and our own heart, know the amount of spiritual good the "Gospel Standard" has been made to us for many years past. We have been most sharply reprov'd by it, again and again; and over and over have we been condemn'd by it, and cut up root and branch, times without number; but nothing daunted, we have kept to it; and it has kept wonderfully close to us, (as we once thought) to lash our conscience, and to condemn us for our misdeeds.

Yes, the Holy Spirit used our monthly organ, to lead us

into the mysteries of iniquity, and to show us what a great sinner we were in the sight of a heart-searching God!

The writings of the late Mr. John Kay, of Abingdon, and the preaching of Mr. Tiptaft in the hands of the Spirit, used to distress us much, and cause us to tremble before a Holy God, and the intensity of our feelings at such times cannot be described. But while we are led to make these remarks on the one side, to do justice to the Magazine, and to ourself, we ought to say that it has been meat and drink to our soul many times over, and has encouraged us in the darkest paths, under the heaviest trials, and it has been such a heavenly cordial to our feelings when our mind has sorrow, that apart from the Holy Scriptures we know of no sorrow, that apart from the Holy Scriptures we know of no publication that has been of such spiritual value to us as the "Gospel Standard"! And this is a testimony that has been made by numbers of the Lord's tried children ever since it became known to the churches of truth. Most assuredly then, many living souls have been greatly helped by it in their chequered pathway through life; and God's holy name has been honoured and glorified by such gracious people; and this has been agreeable to his blessed word; for we read that those he brings under his forming hand, "shall show forth his praise." But though the Lord has been pleased to bear testimony to his own truth as set forth in the pages of the "G.S.," in the hearts of his tried people, it has met with opposition here and there; but it has maintained its steady course amongst its friends and admirers, and those who have had the conducting of it in their term of office have received from its opposers their full share of adverse criticism—to use no stronger expression! But it has been remarkable to notice how the God of all grace has been pleased to hold it up, and to bear it onwards with its gracious messages of peace and good-will to men. The conductors of it too have, we notice, been wonderfully supported in their term of office, and have been enabled through grace to treat their opposers with that silent contempt they deserved.

This course was marvellously carried out by that choice man of God, the late Mr. Philpot. We have often wondered why such a faithful man of God should have met with so much opposition, and been surrounded with so many enemies, but we suppose it was because the law of his God was in his heart, and by his grace he was made faithful in all his house; and was a faithful minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But it is such persons that the arch-

enemy is sure to attack in some way or another; and although he cannot destroy them, yet he will, sometimes by human means, fan the coals of envy to such an extent that their life is a burden; and they fear that they shall one day fall by the hand of Saul.

But such persons as Mr. Philpot are the men who can bear testimony to the truth of the dear Redeemer's solemn words: "In the world ye shall have tribulation"; but "in me ye shall have peace!" And it is a rich blessing that "there remaineth therefore a rest (and peace) to the people of God"; where they shall dwell eternally secure in the bosom of everlasting love. It is the recollection of this "rest for the people of God" that stimulates our feelings from time to time, and cheers us onward, and homeward, and which helps us to be "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Were it not for these gracious helps being given us by the Holy Spirit in our every-day toils, and exercises of mind, we cannot tell to where we might fall in the hour of temptation, and when harassed by sin, Satan, and unbelief. But God, who has ever been pleased to "give power to the faint, and renewed strength to them that have no might," upholds his chosen people now, and lends them an unseen hand, to direct them in the way that they should go. Thus, as they journey on in the paths of life, those, who through grace are wise in heart, and through the teachings of the Holy Spirit are made wise unto salvation, keep a steady look out to the hand of God in the various displays of his kind providences to the children of men. And how clearly do such persons perceive that he is just in all his ways, and faithful to his word, and to all his promises! Were it not so, the whole economy of grace, and his marvellous providences, would all be in confusion. But the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is a God of order, and commands everything to take place which he hath eternally decreed by the word of his power, and all events come to pass just as he hath ordained they shall do; and all is wisely hidden from the children of men until time reveals them. And they that are led to observe these wonderful displays of Divine providence are said "to understand the goodness of the Lord."

The year then, that has now closed upon us has been an eventful year in various ways. Many that began with the year, apparently in good health, have passed away after sickness of a more or less protracted nature. Others have been removed from our midst by very short warnings of

their approaching end. And alas! how very many have come to an untimely end without any warning whatever! These things have come under our notice, and they have at times filled our mind with solemn thoughts respecting our standing before God; and we have had an anxious enquiry raised up in our heart in reference to our eternal state, and we fully know that when death performs its office it will be with our soul, eternal glory, or endless despair. Thus it is at these times we are in earnest respecting the blessed safety and security of our soul; and are led to entreat the Lord by prayer and supplication; and, with the Psalmist, we say: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24). Oh, the intensity of the desire of our heart to be right before God, and right for the kingdom of his glory! Sometimes these feelings have come upon us with a crushing weight, and our mind has been filled with very solemn forebodings; giving us ample cause to doubt the genuineness of our religion, and prompting us to search after marks and evidences of divine teaching in our heart. For, the word says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And we greatly fear that there are many great professors, who do not have these fears, and these heart-searchings, but who conclude, from the nature of their religion, and the length of their profession, that they are right for the kingdom of heaven. But where there are no doubts and fears to distract the mind, there cannot be said to be any changes; and it is solemnly declared that "Those that have no changes fear not God." And those that have experienced the sweets of a heaven-born religion, would not be destitute of the fear of the Lord upon any consideration, knowing as they do, that those that fear the Lord, the Lord has said "shall be his in that day when he maketh up his jewels," and they shall dwell with him for ever in glory.

But not only has the past year produced before our eyes some most solemn events, which have befallen many of our fellow-creatures, and laid them low in the dust; so that, all we can say of them is, they are gone from our midst, and never to return; but we hope the voice of the Lord in these visitations has been heard, and especially so in the court of conscience by many of his chosen family who are travelling Zionwards; and we trust the voice hath said to us: "Prepare to meet thy God O Israel," or, "Set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live." But to some it may

have been as a word behind them, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." But, in whatever way the Lord has spoken to us during the past year, we have not been spoken to in vain, if his voice has made us watchful, and prayerful; and drawn us nearer to him in our daily transactions of life, and sobered us in our ways, made our conscience more tender, our minds more spiritual, our hearts more honest and upright, and our souls more sensitive and grateful to God for the very many spiritual blessings and providential favours he bestows upon us continually. For, while on the one hand there may be much cause for complaint arising from the treatment man receives from his fellow-man—for man by nature is at enmity with God, and all his works and ways are evil, and opposed to God, so that it is in vain to expect much from the creature that is worth having, unless the Lord the Spirit works in him both to will and to do of his own good pleasure—yet all our blessings come from God; as saith the beautiful Doxology,—“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” etc. And truly the blessings of the Lord to us, the creatures of his hand, during the past year, have neither been few, nor small; and when we contrast them, (if such a thing could be done) with out ingratitude to God, and our perverse wills, and ways so often manifested before him; we are quite sure that his mercies, his long-sufferings, and his great goodness call aloud for our deepest gratitude, and our highest praise! Oh! ye children of God, ye followers of the lowly Child Jesus; look back if you can upon the year now closed, and observe carefully the good hand of your covenant-keeping God, in spreading at the proper seasons the whole earth with the bounties of his good providence, making as we clearly see, most ample provision, both for man and beast. And notice too the Lord's faithfulness to his ancient promise, and how again he hath remembered his covenant to Abraham, and to Isaac, and which he confirmed unto Jacob for a law and for a testimony throughout all generations. Thus, not only did he say to the ancient patriarch “that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee”; but he also assured his people that he would never destroy the earth again, so long as the sun and the moon endured.

But let us call to mind another heart-cheering promise, even that wherein the Lord assured his covenanted people that their bread should be given them, and their water should be sure. And this promise was to be fulfilled by the seasons of the year revolving in the strictest order. Hence, God said, that “summer and winter, and seed-time and-

harvest, and day and night shall not cease," that is to say, as long as the earth remains. And how faithful God has been to his oath and promise during the year now past, and what a plentiful harvest the God and Father of all our mercies has given unto the creatures of his hand; so that the husbandman can say, "Our barns are filled with plenty, and our presses burst out with new wine"! Yet as we passed through the seasons of the year as they came upon us, there were many complaints to be heard. Many persons spoke unadvisedly against the weather the Lord was pleased to send us, as though they were the only people to be first considered! Others murmured sadly against the continuous rains we had, and which were greatly needed in many parts of the United Kingdom; and had we not received them it is not for us to say what failures, and sad disasters in the crops might have taken place! We attribute, with the Lord's blessing, the increase of crops to those refreshing rains a kind Providence has sent us; thus "he watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works" (Psalm civ. 13). Well may we say with the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches" (Psalm civ. 24).

Another serious matter has attracted our attention during the past year, which we cannot pass over without commenting a little upon it. It is a matter principally in connection with the young, and rising generation of this our beloved country. We cannot help saying that we deplore that leading feature which is so very prominent in our young people growing up around us. And whilst we fully admit that there are many honourable exceptions to the rule, yet to speak generally the youth of England is bent upon pleasure! From January to December their cry is "pleasure." Pleasure has intoxicated them to a great extent. It has filled them with pride, and ambition, it has impoverished them in their circumstances, lowered them in the social scale, and in many instances it has had a pernicious influence upon them so that they have resorted to unlawful practices to feed their pride, and to satisfy that craving appetite for pleasure. It is no uncommon thing to see train-loads of these youths going many miles to indulge in their sports and pastimes, spending their money, idling away precious time, and running deeper and deeper into sin. We ask ourself this question—If this appalling current of wide-spread pleasure is to go on without any check from some friendly source, what good will these youths be

in after days to carry on the various concerns of the nation? Being so much better educated now from the public purse, than the young were years ago, who were taught this principle, (whatever else they were taught) that they would have to work for their living. That important lesson was instilled into their minds very early in life; and what was commanded them to do, they had to do it. But it is not so now, and in many instances the young have thrown off all restraint; treat their parents very unbecomingly, and being filled with conceit, and ambition, they flatter themselves that knowledge dwells with them; whereas they know nothing as yet as they ought to know! We may ask what is the cause of all this change? Perhaps it is difficult to get at the proper source! But may we not say, that to a great extent, parents have given way too much to their children, and not maintained that parental authority over them which was their just right? And when that power and influence is given up, it is not so easy to reclaim it. Thus we see that the children rule the parents, so that they obtain their own way, which is the way to ruin, and ultimately if no higher power arrest them they will bring misery and disgrace upon themselves and all who are connected with them. But some may say that it is already so. We admit it, but it may wax worse and worse. Indeed, it seems clear to our mind that sin is now spreading more widely on all sides; and little or no efforts are put forth to stem its torrent, either by the powers that be, or by the various religious bodies.

But, what has natural religion done towards staying the onward current of sin, and rescuing poor sinners from the pit of despair? Little or nothing! It may have alarmed the natural conscience now and again, and it may have had a natural tendency in keeping moral people still moral, but it takes a higher power than natural religion to dethrone Satan in the heart of man, and to spoil his goods; and to place him in the paths of righteousness. But, do we not see how rapidly this natural religion is now spreading on all hands! and O what carnal things are made use of to help it onwards. Thus, under a garb of religion, man is bent upon pleasure, so that religion now, which is so highly esteemed among men consists of worldly excitement, which is as far from being that "pure religion" which cometh from heaven that the Apostle James speaks of, as the regions of despair are from the courts of endless glory.

But standing as we now do upon the threshold of another year, and looking back into the past, carefully noting the

heavy death roll, the distress, the lamentations and woe, the poverty, and the vast destruction of property which has been caused by the horrors of war in South Africa; it is enough to fill our hearts with sorrow, and sadness; then carefully taking a view of the present state of our own country, where we see every known crime, and wickedness is being committed by sinful men with avidity, as though they cannot be satisfied, and sad to tell, the rising generation are following in the wake with an apparent determination to be quite equal to if not to surpass their predecessors in sin, and profanity. For, alas! we cannot help deploring how shamefully the Lord's day is being profaned by thousands of the human race, who make no pretensions to religion; and are as ignorant of God, as though there were no God in existence. These things, as we look upon them with dismay, we fear point to a gloomy future; especially so for those who desire to love and fear God, and to walk in his ways with a honest, and upright heart. Then again, we have been much surprised at our legislators in Parliament assembled, by the way they have been endeavouring to pass the new Education Bill now before the House of Commons. The controversies to which it has given rise, both inside and outside the House, have been numerous, and much angry feeling has been provoked in various quarters respecting the kind of religious teaching that is to be taught the rising generation in the schools, and which hereafter is to become established by law.

It is not to be wondered at that each section of religion that is engaged in framing this Bill would strongly advocate its own religion to be the one to be taught to the young; but it is utterly impossible for such a thing to take place; hence it will follow that whatever the religious teaching may be that is selected and becomes law, all parties that are opposed to it will cordially dislike being compelled to support a system which in their heart they utterly condemn. Thus it is clear that this religious part of the Bill is chiefly the bone of contention that is agitating the minds of the people. Now if we were to be asked what religious doctrines we would prefer being taught the children in the schools, we would say Bible doctrines, as they are the only doctrines of a religious kind that are worth knowing; and if the Holy Spirit be pleased to apply them to the heart they will teach the receivers of them that, "they must be born again, or they will never enter the kingdom of heaven; and further, they will show them that "Except they repent, they shall all likewise perish"! But these



wholesome Bible doctrines are not likely to be chosen for such a purpose by our legislators, as they are so diametrically opposed to the natural mind of men, and are quite at variance with all the flesh-pleasing religion of the day, so that we fear when the Bill is finished, and its religious teaching is embodied, and becomes law, we shall be sorely dismayed to see in it what we cannot approve of, or feel at all willing to support. And in all probability it may, in some places, prove, that, the religious teaching will, either directly or indirectly, contain the very essence of Popery (for Popery is seen under various religious garbs) and will have a tendency to suppress our religious liberties, and permit tyranny and oppression to lift up its gigantic head in this our beloved England—and all under the pretence of teaching our rising youth religion. Whereas we are fully aware that none can teach spiritual religion but God the Holy Ghost, and that religion which man teacheth, apart from the Spirit of God, is untrue.

Now, these things, to us, have a gloomy aspect, and we are exercised in our mind as to what the future may be. And when we remember that God has always, in the interest of his church and people, set the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity, we fear that this day of adversity may come; if it is not already within our midst! Then, may we not ask ourselves, are we sufficiently wakeful, and watchful, to the encroachments of those who would, if they could, bring us down again into captivity, slavery, and bondage? Oh! for that friendly voice from the Lord to arouse those of us who are slumbering and sleeping on the lap of ease, and bid us arise from this deadness, slothfulness, carelessness, indifference, and inactivity in the means of grace; and may divine life, and spiritual strength be given us to arise like the wise virgins at the midnight cry, and trim our lamps, and in the name of the Lord of hosts, "go out to meet the Bridegroom." For, it is clear from what we have said that the enemies to God, to his truth, to his ways, and to his people, are very active, and under the influence of the Great Adversary we notice they have commenced, and are doing all they possibly can to alarm, and disturb the Church of Christ in its journeyings through the wilderness to the heavenly Canaan above. With what zeal are they trying to set up a false religion, and a false Christ, not so much for the Lord's people to embrace, and to bow down to, but according to what is now trying to be done, for the young to be captured by; and to receive; so that, at a future time (not far ahead) wicked men, with their wicked ways,

may deceive many. And is it not grievous to notice in SOME INSTANCES, how we, as a Strict Baptist people, are allowing carnal things, and worldly customs to be introduced into the services of God's house; imperceptibly it may be to some, but little by little we notice the fashions of the empty professors are creeping in upon us, to the admiration of the young and inexperienced of the people; but alas! to the great grief and sorrow of those who are grounded in the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; and who have borne the heat and burden of the day.

We would say to all truth-loving people, even to those who fear and love God, arise, and take your places in the front ranks in the courts of the Lord's house, and with sword in hand, and in the name of the mighty God of Jacob, be determined, come what will in the future to uphold the doctrines of Grace, the Articles of Faith, and the rules of Church Government as they have been handed down to us from our forefathers; and be very careful of the pulpit, lest that should go wrong. Advocate, and contend for that Gospel which is preached with power, and in the Holy Ghost, for that is the only Gospel the Lord will bear testimony unto in the hearts of his chosen people. We are with Christian esteem, in hope of eternal life.

THE EDITOR.

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“WHAT FAITH BELIEVES, GOOD HOPE EXPECTS.”

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My very dear beloved Friends,—Time flies on rapidly, and by the time this reaches you the present year will have nearly reached its final close; never more to return. I have just been thinking the time will soon come when of us it will be said as with the past year, gone! gone!! gone!!! and that for ever; and in this ever certain approaching time my mind seems more and more desirous of having an increased experience of that persuasion Paul the Apostle had when he “reckoned that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us”; and also to be “more conformed to the image of him” of whom it is said “who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down on the right hand of the Majesty on High.”

You see it was something yet to be obtained; and herein hope stands sometimes with her head erect amid the storm. And the Apostle Paul asks, “What a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? but if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.” So that a good hope anticipateth something yet

to come. As we read "What faith believes good hope expects"; etc. And this faith was Paul's persuasion upon which he was enabled to reckon and compare the present, or rather declare that there is no comparison in the present with the future. And "so if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Seeing the sadness of our state and standing has been fully opened to us we have nothing to hope for in this life, but bonds, afflictions, losses, crosses, sufferings, and death; and all as a good and well devised school lesson to teach us experimentally to know, however determined we may be to the reverse, that "here we have no continuing city; but we seek one to come." And beloved friends, is it not a continual changing, and not an abiding city we have to inherit in this life?

I am thinking you are just parting with Mr. and Mrs. ——. I hope you have indeed had mutually a time of refreshing together from the presence of the Lord. I desire this on your behalf exceedingly; and feel I would be anything or nothing in your midst for this purpose.

I have had some singular feelings about Tenterden since I left you, but which I must not now name, as they will be revealed at the right time, if that time comes. My perplexity still increases as to how to employ if spared my Sabbaths next year, but I will not burden you with this. I hope you are all well, and I wish for you a happy new year, although you know I am not much for compliments; or rather have none. We have been very busy indeed, which I hope I feel grateful for; although I found the pulpit an awkward place after a week's thorough confusion in business matters; but I hope I was helped through with a little acceptance. And now I hope to reach Cambridge on Saturday, for the Sabbath, and Monday evening. On Tuesday evening I go to Witney in Oxfordshire; on Wednesday evening I go to Wallingford; and then return home; and the rest you will perhaps see before me.

I should be thankful if a few leisure moments were afforded you, if you would employ them in telling me how you all are, and how the alterations of the Chapel are likely to be received, and carried out. I beg this of you because I feel a spiritual love towards you, and if my pocket was as full of gold as my heart is full of love to you Homewood would have been a standing witness of the fact, that where the treasure is there unerring truth says the heart will be also; and the next thing will be (1 Thess. ii. 8 to 17). But time, distance, and expense hindered. . . . And now I seem almost ashamed to send this letter now I have written it, but pardon the liberty I am taking; you know my ignorance. Pray that I may be taught better. Give my love to poor Jonathan and all enquiring friends, and with love to yourselves, while I remain yours affectionately in hope of eternal life.

To the Misses Johnson.

JOHN VINDEN.

"IT SHALL BE WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS."

My dear Brother,—I feared before I saw your letter you might not be able to get to Walsall, being so wet and the atmosphere so heavy. Well, it must be, for the Lord says it—Say ye to the righteous it shall be well—such are only so in Christ, of him (the Father) are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us righteousness, and one of the best evidences we have of being in Christ Jesus, is the Spirit groaning within us, even in a body of death, looking for rest beyond the grave, "now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God." I don't find any much concerned about spiritual life, but those that feel death, "If the spirit of Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness," because he testifies of Christ the righteousness and life, here is the saints' comfort, and he their comforter. They only find their righteousness as they find their Saviour, and have the sentence of death in themselves,—That they should not trust in themselves, but in God which raiseth the dead, "knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus, shall raise up us also by Jesus."

If the Lord has made Jesus our righteousness, he will never let us establish our own righteousness, nor find one of our own, as a great many do, and are satisfied with it, great gain, without godliness, (except in name only) a godly mind trembles at, and is terrified without real godliness, and a righteous man wants only to know "the Lord our righteousness," and to feel a good hope in him, yields comfort, and faith brings real gain; there is no contentment, but often much bitterness, griping doubt, distressing fears, and "if" more terrible than a peal of thunder,—what a mercy to be a poor trembling sinner, to have no might, to be faint, lame, halt, withered, a fool, fanatic, bigoted, narrow minded, dangerous, base and mad. Sometimes I can take the world's grin patiently, prize my lot, and praise that grace that's made me to differ, and feel ashamed that through sin I cannot love God and honour him as I would, blush at his feet, the ruin of my nature, and hope to be found with those who, when our life shall appear, will be like him (Jesus Christ), and not like we are now. But it is very different to this at times; how weary one feels to see others do so well and get on so much better than us raised to honour, and had in favour, with the great and wise; and see in many things ourself superior to them, almost ready to play the fool and run after them, only before we catch them we find ourselves arrested and taken into custody, and a night in prison often makes us think soberly. I must now leave this in writing, in which I have had interruptions. I hope, if the Lord will, soon to see you; may he grant you strong consolation by Jesus Christ, as the outward man decays the inner man be renewed day by day. We are through mercy a little better; our united love to each of you, and dear Brother Dennett, yours in love,

Walsall. November, 11th, 1863.

C. MOUNTFORT.

FURTHER INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE LATE  
MR. VINE, Minister of the Gospel. By Mr. Ashdown.

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There was a brief account of the peaceful and happy death of my late friend, William Vine, inserted in the "Gospel Standard" in January, 1897, page 50. He was the beloved Pastor over the Church at the Dicker, Sussex, for 25 years.

It has been the desire of his friends, with Mr. W. Botten, the present pastor of the Church, who walked in sweet fellowship with our dear departed friend for many years; also the deacons of the Church and myself, that a fuller account should appear in the "G.S." of his younger days, his call to the ministry, etc., that his trials and deliverances, with the prayers and labour of the Church, on his behalf, might be put together for the comfort and encouragement of those, his followers, left behind, and of the Churches of Christ, *if the Lord will*. In writing this, I shall much need the kind forbearance of all friends, while I gather from his own statements and others some facts of his spiritual travail and exercises whilst passing through the wilderness to that blessed rest prepared for him by his blessed Lord and Master and Forerunner, even Jesus our great High Priest, who is passed into the heavens. (Heb. vi. 20). William Vine peacefully passed away, Dec. 8th, 1896, aged 65 years. His mortal remains were interred on Dec. 14th, in the presence of many friends in the Dicker Chapel burying ground.

William Vine was born at Wilmington, Sussex, June 22nd, 1831. At times, when quite young, he had deep convictions for sin, and was led to cry for mercy; once, when he and his brother were playing together, being exasperated by his brother he called him a fool; which afterwards so distressed him, feeling condemned by the word of God, viz.: "Whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire"; which portion, he feared, would be his. He feared and trembled before the word. He was not one to say much of himself, but the Lord began his work in his soul from a youth—to use his own words, "I never could say I was willing to go to hell, but I have had many fears about it, so that at times my hair has seemed to stand upright on my head, and I feared to close my eyes at night lest I should awake in hell. When it was night I would that it were morning, and when it was morning I would that it were night. So great was my distress and trouble, on account of my sin, I could not see how God could be just, and save me. I read, '*how can man be just with God?*' I felt God would be just in sending me to hell, for I felt as for hell, I was as fuel for the fire. At times, 'the pangs of hell got hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow.'

"What a marvel is the soul convincing, killing power of the Holy Spirit in the soul; he kills before he makes alive, he wounds before he heals. I felt, Oh! wretch that I am! and seemed to have no ray of hope; yet I cried, 'do Lord show me if there is

any way, *I don't know what it is, do show me.*' 'Out of the depths cried I.' I solemnly felt before a Holy God, if I perish, I perish; begging for mercy, and by the drawings and enablings of the blessed Spirit I kept on, and there was a hope sometimes in my heart that God would be gracious to me; then again, only fearing I was born to be damned, envying the brute creation. The Bible to me was all condemnation at times. Frequently when serving customers in a shop have I been so tried that I have been compelled to leave the counter, and go in secret to pour out my heart before the Lord, often fearing I should be left to curse and swear. But I used to tell the Lord my sad case and implore his mercy.

"I well remember on one occasion, while at the throne of grace, I thought I must give up altogether sinking down in such a state of soul distress before God, and at the gates of despair; but I went once more to the throne of grace, a guilty, undone sinner. The little room is often before my mind, and the old chair where on my bended knees I was crying for mercy; and the Lord spoke these words to me with power, sweetness, comfort, and consolation: 'But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when though walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee' (Isa. xliii. 1, 2). 'What does it mean,' I said, for the blessing seemed too great. 'I looked for hell, he brought me heaven.' It took hold upon my heart with power, unction, sweetness, and dew and savour, and there was a believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; and the Lord Jesus Christ was to me, at that moment, more precious than gold. After my fears and sorrows, the Lord was precious to my soul, and as Hart says:

'Hope of salvation in his name, how comfortable 'tis;' and,  
 'None of mercy need despair,  
 Since I have mercy found;'

for at this time his word and his promises dropped into my heart; my burden was gone; my disease was healed; my malady was perfectly whole, and perfectly clean, and perfectly white and holy, before the Lord. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' This blessing had such an effect upon my heart, that when I looked for my sins I could not find them. I wanted to bring some of my trouble back again, but I could not; my sins were completely gone, and I had peace in believing, and the love of Christ was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. I was in a new world, and I went to God's word and found it to be a new book to me; the Lord says: 'Behold! I make all things new.'

"All the precious promises which I had overlooked, or could not see, were applied with power to my heart. God's word was a new book, and I entered into his word with the burden removed from off my back, and with the condemnation removed from my

soul ; it seemed like a new world, everything seemed new. *But the change was in my heart* ; condemnation was taken away, and strong consolation came in its place, and the Lord Jesus Christ and his word and his Gospel were very precious to my soul. How I could say : ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his Holy Name ; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits : who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.’

This blessed manifestation he received when about 18 years of age, after years of sighs and seeking the Lord. He was soon baptised, in the Baptist Chapel, Hailsham, by Mr. Wall ; but finding he could not get on under the ministry there, he occasionally went on an evening to Horsebridge, to hear the late Thomas Pitcher, and the late William Cowper at the Dicker. Here he felt more at home, both under the ministry and with the people.

He joined the Strict Baptist Church at the Dicker on the 27th January, 1856, under the pastorate of the late William Cowper. Here his soul was fed, and a strong union of love sprung up ; he felt now amongst his own people, who were taught by the same spirit. Eventually, he became pew-opener ; and his kindness and affability were much prized by those who met there, as well as by strangers who came in.

In 1867 his only brother was suddenly removed by death, which was a great trial to him, and he sank under much darkness and temptation. He says, in a sermon he preached in Grove Road Chapel, Eastbourne—“I find, at times, my soul is overwhelmed, dejected, and cast down, as Hart says,—

‘ I feel myself a sink of sin,  
And this produces doubt.’

I find my poor soul so sinks at times spiritually, *I reel to and fro*, and stagger like a drunken man, and this causes me to cry mightily to God that he would come and help and deliver ; and God does come and binds the floods from overflowing : *So we have proved he is God in this way*. I have known the Lord to come and stay the surges of the mind, bringing peace and consolation again into my soul,

“I have been deep in this flood, and seem as if I could say with the Psalmist, ‘ All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.’ I remember some years ago how the enemy was permitted to let this flood of blasphemous thoughts into my soul, and to pursue me with a temptation to curse and swear. Sometimes when I took up the word of God, there was the devil shooting his infernal temptations into my heart, so that I had to keep my hand over my mouth to keep the blasphemies from coming out. In this state I have known the Lord to bind the floods from overflowing. For three months, at the time I am speaking of, I could not read the word nor bow my knees in prayer without

these suggestions, but I knew what it was to be obliged to cry to God, begging that he would prevent what I felt boiling in my breast from coming out; for I verily feared oaths and curses would roll out of my mouth, and that I should be left without any power to prevent it. I feared I must be a lost man. Now I can look back to the time when the Lord bound the flood; it gradually became weaker, and the Lord came gradually in, softening my heart. That three months was the most trying time I have had in my pilgrimage. I cannot tell you how many times I was obliged to cry, 'Lord help me; do appear for me; do not suffer the devil to destroy me; but let me know thy pardoning grace and feel thy helpful hand.' Now I would speak to the praise of his grace, the Lord at length appeared for me and favoured me with his presence and blessing. He sensibly drew near my soul, granted me to feel his helping hand, stayed the power of the enemy in my soul, and applied these words to my heart: 'Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him' (Matt. iv. 11). Then there was a calm on my spirit; so that I can say, God has been a good God to me. But when the enemy comes and pours his insinuations into the soul, we are ready to cry, 'Can ever God dwell here?' How many times the Lord has seemed to permit the enemy to come in, as the poet describes:—

'Buts, ifs, and hows are hurled  
To sink us with the gloom  
Of all that's dismal in this world,  
Or in the world to come.'

These things, at times, affect our bodily strength and shatter our poor nerves, and bring us to feel our weakness and utter dependance on the Lord. God will have his people humbled, broken down, and contrite; and I am sure if anything will affect a man's body, real deep exercise of soul will; that will bring him down, and he cannot say, when he is down in the depths, that there is nothing the matter. God makes the heart honest, though cast down and oppressed, all his 'evidences dark, and good works he has none to show'—But he has known my soul in adversities, and when I have thought I should not be able to rise, I have proved the Lord Almighty; if I am weak, he is strong.

"How often I have found in my experience, 'with man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.' It is as easy for him to lead safely in the midst of deep waters as on dry ground. I cannot speak a word against the Lord, he has been a good God to me, and I would speak well of him; but when I speak of myself I must speak of the bad side. Not one good thing has failed of all the Lord my God has promised me."

Luther says: "Temptations, prayer, and meditation make a minister"; and I am sure our dear departed friend was blessed with these, which made him an able minister of the New Testament for the profit and salvation of souls. He was highly esteemed by his people and the churches of truth.



After the temptations and trials we have named, he writes the following letter :—

“My dear Friend,—I truly and deeply sympathise with you in your deep and heavy affliction and bereavement. I feel I can experimentally enter into your deep and cutting grief. I have had three losses by death, as sudden as yours, and three taken out of time into eternity from our family without a moment’s warning. So I can sympathise with you. One was an only brother, 37 years of age, without any change of heart. O the scenes and suffering I passed through in my mind from the carnal workings of my heart, none but the Lord and myself know. It was in this heavy trial that hymn, 621, of your late dear father’s, was so blessed to my soul :

‘Is this the case? Yes! Lord ’tis true,  
And I’ve a carnal nature too  
Against the God of my delight.  
Yet bless the Lord, through grace I feel  
I have a mind that loves him well;  
Nor shall the dreadful power of sin  
My better part from Jesus win.’

“I felt your dear father had been here before me, especially verses 5, 6, 7; also his hymn 682, the whole of it. O what love I felt to that dear man I had never seen, who was then in glory. I do try and beg the Lord may support you, none else can; and that he may grant you bowing grace, and bow down his ear to your prayer that you may prove him a present help in this time of need, ‘that as thy day thy strength may be.’ I remain yours sincerely,

WILLIAM VINE.

Magham Down, Hailsham. Dec. 19th, 1871.

To J. Gadsby.”

In August, 1868, the Lord laid his afflicting hand on Mr. Drake, who was then pastor over the Church at the Dicker. During Drake emphatically said, “give Mr. Vine the book, and I say mind as to who they should get to occupy the pulpit; when Mr. Drake emphatically said, “give Mr. Vine the Book, and I say no more.” Soon after this, Mr. Drake was removed by death, and on the matter being named to Mr. Vine, he was obliged to confess that for many years the Lord had been exercising his mind upon the ministry. The late William Mortimer of Chippenham, who used to supply the Dicker pulpit occasionally, had felt Mr. Vine laid on his mind for some time past, in respect to the ministry, so that he was deeply concerned as to the matter. After giving an account of his exercise before the Church, Mr. Vine, with much trembling, began to speak in the name of the Lord on September 27th, 1868.

The Lord had previously spoken to him these words: “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that be-

lieveth not shall be damned"; also this: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn; this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

He preached occasionally at the Dicker and supplied other churches for about 3 years, during which time he received a call to become their Pastor amongst, and over, his own friends and people at the Dicker. Mr. Mortimer being warmly attached to him, and being persuaded he was called to the ministry, invited him to preach to his people at Chippenham, which he frequently did, especially after Mr. Mortimer's death; so that while he was under a call to become the Pastor over the Church at the Dicker, the Church at Chippenham was very desirous he should settle among them. But many prayers were put up to the Lord from the hearts of his people at the Dicker that he would raise up Mr. Vine amongst them, though he felt himself but a youth to stand up before a God-fearing people, many of whom were old and grey-headed, so that in this he was much tried.

The following letter, written by a poor woman, a member at the Dicker, to the deacon of the Church at Chippenham, will show more the exercise of our late dear friend, also the labour in faith and prayer amongst the saints and Church at the Dicker. . . .

Dear Sir,—I hope you will forgive the boldness of a poor woman in writing to you, as I am but a poor woman in every respect; but as the poor are invited and made welcome to all Gospel blessings, and made partakers of Gospel benefits and privileges, this makes me take the liberty of writing to you. Now I hope I do love sincerely the Gospel and gospel ministers, and can say truly before God:

'One day within thy courts, where my dear God has been,  
Is better than a thousand days in pleasurable sin.'

"Now, dear Sir, that dear man William Vine, the gift of God to us, we dearly love, and can truly say, many of us, we have travailed in birth for him, believing God would raise him up to be our pastor. We have carried him in our hearts to the throne of grace; and the first time he came to speak before us, we did not know which it would be, whether to die and go home, or live and go into the pulpit and declare the works of the Lord. When the church met to hear him the second time, he said he could not speak to us, but sent out word, as he was in the vestry, for us to sing the 838 hymn in Gadsby's Selection:

'Lord hear a restless wretch's groans;  
To thee my soul in secret moans;  
My body's weak, my heart's unclean;  
I pine with sickness and with sin,' etc.

"Now, dear Sir, read the hymn and form some idea how we felt. Our hearts were broken that we could scarce sing it; at last he came out, dear man, like a little child, helpless, weak,

and entirely dependant on the Lord, and O! how we did feel for him. My cry was, 'Lord help him, Lord help him.'

"We were there when he was born an infant in the ministry, when we had to bear him up by prayer as the children of Israel did Moses; and I could feel in my soul that it was the Lord who helped him to speak. I believe it was the Holy Spirit that brought him forth as a spiritual minister in the cause of God and truth; and he keeps growing in the truth and experimental knowledge; and now we have to pray that the Lord will teach him to teach us, and can truly say, while the Lord's awful voice in and through him is sounded out, we, as poor sinners, tremble and rejoice. It makes me truly afraid that I never tasted that the Lord is gracious, and that I never was rightly converted; which makes me cry to be rightly taught. And then he is so led to speak of the fear of the Lord being put into the heart, and of a quickened, tender conscience, and of the first love to Christ, that it carries me back; my faith fires my love and my hope revives; and I can say I feel almost young again in the things of God, and am enabled to say: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him'—his ministry is profitable and edifying; it breaks our hearts, and I can say: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that bring good tidings'; and I love him for Christ's and his work's sake. The Spirit of Christ, which is in him, makes it manifest that the Lord has lit him up as a candle in our place when we looked for darkness. O may we ever esteem him highly for his word's sake, and on the other hand, may we never put him in Christ's place. The hymn says: 'God gives what he teaches, and guards what he gives.' This is our mercy; the Holy Spirit alone can keep us right in this matter.

Now, dear Sir, may the Lord raise you up a godly man, and may you travail in birth till the Lord shall bring him forth. We like Mr. Vine to go to speak to you sometimes, but not to leave us; unless you would make us believe that the Lord has not given him to us, and that the Lord has not heard our prayers.

"If he should go to you, and leave us it would greatly weaken and undo our hope and encourage infidelity, and sink us in despair, as we have received him as a free gift from God to us; and as the law says, (and the Gospel says, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law') you 'shall not covet your neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his'; so surely, dear Sir, you would not covet our pastor, for we own him as such, and love him as such. He stands in our hearts before all other ministers, though we love them. We are about to take him as our under-shepherd, and may the Lord bless him, and give us tender loving hearts to still bear him before the Lord. And so, dear Sir, try and pray for us, that we may use him as it becomes us to use a godly pastor; that we may never grieve him nor sink his spirits, nor weaken his love and zeal, but may the Lord still bless him and us as he has done, that we may still say:

‘How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad.’

“Forgive a poor woman for writing to you—I never should, only I could not bear losing one whom I love so dearly in the truth. I am now nearly 60 years old, and what little time I have on earth, I want the company of God’s people, and I cannot bear to lose one of the best of our people.

“We will let you have him sometimes, as we loved your late dear Pastor. I do not want to be selfish but I want an interest in the blessings of the Gospel. If it were not for a hope in Christ I could not get through this wilderness world; it is the Gospel bears my spirit up, etc. Now, dear Sir, may the Lord bless you, keep and uphold you, and settle your hearts in his love, and bless you all together. Your soul’s well wisher. J.G.

Chiddingly. January 1st, 1870.”

Extract from “G.S.” 1882, page 107.

*(Continued from page 538, 1902.)*

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PRINCE,  
of Mount Eden, Auckland, N.Z. Written by Himself.

*(Continued from page 538.)*

Sometime after this, our only son, then about five years old, was taken with a lingering complaint that we almost despaired of raising him. Mr. Smart was again preaching at Abingdon, and my mind was much exercised about leaving home. However, I sought unto the Lord in this matter, and felt my mind inclined to go to hear him, and leave the events in the Lord’s hands. When passing through the streets of Oxford I was led to plead hard that my dear son’s life might be spared, and when passing over Holly Bridge, the words of the Psalmist came into my mind with a divine power, that convinced me that the child would recover, “Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.” Strange to say, I got nothing under the preached word; but returned home resting on the promise of God. I told my dear wife that I had faith to believe our dear son would recover; which he so far did within a week as to be able to get about a little. O that I could trust the Lord’s promises more, and lean upon his faithful word.

The following is written in the form of a diary, with short comments on different portions of Scripture, which were given me for my comfort and instruction.

Lord’s day, June 11th, 1876. About twelve months ago the Lord was pleased to take away by death my dear wife, from the turmoils and troubles of this life. Being at the time much engaged in business matters my mind was somewhat taken up with those things of time; but it was not drawn away from the solemn-

nity of death and eternity, and having a good hope that with the Lord's blessing I should join her again, ere long, in a far more glorious and exalted position than we ever had enjoyed here on earth, somewhat relieved this painful stroke. How can I wish her back again into this world of sin and sorrow? At the opening of this day I desired that it might be a Sabbath of rest and peace, and that I might enjoy a sweet union and communion with the Lord! But, alas! the numerous hindrances we meet with, and that by them we painfully learn that "when we would do good evil is present with us." I sometimes take the Bible with a desire to read something that will do me good, but immediately something comes before me to distract the mind; as business matters so often do. I have more than once put the Bible down, as it seemed a mockery to pretend to read when the mind is distracted; for I knew not what I read. It is said, that "he that endureth unto the end the same shall be saved!" So that there is something to endure. And in the Apostle Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, we read about some solemn things the Lord's people had to endure, and pass through, but after all it was only a following their Lord and Master, who is now entered into the Holy of Holies, there to appear in the presence of God for us; For whom? I humbly hope for *me*! And here is the substance of all my consolation, and salvation. Had I no hope that Christ Jesus died for me, I should be of all men the most miserable.

July 20. What comforting and soul-cheering expressions the Apostle Paul makes use of in his writings to the Hebrews. How cheering, and how comforting to us poor Gentile sinners to know that there is a way opened whereby we can approach before a Holy God and live. And that the promises of the law and Gospel were not confined to the Jews, to the exclusion of the Gentiles. Thus he says that some of the Jewish branches were broken off, that the Gentiles might be grafted in, and then he declares that this God-Man, Christ Jesus, "is able to save them unto the uttermost," yes, all that come unto God by him. O, the great mercy of being made meet to be a partaker with the saints of God here upon earth, of all the gracious promises that proceed from the Father through the Son, and brought home into our hearts with a gracious power by the Holy Ghost. How dim is our spiritual sight at times, so that we cannot see the fulness of the Gospel there is treasured up in Christ, and which is so blessedly set forth by the great Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews!

This morning (July 21) I opened my Bible on Romans, vi chap., and as I read on I thought my experience was blessedly traced out, and which I attempted to weigh up as I read the word; but O, the intruding thoughts that rushed into my mind, and what confusion they created within me; I tried hard to subdue them by reading the portion over and over again; but it only went to show with what force Satan can cast his fiery darts at us, and the power that accompanies his temptations which beset us in

many ways. I was much cast down on account of these hindrances, or obstructions I met with in coming to the mercy-seat, and I tried to consider how it was that I should be so tried and cast down while the people of the world should go on so smoothly, then these words came to my mind, "they are not plagued and troubled like other men," and those we read that have no changes fear not God; hence I concluded that where grace is implanted in the heart of a poor sinner, there must and shall be a warfare between that which is born of the flesh and that which is born of the spirit. Neither is this the only way I have been assailed by this arch enemy; for he goes about like a roaring lion, and meets me at every turn, and his great aim is to bring me into bondage, and well laden my conscience; and then I have had to call upon the Lord for him to have mercy upon me and purge my conscience from sin, and to cleanse my heart from all unrighteousness. It has brought me to this solemn point; to know that no man can quicken, or can keep alive his own soul in the things of God. It must be an Almighty arm stretched out to reach our desperate cases; and then to heal our back-slidings, and place us among the princes of his people. Such are said to be the children of God, and joint heirs with Christ. And these are said to "suffer with him here on earth that they may be glorified together." These trials I compare to an enemy forcing his way into a forbidden place. If one means used will not gain admittance, another is tried straightway. But O, if we are bound up in the bundle of life, Satan our worst enemy, may tempt, and roar around us, but the best of all is he will never be permitted to devour us; for the Lord hath said to him, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

My doubts and fears are many, respecting my eternal state. I would believe that all is right with my soul for eternity; but O, I often have to cry, "Lord, help thou my unbelief." Then again, I have many misgivings about the Being of God. Infidel thoughts will intrude, so much so, that I really question the existence of a Supreme Being, and at times am tempted to believe that my soul is not immortal. These dismal doubts and fears, and misgivings greatly distress my mind, so that I am driven, and tossed to and fro, like a wave of the sea. But when favoured with a little spiritual light to penetrate into the midst of this thick darkness, I am ready to exclaim with holy Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Thus I find, a man must go down into the furnace itself, if he is to know to what extent it is heated; and to go down into the deep waters, and feel the weeds wrapped round about him, if like Jonah he is to be brought up out of the belly of hell, and to learn experimentally "that salvation is of the Lord."

There was a time when I used to hear persons speak of the power of temptation, but I did not understand them. I was then on the shore at a distance, and not on the boisterous waves of

the sea. Now how differently I can enter into the minute details of various temptations and sympathise greatly with the tried and afflicted of the Lord's people. I know that the unerring word of God declares that none can enter into the kingdom of heaven but "through much tribulation." And tribulation worketh patience, as I remember hearing that blessed man, Mr. Warburton, Senr., say, that it was not under, round, or over tribulation, but *through it*; so that it must be felt.

It now occurred to my mind when the Lord blessed my soul with the balmy influence of his presence, so that I could come to him with a humble boldness, and feel a divine familiarity with him at his footstool:—O, how indescribable are such holy favours. Thus it is good, as Moses the man of God says, "to remember all the way the Lord hath led us in the wilderness these many years." For what? and why? "To humble thee, to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart; and whether thou wouldest keep the commandments of the Lord or no."

The Lord Jesus taught his tempted and tried disciples to pray, and it was after this manner, "Give us this day our daily bread," as under daily temptations we need daily support.

In reading a little further in the Epistle to the Hebrews, I was helped with these words, "Let us therefore fear lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest any of you should come short of it." It did not mean that the Apostle was encouraging fears; far from it; but he exhorts the Hebrew saints to press forward with that power and ability God had given them, to know that their standing in Christ Jesus was safe for ever, being rooted, and settled in an immutable and an unchangeable God, and this would be very encouraging to their own souls' feelings.

Sabbath morning, August 8th. I awoke with these words, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, that according as it is written, he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord." I rose early to read them, and the connecting portions; but all was dark, and a cloud covered the whole, until these words from Malachi arrested my attention: "But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." This I found to be a key to the former portions. I began to meditate upon the words "wisdom and righteousness," and what it cost the Lord Jesus Christ to procure those two exceeding great blessings for the eternal benefit of his church and people, by which they are ransomed from the power of sin, and from the curse of a broken law, and sanctification, and redemption are the fruits and effects of this ransom. Oh! how little do I feel of this sanctifying grace in my heart. Truly vileness and pollution appear to be stronger marks in me, than are the marks and evidences of divine grace; but blessed be God, grace is said to "reign through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

O the infinite sufferings, agony, and ignominious death, of the

dear Redeemer! It is beyond the stretch of human thought to conceive, much less to understand it; and what those words imply, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" no mortal man can fathom. How earnestly the Apostle Paul desired to "know him, and the power of his resurrection; and the fellowship of his sufferings," etc. I often read the chapter, but when I come down to "his sufferings," and having a "fellowship" with him in them, I stop to consider what I really am asking for! For how could I bear it? And yet I know I must in some measure be a partaker of these sufferings while here on earth; or I never shall be a partaker with him in glory. Mr. Hart greatly desires to know and realize the same blessed things as did the Apostle Paul, so that he might win Christ, etc.:

With agonizing smart."

"To view, as I could bear at least;

Thy tender broken heart;

Like a rich olive bruised and pressed.

O thou eternal Father, Son, and blessed Spirit; be pleased to bestow that rich grace upon me, as far as I am able to receive it, that I may with the Psalmist give glory unto thy name for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

August 25th. I have been thinking to-day how highly favoured those saints of God were who lived in those days when Jesus Christ dwelt upon earth, and who enjoyed his gracious presence, and were encouraged by his soul-cheering words, and as dear Hart says again—

"Here they oft conversing sat,

Or might join with Christ in prayer.

O what blest devotion's that,

When the Lord himself is there!"

But I find that the disciples were subject to the same doubts and fears, and unbelief as we are; and were perplexed, and cast down in their daily life as God's people are now. And when human hands had taken hold of him, and put him to death their faith was shaken, and they knew not what to do! But after he was risen from the dead and revealed to them as their risen Lord and Saviour, then were they glad, and two of them that journeyed to Emmaus said of him, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" Then again, he most blessedly revealed himself to them before he departed home to glory, in the breaking of bread, at the Lord's Supper, which he instituted, and gave a gracious command that his believing disciples were to do likewise, down to the end of time, in obedient remembrance of their dying, risen, and ascended Lord, to his glorious throne on high; where he sways his sceptre over all worlds, and every creature, and holds in his hands the keys of heaven and hell, and he opens, and no man shuts, and he shuts, and none can open.

*(To be continued.)*



## PRAYER—THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.”

My dear Friend in the Gospel of the grace of God,—Your good letter was acceptable to me this morning. Good news from a far country is like cold water to a thirsty soul. It is my penny to receive testimony that God imparts his riches through my preaching to your soul, and the souls of many other poor needy sinners who are made to hunger and thirst for the bread and water of eternal life. This is one of your mercies which you cannot over-estimate, and the feeling of hunger after Christ is what you cannot by your own power produce. Jacob had to go into Syria to be united to Rachel, and you have been brought to Birmingham to be joined to the Church of God, the living God. Every member is alike precious to Jesus, who is the Head of the body the church. Here the Lord is good to you, having given you a name and a place in his house better than of sons and daughters, and to such the promise stands, “All the land give I thee.”

’Tis sweet to have a little feeling, whether in the train, in your home, on your bed, or in the house of God. The Lord will see that as you come on Lord’s days to mingle your prayers and praises, longings, desires, and to unite with the real saints in all spiritual worship that you have your reward, for he will give you clean provender to eat which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan. He loves to feed his own children with the finest of the wheat, and never once doth he charge for the blessing. Joseph sold corn to the Egyptians, but not to his brethren the Israelites, they all lived upon his kindness. The money which they took to him from the land of Canaan to buy food, and was in their sacks, he would not take. So with Jesus and his brethren. He says, I will feed you. “O, poor of the flock, the lambs of which flock are as precious to him as the old sheep.”

You know that the Egyptians oppressed the Israelites as long as they dwelt in Egypt, and so long as we are in this world we shall have our oppressions and trials from various sources, but there is one, who, though he is privy to our numerous and personal infirmities, watches over us, and sees us in all our conditions in this mortal life, and who says, “I know your sorrows.” I am often as much tried and sore vexed as David was, who said, “My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.” The Lord enable you to still press forward and look upward toward that country and the King of the land where the souls of your dear parents now are, where they are arrayed in robes and garments of salvation. “They that seek shall find,” is the word of testimony from God himself. I am still very weak, but mysteriously held up. Prayer is the secret of success. The Lord bless you, Amen.

Yours faithfully, J. DENNETT.

To Miss R. M.

25, Mayfield Road, Handsworth. May 31st, 1898.

MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE  
WORD OF GOD, BY JOHN RUSK.

*(Continued from page 487, 1902.)*

(ii) Pride—whether it be the pride of life of which John speaks, or whether it be spiritual pride, or both—being a thing that the righteous God hates is sure to bring on this destruction, hence Solomon says, “Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, only by pride cometh contention,” and God takes such particular notice of it that he declares that he hateth a proud look, and that he that exalteth his gait seeketh destruction. Notice what came upon Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, and many others of the ungodly as recorded in Holy Writ; and God will never wink at it in his own children, for the more of pride we have the more are we like Satan who is king over all the children of pride, and the further we are from the Lord Jesus who says, “Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.” Now when God is pleased to bless any of his family with a rich experience of his grace, and if he be pleased to give ability to set forth that grace agreeably to the word of God, if such persons go for any length of time without furnace work, and their spiritual blessings increase, they will find pride come in, and as one or another applauds them they will carry a high head. Satan will suggest: “What a clear experience yours is to many of God’s children, and how well you can set it forth!” and there will be a secret despising of the weak. It is said that Hezekiah’s heart was lifted up in the way of the Lord, and this produced that destruction that came upon him. God therefore has a wonderful way in dealing with some of his children, he will give them much experience of his rich sovereign grace, and favour them with much access to himself, so that at times they can speak wonderfully before his people of what he has done for them, with liberty of soul and speech, and with light on the word so that they profess a good profession before many witnesses. “This is sweet work,” say you. Yes, it is, but in order to keep down pride all this shall often be counterbalanced with great temporal poverty. Now, here lies a sore cross, crucifixion to the old man, and this our flesh hates. To be beholden to this or that child of God for favours! “No, away with it all!” says the flesh, “let me have it of my own!” This is nothing but the pride of the heart, though in this case it is greatly crucified and kept down by this temporal destruction till, according to our best reason and judgment, they and their families can see no way before them but absolute beggary, so that they often conclude they shall be fugitives and vagabonds on the earth; cross after cross in matters temporal follow them up, and they live in daily expectation of bringing scandal and disgrace upon their profession; for look which way they will their path is hedged with thorns.

Now this destruction keeps such that they are not easily puffed up with every wind of human applause, and painful as the path

is, yet such have their promise, for we read that though the Lord gives them the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet their teachers shall not be removed into a corner any more, but their eyes shall see their teachers. Satan's temptations also will follow hard upon such as are tried in providence—representing things in a false light—that their faith is presumption—that they are walking in a snare—that they trust too much to God, and are not enterprising enough after this world—that God is angry with them and will send some judgement upon them—that they love and follow Christ simply for the loaves and fishes—that they are only hypocrites who love not the Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly, and with good words and fair speeches deceive the souls of the simple! These and other suggestions will greatly keep down pride for, except at those times when the Lord so wonderfully furnishes such for his work, either to speak or write, their lives are a martyrdom indeed.

But this is not all, for there is more destruction that comes upon such, and therefore, Satan, who likes such work, proceeds, and he finds fault with the gifts of such, declaring that they have no grace but only the one talent—that the prating fool shall fall—sets before them the attainments of hypocrites and how far they go—and he has a text to apply when they get into the dark which he perverts and by which he distresses them in every way. If we, and any one so placed, have felt a strong confidence before this, he tells us that all confidence shall be rooted out. Is the righteous more excellent than his neighbour? Satan suggests that though his excellency mount up to heaven and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish. If we feel peace, he tells us that *he* keeps possession of our hearts, and that it is a false peace. Our love he calls dissembled love, and that we only love people for what we can get from them; and as for the fears that we have, he says that the sinners in Zion are afraid, and that the fear of the wicked shall come upon him. "Look at Balaam, Saul, Judas, and others," says Satan, "the lengths to which they went, and yet they came to nothing; and you see how God's hand goes out against you in providence, though you have been praying for years that he will appear, yet he takes no notice of you, and as for your saying (as you have) that God appeared in this and in that, does he not appear for all?—he provides for everyone—so that you are altogether wrong and it had been better if you had never been born—you have gone a warfare at your own expense and never counted the cost—you have began to build, and now you are not able to finish—if you go back it is to perdition, and if you go forward it is rash presumption, still go back you must, for you never can endure." Then he will suggest, "He that endures to the end the same shall be saved, but he that will not bear his cross cannot be my disciple"; and he points us to Demas, Alexander the coppersmith, Hymenæus, and Philetus, and others, "and these," saith Satan, "after all turned their backs, and so will you."

I declare I have been in these storms myself expecting destruction every moment, and I am sure that none but God could have held me up, or indeed could hold me up in the path in which I am now at this time in providence. Now all this and much more comes on us for our pride and to prevent pride.

(iii.) This destruction comes on us to destroy all our schemes, reasons, fleshly trust in our own arm and in the arm of others, and in order to glorify God. We are prone to limit the power of the Almighty, and if things do not come to pass as we expect and wish, then we rashly conclude that they cannot come at all! How very unlikely was it according to reason but that all God's people Israel would at last be destroyed! Here was Pharaoh and all his host behind them, mountains on either side, the Red Sea before, then what must become of them after all? Blind reason concludes that they must either be killed by the Egyptians or drowned in the Red Sea. But what may become of their enemies? "Oh!" says reason, "they are safe and out of all danger." Now it was quite contrary for the children of Israel were perfectly safe, and their enemies were within one step of destruction! "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward"; and God divided the waters that they had a wall on either side till they got safely over, and the floods returned with full force on the Egyptians, so that every one of them to a man was destroyed. How this magnified and exalted the wisdom and power of Jehovah and showed that he is Almighty; his hand is not shortened that it cannot save! And if we look at Gideon—a poor man—threshing a little wheat to hide it from the Midianites, who were as innumerable as grasshoppers, what shall we say? But it was God's time to appear, and so we read that he looked on Gideon and told him to go forth and he should deliver Israel, "for the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour." Well, has carnal reason a voice here? Oh! yes; "And he said unto him, O, my Lord wherewith shall I save Israel. Behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am least in my father's house?" But, nevertheless, God delivered Israel by the hand of Gideon with only three hundred men. And so we might mention many instances in God's Word, as Haman to wit: What a crafty plot he tried his utmost to carry out! Everything, according to reason, seemed to promise its accomplishment, and it was no less than the destruction of the Jews! Here again the wisdom and power of God appeared, yet for all that the Jews were turned to destruction, and oh, how keenly did Mordecai and Esther feel this! and when the letter came from the king to destroy all Jews according to his own law, how would the Jews feel, think you? But God frustrated all the schemes of Haman, and he was hanged on the gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai. Yet once more, for I must keep within some bounds, I will just notice the three worthies who were cast into the burning fiery furnace heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated in order that they might be destroyed for not obeying the king's command to wor-

ship the golden image that he had set up in opposition to God and their own consciences. Thus they were turned to destruction, and though they were weak in faith yet their unbelief did not weaken the promise of God without effect. Carnal reason would naturally have said that they were sure of destruction, for humanly speaking there was no doubt of it. But what is fire to the Almighty? Why, nothing! Instead of destruction as they expected, or partly expected,—for they told the king that if God did not deliver them they would not worship the image—there was not a hair of their heads singed, nor the smell of fire found on them! Daniel in the lions' den is another case in point.

Now all this destruction was to glorify God,, and to frustrate, as it does, carnal reason, and how many schemes and plans have you and I adopted and paths for God to walk in! But he has walked in none of them, but he has gone his own way, and afterwards we have been constrained to acknowledge his way was the best, for we obtained the good and he all the glory!

(iv.) Further, this destruction comes on us to make us more in earnest at the throne of grace. To say prayers in a legal way because it is our duty, or to speak sound words, is one thing, but importunity and wrestling with God in prayer from the heart is another. We read that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force; and prayer of this description is further set forth by a man going to his friend at midnight to borrow three loaves, and his friend replies that he and his children are in bed, but because of his importunity he will arise and give him as many as he needeth. He will not arise because he is his friend, but because of his importunity. Now, we must, when this importunity is found, experience,—

(a) A very deep sense of the need of what we pray for. We may call upon God but instead of deliverance coming to us we shall find everything to which we may put our hand become worse and worse. Now this puzzles us because we think, does not God say in his word that he is a present help in trouble, and that if we call upon him in the day of trouble he will deliver us. But then there is a very great difference between what you and I call trouble and what God calls trouble! He allows things to come to what we consider to be the worst that he may have all the glory for appearing when there is no eye to pity and no hand to help, and therefore he turns to destruction. This you may see in the Scriptures. Jacob called upon God two or three times before he wrestled. This wrestling or importunity was caused by the fact that his brother, with four hundred men, was coming to meet him and, as he feared, to kill him. Here was destruction to his view and a deep sense of need. Hezekiah also was turned to destruction. You may see how dreadful everything appeared when Rabshakeh came to him with his blasphemous speech! He expected that the King of Assyria would have destroyed them all, being such a mighty king, but see his prayer in Isaiah xxxviii. The woman of Canaan whose daughter was grievously vexed with a devil is

another example. How she cried unto the Lord, yet he answered her not a word! The disciples besought him to send her away; and in this case there was indeed room for carnal reason and unbelief to work:—You are a Gentile, your daughter will die and be lost; God will give her up to Satan! This made the case and state more perilous, yet all the time the Lord was strengthening her faith. He answered at length that he was not sent save to the house of Israel. Well; reason might have said that that was sufficient, and have urged the woman to discontinue her supplication and return to her home; but faith said, "I will go and worship him." which she did, saying, "Lord, help me," believing him to be the God who made her. Now this was turning the poor woman to destruction, and a deep sense of need.

(b) Every refuge must fail before we can be importunate. If you and I have any human supports we shall be sure to try them, but sooner or later God will cause them all to give way. God's people go this way to work, hence he says, that they have forsaken him the fountain of living water and have hewn out cisterns that can hold no water, broken cisterns. Yes, every refuge must fail before we can become importunate.

(c) But the Holy Spirit must help our infirmities. It is not a deep sense of need, nor yet refuge failing, that would make us importunate at the throne of grace. No: we should sink under our heavy black despair before ever we could cry unto the Lord if the Holy Ghost did not help our infirmities. This I am at a full point about both from God's word and my own experience. See Cain, Judas, and others; they went to man but not to God, neither should we. I have been pressed down to the earth with temporal and spiritual trouble, and have had no heart for prayer but rather an aversion to it, hated it and hated all that was good; and this after being at a point about my state and rejoicing in Christ Jesus! God will let us know that prayer to prevail with him is not in the smallest measure in our own power, but few believe these things, thousands believe otherwise, and therefore Paul declares, "We know not how to pray as we ought,"—hence the Holy Spirit is called "The Spirit of grace and supplication." Now, at other times we shall feel such power in our souls that, as David says, we can pour out our soul to God and show him all our trouble. Such suitable promises shall be brought to the mind, and such confidence in God that he will appear even when things, according to reason, look darker and darker. Had Jacob power with God?—He is the Spirit of love and power. Did the woman of Canaan pray in faith?—He is the Spirit of faith. I have long watched these three things, which I have just enumerated, which are necessary if we are to prevail with God: a deep sense of our need—all refuge failing—the Spirit helping our infirmities. We cannot do without any of these three. You may see them in our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: First, a deep sense of need, "He being in agony." Second, refuge failing, "I looked for some to pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I

found none." Third, the Spirit helped his (sinless) infirmities for he had the Spirit without measure, and in answer to his prayer an angel came and strengthened him. Thus it is needful for you and me to be turned to destruction if we are to prove the reality of a throne of grace, and all those I have mentioned succeeded in answer to their importunity. Jacob had power with God and man and prevailed; Hezekiah's prayer was heard and the angel of the Lord slew eighty-five thousand men; the woman was answered: "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and the evil spirit departed from her daughter.

(To be continued.)

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### A TESTIMONY TO "GRACE TRIUMPHANT."

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Dear Mr. Feazey,—I feel I must send you a line to thank you for inserting the account of the late William Wills in the "G.S." For many years I have had a desire to see it published, and I would desire to feel thankful to God for inclining your heart to insert it. It did me good to read in your closing remarks that it had been made a blessing to some of God's poor tried and afflicted ones.

What a sweet vein of tenderness runs through the whole of it to show that a poor backslider cannot sin cheaply, however he may try to stifle conscience! How clearly it shows the great difference between a *professor* and the *possessor*! Poor Wills, although so far off, when in a public house could not bear to hear the name of God reviled, but had to go out from his companions! What a wonderful thing it is to be a possessor of eternal life! "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one."

Your sermon in last month's "G.S." was good to me on the words: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection," etc. Some twenty-five years ago the first part of the verse was often on my mind, and it was the desire of my soul that I might know more of him, and the power of his resurrection. I well remember mentioning it to a godly man, an *old* pilgrim, who replied, "But oh, the process to come at it!" This was all he said, but his words sank down into my heart, and a light shone on them. I soon had to learn the dear man's words by painful experience. The Lord was pleased to lead me into paths I had not known, into such deep and dismal places whence none but he could bring me out, and he has again and again delivered me out of my distresses. It is often the language of my heart now—O that I could love him more, and serve him better.

The Lord bless you, dear Friend, in your work and in your labour of love. With Christian love, I remain yours faithfully,  
Staplehurst, Kent. November 4, 1902. R. MAY.

Mrs. Shepherd, my housekeeper, desires her Christian love.

## HELP IN TROUBLE.

Oh! my soul, how can I praise the Lord sufficiently for his great mercies bestowed, and his great goodness displayed in such a time of need? O, this great deliverance that has been wrought for me! Truly I must say, "Blessed be the Lord, from this time forth, and for evermore!" O! "What hath God wrought" for me? Had an angel been sent down from heaven to me! Had I seen such a thing with my natural eyes bringing me the *great blessing* that I had prayed for; it could not have been more real, or more conspicuous than it was. I was full of trouble concerning the rent of my little humble dwelling, which would be due on October 17th. My dear wife and I had striven hard, and deprived ourselves of many necessaries we needed, to save up the rent against the day mentioned, but alas! we needed ten shillings more to complete the amount that would become due; this was a trial indeed; and there was only one way opened for us to take, and that was prayer to God; that he would be graciously pleased to make up for us that which was lacking. For two or three weeks the Lord was silent, and hid himself from me, and I became very dark in my mind, and the "heavens appeared as brass, and the earth as hard as adamant"; and as the rent day drew near, the darkness drew thicker around me, so that we could only groan out our trying case before the Lord at his footstool; and we were encouraged to do so from his word, which says, that "he will not despise the prayer of the destitute," and so we proved it; for the minister who came to preach for us on October 12th, said that he did not know what to preach from; but the Lord directed him to this portion: "Oh! let not the oppressed return ashamed, let the poor and needy praise thy name." We felt the word to be precious to our souls, and believed *then* that we should be able to pay the whole of our rent, and my dear wife and I said, if we are but enabled to do so, we would then praise the Lord with heart and mind. But the time was drawing near, and each day I had to return to my home with an empty pocket, "oppressed," but not "ashamed," still felt a cleaving to the Lord, though sorely tried in my mind. Thursday, October 16th came, which was the day when the Lord was pleased to appear for us. It was in the following manner:

I left home in the evening to go to our weekly prayer-meeting, and having a distance to go to the Chapel, I went praying in secret all the way; earnestly entreating the Lord to help us to make up the rent; but oh! how a time of real need will help us to pray in sincerity, and we shall come to the point about things as I did at that special time. There was no wandering to and fro in the earth, and chattering to the Lord about things that did not concern me. The prayer of necessity I found to be remarkable for its shortness; which consisted chiefly in these words: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst!" "Lord, once more,"



yes, "once more let thy power be made known." "Lord, thou hast helped me many times before! O, come once again, dear Lord? yes, come once more to my help." And, how thankful I then felt for a throne of grace, where I could privately resort, and kneel down before the Lord my Maker, and tell him freely all my troubles, temptations, cares, and sorrows; breathing them as it were into his gracious ears, and when he kindly listens to our prayer of need it is most blessed employment to pray. I do not at all undervalue the public means of grace, but love to be found in the means, and can say of the Lord's people, "I love to meet among them now; though vilest of them all." Jesus said when upon the earth—"My Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Bless his dear and holy name, we prove that to be a real solid truth. He hath said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away."

The prayer meeting being brought to a close, there were other matters in connection with the church which demanded out attention, and while they were being talked over, I felt that I must leave the heavy burden that was pressing sorely upon my mind; but O, how I longed to get away by myself that I might beg of the Lord to help me to pay my rent honourably, and owe no man anything. However, when leaving, I met a person in the street whom I knew, who said to me, "I am strongly impressed that you are in trouble; and I have it upon my mind to give you five shillings," and was most anxious to know what my trouble was, and if that was enough for present demands, and when I told the friend just how I was situated, the other five shillings was freely given me, which so filled my heart with gratitude to God, and to this kind friend, that secretly I kept saying, "The Lord bless you, the Lord bless you." This kind friend had come a long distance to the town of —, and wondered why it was so, just at that time. "But when the Lord's people have need, his goodness will find out a way." When parting, this kind friend said, "I hope you will remember me in your prayer before the Lord." I replied, how can I do otherwise, after such a conspicuous deliverance through your unexpected kindness. And as I went on my way home, with my heart full of gratitude to God, who put it into the heart of this dear friend to help me in a time of real need, I kept on expressing myself in the following manner: "Dear Lord, do be pleased to bless this kind friend, etc., etc. And when thy judgments are in the earth; remember this friend for good, even in giving a bountiful reward for helping the needy, and showing that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Whilst with me, in my very trying circumstances, I felt it a blessed thing to receive in such a time of need." G. W.

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When faith receives the immortal robe of righteousness, the soul knows something of the meaning of Jehovah, when he says, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (W. Gadsby),

LINES COMPOSED FOR THE SPIRITUAL  
 READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD";  
 FOR THE YEAR, 1903.

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To you, dear Friends, I now myself address,  
 In hope thereby some good you may obtain :  
 I wish you well : I wish the love and grace  
 Of God may on you rest, and in you reign.

Surprising favour to be owned of God,—  
 The seal of our adoption to receive ;  
 To prove the power of Christ's atoning blood,  
 And on his precious death by faith to live !

No cause in us the Lord could ever find  
 Why he should show the smilings of his face ;  
 And he himself no reason has assigned ;  
 He willed to bless ! Unfathomable grace !

Where then is boasting ? 'Tis excluded quite ;  
 Grace reigns alone throughout Redemption's scheme ;  
 And yet there is a way that seemeth right  
 To man, which in the end proves death to him.

But from this path through grace you've turned aside,  
 Well knowing that religion's more than whim ;—  
 You want the Lord alone to be your Guide,  
 And to be found *true* followers of him !

'Tis on this ground I you as "Brethren" greet,  
 And words of comfort would to you impart ;  
 The Lord in mercy grant you what is meet,  
 And strengthen you with grace in every part.

Discouragements you often here will find,  
 And fears will rise to fill you with dismay ;  
 Yet still press on, and strive to keep in mind  
 How strength is promised equal to your day.

Remember that the Saviour oft was tried  
 By fierce temptations from the mighty foe ;  
 This self-same foe his followers will deride,  
 And doubtless you will often find it so.

Where's then your safety when the foe assails ?  
 In your own strength you know you dare not trust :  
 The word of God's the weapon that prevails ;  
 This on your side of victory you will boast.

There as you read, may you the Saviour view  
 The sum and substance of the written Word ;  
 Through that blest medium may he speak to you,  
 That you may say "Our Shepherd's voice we've heard."

I know that some will laugh you here to scorn,  
 Who say, "We ought to take God at his word,"  
 Such are deceiv'd, and soon will have to learn,  
 Such rash presumption is by God abhorrd.

Far better wait 'till Jesus pass you by,  
 And bid you rise, and of his bounty taste,  
 Than that you should be taken with a lie ;  
 "He who believes," 'tis said, "Shall not make haste."

See how the Canaanitish woman fared !  
 Though at the first the Lord seem'd to reject ;  
 Here in her case we have the truth declared :—  
 "God will avenge the cries of his elect."

These things I bring before you with a hope  
 They may to you a strength'ning cordial prove ;  
 The Lord himself in mercy build you up  
 In faith, in hope, humility and love.

I now will bring my greeting to a close ;  
 The Lord forgive what here may be amiss,  
 The writer feels his weakness, and he knows  
 That God can only bring good out of this.

I send it therefore on the wings of prayer,  
 And you by prayer unto God's care commend :  
 The Lord be with you through the New-born Year  
 As Guide, Protector, Helper, and your Friend.

Croydon.

ALFRED SMITH.

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## Obituary.

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MR. HAYES.—Our late esteemed friend, William Hayes, was born on July 15th, 1822, in a cottage situate in a street off Market Street, Manchester ; his father was engaged in connection with the old stage coaches, and his mother in a hotel close by, and thus they became acquainted. And being poor in circumstances, which he has often said, made his early life not so very pleasant to look back upon ; and having no education, which was common with the children of the poor in those days. Our friend had a quick mind to observe, and learn from things which came in his way ; learning to read by spelling the names on the signs over the shop doors in the streets as he passed along them. His father dying when he was very young left his mother with a small family unprovided for, and to bring up as best she could. He (our friend) went to work at the early age of eight years old, in a silk mill, earning fourpence as his first week's wages. Often when addressing the young people he would remark that they lived in better days than he did when he was a boy ; but he would say—although I am not an educated person I hope I have been

taught in the school of Christ Jesus. "All things work together for good to them" who are interested in the covenanted mercy of the Lord as the sequel will show.

His mother married again, and his step-father was very unkind to him; compelling him to leave home at the age of fourteen years to earn his livelihood, never to return to it. Thus, being left to himself he soon fell into sin, and the temptations of Satan. The privations which he had to endure he used to say no one knew but the Lord. In the year 1840 he married his late wife, who in the year 1885 died in the faith of God's elect, and she was a true helpmate to him during the forty-five years they lived together. Our dear friend would say that his early married life was similar to such godly men's lives as Messrs. Gadsby, Warburton, and Kershaw, in a temporal point of view. He often confessed with pain, and sorrow that the first ten years of his married life were spent in sin and wickedness; taking his full share of the pleasures of the world until that time came which was known unto God:

"When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,  
Turn to the fold, and enter in."

Which solemn time arrived when he was going along one of the streets of Manchester to his work. He was taken suddenly ill, seriously so. He was conveyed home and a doctor sent for, who pronounced his case critical, not knowing how it might end. It appeared that our friend had been some time before with some companions foolishly engaged at Blackpool, when he fell on the cage of a boat and injured himself.

On this bed of affliction, William, for the first time, was brought as he says, "face to face with death and eternity; and the Holy Spirit, who convinces of sin, so wrought upon him, that he was brought to realize that he was a sinner in the sight of a Holy God, and if he died he would be lost to all hope of mercy. All his past life came vividly before him, which by the Spirit of truth brought forth sighs and groans to the Lord for him to have mercy upon him, and save his soul from the pit of despair. He felt as if his soul hung upon the verge of eternal destruction, and expecting every breath he drew to be the last, when he would be landed into that vast abyss where "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." But not so; for "He that had begun the good work in him, would perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." He was made to realize that "God who is rich in mercy for his great love wherewith he had loved him even when he was dead in trespasses and sins"; and at the ends of the earth in his feelings, manifested, and sealed unto his soul, pardon, peace, and love, through the precious, and infinite merits and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Father's Servant, by the Holy Spirit speaking to his heart these words: "Fear not thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel, for I have redeemed thee." He found that the sweetness and unctuous power of this revelation of

the Lord did not abide long, which caused him to fear whether it was of the Lord; hence it caused him to seek the Lord again, and to ask him to confirm the same by applying the same words again to his heart, which the Lord was pleased to do a second time; when he felt his burden was removed, and he was like a bird let loose, and he felt a sweet and calm resignation to the will of God, either to live or die, as he thought best. He felt too, that this world was not his rest, and was blessed with the faith of God's elect to realize that he was one of the little flock to whom the Father would give the kingdom of grace and glory.

The Lord restored his health, and gave him strength to go again to the chapel (where he for so many years was a member) to hear the late Mr. A. B. Taylor for the first time, with the hearing ear, who so opened up to him the truth as it is in Jesus, and what he had passed through in his soul whilst in the affliction of condemnation, and the deliverance therefrom as made him wonder if someone had been before him to relate his case to him. But to describe his feelings in his own words, he felt himself to be as a brand plucked out of the fire. . . . .

In the year 1854 he was baptized and received into the church, and in the year 1872 he was chosen and made a deacon of the church, and during the years the church was without a pastor our friend, as the senior deacon, had the charge and the well-being of the church upon him. He loved the house of God, and was generally to be found there enjoying the services of the sanctuary, especially the prayer meetings. He was always in his place early, by which he set a good example to others.

In the year 1892 he had a severe illness, and it was thought by some that his days on earth were but few; but the Lord raised him up again, although he was much shaken in body by the affliction. At the beginning of the year 1901 he had an attack of bronchitis, and from that time there was an altered appearance in him; and in the following month of April there were visible signs of dropsy, which was the result of an internal malady that forebode his approaching dissolution. He gradually sank, and the last few weeks of his life his sufferings were great, but he remarked, "I hope the Lord will never permit a murmuring word to escape my lips. I should be ashamed of myself were it to be so, for he has been a good God to me all my life." The Lord very graciously heard his cry, that he might be blessed with resignation to his holy will, and be kept from a murmuring spirit; which was observed in him by those who daily saw him. He had many friends raised up for him by the Lord; particularly Miss A., who attended him during his illness much beyond her bodily strength; but knowing that he was one of the Lord's chosen ones, she waited upon him with as much tenderness and care as if he had been her father.

The Lord, who works according to his own sovereign will, did not give him great manifestations at this time, but he did not suffer him to be altogether left alone. His kind, and attentive

nurse has supplied us with some of his sayings during the few days that preceeded his death. Speaking of the darkness of mind he felt, he said, "Begone unbelief, I know what God has promised; and what he has promised to do for his children he will do it; in spite of all that unbelief and the devil can say or do." "I cannot say that I am not one of the Lord's people, no, I dare not say that; I have nothing else to rest upon but the blood, and Righteousness, Resurrection, and Intercession of a precious Jesus, and the finished work of Christ. And he has said 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and I know that what he has promised he will surely perform."

To a kind friend he said, "I have been thinking of Christ; I know that what he does is right." He then repeated the following lines:—

" Did Jesus once upon me shine;  
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

And

" Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

He said the changes he went through were belonging to himself, not of the Lord. The day before he died he said that he awoke with these words: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder," etc. When he believed he was dying, he was asked if he felt the Lord Jesus to be precious to him? and was told that if he could not speak, would he hold up his hand? This he did three times. The last time he waved it, the blessedness of this evidence of his feeling the Lord to be near him was sanctified to two sisters in the Lord, Miss W. and Mrs. F., who were with him when he departed. Thus they felt the room in which he expired to be none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to their spirits. Thus past away our friend and brother, William Hayes, on May 24th, 1901. We miss him greatly, and so will many of the neighbouring churches. We feel that we have lost a pillar of the church. Our dear pastor, Mr. Gruber, committed his mortal remains to the earth in Harpurhey Cemetery, on May 27th, amidst a large number of sorrowing friends, there to await the coming of the Lord, when he will come without sin unto salvation.

C. MARSHALL.

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MR. OSBORNE.—My dear father, Joseph Osborne, of Baldock, Herts, was baptized more than forty years ago, with ten others, by the late Mr. Warburton, at the Strict Baptist Chapel, Southill, Beds. Through weakness, and infirmities of age, he had not been able to meet with the Lord's people so frequently for some months past. He said, the day previous to his death, "How I do miss meeting with the Lord's people! I love the Sabbath day; I love the truth! I should like to hear more of it!" He said, "he was in a very peculiar place; one that we must all come into"; but he hoped he should go to heaven at last. The 118 hymn

(Gadsby's Selection), was very sweet to him a few days before his departure! He repeated it through, and his countenance shone the while. Speaking of the Lord's goodness and mercy to him, he quoted many passages of Scripture as they flowed into his mind. He was heard to say that his days of darkness through the wilderness had been many. He was only confined to his bed eight days; and then passed away very peacefully on September 16th, 1902, aged 75 years. We have a good hope that he has now entered into that rest "that remaineth to the children of God," which blessed rest he spoke of on his dying bed;

"Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end."

He had been a reader of the "Gospel Standard" many years, and a lover of the truths it contained. His mortal remains were buried in the Cemetery at Baldock, Herts, by Mr. Parish, of Southill, Beds., on Sept. 20th, 1902. E. ROBERTS.

MRS. ELIZA JAMES.—She was a member of the Strict Baptist Church at Cardiff for about twenty-four years; and was called by grace under the preaching of Mr. T. Robbins, and was also baptized by him. I remember, when a boy, coming home from Chapel with her, and the late Mr. Isaac Richards, when my mother began to cry; and when I reached home I said to her, "We will not come home with that Mr. Richards any more, as he makes you cry." I did not know at that time that it was the grace of God in my mother's heart, which was the main cause of her being so affected; and which had led her to cry for mercy before God. She was telling the good man on her way home from Chapel, the good effects Mr. Robbins' preaching had upon her heart. She did not say anything to me; she only put her hand upon my head.

I remember my mother once going to Chapel with only two shillings and a penny in her purse, to keep house with during the coming week, and after the rent was paid. Instead of her putting the one penny in the collecting box at the collection, she made a mistake, and gave the two shillings; and at that time she was a very poor woman, and was a widow with three children depending on her. The small means she had to live upon were derived from washing, and attending to the Chapel. My mother being a very conscientious woman was greatly troubled about it, not wishing to go in debt. She prayed earnestly, and fervently, that night to God for his help and support; but she told me afterwards that she never missed it, but was helped through the week as if she had kept back the two shillings, and gave the penny only; remarking that it was only lending it to the Lord!

My mother passed through many trials, and her heart was filled very often with many sorrows in providing for us our daily bread; but the preaching, and the godly conversation of Mr. R., were greatly blessed to her soul in her very trying circumstances; but she often proved the Lord to be her Helper, and her Husband in her various times of need. She was most grateful for any

little kindness shown to her, and for any small mercy received from friends.

She has prayed for me most earnestly when I have been laid aside from accidents (so-called), that I might be restored and blessed, and I would pray that the Lord would grant that all her desires on my behalf may be fulfilled, that are in harmony with his holy will.

For several years my mother had been earnestly desiring the Lord to take her to himself. My wife and I had one day been taking tea with her, when she remarked, "Would it not be better if the dear Lord would take me home unto himself, seeing that there is nothing in this sinful world worth waiting for?" and she asked us not to say "No!"

She had been ailing for a number of years, but only took to her bed about five weeks before she died. Her body was reduced to a mere skeleton, and at times her physical sufferings were intense; but as soon as the pains ceased she would look upwards to the Lord and say, "Bless him! bless him!" Indeed, she was always blessing the Lord when the pains of her body subsided.

After an hour of intense pain she said "Happy! happy! Oh, bless him! bless him!" Then she enquiringly said, "How much longer is the Lord going to keep me from him? I wish that was my last breath!" Soon after she said, "I am coming! I am coming!" and other blessed expressions dropped from her lips which I cannot remember. Reading to her the twenty-third Psalm, her hearing came again to her, after being deaf for a number of years. She very heartily responded to the words of the Psalm as I read it to her, but she said much which we could not understand, as her voice failed her; but her eyes were fixed upward, and her lips moved in solemn prayer to God. She much liked being alone in her room, as she could hold blessed communion with her Lord without being disturbed by anyone.

A friend, coming in one evening when her mind was a little wandering, said to her: "You are on the rock Mrs. James, and your foundation is sure!" She took no notice of him. A few minutes afterward he said to her: "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" She turned her head sharply, and looking upward with a smile on her countenance, she said, "I have known him these many years, and he has been a Father to me; yea, more than a Father." We had been trying to ask her if she wanted anything, but could get no reply to our question; but the name of Jesus reaching her spiritual ears was the only thing to restore her wandering mind; and having just time given her to bless and praise him, she relapsed again into a state of unconsciousness. It was a pleasure to wait upon her during her last illness, and she was so thankful for all that was done for her. She is now realizing what she so longed for—To see Jesus, which is far better. And now she sees him face to face without a veil between. May her prayers be answered which she offered up for her children.

D. JAMES.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

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

## GOLD, TRIED IN THE FIRE FOR RICHES, AND WHITE RAIMENT FOR CLOTHING.

A SERMON PREACHED AT LUTTERWORTH, 1890,  
BY MR. J. K. POPHAM.

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see."—REVELATION iii. 18.

These words are part of a letter which Christ addressed to the Church of the Laodiceans. He found that Church in an exceedingly unsatisfactory state—a state most offensive to him. It was neither cold nor hot. He would prefer one of those two states before the state the Laodiceans were in. "I would thou wert cold or hot." The Lord's judgment was solemn; his preference was solemn. Moreover his judgment was true. For he is the "faithful and true witness." He but made known to them what he saw in them. "His eyes are as a flame of fire." How searching, how penetrating their glance! Nothing can be hid from them. "I, the Lord, search the heart." Christ's preference is solemn for these people. "I would thou wert cold or hot." As entering the heart what an alarm it would occasion! "What! will the Lord indeed cast me off?" Some of us have felt such alarm when rebuked for backsliding, and the evil and offensive state we were in has been discovered to us. But the Lord shows his faithful love by this letter. "I know thy works, thy condition, thy church state." Also he discovers his merciful skill by prescribing the only remedy and cure for the disease these people were under the power of. By all this we may see the evil and danger of a lukewarm state. Alas! that we should so often sink into such a condition, that we should move with such limping, lazy desires. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was

broken down. Do you know this slothful man—this lukewarm state? Was ever your mental petition the same as his? Look at the answer, the natural, yet terrible result—“So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man.” It is mercifully, eternally true that nothing within or without a child of God can endanger his salvation or affect his relationship to his God and Saviour; yet his conduct, his steps, his spirit, largely affect his experience. A disobedient son cannot by his disobedience sever his relationship to his father, but he may wound an affectionate heart, he may compel an unwilling hand to use the rod. The Lord doth not afflict willingly (from his heart—margin), nor grieve the children of men. But slothfulness, lukewarmness, carnality, and conformity to this world make the rod of correction necessary.

So the Lord comes to this lukewarm church. He rebukes them sharply. “I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.” What alarm this would create in the minds of the godly in that church. They would feel as did King Josiah, to whom Shaphan read the book of the law which Hilkiah had just found in the long neglected house of the Lord:—“And it came to pass when the king had heard the words of the law, that he rent his clothes.” (2 Chron. xxxiv. 19). Their evil condition was discovered to them. Some here can well think what they would say in their hearts and before the Lord. Would they not say, “Oh leave us not alone; be not silent to us; give us not over to the will of our enemy—sin; revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.” How solemnly awful it is to be let alone by God! If he do not speak to us we shall maintain a dead silence before him. When God spues dead professors, dead churches out of his mouth, the effects of divine, judicial abandonment are soon visible. Errors creep in, then grow thick and rank; the glory of God is disesteemed; conscience grows hard, and ere long only the form—even if that—is left. But where the fear of such an awful judgment falls on a soul, on a church, it is a good sign. Under such a fear sinners begin to search and try their ways, and turn to the Lord; they say, “Come and let us turn unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will build us up.” It may, perhaps, be so now with some of you. By this “Spirit of judgment and of burning” you perceive what an evil condition you are in, and sink under a sense of your guilt, but a strong cry for mercy is raised up in your hearts.

“Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked.” If we heard one whom we knew to be destitute foolishly boasting of wealth we should perhaps say “Go, live on your wealth; go, eat all the good things you possess.” Ah, if the Lord thus spoke to us, if he took us at our proud word, what would become of us? But O how great is his kindness, compassion and faithfulness to his erring people. What an astonishing word is this which I have taken for a text. May he speak it with saving power to as many of us as need it.

As the Lord may help me I shall show

1st. What this gold is which he counsels his people to buy.

2nd. What the fire was that tried it.

3rd. What the white raiment is.

4th. What the eyesalve is.

5th. What it is to buy all these things.

1st What this gold is which Christ counsels his people to buy. I understand it to be the grace which is in him—or Christ himself. Speaking of his way with his people, he says, “I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment: that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.” This merciful filling of the saints must be out of his own fulness—fulness of grace which was given them in him before the world was, as Paul teaches:—“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our own works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began” (2 Timothy i. 9). Again, Paul warns us of the poverty, the rags, the emptiness of all forms, names, men, and things, and bids us beware lest we should be spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ, “For in him (Christ) dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him.” Nothing shall be named with Christ. He stands alone for, with, and in his people. “Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.” This gold, then, is Christ. His price is above rubies; “and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto” him. “Man knoweth not the price” of him. He is the wisdom of God and the power of God to every one that believeth. He is the living bread which came down from heaven. He is the greatest

manifestation of God's infinite hatred to sin and infinite love to sinners. All that the church needs for justification, sanctification, and everlasting glory, Christ is. The gold of the land of Havilah is good (Gen. ii. 11, 12), but what is that to Christ? He enriches the indigent. He gives life to the dead. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." As there is no poverty so sad, so dreadful as our death in trespasses and sins, so there is no wealth so good, so blessed, so abundant in true happiness as spiritual life. And this life is Christ. His grace is gold. All the free gifts of this grace are gold. "My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold." The faith he gives, the love he works, the repentance he bestows, the forgiveness of sins he speaks to the conscience, the meekness and lowliness he teaches, the godly fear he produces in the heart, the humility he diffuses through the whole soul, the doctrines he distils as the dew, all, all are his precious gold, his saving grace, his own glorious self and fulness. This divine Prince, this Prince of peace, gives to his sons out of his own possession. "I give unto my sheep eternal life." One grain of Christ's saving grace is true riches. That sinner, then, is rich toward God, who possesses such a grain of gold.

Again, Christ is this gold in his death. He poured out his soul—his "one noble soul," as Rutherford speaks—unto death. His blood is "precious blood." It is precious to God and to the saints. To God, for it satisfies for all the innumerable company of the elect whose lives the law must have taken but for this precious one that was offered. In this precious death "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." This invaluable death, this gold, is precious to every saint. It alone can appease an awakened conscience, a conscience that knows and owns the claims of God and law. Such a conscience Job had, and out of it he said, "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" (Job ix. 30, 31). Iniquity stains deep; its marks cannot be removed by "nitre and much sope." Only the blood of "Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

Another piece of this gold is the imputed righteousness of Christ. The clothing of the church is of wrought gold. Immense wealth of pure gold was lavished on the temple which Solomon built; but the Lord's people, who are his temple, must be covered with gold more pure, more costly,

more durable than the gold of Ophir. The all-skilful, the almighty hands of the Son of God in human flesh wrought the spotless and seamless robe of righteousness they are to wear for ever. Let proud men go about to establish their own righteousness, it will ever remain true that the only righteousness the infinite God looks on with approval is the everlasting righteousness of Christ; and the only righteousness of which the saints, each one for himself, shall sing *is* Christ's. "Surely shall one say in the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

Once more, surely I must be right in saying that the priestly intercession of Christ is comparable to fine gold. He opens his most sweet mouth for those who are dumb in their guilt, "in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction." He is a crowned priest,—the High priest of our profession. Here, then, in the person and work of Christ, we have the gold which he counsels his people to buy of himself. He is salvation—God's salvation; and to all who are in his heart, his hand, whom he will not lose, but who are walking in some vanity, he gives this gracious saving counsel: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire."

2nd. I am to notice in the second place what the fire was that tried this pure, this most fine gold. It was tried in the fire, the hottest fire, the fiercest furnace that ever burned. Everything this glorious man, our Prince of peace, had was sorely, severely tested. His life, his love, his patience, his obedience, his strength, all, all was put to the test his Father imposed. Man tried him; the devil tried him; imputed sin tried him; his own law tried him; his Father's stripes tried him; divinely made darkness tried him; death and the grave tried him. Oh what a furnace! Only Immanuel, our immortal Jesus could have lived in and overcome such a sevenfold heated furnace. Mere human nature would have died away, melted into nothingness in such a furnace. But this trial was necessary for Christ, necessary for the assurance, as well as the salvation, of the church. The stone on which Zion is to be built must be well proved. Sinners who are to build on this foundation must be assured that it is sufficient to bear their everlasting weight. Blessed, for ever blessed be Immanuel, he stood the test,—he lived through it. Oh, but what a life was his! A surety for his basely bankrupt people, his whole life was a sore smart. Man, to whom he was ever kind, despised, hated, rejected him. They laid to his charge things which he knew not. In his humiliation they took his judgment away. They tried his patience,

his humility, his meekness; they mocked him; they pierced him in his tender sacred humanity; they denied him his dearest title, his highest honour. The devil, his creature, tempted him. That foul spirit dared to say to the Son of the Father: "If thou be the Son of God." How sore, how hateful to the obedient, holy Sufferer must that, and all the temptations which followed, have been. But he bore all, and beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. What must the spotless Jesus have endured,—"being forty days tempted of the devil!" But the trial was borne; the tempter was met, overcome, conquered.

Imputed sin tried the holy, harmless Son of God. Who can conceive what Christ endured under the weight and curse of imputed sin. These are the waters which came into his soul, the mire in which he sank, finding no standing, the deep waters, the floods which overflowed him. This was the guiltiness which he said was known to his Father (Ps. lxi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5). Oh the pangs the holy soul of Jesus felt under the burdens of the sins of his deeply revolted people! What heart can imagine his exquisite sorrow and pains! His was the only love that could live under such floods. A world of innocent men—mere men—would have been crushed by the touch of the burden which rested on him; but he carried it.

The whole strength of the law came on and against him. "The chastisement of our peace was upon him." He was made a curse. His Father hid his face from him.

This was being tried indeed. Christ well knew what separation—desertion meant. The world never knew such bereavement as this; never felt such anguish as was in that cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Never was darkness like that which covered the earth for three hours. All this made a "sinless hell"—the punishment, the chastisement for the sin which was imputed to him, the curse of the law. Not the place and state of the lost, which is a place and state of despair and gnawing of tongues in blaspheming hatred of God. Death and the grave tried the stone laid in Zion. "He was delivered for our offences." So the chief priests and Pharisees went and "made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch." But what is a secured sepulchre, a sealed stone, a vigilant watch, against the infinite God? "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it" (Acts ii. 24).

3rd. In the next place I am to show what the white raiment is. It is the righteousness of Christ. "And to

her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints" (Rev. xix. 8). Men who are to dwell for ever in the glorious presence of God must be suitably clothed. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." "White raiment"—raiment for covering; white for purity, loveliness, absolute perfection. Less will not do; better cannot be found. Christ will have this righteousness preached. It delivers from death. It is the wedding garment. In it the bride, the Lamb's wife, makes herself ready. It is the everlasting righteousness, the Surety brought in. It is the sun, clothed with which John saw a woman, the church. In this spotless robe the church is fair: "Behold thou art fair, my love." Sin is nakedness and shame. Only Christ's white raiment can remove this shame and constitute the sinner just, honourable, and beautiful before God. Thus clad, his dove, his delivered dove, has wings covered with silver, and feathers with yellow gold. This righteousness, received by faith, enables the sinner to say: "Surely in the Lord have I righteousness and strength"; and peace with God is the blessed consequence. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." This white raiment warms the heart to God, and to the way of truth and holiness. How it is loved when brought and worn!

4th. In the next place we are to enquire what is the eyesalve with which the eyes are to be anointed. "And anoint thine eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see." Perhaps one will say readily: "Oh, I see and know the truth, and will follow nothing else"; and such a person may be totally blind. Many in Christ's days on earth were in such a sad case. They asked of him: "Are we blind also?" Pride of seeing and knowing never comes from God.

The blessed eyesalve of our text is made up of two things: "The word of God and the teaching of the Holy Ghost. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." By the word of God we know that by the Lord Jesus, the eternal Son of God, "all things were made; and without him was not anything made that was made." Just as Daniel "understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet that he

would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem." But the common knowledge of the word of God,—I mean knowledge common to all who possess and read carefully the scriptures—is not sufficient. The scribes and Pharisees—the “princes of the (Jewish) world” knew the law and the prophets, but they knew not of him of whom “Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth”; “for had they known” him, “they would not have crucified” him. There is, then, in the most absolute sense a necessity for the unction of the Holy One, the revelation of things knowable by the Holy Ghost. Oh what an eyesalve do these make! Oh how penetrating is the light of truth when the Spirit shines in it! What fear, alarm, and trembling possess the soul when a sinner’s eyes are anointed and opened to see indwelling sin; covered, perhaps, hitherto by a moral life! A general, notional believer sees himself an infidel in practice; a clean person views himself covered with filthy rags; one who could, perhaps, boast of love to God, now sinks into shame and confusion as he sees and feels bitter enmity working against that holy, glorious Being! Now this poor creature is truly undone. He has seen the Lord of hosts, and is lost. But this is not all. The word and the Spirit discover to him a way of mercy, a free pardon, a full salvation; and by the discovery, prayer is called forth. “God be merciful to me a sinner.” And as the light shines on the newly opened eyes, the soul follows on to know the Lord. The Spirit reveals the prepared, the knowable things; for he “searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.” Seeing in this divine anointing everlasting love, how fervently does the sinner cry out: “O Lord, tell me if thou hast loved me with an everlasting love.” And that one prayer laboured at and answered in twenty years would be better than all the natural religion in the world. It is the anointing that destroys the yoke, that teaches a sinner all that he needs to know for salvation; it causes him to perceive God as he really is; to “behold the Lamb of God”; to look on some truth in its divine suitability to his desperate case; to look into a free, a full promise, a promise which will outlive all his afflictions, difficulties, and sins. In the light of this anointing the eye is made single, and the whole body is filled with light. And thus, and thus only is God savingly known.

5th. We are in the next and last place to enquire what it is to buy the gold and raiment, and to anoint our eyes with the eyesalve of our text. To buy ordinarily is to exchange or give your money for that which is of equal value. In this sense buying of Christ is impossible. What have



we but corruption, rags, filthy rags, and wilful blindness of heart? And are these to be brought to the spotless and ever gracious Lord of life to purchase his pure gold, his white raiment, his divine eyesalve? Perish the thought! Yet the Holy Ghost causes every soul he teaches to come with his sins, corruptions, guilt, rags, blindness, and death, to the Lord Jesus, willing and anxious to part with all. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Such a day of power comes to every redeemed sinner many times. Israel, dead as it were in his grievous backsliding is instructed to go to the Lord who sells without money and without price. "O Israel return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord; and say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips" (Hosea xiv. 1, 2). Thus will the Lord have his people now come to him for his gold of grace, of light, life, pardon, and peace sweetly and powerfully renewed. One feeling his death is taught, counselled, to go and beg for life—"Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake." The Fountain of life is with him; the springs, the flowings, the prevailings of that precious life are in, and must flow from him to the soul so overcome of sinful death. One forgets his poverty in the incomings of divine life. And there is no other way of overcoming evil. Filth may be cast into a living spring but the spring will cleanse it away. There is more water than mud. So Christ has more life than we have sin; his precious love and all-powerful life swallows up our sad and guilty death. All religion of value is his. But this gold is in his own hands. "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

So with righteousness. Poor backsliders, as convinced of their backslidings, as rebuked for them, and as counselled by Christ to buy his gold, feel their need of a fresh sense of justification. They can join with Ezra in his confession—"O Lord God of Israel, thou art righteous: for we remain yet escaped, as it is this day: behold, we are before thee in our trespasses: for we cannot stand before thee because of this" (Ezra ix. 15). How, then, can confidence once more rise in the soul, how is the conscience to be satisfied? Only by Christ's perfect righteousness being presented to the eye of faith. Oh how gladly does the soul see the filthy garments taken away, how humbly and brokenly is the change of raiment received! This brings the sinner into the banqueting house, where he sees with more astonishment than before the banner of everlasting love waving over him. What an exchange! Life for

death; righteousness for sin! How near is the distant one brought—the prodigal brought into the house. For his base treatment of his Father he gets the best the Father has to give!

Then the eyesalve. When one in his blindness, blindness to his best interests, and to the glory of God, is counselled to go for the teaching, guidance, and shining of the Lord, and the answer comes, the sweet mercy flows in, what wonders fall on his newly opened eyes! Oh how he looks on his wicked departures. He looks with self-loathing on the wrong turns he took, on the evil courses he followed; he gazes with amazement on the forbearance, pity, compassion, and wisdom which the Lord has shown. In new light and with weeping eyes the sinner sees God's goodness in chastening him, and the usefulness of the chastening. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." How humbling is the sight of God's goodness coming over all the vileness, waywardness, and guilt of the sinner. Indeed the sight has wet many anointed eyes with tears of shame, grief, and joy. Thus clothed and instructed the soul looks to the Lord, is enlightened, and is not ashamed.

How gracious is this counsel. Do not some of you know it? When the sight and sense of your sickly, lean, and barren state fills you with fear, do not you hear a still small voice bidding you call on the Lord in your trouble? Attend to the secret motion, follow after the gracious voice, as, in another case, John did. "And I turned to see the voice that spake with me." "When thou saidst, seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, thy face, Lord, will I seek." O the mercy that is given in that divine voice speaking in the heart. See what it says, "Incline your ear and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." My dear brethren, who know and fear God, I may safely say to you that if for a time you are left to put the rude foot of self-will and self-love on the secret prompting of the Spirit, and say, "I will go after my lovers," you will meet a scourging God. "Therefore, behold, I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her paths." I have found it so to my cost; and now I would faithfully warn the saints, and tell them that if they walk in vanity and follow the dictates of their foolish hearts, they will prove the solemn words of Hosea true: "Therefore I will be unto them as a lion: as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will

rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion; the wild beast shall tear them." O may the Lord give us power to "stand upon our watch, and set us upon the tower (defenced place, margin), and watch to see what he will say unto us, and what we shall answer when we are reprov'd." Surely he will answer in the heavenly counsel of our text—an answer this of infinite worth. For it reveals the great salvation we need; it opens the storehouse of eternal love; it shows that the poverty of our death, the filthy rags of our unrighteousnesses, the awful blindness of our minds, the perversity and pride of our hearts, are all met in that ever full, ever open treasury of love—the Lord Jesus Christ; that out of the fulness of him who fills all, life, righteousness, mercy, peace, and all the graces of the Spirit must flow to such poor, polluted, guilty, wretched sinners as we are.

Thus the Lord magnifies free grace. He makes his cross our confidence, his righteousness our covering, and the Spirit of truth our Guide. Here bankrupts are welcome; beggars may buy. Here the discontented, the debtors, the distressed receive instruction for their relief and enrichment. It would seem as if the worst brings most honour to the God of all grace. To such a person nothing now is wrong but his sins; and these he hates the more, the more sure he is divinely taught that they will never hurt him.

May this merciful counsel be given to as many of us as are in a state to need it; and may the Spirit make it effectual in us, and thus make us for the praise of the glory of God's grace. Amen.

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FURTHER INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE LATE  
MR. VINE, Minister of the Gospel. By Mr. Ashdown.  
(Continued from page 30.)

October the 1st, 1871, in fear and trembling, he accepted the call to the pastorate over the church at the Dicker, which the Lord mercifully enabled him to fill for 25 years for the comfort and salvation of his people, for several were called by grace under his ministry, and the saints built up in their most holy faith.

November the 9th, 1870 he came to preach for us at Lewes on a Wednesday evening, and stayed at my house. I was then with the Huntingtonians, and in much trial and conflicts; and his prayer and sermon were a great help and comfort to me at that time, and I was fully confirmed that he was called to the ministry. It was in this visit our *friendship began*, and a true and sincere friend he was, and we walked in peace and friendship for twenty-six years, and many times in

opening our minds, trials and comforts one to another, has our friendship been renewed and confirmed. He had many heavy trials, not only in the ministry, but in business and circumstances. He had heavy losses, and at times was much cast down. He was also often much tried respecting the ministry, fearing he should become a dry breast; he felt much his shortcoming, which caused him to weep in secret before God. Once, when in this low state, he felt he could not go on and meet the people again, when these words came and rested on his mind: "O Lord, thou hast deceived me and I was deceived, thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed; I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me" (Jer. xx. 7). He went to the chapel on the Sunday morning and preached from those words, and Mr. Aaron Burton, his senior deacon, told me afterwards what a blessed day they had; their hearts were softened together in love and union.

He suffered much with afflictions of body, and his friends prayed earnestly that he might be strengthened and spared to them, which he mercifully was, past our expectations.

Early in 1879 he took cold, and a painful illness followed, and many feared he might not be raised up again. In March he writes the following letter:

My dear Friend,—I thought I must write a line or two to you this morning. It has pleased the Lord to lay upon me his fatherly, chastening rod again. The Lord has also discovered the "needs be" of it to me; though he has shown me there was a "needs be" he should thus deal with me, yet it was not in anger; for though he was angry with me, his anger is turned away, Isa. xii. 1; and his chastisement is all in love. I took a heavy cold about the 18th; soon there followed bronchitis and congestion of the liver, and very great pain of body attended it. On February 27th, whilst lying on my bed in most excruciating pain of body, these two lines of hymn 668 came most sweetly to me:

"Compelled I am on Christ alone to hang  
And plead the blood by which the church is freed."

These seemed a great comfort and stay to my mind, and the divine compelling was prized, and my soul comforted. On March 3rd I took up the "Gospel Standard" and opened on "Salvation Cometh"; finding it was one of your sermons, I began to read it, and as I read on it kept coming sweeter and sweeter, and when you came to the wilderness I felt, "I know about that spot for I had been there: and the blind, and the deaf, and the lame, and dumb; I had been all that; and I did feel the coming of Christ in his suitability to my wants and miseries. I, a mass of sin; a precious Christ, a fountain of healing virtues. Then when you came to the effects of his coming, I hope I did know and feel what it was for the eyes of the blind to be opened, and the ears of the deaf to be unstopped, for the lame man to lean, and for the dumb to sing. The reading of that sermon was like drinking down a cordial, reviving hope, cheering my spirits, comforting my mind.

The blessing in reading the sermon led me back to the former visit from the hymn 668, and I felt my soul was blessed; which has made the affliction, I trust, profitable to my soul. It is to the praise of the glory of his grace I have written these few lines, and that you may be encouraged in your work, and now and then put a sermon of your own in the "Gospel Standard." We cannot help loving those whose labours the Lord blesses to our souls. We feel a close union to the instruments, and bless the Lord for them, and himself for the blessing by them. I am thankful to tell you I am better, and gradually gaining strength. With sincere love I am yours affectionately,

Chiddingly, March 7th, 1879.

William Vine.  
To Mr. Hazlerigg.

In the summer of 1880 he had a serious illness, when these lines were a comfort and help to him:

"Thy Lord for nothing would not chide."

He felt the Lord's chastening hand was not in anger, but in love and the words: "Thou shalt not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord" (Ps. cxviii. 17), were much blessed to him, doing him good like medicine.

In October, 1882, the Lord again laid his afflicting hand upon him; at this time he had many fears he should not meet his people again, but at this time he was laid with weight on the people's minds, and earnest prayer was made for him that the Lord would raise him up again to them. The case of Hezekiah was much on the minds of some, and they prayed that the Lord would add to his days 15 years, which prayer was heard, and he lived nearly 15 years after to the comfort of his people. He was blessed with a praying, God-fearing people. How encouraging for saints to pray for their minister! Once, when from home, as he entered the chapel where he was supplying, the clerk was giving out the following verse:

"Such a shade I am in view,  
Empty, dark, and fleeting too,  
Such a worm of nothing worth  
Crawling out and in the earth."

The 4th hymn of Gadsby's selection was one of his favourites.

His first wife died in March, 1888. She was a God-fearing sober-minded woman, and a great help and comfort to him in his many afflictions and trials. A notice of her death appeared on the wrapper of the "G.S." shortly after.

In October, 1889, he married again, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Aaron Burton; a suitable partner, and a member of the church; and though younger in years she was a true helpmeet, and comfort to him in his afflictions to the end of his days. By her he left two daughters who were not of age to realize their great loss by the death of their father. May the God of all grace guard and bless the widow and the fatherless, for his Name's sake.

In 1893 he was seized with a partial stroke, from which, after a time, he was, in a great measure, restored; but it was a

long time before he was able to resume his labours. At this time this word was a support and comfort to his mind: "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them, in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; he bare them and carried them all the days of old" (Isa. lxiii. 9). He was never more at home than when he could exalt a precious Christ, and lay the sinner low. He loved to dwell on the theme of salvation by grace from first to last.

During 1895 he was brought very low; he could take but little without suffering much pain. Frequently after preaching on a Lord's day he feared to take anything for some hours until he had rested; and often he was quite unfit to leave his room, though he did so at times when really unable. He struggled against his own feelings and afflictions of body. He would say in his afflictions,

"How light, when supported by grace,  
Are all the afflictions I see,  
To those the dear Lord of my peace,  
My Jesus has suffered for me."

For the most part he bore all his afflictions with much patience. Hymn 275 (Gadsby's Selection) was often on his mind:

"Let me, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;  
And while I feel affliction's rod,  
Be still and know that thou art God." etc., etc.

Several times he remarked that in the greatest of our agonies we only sweat drops of water, while the Lord Jesus to redeem our souls from hell "sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." For a long time we had painful and repeated proofs that affliction was doing its work. His altered appearance caused many a pang in the minds of the Lord's people, those who loved him for his work's sake. The 1st Lord's day in June, 1896 he spoke from the two last verses in the epistle of Jude. "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen." It was a very solemn and favoured time—He read at the Lord's table the three last verses of hymn 483 (Gadsby's Selection), which begins

"Yes, I shall soon be landed  
On yonder shores of bliss" etc., etc.

On the 8th of November he was much helped in preaching from Zech. xiv. 6th, 7th verses: "And it shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark: but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

It was a good time with many, and those who saw him on his dying bed were eye-witnesses that he realized the fulfilment of those words in an especial way, for he had indeed the light of the Lord's countenance in his last days and hours. On November the

13th he was seized with severe pain in his side, which brought on another attack of violent sickness. The doctor pronounced him to be in a very critical state, but he revived a little, and on the following Sabbath went to chapel and preached from Job. xxiii. 8th, 9th and 10th verses. "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him; but he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Power attended the word spoken being blessed to many. He knew whom he had believed. The Lord had tried him and he came forth as gold, being found faithful, he was soon to receive his crown.

On November 22nd he preached for the last time in the Dicker Chapel, from 1 Cor. i. 30, 31 verses. "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." Between the services he addressed the children of the Sunday School from the last chapter of Ecclesiastes.

On the evening of Monday, November 23rd, he was taken worse at a friend's house at Ripe, where he had gone to speak. During the night he was very ill, and scarcely able to lie down. He felt it was death, and being very dark and tried in his mind, he began to look about for his religion, and said he did not feel ready to die; he was also thinking much about the death of a child of one of his friends, whose remains he was expected to inter the following day. While thinking much about his own state and that of the child's, the Lord graciously broke in upon his soul, and these words came with power,—

"If death must follow, I comply,  
Let me be sick of love, and die."

He then felt he could die, and hope sprang up in his soul, also for the safety of the dear child. As arranged, he attended the funeral, which proved to be the last time he was out;—an occasion not soon to be forgotten by those present who heard him speak.

The next day he enquired where those lines were which had been so blessed to him. Hymn 304 of Hart's. It begins

"Lord, what a riddle is my soul";

the last verse being the one in which the lines are he had felt so sweet—

"If death must follow, I comply;  
Let me be sick of love, and die."

He much enjoyed the reading of it, and so fully entered into the whole hymn. Early on Saturday morning, November 28th, he was seized with paralysis, losing the use of one side. During the afternoon two of his deacons came to see him. He wept much, but was quite sensible, telling them of his affliction, and the words which had been so blessed to him. He sent his love to his friends, the church and people. He wanted to encourage the feeblest.

adding, "those souls who long to see him now shall surely see his face." He was deeply concerned also that dead souls might be quickened into life,

While conversing with some friends upon God's goodness to him, he said he was sick of love, and was longing for his union with Christ to be made clear to him and the marriage completed; adding, "I have for so many years been wanting him to assure me that he is *my* beloved and *my* friend." He said, "I don't know what the Lord's will concerning me is; I feel indifferent in this affliction. When I have been ill before, if my will has been brought into submission to the Lord's will, I have begun to get better, but this time it is not so. He was unusually free to speak of what he was enjoying, and longing still further to realize; but as he was ordered to be very quiet, it prevented many friends from seeing him. During the affliction the kindness and sympathy of friends was marked.

During Monday night, the 30th of November, he was favoured with another visit from the Lord, when the 1st chapter of Song of Solomon, 13th verse to the end; and the 2nd chapter and 9th and 10th verses were powerfully applied to him.

"A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi. Behold, thou art fair my love; behold thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes. Behold, thou art fair my beloved, yea, pleasant; also our bed is green. The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir." "My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." In the morning he told those about him how he had seen his Beloved standing behind our wall, looking forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice, and that he looked at *him*, and said to *him*, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Then he requested hymn 268 (Gadsby's Selection) to be read.

"If Jesus kindly say,  
And with a whispering word,  
'Arise, my love, and come away,'  
I run to meet my Lord.  
My soul is in my ears;  
My heart is all on flame;  
My eyes are sweetly drown'd in tears,  
And melted is my frame.  
My raptured soul will rise,  
And give a cheerful spring,  
And dart through all the lofty skies,  
To visit Zion's King." etc.

While hearing it read he spoke a little on the verses as so suitable to his feelings, and they rested on him with much savour and power, filling his soul with peace and happiness. He said,



“Though my body is in this afflicted state, I did feel to give a cheerful spring to run and meet my Lord.” After the 5th verse was read to him—

“The world now drops its charm ;  
My idols all depart ;  
Soon as I reach my Saviour’s arms,  
I give him all my heart. etc.—

he said, “I have got no idols, have you?” “Soon as I reach my Saviour’s arms I give him *all* my heart.” “I have learned more in five minutes than in 20 years. The Lord is so good to me, if I were to hold my peace the stones would cry out—I don’t want them to condemn me, the Lord does not.” He requested we would find and read to him all the portions on the “loving-kindnesses” of the Lord, so great was God’s blessing on his soul. Such as “I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses” (Isa. lxiii. 7), and many more.

On one occasion as the hymn was being read to him

“How oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee my God,” etc.,

he interrupted, and said, with tears, “so they have mine, and so they do now. I am tempted even now to think there is no God, and that it is of no use praying ;” and while he was quite overcome in relating a little of the struggles between grace and sin, the unchangeableness of a covenant-keeping God was his support. He would sometimes say, “He won’t leave me now, I know he won’t.” “I am surprised the Lord blesses *me* like this ; I am not surprised that he blesses his people, but I am so surprised he does *me*.” On being reminded of the Lord’s promises to him, and the 1st one from Isa. xliii. 1, 2, that he would be with him to the end, he said, “So he did, he has been and is with me.” Speaking of the Lord’s goodness and faithfulness to him, he could indeed say, “Who is a God like unto thee?” and with the poet :

“There shall I see his face,  
And never, never sin,  
But from the river of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.”

On one occasion, when sending his love to a relative, he said, “Tell him, there is a reality in true religion, ask him if he has got it : nothing but realities will do when we come here.”

The last evening he preached, these words were on his mind : “His mouth is so sweet.” But he felt unable to preach from them, and spoke from the word : “What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies” (Song vi. 13). But after the Lord so blessed him, he said : “I could preach from the words now, ‘His mouth is so sweet.’”

On Friday, December 4th, he said he felt humbled under the

mighty hand of God, and exclaimed, "All things are ordered well. *Mersey, mersey,*" he repeated several times, *all mercy.*" One remarked: "then you would not change places with any one, would you?" He replied quickly—"I don't know how they stand."

"What Christ *has said* must be fulfilled,  
On this firm Rock believers build."

In the evening of the same day he wished all his family to come into his room and for Matt. vi. to be read. He spoke sweetly on several of the verses, especially on "for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." He had been watching the sparrows on the tree and thinking of the Lord's providential care over them, "your heavenly Father feedeth them," and he felt he would provide for him and his. On Thursday, December 8th, early in the morning, the Lord appeared again, and these words came with power: "Return unto thy rest, O, my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee" (Ps. cxvi. 7). Also, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name" (Ps. ciii.1), and the 23rd Ps., "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want," etc., and he asked those present to sing that hymn:

"O bless the Lord my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name  
Whose favours are Divine" etc. (Gadsby's 420)

The evening of the same day, without a struggle or a groan, his ransomed spirit took its flight; "fled off triumphant home"; leaving those dear to him to mourn their irreparable loss. But how conspicuously the Lord answered the many prayers of his servant, that his last days might be his best days. He experienced at evening time it was light, and was favoured, as he had so desired, "to pass the river telling of the triumphs of his king."

I visited him on the 2nd of December, and found him in a most happy frame of mind. I read to him some of the hymns already named, also part of the 103rd Ps., and part of 1st and 2nd chapters of Song of Solomon, and engaged in prayer with him. A favoured time it was, for I found him full and overflowing with the blessing of the Lord, under the spirit of adoption, the Holy Spirit witnessing with his spirit. As on our first meeting, November 9th, 1870, our souls were united together by the spirit of faith and love, so in this, our last meeting here on earth, the Lord graciously confirmed our union, whilst our hearts were melted in fellowship and love. I felt I should see him no more in the flesh, and we could say "farewell," with a sweet hope we should meet where sorrows, sighs, and death are not known. He expressed his love to many of our friends in London, and to his own church, deacons, and people, whilst he said, "My heart is full of love to them, and to the Lord on their behalf;" mentioning many by name; while he, with his feeble, fainting voice could say, "Let grace triumphant reign."

E. ASHDOWN.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the donors or legatees, all donations of £50 and upwards, and all legacies . . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies of £50 and upwards, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE LEGATEES." Will, therefore, our Friends, who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of                      pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. COVELL, On Completing the  
Thirtieth Year of His Ministry, on March 10th, 1878, in  
Providence Chapel, West Street, Croydon.

“Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”—HEB. xiii. 7, 8.

Remember! yes, it were our sin and shame,  
Could we forget thy loved and honoured name.  
Among the dearest memories of our heart  
Thy look, thy voice, must ever have a part.  
That eye, which oft while we've unconscious slept,  
In midnight glooms for us has waked and wept;  
That voice which now for thirty rolling years  
Ceaseless has warned us, night and day with tears.  
Careful for us with all this care, shall we  
Render no tribute back again to thee?  
O that while yet on earth thou art detained,  
Thy longed-for happiness not fully gained,  
Thy words might enter with almighty power,  
Mixing with faith in some auspicious hour,  
Enabling many a trembling soul to cry  
“Jesus is mine, and I in peace can die.”  
This were thy sweetest recompense; O this  
Would (were it possible) enhance thy bliss  
In that bright world where countless tongues record  
The honours of thine ever-living Lord.  
Immanuel has been thy glorious theme;  
Not known by hearsay, as some fondly dream,  
But shining into the benighted heart,  
Darkness to scatter, light and life to impart;  
The serpent's head to bruise in that poor soul  
Where once he tyrannized without control.  
In tracing out this mighty change, how keen  
Thy two-edged sword! how sharp its strokes have been!  
Severing false faith, false penitence, from true,  
The work of God from what mere man can do.  
But when the real character was found,  
And mercy was indeed a welcome sound,  
Then, gladly cherishing life's feeblest sign,  
No nurse's tenderness has equal'd thine.  
Backsliders, too, have heard in melting tones,  
That whom God once has loved he ne'er disowns.  
With hopes revived have knocked at mercy's door,  
And found that grace the vilest can restore.  
Nor yet in temporal trials have Zion's poor  
Been left without a refuge strong and sure;  
Jehovah Jireh's Name uplifted high,  
Has often proved to faith the best supply;

Prayer has prevailed, the hungry have been fed,  
 And unbelief been forced to hide its head.  
 And now farewell, accept this feeble lay,  
 Which means the thanks it cannot fully pay,  
 Thy last days be thy best, and in that hour  
 When earthly comforts shall have lost their power,  
 Thy God be nigh to hush each rising fear,  
 Thy pillow smooth, and wipe away the tear :  
 Then to thy ransomed spirit sweetly say—  
 “Arise, my love, my fair one, come away.”

W. S.

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A LETTER FROM MR. BEEDEL, OF SYDNEY, N.S.W.  
 TO THE EDITOR OF THE “GOSPEL STANDARD.”

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My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—Grace be multiplied unto you. I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but my time is so taken up, but now that you have laid me under additional obligation I feel compelled.

I have felt deeply grateful to you for publishing my letter in the January No., which, in the Lord's hands, has been the means of bringing me so much help in the many parcels of the “G.S.” sent for distribution, and I have just been advised by Mr. Miller that the parcel (of nine cwt.) you speak of—sent by Mr. Shillingford—has arrived safely, and in an acceptable time, for my supply had quite run out. I am pleased also to see by the September No. of “G.S.” in the letter from Mr. Howe that a spark has been kindled in South Africa. How we should rejoice together if this should lead to the sowing of the precious seed of eternal truth in a land where it is so much needed, and which has so recently been sown with the blood of the slain !

But, dear Friend, I am writing now especially to thank you, not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of many friends of our late dear Brother Allen, for the kind and faithful review you have given of his “Memoir.” Your generous and outspoken remarks have touched our hearts, and made us feel more than ever indebted to you. And we wish sincerely to thank you for the appreciation and kind consideration you have given to it, also for your recommendation of it.

Mr. Allen was very deeply attached to the late Mr. W. Gadsby whose “Glory of Grace” was much blessed to him at the time when his mind, under the loving hand of God, was being prepared for the work of the ministry—the God-glorifying principles, therein set forth, had a deep place in his heart, and were the principal features of his ministry, and brought him into close union with Mr. Gadsby, whose name, writings, labours, character, and testimony for God and truth he highly esteemed, and a painted likeness of him ever hung in his study.

But oh ! how few and far between are such men now-a-days ; but we must be thankful for those whom the Lord has raised up,

and for the use he makes of them, and not despise the day or small things!

The circumstance you relate of the young man coming from England to Sydney and finding us out is one of many we have known. They are thankful after a long and tedious voyage, and after leaving connexions dear to them, to find upon arrival here a place where the same Free Grace Gospel is preached and the same things in experience set forth that they have been accustomed to listen to, and a people with whom they can meet to worship. This too has encouraged our hearts and strengthened our hands, and been the means of drawing us closer to our brethren and churches in dear old England. And we find that the Equatorial line is after all more imaginary than real, for though separated by so many thousands of miles we are still in one and the same spiritual hemisphere!

We are always pleased to see the face of your monthly magazine, and to hear how you do. May the Lord guide and direct you in filling its pages, and grant you much of the "anointing which teacheth all things, and is true," and give you to see he is owning and blessing your labours! I sympathise with you much in your arduous position. I wish I could tell you the many pleasing evidences we have seen of the Lord's blessing attending the reading of the copies we have distributed in the Asylums. I often wish you could be present to see and hear for yourself, it would cheer your heart. Some, if they could, would, I know, write to you themselves, but you have their prayers and best wishes. One dear old man at Liverpool told me the other day, with tears in his eyes, as he again received two or three copies from me, "They are my meat and my drink, Sir, ever since I received them from you, and if I was able to do anything with my hands, I would be only too glad to send a subscription!" I have sent you a printed Report of last year, in which you will see some instances of the Lord's blessing given. I have had more since, and will give them (G.w.) in next year's Report. It will also give you some idea of the nature of the work itself, but *the Day*, dear Brother, shall declare it, when the secrets of our hearts are opened. So deep, so secret, and so mysterious are the ways of God, past finding out and often in wisdom hidden from us to hide pride from man.

I wish to assure you that any and every expense incurred in connection with sending parcels by friends to you or in forwarding by you to us we will gladly meet if you will be kind enough to let us know. And then we shall feel under much obligation to you and our dear friend Mr. Shillingford, whose labour of love in this work (and others) is very great.

Again thanking you and wishing you every blessing our Covenant God may be pleased to bestow with fraternal love, believe me to remain, yours in Gospel bonds, F. BEEDEL.

Sydney, N.S.W. Oct. 13th, 1902.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE MRS. MARY KIRBY, Written by  
Herself; With an Account of her early Life, Written by her  
Son-in-law, Mr. E. Gantlett.

*(Continued from page 538, Dec. No., 1902.)*

Lord's day morning, December 7th, 1862. I went to the old chapel, and heard Mr. Petty, and there I received another lift by the way; which caused me to join with the Psalmist and say, "Bless the Lord O my soul." Early in the year 1863 I heard Mr. Freeman preach from these words: "And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant" (Ezek. xx. 37). It was a very solemn time indeed to my soul, and in my feelings I felt to be passing under the rod, but when I was led to examine myself I found that this rod of reproof was needful, and beneficial to my state at that time. I heard also a Mr. Pound, about that time, preach from these words: "Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works" (James ii. 18). To me it was most extraordinary, as this portion has exercised my mind for a long time, and I had prayed several times to the Lord that he would make it plain, and give me a right spiritual understanding of the portion, and it struck me that he would do so through Mr. P. preaching from the words, and he did so in a remarkable manner to my satisfaction; and I received his message as an answer to my petitions before the Lord. Oh, what a merciful God is the God of Jacob, to hear and answer our poor petitions in so gracious a manner; especially to me, who is unworthy of the least of his mercies! How Satan sometimes strives to get the mastery over me; and what a continual warfare I feel is being carried on in my mind, and how true it is "that when I would do good, evil is present with me"; which makes me groan out in spirit and say, "When shall I have done with this body of sin and death?" Oh that I could rise upon the wings of faith and love to my dear Redeemer and leave it behind me! I feel I shall never be fully satisfied until I arrive safely at my heavenly home, for my affections are continually being drawn out after my well-Beloved; and when it is not so I feel very wretched. But, bless the dear Lord, he does not leave me long together, but comes to my relief, and whispers peace and comfort into my disconsolate heart!

After some time had elapsed since my espousals (as I call them) I did not enjoy such holy raptures of divine love in my soul as I did at the beginning. One day I was in my room wondering and lamenting and entreating the Lord to show me why I did not enjoy the fulness of his presence as I had been wont to do? When these words came forcibly to my mind: "Ye are drinking of the well refined wine of the kingdom." I wondered what it meant, and if it was at all applicable to my case; when it occurred to

me that as the first blessed excitement of my being married to Christ was somewhat subsiding, I was now sinking down into a settled joy and peace, and had much serenity of mind.

On February 8th I heard Mr. Pocock Junr. preach with great satisfaction, and received another manifestation that I was indeed travelling in the right path. O, what blessed, refreshing times these powerful hearing times are to my soul. I felt much liberty in speaking to Mr. P. of the enjoyments I had received, but could not enter into them as fully as I could wish lest I should be found running in the ways of the Lord before I could walk well. I am so fearful at times lest I should not be kept by the Lord's restraining power; for I know that I have no power of my own, and unless I am constantly kept on my watch-tower Satan would unawares draw me aside from Christ the living way. Oh how I dread a false peace, and I am persuaded that nothing short of the righteousness of Christ will ever satisfy me, or assure my conscience that all my sins are for ever put away, and that my life is hid with Christ in God! But oh how encouragingly did dear Mr. Dangerfield speak upon those things on Sunday last, and how they entered into my feelings, so that my soul was melted within me in love to my dear Lord and Saviour! I had been begging of the Lord to speak to me by the mouth of his servant, to confirm my faith that I was resting my eternal all upon him, who is the sure Foundation and the Chief Corner Stone.

On February 26th I heard Mr. Lewis with great satisfaction from these words: "Whosoever eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood hath eternal life abiding in him." Oh! how I wondered if I had ever eaten of his flesh and drank of his blood, but as Mr. L. went on in his discourse he explained it all to me, and how my soul leaped for joy when I found that I had eaten of his flesh; and drank of his blood; and what an indescribable joy did I feel to the dear Lord for all his manifested mercy bestowed upon me. I was at that time so much favoured with dwelling in the light of his lovely countenance, that I begged him to hasten his coming, and take me home unto himself. I feel such holy longings after him at times, and say that if we can view him so very precious by the eye of faith, what will the reality be? Another blessed time I was favoured with in hearing the word preached by Mr. Muskett. How well he entered into my feelings when he described the exercises of a child of God so much so that my soul was melted down in wonder, love and praise! O that I may never forget these soul-satisfying favours for they are most precious. O how they endear Christ to my feelings, so much so that he is the altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand. But, alas! at times I have to lament his absence, and mourn after him like one that mourns for his only son. Then I feel as if I had no grace at all; and if I attempt to look backward upon past mercies received it yields me no comfort, and I feel as though I cannot be in the right way after all. Oh, these are solemn times indeed, and strange things to experience!



On Good Friday (so called) I went to Swindon to hear Mr. Pocock Junr. preach, and I hope I felt a little of the heavenly dew resting upon my soul during his discourse. In the evening Mr. Mortimer preached, and how blessedly did he enter into the very feelings of my heart, and my love and affections were wonderfully drawn out to the dear Friend of sinners. And as he was describing how the eye of the Lord is continually over the righteous, O, I thought it was grand, and a season to me, which was most refreshing, and also to other poor hungry souls, who felt it as the water of eternal life springing up within them. These blessed times do my soul good, for when they are withheld I am barren, lifeless, and dry, and cannot feel the least spirituality in my heart as I would like to feel, and that faith which works by love appears to be all gone from me; yet one glimpse of the dear Redeemer's face puts it all right again and fills my soul with joy and peace.

Mr. Knill preached from these words: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not" (Psalm xvii. 5). O, how precious were the words as he read them. I had wrestled in prayer with the Lord for another manifestation of his merciful presence to my soul, and for him to assure me that I am in the right path; and how I hoped that he would speak through his dear servant to this effect in my heart! And, thanks be to his adorable name, he answered my prayer in a most satisfactory manner. I received the preached word just as though the Lord had spoken it into my soul himself. He seemed to tell me all I wanted to know, and entered into my feelings, and past experience in a way that truly astonished me. It was as though someone had told Mr. Knill all about me. But as no one had done so, I felt sure that it was the Lord the Spirit who had inspired him to preach in the way he did, and how his discourse cheered and animated my poor doubting and cast down soul, and set my feet more firmly upon the Rock Christ Jesus! My heart was so melted with gratitude and love to God that I sang his praises with thanksgiving.

April 19th, 1863. Mr. Moss, too, preached much to my soul's satisfaction, for in my feelings I had been shut up in the prison-house, but under the word preached my fetters were loosed, and my soul was enabled to come forth. In the evening he spoke a great deal upon baptism, which encouraged me much in that sacred ordinance, and he spoke out my feelings exactly. But how Satan tried to hinder me, and what things he would bring forward to discourage me in walking obediently before the Lord! As I was meditating upon the Lord's great mercies bestowed upon me through life, and how he had brought me out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light, these words came forcibly to my mind: "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved"; and, as I thought the dear Lord had spoken them I made answer in an audible voice, and said, "Dear Lord, if it be thy will, let it be even so, as thy Word declares." I enjoyed much of the dear

Lord's presence, and my soul was truly happy for a time. But even after this my carnal nature would have a struggle with my better feelings upon this matter; nevertheless the sweet impressions followed me about which I had received from the Lord, and I felt like Jephthah, when he said, "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord and I cannot go back"; and it was so with me. Yes, baptism was much upon my mind night and day, until at length I mentioned it to Mr. Lewis, and said, that when there was a baptising service to be held I should like to offer myself as a candidate for baptism! Thus on April 26th, 1863, being the Lord's day, I went to Blunsden Hill Chapel, and gave in my experience before the church there. There were four other candidates beside myself, who came forward, whose names are Mr. Gauntlett, Mr. G. Fisher, Mrs. Fisher, and Miss Townsend. Mr. Lewis was led to preach from these words: "And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest" (Acts viii. 37). On the Monday morning I was much drawn out to the dear Lord in prayer and supplication, and amongst the many things I laid before him, I told him that my past life was about to be buried in baptism, as we read "putting off the old man with his deeds, and a putting on the new man which is Christ Jesus the Lord." And O how my soul desired to live in him, and walk in him with all humility of mind, and lowliness of heart; and preserving a good conscience in the sight of God and men, so that I may not prove to be a stumbling-block to the dear people of God; to whom I was about to unite in the bonds of church fellowship and spiritual communion; and O how blessedly did the following lines come into my mind:

"Did Jesus once upon me shine;  
Then Jesus is for ever mine!"

I cannot describe the love, joy, and peace that flowed into my heart from those beautiful lines! I felt sure that Jesus had shone upon me in the very warmth of his heart's love, and the sweet recollection of it brought such a blessed peace into my soul that I could say with dear Dr. Watts,

"And not a wave of trouble rolls,  
Across my peaceful breast."

I felt so unspeakably happy, and my beloved Jesus was so precious that I could indeed say with the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I therefore felt justified in coming forward to make a public profession of the Lord's great and Holy Name.

After I had named baptism to Mr. Lewis I was much tried in my mind about it, and earnestly entreated the Lord to make it manifest that I was doing right, and that it was his will that I should go forward, and, bless his dear name, he answered me in the following words of Holy Writ: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace." Now, ever since then my mind has been quite settled as regards this solemn and sacred ordinance as I feel it to be, and I can testify the same to the gazing multitude.

May 1st I heard Mr. Ferris with great satisfaction. He touched upon my past experience so fully that I could scarcely help speaking out to the people to let them know that I had felt those blessed things the dear man was speaking of, and how unspeakably precious the dear Saviour of sinners had been to my soul!

June 7th. This is a day for ever to be remembered by me; it being the day I was baptised at Blunsden, and was received into the church. The dear Lord very graciously supported me in going through the blessed ordinance. I did not feel any particular joy, but a firm, solid peace of mind, which appeared to me to pass all understanding, and there was a sweet calm, and a resting my eternal all upon his oath, his righteousness, and blood. The friends were all most kind to me in arranging everything so comfortable for me, and to render me all the assistance required. My heart says, "May the Lord reward them with many spiritual blessings." But on the morrow I felt condemned in my conscience that I had been ungrateful to the great Giver of all good, in not rendering unto him all that glory which is due unto his holy name. I felt ashamed of myself, for such neglect, and could not approach him with that freedom as I was wont to do. I thought of the ten lepers who were cleansed, and only one returned to give thanks unto God. Surely I thought I am one of the nine. Oh! how low it sank me in my feelings, and what bitter reproach I felt at my base ingratitude to such a dear and loving Friend, who is dearer to me than life itself. How glad shall I be when I can leave this mortal clay tenement behind me, and my soul wing its way into that world of light there to meet my Lord, and to dwell for ever with him in the richness, and fullness of his love! I exceedingly long for that happy period to arrive; for here I feel that sin is mixed with all I do. Oh! yes, I often grieve his Holy Spirit, which causes him to hide his lovely countenance from me; and then, Oh, how wretched I feel, and it is as though I cannot live without him! If I cannot feel his supporting hand, how my spirit droops, and mourns, until he is pleased to shine upon me in the warmth of his love again; and at such times it is very clear that I cannot live upon past experience!

Sunday, June 14th I heard Mr. Pocock Jun. with great delight, and felt it to be good to have a taste for the preached gospel of God's grace; especially so when it enters the heart with a Divine power.

Wednesday, June 17th. I went with a friend to visit an old lady at the Union; she was a dear old woman, and upwards of 80 years of age, and had felt the Lord's anointings in her heart. How delighted I felt as she was telling us how precious the dear Saviour was to her soul; and of the hidden treasure she felt within. My bosom glowed with love towards her, and a felt union sprang up in my heart at once, so that I felt we were of the same kindred spirit. The dear old lady looked so cheerful and happy, and was so pleased to find that we had enjoyed the same blessed things the dear Lord had taught her by his Holy Spirit,

and that her dear Saviour was ours also, that it was a most enjoyable visit to each of us.

On June 28th I heard Mr. Lewis preach from these words: "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth." O, how precious is the preached word when it is applied with a Divine power to my soul. I felt it so on this occasion, and it came as an answer to my prayer; for I had begged of the dear Lord to speak to me by the mouth of his dear servant, who was about to speak in his dear name. I am most anxious to be found in the way of righteousness, and I would not be deceived in such an important matter upon any consideration. But, O, how many times the dear Lord has granted me my request; and confirmed me in the truth of those things I had been asking him for. Oh! what a merciful God he is to me, in hearing, and also answering my poor petitions! And how he blesses me on the Lord's days, and bears testimony to the word of his grace in my heart, as faithfully preached by his servants who I am privileged to hear. But the greater part of the week I have to lament over my backwardness to pray, cold-heartedness, and that lukewarm state which so frequently comes over me, and which causes me to cry out and say: "My leanness, my leanness!" And I loathe myself for such base ingratitude to the God and Father of all my mercies.

To-day, Saturday, I have felt the dear Lord to be very precious to my soul. His company is delightful; and I feel him in my heart to be the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. But the world knows nothing of these things as they are not for the worldly people, but for babes and sucklings, and for those who through grace show forth his praise. I wish I could love him more, and serve him better; for this mystical union that exists between Christ and my soul is unspeakably precious.

July 12. I went to Blunsden Hill Chapel, and heard Mr. Peplar preach from these words: "And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you" (John xvi. 22). I can truly say that my soul was blessedly refreshed under the discourse he preached from that text. Those words, "and your joy no man taketh from you." Oh! with what a delightful thrill did they come into my heart; and the blessed feelings they produced therein is more than I can describe, indeed I could not find words to express them. His dealings with me are marvellous, and far beyond my comprehension; and how true it is that "He knoweth my frame, and remembers that I am but dust!" But to go back to Mr. Peplar's preaching: I was going to say, that the place and the service were like a little heaven to me: and it was as though the dear man was telling out my every feeling, far better than I could tell him! Then there was dear Mr. Tombs, who gave out the hymns in his usual impressive manner, which greatly enhanced the service of God's house to my soul; and all seemed to centre in the very depths of my heart. I felt it was a solemn time indeed. I was filled with the love of

God, and praises and thanksgivings ascended from my soul to that dear Redeemer who hath loved me, and given himself for me. And how blessedly does he speak to me in his word, and in such endearing language, as, "None shall pluck thee out of my hands." "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee," and "Fear thou not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." Thus I may truly say "the Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth all them that put their trust in him."

*(To be continued.)*

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### ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE "LAND OF MOAB."

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My dear Friend,—I have been a subscriber to the "Gospel Standard" for nearly twenty-eight years, and it was laid upon my mind to drop my mite into the treasury; and to let the editors of the Magazines know through you, how highly they are esteemed for their works' sake, although unknown in the flesh. Truly their labours are not in vain in the Lord. I believe there is not a month passes by but the poor writer is much encouraged in reading the experiences of the exercised "flock of slaughter," but he is often cast down by the thought that after all perhaps his spot is not the spot of God's living family; not because the prophet said so, but because of his daily experience; for I find my heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," ever trying to lead me into forbidden paths, and grieving the Holy Spirit, and causing the hidings of God's lovely countenance from me. But, I am led to cry unto the Lord in this wretched state, when sometimes a little contrition and godly sorrow is felt within, and the Lord comes again and speaks comfortably to my soul; and a little communion with him is granted me. Honours crown his sacred Majesty for such wonderful condescension.

I feel it to be such a favour to be enabled from time to time to plead the blood and righteousness of a once crucified, but now risen and glorified Redeemer; "who ever liveth to make intercession" for sin-sick souls. Here then is all my hope, and my only point of solid rest; and I can truly say—

"No help in self I find,  
And yet have sought it well;  
The native treasure of my mind  
Is sin, and death, and hell."

Please excuse an obscure, and unknown stranger in thus rambing with his pen; but if I mistake not you know something of these things yourself. One thing I can say, "I love the brethren," and this brings me to another point: How do I manifest that love? Cold words of sympathy will not clothe the naked, nor feed the

hungry ; thus I take the liberty of dropping my small mite into the treasury for them (not meritorously). I herewith enclose with the P.O.O. the sum of — which please kindly hand over to the proper person to receive the same for the funds of the two excellent societies, as from "A Lover of the Brethren, Cleveland, Ohio." Another thought has been brought to my mind which is, "Would it be out of place for me to ask for the insertion on the cover of the "Gospel Standard" the following: "That a few friends, whose views are in strict accordance with the truths advocated in the "G.S." meet for divine worship every Lord's day afternoon at 2.30, at 31, Colfax Street, Cleveland, Ohio." I can assure you that all the friends endorse and believe all the articles of faith of the "G.S." Societies, having carefully read the same. I trust that no spirit of self-seeking prompts me thus to write to you, but I think it might come under the eye of some friends in this vicinity who may not know of such a religious meeting. We open our services by singing a hymn from "Gadsby's Selection," then a portion of the sacred Word is read, and sometimes a remark or two is made by the reader, as the Holy Spirit is pleased to prompt him, which is followed by prayer ; then another hymn is sung, after which a sermon or portion of a sermon is read, preached by some minister of truth, as the late Messrs. Gadsby, Philpot, Smart, Covell, and other ministers of truth. The poor writer had a blessed melting time under one preached by the late Mr. G. Prince, on "The Fruit of the lips." It was the writer's privilege to hear that dear man of God many times ; more than twenty years ago, before he came out here into the "land of Moab," i.e. U.S.A.

He also heard the late Mr. A. B. Taylor of Manchester. Never shall I forget the dear man giving out that well-known hymn of Mr. Hart's :

"Come all ye chosen saints of God,  
That long to feel the cleansing blood,  
• In pensive pleasure join with me,  
To sing of sad Gethsemane " (153, Gadsby's.)

at the opening of a Strict Baptist Chapel at Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire. The sermon and the text are gone from my mind, but the solemn, and impressive way peculiar to himself in which he gave out the hymn, will never be forgotten. Also the late Mr. Warburton, of Southhill, I heard remarkably well at Minety, Wilts. Two blessed experimental sermons preached from the words : "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles." But I must draw to a close. Apologising for presuming thus to write such a confused mass, I beg to subscribe myself very sincerely yours, in the bonds of the gospel,

THOMAS PIKE.

28, Rutland Street, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

The above letter was written to Mr. Kirby. ED.

“MANY ARE THE AFFLICTIONS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.”

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My dear and much esteemed Friend,—I thank you most sincerely for your kind and welcome letter, which was very refreshing to my soul; and I desire to thank the Lord for inclining your heart towards me. And I pray that his blessing may rest upon your own soul that you may be rewarded for your kindness to unworthy me. I had been feeling so very dark and low in my mind, and barren and lifeless in my soul, but the reading of your good letter has softened, and melted my heart, and it brought such a blessed feeling into my soul that I felt quite revived within me; and felt I knew something of those precious truths you wrote of, and had an interest in that great salvation which from first to last is all of grace. I prize these blessed times very much, for they lift up my fainting spirits, and strengthen and encourage my faith. As the hymn says:

“Revive our drooping faith;  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flames  
Of never-dying love.”

Oh! my dear friend, I hope I am not deceived; but at times I humbly hope that I know something of what it is to have the love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost; and then I can truly exclaim:

“O could I know and love him more,  
And all his wondrous grace explore,  
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,  
But part with all and follow him.”

And then I say, “Lord increase my faith, and make me faithful unto death.” I desire to thank the Lord for his many mercies and goodness bestowed upon me; for indeed it is a blessing to feel my heart drawn towards him in loving and longing desires; and to possess the least hope that “Jesus is mine and I am his.” But, I am often cast down, yet, blessed be God, I am not destroyed; though I am often fearing that I have neither part nor lot in the matter, still through mercy I am secretly pursuing after that goodly land that lies beyond this world; for I can indeed say, that this world is a weary desert land to me, and not my rest; and oh, the sweet thought, that if I am a partaker of divine grace, and chosen in Christ Jesus unto that everlasting kingdom, of which you write so blessedly in your letter, then I shall be one day numbered among those inhabitants thereof who shall no more say they are sick; for their God doth wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more crying, no more sorrow, and no more pain!

My dear friend, it is this that bears me up, and enables me to

hope on and to wait upon the Lord. These lines are a comfort to me:—

“How harsh soe'er the way,  
 Dear Saviour, still lead on,  
 Nor leave us till we say,  
 ‘Father, thy will be done,’  
 At most we do but taste the cup,  
 For thou alone hast drunk it up.”

Heaven, after all, I believe, is worth toiling, waiting, and suffering for. If in this life only I had hope I should be of all creatures most miserable. But, blessed be God, I have a hope beyond the grave, and this hope, or the substance of it is Jesus Christ and him crucified. But oh, the many fears that surround it. Do please thank dear Mrs. W. for kindly sending me those beautiful lines. How very expressive they are of my feelings: yes, every verse I can say is just what I feel to need. I was indeed sorry to hear that you had been so very poorly since you were here; and, my dear Friend, my heart truly sympathises with you in all your afflictions and trials; and I hope also I can rejoice with you in all your mercies, and consolations. We read that the Lord's chosen people “go in and out and find pasture.” And you have had many ins and outs, and ups and downs; and how painful for you to be brought down so low in your feelings, and then have to go and speak in the Lord's dear Name to his people. But though feeling so forsaken, and forgotten, yet how much better was the Lord to you than all your fears; and you again proved that precious promise true you were speaking of when here, i.e., “I will see you again!” O is not the Lord very faithful to his promise? Yes, truly! And “your heart shall rejoice.” Oh! I felt when I read your letter that I would help to praise and bless the Lord on your behalf! Do you not generally find, my dear Friend, that the Lord permits his people to get into straits and difficulties before he makes known his love, or manifests his power in bringing them up out of the deep waters? You see he permitted Lazarus to die, and Martha and Mary to mourn, before he visited the town of Bethany; to manifest his power and compassion. I have often found my best times of help and encouragement have been when brought into the deepest trials; and when all creature help has failed. Then how good it is to have a promise applied with power to our heart; and then we can feelingly say, “The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble!” I hope I have felt these things many times, both in providence and in grace; and then it is that we can feel thankful for the trials and afflictions through which we have passed.

I received a letter from a dear friend who quoted the following lines, which were very helpful to me. You may not have seen them.



"O thou whose mercy guides my way,  
 Though now it seem severe ;  
 Forbid my unbelief to say,  
 'There is no mercy here.'  
 O grant me to desire the pain,  
 That comes in mercy down ;  
 More than the world's supremest gain,  
 Succeeded by a frown.  
 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,  
 Love only shall I see,  
 The very hand that strikes the blow ;  
 Was wounded once for me.  
 O who could bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy song of love,  
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
 Our peace-branch from above.  
 Often the clouds of deepest woe,  
 So sweet a message bear,  
 Dark, though they seem, 'twere hard to find  
 A frown of anger there.  
 It needs our hearts be weaned from earth,  
 It needs that we be driven,  
 By loss of every earthly stay,  
 To seek our joys in heaven.  
 Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,  
 However keen the smart ;  
 If sorrow's discipline can chase  
 One sorrow from the heart.  
 He was a man of sorrows he,  
 Who loved, and saved us thus ;  
 And shall the world that frowned on him,  
 Wear only smiles for us ?  
 No, we must follow in the path,  
 The Lord and Saviour run ;  
 We must not find a resting-place,  
 Where him we love had none."

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" (Heb. xii. 9).

. . . . .  
 My dear Friend, how many errands we have to a throne of grace ! I do feel to need the Lord's helping hand both in providence and in grace. I hope you may still feel enabled to pray for us (that is, myself, Mother and Dollie), for I feel it to be a great favour to have an interest in the prayers of the Lord's dear people. It comforts my heart ; and I try to thank the Lord for your manifested kindness towards me. Also for writing to me. As, shut out as I am from the house of God,\* and all outward means of grace, I feel it such a privilege. We shall feel very anxious

\* The writer has for many years suffered from a spinal complaint.—[ED.]

to know how you are. May the Lord be very gracious unto you, and grant you every needed blessing, and be your "hiding place from the storm and tempest," and may he "compass you about with songs of deliverance" (Psalm xxxii. 7). If I have wearied you with my long letter, which I feel is so poor, please forgive and bear with me, for I feel it a privilege to be able to write to you, and to know that I have your sympathy and prayers. The thought just comes to my mind, that if it be so good to converse with an earthly friend, Oh! how much better to converse with our heavenly Friend!

"Who kindly listens while we tell,  
The bitter pangs we feel within."

You will be sorry to hear that Miss Fox has been ill, and obliged to keep her bed; but I am pleased to say she is now somewhat better, but it is a trial to her parents who are now advanced in years. I began this letter more than a week ago, but you know I can only write a little at a time as I soon get tired. Now I must close, and again hoping you are better, and that you will favour me with another letter ere long—Believe me, my dear Friend, yours very sincerely, and affectionately, M. L. W.

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#### "A LETTER FROM A FAR COUNTRY."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble" (Psalm xli. 1).

My dear Sir,—Please find enclosed P.O.O. for £1 4s. for the benefit of the poor of the Lord's people. I will leave it to you to distribute according to your own judgment, where it will do the most good. I should be glad if it were ten times more; as "it is more blessed to give than to receive." I think it is a great blessing to have a liberal heart given unto us, and it is quite a trial to me not to be able to give as much as I would like to do. But it is a mercy the Lord knows the heart when we cannot do as we would like to do. And when we consider that the poor widow's two mites were not unnoticed by the Lord, I feel that to be an encouragement to me to do something, be it ever so little! To live for self is a wretched life. Indeed, I pray that the Lord may deliver us from that monster *Self*, and give us grace to crucify it; for while it would make it appear to us that it would be wise in us to look out for self, yet I prove self to be my greatest enemy, and that the wisdom of the flesh is the essence of sin, while real wisdom teaches us to "obey God rather than man (self) and not to lean to our own understanding." But O what a struggle it is to carry this out when self is so strong and grace apparently so very weak! At such times I feel as if it were like two men wrestling, sometimes one appears to be gaining the victory and then the other. I often feel that if we had grace enough to keep the old man down; how much easier it would be for us! But this the old man will not suffer for a

moment if he can help it; and when he seems for a time to get the mastery, how it makes us cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And it seems to make the battle hang in doubtful scale, and makes us wonder what the outcome will be! I know the word says that "God shall be overcome by a troop; but he shall overcome at last." But we are not as yet come to the end, and so the battle rages, and makes us cry out from fear, and we wonder how the scene will end. But when we are enabled by grace to overcome, how this cheers, and encourages us for the time being, and helps us to believe that we shall endure unto the end, and be saved at last!

My dear Sir, was there ever such a battle fought as this with the world, and sin and Satan? And who but God who is Omnipotent can cope with it in all its turnings and windings? I am sure that it is quite beyond the power of man to accomplish it. It was too strong and subtle for Eve, the mother of us all, although she was sinless; and Adam also was overcome by it, and so was David, and Solomon, and many others, and godly Paul said, "the whole creation groaneth (under its weight) and travaileth in pain together until now." And "we also, who have the first fruits of the Spirit." I feel that I can no more cope with it myself than I can make a world; it is of such a deceiving nature. Well, the Lord Jesus was more than a match for it; and this shows that he was greater than men or angels, for it overthrew both; but the Lord Jesus Christ made an end of sin, and can, and does enable the believer by a living faith in him to get the victory. But O what must it be to be for ever delivered from it? and to be made holy both in body and soul, as will be the happy issue at the Resurrection of the just; and then, says the Apostle Paul, "death will be swallowed up in victory," and all tears will be for ever wiped away.

May the God of all grace bless you in your good work, and enable you to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, which will be eternal victory! And may the writer join with you in the same rich favours, and blessed consolations to the praise and glory of sovereign grace abounding over sin. Dear Sir, this song of praise is for real sinners saved by grace, and not for the self-righteous, for they can never be saved by Christ, for he came to save feelingly lost sinners. With best love, and every good wish I am, yours in hope of eternal life,

ROBERT MILLS.

53, Gilbert Street, Oreonta, N.Y., U.S.A.

P.S. The money is from friends.

(The above letter was written to Mr. Shillingford.)

If all that is good and perfect comes down from above, then it cannot be inherent in man. And sure I am that fleshly perfection is not to be found among all the gifts that come down from the Father of lights.—HUNTINGTON.

## A FRIENDLY LETTER FROM CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

Dear Sir,—Since I wrote to you last June you will observe that I have been called upon to leave the town of Kimberley and take up a position in Cape Town.

My heart was indeed gladdened when I received your welcome letter some time ago. The tone and subject of its teaching did me considerable good. I love to come in contact with God's ministers, because they have such an insight into the marvellous works of God. I have written to Mr. Shillingford by this mail explaining to him my desire and also my willingness to assist in the pecuniary outlay embodied in the collecting, despatch, and distribution of Gospel literature.

Since your letter was published in the "G.S." I have received much literature from various lovers of the propagation of the truth according to the direction of God's hand. One gentleman in Scarboro' (Yorks.) has offered to forward six copies of the "G.S." per month, also asking how many more copies I should be able to distribute. I have written and thanked him for his goodness, explaining that I have not discovered any one of our persuasion in this country yet, and that the Strict Baptist teaching is practically in its infancy here. Since I left my dear old home in Leicestershire (England) I have not discovered a single individual who is persuaded that man by nature is unable to lift himself up from the mire of this earth to have communion with God; and for this reason I would not advise Mr. Shillingford to forward much literature here until we have, by the Holy Spirit's revelation, discovered the extent of the needs of those who will be called by grace into the marvellous light of God.

I will try to place the literature already received in the hands of those I believe to be thirsting for the living waters of life. I ask for a continuance of your prayers that God may so direct my footsteps in his path, wherein I may find delight and comfort for my soul. In conviction as to the teaching of free grace principles as embodied in our conception of God's revealed Word I am practically alone here; but who knows but that the distribution of Gospel literature may be the means, in God's hands, of drawing together a people to call him blessed. I am persuaded that he who hath begun a good work will carry it on. If the desire of spreading the pure literature is not sanctioned by the Lord of all might then my efforts will be absolutely futile. I do desire firstly, to seek his guidance, and secondly, to obey his voice, and by constantly waiting upon him to seek his direction in all things. God chooses his own instruments, and whatever we do must be directed by him and not by us.

I do pray that whatever I do will be done according to the quotation in your kind letter, that "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." God helping me I hope so to do.

We will pray and watch the hand of God in this matter, then all will be well. Perhaps you will be able to see Mr. Shillingford and converse with him respecting the distribution of "pure food" here.

God is opening the hearts of his children in England as I judge by the amount of literature I have already received by the last few posts from home. Kindly pray for me, the path is indeed a "rugged" one here. With Christian greetings—yours humbly in hope,

ERNEST A. HOWE.

Cape Town, South Africa. Oct. 27th, 1902.

### A FAMILY LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Dear Brother and Sister,—I have no doubt you have long looked for a letter from me, and I must say it is a long time since I wrote; I often want to write, but for want of time, or strength, or something to write about, have put it off for a more convenient time. You may say it does not want much strength, but it wants sufficient strength. I have as much every day to do as strength of body will allow, and am too tired to sit up at night to write, though I am trying to do it now. I have great cause to be thankful for health and strength given me thus far, though I feel to fail very much from a weakness in my chest. I have a good deal of business, rather too much for my strength, and I should give up some, or perhaps most of it, if I had not so many seemingly dependent on me. I seem to have to provide for all in a way, and you are aware of my having to get them together on the Sabbath day, and that is often trying work with me. I have no cause to complain of their attendance, considering the distance, for some have 9 miles, and others have 15 miles to come in; but my greatest concern is for their spiritual welfare. I am anxious that they (that is, my family) may be able to get an honest living, but my heart's desire and prayer is, that they may live on Divine realities. What gain would it be, to gain the whole world and lose the soul? Our time, at the most, must be short; what a mercy to be ready when the summons comes, and you, my dear brother, if still in the body, with your severe affliction, if you had not a good hope through grace, (which I am persuaded you have) what support would you have in your affliction? Have you not found many times, when flesh and heart fail, the Lord to be "the strength of your heart," and could you not say sometimes in faith and feeling, "my portion for ever?" You have been much on my mind of late, especially since reading the last from you. The blessed Spirit has enabled me to plead on your behalf. What a mercy is a throne of grace! and to have access to a throne of grace here, is to have a foretaste of the throne of glory, and though clouds and darkness often intervene, and doubts and fears and unbelief often pervade the mind, and every evidence of Divine favour is lost to sight, the dear Lord is pleased to come

again, and say to the doubting, fearing souls of his dear children, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," and that will make amends for all suffering from sin, guilt, and filth, and all afflictions of the poor, frail body. Make amends! did I say? That is not half good enough an expression. No language can set it forth, for the word declares, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things the Lord has prepared for them that love him," and it often seems to me too much to expect, but when hope receives it, and faith believes it, and sees it in the distance, then what pressing on toward the prize!

A few months ago, these words came to me with peculiar sweetness and power: "Safety on earth and after death

The plenitude of heaven."

I was away from home at a friend's house, in the bedroom dressing, and I could not help exclaiming aloud, "What a mercy!" The saved sinner will sing of salvation here, and he will sing of salvation to all eternity.

Thus far I wrote last night; I was in hopes Brother B— would write this time, but as he has not, I will try and write a little more. I do not hear from Sister B—; I suppose she reads some of my letters, and I should like a few lines from her. I hope I have not lost natural affection, though we are removed far apart. It will be a mercy to have a good hope that we shall one day meet in the upper and better world. It's a mercy to feel the union here, and it's a mercy to have communion here, which we can have in a measure in writing.

The Lord has been pleased to give me friends here, and such, I humbly hope, are friends of Jesus. I went 80 miles to see a dear old saint last summer. She was 73 years old. I have heard since, if spared, until spring, she will come and see me. How sweet to meet with here and there a traveller, how few among the many professors that I can feel a soul union to, and that makes me prize the few, and feel glad to meet with one I have never seen before, and another blessing is, to feel a union and love to some I never have seen, or shall see in the flesh, and it's a truth what the poet says—

"Not with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his Word."

And if we love him in his Word, we shall love him in his members too. I feel that time and distance have not destroyed my love to my dear friends in the old country; I mean now, those I used to meet with to hear the word of eternal truth. I must now leave this and write to them. D— and family are well. Give our love to all friends, not forgetting Mr. Mockford. May Divine favours rest upon Brother, Sister, and all friends is the desire of your affectionate brother.

T. P. ERREY,

Camperdown, Australia. May 19th, 1873.

## INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I hope you will not be offended with me for asking you to give your opinion upon the two following questions!

(i.) First, Do you think that a God-sent minister should be continually speaking of his temporal troubles in the pulpit, and thus working upon the natural feelings of his hearers; and drawing out their sympathies, and moving them even to tears? And is it right that such ministers should be frequently making remarks from the pulpit against other denominations? Such things advanced from the pulpit are barren preaching to me. I would rather hear one of Mr. Philpot's sermons read, or stay at home; and I am sorry to say that some of our supplies preach according to the above style!

(ii.) Second, I am greatly perplexed to know why those ministers who I would hope are sent of God to preach, and being blessed with the ability to open up the Scriptures, and trace out the exercise, and the pathway of the Lord's people, should appear to imitate a skilled mechanic, by wanting to be paid for their labours according to their gifts and abilities. This is very trying for poor causes of truth, for while the friends love the experimental truths of the Gospel, yet they cannot afford to have such ministers; and it is an exercise to my mind that such ministers should expect such a thing; knowing that they possess nothing but what the Holy Spirit is pleased to give them!

A PERPLEXED ONE.

## ANSWER.

We much regret that there should be amongst our Strict Baptist Churches any cause for such questions to be asked! But we must say at once, that we do not believe a God-sent minister would waste his pulpit time in retailing his temporal trials among the people that are assembled together to worship God. His honest conscience would condemn him for so doing; and the holy Scriptures would sharply reprove him in many instances. To work upon the natural feelings of an attentive audience in God's earthly courts so as to draw sympathy from them, and to move them to tears, cannot be said to be preaching the Gospel of the grace of God; and any so-called minister who continually practises such a system cannot be properly called a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The surprise to us is, how a spiritually taught church and people can engage such a man after they have proved well what the drift of his pulpit remarks are! Thus, while we would condemn any man for continually adopting such a course when in the pulpit; at the same time the churches are much to be blamed for engaging such men to preach to them. As a "Perplexed One" says, such a display of a minister's temporal trials from the pulpit so frequently is very barren preaching to hungry souls, who are the living in Jerusalem. Ministers of the Gospel who are called to that sacred office by the Holy Spirit, have a great dislike to bring

forward their temporal trials, and to make use of them before their hearers, to extract from them their practical sympathy; they would blush at such a God-dishonouring thought, and flee from such carnal practices; knowing as they so well do, that the Lord whose humble servants they are has all things they need at his disposal; and who has so faithfully promised them "that their bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure." Relying then (as it becomes all godly people to do) upon such a gracious promise, what need is there to stoop to such carnal policy, or take up the little pulpit time that is allotted to ministers in trying to extract carnal help from man? And do we not read, "that vain is the help of man," and those that look to that quarter too frequently will find those words very true. The God of heaven's command to his dear people is:—"Call upon me in the day of trouble"; "let your requests be made known unto God"; "In all thy ways acknowledge him"; with many other gracious portions of a similar kind; all of which teach us that we are to go to the Lord for all that we need, and not to an arm of flesh. And as it is from the Lord that all our blessings flow,—what need is there for any that fear God to lay upon his fellow creatures that which the Lord intends him to carry himself? If it be a "pathway of trial," and it will be to those who belong to the Lord, then does it not become all such to take up their own daily cross and follow the Lord in the path of sorrow, which is the only road to heaven and glory? We are so apt to forget that "It is through much tribulation we are to enter the Kingdom"; and, it is only by a repetition of the trials we meet with in it that we prove there is no way of escape, and by these things we ultimately learn that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." And having found him to be so, so many times over to our needy souls, how we prove the truth of these oft repeated words, "God never did say to the seeking seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain?" It is then most becoming the Lord's people, and especially his ministers, not to spread their cases before their fellow man more than is just and right, but carry them to the Lord, and in secret places lay them out before him; he will understand them, and has promised to reward the poor petitioners openly. If thy fellow creatures are to know thy trials, temptations, cares, and sorrows, let the Lord reveal it to them by what ways and means he thinks best to use; which will clearly show that

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

Now godly ministers know all these things, and, as grace is in exercise in their hearts they love to practise them, because there is a rich reward laid up in store for them at the end of their journey, which will make amends for all the trials and sorrows they have met with on the road. But those so-called ministers, whom our correspondent complains of, as wearying their hearers



with their petty temporal affairs, with the desire of reaping their practical sympathy, prove, by so doing, that they are far behind the Apostle Paul, who was made a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ "by the will of God." Hence he preached not himself, in showing up his daily trials, but he preached Christ Jesus the Lord unto the saints at Ephesus, saying, "Grace be to you, and peace from God the Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ." The Holy Ghost supplying him with an abundance of spiritual matter in his ministry, without his turning aside to work upon the natural feelings of those Gentile believers at Ephesus by the introduction of those things that would not spiritually profit the people of God; nor did he in his ministry belabour those various sections of professors round about him who differed from him in the things of God. It is poor work when a man in the pulpit can find nothing better to do than to make remarks against other denominations. Such a course of action is what is called killing time, and lacking something better to interest the hearers. Such preachers resort to this practice to the great grief of the spiritually minded people, and to the carnal delight of those who are like-minded with themselves. We would say that it would be far better to have a good sermon read, than to be compelled to listen, time after time, to men who we fear would be greatly perplexed if they were called upon to give a truthful account of their call by grace, and especially their call to the ministry; and no man can be said to be thoroughly honest in the sight of God unless he can do both.

(ii.) Secondly, "A Perplexed One" asks why those ministers who he would hope are sent of God to preach the Gospel, appear to imitate a skilled mechanic, by wanting to be paid for their labours according to their gifts and abilities. Here we certainly must plead ignorance; for we never knew that such a thing was done by any minister connected with our churches until we read this second question now to be considered. Never, in the whole course of our ministry have we resorted to such a system, and by the Lord's help we trust we never may. There is something to our feelings so repugnant even in the thought of putting any price whatever upon our feeble attempts at preaching the gospel of the grace of God; and we sincerely hope that we are not alone in these feelings; for we repudiate such a mean thing being practised by any minister connected with our churches. It is most revolting to hear of it being resorted to by ministers of other denominations, and how much more God-dishonouring in our ministers, who profess to fear and love God, and believe that he will "supply all (his people's) needs, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

We were delighted to hear some time ago the reply of a ministerial friend of ours, to the following question put to him at the close of his preaching engagements, "What are we to pay you for your labours?" He replied, "Sir, I never did put any price upon the gospel in my life, and I hope I never may." We could

put our hearty Amen to that decided answer, for we felt that it was just our heart's feeling. Now, we hope that we have many such out-spoken ministers amongst us, who are not ashamed to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to poor sinners, and then leave it with the Lord to bear testimony to it with power, in the hearts of them that heard it; and if it enters the souls of the hearers "in the power of the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance," those that receive it as such will be able to put the right value upon it, whether it comes from a skilled mechanical workman or from a country rustic's ram's horn trumpet! Surely those that receive the gospel in the love of it, are far better able than any one else to estimate its real value! And will not such persons who receive spiritual things so freely, just as freely impart in return their temporal things? It was so in the Apostle's days, yea, and in the old time before them. And we read, "that those who gathered much (for their labours) had nothing over, and those that gathered little had no lack." And does it not remain so unto this day? The Apostles were commanded to go forth two and two together, and without scrip, for, said the Redeemer, the labourer is worthy of his hire; and possibly this was the reason the Apostle Peter said to the lame man as he was about to enter into the Temple, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee!" And, in carefully tracing the Word of God we notice that those servants of the most high God, as mentioned in the Scriptures, and whose labours were owned, and abundantly blessed by God, were not overladen with silver and gold; but the Lord the Spirit was pleased to lead them in the midway; giving them neither too much, nor yet too little, lest on the one hand they might be led to deny the Lord that made them what they were, or on the other hand they might through the inconveniences of poverty be tempted to steal; and to fall into either of those states would be sinning against God; which is what no faithful servant of Christ wishes to do; and who, in his right mind prays against. But the Lord's hand in *some instances* is as much seen in his providential dealings with his faithful servants, as his spiritual blessings are revealed, and made known to their souls. Most remarkable instances of such do we not have in those champions for the truth, as Messrs. Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton, Kershaw, Godwin, Collinge, etc., etc Truly it may be said that in the order of Divine providence the Lord made them poor, but honours crown his adorable brow for ever; he also made them rich, and he blessed them in their labours above many, so that they became pillars of the church militant, and their names are as household words with us unto this day; and although they have long been gathered unto their eternal rest, their memories, and their lives are dear and sacred to the hearts of many that had the honour of knowing and hearing them. Did those blessed men ever put a high price upon their labours in the Lord's vineyard, so that the poor of the flock could not reach it? We never heard that they did, but we believe they

were enabled by grace to commit themselves, and their labours, yes, and their gifts and abilities into the hands of God, who taught the people that listened to them how to value their labours; and what price to put upon them. This we gather from the kind manner in which they were received by the household of faith; and the blessing of the Lord that attended them all their days, so that they brought forth fruit in old age, to show how upright, good, and gracious the Lord had been to them. We would then say to all our high priced ministers (if we still have any amongst us): Remember those gracious men of God, and follow them as far as they followed their Lord and Master; and be not over anxious to become rich, for riches will eat as a canker-worm, and perhaps will become the cause of divers temptations. And we would say, also, seek not great things, for if obtained, they do not always prove satisfactory in the end; but seek the Lord, and his honour, and glory. Let others put the price upon your labours, and what the Lord bids them to give you, that receive with thankfulness. And do not forget to remember to help the poor and the needy in Zion, for those that do so, the Lord says, "Shall be blessed."

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## Obituary.

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MR. JAMES SIMM.—My dear father was born in the village of Ashton-in-Inkerfield, of very poor parents; and at an early age he had to begin to work for the bread that perisheth. His parents were hand-loom weavers, and were unable to give him any schooling. All the teaching that he received was that which was taught at the Sunday School; and after he was married at a night school. He attended on the Sunday the Independent Chapel for a long time; but owing to his employment being in the village of Haydock, about three miles off, he ultimately removed there. At this time he thought himself to be a good man, and others that knew him thought so too. He worked hard for salvation, and expected to obtain it by his own works. One Lord's day as he was going to chapel as usual an old man called out as he was passing, "There goes poor blind Simm, going again to Ashton!" And he very soon after found out that he was a poor blind creature of a day, and knew nothing as he ought to know. About this time he began to meet with a few friends, who feared God, in a cottage, on the Lord's day, to hear the Word of God read, and for singing and prayer. Afterwards these few friends met together in a room in a more convenient place in the colliery works, kindly lent them by the late Mr. Richard Evans; he and his brother, Mr. Josiah, being at that time the colliery owners. In course of time the friends wished to build a chapel, where they might meet together to worship God more comfortably; and by the Lord's help they succeeded in doing so—this chapel stands in the centre of the

village of Haydock. My dear father attended there with the friends, and I have heard him say what blessed times he has had there under the preaching of many of God's faithful ministers; but who have now passed away to their eternal rest. Such men as Messrs. Kershaw, Vaughan, D. Smith, Collinge, Chandler, and others who were cast in the same spiritual mould as themselves, and who preached the gospel of the grace of God with power, and which was made spiritually profitable to my dear father. His chief companions when at home were his old Bible, Gadsby's hymns, the "Gospel Standard," which he had taken for more than forty years, also the "Friendly Companion," and other good books, such as Huntington's Works, Gadsby's Works, with Philpot's Letters and Sermons. I have nothing in my possession to show by what means he was called by grace, and whether it was under the ministry of the Word I am not able to say. He was baptized at Liverpool, and joined the church at Haydock on November 13th, 1864, and was chosen deacon on April 5th, 1885, and he held that office until his death. One of my dear father's favourite hymns was 282 (Gadsby's Selection):

"Tis my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross,  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.  
 Trials must and will befall,  
 But with humble faith to see,  
 Love inscribed upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me" (Cowper.)

My dear father had been afflicted in body for upwards of thirty years, hence he knew by solemn experience the language of the above hymn to be blessedly true. During his last illness he was in a very weak state of health, but was able to get down stairs and sit in his room daily for about two months before he finally took to his bed. He also was able to get to the chapel nearly every Sunday, but had scarcely strength to walk. His esteemed friend Mr. Wilding very kindly took him there in his conveyance, and brought him back again, which was a great favour he felt truly grateful for. His Bible and his hymn book are penciled-marked in many places, denoting that those portions of the Word of God, and those beautiful verses of hymns had been made a blessing to his soul. The following are a few of the portions which he had specially marked—"Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11). "Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation" (Psalm xxvii. 9). "For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death" (Psalm xlvi. 14). The following are a few remarks he wrote from time to time as he sat in his chair: "I have ever found more happiness in telling out what God had done for my soul than ever I did

in declaring what I had done for God!" "I look forward to death, and the grave, and to heavenly glory with unutterable delight; and by faith I often see my poor afflicted body in the tomb mouldering to dust; and my soul in heaven and glory."

"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness;  
A poor wayfaring man,  
I dwell a while in tents below;  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain."

After my dear father took to his bed he was in such a weak, helpless state that it was with difficulty he could converse with the friends from the chapel, who came regularly to visit him, although he was pleased to see them. He said to me one day when I was in his room, "I would not exchange this bed for the King of England's carriage!" I felt that the expression was a proof that Jacob's God was my dear father's God, and was present to support him in his sickness; and that God in whom he had trusted for more than forty years. At another time he said to me, "A few more days and then I shall be in heaven to see my Lord face to face; and to sing his praises for evermore!" The following hymns were often made a blessing to his soul; and he was enabled to sing them heartily, especially when engaged in the services of God's house.

"We've no abiding city here;  
This may distress the worldling's mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find."

But the following verse of the same hymn he felt to be very precious:—

"We've no abiding city here;  
We seek a city out of sight,  
Zion its name—the Lord is there;  
It shines with everlasting light."

My dear father had faith to believe that he should reach that holy city; the heavenly Jerusalem; to be with Christ Jesus for ever and ever, and

"To join in that everlasting song;  
And crown him Lord of all."

A dear old friend of my father's (Mr. Hayes, of Manchester) called to see him on Good Friday (so called) for the last time on earth, but in about a month after, my dear father, and his old friend Mr. Hayes, received the blessed invitation—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. xxv. 34). We have to mourn the loss of a good Christian father, and the church have lost a friend, and counsellor, but our loss is his eternal gain.

JOSEPH SIMM.

MRS. PARKER.—Our late dear friend, Mrs. Parker of Hitchin, Beds, who passed beyond the reach of earth's sorrows on Monday, November 10th, 1902, at the age of 88 years, proved the following portion of God's word to be remarkably verified in her soul's experience: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Psalm xxxiv. 19). Passing through the manifold afflictions, and having many deliverances both in providence and grace she proved the whole of the above text.

The Lord had endued her with such a mind naturally, and such teaching spiritually, as made her beloved and esteemed by godly persons who knew her, so that by her death the friends here are conscious of having sustained a loss.

Thirty years ago she became a member of Bethel Chapel, and she then spoke of having convictions for sin when quite young; afterwards being brought under deeper concern about her soul's eternal safety she was led to hear the late Mr. Gatward, and from that time her heart was drawn out to the preaching of the gospel; and, feeling herself to be a great sinner and needing mercy, the Lord was pleased to comfort her with these words: "I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away."

After this she became ensnared with the world, but was often very miserable, and took a step against the light she possessed, which caused her at times to feel uncomfortable for a number of years; but was eventually relieved by these words: "Fear thou not, O Jacob, my servant, saith the Lord, for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all nations whither I have driven thee; but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure; yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished"

Twelve years previous to her joining the church at Bethel, a church was formed in Hitchin by the late Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Godwin, over which Mr. Tucker was settled as pastor; our friend Mrs. Parker was received by the above-mentioned ministers, being amongst the first who joined. Soon after this the eternal Sonship of Christ was denied from the pulpit, and she was compelled to leave, which was a trial to her; but a sermon preached at Clifton by the late J. T. Smith of Peterborough from 2 Cor. iii. and 9th verse, was a help to her.

In her last years she had sorrow and suffering; but neither the bitter sorrows of life, nor the suffering of death could separate her from the love of God which was blessedly manifested in supporting and comforting her during the last few days of her life, when she could, and did say, "Dear Lord do come, and take me to thyself, I am quite ready." That God who had been her refuge and strength during many years of suffering and trial, was the same to her in the end. Her love to the Lord, his truth, his people and his ways continued unto the last. That well of living water in her heart kept springing up unto everlasting life.

W. T. MORRIS.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1903.

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

## CHRIST, THE REFUGE AND THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT WIGSTON,  
BY MR. A. WHITE, OF OAKHAM,  
ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, AUGUST 10TH, 1902.\*

“That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: 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 an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.”—HEBREWS vi. 18-20.

Not to look at the context now, (we shall have to look at that a little afterwards) we shall proceed at once to notice the words of the text. In the first place we shall look at the characters spoken of,—Those “who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.” Secondly, We shall try and notice this hope, “Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.” Thirdly, We shall notice the object of this hope, “Which entereth into that within the veil; whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.” Then lastly we shall notice the stability upon which the consolation of those who have fled for refuge rests. “That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation.”

In the first place we must speak, as the Lord shall help us, of those people “who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them.” Because, if we have not fled for refuge, then the other part of the text has no meaning to us whatever. If this text has any real meaning to us, any consolation in it, then we must have fled for refuge to the Lord Jesus Christ, because he is the only refuge set before us in the Gospel. God has declared in his word, that “there is none other name under heaven

\* We hope to publish the evening's discourse in our next No.—ED.

given among men, whereby we must be saved." And that he has given to his dear Son a name which is above every name, that, at the name of Jesus every knee should bow. And as we look at the name of the Lord Jesus Christ how wonderfully it branches out in all his various offices and characters, and we realize that he is precious in every name and office to his people. Here we have him brought before us as a refuge. It is a very precious figure to my soul, and I feel it is a precious figure to many of you. If we have fled for refuge, we must have been apprised of our danger, we must have felt that to remain where we were, we were exposed to perish. To seek a refuge means seeking another home. And, therefore, those who are seeking to Jesus Christ for refuge are made to be dissatisfied with their present position, and to feel that to remain where they were is to be exposed to eternal destruction from the presence of God. Bunyan describes Christian as leaving his native town, and putting his fingers in his ears, not listening to his comrades, who were telling him, to flee from his native town was to be a fool, but he seeks refuge where refuge is alone to be found. Those who flee to Jesus Christ for refuge feel that in themselves they are exposed to God's wrath, in themselves they are undone. And in order to provide a refuge for such, God has provided his dear Son, and made him to be a refuge to his dear people. In order to become a refuge, he himself must be able to bear all the storms and tempests that must come upon those who seek refuge at his hand. If I apprehend that a storm is coming, and run for refuge to a particular place, I must believe that that place is sufficient to shield me from all the storms and tempests that I am exposed to. I must realize that it is of sufficient strength to bear all the pelting hail, and storm, and tempest that must come down upon it. Spiritually before I seek to Jesus Christ for a refuge, I must know that he is capable to shield me, to protect me, to hide me from all that I am exposed to as a lost sinner in the sight of God. The sinner is made acquainted with himself or herself, and that he is an abomination in the sight of God, that sin cannot be allowed to go unpunished, for God has pledged himself that he will and must punish sin,—the transgressor—his way is hard, and God has declared in his Word that "the soul that sinneth it shall die." When I am made acquainted with this, spiritually and experimentally so, I feel I am exposed to all the wrath of God,—for we read, He shall pour out the vials of his wrath upon an ungodly world;



that is upon every impenitent sinner that has not fled for refuge to Jesus Christ. As we feel that, and that God must bring that sinner to his bar to answer for the deeds done in the body—as God brings the poor sinner to his judgment seat he realizes that he stands exposed to the wrath of God. He may have thought before that by his good deeds he shall merit heaven. God has swept away his refuge of lies, he cannot hide here. Paul could not. How secure he once was! pleased with his good deeds under the law. But when brought face to face with the commandment he said, “Sin revived, and I died. And the commandment, which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death.” So he could not hope for eternal life by the works of the law. He was made to cry out, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Then Christ was presented to him.

In order to become a refuge, Christ must bear what was due to the sinner. It is not a light thing to be a refuge for sinners. In order to be a refuge, Christ must give himself up to endure all that was due to the sinner. God cannot allow sin to go unpunished, and, unless Jesus Christ was punished for us, we must endure that punishment to all eternity.

The Bible reveals the substitutionary work of Jesus Christ in becoming a substitute for his poor people. God has smitten him for the sins of his people, God has wounded him for their transgressions; the vials of God's wrath have been emptied upon him, which made him sweat great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And this in order to become that city of refuge for all who flee to him. In order to flee you must be apprised of your danger. Do I see a person running as for his life? I must of necessity think he has an object in view. All who flee to Jesus Christ are leaving the deceitful shores of this world, their father's house, and their own country; they are putting their fingers in their ears like Bunyan's pilgrim, they want a hiding-place, they say, “where shall I flee for a hiding-place?” When poor sinners are convinced of sin, God's holy eye follows them everywhere, if they retire to rest at night, it is no rest, and they will find no rest till they find Christ and realize that they have a refuge in him.

But when we realize by faith, that he has borne the punishment due to my sin, and your sin, then we lay hold of him. What is it that lays hold of him? The hand of faith. We do not expect to lay hold of him with the natural hand. I do not believe in the Papists' Christ, which they carry about in a little tin box; I want a better

refuge than that, I want to lay hold of Jesus Christ by faith as revealed in the Gospel. Faith never contradicts the Word of God, but faith accepts the testimony of God concerning Jesus Christ. Hence when we are led to flee from self, and all the pre-conceived notions of self, and flee to Jesus Christ, it requires a Divine hand to guide the soul that is fleeing to Jesus Christ,—for this reason—When a sinner is in distress about the salvation of his soul, he is anxious to do anything that will bring comfort to his heart.

Bunyan represents Christian meeting Legality, and how he leads him to Sinai, but he finds no refuge there, no shelter there, he could not endure the sight. The lightning flashed, and he quaked, as it were, beneath that mountain, while, as the poet puts it, it thunders in his ears, "This mountain is no hiding-place." So he had to retrace his steps. The Spirit leads to Calvary; it is there we find a refuge in the smitten Son of God—smitten for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, in order to make a suitable hiding-place where his people may be sheltered from the wrath of the law of God. Jesus Christ is a refuge in his atoning blood; without shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins. Have you and I applied to Jesus Christ for the application of that Blood to our conscience? Wherever it is applied it speaks peace to the troubled conscience, and you realize peace by the blood. When God brought Israel out of Egypt, there was only one refuge for them, and what was the refuge? The refuge or shield to them was the blood. God said, "Thou shalt slay a lamb, and sprinkle the blood over the doorposts of the house; and where I see the blood I will pass over." Wherever the blood was not seen the destroying angel entered that house, and smote the firstborn with death. That blood was precious to the Israelites. It was not their scheming, their planning, their wealth, if they had had bags of gold and laid them at their doors that could not save them. They might have shed tears, but tears and prayers could not save them. Hence, if you and I are seeking a refuge in anything short of the blood of Jesus Christ to atone for our sins, we shall fall miserably short. Our tears cannot save us, as dear Toplady beautifully puts it,

"Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

It is not in our tears, our Bible-reading, our zeal, (all good

in their place) my text does not speak of souls laying hold upon anything but Jesus Christ. And, to lay hold of anything with a firm grasp, you must have empty hands.

This is a hard lesson. Our nature is so fond of doing, so filled with pride, but God empties us, that we may be filled; and faith always goes to God with empty hands, not with full hands at all, for God has promised to bless the poor, and the rich are sent empty away. To lay hold of Christ, it must be with an empty hand, but with a firm hand. This is the hand of faith. Faith never misses its mark; wherever it thrusts its hand out, it lays hold of Jesus Christ. Faith sees in Jesus Christ a refuge before it lays hold of him; it sees in him a glorious substitute for the sinner's sin, before it cleaves to him.

"To him it leads the soul"

When filled with deep distress,  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness."

Then I am shielded by the blood; his precious blood has made atonement for my sin; how wonderful! how wonderful! Well might Peter speak of it as "precious blood." If precious to you, it is so because it has hidden all your transgressions from view, blotted out the great catalogue of your sins; your guilty soul is hidden, God cannot smite you because he has smitten his dear Son, and once in him you are in him for ever. He is precious in his righteousness. Every one of us as subjects of our sovereign, we stand amenable to the laws of the land, and if we transgress those laws, the officer of the law will bring us to book, and we shall be dealt with accordingly. God's law cannot be broken. You know the manslayer when pursued by the avenger of blood, when he reached the City of refuge, was safe there as long as the high priest lived. And our high priest can never die. The avenger might smite him ere he got into the city, but if he got into the city, he found a city of refuge, and there he abode safe.

Now Christ fulfilled the law of God, and the law of God can bring no charge against you, if found in him. He has borne all the weight, he has proved himself equal to the terrible strain that came upon him ere he became a refuge, though Mark tells us, "He was sore amazed and very heavy," and Luke tells us "being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." He stood the test, and fulfilled the law of God and made it honourable. We look to him as the Lord our refuge. Naked I am exposed

to the storms and tempests of the law of God. It would be a terrible sight to see a poor person without a rag exposed to a terrible storm and tempest of hail; you would gladly give such an one a refuge if you could. That is a true picture of what we are by nature. Naked we come to him for dress, and his righteousness is a refuge, it is without spot or blemish. God is well pleased with it. He has said of his dear Son, "In whom I am well pleased." I hope and trust you and I have fled to him as our Life—fled to him for refuge; and having found him a refuge, how well pleased we are with him. The longer I live the more pleased I am with him as a refuge; I would not run out of him; he is a refuge from the storm and tempest, and hiding in him, we are safe to all intents and purposes. The great question is: Have we laid hold of him? If we have laid hold of him, he is our only refuge. You cannot lay hold of Christ and hold the world. Faith grasps Christ with an empty hand, and must have come out of the world, and all preconceived notions of creature righteousness, and renounced all natural religion, and laid hold on Christ as the hope set before us. "Which hope we have." Wherever there is faith, there is a necessity for hope; these two go so sweetly together, what one fails in doing the other supplies. Faith and hope keep the Christian plodding on day by day. We shall be saved by hope, "Which hope we have." How many of us here this morning have it? If we have, it is not a dead thing. The hope of the hypocrite is a dead hope, a spider's web, but the hope of the Christian is a living hope. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." It is a lively hope, Paul calls it, "A good hope through grace." To have it means this, that I have in this hope more than ten thousand worlds could give me, if I possessed them all. All that ten thousand worlds could give me would not support my soul in the hour of trial. We have seen this in those who have possessed riches; how gladly they would give it all could they have one hour more to make matters right with their souls. We have heard people talk like this, "It will be time enough if God lays me on a bed of affliction, I shall have time enough to make my peace with God." That is a hope injected by Satan. God never gives, and never will give a hope like that. This hope we have as an anchor to the soul. That we must speak of in the evening. May he add his blessing. Amen.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the donors or legatees, all donations of £50 and upwards, and all legacies . . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies of £50 and upwards, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE LEGATEES." Will, therefore, our Friends, who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

“A JOYFUL MESSAGE; OR, GLAD TIDINGS FOR THE MEEK.” No. 4. To T.B.

I received my dear friend's kind epistle, partly written by his sister. The reason I did not answer her former letter sooner was, that it came on Saturday, a day on which I make it a point not to write; but receiving another from her the next Saturday, fearing I might hurt her mind by not answering it immediately, I concluded to write her a short letter; had it been on another day it might have been answered more freely. I hope the little I quickly scribbled proved for her comfort and encouragement. The good Lord knoweth how exceedingly I long for her consolation—knowing the works of the enemy, I fear his getting advantage by his suggestions, damping, and deadening influences; yet I have good ground for encouragement from the word of God against my fears; for I am persuaded she is now of a meek spirit, and the Word saith, “The meek will he teach his way.” “The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord.” While reading her letter, I felt in my affection as if a voice spoke in me, “Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.” The words were repeated a hundred times over, and continued with me throughout the day and night. I was more and more impressed with the text to preach from, nor could my mind look to any other. Wherefore, yesterday, forenoon and afternoon, I preached from these words, “One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.” Thus while somewhat engaged on the day set apart for retirement and meditation, and to have my mind free as possible, the good Lord led me into a portion of his Word so that it became plentifully the subject matter for my ministry the next day. Thus if I have been in any measure a helper of the hope and comfort of thy dear sister, the helped is made the instrument of helping the helper: yea, of the congregation too. Oh, how wonderful are the works of our loving and gracious God! It is sweet work when like Manoah and his wife we can watch and look on. Also by “observing these things, we are brought to understand the loving-kindness of the Lord:” both with respect to ourselves and towards those in whose behalf we feel an interest.

Since I have been led to walk more by faith, I have been brought to conclude of the state of others in this way more than in any other. Faith is of God. The exercise of it is of God. When it is drawn by the leadings of his Spirit we may be at a point both with respect to ourselves and others, for the Spirit doth not err. “He guideth into all truth:” hereby though in body absent, from our friends, yet are we in spirit with them, rejoicing, or sorrowing with them, and “beholding their order”—hereby we can, though absent, have sweet union and fellowship in spirit with each other. Here we can bear, groan under, and plead for deliverance for each other under burdens. Rejoice with them that rejoice. Weep with them that weep. Though

unknown, yet well known to each other. And here, my dear friend, without flattery, "for I know not to give flattering titles to any," without doubt and without presumption I can in truth say, the Lord hath begun a good work in the heart of your sister. Her breathing is not the loathsome breath of pride, self-sufficiency—blind zeal—false confidence, or self-righteousness; but of a soul truly quickened—a soul sensible of sin, sinfulness, the filthiness of the rags of self-righteousness, and need of just such a full and complete Saviour as Christ set forth in the Gospel, with real desire to enjoy him. Sure I am, "my God will supply all her need according to his riches in grace, by Christ Jesus." The throne of grace is erected for her—it is for the needy. "Come boldly to the throne of Grace, that ye may find grace to help in time of need." The mind of Christ is mercifully, lovingly, and favourably towards her. "The needy shall not always be forgotten." He will surely hear her though she may feel more barren and dry, and even prayer seem to fail. "When the poor and needy seek water (Spirit's sweet influences, comforts, grace,) and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Though she may be oppressed by the enemy—at the set time to favour, Christ will surely appear for her deliverance. "For the oppression of the poor, and sighing of the needy, I will arise saith the Lord, and set him in safety." He will give her the exercise of faith (a persuasion) in his precious promises. "The Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor shall trust in it." The poor (in spirit) of the people shall trust in thy name." The whole of the Gospel belongeth to her. "The poor (in spirit) have the Gospel preached to them:" yea, all its blessed contents, even the whole of the goodness of God. "Thou O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor (in spirit). He will feed her therewith. I will feed you, even you, O poor of the flock." "The poor shall feed and the needy lie down (in death) in safety." She is under the blessing while here. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and shall be one of the blessed, welcomed to the Kingdom in the day of Judgment. "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh blessed Mary, thou hast the right sense of need—it is the good part (the contents of the Gospel) thou wantest. Thou art made willing to have it, and hast chosen the needful thing, and it comprehends all thou needest—Christ hath it for thee—it is thine in him. He will never lose it. "Of all that thou hast given me, I have lost nothing:" therefore thou hast it safe, it shall never be taken away from thee. If death draw nigh, fear not to set sail across that river. "The needy shall lie down in safety." That "sleep in Jesus" is awaking in his infinite, boundless, and eternal love. Cheerfully (with the patience of hope) take the cup of affliction now, for thou shalt anon "drink of the

rivers of pleasure for evermore." The greater weight of affliction now, the greater weight of glory for you when you shall have crossed Jordan. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment"—take comfort here ("a moment")—"worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory."

Cheer up, dear Mary, do not harbour fear—

Cast all thy care on Jesus' tender care :

He cares for you—what more can you require ?

He cares for you—for He is your desire :

Tho' Satan bring his dark'ning clouds, and seek,

By many wiles, thy faith in Christ to shake—

Tho' he suggest distressing things, and strive

Thy soul of hope and comfort to deprive :

And tho' you find your outward man decay,

More bolts and pins are moved day by day :

Tho' bowing wall the little pins\* may strain,

Which unto thee, may be some sharper pain :

And tho' you find by all you feel and see,

The Tabernacle soon must moved be ;

Yet, cheer up Mary, be ashamed of fear—

Cast all thy care on Jesus' loving care :

Surely I know, it shall be well with thee,

In glory thou sweet Jesus' face shall see ;

Consider this—let this be understood,

All thy afflictions now are working good ;

O trust in Christ, "He will the needy save,"

You feel your need—salvation you shall have ;

Let dark'ning reasonings all be left behind,

Give God-dishonouring doubtings to the wind.

Hark—hark, sweet Jesus call's, "Come, come to me"

Poor restless soul, my rest I'll give to thee.

O hate thy unbelief—let this suffice,

Lean all thy weight on the beloved Christ."

Touching coming up, I cannot feel my mind inclined to it at present, not from want of affection, but I have no persuasion it would be beneficial unless I were to preach, which as yet I cannot do. We can converse by writing, and if your dear sister, through weakness, is unable to write you can give me every information respecting her, and (God willing) I will continue to write such as shall be given to me. Christ preaches "glad tidings to the meek:" therefore preach to her all you know of the glad tidings in the Gospel. Show her, as the Lord shall show you, how groundless is slavish fear.

Give my love and tell her, I shall be glad to receive what she may write or dictate, though but a line it will be the pleasure of my heart to answer it. Give my love to her sister, tell her, I hope she will profit by what is before her—that she may see the vanity of all terrestrial things, and the excellence of heavenly things. Oh cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart! Take

\* Nerves.



head of the winds of doctrine which are blowing in London—  
 “Whereunto ye have attained walk by the same rule.” “See  
 that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.”

January 12th, 1822.

Affectionately, D. FENNER.

### FRAGMENTS OF EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MR. PITT, OF ABINGDON.

My dear father, John Frederick Pitt, of Abingdon, Berks, was born on March 26th, 1836, and was a member of the Abbey Chapel, (built by the late Mr. Tiptaft) for forty-five years. He was called by grace when about twenty years of age, at which time he attended the parish church; but not finding spiritual food for his then quickened soul he left it and attended the ministry of Mr. Tiptaft, in company with the late Mr. G. Prince, afterwards a minister of the Gospel, and who was highly esteemed by many of the churches of truth. I have heard my father say that his parents remonstrated with him for leaving the Church of England; but he gave them to understand that the Lord arrested him with these solemn words: “Pay me what thou owest!” which with further explanation was the means of silencing them, so that they never remonstrated with him again. My father, in writing for himself, says: “I saw my awful position as a guilty sinner before a holy God; and felt that he could not clear the guilty. My heart meditated terror, and my transgressions lay heavy upon me; and I felt that it was a bitter thing to sin against God. I exclaimed, ‘How shall I dwell in eternal burnings? And what must I do to be saved—to escape the wrath to come?’ All my past sins were now brought to my remembrance. I promised amendment in the future, but all my vows and promises proved futile, and these words sounded in my ears: ‘He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all!’ Many earnest cries went up to the Lord, from my heart, for mercy, and for his Divine help in this my sore trouble, but he appeared to take no notice whatever of my cries, of which Satan took great advantage, and filled my mind with all that is dismal in this world, and in the world to come. There were some that I met with who tried to administer comfort to me, but I found that he that made the wound in my heart must heal it! As I was led on I saw the safety of God’s elect people, but greatly feared that I was not one of them, but was afraid I was permitted to live on purpose to fill up the measure of my iniquities, and then sink under the burning wrath of Almighty God into a deserved hell. The suitability of Christ to God’s chosen family I began to see clearly, and when a faint glimmer of hope was raised up in my mind that I might be one of them it was darkened soon after by an application of these words: ‘The hope of the hypocrite shall perish!’ If a little nearness to the Lord in prayer was felt in the heart, or a little melting of soul enjoyed under the preached

word, Satan would represent it as the joy of the 'stony-ground hearer.' Thus I was hunted, harassed, and distressed like a partridge upon the mountains; and tempted to give it all up, and have nothing more to do with religion! Then again, I would strive, and pray against sin, but only to prove that I was again overcome and carried away by it like a dry leaf before the wind. This filled me at times with despondency, and I cried out in the bitterness of my soul, and said, 'Woe is me for I am undone!' It was suggested to me by the great Adversary of living souls that it was all over with me; for, he said, the Lord takes no notice of your cries,—put an end to your existence and know the worst of it! This I was mercifully preserved from doing by the timely application of these words: 'I know the thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts of peace and not of evil; to give you an expected end.' I found 'by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit.'

"Thus I have, in a faint measure, set forth a little of the way in which the blessed Lord in his rich mercy wrought upon my soul by his Spirit in my first days. And I remember well how he brought down my heart with labour, and showed me that my former religion was a bed too short, and a covering too narrow to rest upon for eternity. But I found that 'when the Desire cometh,' which is Christ formed in the heart the hope of glory, 'He is the Tree of life'; and blessed are those that wait for him."

Writing at this time to the one who was afterwards his wife for nearly thirty years, my father says:—"I hear you have received the book I sent you, (an account of the elder Mr. Warburton's last days) in it you will find something spiritually good. I have heard him preach several times. I hope never to forget once in particular hearing him preach from these words: 'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see' (John ix. 25). Those words were fitly spoken to my soul; indeed they were as cold water to a thirsty soul. At that time I was being brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, by the powerful teachings and leadings of the Holy Spirit; and like the man we read of, at that time 'I saw men as trees walking'; and felt like another man who cried out and said, 'I am as a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips'; but panting for God 'as the hart panteth after the water brooks'; for my soul was anxious to have a manifestation of Christ revealed to me, and to feel his love shed abroad in my heart, and the blessed effects of his precious blood applied to my soul. My heartfelt prayer was like the Apostle Paul's, 'That I might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings;' etc. And with the Psalmist I used to say, 'Say unto my soul I am thy salvation.' Ah! my dear friend, my soul has passed through many changes, but what a mercy if you and I have passed from death unto life!

"When the Lord first began with me, I thought he was about to cut me off in my sins as a cumberer of the ground, and to

execute his righteous judgment upon my guilty soul : and as my false hopes were removed from me, I seemed to sink fathoms deep in despondency, and I felt as though I was drawing near to the borders of despair. But, as in nature, so sometimes it is in grace ; the darkest part of the night often precedes the break of day ; thus when I looked for judgment behold mercy appeared ; and the sun of righteousness arose upon me with healing in his wings. The following portions of God's holy Word were made precious to me : 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel : I will help thee saith the Lord,' and 'Fear not : for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.' O how my soul was humbled in the dust at the Lord's feet, and I was filled with gratitude to the God of all my mercies : so that I rejoiced with joy unspeakable ! The word of the Lord was precious to me in those days, and appeared before me in quite a new light ; and for a time I could see nothing but the gracious promises, and they were all most precious to my soul. This blessed visitation lasted a few days, and I, in the warmth of my feelings, exclaimed, 'My mountain stands strong in the Lord, and I shall never be moved !' I grew high-minded, and became proud of what I had been taught : and began to look with disdain upon the weaklings of the Lord's flock ; which is a sad proof of what human nature is. Thus I stood upon a pinnacle of self-conceit, and I knew it not : but temptations came against me, and I fell. Then the accuser of the brethren came upon me and said, 'All that you have been telling the Lord's people of what the Lord has done for you is a delusion : and if you had been one of his people, what has befallen you would not have taken place.' Language fails me to explain and express the horror and distress that filled my soul, and the darkness of mind I passed through for many months. Some time after this, when in the country musing over and lamenting my unhappy state, it seemed as though all at once my soul was like the chariots of Aminadib. I felt that I saw Christ Jesus with the eye of faith as my Daysman and Surety, and as one standing in the breach between God and my soul to bear the vengeance of a sin-avenging God that was due to me. Here I saw sin in its true light, and as I had never seen it before. And here I saw the needs-be of the sufferings and death of the dear Redeemer : and O how black my sins appeared before me, and I loathed myself on account of them ! But the Lord favoured me to live in the enjoyment of his sweet smiles for several weeks, when I realized the truth of these words : 'Unto you that believe he is precious' ; and truly then the word was very precious to my soul. I was favoured to hear the Gospel preached with power, and in the Holy Ghost many times, and it was applied to my heart, and confirming to my faith."

My dear father was baptized in the year 1856 : and Mr. Tiptaft, his faithful minister and pastor, died in 1864. He was a discriminating minister of the Gospel, and contended for an experimental religion, and practical godliness in the daily life of those who

profess to fear God. He took a deep interest in the controversy on "The Eternal Sonship of Christ," which greatly upset the churches some time before he departed home to eternal glory. After his death, my father, with others was instrumental in keeping the Abbey Chapel pulpit supplied with faithful ministers of the Gospel. He was very reserved, and would not talk much upon religion. Yet true religion was strikingly manifested in his actions, if not expressed in words.

My father had a large family of children, and for many years he had a hard struggle to maintain them; but he found that "When the Lord's people have need, his goodness will find out a way." It was his delight, with his dear partner in life to welcome any friends from the country who were seeking after the truth to their humble home on the Lord's day, and many cups of water have they given to such seeking souls, and such kindness is not to lose its reward.

My father lost his dear wife on September 20th, 1883, and her Obituary appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for January, 1884. My father again writes on January 2nd, 1884: "Another year has gone, and I trust I can say 'Hitherto bath the Lord helped us;' and 'we have continued unto this day.' And I may say that 'If the Lord had not been on our side, the enemy would have prevailed.' Perhaps the devouring flame would have kindled upon us, or the water floods have swamped us; but the Lord says to little faith, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' And I cannot help saying that 'Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help and refuge.'

'Trials must and will befall,  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all;  
This is happiness to me.'

"How good the Lord has been to me during the past year! He has led me about and instructed me in many things, but his faithfulness, compassions, tender-mercies, and loving-kindnesses have been great, and call aloud for songs of praise. But O how I have seen and felt my native vileness, weakness, and helplessness, and my strength, wisdom, self-righteousness have all failed me, and my comeliness is all turned into corruption, so that with Job I have cried out, 'Behold I am vile.' Yet on the other hand I have been favoured with glimpses by precious faith of him whom my soul loveth; and the sound of his name has been as music in my ears. This blessed Man, I trust he is my peace, my refuge, my hiding-place, my surety, my advocate, yea, my all and in all, in all my times of trouble, afflictions, and sorrows that befall me. 'I muse on the years that are past,

Whereon my defence thou hast proved,  
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last  
A sinner so signally loved.'

I feel a desire in my heart to be quiet, and would wait upon the

Lord, and watch his fatherly hand. My times are with him, and 'he knoweth the way that I take,' for the darkness and the light are both alike with him. And, 'he maketh rough places plain, and crooked things straight.' I feel myself to be blind, and ignorant, and helpless, therefore I need a guide to direct, a teacher to instruct, and a never-failing friend to help me in my every time of need; and who can I have more suitable, or more able, and willing than he who hath said 'I am the way, the truth, and the life?'"

His second wife survives him, and I am pleased to say that she has been a true helpmeet to him, a gift from the Lord, and a great comfort to my father down to the end of his days.

For several weeks in the early part of the year 1895 he was laid aside from illness, but on March 31, he was blessedly delivered in his soul's feelings. He writes: "This morning (Sunday) I opened my Bible at the cvii. Psalm, and in reading the early part of it I was led to meditate on enduring mercy, when in a moment the Lord was pleased to make my heart soft, and my eyes like a fountain from which tears flowed freely, and the dear Redeemer came to my help and cut the bars of iron asunder, and I wept to the praise of the mercy I found." He remarked, "if you want your father's experience since the Lord called him by his grace, you will find it in that Psalm (cvii.). This poor shattered vessel has been down into the deeps so that the waves and the billows went over me; yet even there the dear Lord appeared for my help and said, 'Peace, be still,' and lo there was a great calm; and Christ Jesus who was thirty-two years ago the rock of my salvation, so I found him to be to-day, and I trust he will be the same for ever and ever! Yesterday I was the Lord's prisoner, to-day he brought me into the banqueting house, and turned my mourning into joy; so that I could say, 'He hath done all things well.'"

From this time his health began to fail, and in July he writes again and says: "My doctor says my heart is weak, but if he can strengthen its action I may get better. I hope if it is the Lord's will I may be spared to you all, for I feel the ties of nature are still strong upon me. 'But he knoweth the way that I take, when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' For some months I have had these words upon my mind, and they still keep coming, 'I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee,' and he hath done so hitherto. And I can say, 'great is his faithfulness.'" Referring to this promise in a conversation I had with him a week before he passed away, he said, "When the words were first spoken to me I took little notice of them; but they came again and again and arrested my attention: when I said, 'It is the Lord's voice'; and I was enabled to go forth again to my daily calling." After one of his sons had read a portion of the Word to him he engaged in prayer, and with many confessions of his inability to help himself, either spiritually or temporally, he entreated the Lord to have mercy upon him in and through

Christ Jesus, and then said, "What wait we for? our hope is in thee!" I saw him for the last time on May 26th, but could only have a few minutes' conversation with him. But even then he was enabled to tell me of the great goodness of God to him in the fulfilment of his gracious promises to the support of his mind; after which I entreated the Lord to further bless his soul, and give him an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom when his change should come. He followed my supplications with his blessing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

To his fellow deacon he said, "I can praise the Lord!" and to his dear wife he said, "What should I do now without this God to help me?" To Mr. W. West, of Grove, he said, "I should like you to bury me, but do not mention the creature in any way to praise him; but let Christ alone be exalted." A few days before his departure, he was favoured to meditate on the sufferings of Christ, when he said that his way was much darker and rougher than the way in which he himself was travelling, and he realized that in his present trials he had fellowship with Christ in his sufferings; who said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done; and being in agony he prayed more earnestly, and there appeared an angel unto him strengthening him." As these words were brought to his mind my dear father felt sensibly strengthened to bear his sufferings. Many times did he plead with the Lord that his promises might be verified in his experience as his natural strength declined. The night before he died his dear wife heard him repeatedly in prayer saying, "Lord, thou didst say I will help thee, and strengthen thee, O fulfil thy promise once more, dear Lord, to thy servant for thy Name's sake!" He passed away a few hours later, evidently enjoying the presence of the Lord, for his face was beaming with delight as though he was enjoying the beauties of heaven and glory; and I have no doubt it was so, and that he is now in the enjoyment of eternal love. He passed away on June 2nd, 1901, and was buried on the following Tuesday in the Abingdon Cemetery by Mr. West, who made some very solemn remarks to the friends around the grave who had assembled there to pay the last tribute of respect to one who for many years had been a member, and a deacon at the Abbey Chapel. The hymn commencing "Rock of Ages" was sung, and the Lord Jesus Christ exalted for calling, preserving, and supporting my dear father for so many years in the wilderness. H. B. PITT.

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It is indeed a pleasure to be able to gladden the hearts of God's deserving poor, if only in the capacity of a distributor of the means so kindly given by others. For what joy it gives to see the countenance beaming with thankfulness, and the tear-drop in the eye arising from a broken spirit: This is a pleasure that touches a chord in our heart, from which we are assured that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—(N.B.)

## THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

“They feared as they entered into the cloud” (Luke ix. 34).

Not always does our Father send  
 His sunshine sweet, and bright ;  
 Not always do we walk amid  
 Its clear and joyous light ;  
 More oft he sends the storms and clouds  
 In tender, loving care,  
 Just as he sees them for our good,  
 And best for us to share.

And wonder we that in our lives  
 So much the clouds we prove,  
 Deem we that sunny paths alone  
 Bespeak our Father's love ?  
 Is not our understanding poor,  
 Our judgment weak and blind ;  
 Whilst his is perfect, infinite,  
 And he, all wise and kind ?

But little should we learn his love  
 If life were always fair,  
 And less appreciate the sweets  
 Of his Almighty care.  
 Much should we miss of real joy,  
 Which these same paths afford,  
 And little strengthened be our feet  
 Dependence on the Lord.

So whether we be entering in  
 Some cloud which now may loom,  
 Or be, by his own ordering,  
 Enveloped in its gloom,  
 Oh, may we still look up and trust,  
 Though darkness intervene,  
 For ne'er shall we look back to say,  
 Our God hath faithless been.

And while our Father sends the clouds,  
 Be this our comfort still,  
 The darkness and the light are but  
 The servants of his will.  
 Nor may our fearing hearts forget  
 His precious word and true,  
 That he who brings us to the clouds,  
 Will also bring us *through*.

KATE STAINES.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PRINCE,  
of Mount Eden, Auckland, N.Z. Written by Himself.

O wonder of wonders that any of Adam's lost race should be called from darkness to light, and from a life of sin and misery to obtain such a favour! Especially I, such a sinful worm as I am! I often ask the question as set forth in the well-known hymn:

“Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?  
'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had never had a taste,  
And perished in our sin.”

O the confusion of my mind, and the deadness of my soul during the last few days! I have had no comfortable meditation on the words and works of God, and no real earnestness in prayer; but a kind of spiritual stupor and drowsiness came over me. I read a portion of the Word, but soon forgot the subject matter of it. I read it again and again to see if it would fasten itself upon my mind, so as to yield some comfort to my soul; but alas! without the Spirit's power we can do nothing. But to be called from this time state under such a cloud how distressing to contemplate. But blessed be the Lord for his gracious promise, which says—“That as thy day, thy strength shall be.” Then may I be enabled to glorify him in my infirmities, knowing that he has said that “he does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.” But he corrects us in mercy, for our many sins committed against him. O Lord grant that I may see thy good hand, and acknowledge it in all thy gracious dealings with me!

How blessed it is to be favoured with a similar experience to the Psalmist under temptations and trials. He says—“My tears have been my meat day and night; save me for the waters are come in unto my soul; I sink in deep mire where there is no standing,” so that he had to experience many things that others were a stranger to, and who were not plagued and chastened as he was; and whom we read have no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. But he, dear man, was often chastened, and cast down; but in the midst of it all he says, “One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever; to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple.” O the blessedness of such a rich experience. It seems to lift up my soul from these lower regions, and to join the Psalmist in saying, “I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being.”

September 10th. This morning I felt very barren in the things of God, I had scarcely a thought heavenward, and nothing seemed to occupy my mind but vain, and unprofitable thoughts.



But when I sat down to my mid-day meal the sight of it made me consider the bounteous hand of God in providing continually for my returning wants, and dealing out his mercies so bountifully to one who is so unworthy of all his favours. With good Jacob I could say, "The God that fed me all my life," and with a humble faith I desired to say—"who hath crowned me with loving-kindness and tender mercies." O how suitable are such gracious expressions to my feelings when my soul is lifted above time things, and I can feel a little hungering and thirsting after righteousness! The Prophet Isaiah has a blessed invitation to the thirsty sinners saying, "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).

September 29th. I read for my portion this morning the fifty-first Psalm, and noticed how earnest the Psalmist was in imploring the Lord to have mercy upon him, and pardon his iniquity which he felt to be great. I was led to think of my own poor prayers, and I decided in my mind that they differed widely from the prayers of the Psalmist; and then I was led to wonder if after all I was worshipping an unknown God? And I asked myself what I really knew of the true God; and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent? And if I got my religion from those I was brought up with, and like one who learns a trade? or did the Holy Spirit teach me, by convincing me of my sins, and then leading me to the fountain of living waters, to receive the blessed promises as set forth in the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ? These are important matters I wish to have cleared up in my mind, that I may know in whom I have believed, and how matters stand between God and my soul! Dear Mr. Hart says, "Some do not believe, but think!" But a thinking religion is not sufficient, for see how it is carrying the masses of people carelessly down to perdition! May the Lord in great mercy give me that pure religion which will do to live by, and to die with, as dear Mr. Tiptaft often used to say. I have heard many times of simple faith, and that all we have to do is simply to believe; as though it was the easiest thing to do in the world; and those that make those statements base their belief on this portion: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9). To an unexercised, and an untried person it would be an easy thing to do, to confess with his mouth; but for that confession to come from a believing heart is a very different matter. I have been earnestly seeking for a long time past for that very faith the Apostle writes about: a faith to believe that God raised him (Christ) from the dead; but I seem as far off as ever, and as unable to attain unto it as I am to grasp the universe. But the Apostle goes on to say, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be

saved ; ” but it means that we are to call upon him with a believing heart, or by a saving calling, and not merely with an external call as thousands do, and are well satisfied with such a natural call. Then he adds : “ But how shall they call on him in whom they have not believed ; and how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent ? ” What a beautiful chain of gospel truth, and how blessedly linked together ! O that the grace of faith may ever live, and rule, and reign in my heart ; to lift me above the grovelling things of time, and fill me more and more with the joys of heaven, that my heart may be set more upon things in heaven, and not upon things on the earth.

I have lately been meditating upon these words : “ The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it ” (Prov. x. 22). I earnestly desire to feel that blessing to be mine. What a rich favour it is to know that our salvation does not depend upon our frames and feelings, but on the unalterable word, and purpose of an unchanging Jehovah. And notwithstanding my many frames and feelings I trust I have been favoured to rest my all for time and eternity in the hands of a covenant-keeping God in Christ Jesus. But if salvation depended upon my frames O how wretched and dismal my case would be ! For, how often do I feel the heavens to be as brass and the earth as hard as adamant, Satan, too, ever ready to seize upon me to devour if possible, and temptations as fierce as poisoned arrows coming against me so strongly that I have to cry out in the bitterness of my soul “ O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me ! ” Thus it does not do to trust to frames and feelings as they vary so much, and change so often.

Of late it has been upon my mind to seek the Lord’s direction in my providential movements during the day, yet when I have done so, my prospects have appeared to be more blighted than ever. I have heard of cross-handed providences, and mine have appeared to be such, but I fear that I have only had a slight glance of the Lord’s direction, but have felt a strong desire to have my own way. I need not then be surprised at blighted prospects, and the many cross-handed providences that I have met with ! Shall I then give up seeking for wisdom to direct me in all my ways where alone true wisdom is to be found ? God forbid ! But may I more earnestly seek to know him, and his mind and will who is wisdom itself, that he may direct me in the right way, and at last bring me unto eternal glory.

I was arrested in my mind just lately with what the dear man of God says in the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, where he speaks of God’s wonderful knowledge being so high that he himself could not attain unto it ; it was too high for his infinite mind to reach, and as for the wisdom of God, as I meditated upon the Psalm I found that was incomprehensible, and most sublime ; too high, and too deep for such a worm of the earth as I to grasp,

or even understand it. I would then drop my vile head in the dust and confess that I am as ignorant as a beast before him. Yet the Psalmist says, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee." How much I desire with the Psalmist to pray this prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." O how earnestly I desire that the Lord may correct me with judgment, and not in his anger lest he bring me to nothing! The bastard's portion I dread, which is to be without God's correcting rod. But to those he has set apart for his own glory he says, "And I will cause you to pass under the rod; and I will lead you into the bond of the covenant." It is far better that the Lord should chastise us in this life for our sins and follies, than that we should bear the just reward due to them in the world to come.

This morning I awoke about two o'clock and the subject of SIN and its baneful effects arrested my attention. I discovered that it is but little we know of the mystery of iniquity, or why the Lord should permit sin to enter into the mind of angels to contaminate our first parents, and all their posterity, and ruin them for ever, except those chosen in Christ before the world began. But this is a profound secret known only to God, but the effects of sin are lamentably manifested in all the human race, and it is a sweet morsel to all, except to those in whose hearts God has implanted his holy fear, who are the only people who feel the dire disease of sin, and the immense price the dear Redeemer has paid to release them from it, and to ransom them from the power of the grave. Now, I am much exercised at times to know if I have ever been truly brought to a right knowledge of sin, and mourned over it and repented of it before a just and holy God? or has it been with me as dear Mr. Hart says—

"To see sin smarts but slightly;

To own, with lip confession,

Is easier still; but O to feel

Cuts deep beyond expression."

Just a slight knowledge of sin is not sufficient to appease the wrath of God, and to save the soul from hell. The awful consequences of sin must be known, and felt before we can be favoured with grace to believe that our sins are washed away in "that fountain which is opened in the house of David, for the inhabitants of Jerusalem; for sin and uncleanness." O how precious, and how grand and glorious if it is so; but if not, how awful is my position! O that I may be kept watching, longing, and thirsting at the posts of his doors until he says to my soul "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, why standest thou without! Amen."

Christmas day. I begin to feel now more hopeful that it is a real work of Divine grace that is begun in my soul, whereas

formerly the work appeared to be nearly gone out, and I felt so barren, lifeless, and cold in things pertaining to God, and to the best interest of my soul. But now I can read the Word, and meditate upon it for hours with pleasure and profit, and even as I go about my daily occupation I feel it good to meditate, and think about God, and his works, his ways, and his people. But these precious times, and good feelings do not last long; they are very transitory, and when gone they leave me helpless and bare. And if I attempt in my own strength to meditate upon the weighty matters of heaven and glory, or upon the way to it, or upon the works of God, or the works of good men, feelingly they are all alike unprofitable. But what a mercy, even in those unprofitable times, to know in our better judgment that God's everlasting arms are round about us, and underneath us! And what else could keep us from falling into temptation, or sinking into black despair? But has he not said that he will never forsake the work of his hands, or leave unfinished that noble work of divine grace which he by his Holy Spirit has begun in the hearts of poor sinners? Yes, he will carry it on and perfect it, although the poor creatures in whose hearts this work is proceeding may undergo many changes, and be led into very strange paths, yet they will learn by these changes, that "It is through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom."

*(To be continued.)*

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LETTER BY MR. J. KEYT TO MR. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

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Beloved in the Lord,—Every time you close your commission and leave London I feel a regret which I am unable to describe, and knowing by the gradual increase of infirmities that I must shortly put off this tabernacle, this portion of Scripture is sure to present itself to my mind: "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Whether this is to be my last farewell I know not, but the number of my months are with him, whose goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. His compassion and his faithfulness fail not: and as the Great High Priest, and Advocate of his people, he will carry on his own work in and for his own dear-bought flock. And being favoured with a humble hope that he hath put me (unworthy as I am) among the children, I am able to confide in him as being able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I can ask or think. What a sad and miserable religion must that be that fails its professors in the time of trial!—though this must be the case where the root of the matter is wanting, yet none appear more confident than the foolish virgins with their blazing lamps and empty hearts! Oh, what a day is this in which we live! How small the number of those who shine as lights in the midst of this crooked and perverse nation, and how few there are who walk worthy of the high vocation where-

with they are called! As to the ministry of the Spirit, where must a living soul go to find it? I fear not in these quarters next Sabbath-day, notwithstanding all the great things boasted of. God hath indeed left in the midst of Zion an afflicted and a poor people in this awful day; and instead of brighter prospects opening to our view there are evident tokens of more thick and gloomy darkness gathering all around, while the sickly things that remain are ready to die for want of refreshing showers, there being so few clouds heavy with the water of life in this once favoured land. Nevertheless, the Lord of the harvest will not suffer the souls of his remnant to famish, having graciously promised that they shall be holpen with a little help, that he will be a little sanctuary unto them in all places wherever scattered in the cloudy and dark day, and that he will cause the showers to come down in his season. Surely this hath been found a truth by our remnant during the month that is past, and you most certainly know it! But now the feast is at an end, nor do I expect to see much hot provision upon the table of shew-bread for some time to come, therefore we must put up with the old fare as well as we can, unless the servitor should happen to bring up a basket of fragments out of the north country!

I feel a willing spirit to render thanksgiving and praise to the Father of all our mercies for sending my beloved friend at this time instrumentally to strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die, and I know the blessing of those that were ready to perish will rest upon thee, my Brother, and that the bread cast upon these waters will be found and fed upon for many days. For my own part, I must needs be a witness to this truth: that my soul has been greatly refreshed by the coming of my beloved friend, for he hath been to me a Son of Oil and of Consolation, although it was my lot to receive my portion in much affliction yet it was sweetly mingled with joy of the Holy Ghost, and I hope to go in the strength of it for many days to come. My wife and my family also each received a portion of heavenly food and are cheerful, and so are all the Galileans, but the king's messenger being ordered away with the bag of money causes their joy to be mingled with sorrow. However, it being the Sovereign's royal pleasure that so it must needs be, it becomes us all as loyal subjects to be obedient and submissive to his holy will, seeing we have been so highly favoured, and feeling that we are not worthy of the least of all his mercies, which have been so bountifully bestowed upon us.

And now, my dearly beloved, return in peace to thine own household, and may the Lord God of Israel make thee a real blessing to them by causing thy cup to run over unto them as it hath unto us! And seeing we are bound up in the same bundle of life with the Lord our God, and are all one in Christ Jesus, we have a good hope, through grace, that ere long we shall all meet on Mount Zion above with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads, when sorrow and sighing shall be known no more.

Please to remember us in loving-kindness to Mrs. Chamberlain and all the seed royal from the least to the greatest, and when it is well with my dear friend, let him remember me and mine at the Mercy-seat.

I have many things on my mind but time fails me to enlarge, only just to observe that the sight of the Leicester post-mark always produces a pleasing sensation in the mind of

Yours most affectionately—

JOHN KEET.

November 10th, 1824.

## MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE WORD OF GOD, BY JOHN RUSK.

“Thou turnest men to destruction; and sayest, return ye children of Israel.”—PSALM XC. 3.

*(Continued from page 41.)*

*(Commenced in August No., 1902. Page 338.)*

v. God turns men to destruction in order to break their hearts. Every man, woman, and child born into this world, whether elect or reprobate, has each one a whole heart, but God will, sooner or later, break the hearts of his people; and he does so thus: By reproof and rebuke from his holy word, which cuts deeply, wounds them, distresses, and grieves them, fills them with horror, terror, and slavish fear, so that their life is a sore burden to them; every sermon they hear cuts them to the quick, the Bible and every good book also; they are resisted at the throne of grace as well as when conversing with saints. They see themselves to be hypocrites and deceived souls, and numberless passages of Scripture come into their minds to confirm this, so that they appear to be on the brink of destruction and can see no way of escape. Oh! I well know what I am writing about: “The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” God appears arrayed in terrible majesty—a consuming fire—and we nothing but a mass of corruption exposed to Divine vengeance, and expecting to be consumed by him. These feelings have been so keen and cutting to me that I have wished I had never been born, or that I could die like a beast! Truly, “it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

Then again, when God intends to break the heart he will let Satan loose upon us, and Satan will help forward the calamity for this is his delight, and therefore he will accuse us—he is called, “The accuser of the brethren.” He will lay baits, snares, etc., first, and tell us that there is no particular harm in this and that, and when done he turns accuser, and tells us that our spot is not the spot of God’s children; and he will also stir up

all the uncleanness of the heart, waking up our corrupt affection, dress up and set off his own children in such a manner that takes the eye, and works in us with such power that we are ensnared and taken as the simple young man in the Proverbs was. These things we indulge, and they bring fresh guilt, open the wound more and more; but there we are, and there we should remain for anything we can do. Satan now sets before us the holiness of the saints, and that they are never guilty of the like, and that God has given us up to a reprobate mind to work all uncleanness with greediness. He then comes with blasphemous thoughts against God and his dear Son, against God's sovereignty, tells us that he is unmerciful, cruel and unjust; that he knew man would fall, and that he could have prevented it if he had pleased, "but instead of that," saith Satan, "he gave a law that he knew man could not keep, and yet damns him for what he cannot help!" Thus the holy, righteous Judge of all the earth is arraigned, and his conduct condemned by this infernal spirit, and this blind carnal reason that is his ally in us. Various are his temptations, and they are all levelled at the Lord Jesus Christ in a particular way because he destroyed Satan and his power on the cross. Now these things wear us out, they break our hearts; for at intervals while we are under this teaching we have sweet lifts and encouragements to strengthen us, a little faith, hope, love, rest, peace, but all our trouble comes on again, and down we go far lower than before till we are terrified at everything. Did you never read these words in the Psalm: "Thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and corrected us with the shadow of death?" These dragons are devils, and therefore notice the following words: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. . . . And there appeared another wonder in heaven: and behold a great red dragon . . . And the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered for to devour her child as soon as it was born. . . . And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven, and the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." This brings us to a point as to who these dragons were that the Psalmist speaks of, "sore broken in the place of dragons." Now, you see, the Devil, and his angels are the lesser ones; but the Psalmist adds, "and covered with the shadow of death." This is worthy of our notice, for it is not called death, but the *shadow* of death, and for this reason, because Christ destroyed death, and him that had the power of death; and Paul declares that it has lost its sting: so that Satan may cover us with his shadow, and we may conclude it to be a substance, as I often have, yet every time the Lord visits our souls we are enabled to believe that we are delivered from death and all its consequences, and have everlasting life

in Christ Jesus. Then it is we call it a shadow, hence David says, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod (as a king) and thy staff (as a shepherd) they comfort me." But to have outting passages of Scripture for weeks, or months, nay for years, and dragons (or devils) continually setting eternal death before us, and tempting us to despair of God's mercy, is certainly turning us to destruction! These things certainly break the heart.

Now, when this is the case it is often seen that God's hand goes out against us in providence, and when people of the world see this they say, "Aha! aha! so would we have it. This is the man that talked about faith, living by faith, trusting in God; and see what it has all come to!" Thus they reproach us, and bring up everything that they can to dishonour and injure us; and professors are worse than they, for though they are able to talk about Christ and faith, they are in union with the world, and walk by sight together. They are bitter in heart against the very things they profess, hence, as Paul says,—They profess to know him, but in their works they deny him. Now, if two men walk together, as they may do for years, both professing the name of Christ, one in head, and the other in head and heart, and both do very well in providence, and both appear to love the truth, for God only can search the heart, and suppose God be pleased to turn the one that has faith in his heart to destruction, and therefore his hand goes out against him more and more; the other for a time may assist him for things may become better and better with him in providence, and therefore in order that he may have a good name he may help his friend for a time. But as the Lord's hand goes out more and more against the other he will grow weary, and at last neglect his former friend, and begins to reproach him that he may justify himself. Thus they are both tried, the one with adversity, the other with prosperity, and we know that the prosperity of fools shall destroy them! It is no easy thing to discover that we are that in heart that we pretend to be, nothing short of trial will make it manifest. Reproach also may come from the world, as we have before mentioned, hence, we read that if we are reproached for the name of Christ happy are we, and that we are not to be afraid of their terror. On the other hand, as we have just also remarked, it (the reproach) may come from professors, so David speaks of some who came to see him, whose hearts gathered iniquity, and then they went abroad and told it. It appears that Job had to contend with it in every way—from the world, from hypocrites, from Satan, from his wife, from the people of God (for his three friends were God's children) and from young people. Hannah found it from Peninnah, Abel from Cain, David from Saul, Sarah and her son from Hagar and her son, and God's intention in all this is, to break the heart, and to keep it broken, even as David says, "Reproach hath broken my heart."

Now all this is so over-ruled by God that it makes such, tender,



contrite, grieved at heart, and bowed down with continual sorrow, for "by sorrow of heart is the spirit broken." Sorrow on account of this body of sin and death, continually desiring some gratification or another, sorrow to think that we are bent to our own destruction, sorrow from worldly trouble with the rest of mankind, sorrow that vital godliness is at such a low ebb, and sorrow because we are so backward to speak the truth of God before men. When God's hand is also against us in providence it adds greatly to all these things. As before observed there are various trials that come on us more and more, to which before we were quite strangers, and of which I hope to treat a little for the encouragement of the poor, tried, and tempted soul that thinks his state and case is without a parallel.

It is certain then that God does turn his people to destruction in a way of providence—a large family—often afflicted—little, or no, work—debt—such call upon God continually, but he appears to take no notice. One friend and another may help, but need is great, and so any who are thus tried, will wait, watch, pray for direction, but never can believe that they are proceeding aright save when God blesses them with a little comfort and hope in his mercy. Satan suggests lack of diligence in business, that trust is placed in God in an unlawful way, that hypocrisy and presumptuous faith are in evidence, that God would have appeared to save if the tried soul really belonged to him. Satan further sets such to look at the people of the world who blaspheme God, and yet they flourish. Now if we look into the word of God we shall find that his church has been tried in this way in all ages. We see this exemplified in the case of Jeremiah—he says, "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments: Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously? Thou hast planted them, yea, they have taken root, they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit: thou art near in their mouth, and far from their reins" (Jer. xii. 1, 2). Habakkuk also says, "Wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he?" Asaph says that his feet were almost gone, his steps had well-nigh slipped, for he was envious at the foolish when he saw the prosperity of the wicked. Now these things appear more surprising at first sight than afterwards, but, I think we may take it, there are three reasons why God is thus pleased to deal with his people. First, to fulfil his word, for he declares he will leave in the midst of the land an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord, and the Scriptures cannot be broken. Second, it is a good soil for grace to grow in, and therefore we find the choicest blessings are often bestowed along with great trials in providence. And this is to bring great light and experience of truth into the soul: "Though the Lord give you 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." Also by this means genuine faith in abundance shall be obtained: "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom"; also joy in abundance, for we read of the Corinthians, of their joy—and deep poverty! From all this it is plain that poverty is no bad soil for grace to grow—no, indeed, grace flourishes here. Third, it is good to humble us and bring us to nothing; it mortifies the pride and ambition of our hearts, and teaches us to take the lowest room, crucifies the flesh; but on the other hand the wicked are put into a soil (if they prosper at all) to fill up the measure of their iniquity. Now I do not mean that poverty of itself will humble us; no, but it is a way that God takes to bring down our lofty spirits.

But now let me drop a word of encouragement to the weak in faith, and also utter a warning to the bold, hardened hypocrite.

To the weak: You may have very great trials in providence, and be greatly hated for the truth's sake, and you may wish from your soul to be kept altogether from the company of your enemies, and this may have been your case for some time. You shrink from persecution and the cross, and Satan suggests that where this waxes hot you will be scorched, and not having root you will wither away—and the fear of man has brought you into a snare. You have prayed to God to open some other way, but he answers you not. You have used sinful shifts to shun this cross, which have added to your misery, and brought temptation on you, so that you have trembled at God's judgments, fearing they would overtake you, but remember that God says, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Lord, keep me out of them! No; thou shalt pass through them and through the rivers, and walk through the fire, and he will suffer thee neither to be drowned, nor burned, nor yet the flame to kindle upon thee. I know the thought is dreadful, yet see what Jonah incurred in fleeing to Tarshish; but still you may have turned back in the day of battle, yet there is hope even then seeing you have not done so in a presumptuous way, but through weakness, like Peter who was afterwards a mighty champion for truth.

Now, as a caution to the bold, presumptuous hypocrites who ask counsel of God, but at the same time are determined to have carnal ease. In vain is all your profession; you are guided altogether by your fleshly reason, and though you ask of God, yet you are determined to have your own way. I would advise you to read carefully the forty-second chapter of Jeremiah's prophecy: "Then all the captains of the forces, and Johanan the son of Kasrah, and Jezaniah the son of Hoshaijah, and all the people from the least even unto the greatest came near, and said unto Jeremiah the prophet, Let, we beseech thee, our supplication be accepted before thee, and pray for us unto the Lord thy God, even for all this remnant: (for we are left but a few of many, as thine eyes do behold us;) That the Lord thy God may show us the way wherein we may walk, and the thing that we may

do." Jeremiah promised that he would do so, and they declared that they would do it whether good or evil; and after ten days the answer came that they were still to abide in the land, and God would build them up and not pull them down, and plant them and not pluck them up. Jeremiah told them also not to be afraid of the King of Babylon, of whom they were afraid, for the Lord was with them to save and deliver them from his hand, for he would show mercies unto them. "But if ye say, We will not dwell in this land, neither obey the voice of the Lord your God, saying, No; but we will go into the land of Egypt, where we shall see no war, nor hear the sound of the trumpet, nor have hunger of bread; and there will we dwell: And now, therefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye remnant of Judah: Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: If ye wholly set your faces to enter into Egypt, and go to sojourn there; then it shall be that the sword which ye feared, shall overtake you there in the land of Egypt, and the famine whereof ye were afraid shall follow close after you there in Egypt; and there ye shall die." And these calamities did come upon them according to the word of the Lord by his servant Jeremiah, for they went into Egypt. But though this was the case with them, and ever will be the case when the trial comes, when truth is not in the heart, yet remember, such are fully determined to resist God's will they (of whom we have just read) wholly set their faces to go into Egypt, and they only mocked in asking counsel of God. But you who are not hypocrites may say, "I certainly am the same as they, for I have seen the cross that would be laid on me, the persecution and reproach which I trembled at, and I have cried unto the Lord to give me strength to bear and suffer whatever he might be pleased to call me to pass through, and I have felt a little encouraged, and a little stronger; and in this strength I have gone forth—but shortly all my fears returned, and I have dreaded to go on. And this I fear I shall continue to do till some judgment comes upon me for I am weak." Yes; it may be so, for Christ said to his disciples, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak"; but Jesus will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for in all points he was tempted even as we are. But all this differs very widely from a fixed self-will, which is full of pride.

*(To be continued.)*

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Peace and tranquility of mind is the gift of God, and which none can give but himself, and an excellent one it is, worth praying for, and worth having; Now the Lord of peace give you peace always by all means. It is a free gift, unmerited, and springs from grace, and is what the world cannot give. It is a blessing: the Jews when they wished happiness to any it was usually in this form, *Peace be to you*, that including all prosperity in it; and when the Lord blesses his people, it is with peace, which is called great peace, and peace in abundance. (Gill).

PARTICULARS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM  
COWPER the Poet. Written by Himself.

[We have received the following account of the early life of our Christian Poet, Cowper, from an esteemed friend of ours, and as it is said to be very scarce, we have great pleasure in presenting it to our readers: with a sincere hope that it may be an encouragement to many of the Lord's tried family.] Mr. Cowper says,—

I cannot recollect, that till the month of December, in the thirty-second year of my life, I had ever any serious impressions of a religious kind, or at all bethought myself of the things of my salvation, except in two or three instances. The first was of so transitory a nature, and passed when I was so very young, that, did I not intend what follows for a history of my heart, so far as religion has been its object, I should hardly mention it.

At six years old I was taken from the nursery and from the immediate care of a most indulgent mother, and sent to a considerable school in Bedfordshire. Here I had hardships of different kinds to conflict with, which I felt more sensibly, in proportion to the tenderness with which I had been treated at home. But my chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to forbear a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity, with which he made it his business continually to persecute me: it will be sufficient to say, that he had, by his savage treatment of me, impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him, higher than his knees; and that I knew him by his shoe-buckles, better than any other part of his dress. May the Lord pardon him and may we meet in glory!

One day as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind. "I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me." I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirits, and a cheerfulness, which I had never before experienced; and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity.—his gift in whom I trusted. Happy had it been for me, if this early effort towards a dependence on the blessed God, had been frequently repeated by me. But, alas! it was the first and last instance of the kind, between infancy and manhood. The cruelty of this boy, which he had long practised in so secret a manner that no creature suspected it, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and I was taken from it. From hence, at eight years old, I was sent to Mr. D., an eminent surgeon

and oculist, having very weak eyes, and being in danger of losing one of them. I continued a year in this family, where religion was neither known nor practised; and from thence was despatched to Westminster. Whatever seeds of religion I might carry thither, before my seven years' apprenticeship to the classics was expired, they were all marred and corrupted; the duty of the school-boy swallowed up every other; and I acquired Latin and Greek at the expense of a knowledge much more important.

Here occurred the second instance of serious consideration. As I was crossing St. Margaret's Church-yard, late one evening, I saw a glimmering light in the midst of it, which excited my curiosity. Just as I arrived at the spot, a grave-digger, who was at work by the light of his lantern, threw up a skull which struck me upon the leg. This little accident was an alarm to my conscience; for that event may be numbered among the best religious documents which I received at Westminster. The impression, however, presently went off, and I became so forgetful of mortality, that, strange as it may seem, surveying my activity and strength, and observing the evenness of my pulse, I began to entertain, with no small complacency, a notion, that perhaps I might never die! This notion was, however, very short-lived; for I was soon after struck with a lowness of spirits, uncommon at my age, and frequently had intimations of a consumptive habit. I had skill enough to understand their meaning, but could never prevail upon myself to disclose them to anyone; for I thought any bodily infirmity a disgrace, especially a consumption. This messenger from the Lord, however, did his errand, and perfectly convinced me that I was mortal.

That I may do justice to the place of my education, I must relate one mark of religious discipline, which, in my time, was observed at Westminster; I mean, the pains which Dr. Nicholls took to prepare us for confirmation. The old man acquitted himself of his duty, like one who had a deep sense of its importance; and I believe most of us were struck by his manner, and affected by his exhortation. For my own part, I then, for the first time, attempted to pray in secret; but being little accustomed to that exercise of the heart, and having very childish notions of religion, I found it a difficult and painful task; and was even then frightened at my own insensibility. This difficulty, though it did not subdue my good purposes, till the ceremony of confirmation was past, soon after entirely conquered them; I relapsed into a total forgetfulness of God, with the usual disadvantage of being more hardened, for having been softened to no purpose.

At twelve or thirteen years of age, I was seized with the small-pox. I only mention this, to show that at an early age, my heart was become proof against the ordinary means which a gracious God employs for our chastisement. Though I was severely handled by the disease, and in imminent danger, yet neither in the course of it, nor during my recovery, had I any sentiment

of contrition, any thought of God or eternity. On the contrary, I was scarcely raised from the bed of pain and sickness, before the emotions of sin became more violent in me than ever; and the devil seemed rather to have gained than lost an advantage; so readily did I admit his suggestions, and so passive was I under them.

By this time, I became such an adept in the infernal art of lying, that I was seldom guilty of a fault, for which I could not, at a very short notice, invent an apology, capable of deceiving the wisest. These, I know, are called school-boys' tricks; but a total depravity of principle, and the work of the father of lies, are universally at the bottom of them.

At the age of eighteen years, being tolerably furnished with grammatical knowledge, but as ignorant in all points of religion as the satchel at my back, I was taken from Westminster; and having spent about nine months at home, was sent to acquire the practice of the law with an attorney. There I might have lived and died, without hearing or seeing anything that might remind me of a single Christian duty, had it not been that I was at liberty to spend my leisure time (which was well nigh all my time) at my uncle's, in Southampton Row. By this means, I had indeed an opportunity of seeing the inside of a church, whither I went with the family on Sundays, which probably I should otherwise never have seen.

At the expiration of this term, I became, in a manner, complete master of myself; and took possession of a complete set of chambers in the Temple, at the age of twenty-one years. This being a critical season of my life, and one upon which much depended, it pleased my all-merciful Father in Jesus Christ, to give a check to my rash and ruinous career of wickedness at the very outset. I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies, to which I had before been closely attached; the classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it.

At length I met with Herbert's Poems; and, gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of Spiritual good which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not here, what I might have found, a cure for my malady, yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him. At length, I was advised by a very near and dear relative to lay him aside; for he thought such an author more likely to nourish my disorder, than to remove it.

In this state of mind I continued nearly twelve months; when having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer; such is the rank which the

Redeemer holds in our esteem, never resorted to but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succour us. My hard heart was at length softened; and my stubborn knees brought to bow. I composed a set of prayers, and made frequent use of them. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who "will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax," was graciously pleased to hear me.

A change of scene was recommended to me, and I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival, we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town; the morning was clear and calm; the sun shone bright upon the sea; and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at the end of the Arm of the sea, which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was, that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of his life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies, for this unexpected blessing, and that I ascribed it to his gracious acceptance of my prayers. But Satan, and my own wicked heart, quickly persuaded me that I was indebted, for my deliverance, to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place. By this means he turned the blessing into a poison; teaching me to conclude, that nothing but a continued circle of diversion, and indulgence of appetite, could secure me from a relapse.

Upon this hellish principle, as soon as I returned to London, I burnt my prayers, and away went all thoughts of devotion and dependance upon God the Saviour. Surely it was of his mercy that I was not consumed; glory be to his grace! Two deliverances from danger not making any impression, having spent about twelve years in the Temple, in an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence, and my associates and companions being either, like myself, professed Christians, or professed Infidels, I obtained, at length, so complete a victory over my conscience, that all remonstrances from that quarter were in vain, and in a manner silenced; though sometimes, indeed, a question would arise in my mind, whether it were safe to proceed any farther in a course so plainly and utterly condemned in the Word of God. I saw clearly that if the Gospel were true, such a conduct must inevitably end in my destruction; but I saw not by what means I could change my Ethiopian complexion, or overcome such an inveterate habit of rebelling against God.

The next thing that occurred to me, was a doubt whether the

Gospel were true or false. To this succeeded many an anxious wish for the decision of this important question; for I foolishly thought, that obedience would presently follow, were I but convinced that it was worth while to attempt it. Having no reason to expect a miracle, and not hoping to be satisfied with anything less, I acquiesced, at length, in the force of that devilish conclusion, that the only course I could take to secure my present peace, was to wink hard against the prospect of future misery, and to resolve to banish all thoughts of a subject, upon which I thought to so little purpose. Nevertheless, when I was in the company of Deists, and heard the Gospel blasphemed, I never failed to assert the truth of it with much vehemence of disputation; for which I was the better qualified, having been always an industrious and diligent inquirer into the evidences, by which it was externally supported. I think I once went so far into a controversy of this kind, as to assert, that I would gladly submit to have my right hand cut off, so that I might but be enabled to live according to the Gospel. Thus have I been employed, when half intoxicated, in vindicating the truth of Scripture, while in the very act of rebellion against its dictates. Lamentable inconsistency of a convinced judgment with an unsanctified heart! An inconsistency indeed, evident to others as well as to myself, inasmuch as a Deistical friend of mine, with whom I was disputing upon the subject, cut short the matter, by alleging, that if what I said were true, I was certainly damned by my own showing.

By this time, my patrimony being well nigh spent, and there being no appearance that I should ever repair the damage, by a fortune of my own getting, I began to be a little apprehensive of approaching want. It was, I imagine, under some apprehensions of this kind, that I one day said to a friend of mine,—If the clerk to the journals of the House of Lords should die, I had some hopes that my kinsmen, who had the place in his disposal, would appoint me to succeed him. We both agreed, that the business of that place being transacted in private, would exactly suit me; and both expressed an earnest wish for his death, that I might be provided for. Thus did I covet, what God had commanded me not to covet, and involved myself in still deeper guilt, by doing it in the spirit of a murderer. It pleased the Lord to give me my heart's desire, and with it, an immediate punishment for my crime. The poor man died, and by his death, not only the clerkship of the journals became vacant, but it became necessary to appoint officers to two other places, jointly, as deputies to Mr. De Grey, who at this time resigned. These were the office of reading clerk, and the clerkship of the committees, of much greater value than that of the journals. The patentee of these appointments, (whom I pray God to bless for his benevolent intention to serve me) called on me one day at my chambers, and having invited me to take a turn with him in the garden, there made me an offer of the two most profitable places; intending the other for his friend Mr. A. Dazzled by so splendid a pro-



posal, and not immediately reflecting upon my incapacity to execute a business of so public a nature, I at once accepted it; but at the same time, (such was the will of Him whose hand was in the whole matter,) seemed to receive a dagger in my heart. The wound was given, and every moment added to the smart of it. All the considerations, by which I endeavoured to compose my mind to its former tranquility, did but torment me the more; proving miserable comforters and counsellors of no value. I returned to my chambers thoughtful and unhappy; my countenance fell; and my friend was astonished, instead of that additional cheerfulness he might so reasonably expect, to find an air of deep melancholy in all I said or did. Having been harassed in this manner by day and night, for the space of a week, perplexed between the apparent folly of casting away the only visible opportunity I had of being well provided for, and the impossibility of retaining it, I determined at length to write a letter to my friend, though he lodged in a manner at the next door, and we generally spent the day together. I did so, and therein begged him to accept my resignation, and to appoint Mr. A. to the places he had given me; and permit me to succeed Mr. A. I was well aware of the disproportion between the value of his appointment and mine; but my peace was gone; pecuniary advantages were not equivalent to what I had lost; and I flattered myself, that the clerkship of the journals would fall fairly and easily within the scope of my abilities. Like a man in a fever, a thought of change of posture would relieve my pain; and as the event will show, was equally disappointed. At length I carried my point; my friend, in this instance, preferring the gratification of my desires to his own interest; for nothing could be so likely to bring a suspicion of bargain and sale upon his nomination, which the Lords would not have endured, as his appointment of so near a relative to the least profitable office, while the most valuable was allotted to a stranger.

The matter being thus settled, something like a calm took place in my mind. I was, indeed, not a little concerned about my character; being aware, that it must needs suffer, by the strange appearance of my proceeding. This, however, being but a small part of the anxiety I had laboured under, was hardly felt, when the rest was taken off. I thought my path to an easy maintenance was now plain and open, and for a day or two was tolerably cheerful. But, behold, the storm was gathering all the while; and the fury of it was not the less violent, for this gleam of sunshine.

*(To be continued.)*

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That baptism was performed by immersion, appears by the places chosen for the administration of it; as the river Jordan by John, where he baptized many, and where our Lord himself was baptized by him, but why should he choose the river to baptize in, and baptize in it, if he did not administer the ordinance by immersion?—(*Ibid.*)

*“BUT WE HAD THE SENTENCE OF DEATH IN  
OURSELVES.”*

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“But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raised the dead:—(2 Cor. i. 9; Rom. vii. 9. 11; Gal. ii. 19.

“The sentence of death!” O, how solemn the sound,  
How heavy it falls on the ear;  
Yet in it a vein of pure gospel is found,  
Which sinners to Jesus brings near.

To Abram and Sarah the promise was made  
That they with a son should be blessed,  
A type of Messiah—their fear and their dread—  
Who would give all his weary ones rest.

But lo! in that promise the sentence of death  
Was carried for many long years;  
Severe must have been their long trial of faith,  
But wisdom eternal ne'er errs.

The Lord in his own time the promise fulfils,  
And Sarah is made to rejoice;  
Whilst Abr'ham believing the 'shalls' and the 'wills,'  
In thankfulness lifts up his voice.

But soon they've to hear the death sentence again;  
An offering that youth must be made,  
To type out more clearly the Lamb that was slain  
Before earth's foundations were laid.

Strange too are the things which of Joseph we're told,  
To whom God his secrets reveal'd,  
Who is sentenced to death, into Egypt is sold;  
That there his dreams might be fulfill'd.

The sentence of death on “Worm Jacob is pass'd,”  
As oft in the Bible we read;  
By Pharaoh and Haman and men of their cast,  
Who thought to destroy Israel's seed.

And thus 'tis with sinners, they must be brought down,  
See rased every refuge of lies,  
And cry with the prophet, whose name is well-known,  
“By whom shall worm Jacob arise?”

The sentence of death in themselves they receive,  
That they in themselves might not trust—  
For all their salvation in Jesus believe,  
And make him their refuge and boast;

As soon as whose birth was made publicly known,  
Proud Herod declared he should die,  
And order'd his troops, from his tottering throne,  
Their arrows at him to let fly.

Again and again, during years later on,  
Men sought the Messias to kill ;  
They could not believe he was God's equal Son,  
Who'd come the whole law to fulfil.

But slay him they could not ; the work must be done  
The prophets foretold he would do ;  
He 'scaped from their hands and they left him alone  
'Till justice demanded its due.

Yes ; there was a time which he knew full well,  
When sentenced to death he must be ;  
When round him would gather the legions of hell,  
And from him his friends would all flee.

The thousands of millions of corns in the earth,  
Their blades and each opening ear,  
Preach Jesus, his death and his people's new birth,  
Unto all whom 'tis given to hear.

"Except the wheat die it abideth alone,"  
Nor seed for the sower can yield ;  
Thus spake the Incarnate, now glorified One,  
Whose power maketh fruitful the field.

By metaphors, riddles, and visions God taught  
The heav'n inspired sages of yore  
That man under sentence of death must be brought  
E're he could free mercy adore.

The parables found in that wonderful Psalm  
Which speaks of the desert, the sea,  
The dungeon, the ships, and the storm, and the calm,  
Have lessons important for me.

Well ponder, dear reader, those parables o'er.  
And may they unto thee be blest ;  
The Captain who died but now lives evermore,  
Bring thee to the haven of rest.

O, what must it be heaven's glories to share,  
Prepare us celestial Dove,  
To join in the songs of the glorified there,  
And drink of its river of love.

"Though great are the wonders of which we are told,  
And which we are hoping to see ;  
Thy face, O Immanuel, there to behold  
A heaven of heavens will be !"

## INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly oblige me by answering the following question through the medium of the "Gospel Standard":—"Is it right or consistent for a minister of a Strict Baptist Church to supply at a place of worship where he is required to put on the surplice and gown and read the Church of England prayers, the singers repeating the responses?"—Yours truly,

A PERPLEXED ONE.

## ANSWER.

How much we regret that anything should arise in our Strict Baptist causes of truth that should lead to such a question being asked by "A Perplexed One." We can only say, that if we have such ministers belonging to our Strict Baptist Churches of truth, it is perplexing to our mind to know how they came amongst us; and it is equally perplexing to know how that church to which they belong could receive them! We have always believed (ever since Divine grace taught us right from wrong) that every one seeking admission into our Strict Baptist Churches should be honest and truthful, when they stand before a Holy God, and the Church of which they wish to become a member; for, being placed in that solemn position they are expected to give a clear and truthful statement of what the Lord by his Spirit has done for their souls, in bringing them out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, or in translating them out of Satan's kingdom into the glorious kingdom of Divine grace. And in doing this honestly before God, and satisfactorily to the Church before whom they stand, they are expected to speak the truth from their heart, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for if they do not they lie unto God, as did Ananias and his wife, who, for their sin in lying unto the Holy Ghost, were swept away in their wickedness. Moreover, the Church whom they are seeking to join in fellowship with would be misled; and to deceive that Church, how could each member judge rightly in the fear of God, of such persons' spiritual standing in the covenant of grace? It is most important that in seeking membership with a spiritual church the whole truth should be told, so that the godly members may thoroughly know that it is from a principle of grace the candidate is seeking admission among them. Nor is this all that is required of persons who wish to join our Strict Baptist Churches; not only must they when before the Church speak the truth in love, but they must be *faithful*; faithful to what the Holy Spirit has taught them, faithful to God in his Word and faithful to the Church they are seeking to join. They are expected to assure that Church, that they are one with them in all the essential truths of the Gospel; that they believe (not partially) but fully, in all the grand doctrines of grace, and "Articles of Faith" on which the Church is founded; and that they can heartily endorse our code of rules for the government of our

Churches; and if these things are faithfully declared, and have been adhered to in the past by the candidate, the decision of the Church doubtless will be: "Come in thou blessed of the Lord! Why standest thou without?" And it is more than probable that the reply of this received new member will be in substance:—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:" (Ruth i. 16). An entrance then of this kind into our Strict Baptist Churches is what we contend for, and what we firmly believe in, and we may add, what we always wish to see carried out in the fear of the Lord, by all that are seeking the peace, and the spiritual prosperity of our Churches.

If this course were always adopted, and maintained, we believe that we should not have many members (if any) as "A Perplexed One" has mentioned, to vex, disturb, and perplex the godly members of our Strict Baptist Churches.

Our correspondent has not told us to what church this minister belongs; nor are we informed in what place of worship he robes himself in surplice and gown, to read the prayers of the Church of England, and listens to the responses from the singers. It appears clear from the question put before us, that this minister is made up of a strange compound, if he does as it is stated. We should say that he is half Church of England, and half a Dissenter, which is a strange mixture; and being a member of a Strict Baptist Church, we hesitate not to say that such proceedings are most inconsistent in the eyes of our Churches; and a system not to be tolerated. We confess that we never heard of such an inconsistent thing being done before by any one belonging to any Strict Baptist Cause, and we sincerely hope that it is the only isolated case on record. If the man is a churchman in heart, let him act honestly and tell the church so to which he belongs, and leave them, and go to that party which is most congenial to his feelings, and where the surplice and gown could be worn by him without restraint. But if he be one with us in reality, and has been drawn aside to the church service, and its adornments, by the force of temptation, let him acknowledge himself so, and come out from amongst that party, and be separated from them, and by witnessing a good confession before God and man doubtless he might retain his membership in the Church where he is a member. We ask for honesty, faithfulness, and uprightness, in members belonging to our Churches; and where these things are not practised, there will be more or less confusion, and disorder which will perplex the minds of many, and bring wretchedness, and bondage into the hearts of the godly.

It is to be feared that in this our day we have many Canaanites in the land (in our Churches) who with their strange ideas are no comfort to the mourners in Zion, but hinderers more than helpers in the cause of God and truth. There is not much contending for the experimental truths of the Gospel. Not so very much

practical godliness observed in the every day life; and alas! the means of grace are much neglected in many places. These things ought not so to be, especially by those who profess to love and fear God, and have put on Christ Jesus the Lord in a public manner. All such are commanded in God's Word, to "let their light shine before men," and to bring forth fruit unto righteousness, that they may receive hereafter a crown of everlasting life. But how can those persons expect to receive such a glorious gift from heaven, who walk contrary to the precepts of the Gospel, and whose ways are so inconsistent, as to perplex the minds of the godly in Christ Jesus?

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## Obituary.

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Mr. VALLER.—The following account of the late Mr. Samuel Valler, of Clapham, Surrey, was written by his own hand during his life time, and has been sent to us for publication. Writing of himself he says:—"I was born into this world of sin and sorrow on January 14th, 1815, in the parish of Clapham, and in the county of Surrey. My parents were very godly people, belonging to the Calvinistic Independents, and were rooted and grounded in the truths of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, walking and living in the fear of the Lord. I was the youngest of six children, I received much parental attention and was loved by all. The Lord was pleased to smile upon my parents, and his providential blessings were richly bestowed upon them, and being only working people their temporal circumstances were good, so that they were able to live in their *own* peaceable home and to put a trade into my hands. In the early part of my apprenticeship I worked with a man who was very wicked, and his wicked ways had a bad effect upon my young mind; but when I was about eighteen years of age, by God's distinguishing grace, that man was brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light! This solemn event wrought a great change in him; and I being very carnally-minded, much opposed him. I remember on one occasion I purposely sang a song which was much in use in that day to annoy him, and which I believed would put an end to all his foolish notions about religion. He at once took me to task, and sharply reprov'd me for what I had done. His words were like daggers entering into my conscience, and filling my mind with the greatest consternation and terror; but which produced a great reformation in my daily life.

"I began now to go to chapel on the Lord's days, and to the prayer-meetings on the week evenings, for I felt the arrow of conviction sticking fast in me. I remember when, in the mornings, I had opened the workshops for the men to begin work, I would go into a secluded place and kneel down, and pour out my heart before God in prayer, and earnestly ask him to have

mercy upon my guilty soul, and save me from eternal despair. Now this solemn exercise morning by morning I can truthfully say was not merely an empty form of prayer arising from some carnal motive or object, but it was the prayer of sincerity, pressed out of an honest heart; for I was in real earnest in seeking forgiveness for all my sins. This heart-felt trouble, and distress of mind continued with me for about eighteen months, and then it began gradually to wear off, and it appeared to be like the 'seed sown upon stony ground,' which after it was up, withered away, because there was no depth of earth for it to root in. Or, I would say the graces of the Holy Spirit were not alive, and lively in my heart as heretofore to keep me up to the constant exercise of prayer at the throne of grace. Now, through life this has been from time to time a peculiar exercise to my mind, and a subject that has caused deep searchings of heart before God. This brings me to the time when I had finished my apprenticeship, and without any restraint I received my liberty. I soon began to be like a wild ass's colt, going from bad to worse, but not without many solemn checks of conscience, and restraints laid upon me in the midst of my folly, so that I never could sin cheaply. And I would here bless God for these solemn restraints, and those checks of conscience coming upon me in those days, for I know not where I should have gone to without them!

"I left my home and went into Suffolk, and worked for a coach builder for a time, and from thence I went to the Isle of Wight, where I might have continued, but being possessed with a roving mind I left there and went back to London and found work with a coach maker in Old Street, City Road, where I remained for some time, and there met again with a wicked companion who worked for the same firm as myself. We soon became closely connected, and being young and foolish we gave up our situations and set off on tramp, (as it is called in the coach trade) being determined not to take any work in hand until we reached Birmingham; but the dear Lord had otherwise ordained, and determined, for we went by way of Reading, Caversham, and Benson. At the latter place I was offered employment at a coach factory, which I felt constrained to accept, leaving my companion to go on to Birmingham; though some time after, work being plentiful at the factory where I was, he was sent for, and we worked together; and we in time shared the same comfortable home, with a godly couple (a man and his sister) who were partakers of Divine grace. Here I found a very quiet home, and was well taken care of as far as temporal things were concerned, and their godly and consistent life for a time kept me a little under restraint; but my fellow-workman was given up to a wicked life, and in my heart I was no better, and went from bad to worse.

"One evening, about the middle of the month of March, in the year 1840, we did not go out into company as usual, but stayed in the house, and began to ridicule and make sport with God's

most holy Word! It was respecting the Lord Jesus sending two of his disciples for the 'Ass's Colt,' and our desperately wicked hearts concluded that the young ass was stolen; our landlady being present, and being a godly woman with a tender conscience, most sharply reprov'd us, but most severely condemn'd me for uttering such language. This unexpected rebuke for my wickedness was charged home upon my conscience, and God's holy Word and righteous law came upon me with a crushing weight, and condemn'd me for offending a just and holy God. My guilt was sealed home upon my conscience, and I felt that my damnation was sure. My base and corrupt heart I felt to be a mass of wickedness, and my mind was filled with terror and amazement. I was continually apprehensive that the solemn judgments of an offended God would overtake me, and that I should have my portion with the wicked where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched! I took myself up to my room, but cannot recollect if I had any sleep that night or not; but the morning I dreaded coming upon me, as I should have again to mix with an ungodly world, and especially with those fellow-workmen who were very wicked. The charges of God's holy law, and the offence I had given to a just God met me at every turn, and had a deep effect upon my mind; which was plain enough to be seen in my countenance, and however much I tried to conceal it from others I could not hide it. But as I had expected, it brought upon me great reproach from all my fellow-workmen; and what with their jeers, and sneers, and the terror of God's holy law sticking fast in me, I was driven almost to despair. When I came home to my meals during the day I would go up into my room and cry aloud upon God to have mercy upon me. The good man of the house kept a school, and was very conversant with the Holy Scriptures, and would quote suitable portions from them (as he thought) that would be a relief to my distressed mind. But it was all to no good purpose, and my case became desperate. The terrors of the Almighty drank up my spirits, and my soul was in deep trouble. I cried for mercy and no mercy came. My way was hedged up, my prayers were shut out, the heavens were as brass, and I appeared to be like one shut up in darkness. But at last, the dear Lord's appointed time appeared; and after much crying, and many tears of grief and sorrow, I was one day up in my room distressed beyond measure, trying to plead with the Lord for him to have mercy upon me, and as some would say,—'being in a swoon,' the dear Lord the Lamb appeared, and lifted me up out of the dust, and as a beggar from the dunghill, and to the eye of faith there was a crown of thorns upon his head, and the precious blood he shed for poor sensible sinners was streaming down his vesture; and the grief and sorrow depicted on his countenance I can never forget. It had a very marvellous effect upon my mind. I stood amazed, and gazed with wonder, love, and praise, upon him. And oh, the delight of my soul, at seeing such a suitable, and gracious Saviour; and, when he withdrew



himself from me he took away all my sin, and released me from all that dreadful condemnation which formerly had surrounded me. This to my feelings was most remarkably strange ! I felt that I was made perfectly free from all the law's charges, and my sin and guilt was for ever removed. That portion in Jeremiah, 'The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none, and the sins of Judah ; and they shall not be found ; for I will pardon them whom I reserve.'

At the place of business where I was employed, there appeared to be but one person out of nearly sixty workmen that possessed the fear of God in his heart. This *one* man worked in the same shop as myself. Formerly, with the others, I used to ridicule his religion ; but not to the same extent as did others. This good man was the first I ventured to open my mind unto when in my great trouble ; and he quoted to me the following portion of God's blessed word—'He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him' (Psalm cxxvi. 6). That word I found to be a sweet portion, and a spiritual cordial to my sin-distressed soul. The place where I received that blessed 'help from God' is fresh in my mind now ; indeed I cannot long forget it.

"At that time Benson, the place I lived at, was badly off as to the truth being preached there, and I often walked over to Wallingford seeking after spiritual food for my hungry soul ; but I could not get what my soul was longing for. One day, as I was ruminating over my *then* destitute condition, and feeling greatly the need of a gospel ministry, it was suggested to my mind, as I was pleading before the Lord, that I should obtain what I was seeking after if I could sit under the ministry of Mr. Irons, of Grove Chapel, Camberwell ; but I was fifty miles away, and did not know Mr. Irons, or any of his people. But the dear Lord who hath said, 'My covenant shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure,' did not forget me, but made a way for me, even in that dark season. But I must not forget to say that the godly housekeeper where I lodged, and who so sharply reprov'd me for my wickedness, and whom the Lord used as the instrument of my soul's salvation, after a time became my wife, and in the dispensations of his kind providence, like Israel of old we removed our tent, and set our faces towards the place of my birth (Clapham), and from thence to Brixton Hill, where I soon obtained employment in my own line of business, and I was able to do work on my own account, and working from early morn, until late at night business increased for a time, and I felt that the hand of the Lord was opened towards me. But as the Lord has not promised to give his people prosperity all their days, so I found in course of time adversity came upon me, and we met with many changes, but in the midst of those changes in providence we were brought under the ministry of that dear man of God, Mr. Irons, so that the dear Lord brought to pass the very thing that previously had been suggested to me, and which my soul so longed for. The first sermon

that I heard Mr. Irons preach was on a Tuesday evening; and when I entered the chapel, after a hard day's work, and a walk of three miles, my soul was overjoyed with the goodness of the Lord to me. As the dear man entered the pulpit my soul went out in silent prayer for him that he might be helped by the blessed Spirit of God to preach the Gospel into my hungry and thirsty soul! The dear Lord heard and answered my prayer. His text was: 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea' (Isa. xi. 9). O what a feast I had that evening upon the bread of life, and how my soul drank of those waters of salvation which cover the earth, as the 'waters cover the sea!' My heart was filled with delight, so that I did not know how to bear the blessing I received from the Lord under the preaching of his dear servant. Although so worn down in body with my day's toil, and the long journey, my soul was filled with joy and gladness, and, notwithstanding fifty years have passed away since then, still, the blessedness of that good hearing time abides with me. I have had many good hearing times under that dear man's preaching since then, which have done my soul much good, but O the power that attended that first sermon, and the delight it gave me cannot be described. I could say then:

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

If I had had any thought of letting these things be known to the Lord's dear people, I would have been more careful in preserving them. But I feel it to be a blessing indeed to be able to make known the goodness of the Lord to me even in this feeble manner! But I have found many times in my wilderness pathway, that temptations and sorrows may endure for a time, but joy of heart succeeds them. I have had much to wound my spirits, and to depress my mind, but I have had great cause for thankfulness to God for his great mercies bestowed upon me all through my pilgrimage journey. And had it not been for the Lord being on my side I know not what man would have done unto me, and I know not where my foolish heart would have led me. Adversity and prosperity, bondage and liberty, sorrows and joys have been my daily lot. The Lord has set the one over against the other. I have had to battle with much opposition in business. Many times I have felt that I should not be able to stand my ground, and prosper before God, in the right way. Much secret prayer has gone up from my heart, for him to guide me aright in all things. And, blessed be his dear Name I would say it to his honour and glory, and to encourage others, he has done for me above and beyond all that I could ask or think, both in providence and grace. It becomes me then to speak well of such a kind, and gracious benefactor, as he has been to me all my life long, and truly I might say that 'He hath done all things well.' O the

comfort I have derived from the hymn containing this verse:—

‘Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name  
Engraved on my heart does for ever remain;  
The palms of my hands while I look on I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.’

(993, Gadsby’s.)

But dear Mr. Hart’s lines have been verified in my experience,—

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

This has been just my experience for years past, and especially so since I have not been able through the infirmities of old age to attend the means of grace. Oh, the darkness of my mind, together with the darkness that surrounded me! It was a felt darkness, and connected with it were many doubts and fears lest all was not right with God and my soul, and the felt deadness at times in my soul in spiritual things made me groan and sigh, and beg the Lord to appear for my help; and, blessed be his dear Name, he now and then answered my cry and lifted me up out of all my troubles; and has ‘put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto God.’ And now my soul anticipates the day when I shall quit this mortal body, and on the wings of faith and love, my soul will soar away into that Holy City of God, there to behold my once-dying and risen Lord and Saviour, and see him as he is; and be like him.”

Here our friend closes his account of himself. His dear wife, who had been such a helper to him for many years, died some time before him, and whose advice, kindness, and affection he greatly missed. During his latter years the Lord greatly weaned him from men and things, and made him willing to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better than all the world beside. He passed away on January 13th, 1902, aged 86 years. Truly his end was peace. On the 16th of the same month his mortal remains were committed to the dust in Norwood Cemetery, there to wait the resurrection morn.

A. FRIEND.

MISS AVERNS.—Our departed friend, Hannah Avern, a member of Rehoboth Strict Baptist Chapel, Coventry, for twenty-eight years, and for many years previously a lover of a free grace gospel. Being naturally of a retiring disposition, and fearing continually that her religion was not real, she seldom spoke to anyone of the exercises of her mind; yet when she had received a blessing under the preached Word she longed to speak of it, but fear kept her back, lest she should be deceived herself and deceive others. The last time she was able to attend the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper she came to the table pressed down with a sense of her unworthiness, but was blessedly helped during the singing of the 440 hymn (Gadsby’s Selection), especially the fourth verse:

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

For the last fourteen months she was unable to get to the chapel, being afflicted internally, and knowing that she had not long to live, the desire of her soul for the greater part of the time was : “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” And,

“Assure my conscience of her part  
 In the Redeemer's blood,  
 And bear thy witness with my heart  
 That I am born of God !”

About two months before her departure the Lord graciously delivered her from her fears and set her soul at liberty, so that she could praise and adore him, and she delighted to speak of his love, mercy and goodness to such a poor, unworthy sinner as she felt herself to be. Her language then was :—

“O my Jesus thou art mine,  
 With all thy grace and power,  
 I am now, and shall be thine,  
 When time shall be no more” (801, Gadsby's),

which confidence was never again much shaken, though at times the enemy sorely tried her ; during one of which seasons she was much helped by the words : “When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.” The last two or three weeks she was too feeble to say much, and her desire was “to depart and be with Christ.” She often quoted the verse :—

“Hail, blessed time ! Lord, bid me come,  
 And enter my celestial home,  
 And drown the sorrows of my breast  
 In seas of unmolested rest.”

But lest she should be thought impatient, she immediately said, “But I wish to wait his time, for his time is the best time.” Thus a true and consistent member of the church militant passed away on November 28th, 1902, aged 66 years, into the church triumphant, there to behold her Lord and Saviour, who loved her and gave himself for her. A. HARRIS.

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Jebovah the Spirit is also the object of the trust and confidence of believers ; as he is the Spirit of grace and supplication : As the Spirit of grace, they trust in him to communicate more grace to them, and as the Spirit of supplication, in whom they confide for his help and assistance in prayer, for his prevalent intercession for them, according to the will of God : and as the Spirit of counsel and might, to direct and guide them, and to strengthen them with all might in the inward man : and faith and trust in the Spirit of God, for the carrying on and finishing his own work of grace in the hearts of his people, is expressed by confidence of it.—(*Ibid.*)

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1903.

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

## CHRIST, THE REFUGE AND THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT WIGSTON,  
BY MR. A. WHITE, OF OAKHAM,  
ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, AUGUST 10TH, 1902.

“That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: 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 an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.”—HEBREWS vi. 18-20.

MOST of you remember that we read these words in the morning by way of text; and we spoke just a little about the persons who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them. And, when we had said a little about these characters, our time was gone. Now all the other parts of our text hang upon this. If we have not fled to Jesus Christ for refuge, if he is not our hope, our habitation, and if we do not abide in him, and he in us, then whatever may follow does not belong to us, we have no part nor lot in the matter,—the Word of the living God is so discriminating. But those who have fled for refuge to lay hold of him as empty-handed sinners,

“Nothing in their hands they bring,  
Simply to his cross they cling.”

And then they abide in him. It is not merely laying hold of him in the first instance, in the beginning of their religion, but they abide in him. It is the abiding in him which makes him our home. We read in the Book of Proverbs, “The conies are but a feeble folk; yet make they their houses in the rock.” God’s people, who have learned by experience their inability to do any thing for their soul’s salvation, are glad, like these feeble creatures, to find a hiding-place in Jesus, this Rock of Refuge, and abide in him for ever. Then all those, who have fled to Jesus Christ for refuge, “lay hold of the hope,” the hope which he in his

glorious character gives to his people. It is not merely *about* Jesus Christ that is our hope; *he* is our hope. If you talk to some religious characters, they know something of him, and talk of him; but they might as well talk about Mahomet, if they do not lay hold of him, and cling to him. It is "Christ in you," says the Apostle, "the hope of glory." We find Jeremiah speaking of this blessed hope (we could not get on without this hope), he tells us the person is blessed whose hope the Lord is, because he has in him something unchangeable, that divine person who knows nothing of change in all his ways and works. Therefore the person must be blessed whose hope the Lord is. And the same prophet says, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him." We should do well to examine our hope, to see where the hope centres itself, and what it is. Paul here likens it to an anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast." It is something which the soul needs. I know that this hope, this help is very much in temporals; but after all it is given because of the soul. This hope is likened to an anchor because of its strength; it goes down beneath the waters, and grapples some substance at the bottom of the sea. The other week I was much interested in walking through Portsmouth Dockyard; I saw anchors of different sizes. It was in Coronation week, when the King's royal yacht was lying there, ready to take him to inspect his navy. But the Lord was pleased to lay him low. The feeling was very solemn,—it only needed the Sovereign in the yacht, and then it would launch forth. But that yacht had an anchor. My friends, you and I need an anchor. Whatever pretensions you make to religion, if the hope that buoys you up amid all the storms and tempests of this chequered path (sometimes it is such a chequered path and stormy sea, the Christian wonders where the scene will end), but if blessed with this hope the anchor is necessary, when the ship is required to rest, or in storms and tempests. On both occasions it is needed. As you know when our Royal Sovereign was at Cowes, his yacht has been resting, but it has been anchored there, anchored in the bed of the river. We find the believer's hope, which is likened to an anchor, does business for the believer; when needed it is always near at hand. I noticed in those large vessels there were several anchors slung at the side, ready when required. The believer does not go out to sea without his anchor. "Which hope we have." There is not one born into God's family destitute of it. Peter said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which accord-

ing to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." This hope is to the believer what the anchor is to the ship ; and no captain would dream of going out to sea without his anchor ; yet there are thousands and thousands who are dreaming their lives away ; they have their trials, but they have no anchor, no refuge to go to, no divine and glorious being to flee to in the hour of their trouble ; and many a person has been driven to do what they would not have done, if blessed with this hope—a hope resting in God. But there is this difference between the believer's anchor and these anchors I have been describing—the believer's anchor goes upwards, not downwards. I do not know of any anchor that goes upward, they all go downward, and grapple the bed of the river. This hope has something which it grapples. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." It makes no mistake, it goes to the right object, and sometimes, when in exercise in the believer's soul, it goes as straight and as quick as an Indian arrow from the bow ; it never misses its mark, it is fixed in the Lord Jesus Christ ; it does not fix in any other object. When it brings comfort to your troubled heart, it does not tell you to trust to your frames and feelings, they are changing ; and one poet says—

"I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name."

I like a sweet frame. I like the dew resting on my soul, and my soul drawn out in communion with God ; but I dare not trust in it, because in one hour it may have passed away. But a hope fixed on Jesus Christ will not pass away. "He is gone into the presence of God, there to appear for us." Is he there for you ? Is he there for me ? Is it possible (seeing that life is so uncertain, and hangs on such a slender balance, which, if God touch, the soul is gone in a moment)—is it possible that we are unconcerned as to what is to become of the soul ? We look around and see it is awfully possible. I cannot touch sinners' hearts, or I would gladly drive the word as a nail in there ; but the Lord can. The believer lays hold of a good hope through grace, which will never leave him. There never has been one little bark driven on time's tempestuous sea, who carried this hope as an anchor with them, that has suffered shipwreck. The Apostle, speaking of those worthies of old, says, "These *all* died in faith." They had their infirmities, but they were basing their hope upon a perfect one, a harmless one, separate from sinners, that we might be made the righteousness of God in

him. He is "sure and steadfast." I like those words. It does not go in a zig-zag way, seeking an object, it knows its object. The poor soul says, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." You want leading to the "Rock of Ages." You want a shelter there that you may find in Jesus a friend to help who loveth at all times. You or I, in our little lives, may have looked for help from this friend or that friend. Many a business man has placed hope in his fellow creature, but, when they have wanted help, their confidence was vain. The Psalmist says, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." The believer's hope can never fail; his object is Jesus, indeed it is, Jesus in the heart the hope of glory. This hope is very precious to the believer when he is passing under the clouds. Sometimes the clouds appear in the horizon. They do in the heavens, and mariners out at sea could tell by the clouds when they might expect a storm, and they would get ready for the storm and cast anchor. The believer oftentimes has cloudy days, and cloudy experiences, and then this anchor of hope is at its very best.

The object of the believer's hope balances the clouds, and if the object of the believer's hope balances the clouds, no clouds can hurt you; though cloudy, you must still hope in God. Those very "clouds you so much dread" may be vehicles in which the Lord is riding to bring you a blessing. "He maketh the clouds his chariot." If the King of England were to bring you a present during this coming week, you would not find fault with the colour of his chariot. The Lord rideth upon the clouds. Those clouds teach his people knowledge. David said, when he could not find his God, "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 for the help of his countenance." "Which entereth into that within the veil." It goes up right into heaven. What an unspeakable privilege and blessing to have such a hope as this! that in the midst of our trials and exercises in life will lead us right up to the throne of God. "Our conversation is in heaven." The affections of the believer are in heaven, yea, the soul of the believer at times scarcely knows whether it is in the body or out of the body. "When Jesus with his love visits the troubled breast," hope rises up then and says,

"Cheer up desponding soul,

On Jesus' aid rely,

He sees us when we see not him,

And always hears our cry."

The Apostle says that it goes after Jesus Christ, "Whither



the forerunner has entered?" And what does he mean by a forerunner? If I were to speak of an individual being a forerunner in a race, it implies that there are others to follow. Jesus Christ is the forerunner of his church. If you read this letter of Paul to the Hebrews—and read it as a whole letter—do not cut it up in pieces (we are apt to do that), do not take one portion, and say, that is the mind of the writer, do not cut it up. If I were to write a letter to any of you I should name you personally, and whatever I said afterwards you might take as belonging to you. Jesus Christ is the forerunner in the race. In the 2nd chapter he says, "He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." He is gone into heaven as the forerunner of his brethren, as the sheaf offering, their burnt offering, in whom the Father is well pleased. He will never be turned out of heaven. He has taken his seat there; but he will come out of heaven once again, and only once. But the question is, are you one who has fled for refuge to Jesus? Is he your forerunner there? Have you cast anchor in him? "Even Jesus." He emphasises that name, Jesus, who endured such agony, shame and cruelty.

"What he endured no tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell."

That very Jesus who hung upon the cross; that very Jesus who lay in the tomb; that very Jesus who burst the barriers of the grave! They wanted to get up a kind of tale among the soldiers—the disciples had come and stolen him away. They said, "Say ye, his disciples came by night and stole him away while we slept." That would be a strange tale to go into a court of justice with in these days. I should not like to go before a judge with such a tale as that. How could they tell whether he was stolen if they slept? He was gone; that was all they could tell. He led out those favoured disciples as far as Bethany, and lifted up his hands and blessed them, and was parted from them and carried up into heaven. They gazed after their living Lord (they are no more to see him in the flesh), and the angels said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? . . . this same Jesus"—this same Jesus who was pierced for my sins, who loved me, and gave himself for me; this same Jesus who hung on Calvary's cross, a spectacle to men and angels there; that same Jesus is in heaven now, and sits on the Father's right hand. I do not want any other Jesus, I do not want any other hope; and, whether my life be long or short, if I have this hope I shall do well in the hour and article of death. I shall soar away

to that bright world, and see him as he is. John says: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." He is our forerunner, our representative; he has rent the veil; he has gone in carrying his own flesh with him—John tells us—he is like a lamb in the midst of the throne. The allusion of going within the veil, is to the high priest of old. Once a year, we read, the high priest entered into the holy of holies. He took hold of those curtains and went within with the blood. It was a very anxious time for him, and for the worshippers without. It was not until the glory of God overshadowed the mercy-seat that he realises that God is propitiated for those Israelites, and that their sins are pardoned. Now he goes in in his high priest's dress, and, as he rises from his prostrate position, the golden bells and pomegranates begin to sound, and the Israelites, who are anxiously listening, catch the sound, and they know that God has accepted the sacrifice, and the high priest is coming out to bless them. Jesus has passed within the veil. He says, "My God has accepted the sacrifice." That very veil, when Jesus cried out "It is finished," God rent from the top to the bottom; and it signifies that the ritual under the old dispensation is done away with; there is no sacrifice remaining; the holy of holies under the old dispensation is done away with, but the holy of holies in heaven remains; the high priest remains. He is made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec, not after the order of Aaron; his priesthood was hereditary; when Aaron died, his heir took his place, and so it passed on from one generation to another. But Jesus Christ has no heirs to take his place as high priest; we read nothing of the pedigree of Melchisedec. It does not mean that he dropped down from heaven. What the Apostle means was, that Melchisedec was a person of whom we hear nothing of pedigree; we hear nothing of who his father or mother was, we hear nothing of his heirship. We know that Melchisedec died; but the Son of God will never die. He is "made a high priest after the order of Melchisedec." King of righteousness! King of Salem! King of peace! What comfort to know we have such a righteous advocate before the throne of God. His priesthood will never depart from him. The priesthood of which we read just now changed, and, as the Apostle says, "The priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also of the law." The priesthood of Jesus Christ is one of grace; to him we have access, from him we draw

fresh supplies of grace. Hence the Apostle in this Epistle, when speaking of the high priesthood of Jesus Christ says : “ Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

Just to speak in the last place, and that briefly (I do not want to weary you), of “ these two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie,” wherein his people obtain strong consolation. Were it possible for God to lie, or change his word, I should have no hope of getting to heaven. But because it is not possible, and God shows to the heirs of promise, abundant consolation. “ God willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath,” or, “ interposed himself by an oath.” When men are taking an oath, they call on the name of God to witness that they are speaking the truth ; it is a solemn matter. Now God could call on no greater than himself. “ He interposed himself ” in making this covenant with Abraham. He was called upon to offer up his son Isaac whom he loved, in whom the promise was made. Human reason would have said : “ You offer him up, how then can the promise be fulfilled in him ? ” But Paul tells us his faith was so great, that he took that very son, with the determination to offer him up, “ accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead.” And when he had laid him on the altar, and was just ready to plunge in the knife, God said, “ It is enough.” And God there said, “ By myself have I sworn, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee.” Now the law was given 430 years after that, and the law cannot disannul the promise made to Abraham.

You have for your solid basis the stability of God’s counsel. “ The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever.” You cannot overthrow the counsel and the oath of Jehovah. There must be a greater Being, and God must vacate his throne, ere you can overthrow what he has given his oath to. What stability you have here ! Does Satan tempt you to give up ? Does Satan tell you, you shall not stand the trying day ? You have God’s oath that you shall get to heaven at last, and see him as he is.

“ His oath, his covenant and his blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood,  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay ;  
On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.”

AMEN.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the donors or legatees, all donations of £50 and upwards, and all legacies . . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies of £50 and upwards, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE LEGATEES." Will, therefore, our Friends, who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. PHILPOT.

*Never before Published.*

Dear Young Friend,—I hardly know what reply to give to your letter, as I feel very incompetent to give you any counsel that may be suitable to your circumstances, or profitable to your soul. You write in a very sincere, simple, humble childlike spirit, which is a good mark and I hope has been wrought in you by the power of God. You also seem to see the evil of many things with which you are surrounded, and to have made some stand against them in a way of separation from what your conscience condemns. These are marks in your favour, and spring I hope, from the grace of God which makes the conscience tender, the heart humble, the spirit contrite, and the will desirous to know the will of God and to do it. It will be your mercy and that of your two friends, to whom I write as well as to yourself, if you are enabled to separate yourselves from everything which is worldly, carnal, and ungodly, whether it be among professors or profane. God's first call to his people is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing," that is anything defiled by sin, and which grieves and hardens a living conscience. And God has mercifully annexed a promise to those who obey his separating call, for he says, "I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 18). This was the call given to Abraham and which he obeyed (Gen. xii. 1., Heb. xi. 8). And this was the call also of Moses when he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season (Heb. xi. 25). You must expect to be very much despised, slandered, opposed, and perhaps persecuted; but if the Lord be with you and strengthen your faith, none of these things will move you, but you will still go on fearing the wrath of God more than the wrath of man, and coveting the favour of God more than the favour of poor dying worms. And if the Lord is pleased to give you at times a little sense of his goodness and mercy, and a little sip and taste of his love and favour, it will sweeten every bitter cup, and reconcile you to a path of suffering and tribulation. For you will find that it is "through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom of heaven;" and that only so far as we suffer with Christ shall we be glorified with him. Keep close then to your Bibles, in which as you read you will find the truth more and more unfolded to your mind; and above all things, keep close to a throne of grace that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. Find out also some of the dear family of God, especially those who are tried and exercised in their minds, and you will find their company and conversation profitable to your soul.

I have been young myself and therefore know the snares and temptations to which youth is exposed, how strong and how subtle Satan is, how soon we are influenced and led by the words and example of others, especially if we seem to have reason to fear, or to esteem them. And I am well sure that nothing but the sovereign grace of God can make them right or keep them right; and that if left to themselves they must and will decline from the path. It is, therefore, the greatest of all mercies that where the Lord begins he will certainly carry on his own work of grace in the heart. It is by this enduring to the end that the true children of God are distinguished from those that have a name to live and are dead. Without this the strongest must fall, and the most promising fruit wither and perish. When we trust to our own strength we are sure to be overcome; but when we are enabled to trust in the Lord he will sooner or later undertake our cause, fight our battles for us, and eventually bring us off more than conquerors. I am glad you have found my little works profitable.

Every month a sermon of mine is published, price 2d. . . . You and your friends might read them together, and the Lord might be pleased to give you from them, some instruction or encouragement. My health is weakly, and has been so for some years, so much so that I have been obliged to give up preaching during the winter months, and to resign the charge of two churches and congregations over which I was the minister for twenty-six years. I could not, therefore, undertake to baptize you, even if I were fully satisfied from a further knowledge of you that you were a fit candidate for that ordinance.

Mr. Jerram's book is, I believe, out of print. I have no copy of it and do not know where one is to be procured. Nor, indeed, do I think that it would much interest or edify you if you could obtain it, as it is chiefly a defence of the Church of England, of infant baptism, &c.; and trying to show that the cause of so many secessions from the Church of England which occurred at that time arose from our ignorance of Divinity. (Church History, &c.). I hope you may find some measure of truth at Farnham, or near it, which may edify your soul and be made a spiritual blessing.

Union, certainly, is most desirable among the saints of God, and it is very grievous to see what a spirit of division and strife there is in many churches. Wishing the best of blessings to rest upon you and your two friends, I am yours very sincerely for truth's sake,

J. C. PHILPOT.

6, Sydenham Road, Croydon,

February 23rd, 1866.

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 “CALLING.”
 

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 By MR. GREY HAZLERIGG.
 

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“Even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” This word certainly pertains unto the Gentiles, whether it includes the Jews just before noticed, or not. As applying them to the Gentiles we shall try to comment upon it. Of course, we do not say the words are to be limited to the Gentiles, though certainly embracing them. The words clearly refer to the promise mentioned before the gift of the Holy Ghost. This is the great promise of the Gospel, and it includes every spiritual blessing. For the Holy Ghost is given as the glorifier of Christ, and shedder abroad in the heart of the Father’s love. So that in receiving the Holy Ghost, a Three-One God is really received as Christ indicates in John xiv. 18-23. Now this promise is plainly limited in Peter’s words, “to as many as the Lord our God shall call;” but it is at the same time definitely assured to all these. This calling cannot surely be a mere hearing of the voice of an Apostle with the outward ears. The force of Peter’s words seems to be in the expression “as the Lord God shall call.” The call of God is very different to any mere sound of words reaching the outward ear, or any words merely written in a book; it is the voice of God himself reaching the heart. This is the real calling of God, and is without repentance. It is indeed the Holy Spirit himself as the Spirit of life in Christ who gives the call and gives himself, or, which is the same thing, is given by the Father and the Son, in giving it. David writes in the Psalms of this call, and its divine effectual nature, “When thou saidst, seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, thy face Lord will I seek.” It was a voice to the heart and the heart heard it, and replied, “Thy face Lord will I seek.” So Paul tells us he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He refers to his call on the way to Damascus. No! for furious persecutor as he was, the call from on high was too much for him, and laid him low at the feet of him who called. Others heard a noise, and a voice, but they heard not the voice of him who spake to and called Paul. This was the same voice of gracious life-giving power which calls the saints in all generations. We need not expect such a remarkable call as Paul’s; but it is substantially the same. It is the same voice, and the same Lord who more quietly calls us in these days, as arrested Saul on his road to Damascus. I read my Bible. At times it is as if I read it not. Perhaps when I am almost ready to shut the book, the word begins to enter into, and lay hold of my heart. It responds, he calleth me.

Jesus draws the chosen race

By his sweet resistless grace.

The other evening I sat in bonds and darkness before the Lord, having to preach to my dear people in the evening. How could

I preach, so dark, so dead? So full of the feeling of sinfulness and misery? I turned without, so far as I was concerned, any particular reason to Ephes. iii. O how verse 13 kindled upon my spirit. I saw that a minister's tribulations were for the sake of his people, and I was sweetly reconciled to thus die that they might live, to be as an anathema (Rom. ix. 2) in my feelings, so that they might have the blessing. O the efficacy and sweetness of divine calling! The Holy Spirit of God is in it. He calls me in this way again and again, in hymns, and words of Scripture, or may-be godly writings. Now when he calls me, I want to obey the admonishing words of Paul, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." The reason of the counsel is this: The flesh in us never hears the call. So then if the old man gains the advantage he turns our ears away from the still small voice which calleth us. We grieve the Holy Spirit, and sadly suffer for it. So it was with the spouse (Song v. 2). After a visit and a feast, she became carnally minded and sleepy. So the beloved, when he knocked, met with a sorry put off. "I have put off my coat, etc." The truth being, that carnality, which is a spiritual deathfulness, had crept over her, and she did not really want to throw it off. Then the Lord was grieved and withdrew. But some sweetness of his desire-kindling grace had touched her heart. So she rises to open to him; but he was gone, and many a weary step she had to take in getting him again. But even when deserted she speaks well of him, and seems to find him again in testifying of his altogether loveliness to others, who wanted to hear of it. My heart believes in the calling of the Lord Jesus Christ; but I am sadly distant at times, and very deaf. Then let me cry with the spouse for his real effectual calling with ears to hear it. "The companions hearken to thy voice, cause me to hear it."

Christ calls men as sinners, and in no other character.

A refuge for sinners the Gospel makes known,  
'Tis found in the merits of Jesus alone.

The open door of the Gospel is an opened one to sinners who feel their need of the feast of fat things spread on the table of God's free grace. The man that went in, and in the words of the Lord Jesus was cast out, was asked a solemn question, "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" It would not much avail him to answer, "So and so invited me to come in." He might have been called by the voice of a man, he was not called in by the voice of God. There seems to me a somewhat curious idea prevalent in some minds, about an outward call, different and more extensive than the inward one, and therefore not altogether in harmony with it. As if the music of the trumpet was not quite in accordance with the trumpet, but the trumpet a good bit bigger, than the volume of sound issuing from it. I once went to hear a phonograph speaking and singing. It was a great



big trumpet through which the sounds came. The trumpet was very large at its mouth, but the sounds were very indistinct and confused. Music and singing there was, but very little harmony and sweetness. So if the trumpet of the words a man utters is over-sized, there may be sounds. There may be a resemblance to the Gospel of the grace of God; but there won't be the real sweet Gospel music, and therefore not much dancing of heart in the Father's house.

We may use this illustration of the phonograph rather differently, and yet not incorrectly. The word of God has been inscribed upon the pages of the Bible. It is fully inspired. It is the word that has gone forth out of God's mouth. But just as the sounds of some lovely piece of music may have been arrested and imprinted on the tablets of the phonograph, and remain there, so with the voice of God in his Bible. It rest, so to speak, in the pages of God's holy book. But now place the tablet in its proper place in some perfectly constructed phonographic instrument, and set the machine in proper motion, and the lovely song or piece of music, is reproduced in all its sweetness, and enters the ears and delights the souls of the hearers. So with God's word. We must have the audience with the hearing ears; we must have the true music come forth in all its sweetness and freshness. The instrument may be the preacher, the music is divine. Then is fulfilled Isaiah's words: In that day of the Lord's power and grace, shall this song be sung in the land of Israel. The Lord's voice is heard. The bridegroom sings, and the bride joins in with the singing.

Now I believe that the trumpet of the Gospel, and the sounds issuing from it are in perfect harmony. The trumpet silver is all of one piece, not part silver, part brass, not a patch-work trumpet, giving uncertain sounds,—an uniform one, and the notes issuing from it clear and silvery notes. Or, as in Zech. iv.: the pipes golden, and the oil golden which flows through them. Numbers may hear the sound of the words of the Gospel, numbers may read the written words; but few are truly called by it; it's real voice reaches the hearts of comparatively few. As many as were ordained unto eternal life believed in the days of the Apostles, and it is so now. In Romans viii. we have the chain of mercy. The first link is up in heaven; the foreknowledge, or eternal choice and love of God. Then the next is predestination to be conformed to the image of God's Son, in sonship, and resemblance. Then comes calling; which, though transacted in heaven in God's purpose, takes place upon earth in God carrying out of that eternal purpose. Then follows justification. This again took place in the divine purpose in eternity, the work of righteousness for justification being actually effected by the Lord Jesus when upon earth in his finished work. The manifestation of this secret thing, being carried out in the sinner's heart and conscience, in the way of believing. Faith receives and brings in the sentence of justification when it sees, and lays

hold of the righteousness of Christ. The last link of the chain is in heaven again. Whom he justified, them he also glorified. The whole was in heaven in purpose before the world was; it descends upon earth in manifestation and fulfilment, and is again in heaven, no link wanting, no link added, the whole chain consistent and complete. Man may try to extend the chain, he may vainly attempt to add a link or so to it; particularly to the golden link of calling. But it is of no use. The chain is divine, equally strong in every part. Human additions would only weaken it. It is a mercy that man cannot really add weak conditional links to the eternal purposes of God.

Our Lord says, "As many as ye shall find bid to the wedding;" but he does not say bid them before you find them. He says to Peter, "kill and eat;" but he does not say eat before you have killed; nay, he does not say kill and eat indiscriminately. Peter was only commissioned really to kill and eat those in the great sheet let down from heaven. The fact is that the Lord must call us to an acquaintanceship with our sin, as well as an acquaintanceship with his mercy. All true real calling must be of God.

Our Lord says, "Many are called, but few chosen." Here the questions not improperly arise: "Who calls them?" "What are they called to?" "What is the sense of the word chosen?" We read that the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.

*(To be continued.)*

#### LETTERS TO A FRIEND—No. 17.

My dear Friend,—If the world stands by the decree of God; if all events come to pass according to the purpose of God; if nations exist by Divine pleasure: if kings, rulers, and governors, rise and fall according to the seal of God's "will" and "shall," I am positive that the church, the beloved of the Lord, stands by Divine appointment, and must stand according to the will of the Immortal Builder. The church under the legal dispensation was set up at the command of God. Jesus Christ is the builder thereof, and as the Son and wisdom of the Father, he was in the eternal counsel of the Father concerning the providing and framing of his own habitation. God had the whole of this great fabric in his eternal mind. There the plan of it lay from the base to coping, hid from all, (Eph. iii. 9) until the time of its revelation. The mind of God with respect to his church was in some measure made known to Moses when God commanded him to make a tabernacle and the appurtenances thereof. The idea of which was in the mind of God in eternity; when finished and set up it was a shadow of good things to come, that is, the gospel church. The materials of the tabernacle were gathered from among the people as a free-will offering. In the wilderness the tabernacle was set up, the worship of God

instituted and continued in that legal form until the appointed time when the carnal ordinances imposed until the time of reformation must give place to those things spiritual and more excelling (Heb. ix. 10, 11). All came to pass, circumstance after circumstance, event following event, every wheel, every motion in that wisely appointed machinery in the time, manner, and place, before ordained.

And during the time of the working of these things the faith of the church that then was rested upon the promises of them and died in faith of them, having "seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them." The breaking down of the middle wall of the legal ceremonies (Eph. ii. 14) which separated Jew and Gentile is termed the end of the world (Heb. ix. 26). The prophet calls it a vision or a real revelation of the coming of the Saviour according to the purpose of God. He declares it was ordained to appear at the appointed time which was at the end: "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and shall not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry" (Hab. ii. 3). The church, by prophecies, promises, and glorious representation made of Christ in the tabernacle, temple, and worship, was instructed in the doctrine of the coming of the Saviour. This was the blessed thing the prophets enquired about with scrutiny, for it was the "all" of their desire: "Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you. Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow" (1 Peter i. 10, 11). At last the time came when that wonderful prediction must be fulfilled: "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart" (Psalm xl. 6, 7, 8). How clearly the incarnation of the Son of God is set forth in these words, brought face to face with us. All the offerings, sacrifices, feasts, enjoined upon the Jews are declared to be of no value; God regarded not the flesh of bulls and of goats, neither had he pleasure in corn, wine, or oil. How very prompt was the obedience of our most glorious Lord! On the wings of love and compassion he hastens to do the will of the united Trinity. My soul, gaze with wonder, admire with trembling, rejoice in hope, at this wonderful proclamation of the advent of the Saviour! Proclaimed by himself! He was before he came, not in purpose but personally. Had it been only in purpose he would not be said to have spoken, "Lo, I come." Yes, "I come." As Isaiah speaks of him: "Travelling in the greatness of his strength." In all the types, offerings, ordinances, and ceremonies, from his first promise until his actual appearance in the likeness of sinful

flesh, and in the greatness of his redeeming strength unfolding himself in various ways to the faith of the fathers, raising in them a blessed expectation of his coming: they prayed for it, and saw his day of faith. Thus the Redeemer travelled before his incarnation. He closes up the book of the Old Testament which testified of his coming in the flesh with a positive, "Behold I send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Of this wonderful forerunner of our adorable Lord the Divine decree said, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." O blessed Lord, give me, I implore thee, the new eye of a spiritual understanding that I may look upon that wonder of wonders (the coming of the Lord), and as faith gazes thereon may my soul receive the healing virtue of his power! "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

Angels announce his advent to shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, "Lo the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them"; and caused them to tremble with profound awe. Fear not, were the angel's words, for I bring you the best, the sweetest tidings that heaven can proclaim. A Saviour is come, the Saviour promised. He is a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. The Ancient of Days—a child, an infant, a day old! And in the greatness of his strength he travelled to take upon himself this weakness! Oh, mighty wonder, oh, blessed Lord! is this thy manner of showing thy love? Let my soul ponder thereon, and let my heart rejoice in it, let my conscience be purified in it, and my tongue proclaim it, my memory be stored with it, my pen write about it, my life devoted to it, my death be encircled with it. The child of promise, the seed of the woman, appears. Angels rejoice at his humble appearance, they sing glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. It is customary with us as a nation when a prince is born to announce the circumstance by ringing of bells and firing of guns, etc. But the Prince of Peace required no carnal manifestation. Angels were his heavenly bells, and how blessedly they rang out his praise, honour, and glory!

Now the Prince of Life is come. The prediction of Isaiah is come to pass: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6). Now this has come to pass, the child is born. Let me ask what was in the heart of this Holy child Jesus? He himself declared to the prophet long before: "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God." This was in his heart when he came into the world. His mind, will, affections, body and soul, were all set upon it. The work allotted to him in the eternal councils he came to do. Thus the foundation, the head, the Lord the Redeemer, makes his appear-

ance in the world. He came into the world according to the purpose of God, and all the events that arose in connection with his work upon earth came forth according to the same purpose. Everything was arranged under the seal of God: "For him hath God the Father sealed" (John vi. 27).

The first event recorded after the birth of the Redeemer is that of Divine providence protecting the infant Saviour from the murderous hand of Herod. God directed Joseph to take the virgin-mother and the child Jesus, and flee into Egypt. "This was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophets saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son." Herod being disappointed at the wise men not returning to give him the information he sought that he might slay Jesus with wrath, and sent and slew all the children in Bethlehem from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet (Matthew ii. ; Jer. xxxi. 15). Farewell,  
yours in love

J. WARBURTON.

Southill, March 26, 1888.

"THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS, SHALL REAP IN JOY."

My dear Friend,—Your kind letter of to-day, and the postal order enclosed, value £1, from the "Gadsby Memorial Christmas Fund," has taken me so much by surprise that I am almost at a loss to know how to answer it! For what more can I say than what I have already said, and I know that other recipients like myself will be surprised also.

I feel it a great pleasure indeed to be able in any small measure to gladden the hearts of any of God's deserving poor, if only in the capacity of a messenger, or a distributor of the means so kindly given by others; and, my dear friend, to see the countenances gladdened with thankfulness, and the tear-drop in the eye, caused by a broken spirit, is a pleasure indeed; and one that touches a chord in our own heart; and in this sense I feel that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting or pleasure; for in the house of mourning we often learn the gracious lesson of God's care, faithfulness, and his loving-kindness to his dear children, by observing the moving of his kind hand in providence, as well as the comforting influences of his Holy Spirit, and a sense of his eternal love made known to them in their hearts. Providence and grace are so linked together in the experiences of God's poor people that they have truly a double portion of his manifested goodness; and by his dealings in providence with them, he is pleased to make it a means of displaying his sovereign grace and mercy unto their hearts. I know in some feeble measure what I am writing about, as it is my own experience; and it leads my mind back to a time when everything appeared to be going right against me.

Illness in the house and family, from January to August.

with six little children, and not one of them able to do for itself; and it pleased God about that time to take two of them from us by the hand of death, only eight weeks apart; then there were all the expenses attending these things; and ourselves almost done up for want of our proper rest which had been much broken during that time. In the midst of this heavy trial I had a blessed assurance that God had taken one of my dear children to be with him for ever, and that assurance remains with me unto this day; and my dear partner in life received a similar assurance from the Lord respecting the other child. Thus we each were taught in our souls that "God doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men"; and as we read, "Not in anger; but from his dear covenant love." Then from an unexpected quarter, and unthought of by us, on the day I came home to bury the second dear child, a letter was sent me containing five pounds. Oh, my dear friend, I feel that I shall never forget the feelings of my heart then! At that moment, if you know what it is to be dumb from the feelings of the heart, you know how I then felt.

At another time my dear wife was laid on a bed of sickness, and we did not know whether it would end in life or death. . . . The enemy of our souls took every advantage to aggravate our feelings, and increase our sorrows, night and day; but I laboured on in the best way I could, doing all in my power to help the afflicted one, and keep the home in proper order, for we did not know where to get a woman from to help us. Thus it meant work for me, as you will readily understand, and I kept on until I was almost driven to my wits' end. Then a friend was raised up for us, who volunteered her services; and for six weeks she did much for us. I wished very much to pay her, but I had not the means to do so; for at that time we scarcely knew how to make both ends meet. About three weeks after this kind friend came to help us I fell ill myself, but the day I was taken ill is one I think I shall never forget while memory lasts. On that day I was favoured to hold sweet fellowship with the dear suffering Lamb of God; and while so favoured the words came with power into my heart: "But the Son of man hath not where to lay his sacred head!" I was so overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, in thinking over the life of the dear Redeemer that I burst into tears; and my dear wife, thinking that I was crying over the heavy trials and hardships I was then passing through, did all she could to soothe my sorrows, and to comfort me. And in the midst of this scene of mingled sorrow and joy these words were very blessedly applied to my heart: "And they all forsook him and fled!" When I could speak, I exclaimed, "'The suffering Redeemer had not where to lay his head!' But he has given me a couch whereon to lay my guilty head, and rest my weary limbs; and when in his greatest agony and distress, none of his followers were there to render him any help, or speak a word of comfort to him; but I have some one to sympathize with me, and comfort me in my trials and sorrows!" For three days

and nights I did not lose that sweet feeling, and it was most refreshing to my soul. Thus, my dear friend, I have given you a brief outline how I came to know by experience what sympathy and kindness does, and how God is pleased to join together his providence and his grace. But the trial of it came afterwards, which would take me too long here to relate; but here I am at the present moment, I hope, a monument of God's mercy, and I trust a miracle of his grace. I wrote a few lines to a friend afterwards, and the following is a part of what I said:—

“The kindness you have shown  
 To mine is not forgot,  
 Nor treasured in my heart alone,  
 That act so kindly wrought.  
 If but the cooling cup  
 Of water freely given,  
 By him above is not forgot,  
 But registered in heaven.”

And so I feel the same language will apply to those kind donors who think of the poor and needy year after year, and from time to time. Now, my dear friend, I must ask you to cover a mantle of love over this lengthy account of myself. But it seems to do me good at times to rehearse some of the Lord's mercies made known to me, and the trials I have passed through. Thanks for your kind remembrance of mine, which they reciprocate.

. . . . Now I must close, with asking you to accept of my sincere thanks to you, and the friends, and through me in anticipation the thanks of those friends you have sent it for; and I will do according to your wishes. Hoping you, and your dear wife, are quite well, and that you have got through your onerous labours of love; and wishing you every needed blessing; with Christian love, I remain, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

Wantage, Berks. January 5th, 1903. J. ALDWORTH.

The above letter was written to Mr. Jefferies. ED.

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“No circumstances can arise in the visible church of God, for which there is not a provision already made in the Scriptures of truth; no heresy can spring up, for which there is not some effectual antidote; no error can come abroad in the face of day, for which there is not there some adequate remedy; no character can arise, whose features have not been there traced out; no delusion, stratagem or deceit of Satan can start up, which is not to be found already exposed and condemned in the word of God. Not that these things are to be found on the surface, not that they are visible to ordinary observers, but they are hidden in the depths of God's word—a part of those secrets which are with them that fear the Lord. It requires indeed divine illumination to see, and divine inspiration to feel and understand truth as opposed to all such errors. And, generally speaking, we find, when any new doctrine arises in the visible church of Christ, or any plausible error which opposes the truth of God, or is calculated to hinder the growth of saints, or, in any way, to tarnish the glory of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Lord raises up some one or more instruments in his hands, whom he enlightens into an acquaintance with the truth, and whom he enables to testify as faithful witnesses and iron pillars against that error, whatever it may be.”—*Philpot*.

## ON MATRIMONY.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE LATE JOSEPH IRONS,  
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

My dear Friend,—The subject upon which you ask my advice is a very important one; and my advice to you now is precisely the same as it was when I sat chatting with you on the same subject in your shop some time ago.

Never, never consent to any proposals from graceless *men*. This evil has caused God's Spirit to strive with man, from the earliest period of time, as you may see it recorded in the early part of the Old Testament, "That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years" (Gen. vi. 2, 3). The sons of God *should marry the daughters of God, and the daughters of God should marry the sons of God, AND NONE ELSE*; all other marriages are uniting Christ with Belial, which is forbidden in Scripture, is offensive to God, and highly injurious to the soul.

My friend, it would greatly grieve me, to have any of my dear children in the Lord thus unequally yoked together with unbelievers. I have felt much for Mary on this account; and although I hope and pray that God will preserve her from so grievous a snare, yet I confess that I cannot dismiss my suspicions concerning her unto this day.

My dear friend, I rejoice that you look upon these offers as snares laid by the great enemy of souls for you. Such they really are; and I pray that you may have grace sufficient to escape them, and resist them with Christian fortitude.

It affords me much pleasure to recollect that I was the honoured instrument of tying the marriage knot between you and the best of husbands; and I beseech and entreat you never to grieve him and me by taking an enemy of his into your bosom; and every unconverted man, however moral he may be, is an enemy to Christ. You complain of a hard heart, deadness, and darkness; but you must have life, or you would not have feeling—for the dead feel not. This is a proof positive that the life of God is communicated to you; and all the wants that you express in your letter to me, remember, Jesus—thy Jesus—is exalted to give; and all you complain of, none but renewed souls are the subjects of. Such feelings are the legitimate fruits of the Spirit. Cleave closely to Christ—unburden all to him. His grace is sufficient for you. He will never leave nor forsake you.

That the directing Spirit may anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, in order that thou mayest discern between the children of the bond-woman and between the children of the free woman; and between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not; is the earnest desire and prayer of, thine affectionate friend and father in Christ Jesus. Amen.

J. IRONS.



A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE GRACIOUS EXPERIENCE, AND BLESSED DEATH OF THE LATE MR. SAMUEL BRADFORD, of Glencora, Eastbourne, who entered into his eternal rest on September the 29th, 1902, aged 68 years. By his brother, MR. H. BRADFORD, Minister of the Gospel.

Among my late dear brother's writings, he says:— The first that I can remember about soul matters was at one of our family meetings, that my father used to have at his house on Sunday nights, when I was seven years old. The portion read at the time was Matthew xxiv. 40, 41 verses which arrested me; but some solemn things that my father said then troubled me. He told us that it might be, that he and mother might be saved, and you children lost, and that neither father nor mother could give grace to the children. O what a terror this was to my mind! How the thought of being cast into hell troubled me! What distress I was in for some long time. How afraid I was to go to bed! How afraid in a stormy night, and in a thunderstorm!

My father used to have prayer meetings on a week evening. I used to want to stay up at night to hear the prayers, and I found a hiding-place behind sacks of flour; my father being a baker. Although so young, I did feel myself to be a sinner, and I did want to be made right. How afraid of God I was, and of hell, of death, and of dying.

I do not remember anything in particular after this, till I was seventeen years old. At this time I was led more deeply; and very severely was I tried about my sins, and the wages due to sin. I was in distress on account of my sin. O what a heavy burden! How it did weigh me down! It made me cry. Nothing but hell appeared before me! O what fears, and dreadful conflict I had! and what anguish filled my breast; and what a horror of great darkness and distress haunted my soul! O how I wished I had never been born, and that I had no soul to be lost! How I envied the beasts of the field, for I felt that hell must be my portion, and that to all eternity; and I felt that my sins were too great for God to pardon me, or to look upon me in mercy; and I felt, whoever might be saved there would be no salvation for me; for none had sins like mine, so black and so vile! so polluted! My trouble made me very ill. Some thought I was going into consumption; people talked about me a great deal, and the doctor was sent for; he said it was weakness, that I had outgrown my strength, and overworked. I did not want my natural food, and to sleep I could not. They were all ignorant of the cause. I dare not close my eyes for fear I should awake up in hell. If I walked down the street, I thought the earth would open and swallow me up. And how afraid I was to walk near houses lest they would fall upon me, and so sink me into hell. And O, when night came, how I wished it

was morning ; and when the morning came, how I wished it was night ! And when I attempted to read the word of God, it seemed to cut me off, it was like reading my own condemnation. If I tried to pray there was no access, it only seemed to add to my distress.

How well I can remember running to a barn at Horsebreak where I could fall on my knees and pray, and while I was upon my knees in such distress, there was an awful peal of thunder, and I ran out of the barn in very great distress ; but I could see no clouds, and this made it seem more terrible to me. I thought it was a judgment from God upon me, because I had been attempting to call upon him, I who was such a great sinner. O how I did shake, and tremble, and cry, and sigh ; for I felt that God would never listen to such a vile sinner as I was. I felt that he was just in his dealings, and that he would be doing right in sending me to hell, for I could not see how he could save me because of his justice ; such an awful character as I felt to be. I cannot begin to write or to describe my feelings that I passed through. One must be brought into a similar place to understand my path ; and it is one thing to feel and another thing to write. O the terrors of a guilty conscience, and the dread of a burning hell—shut out from God, and shut up where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched ; and to be ever dying but never dead, ever sinking, but never get to the bottom ; and to be in hell as many years as there are drops of water in the sea, and then only begun to be there ; and to be separated from the dear people of God, and a dear Redeemer. I wanted to love the people of God ; but I felt my company in hell would be the worst sort of people that ever walked upon the earth, murderers, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, and such like, how terrible to think of, and to be with such to all eternity. O what a state I was sunk into ! Something seemed to say to me—You have sinned too deeply. Your sins are too vile, too black to be forgiven. I said, ' Dear Lord, it is hell upon earth ! it is more than I can bear ! ' And yet I felt to be in hell would be ten thousand times greater. I said, ' Dear Lord do spare me, and keep me out of hell ; how can I bear to go there so young ? ' I felt this would be my last cry for mercy this side of eternity, and this would be my last night upon earth ; for it did seem impossible for me to go through another night. I felt to be on the brink of hell, and my doom fixed, and time come to be cast into the bottomless pit. And the moment that I uttered that cry to be saved from hell in my youth, yea, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw Jesus standing before me in the eyes of my mind. And he shewed unto me his hands, and his feet, and side, and the crown of thorns, and I saw him bleeding for me ; and I was happy in a moment of time. Oh ! what a change, I looked for hell, and he brought me heaven. O what joy ! what peace ! what love ! what happiness ! old things were passed away, and all things had become new. A new heaven, and a new earth ! The trees,

how beautiful they looked! And the grass of the field with them, all, seemed to set forth the praises of the Lord. And how blessed it was to meet with the dear people of God in his house of prayer; how blessed to my soul then! And Mr. Hart's hymns, how precious they were to me upon the sufferings and death of Christ. How they did melt me down under a sense of pardoning love; under a sense of what Christ had done for a sinner like me; and O what nimble feet I had to run in his ways! Psalm cxx. 1, how sweet and precious! 2 Samuel xxii. 34, how precious:—"He maketh my feet like hinds' feet: and setteth me upon my high places."

And how well I remember one week evening going to the house of God with such sweet peace and comfort and joy flowing into my soul, that I hardly knew where I was or how it was. I felt so enraptured with the love of God. O what beauty and blessedness I could see in Jesus Christ. I could say with a feeling heart, and with an unwavering tongue—"This people shall be my people, and their God my God." And O what longings for the courts of the Lord; how anxious for the time to come to meet in the Lord's house, both on the Sabbath and during the week; and how I loved to hear a precious Christ extolled, who had done so much for me!

Soon after this happy change, news came that a dear sister who had been living in London was called suddenly to exchange worlds; and, O how afraid I was, she had not landed in heaven, and my father, there was he, walking to and fro the room, wringing his hands in great distress, for fear she was lost; and my heart seemed ready to break. O what a terrible thing is death when it comes on those who are not prepared for it. O, to lose a near, and dear relative, and to have no well-grounded hope of the salvation of such an one. And yet how few there appear to be truly concerned about their eternal state. O how solemnly does the word of God speak concerning death, and eternity. Our dying day will soon come, the longest life will soon have an end. We are living in a great day of profession, but I fear but few really possess the root of the matter. What a wonderful mercy to know the Lord, to be led into the fellowship of his sufferings, and to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and to walk before the Lord, and in his fear.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me.  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?"

The Lord is my rock, and strength, and surety; my all and in all. Yea, he is everything; bless his precious name. But when he withdraws how I sink! I have to say with the Psalmist David, O Lord help; deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink. How I stand in need of mercy and pardon. What changes! But blessed be his precious name; he says "I will

never leave thee." I come into deaths oft; seem like a dead leaf; need again the dew and rain of heaven. How many times I have doubted his willingness, for the sin of unbelief has been strong. O what a wretched sinner after so much mercy shown; O how black and filthy I am.] My dear brother writes of going into captivity after a while, and of the bondage of sin, and the effect of various things on his mind, which proved robbers to his soul, and of departing from his God, and of leanness, and backsliding, with every now and then renewed repentance and hope. He goes into providential trials and mercies also. He used to sit under the late Mr. Tatham's ministry; and he found it very useful indeed, and that repeatedly. The effect produced by such ministry was love for the minister, and my brother greatly lamented his death. After a few years, he came to Grove Road Chapel, and about that time he was passing through great conflict and trial. Before settling at Grove Road, and at the time of settling there, and for a while afterwards, he found special comfort and confirmation from Bourne's letters. The "Gospel Standard," and other books were likewise helpful, but especially Gadsby's hymns, and the Word of God. He was attached to Messrs. Taylor of Manchester, to Covell, to Tiptaft, to Vine, to Smart, to Warburton, and others, since deceased. When he first came to Grove Road he could not see Believers' Baptism for himself; but after seeing it administered, and after finding the Lord's gracious presence in the house of God, he, after a while, desired to be baptized, and after being unanimously received by the church, he was baptized, and he continued very consistent to his Strict Baptist principles till he slept in Jesus.

After a time, when the church thought more deacons were needed, he was chosen to that most important post on January 20th, 1873, which he was helped to continue in until taken home. And after Mr. Dilly's health failed, who had for many years been deacon and clerk, my brother gave out the hymns, which he continued to do till the last; and the church has been favoured to have gracious men for such honourable positions certainly. My brother was the church's treasurer also; and being a liberal man who believed in giving the Lord a tenth of his income, he will be missed in that way, as well as in other respects. He may have been misunderstood by some, because he continued steadfast in his convictions about men who have sinned, with no evident tokens of subsequent repentance, for particular sins; but he held very strong conscientious views on that point. But he was as forward as most would be to receive the repenting. He was quite a discerning man, and from time to time he has warned his younger brother to beware of men. His love for the courts of the Lord was great. He usually got to Grove Road Chapel twenty minutes or more before the beginning of the prayer meetings, and the services of the sanctuary. And he would say about going to the house of prayer, "I am going to the banquet." He was very retiring; he found much profit from private reading

of the Word, the hymns, etc., especially in the very early morning, say from four or five till eight o'clock.

There are now living some ministers that he truly loved for their works' sake. He loved the tried men of God; and he believed, if ministers spent more time over the Word, and on their knees, and less time in society, it would be better for their own souls, and for the souls of their hearers. And now, after passing over a great deal, I will refer to a time of affliction that my dear brother had in February, 1891, the effect of which never left him. Concerning this time, he says,—[It has been laid upon my mind to write a little about the times that have gone over me in my late affliction. But this I can only do by the dear Lord's help, for without him I can do nothing. It is about twelve weeks since I was taken ill; I had nearly eight weeks in bed through pleurisy, and then followed bad legs; temperature, 103; pulse, 125; very little sleep; but my cries went up to the Lord, with, "Lord help me, undertake for me, abide with me." My weakness prevented me from much speaking. The words suited me,—“O Lord I am oppressed, undertake for me,”—when the words from Job v. 19 comforted me: “He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.” I believed he would be with me. The following verse has been a great comfort:—

“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design—  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.”

I felt it to be a great mercy to be dealt with as God dealt with his sons, to be purified and cleansed. How much belongs to me that needs to be taken away, what dross and tin. “Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.” How much in my sickness did I beg for pardon; what a wretched sinner; none so bad as I, none had such sins as myself. What times of sinking I had, and the enemy came upon me; but it was my sin that so tried me; and I felt so afraid to die, though at the first part of my illness I had the text, “There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come near thy dwelling,” with some of the verses that follow, which blessed portion raised me up and was made a great support. But grace, though the smallest, must surely be tried; for my hope at times seemed removed like a tree. I had great fears arising about the safety of my soul, and I was afraid of God. Some words in Psalm xxxviii. so expressed my state—My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness. O what a sinner I am, when wilt thou come unto me. My sins are like mountains, and like the sands upon the sea shore for number; and all my righteousnesses are but as filthy rags. I am greatly bowed down and cannot look up. Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? O

how I did want the Lord to appear again to cast all my sins behind his back, to bury them in the depths of the sea, so that when I search for them they cannot be found. How I searched the Word to see how it fared with the people of God; but I found James Bourne's letters, and the writings of John Rusk, and Philpot's sermons a great help to me. And many of our hymns as well, the 1,040, 892, 958, 1,031, and many more besides, and what a mercy to be favoured with such blessed hymns that do so meet the cases of the dear Lord's tried and afflicted people. Some tell us we ought not to fear, and we ought to be lively in the things of God. They do not understand us, and we do not understand ourselves. How tried at times about the beginning, if that be wrong the middle is wrong, and then, unless grace intervene, the end will be wrong. How I wanted to be undeceived if deceived. I found all former evidences unavailing. O if I could live without sinning. I know my sins have proved the chastening rod. I searched the various Scripture characters who walked in a dark path, but I could not find one of them so bad as myself. My cry was: O my sin, my sin, my vile transgressions. And now death, and the grave, and the enemy, seemed to be let loose upon me, and that, combined with severe bodily pain, greatly distressed me. But the dear Lord led me to see that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. That little word *all* did me much good; and Psalm xxxiv. 19 and 20 was a help to me. How many precious promises, but I need the dear Lord to help me to lay hold of them.

The words in the first book of Samuel, second chapter, eighth verse, came with much comfort: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes and to make them inherit the throne of glory." How I could come in with the poor dunghill sinner! What a change for such a dunghill sinner to be lifted up in such a way! The case of the prodigal son was opened up to me. I thought of the ring, and I was much broken down, my heart and soul were melted down; what godly sorrow, what joy and peace flowed into my mind. How I did praise and bless our dear Redeemer for his matchless and condescending love to such a sinner as me! I saw the ring set forth the everlasting love of God. "Whom once he loves he never leaves, but loves him to the end." This blessed season of soul comfort occurred at midnight. The first verse of 386 hymn was much blessed to me:

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

The verse was very sweet to me.

What a blessed state I was in on the Lord's day morning. How I was helped to pray that the Lord's servants might be helped to preach the word faithfully, and that God might be

with them, and bring sinners to hear the word, and that the word might be greatly blessed. Hymn 362 was greatly blessed to me. What a debtor I am to my dear Lord and Master. So poor I am, and getting deeper and deeper in debt to his mercy. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. He has done me nothing but good, and I have been only bad to him. The fourth verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm was very sweet to me. "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 enquire in his temple." I was told my brother spoke from same text, which was at the time it was made so sweet to me. The above verse abode with me for days and nights. How I did wish to dwell in the house of the Lord to listen to his precious word; for he is so precious, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

"Fairer than ten thousand fairs,  
A sun among ten thousand stars."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." But I had a deep trial come upon me, and I found the Lord appearing for me in it. Yes, bless his precious name, he came to me, and the cause of the burden, and the burden, were all gone. The words sent to deliver me were the first three verses from the xiv. of John. There was a sweetness in the very first word that the Lord spake, "*Let.*" What calm I experienced; my bodily pain seemed to go with the blessing; I preferred lying awake with the Lord's presence rather than to sleep. My bed was a downy one, for he made it. How many nights did I lie awake talking to my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and how he listened to me and talked to me. He has gone to prepare a place for me, and that I am to be with him there for ever. And what a blessed view I had of heaven one morning. What must it be to be there? O how blessed to be with Jesus, and to see him as he really is, and to be made like him. The following words were very sweet—"And streets of shining gold."

"Heaven is that holy happy place.  
Where sin no more defiles;  
Where God unveils his blissful face,  
And looks, and loves, and smiles.  
With what raptures he'll embrace us,  
Wipe away each falling tear,  
Near himself for ever place us,  
And with love our bosoms cheer  
Hallelujah!  
We shall with the Lamb appear."

O that I could express what I felt! O the tears of gratitude that flowed from my eyes! I could leave all and go and be with

Jesus for ever and ever ; and no going out, but ever shut in with the Lord. I can honestly say that during the eight weeks I was on that bed of affliction I had more fellowship and more sweet communion with Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, than I had known for many years, blessed tokens upon tokens. My prayer was " O Lord abide with me." I could say—

"My hope was built on nothing less  
Than Jesus blood and righteousness."

And I could leave all in his blessed hands. But with dear Job I found that changes and war were against me. I should sink but for Jesus ; he holds the helm and guides the ship.

In the world is tribulation, and through much we must pass. Our blessed Lord and Master had to travel a dark and thorny path. He has said, "Follow me." "His way was much rougher and darker than mine. Did Christ my Lord suffer and shall I repine?" Give me strength Lord to follow thee in thy ways and ordinances. What a very little I do seem to know as I ought to know! "The way I walk cannot be wrong if Jesus be but there." The text, "draw me" has been precious to my soul. How many things I need to be drawn from, and to. O Lord, by these things men live ; many things arise. The living shall praise thee. Trials are at times sent to sharpen our appetites for spiritual things. When everything seems smooth, how soon we grow cold and dead ; but when afflictions arise, they do at times work for good.

Hymn 402 has been a help to me again and again. The word wounds, as well as heals ; kills, as well as makes alive. The word has been very searching to me ; but the word has been found and eaten. How I have been able to look back and see how wonderfully I have been watched over by a merciful God ! How wonderfully spared as a boy, and since ; how protected at the age of four ; and again at seven, I was saved from death by God's providence.] My dear brother had many great providential trials during his pilgrimage and many deliverances, but I have only been able to give the substance of them, or some of them in this paper, and I fear it may occupy a larger space in our magazine than can very well be spared. But I must give my friends who read the "G.S." a report of the end of one who loved Zion.

My brother went to see the Dicker friends at their thanksgiving ; and the cold appeared to strike into him on his homeward journey ; but he called the next day to take me for a drive, and though he felt cold then, we had no thought of anything so serious as that which soon followed. I felt there was such a particular heavenliness of mind in him while riding along together, and I wondered at it. How is this, I thought. He went back to the days of our father, and how he was blest, etc.



The following Lord's day, he took his place at the desk, and read the hymns, the last one being—

Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head,

which hymn has been very useful to him again and again. He complained to me of pain in his chest in the morning, and in the evening the pain had increased, and it was still in his chest, and it seemed around his heart; he also said, "If I am no better to-morrow I must have a doctor." He was not able to be at the prayer-meeting the next evening, and he was not at the service on Wednesday evening. I went up early on Thursday morning, and found he had been very ill during the night, and he was very ill then. I went to the doctor and saw him in his bed, and he hastened up to see my brother; but he seemed hopeful about his recovery. But the illness increased, and after a consultation, Lord's day forenoon, it was decided to send for a specialist, who arrived in the evening, and an operation was performed, and my dear brother died early on Monday morning.

The death certificate gave appendicitis as the cause of death. Of course it was a great shock to the family, to myself, and friends. There is the widow, and three daughters, and two sons, and there are grandchildren, and the bereaved church. But the end was so very sweetly calm, that it has been a great source of consolation. I will conclude with some of his last utterances and the funeral.

One of my late dear brother's daughters gave me a paper with the following words:—

On Friday, September the 26th, father asked me to read a few hymns to him. I said, "are there any in particular you would like me to read?" He said, "Some of the hymns have been most beautiful to me, and since I have been on this bed they have been something lovely; especially one, I thought I should remember, but my mind is so weak that I cannot remember it." When I read hymn 480 he said, "How beautiful! read the last verse again." When I was reading the 798 hymn in which were the words, "But who can give us love?" he said, "Ah! who indeed!" He then asked for a Psalm. On Sunday at noon I read the morning text to him—"In all their affliction he was afflicted." He said, "How very nice!" I said, "The doctors think you very ill father. The specialist is coming this evening." But this did not affect him at all; his countenance did not change. He still looked so calm, and resigned, and he said, "I do not mind, I am quite willing to die." I said, "What shall we do without you, father?" He said, "You can't always have me here; you must cling together and bear up as well as you can for mother's sake." I said, "Then you have no fear of death?" He said, "All my life I have had at times. It will be most beautiful for me to be above! It will be lovely! How grand it will be to leave this world of trial and sickness; it will indeed be beautiful. I wish I could remember more, I have had sweet times." He then said

"If such the sweetness of the streams, what must the fountain be?" Then the sickness came on again, and he could say no more at that time.

My brother said to me on Thursday or Friday—"The Lord keeps paying me little visits, I would not mind dying if it were the Lord's will to take me." On Lord's day afternoon, I had a final conversation with my brother; I sat with a piece of paper and pencil which he could not see, and wrote down the following words as they dropped from his lips—"The 101 Psalm was much blessed to me when I was twelve years of age. I have had many blessings in providence and in grace. The Lord has stood by me. He has held me up, and held me on. I could not have been held up without him. There is nothing here!

'Immortal honours rest on Jesu's head.'

That perhaps will be my last hymn at the chapel. This is not my home. It will be most blessed to get away and see him and to be with his people; no other people, no other people. I am not in any fear of death now. I have no fears now. My fears are all gone. I longed to die at seventeen. The way I walk cannot be wrong, if Jesus be but there. He has gone into heaven, and he will draw me there. My mud-walled cottage has been coming down for some time. 'Rock of ages,' has been sweet many times. This verse has been so very blessed to me many times, I think, sweeter than any other single verse of any hymn—

'See the Lord of glory dying;

See him gasping! Hear him crying!

See his burdened bosom heave!

Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,

Look how deep your sins have stung him;

Dying sinners, look and live.'

"What he has gone through for a vile sinner like me! He has been good to me. I have felt him to-day, and I have felt that I should go and be with Jesus. I have sometimes felt I should like to spend all my time in his house."

How thankful I have been for that interview; for my brother had to be prepared for the operation directly after I left the room, and another quiet interview before the operation took place was impossible. Mr. Popham of Brighton officiated at the funeral, and he was helped to speak very suitably to the large number of people who met at the Eastbourne Cemetery on that solemn and mournful occasion.

The funeral sermon was preached the following Lord's day evening to a very large congregation from Revelation xiii. 14.

H. B.

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"When the approbation and popular applause of a number of God's children have lifted me up, a few scandalous reports and reproaches from another quarter have been sufficient to make me loathe such light food. And when I have been in the company of carnal men, about any lawful business, and while I have sat and took notice of their shining parts, and graceless hearts, I have been brought humbly to reflect on what discriminating grace has done for me."

—*Huntington.*

“THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN  
A BROTHER.”

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My dear Friend, and beloved by him who is a Friend that “sticker closer to you than a brother.” I have in my mind this morning a remembrance of what took place twenty-four years ago to-day; when you related your experience before the church at Frederick Street Chapel, Birmingham. In listening to what God had done for your soul, my heart was melted, and my eyes overflowed with tears of joy and gladness. Those days I cannot forget, nor do I wish to forget them; but rather sigh and groan for repetitions of such signal favours both to you and myself; and also that other such additions to the church may be granted by the God of all mercies and love. Accept, my dear friend, my best wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare on the anniversary day of your espousal to the militant church; the church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven.

I should have written yesterday but felt quite unable to do so, being so weak and tired in body, and my head after much exercise and various anxieties required rest. I could have wished the letter had been in your hand this morning; but I trust this brief explanation will show you that it arose not from forgetfulness, or from any lack of Christian esteem.

During the twenty-four years of your membership we have seen much of the goodness of God to us as a church and people, and you and myself have seen much of his mercy and goodness individually. Often have our souls been refreshed and strengthened when in the courts of the Lord's house; and often has his Gospel been made spirit and life to our fainting minds; and many times has the glorious Person of the Son of God, and his blood, and righteousness been made precious to our souls; and these favours have armed us with fresh faith and courage to look forward, in hope of eternal life and for ever to abide with him who is the head of all principality and power; and who is God over all, and God blessed for evermore.

But we have lived to prove that solid rest, and peace, and joy are not to be found in the things of this world, as the Scripture says, “This is not your rest, it is polluted.” I find that everything is marred in this world through the subtle influence, and craft of Satan. He would stop entirely the breath of prayer, destroy the life of God in our souls, and prevent the union, and the communion of saints that exists between Christ and his chosen people. But God has said, “I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes”; and he will surely do it. Now, “our help cometh from the Lord,” but we have to come into desolate places as dead men to understand it, and to know that Christ is the resurrection and the life, and he that believeth in him, “that, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

To him, grace constrains us to cleave, and look for redemption and salvation; knowing that our wounds are so deep, that it is

only by his stripes that we are healed. We are brought to feel, that on account of our sins we should be utterly lost had we not the promises, and the blood, and righteousness of Christ to look to for help, and the support of our faith, and hope; "for by these things godly men live, and in these things is the life of their spirits." "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." When the blessed rays of the Sun of Righteousness dawn upon our dark minds, and its bright beams warm the heart, then life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel.

But, how soon the night comes on again, and the wind and the storms are contrary,—Jesus is not come into the ship, and all our toiling and rowing will not bring the vessel to land! We must experimentally learn this truth:—"My strength is made perfect in weakness!" We know that our desolate hearts are often barren beyond description; and that God alone is able to "turn the barren land into fruitfulness, and the dry ground into springs of water." These are the wonderful works of God who says,—"I the Lord do all these things"; and he makes us to believe and know it, by letting us feel that "Without him we can do nothing." But when, if only with a transient visit he revives our souls, and shows us his lovely countenance, then like his disciples, "are we glad when we see the Lord"; who is fairer than the children of men; and who bids us look unto him, and be saved, yes, and all the ends of the earth.

That the Lord may bless you abundantly, and increase your faith in the dear Redeemer, on this *special day*, and enable you to say—"He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever" (Luke i. 54, 55); such helps as these "make the lame man to leap as an hart; and the tongue of the dumb to sing." O that many such favours as these may be granted you through life; which is the earnest desire of your unworthy correspondent, and pastor, and well-wisher in the best sense of the word.

The friends here express their sorrow at seeing me (as they say) look so ill, and worn down: they hope the change may do me good, and trust the Lord will bless the means to that end, and spare me many years yet, to preach the Gospel of his grace to his dear people.

Well, God liveth, God reigneth, God ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and to him I would cleave, in him is my hope, from him is my help; on his name do I call; for he has been, and is now, and will be as long as I live a God-hearing, and a God-answering prayer.

Many friends like the account written by Mrs. Mountfort, and my footnote. I hope the dear saint is better, and my prayer is, that the Lord will restore, and spare her for some time to

come. I think I shall stay here until Friday. Sincerely yours—  
 Bampton, Oxfordshire. June 16th, 1891. J. DENNETT.  
 To Miss Whatmore

### THE LAST LETTER OF A GODLY MOTHER TO HER SON.

My dear Son,—I hope you do not think that I have forgotten you, for, indeed I have not. I have in my mind been going to write to you many times; but writing tries me so very much that I have kept putting it off.

It is very little I can tell you of myself, for the Lord sees fit to keep me very low, and I am much in the dark as to what he will do with me. Indeed I am often wondering when, and where the scene will end.

The church of old said, "We are all ensnared in holes, we mourn sore like doves; we grope for the wall, and cannot find our paths; thou hidest thyself and we are troubled." This is the language of the Lord's redeemed ones, and this is my complaint too. The Psalmist David said, "Be not silent to me, lest I be like those that go down into the pit;" showing that he knew what it was to be in darkness. We read that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence; and silent I must be until the Lord himself is pleased to lift me up out of my present condition.

His rod is on my soul; but I sometimes feel that it is not in anger, because he draws up my heart to seek him.

I can truthfully say that a visit from him, such as he has indulged me with in days gone by, would immediately make me a new creature in a new creation, and put more joy into my heart than if I were in possession of the whole world. O what a mercy it is in any measure to long after holiness.

My dear boy, if you have a real love for the best things, and can appeal to God, for him to search your heart, and try your thoughts; if you love those that bear Christ's image, and can see and believe that they are the excellent of the earth, then God has done something for you; and I would say from my heart go on to seek him, and be found in the ways of righteousness. Who can tell the value of a spark of Divine grace when dropped into the soul in early life. I do hope the Lord will take you, my dear boy, under his care and keeping, and set your thoughts, your heart, and affections upon heavenly things, and things that accompany salvation. But my paper is full; and I feel that I cannot write more. I expect to be here another week. I am quite alone, and feel a trifle better. With my best love to you,  
 I am, your very affectionate MOTHER.

70, Queen's Road, Southend-on-Sea. Sept. 23rd, 1902.

## PARTICULARS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, The Poet. Written by Himself.

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(Continued from page 131.)

In the beginning, a strong opposition to my friend's right of nomination began to show itself. A powerful party was formed among the Lords to thwart it, in favour of an old enemy of the family, though one much indebted to its bounty; and it appeared plain, that if we succeeded at last, it would only be by fighting our ground by inches. Every advantage, I was told, would be sought for, and eagerly seized, to disconcert us. I was bid to expect an examination at the bar of the house, touching my sufficiency for the post I had taken. Being necessarily ignorant of the nature of that business, it became expedient, that I should visit the office daily, in order to qualify myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned. A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me, as this intelligence. I knew, to demonstration, that upon these terms, the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the House, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me from it. In the meantime, the interest of my friend, the honour of his choice, my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward; all pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none.

My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever: quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against. In this posture of mind, I attended regularly at the office; where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the most active spirits were essentially necessary for my purpose. I expected no assistance from any body there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponent; and accordingly I received none. The journal books were indeed thrown open to me; a thing which could not be refused; and from which, perhaps, a man in health, and with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information he wanted; but it was not so with me. I read without perception, and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it could have availed me little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to illicit it out of manuscripts, without direction. Many months went over me thus employed; constant in the use of means, despairing as to the issue.

The feelings of a man, when he arrives at the place of execution, are, probably, much like mine, every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day, for more than half a year together.

At length the vacation being pretty far advanced, I made shift to get into the country, and repaired to Margate. There by the help of cheerful company, a new scene, and the intermission of my painful employment, I presently began to recover my spirits; though even here, for some time after my arrival, (notwithstanding, perhaps, that the preceding day had been agreeably, and without any disturbing recollection of my circumstances,) my first reflections, when I awoke in the morning, were horrible, and full of wretchedness. I looked forward to the approaching winter, and regretted the flight of every moment, which brought it nearer; like a man borne away, by a rapid torrent, into a stormy sea, whence he sees no possibility of returning, and where he knows he cannot subsist. At length, indeed, I acquired such a facility of turning away my thoughts from the ensuing crisis, that, for weeks together, I hardly adverted to it at all; but the stress of the tempest was yet to come, and was not to be avoided by any resolution of mine to look another way.

“How wonderful are the works of the Lord, and his ways past finding out!” Thus was he preparing me for an event, which I least of all expected, even the reception of his blessed Gospel, working by means, which, in all human contemplation, must needs seem directly opposite to that purpose, but which, in his wise and gracious disposal, have, I trust, effectually accomplished it.

About the beginning of October, 1763, I was again required to attend the office, and prepare for the push. This no sooner took place, than all my misery returned; again I visited the scene of ineffectual labours; again I felt myself pressed by necessity on either side, with nothing but despair in prospect. To this dilemma was I reduced, either to keep possession of the office to the last extremity, and by so doing, expose myself to a public rejection for insufficiency; (for the little knowledge I had acquired, would have quite forsaken me at the bar of the House;) or else to fling it up at once, and by this means run the hazard of ruining my benefactor's right of appointment, by bringing his discretion into question. In this situation, such a fit of passion has sometimes seized me, when alone in my chambers, that I have cried out aloud, and cursed the hour of my birth: lifting up my eyes to heaven, at the same time, not as a suppliant, but in the hellish spirit of rancorous reproach and blasphemy against my Maker. A thought would sometimes come across my mind, that my sins had perhaps brought this distress upon me, that the hand of Divine vengeance was in it; but in the pride of my heart I presently acquitted myself, and thereby implicitly charged God with injustice, saying, “What sins have I committed to deserve this?” I saw plainly that God alone could deliver me; but was firmly persuaded that he would not, and therefore omitted to ask it. Indeed at his hands, I would not; but as Saul sought to the witch, so did I to the physician,

Dr. Heberden: and was as diligent in the use of drugs, as if they would have healed my wounded spirit, or have made the rough places plain before me. I made, indeed, one effort of a devotional kind; for having found a prayer or two, I said them a few nights, but with so little expectation of prevailing that way, that I soon laid aside the book, and with it all thoughts of God and hopes of a remedy.

I now began to look upon madness as the only (thing) remaining. I had a strong kind of foreboding, that so it would one day fare with me; and I wished for it earnestly, and looked forward to it with impatient expectation. My chief fear was, that my senses would not fail me time enough to excuse my appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, which was the only purpose I wanted it to answer. Accordingly the day of decision drew near, and I was still in my senses; though in my heart I had formed many wishes, and by word of mouth expressed many expectations to the contrary.

Now came the great temptation; the point to which Satan had all the while been driving me; the dark and hellish purpose of self-murder. I grew more sullen and reserved, fled from all society, even from my most intimate friends, and shut myself up in my chambers. The ruin of my fortune, (future prospects) the contempt of my relations and acquaintance, the prejudice I should do my patron, were all urged on me with irresistible energy. Being reconciled to the apprehension of madness, I began to be reconciled to the apprehension of death. Though formerly, in my happiest hours, I had never been able to glance a single thought that way, without shuddering at the idea of dissolution, I now wished for it, and found myself but little shocked at the idea of procuring it myself. Perhaps, thought I, there is no God; or if there be, the Scriptures may be false; if so, then God has nowhere forbidden suicide. I considered life as my property, and therefore at my own disposal. Men of great name, I observed, had destroyed themselves; and the world still retained the profoundest respect for their memories. But above all, I was persuaded to believe, that if the act were ever so unlawful, and even supposing Christianity to be true, my misery in hell itself would be more supportable. I well recollect too, that when I was about eleven years of age, my father desired me to read a vindication of self-murder, and give him my sentiments upon the question: I did so, and argued against it. My father heard my reasons, and was silent, neither approving or disapproving; from whence I inferred, that he sided with the author against me; though all the time, I believe the true motive for his conduct was, that he wanted, if he could, to think favourably of the state of a departed friend, who had some years before destroyed himself, and whose death had struck him with the deepest affliction. But this solution of the matter never once occurred to me, and the circumstance now weighed mightily with me.



At this time, I fell into company, at a chop-house, with an elderly, well-looking gentleman, whom I had often seen there before, but had never spoken to; he began the discourse, and talked much of the miseries he had suffered. This opened my heart to him; I freely and readily took part in the conversation. At length, self-murder became the topic; and in the result, we agreed, that the only reason why some men were content to drag on their sorrows with them to the grave, and others were not, was, that the latter were endued with a certain indignant fortitude of spirit, teaching them to despise life, which the foremost wanted. Another person, whom I met at a tavern, told me that he had made up his mind about that matter, and had no doubt of his liberty to die as he saw convenient; though, by the way, the same person, who has suffered many and great afflictions since, is still alive. Thus were the emissaries of the throne of darkness let loose upon me. Blessed be the Lord, who has brought much good out of all this evil! This concurrence of sentiment, in men of sense, unknown to each other, I considered as a satisfactory decision of the question; and determined to proceed accordingly.

One evening in November, 1763, as soon as it was dark, affecting as cheerful and unconcerned an air as possible, I went into an apothecary's shop, and asked for an half ounce phial of laudanum. The man seemed to observe me narrowly; but if he did, I managed my voice and countenance, so as to deceive him. The day that required my attendance at the bar of the House, being not yet come, and about a week distant, I kept my bottle close in my side pocket, resolved to use it when I should be convinced there was no other way of escaping. This, indeed, seemed evident already; but I was willing to allow myself every possible chance of that sort, and to protract the horrid execution of my purpose, till the last moment; but Satan was impatient of delay. The day before the period above mentioned arrived, being at Richards' coffee house at breakfast, I read the newspaper, and in it a letter, which, the further I perused it, the more closely it engaged my attention. I cannot now recollect the purport of it; but before I had finished it, it appeared demonstratively true to me, that it was a libel, or satire, upon me. The author appeared to be acquainted with my purpose of self-destruction, and to have written that letter on purpose to secure and hasten the execution of it. My mind, probably at this time, began to be disordered; however it was, I was certainly given up to a strong delusion. I said within myself, "your cruelty shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge"; and flinging down the paper, in a fit of strong passion, I rushed hastily out of the room, directing my way towards the fields, where I intended to find some house to die in; or, if not, determined to poison myself in a ditch, when I should meet with one sufficiently retired.

Before I had walked a mile in the fields, a thought struck

me that I might spare my life ; that I had nothing to do, but to sell what I had in the funds, (which might be done in an hour,) go on board a ship, and transport myself to France. There, when every other way of maintenance should fail, I promised myself a comfortable asylum in some monastery, an acquisition easily made, by changing my religion. Not a little pleased with this expedient, I returned to my chambers, to pack up all that I could at so short a notice ; but while I was looking over my portmanteau, my mind changed again ; and self-murder was recommended to me once more, in all its advantages.

Not knowing where to poison myself, for I was liable to continual interruption in my chambers, from my laundress and her husband, I laid aside that intention, and resolved upon drowning. For that purpose, I immediately took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf ; intending to throw myself into the river, from the Custom-house Quay. It would be strange, should I omit to observe here, how I was continually hurried away from such places as were most favourable to my design, to others, where it must be almost impossible to execute it ;—from the fields, where it was improbable that anything should happen to prevent me, to the Custom-house Quay, where everything of that kind was to be expected ; and this by a sudden impulse, which lasted just long enough to call me back again to my chambers, and was immediately withdrawn. Nothing ever appeared more feasible than the project of going to France, till it had served its purpose, and then in an instant, impracticable and absurd, even to a degree of ridicule.

My life, which I had called my own, and claimed a right to dispose of, was kept from me by Him whose property indeed it was, and who alone had a right to dispose of it. This is not the only occasion on which it is proper to make this remark : others will offer themselves in the course of this narrative, so fairly, that the reader cannot overlook them.

I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it ; but upon coming to the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach, and ordered it to return to the Temple. I drew up the shutters ; once more had recourse to the laudanum, and determined to drink it off directly ; but God had otherwise ordained. A conflict, that shook me to pieces, suddenly took place ; not properly a trembling, but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me in a manner of the use of my limbs ; and my mind was as much shaken as my body.

Distracted between the desire of death, and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check ; and even at the time it seemed to me, that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards, as often as I

set it against my lips. I well remember, that I took notice of this circumstance with some surprise, though it effected no change in my purpose. Panting for breath, and in an horrible agony, I flung myself back into the corner of the coach. A few drops of laudanum, which had touched my lips, besides the fumes of it, began to have a stupefying effect upon me. Regretting the loss of so fair an opportunity, yet utterly unable to avail myself of it, I determined not to live; and already half dead with anguish I once more returned to the Temple. Instantly I repaired to my room, and having shut both the outer and inner doors, prepared myself for the last scene of the tragedy. I poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bedside, half undressed myself, and laid down between the blankets, shuddering with horror at what I was about to perpetrate. I reproached myself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice, for having suffered the fear of death to influence me as it had done, and was filled with disdain at my own pitiful timidity; but still something seemed to overrule me, and to say, "*Think what you are doing! consider and live.*" At length, however, with the most confirmed resolution, I reached forth my hand toward the basin, when the fingers of both hands were as closely contracted, as if bound with a cord, and became entirely useless. Still, indeed, I could have made shift with both hands, dead and lifeless as they were, to have raised the basin to my mouth, for my arms were not at all affected: but this new difficulty struck me with wonder; it had the air of a Divine interposition. I lay down in bed again to muse upon it, and while thus employed, heard the key turn in the outer door, and my laundress's husband came in. By this time the use of my fingers was restored to me; I started up hastily, dressed myself, hid the basin, and affecting as composed an air as I could, walked out into the dining-room. In a few minutes I was left alone; and now, unless God had evidently interposed for my preservation, I should certainly have done execution upon myself, having a whole afternoon before me. Both the man and his wife being gone, outward obstructions were no sooner removed, than new ones arose within. The man had just shut the door behind him, when the convincing Spirit came upon me, and a total alteration in my sentiments took place. The horror of the crime was immediately exhibited to me in so strong a light, that being seized with a kind of furious indignation, I snatched up the basin, poured away the laudanum into a phial of foul water, and not content with that, flung the phial out of the window. This impulse, having saved the present purpose, was withdrawn.

I spent the rest of the day in a kind of stupid insensibility: undetermined as to the manner of dying, but still bent on self-murder, as the only possible deliverance. That sense of the enormity of the crime, which I had just experienced had entirely left me; and, unless my eternal Father in Christ Jesus had inter-

posed to disannul my covenant with death, and my agreement with hell, that I might hereafter be admitted into the covenant of mercy I had, by this time, been a companion of devils, and the just object of his boundless revenge.

*(To be continued.)*

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**“THE PROMISED LAND.”**

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“Arise, walk through the land in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee.”—GENESIS xiii. 17.

The Lord did Abraham of old command  
 To traverse o'er fair Canaan's fertile land,  
 To walk its length, and breadth, and well explore  
 Its hills, and vales, and view its plenteous store ;  
 For 'twas the Promised Land of peace and rest,  
 The land that by his seed should be possessed ;  
 There was his portion, and his hopes were there.  
 And well it might by him be counted dear.  
 His home and native land were left behind,  
 No portion there was suited to his mind,  
 Nor did his heart's fond wishes thither yearn,  
 Nor once desire occasion to return,  
 But, guided by the Lord's almighty hand,  
 He dwelt a stranger in the Promised Land.  
 No spot of earth he there could call his own,  
 But rested on Jehovah's word alone ;  
 Accounting he was able to perform  
 His oath and promise to a feeble worm.  
 And so, by faith, the patriarch obeyed,  
 And Canaan, his inheritance, surveyed.

The Lord commands in Gospel days the same  
 To those who're brought through grace to know his name,  
 And, sharing in a new and heavenly birth,  
 As pilgrims now and strangers dwell on earth.  
 Chosen and called to such a hope divine,  
 The world, and all its pleasures, they resign ;  
 They seek not there, their portion, nor their home,  
 Their hopes are in a brighter world to come.  
 There they are bid oftentimes to lift their eyes  
 And contemplate this high and heavenly prize.  
 To set their hopes and expectations there,  
 And that pursue with warm and eager care.  
 Heirs of a kingdom, they are bid to prove  
 Their title good,—the Lord's electing love ;  
 To search the sacred word of truth, and see  
 That love, how sovereign, wonderful, and free ;  
 How boundless in its date ! e'er time began !  
 How sovereign in its choice of sinful man !  
 Before all time he chose, because he would,

And purposed then to do the sinner good ;  
 Rejoiced to save a lost and ruined race,  
 Not for their merits, but his matchless grace.

Think, O ! believer ! of the ways of love  
 Which gave thee title to that bliss above.  
 The love that found thee when thou first was born,  
 Lost and polluted, wretched and forlorn ;  
 The wondrous love that took thy cause in hand,  
 And deigned a surety in thy place to stand ;  
 The love of him who came beneath the law,  
 And paid the debt thou could'st discharge no more ;  
 Who found thee captive bound, and set thee free,  
 Surely his love demands some thoughts from thee !  
 He found thee naked in thy sin and shame,  
 And wrought a righteousness of matchless fame.  
 A glorious robe, the labour of his hands,  
 In which the sinner, with acceptance, stands.  
 Justice, no blemish in that robe can see,  
 Which God in human nature wrought for thee.  
 Though black in self, in him thou art all fair,  
 The brightest angel can't with thee compare.  
 'Tis but a creature righteousness in which they shine,  
 While thou art clothed in righteousness divine ;  
 He makes thee for thy blessed portion meet,  
 In Jesus only thou art found complete.

Think of the grace that found thee dead in sin,  
 And planted new and heavenly life within ;  
 That found thee dark and blind, and gave thee sight,  
 And shed abroad the Gospel's gracious light ;  
 That gave thee ears to listen to his voice,  
 A heart to make the Saviour's ways thy choice ;  
 That made thee seek by prayer the Saviour's face,  
 And long to know thy interest in his grace ;  
 That made thee love his people and his ways,  
 And seek to live to show the Saviour's praise.  
 Search with delight the treasure of his word,  
 And follow on through grace to know the Lord.  
 'Tis grace divine that all the change has wrought,  
 Or thou had'st ne'er the Lord for mercy sought ;  
 Then to that grace let all the praise be given,  
 Which makes a child of wrath an heir of heaven.  
 He might have left thee till thy latest breath,  
 To travel the broad road of sin and death,  
 A wanderer still, as many thousands be,  
 Who never taste the grace made known to thee.  
 They still are satisfied with earth's vain toys,  
 Nor ever once aspire to heavenly joys.  
 The glories of creation they may view,  
 And own the hand that made and keeps them too ;

But 'tis thy privilege. O! child of grace!  
 The wonders of redeeming love to trace.  
 And there it is the Father's glories shine  
 In Jesu's face, with lustre all divine.  
 Justice and mercy there sweetly agree  
 To smile, returning prodigal, on thee.  
 There does the Father freely condescend  
 To own thee as a pardoned child, a friend.  
 Those wondrous mysteries are there revealed,  
 Which have from endless ages been concealed.  
 No eye of man hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor heart conceived, the things God hath prepared.  
 What heavenly favours, and what blessings great,  
 For those who love him, and upon him wait.  
 But God has made them by his Spirit known,  
 For he can search the things of God alone.  
 And he, the precious gift of Gospel grace,  
 Makes the poor sinner's heart His dwelling place.  
 'Tis he the things of Jesus Christ reveals,  
 And he alone the living witness seals.  
 The Saviour's grace, the Father's love, he shows,  
 Points to eternity whence they arose,  
 And traces out the living streams that flow  
 To water, and refresh the flock below.  
 He bids the weary, weak, and fainting soul,  
 Drink of the living waters, and be whole;  
 To sound its depth, and to explore its height,  
 But 'tis beyond all measure, infinite  
 Here is a spring of life to cure thy woe,  
 A spring of grace, whence peace and pardon flow,  
 A spring that can thy miseries redress,  
 And can the raging power of sin suppress.  
 A living stream thy wants and woes to cure.  
 A spring that will eternal life ensure.  
 Drink of its waters, and no more be sad,  
 Drink, for the river flows to make thee glad;  
 Its streams refresh, and life and healing bring,  
 Come, sin-sick soul, and taste this living spring.  
 And there abide, till thou from hence remove,  
 To drink it at the Fountain-head above.

S. E.

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"When in London, I had some conversation with a Jew rabbi, and I asked him what was the meaning of the word 'Selah.' He said it had a threefold meaning: 1, Mark well; 2, Praise ye; 3, For ever. Now those who are brought by God the Holy Ghost to mark well the Lord's dealings with them shall, sooner or later, praise him here below and shall praise him for ever above. And on these three heads I shall, as the Lord shall enable me, preach my sermon this afternoon."—*W. Gadsby.*

## Obituary.

**MR. HICKS.**—Our dear friend, John Hicks, of Westcott, Berks, was a member of the Strict Baptist Church at Uffington. He was brought up among the Methodists; and became a local preacher amongst that body of Dissenters for forty years. Then it pleased the Lord the Spirit to convince him of the error of his ways; and show him that he could only be saved by free and sovereign grace; which caused our dear friend great exercise of mind, and much searching of heart, so that his soul found no peace day nor night. In the midst of his distress, an old friend, and a member of the Strict Baptist Church at Grove, lent him a "Gospel Standard," the reading of which was made a great blessing to his soul. From that time our departed friend was brought out from the Primitive Methodists, and never preached for them any more. After that, he attended the Strict Baptist Chapel at Grove for a time; and was led to see that to attend to the ordinance of Believers' Baptism was the right way to become a member of the militant church of Christ, and soon after he was baptized at the Baptist Chapel at Faringdon. Sometime after that he became a hearer at Uffington, and in due time, his wife came before the church as a candidate for baptism, and was received and baptized by Mr. Small, on June 28th, 1891, and our departed friend joined the church at the same time with her, and continued an honourable member with us up to the time of his death.

Oh! how our dear friend extolled the dear Redeemer for his great love made known to him, who he said was the unworthiest of all his dear people. He wished no one to visit him but those who feared and loved God. One of our members called on him, and afterward said, that they had a good time together, while talking over what the dear Lord had done for their precious souls, and then left him in a most blessed frame of mind. I visited him a few days after, and found him still rejoicing in a precious Christ. His conversation was both savoury, and spiritually profitable; at least it was made so, to my dear wife and myself. We felt that sick room to be to our souls a little heaven upon earth. The next time I visited him, I found our friend praying that the Lord would grant him another token for good; and then take him to himself. He felt a willingness to depart, and exclaimed, "Weary of earth, myself, and sin;

Dear Jesus, set me free," etc.

He gradually sank after this, and entered into his eternal rest on May 16th, 1902, aged 74 years; without a struggle or a groan, to be for ever with the Lord. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."—J.E.P.

**MR. GREENMAN.**—Our friend, Oliver Greenman, of Hullavington, in writing of himself, says:—"I was born into this world of

sin and trouble in the year 1833, and, like others of Adam's sinful race, I went astray until I was about twenty-eight years of age. Then it pleased the Lord to convince me that I was a sinner. And in the deep and powerful exercises of my mind, and under the terrors of God's holy law, I thought the devil would come and take me off bodily, and cast me into darkness! He appeared as a roaring lion round about me; which filled my mind with distress, and made me cry unto the Lord for mercy; for I felt myself to be a hell-deserving sinner before a just and holy God. I continued in this state of mind until the Lord was pleased to shed abroad his love in my heart, and he sealed it with these words:

'For he's an heir of heaven that finds,  
His bosom glow with love.'

The blessed feelings I then enjoyed I could never describe; I was filled with love, and gratitude to the dear Redeemer. Truly it was to my soul a never-to-be-forgotten time, and in relating it since I have many times been broken down in my feelings. I find it good to recall the tender mercies of the Lord; and to talk of his great goodness to such a worm as I. Sure I am that I was the greatest sinner that trod this earth. But after I received pardoning love into my soul, I grew weary of the world, and worldly company, but longed for the society of the Lord's dear people. My occupation, as a mason, took me about the country to labour for the bread that perisheth; and in my travels I was favoured to hear Mr. Ferris preach at Clack Baptist Chapel. The substance of his sermon was the love of Christ to his people, and it was as honey to my taste; and my soul was truly blessed under his discourse.

"At another time, when my mind was all in confusion, these words were suitably applied to me: 'God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.' Crossing a field on my way to a friend's house, and meditating on Divine realities, these words came with great power to my mind: 'No man can receive anything (spiritually) except it be given him from above,' and during my pilgrimage journey I have many times proved it to be true.

"I was married in the year 1865, and went to reside at Frome; but I never felt at home there, because I never felt any sympathy with the free-will worshippers; and in consequence of this I have travelled to Trowbridge in search of the truth. I grew very dissatisfied with the place, and in due time the Lord was pleased to open a way for me to return to Hullavington, and there I attended the Strict Baptist Chapel, where I found a few of the Lord's dear people to whom my soul was united. In course of time I became much exercised about Believers' Baptism; and one day, when going to my labour, which was on a large building, with a number of other men, feeling much cast down in my mind, and not knowing what to do, these words were brought to my heart with much power: 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' Immediately my burden was gone, and I became



as another man. It was then revealed to me by the Lord the Spirit in whose name, and by whom I was to be baptized. Such peace came into my mind that I went on my way rejoicing; and could sing heartily,

‘Free grace, and dying love,  
Can death itself out-brave.’

“It became known to my fellow workmen that I was thinking of being baptized, and consequently I was made the subject of much persecution. The dear Lord, however, sustained me in this trial, and gave me these words: ‘As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.’ On Sunday, October 20th, 1867, as it was revealed to me, I was baptized at Corston by Mr. Pugh, of Sherston, but joined the church at Hullavington. As I had suffered so much persecution before, I resolved in my mind not to let it be known when away from home what my religion was. But being in Bristol, at work, I was favoured to meet with a few of the Lord’s people, and my resolution was taken away by these words being applied: ‘This people shall be my people; and their God my God.’ Afterwards my work took me to Bath, and at each place I was constrained to meet with God’s people, and felt sweet fellowship with them. At Bath it was with reluctance I proceeded to God’s house of prayer; but the following lines of dear Kent came blessedly to my mind and put me right:—

‘Join thou, my soul, for thou canst tell  
How grace Divine broke up thy cell,” etc.

My reluctance to enter the chapel vanished, and I felt free to join with the people.

“During my stay there the Lord saw fit to lay his afflicting hand upon me; and I was somewhat quieted under the stroke by this portion: ‘Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted’ (Psalm cvii. 17). I felt the words to be true in my case; and was led to seek the Lord on account of my sins, and in due time I was blessedly relieved by the words: ‘I have heard thy prayers, and seen thy tears,’ and a gracious assurance came with them that I should recover. Which I did; and was led on in a similar manner, until the year 1885, when another afflictive dispensation overtook me, which has remained ever since; although every available means has been tried. But,

‘All outward means till he appears,  
Will ineffectual prove.’

And it was so in my case. In the year 1894 my wife became ill, and suffered from an incurable disease which terminated in her death on October 4th of the same year. Being greatly afflicted myself, I felt her removal by death most acutely; and not being able to dress or undress myself from the effects of rheumatism, I was greatly tried; and the enemy, the day before she was buried, tempted me to believe that I should fall down dead whilst following her to the grave. But even that, the

Lord overruled for my good, for on the day of her funeral I was able to walk better than I had done for the last nine years, and as we had no child my dependance upon others much worried me. But the Lord again appeared for me, and some one was found to come in and do for me. It was, however, laid upon my mind to ask the Lord for some one of his people to live with me; and again the Lord granted my request. During the Autumn of 1897 these lines were very powerfully blest to my soul:—

‘Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;

    If Jesus is for ever thine,” etc.

And the assurance came with the words, that the sweet union that existed between my soul, the Lord, and his people, never would be broken. But I felt that a warfare lay before me; but could not see at the time what sort of a warfare it would be; but it proved to be a greater affliction still, but I was supported, and greatly helped by these lines:—

‘The soul that on Jesus has lean’d for repose,

*I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;*

    That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavour to shake,

*I’ll never, no never, no never forsake.’*

And I did indeed feel sure that I should never be forsaken.

“I grew much worse, and on March 20th, 1898, I had to take to my bed, and suffered intense pain, from the affliction, but on April 3rd I had a blessed lift from the words:

‘Soon thou shalt enter thy heavenly rest,

    And there sing for ever,—’Tis all for the best.’

I said, ‘Yes, Lord, this very minute it is all for the best’; and when conversing with a friend on April 11th, I felt the Lord to be very near, and precious to my soul.”

Here ends what our dear friend had wished to be written, but he had longer to wait in this desert land than he expected; for although he never stood upon his feet again, he lived nearly five years, and two years he lay upon his bed, where he so many times deplored his inability to meet with the Lord’s people, in his earthly courts; where, when able, he so regularly attended. But again the Lord was very kind to him by inclining the heart of a friend in the village to provide him with a wheel chair, which was a great comfort to him, and in which we often took him to the Lord’s house, where he has often felt helped and refreshed in his soul, under the preached word, and at the prayer meetings. Especially was this made manifest the last time he attended. He gave out hymn 136 (Gadsby’s), and many then present can testify to the power that attended the reading of it, and his prayer which he offered up afterwards. He passed away to his eternal rest on December 27th, 1902, aged 69 years; after being an invalid for seventeen years, and nearly five years of that time he was not able to stand, or do anything. Truly it may be said of him, that he entered the kingdom of heaven through much tribulation. His niece, who wrote the latter part of this account, lived with him for many years.

J. E. P.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1903.

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

## THE MOURNING LIKE A DOVE, AND THE LORD HELPING THE OPPRESSED SOUL.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE  
MR. F. COVELL, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON,  
ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1862.\*

“Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. What shall I say? he hath spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.”—ISAIAH xxxviii. 14-15.

How true it is that as in water face answereth to face so the heart of man to man, that the mercy and grace of God in sinners' hearts are the same in all ages and places, that a man or woman taught of God when reading the sorrows and troubles and exercises of God's Old Testament and New Testament saints experiences a union of spirit with them when he reads of their deliverances, of the power of God put forth on their behalf. How he can rejoice in their joy, and bless God that he hath appeared to bring them out of their trouble! This is the communion of saints, and though those of whom we may have been reading have gone home long before, yet they being dead yet speak, and we speak with them; and thus we feel what a knitting of heart is—that it is one Lord, one faith, and that as we are baptized into one Spirit so we are one family! I have no doubt that some of you when walking over the places where good men have lived and died have been conscious that your spirit has mingled with theirs when feeling what you were and knowing something of their joys and troubles. What a mingling of spirit there has been with theirs though you never saw or spoke to the men! I remember once in particular as I walked on Elstow Green where God spoke to Bunyan I thought, I will surely put my foot where that good man put his! As I walked to Bedford I thought, here John Bunyan sighed, here he groaned, here the Devil tempted him and God delivered him; how my spirit ran into John's spirit, and I felt that we were one in heart, as my soul followed him to heaven I thought, death will never part thee and me! Have you not felt thus, and

\*We hope to publish the evening's discourse in our next No.—ED.

so proved something of this? It is the fellowship and communion of saints, and proves you are born from above. Your soul cleaves to their soul, you are as much a partaker of that spirit as Ruth was when she said, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." She found, and so will you, that a full reward shall be given of the Lord God of Israel under whose wings you are come to trust; and I have no doubt if this be the case your spirit can unite and know something of what the good man here did in the text: "Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter." Now, it is said that the noise made by a crane is a loud, unpleasant noise, nothing pleasing or charming; so this man's sighs were the feelings of his heart, and so was his crying. My friends, when God the Holy Ghost makes the poor sinner feel what he is there proceeds a loud cry, it is such an incomprehensible one to many with whom he may come in contact, it is: "Lord, what shall I do to be saved?" It is such a loud cry, his whole soul is in it, it spoils everything, it upsets other people's religion. They begin to think, if this man is right all of us are wrong! In the works of Dr. Hawker there is an account of one Jonas Easthorn; he was a drunken man, and married a second wife. She had been previously married to a godly man, and so, when he died, she married Jonas because she would have no more of religion! But one day after he had been drinking he turned in at night to one of the chapels, and God sent the arrow of conviction to his heart, and Jonas ran home with the cry: "What shall I do to be saved?" "Oh!" said his wife, "I shall be plagued all the days of my life!" So if you look you will find. Two men went up into the temple to pray. One had it all smooth enough, it pleased all the Pharisees, Jews, and Scribes. He sounded the music and they all answered to it; but the other man, the Publican, stood afar off. He could not join in that music. From his heart came forth the cry—strange would it have been in the esteem of the other—"God, be merciful to me a sinner!" As such he was obnoxious to God, and hell was appointed for sinners. When the convicted sinner thus cries it is in the deepest feeling of his soul, "Lord, save me;" "Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great;" "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." It spoils all other people's religion, for if this man be right we are all wrong. It is an earnest cry, and it enters into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. To this man will I look, and with him will I dwell, that is of an humble spirit; as I just said if he has been a professor this earnest cry spoils all his religion. Before he could pray for

five or ten minutes together, now his prayer is in broken petitions and cries because he fears that that may happen. Just in the same way as when the decree was signed at Shushan Mordecai ran out of the palace with a loud and bitter cry.

Not only like a crane but as a swallow—what is that? It is a plaintive noise, very quiet and frequent. So it is with those who are taught of the Holy Spirit; they think they do not pray while they are praying all day long. Such may say, "Oh, that I had a spirit of grace and supplication!" He has been desiring and groaning all the day long, as he goes about it is, "Lord, do help me, do something for me!" These are the workings of his heart which cannot be kept down: No! no! although the man thinks he prays but little because he is not always on his knees or by himself. There is in me such a legal spirit I want some bodily exercise, but God does not look at the posture of my body. If I am sitting in my chair I must fall on my knees or else I think there is not half the prayer in what I say, but it is only our legal spirit. Perhaps such a one has sent up fifty prayers in the thoughts of his mind and the desires of his soul, yet he thinks he has not prayed—he had not time to put it together prettily! In going before God I would speak of this, tell him of that, before I have done, something occurs and stops it. We want it all so nice or the poor sinner fears, I think I shall say this again and again till I become as formal as other people; or the man cannot arrange his prayer, this petition, that petition, this desire and the other want, something, I say, happens and disarranges it; then he cannot say, I was able to do it so nicely! The man may say, "If God do not receive them as they rise in my heart, I shall get no answer at all!" Poor thing! if you know something of this 'croak' as from felt need, real desire, I am quite satisfied your cries have gone up and you will realise what Hezekiah did—answers. "Oh!" say you, "I can see it is not the words many or few that have done it, it is the grace of God in my heart!"

"Like a crane, or a swallow, so did I chatter:" so you see it is nothing the man can look at or be pleased with, so he comes before God as he is, and feels that if God answers it is for his mercy's sake. What do this crane and swallow signify? They are birds of passage, so with this heaven-born soul he cannot be kept to the earth. He is a family man, he is in business, and these things call him but his heaven-born spirit flies, and he knows in feeling: "Let worldly minds the world pursue, it hath no charms for me."

He cannot be bound down, and though he cries out again and again, "My soul cleaveth to the dust;" yet the very expression proves that he longs to fly away, or he feels in earnest desire, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Up goes his soul: "Lord, lift upon me the light of thy countenance, draw near to my soul, grant me my desire!" It matters not if he be in prison, or in his business, his cry goes up. Now, sinner, I am satisfied none but the heaven-born spirit soars to heaven, the other may utter words but his heart is not there, nor have the affections of his heart ever got beyond the gold and silver of this perishing world. Do you know what it is? Have you been enabled to worship God in spirit and in truth? Did you ever feel, though at times surrounded with miseries and troubles, that the one could not hold thee or the other bind thee? Your spirit has run through it all and enabled you to say, "Give me Christ, or else I die!" and so to feel your heart is above, and your thoughts run after it. If so you have got a religion that will take you to heaven, for I am satisfied the child of God lives in heaven before he gets there! now, you ask the least and weakest of God's family about heaven; there may be some before God doubting whether they shall ever get to heaven, but ask them about it, and they will tell you that there Jesus is so blessed, there will be no sin there, for the Holy Ghost will be richly enjoyed there, the Father will smile upon them, there they will be free from sin; they know something of what heaven is for they have had a little experience of it in their hearts. So the man has a taste of heaven before he gets there, he knows a little of what heaven is, and none but such as he do. Poor sinner, if you have realised this you are no stranger but a fellow citizen with the saints and with the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Like a crane, or a swallow, so did I chatter, and fly too in faith and love and to heaven in feeling you have gone, and with such desires to bring things back for your help.

"I did mourn as a dove." My friends, if you know the meaning of this text, if you really know what mourning is, and I know there are many causes of mourning for God's people—though there may not be two alike in this chapel mourning for the same thing—but if it be the mourning of the dove for God, his Christ, his Spirit, or on account of what you are, if it be a right mourning, then, if I should not meet your cases yet hear what the Son of God says, oh! mourning soul, you shall realise it as sure as his word is

true! "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." It is done, the Devil may lie as he pleases, your unbelief may utter its perverseness, it shall be done. God hath appointed to them that mourn beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning; your face will shine bye and bye, your heart will pour out gratitude and praise for the days of your mourning are nearly ended.

"I did mourn as a dove." Hezekiah tells us what he mourned about. It was on account of his sins: "I said I shall go down to the grave in the bitterness of my soul;" then he says, "Thou hast, in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Then he says, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day. The one cause of his mourning was on account of the sins that lay on his heart and the fear and feeling that they would sink him lower than the grave. I thought when I was reading a verse or two this morning of the account of Joseph burying Jacob, how the Canaanites said it was a great mourning of the Egyptians when they rested at the threshing-place; what was this mourning compared with that when the Blessed Spirit shows a man the filth and guilt of sin? God says that they who escape shall be upon the mountains like doves of the valley mourning for their iniquities. Such would say, "Oh, my foolish tongue! Oh, my wicked eyes! Oh, my ungodly feet! Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." Poor sinner! if you know what this is you shall find Christ is anointed to comfort all that mourn, to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning. I will tell you what this oil of joy is. The precious blood of Christ that cleanses from all sin. Why does it make the face to shine? When God speaks peace it makes the face shine when the sinner can feel that he has opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness. "Blessed are they that mourn;" hence we find how different is this mourning to all other. It is said in another place, They shall call for the husbandman to mourning. If you notice, too, Joab told the wise woman of Tekoah to feign herself to be a mourner, and to go to the king with such and such things. How many thousands this day will feign themselves to be mourners! How many, perhaps half-an-hour upon the bened knee, before God were saying, "We have left undone the things which we ought to have done, and we have done the things which we ought not have done, and there is no health in us. . . . Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" How many have cried out, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law!" Feigned

themselves to be mourners! What real contrition did they feel as they expressed it; but as the prophet said to Jeroboam's wife, "Why feignest thou thyself to be another woman?" What followed? "I am sent by God with heavy tidings! If God has made thee a true mourner it has been between God and thy soul, it has not been feigned, there has been a reality. "Oh," say you, "God knows I mean it! 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!'" This is true mourning, it is indeed. Christ came to seek and to save such, and to appoint unto them that mourn beauty for ashes. You will find what the Jewish church found in the days of Esther. When the decree was signed what a grief and trouble there was; they were all to be slain, so there was fasting, and many lay in sackcloth and ashes. It is said that the king sat down to eat and drink, but the city, Shushan, was perplexed; but when Esther went in to the king, and she touched the top of his sceptre, and he said, "What shall be done for thee, even to the half of the kingdom?" She said, "I will tell thee at the banquet of wine." When he came to the banquet he said, "What is thy petition, and it shall be granted thee." "Let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request." "Who, where is he that durst presume in his heart to do so." It is this wicked Haman. Then they covered his face and took him out; then the Jews stood up for their lives, and so it became a day of joy and gladness. So you will find it, sorrowful soul, mourning for your sins; you will find Christ's righteousness will justify the ungodly. Such love and gratitude will fill your heart that you will forget your mourning and grief, it will be such a day of joy and gladness, thanksgiving and praise! So Hezekiah said, "The living, the living, shall praise thee, as I do this day. The fathers to the children shall make known this truth. The Lord was ready to save me." What! is this the chattering Hezekiah, the mourning man, the downcast soul? God hath girded him with gladness, because they who mourn God will exalt to safety. "I did mourn as a dove." Ah, some may say, before God, "that is the trouble!" What is the trouble? I cannot mourn enough, I do not seem concerned enough. Oh, that I had more feeling and power in my spirit, more sorrow for my sin! I seem so indifferent, so insensible; this makes me mourn, sigh and grieve to think that I should be so cold to the great things that concern my soul! Is it really a trouble? do you mourn on account of it? What a sincere man you are! You are a true dove, because you know respecting the dove when it has lost its mate; it sits so solitary



for what it has lost ; there is such sincerity about it, so it mourns because it has not that that it wants. So this proves the sincerity of your soul. I am just different to what I wish to be ! How glad I am that you know it, and to think that your heart grieves on account of it ! It shows the truth there is in your spirit, it does indeed, because you would have things so different ; and because you cannot have things different you are mourning on account of your indifference. That shows your love to the Son of God, feeling that you cannot bring forth that which your soul desires. You shall find the living shall praise him, for you are a living man ! He will comfort you and say, " O ye of little faith, wherefore do you doubt ? " He will comfort all that mourn, so you will come among the mourning ones. It proves too that you are a dove, for you wish to realise more of his power, taste more of his grace, and be more like his children. There may be some before God who may feel, I am sure I have real cause for mourning. What is it, man ? You answer, " My base heart, my filthy heart, my heart, my heart ! Oh ! I can indeed say, Look not upon me because the sun hath looked upon me. I would have no one, wife or husband, know what is in my heart ! Then, if I can hardly bear what I myself can see, how vile I must appear, great God, before thee ! How it brings me to cry out, Cleanse the very thoughts of my heart ! Week after week rolls on, and I cannot say in sincerity, I love the Lord, nor am I very sorry for my sins, nor do I walk humbly before God ! Shame and confusion may well cover my head ; see how I cleave to the dust, how discontented I am with God's ways ; what fretfulness, what murmuring ; if anyone could see what rebellion I feel in my heart, what a devil I am !—these things make me mourn ! " I am glad they do. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joy. Then I ask, " Are you not sorry for it ? " " Who can help it," say you, " seeing and feeling what I am, so different to what I profess ? "

Hezekiah said, " I shall go all my days in the bitterness of my soul." This was not much like clay in the hands of the potter ! " I said, in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave ; I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living : I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world. Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent. I reckoned till morning, that as a lion so will he break all my bones." What, is this a man that is depending on his Maker, in whose hand is his life and breath ? And this, said he, made me mourn like

a dove. If this be in your heart it shows there are two nations in you. Now, is it not so? Now, be honest; these very things cause you sorrow of heart, and mourning before God on account of them. Yes, they really do, you say. My friends, it shows a godly sincerity—then, it is no more you that do it, but sin that dwelleth in you. That makes you to cry out, “Oh, wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” God has love for thee, he will fulfil thy desire, and smile on thy soul and give you to realise: thanks be to God for Jesus Christ. Other people do not mourn on account of this, because they are of the nature of serpents, so they say, “Why doth he find fault; who can help it?”

“Mourn as a dove.” I will tell you, poor sinner, he will bring you out of this place, and give you to feel that he will turn your mourning to joy. “I did mourn as a dove.” What made this poor man to mourn? He wanted the smiles and love of God, to feel God on his side, Christ in his heart, and the Good Spirit witnessing in his heart that he would save him. What is it you want? “Oh,” say you, “to tell you plainly what it is that makes me mourn, I cannot find him whom my soul seeketh; I want his smiles realised. This is what makes me mourn. My cry is, ‘When wilt thou come unto me?’ Finding that he is so long in coming makes me to mourn, because I cannot bring forth the fruit that I would!” How glad I am that you have such a loving soul that sits solitary and mourns! I tell you, poor sinner, he will return; and you will find that he is only just behind the wall while you are desiring his smiles and a revelation of his love; his head is filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. As he comes into thy heart his words will be: “Open to me, my sister, my spouse, for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night!” He will make it all up, and will let you know that though he absented himself, it was not for ever; it was needful that he should depart, that he might return with double comfort, that you might feel what a Father and loving God you have! Whatever be your state and case, if you be one of these mourning souls joy is coming. “Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;” because he will comfort all that mourn, and you shall be able to set your seal too in feeling now that “Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter;” and ready to say to all that prophesy peace to thee; “Mine eyes fail with looking upward;” What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.” Amen.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the donors or testators, all donations of £50 and upwards, and all legacies . . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies of £50 and upwards, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE TESTATORS." Will, therefore, our Friends, who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of                      pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

## “GOSPEL STANDARD” SUPPLY LIST.

To the Strict Baptist Churches in connection with the “Gospel Standard Aid” and the “Poor Relief Societies.”

Dear Brethren in the Lord,—The Committee of the above Societies send greeting.

For some time past it has been felt that the Rules by which the “Gospel Standard” Supply List is governed are not satisfactory. In prayerful deliberation, therefore, we have framed new Rules which we hope will, by God’s blessing on an upright, tender application of them, abolish certain irregularities and abuses.

In presenting to you our new Rules we offer a few preliminary remarks.

1st. In our deliberations we had before us the difference there undoubtedly is between the call of God to the Gospel Ministry, which includes all true servants of Christ, and our list of some Ministers. We reflect on no man who is sent by the Lord into the Ministry of the Word. But we hold that a Society, formed for a specific object, and possessing a magazine to advocate and maintain that object, has an unquestionable and inviolable right to frame laws and rules for its government and for admission to any privileges it has to confer. Rightly or wrongly, the “Gospel Standard” Supply List is regarded by many as conferring a privilege on those Ministers whose names appear in it. Our aim has been to frame Rules which, in our judgment, appear to be urgently needed for the good of the Churches represented and influenced by the “Gospel Standard,” and in the interests of those Ministers who may desire to have their names and engagements in its list of supplies.

We earnestly desire to put our undoubted right plainly, yet tenderly, before you. Moreover, we wish to make it clear to all who may read our magazine that in exercising our right, we do not reflect on any person or persons who are not with us. Rather we would ever more and more tenderly and affectionately say “Peace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.” But if a Minister would be admitted to any privilege he may consider would accrue to him by union with us, we say to him, “Here are our Rules of admission; if you can and are willing to comply with them you will be heartily welcomed by us.” Nor can we think that if we are enabled by the Holy Ghost thus to act in love and zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of the Churches, we shall incur His frown, or any just scorn of good men who may feel obliged to stand aloof from us.

2ndly. In looking at the old Rules the Committee felt that their abrogation, as a whole, would be simpler and easier than any attempt to alter and amend them. Because one main principle of them is the permission given to Ministers to be prime movers in steps taken to have their names inserted in our list. This principle we think is evil, and accordingly we have entirely

removed it. It appears to us that the best interests of our supplies, in respect of their position in the Churches, their true dignity, as moving among the people, require that they shall not in any way push, or even seem to push, their own cause, or seek their own advancement. And, further, we cannot but believe that when God in His sovereign goodness calls a man to the ministry there will soon be such a stamp on his preaching as will set him before the people as a servant of the Most High, and thus any honour they can do him they will gladly embrace an opportunity to do. Experience and observation alike prove to us that when the Lord is with a man in preaching the saints honour that man for his preaching.

Moreover, we feel it is not good to expose a Minister to the temptation to seek what he may consider his own interests in the matter under consideration. Hence we earnestly recommend to your favourable consideration Rules 1 and 2—that no Minister shall be permitted to make application for himself, nor so much as to either directly or indirectly procure an application to be made for him; and we earnestly ask your kind and careful cooperation in administering them. Let us seek a single eye, godly simplicity, by which we may, as Timotheus did, naturally care for the state of the Church of God, and thus be delivered from seeking our own. And if, while we are enabled thus to walk, God honour us with success, and His people with a place among them, we shall know on whose head to place the crown. Without pressing this point any further, we would say in affectionate care for the Churches, in tender regard for our ministerial recognitions and announcements—If there are among us men who bear undoubted marks of a Divine call to the solemn work of the ministry, humble, yet independent withal, let us honour them, and assist them to continue in that way.

3rdly. Our next Rule is part of the old Rule 3. But the form in which we put it is more stringent. The first part of the old Rule 3, which relates to the signing of the Articles of Faith, we think sufficiently important to be a separate and distinct Rule, and having accordingly made it Rule 6. It is thus a final and covering qualification without which no Minister can be of our number. The final clause of the old Rule 3 we omit, because we recommend a Rule of exceptions which will embrace the exception contained in that clause. Thus our new Rule 3 is simple. But in our opinion it is of great importance. For it covers the character of the Church from which a Minister receives his call and his God-speed. We feel that where circumstances admit of it, this Rule should be strictly enforced. Because who so qualified to observe and know a man in his walk, exercises, prayers, and conversation as his fellow-members? And if in that Church there are a few discerning members, they especially will be alive to any special dealings of the Holy Ghost with one who is being prepared for the ministry; they will perceive his aptness to teach, feel the weight of his prayers, observe God's way with him in providence,

and how he comes out of his afflictions; and the time will arrive when one or more of such members will be constrained to speak to him about the ministry, and soon it will come to light that God is in the matter. All this will lead to a call from the Church to this member to submit his exercises, his inward call, and his gifts for the ministry before it. And can we doubt that in such a case the godly, ready, and warm approval and sanction of such Church would be given?

4thly. In place of Rules 4 and 5 of 1888, new Rule 4 contains and sets out the qualification intended in those Rules. As it must always be supposed that if a Minister has supplied two particular Churches for three consecutive years, he will also have during that period supplied other Churches among us, and as, moreover, we do not seek an indefinite number of recommendations from Churches, Rule 4 of 1888 is a mere formality, without point, purpose, or use. We deem it sufficient to say that two Churches of the same faith and order with us shall be applicants. And here we reach a crucial point. After due deliberation, we have fixed a number limit. We do so for the following reasons.—*a.* The Scripture form, order, and end of a Gospel Church require a certain minimum number. What is a Gospel Church? It is the gathering of saints into “a mutual confederation or solemn agreement for the performance of all the duties which the Lord Christ hath prescribed unto his disciples. . . . in order to the exercise of the power wherewith they are intrusted according to the rule of the Word.”

Such is the great and godly Dr. Owen's description of a Gospel Church. In this way of mutual federation were the Churches of Macedonia constituted; they “first gave their own selves to the Lord,” and then unto the apostles by “the will of God.” Is it possible to suppose that the apostles would form into Churches a number insufficient for administering the ordinances, the selection of deacons, and the exercise of the solemn power of discipline in each separate Church? The tender regard, the godly jealousy they ever manifested for the glory of God, and the good of the Churches of Christ forbid us to think other than that they saw to it that whatever was wanting should be set in order, and elders ordained in every city. (Acts xiv. 23; 1 Tim. v. 17; Titus i. 5; Heb. xiii. 17.) We would earnestly draw your attention to one of the ends of a Church's organisation. You have it in Matt. xviii.; it is the administration of discipline. It is a supposed case of a private offence of one member against another. “Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man, and a publican.” Here is a Gospel Church. In it

is one who offends a fellow-member ; should the offended one follow the Lord's direction in such a case, and the offender refuse to listen to him, then one or two more must visit him. Here are four members involved before the Church is reached. Should no good result from this divinely ordered double visit, then the Church must be told—the whole case must be laid before the Church. Can we well imagine that the Church, which must hear this matter from the four members who already thoroughly know it, would consist of less than seven remaining members? According to the New Testament order there would be the pastor or angel of the Church ; also there would be deacons. For these officers must order and direct in the investigation. If for pastor and deacons you take three persons from the whole Church, you have eight private members left. Are, then, eleven too large a number for a Church qualified to fulfil the Lord's order of discipline? Reduce the number and you reduce the Scriptural efficiency of the Church. But lest we confound matters it is needful to remark here that, while for the ordinances of Christ, and for discipline, a number limit—that is a minimum number—is necessary, yet for prayer and mutual edification two or three—the lowest figure that can be in a company of persons—meeting together in Christ's name have the gracious promise of His presence. "For wheresoever two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." This is the Lord's condescending kindness to us. But it does not affect the question of an organic Church. To all this might be added the significant facts that, after the awful apostacy of Judas, to whom some think that Christ did not administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, there remained eleven in the first Church ; that the number of disciples who formed the first Church at Ephesus was twelve.

This, then, is the pattern given to us in the Word of God. Shall we, or shall we not, in so far as we have, as a Committee, to deal with Churches, respect, imitate, and endeavour to follow and maintain this pattern? We profess reverence for God's holy majesty. But if for reasons perfectly natural, but only natural, we put His given pattern and rule aside in any particular whatsoever, in that we prefer ourselves before Him.

This brings us to our next reason for a number limit. *b.* That the question is not to be decided by our sympathies. We trust that we speak the simple truth before the Lord when we say that we look on our numerous small and greatly decayed causes with sympathy and grief, and fervent desires for a gracious return of power, life, and light to them in the Holy Ghost. And further, we do not doubt that there are many among the twos and threes in our chapels who are godly, well taught, and able to discern between flesh and spirit. But this does not decide the question—does not affect it. For two or three, however godly and spiritual, are not empowered by Christ to constitute, and fulfil the functions of a Gospel Church, that is, a Church organised and furnished with officers to act in the matters laid down in the

Scriptures. And here, without reflecting on any person or cause—for are we not all under the cloud of desertion?—we sorrowfully ask why are our causes so decayed and still decaying? Why does there seem to be in many places a sad and solemn threatening to remove our candlesticks? Oh, if the Holy Ghost might be graciously pleased to grant conviction and power to us to say to one another “Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up. After two days He will revive us: in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.”

Fear has been expressed that by having this number limit we shall alienate many subscribers. To which we respectfully reply that we cannot believe that such will be the case. We desire simply in the fear of God to set before you the nature of a Gospel Church, the duties of such a Church as laid in the Scriptures, and the approximate number of members required for those duties. And who knows the good results He may cause to follow. How many honest souls may bless us in the name of the Lord for calling their attention to a matter which has hitherto escaped their notice. It may even be the means of leading several adjacent small causes to draw closer together, and, while keeping open, if desirable, their own respective places for weekly services, mutually agree to become one Church for the ordinances of Christ. But whatever the effect of our setting up a number limit for our purposes may be, let us, in the name and strength and fear of God, lift up and maintain, as far as in us lies, the standard we find in the Bible of a Gospel Church. If it be given us thus to do, we shall find the word of promise as true and faithful and sufficient to-day as the saints of old found it: “Them that honour Me, I will honour.”

5thly. For Rules 5 and 6 nothing, we apprehend, need be said. We feel sure they will commend themselves to you. And equally, we believe, will Rule 7 be agreed to. For it is self-evident that exceptions will often occur. If, as they occur, the Committee is but enabled to consider them in the light and warmth of brotherly love, and in stedfast zeal for the glory of God and the good of our Churches, such exceptions may prove our comfort, strength, and honour.

6thly. One omission in our new Rules may strike some of you, viz., the omission of the recommendation of a candidate by two Ministers. Our reason for this is that we consider the Rules we have framed and now commend to you are sufficient to safeguard our supply list; and that it would savour of a reflection on the Churches who made application for a Minister, with a full knowledge of him, if this Committee said “Yes, you are in order, but we must ask two Ministers what they think, and on their reply will rest our decision.” We, therefore, strongly represent to you that it ought to be considered sufficient if two Churches apply for a Minister, supported by his own original fellow-members, and he himself be able to satisfy your requirements.



7thly. In concluding our remarks we think the matter of receiving a Minister and recognising him sufficiently important to make it desirable that every case brought before the Committee should be duly considered at one quarterly meeting, and brought on at the next for confirmation. It is not at all difficult to imagine some cases in which local knowledge, not immediately at hand, might be desirable; if, then, all cases are left undecided for three months, any information the Committee might desire could be sought.

We now conclude. We commit our imperfect labours to the Lord, seeking His blessing on them; we trust the tender fear of God has influenced us, and that we have been guided by a desire for His glory, and what we consider will be for the real interests and good of our Churches. We would hurt no man, but would fain be of some use to our brethren and fellow-labourers.

THE COMMITTEE.

#### NEW RULES.

- 1st. "That no application shall be entertained by the Committee which is made by a Minister himself."
- 2nd. "That a Minister on whose behalf an application is made shall be required to state to the Committee in writing that neither directly nor indirectly has he procured such application to be made."
- 3rd. "That a Minister shall not be eligible for nomination for the supply list, unless he has previously received the sanction of the Church of which he is a member, to his preaching, after submitting his call to, and duly exercising his gift for, the ministry before such Church. Always provided that such Church is of the same Faith and Order with us."
- 4th. "That two Churches of the same Faith and Order with us must be the applicants for the insertion of a Minister's name in the supply list; and such two Churches shall only be qualified to be applicants after the Minister, on whose behalf they apply, has preached to them for not less than nine times during three consecutive years. And further, each applying Church shall consist of not less than eleven members."
- 5th. "That the Church of which a Minister is a member, in and from which he commences his ministry, shall support the application for the insertion of such Minister's name in the list."
- 6th. "That a Minister who is eligible according to the foregoing Rules shall signify in writing his belief in the Articles of Faith adopted by the Societies."
- 7th. "That should any case be brought under the notice of the Committee in which the circumstances are of such an exceptional character that the foregoing Rules cannot be complied with, in whole or in part, the Committee

may, after making full investigation of the whole case, deal with it, notwithstanding anything in the said Rules. Provided always that in all cases Rule 6 be complied with."

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A LETTER BY MR. NEWTON, of Tunbridge Wells, to the Late Mr. Harris, of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

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My dear Friend and brother in the path of tribulation,—You have just come to my mind, and I love to think of those I love for the truth's sake, especially at times. 'Tis not now because I have anything particular to say to you beyond the above, yet I felt an impulse to get up and write you just a line to tell you I am through mercy better in my poor body, and a little stronger, and better able to walk for a short distance; not so much pain generally.

I have been to our chapel this afternoon by riding both ways, and managed to sit through the service tolerably well; a great privilege for a poor, unworthy, hungry beggar like me—a base, vile wretch, a base heart backslider in so many ways, and in so many instances, and in the face of so many marked, and *to me* marvellous mercies. O friend, I sometimes think that although I have been preserved from outward, open profanity, yet, quite possible, my secret *heart sins* have been far more provoking to the Almighty than many a poor man who has openly disgraced himself, and caused the Church of Christ even to shun him and refuse his company; possibly my inclinations have not only been as bad as theirs who have openly fallen, but far, far worse. O what long-suffering mercy has been exercised toward me from the Lord, and how gentle have been all his rods compared to my enormous sins. Suppose one thousandth part of my sins were known to you, my friend, as they are to the Lord, would you, *could you* then love me, and own me as a brother? Would you not say "Well, I never thought this of Newton." Ah, friend, 'tis our mercy that, as Mr. Oldfield said this afternoon, the Lord covers all our sins with his love, but he never discovers them to the eye of others after once he has buried them in the sea of his own blood.

Excuse my rambling and all blunders. With Christian love to you and yours, I am, dear friend, yours very unworthily,

J. NEWTON.

Tunbridge Wells, October 12th, 1893.

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"Charity never faileth!" I know very well that if it were to fail we should be cut off; but it never can fail; and therefore in all our necessities, with all our abusing and despising of it, charity is sufficient to supply and cover all; and if we go to him as poor beggars, standing in his righteousness, we shall, by and by, hear the blessed assurance: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."—

WARBURTON.

A TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE,  
AS MANIFESTED IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE  
LATE MR. DANIEL KEEVILL, Minister of the Gospel.  
(Partly written by Himself.)

I was born at Beckington, a small village in Somersetshire, on March 11th, 1827; and was called by Divine grace, and quickened into spiritual life in November, 1840, when about thirteen years of age; which call I now look upon as being the work of the Holy Spirit, as it was accomplished without any human means whatever. At that time I was staying with my sister at Bristol, when these lines arrested my attention:—

“Ah! I shall soon be dying;  
Time swiftly glides away.”

They were brought with such power to my mind that instantly I was convinced of my state as a sinner before a holy and a heart-searching God; both by original and actual transgression. At the same time death, and eternity, were solemnly opened up to me in a very short space of time; the effects of which made me smite my breast and cry out in deep distress, “What shall I do?” which expression alarmed my sister and others that were present, who begged me to tell them what was the matter with me; but I could not do so, for I felt in my mind that I was lost to all eternity. My sister, thinking that I was not well, got me to bed, hoping that I should be better in the morning. Instead of which my distress increased; and the holy law of God began to be opened up to me in all its spirituality, and having light sufficient to see that I had been a transgressor from my youth, and was therefore under its curse. I felt that I was brought in guilty before God; which made me tremble before him, and I cried out, from what I felt within, “Behold, I am vile!” And how I wished that I had never been born, or that I had no soul to be lost! How, at that time, I used to envy the brute creation, and everything that had no soul. On one occasion, when weighed down under a sense of sin and guilt, I stood watching a toad, and thought what a beautiful eye that creature had, while I could see nothing but misery and sin in myself, which made me cry out and say, “O that I had been that toad without a soul: then there would be no solemn eternity before me.” At this time I used to seek retirement in lonely lanes, and under hedges, and there, in anguish of soul, would wring my hands, and groan out to the Lord to have mercy upon me, and not suffer me to go down into the pit of despair.

I was always brought up to attend chapel, yet I was as ignorant of the plan of salvation by grace as though I had never heard a sermon. But where I attended the pure Gospel was not freely proclaimed, for the minister always made salvation hang upon man's freewill; and would say,—“If you believe you may be saved, but if you reject the grace of God you will be lost.” This chapel was the best place I could go to at that time. As I felt

sure the minister must be right, and it was I that was wrong; hence I went to the place every time the doors were opened, greatly desiring some token of the love and mercy of God to my soul.

On one occasion I went in great distress, fearing the Lord had cast me off for ever; when the minister began dealing out the curses of God's holy law, under which I was already so solemnly condemned; that I felt it to be like rubbing salt in an open wound; and then he finished up by telling the people that they must believe the Gospel or they would be damned. O how this increased my misery, and as soon as I could get out of the chapel I ran to a lonely spot, and being a dark night I fell upon my knees on the ground and cried out, "I'm damned! I'm damned! because I cannot believe the Gospel! O if I could but believe!" But the dear Lord did not leave me to sink into hell under such unscriptural teaching, but gradually raised up in my soul intense longings after Christ Jesus, the Friend of sinners. I often found myself giving expression to my feelings in these lines:—

"Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!"

After a time the Lord was pleased to raise up a hope in my soul from these words being applied with some power: "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins; which was a great help and encouragement to me; so that the name and Person of Christ Jesus became increasingly precious to my soul. How much I desired to know and feel a personal interest in his precious blood and righteousness. I felt a willingness to part with all "that I might win Christ, and be found in him." Thus I was sometimes raised to a little hope, and then led still further into my wretched state as a sinner before a holy God. While I tried to pay his holy law its just demands, the curses from Sinai would come against me and make me tremble; but the more I tried to keep the law the further I got behind; and then the words would come as with a crushing weight: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Thus I have been brought so to tremble before God for hours together that I have been afraid even to retire to rest at night lest I should fall asleep and sink into hell!

One day in the spring of the year 1845, I was at work in the gardens when I was seized with such tremblings of soul on account of my lost and undone condition, that I feared the ground would open and swallow me up, and in a moment I should go down into endless misery which I knew my cursed sins had merited. I left those workmen that were with me (they knowing nothing of what I felt) and crept to the tool-house, where I fell prostrate on the ground, and felt in doing so that I was already sinking to rise

no more! I then knew what it was for "the sorrows of death to compass me, and for the pains of hell to get hold upon me: yea, I found trouble and sorrow." I cried out and said, "Lord, if there is a way whereby thou canst be just and show mercy to a sinner like me, I pray thee to save me, and magnify that mercy;" when, apparently, in a moment of time, faith was given me, and Christ with all his preciousness appeared to the open vision of faith as evident as ever I saw anything in my life with my bodily eyes, and a ray of glory from his sacred Person came down into my heart; with these words—"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." And truly I felt it to be so; for my burden of sin was gone, every wound in my conscience was healed, and I exclaimed, "O Lord, I will praise thee, for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me;" "Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid." I danced and sang like a prisoner let loose from his prison-house, the following lines were a great comfort to me,—

"A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding place."

Thus I went on my way rejoicing; for "old things had passed away, and behold all things had become new." I expected very shortly to be in heaven, where my treasure, and my heart were; many precious promises were applied with power to my soul: one of them was this: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." But I greatly desired to go then, for my heart and affections were centred in Christ Jesus. The following lines were exceedingly precious to me:—

"My gracious Redeemer I love;  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name.  
To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ;  
And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy."

Every line of that hymn was just the feelings of my heart; and what a love I felt to the author of it! O how I did rejoice in Christ, as my glorious law-fulfiller and blessed Substitute. While I was under the influence of pardoning love and blood as shed abroad in my soul by the Holy Spirit, I inwardly felt that I would rather die than sin against God; and though Christ had borne witness that my sins were for ever put away by his own sacrifice and death, yet I mourned, and grieved to think that it was my accursed sins that had so bruised and torn his holy and

sacred body. Nothing makes sin appear more hateful than a faith's view of a crucified Redeemer. All this was carried on between God and my soul without any human means being employed. From that time these words were constantly on my mind: "If ye love me keep my commandments." But I did not like the idea of being publicly immersed in water; as my relatives, and my old companions in sin would probably be there to witness it. Hence I searched the New Testament through to see if I could find out another way into the church except by immersion. But in my searching I was led to see that there is no other way into the church of Christ but by being baptized in water, which is the only Scriptural command laid down in the Word of God. . . . One day, being much exercised in my mind about the subject of baptism (as I had already been for eighteen months), these words were spoken with solemn power to my heart,—“Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels” (Mark viii. 38). The effect of that portion of God's holy Word caused me to stand still, and exclaim from my heart: “Lord! I am willing to follow thee through the glorious ordinance of Believers' Baptism.” I could not endure the thought of Christ being ashamed of me in the day of judgment. Accordingly I was baptized on September 1st, 1846, at Beckington, by a Mr. Gill, the pastor, and on the same day I was received into the church, and partook of the Lord's supper. I now felt that I had the answer of a good conscience, and from that day to this I have fully believed that the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism is of God; and I believe it was God that made me a Baptist.

[From that time he stood most firm for the truths of the Gospel, and for the ordinances of God's house, though for doing so he brought upon himself much persecution, and privation so that he was much tried in providence. Nevertheless, the Lord stood by him. My dear husband goes on to say]—For a long time my mind was much exercised about the work of the ministry; and I found the more I tried to put the matter from me, the more it would force itself upon my mind; which caused me many sighs and groans to the Lord for him to make his will known to me concerning this important subject. My desire to the Lord was that he would take all thought of the subject right from me, or make the matter more manifest. For more than twelve months the following Scripture was uppermost in my mind: “Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life” (Acts v. 20). But Oh! the exercise of mind respecting it! Night and day it occupied my attention and I could not get away from it. Sometimes there would be such a burning desire to point poor sinners to Christ's redeeming blood, and say, “Behold! the way to God.” Then, following that, there would be a sense of my own ignorance, and inability for such

an important work which has made me tremble, and it has appeared impossible for me ever to speak in the name of the Lord. One day I was so deeply exercised about it that I scarcely knew what I was about. My wife being out at the time, I fell upon my knees before the Lord; and what a season I had of wrestling in prayer with him! How I besought him that he would take the subject off my mind, or give me some encouraging word respecting it! when these words came with power to my soul: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15). "And, lo I am with you alway even unto the end" (Matt. xxvii. 20). Such was the effect these words had upon me that I felt sure the Lord intended to raise me up as a witness for himself. Thus on one Lord's day, in the year 1855, with much fear and trembling, I ventured forth for the first time to speak in the name of the Lord from these words:—"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 14). This took place in a cottage at Westrope, in the neighbourhood of Corsham. The Lord still continued to stand by me to supply me with matter to speak in his great Name at these cottage meetings, until the people increased so much that the place became too small for us. In the year 1859 a church was formed consisting of twelve members; after which we began to build a chapel, which is called, or known as, "Zion Hill Chapel, Corsham." It was opened on February 9th, 1860, by Mr. Gorton, and Mr. Ferris. [My husband was appointed pastor, where he laboured among the people for over twenty years; and the Lord gave him many seals to his ministry, and many bore testimony to the blessing of the Lord attending the word spoken.]

For twenty years or more of this time he lived at Chippenham, which is about five miles from Corsham; which journey he walked every Lord's day morning, and after the day's labours would walk home again at night. He would also attend two services in the week, prayer meeting, and the preaching service, which made it about thirty miles he had to travel during this part of his ministry; and he never missed going this journey except when preaching from home, and on one occasion through illness. He would travel this journey under most trying circumstances, and in very bad weather; and never took anything for his services until the chapel was free of debt; which took place at about the end of fourteen years. During that long period he had many trials and afflictions in his family, and was greatly exercised in his mind respecting the ministry of the word. I have heard my husband say, that on one occasion while the chapel at Corsham was being built, and he surrounded with anxieties and cares, on his way to chapel one Lord's day morning, having no text, and could not get one to fasten on his mind, the enemy set in upon him with great force; telling him that the chapel would soon be in the market for sale; as they had begun to build,

but would never be able to finish ; the people would be scattered, the world would rejoice, and that he was a fool for taking such a journey ! His mind was so distracted with these assaults of the enemy that he did not know how to proceed on his way. But the Lord was pleased to greatly encourage him by applying to his sorrowful mind these words : "The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan, I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea" (Psalm lxxviii. 22). As he received the words, much stress was laid upon the words : "The Lord said," and such a feeling of confidence was given him in the faithfulness of Jehovah that he felt sure he should live to see the chapel built, and free of debt. Here he realized in his heart that the Lord "gives power to the faint," and he turned upon his old enemy, the devil, telling him that he was a liar from the beginning ; and assured him that the Lord would bring them through ; and thus he went on his way rejoicing. He had a good time in the services of God's house, and was able to hang upon those words all the time the chapel was in building. When it was finished, and the debt paid off, he preached from the same words, and related the circumstance I have here given.

He was called to preach in many places besides Corsham ; and was well known up and down the country as a faithful Standard-Bearer of the cross of Christ. No man ever stood more firm on the side of God's truth, or was more decided for each, and every part of the Gospel of Christ than he was ; but many were the trials and privations he was called upon to endure on account of this firmness to the truth, and to the free grace principles of the Gospel. One or two I must here relate. At one time, he lived in one situation for about thirty years as head-gardener, during which time the estate changed hands three times. Each of the squires was opposed to his principles of religion, and to his being a Dissenter, which gave him many errands to the throne of grace. The last squire manifested his indignation to his principles perhaps more than the others, and tried hard to induce him to give them up. He therefore informed him that if he wished to retain his situation he must give up preaching, and send his children to the church school ; or give up his situation ; and one month was allowed him to consider the matter. To which my husband replied, "Sir, it does not require five minutes to consider a matter of that kind ; for I cannot, and will not sacrifice my conscience on a matter of such vast importance." To which the squire indignantly replied, "If your goods are not out of the house within a given time they will be put out."

Here was a trial for faith and prayer. Having a family of seven children round him, turned out of home, with nothing in prospect, plunged my dear husband into deep and sore trials. He was out of employment for a long time, and became so reduced in his circumstances that the very last penny was gone ; nevertheless, that God who was with his servant Daniel, in ancient times, when cast into the lions' den and preserved him from harm,



stood by his servant *Daniel now*, (although he was plunged into the most trying providential circumstances,) and eventually gave him more than he had suffered by loss of home and situation.

*(To be continued.)*

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“CALLING.”

By MR. GREY HAZLERIGG.

*(Continued from page 156.)*

There is a calling then which depends upon choosing. The choosing does not depend upon it, or the results of it. There seem then to be different kinds of calling, and callings to different kinds of things. Saul was called to be king of Israel; but then he was not finally chosen, his calling was not confirmed. The sons of Aaron were called to the Aaronic priesthood, but it was not final and confirmed. The nation of Israel, that is, the seed of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, were called to be a peculiar nation to the Lord. The Jews were certainly called to pay attention to the Lord Jesus their Messiah, but they refused him. Peter, Paul, and others were called to particular offices in the church; to be apostles, etc. But does God call men to be professors of Christianity, and yet not possessors? Does he call them into church fellowship, and not make them fellows of the saints of God? Does he call them to be baptized and not create them anew in Christ? Does he call them to partake of the Lord's supper, and not make them proper partakers of it? In fact, does God call men to play the part of hypocrites? Impossible! Then in such cases we cannot have the calling of God; it must be some other calling; the calling of man; the calling of fancy; the calling of a misconception of the word of God, and the nature of divine calling; a calling in fact of lies and error, and not the calling of God. There was no choosing by God from first to last. The thing was not really of God.

I do not say that there is not a voice in nature, as well as in the Bible, which is crying aloud in every direction, to the sons of men. Witnessing of God, and witnessing against man, and his ways; testifying of man's ruin and danger; of sin, and of judgment; of goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering in God. Such a voice there is, as the wise man tells us in Prov. viii. Happy the man whose ears are opened to hear the voice. Then a true divine calling takes place in him. He is amongst the many whom the Lord himself has called.

The true preacher like Moab must be a condemner of the world, for he is a preacher of the Righteousness of God in Christ, provided for lost unrighteous sinners. He continually reasons, as Paul did, of righteousness, temperance and judgments to come. The heavens, those high places, are always, to all lands, declaring the glory of God. All the creation joins in the testi-

mony. There is no escaping, and can be no excusing. But, then, how vastly different is all this to being called, as Paul writes into a true fellowship with Christ by the real quickening voice of the Gospel of the grace of God. To be called to consider is one thing, to be called unto a fellowship with Christ in resurrection and eternal life is quite another. There are plenty of voices calling in various ways to various things; but there is only one voice which calls according to eternal choosing, and that voice calls into a fellowship in the Gospel, and unto eternal life.

Paul tells us in 2 Tim. i. 9, That God calls his people "with an holy calling." What sort of calling is this? The Apostle shows us, that a holy calling is according to God's eternal purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began, and also in accordance with his having saved us in Christ by his finished work. There's no other calling can be properly called holy. No temporary, no mere external calling, no conditional calling, can be called holy, for no such calling answers to the conditions of a holy calling, as thus set forth. A man then may call another man; but this may be very far from a holy calling. A calling that is of an indiscriminate kind, and takes not forth the precious from the vile, cannot be a calling which proceeds from God's mouth. God's people, Paul tells us again, are called to be saints. Separated persons unto God. When separated? How separated? Separated in his eternal purpose, in eternity. Called with a separating calling, by the voice of God as sounding in the word of the Gospel of the separating grace of God. Man may make an artificial saint, i.e., a right down hypocrite. He cannot call a man into a saintship of the right sort.

Bunyan, in his "Pilgrims' Progress," amongst his admirable illustrations, has one that appears to me a little questionable and curious. It is of the hen who has two sorts of cluckings, or callings to her brood. One when she has nothing for them. Rather unkind if the chicks are hungry! The other, when she has got something to give them. Surely this is not the pattern of the divine calling in Christ. Truly when God calls his own people, he has something for them. He says not to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain. And even Bunyan's, rather unkind, hen, does not chuck to, or call, some other hen's chickens. Even a hen is somewhat discriminating. We will add that of course it is very possible that some other brood than her own may run to the hen if they think, however mistakenly, that she calls them and has something for them.

The Psalmist says, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound, they shall walk O Lord in the light of thy countenance." So then the true Gospel is not only a sound but a light. The soul in fact not only has ears but eyes. It not only hears of grace, but sees it. "They shall walk O Lord in the light of thy countenance." This light, which a saved sinner walks in, must be grace. This is the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus.

There is the call as it stands in the written word, or as it is

spoken by a man ; but this is only the jubilee trumpet. To have the music, this great trumpet must be blown. The sounds of grace and mercy must be emitted from it, and enter into the various regions of the sinner's heart. Then is fulfilled the word of Isaiah, "The great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt." "They shall come," the Gospel music of grace brings them into the land of Israel, to the mountain of the Lord's house, sweet Mount Zion.

Let others like a Gospel of requirements, I can do with nothing short of a Gospel of bestowments. A silver trumpet is all very well to look at, but I want its musical notes to sound in my heart. I want not only the words of my beloved, says the spouse, seen or heard with my outward senses, but I want the real true voice of my beloved speaking to and in my heart. This voice I know ; this voice I have heard ; this voice I want to hear again, calling me away from earth and self to heaven, "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away." Then I cry "'Tis the voice of my beloved, behold he comes to me."

The Gospel in its integrity is the voice of Christ. It is a life-giving voice. As Peter says, "Thou hast the words of eternal life," and as the Lord himself says, "The words that I speak unto you . . . they are life." Spiritual and eternal life, for "they are spirit," and again "I give unto them eternal life." It is a creative voice, for God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness speaks thereby. It was creative work then, and the darkness had no hand in it. It is creative work now.

"The new creation of the soul  
Does e'en a greater power display.

It is a faith-giving voice. So it was with Abraham, the voice brought the believing. Abraham heard the voice and believed it. It is a hope-giving voice ; for God in Christ is the God of hope. "Which hath given us," says Paul, . . . "good hope through grace." It is a love-giving voice. As good Dr. Owen writes, "We may love a person dearly, but we cannot love, love into them." God can. He requires love and he gives it. It is a searching voice, for the Spirit of wisdom and revelation comes with discovering the deep and sweet and eternal things of God. It reveals Christ not to bodily senses ; but to the heart. As Peter writes, "Whom having not seen ye love." It is a voice that cannot be hindered from reaching the sinner's heart to whom Christ directs it. Behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. It is the voice of my beloved. There is wireless telegraphy for you. As the Apostle writes "you who sometimes were far off," as far as heaven from hell, "are made nigh by the blood of Christ." No curvature of the earth, no mountains, no continents, no oceans, of sins and inabilities of a natural kind, can intercept this voice. In spite of all and every thing, "Behold he cometh."

What is the real Gospel call? Why the call of love, mercy, grace, life and Divine power.

“Hail the voice of love and mercy,  
Sounds aloud for Calvary.

Once I was much exercised about what the voice of the Lord was which the Psalmist writes about in Ps. xxix. Then those words quoted above came explainingly in. The voice of love and mercy, the voice of grace, the voice of Christ himself, the voice of his Holy Spirit speaking into the heart is the voice that works the wonders. How ignorant one is, how mistaken unless the Lord teaches. What a sweet light he can throw upon a subject, when he himself teaches us. So it is with me as to being crucified with Christ. This is what the Lord's people are called unto. “I am,” says Paul, “crucified with Christ.” “He that is Christ's has crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts.” The old man hangs suspended on the tree. How is this, what hangs him there? The answer is love. The poet sweetly represents this:

“There fastened to the sacred word  
By holy love's resistless chain.

It is utterly in vain to tell men to crucify the old man, to renounce their very selves. It is utterly impossible. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard his spots. No! there is no power can do this but that of God himself as he works by his Holy Spirit in Christ. The nails, the thorns, the spear must be those of divine love. Then, and not till then, is a man crucified with Christ. Such is the calling in word and power of the true Gospel of the grace of God. From first to last love and love only is the true crucifier. It crucifies Christ, and it conquers and crucifies his people.

After all, the question for me is this, not what the so-called outward call is, or how extensive it is, but what do I know of the inward one, the real effectual call of divine grace reaching my own heart and individually calling me. I do not mean that what the Gospel says is of no consequence even so far as the word of it goes. It is of very great consequence, for I want, if a convinced sinner, to know whether it includes such a one as I am, whether, too, what I take to be a divine call is the real call of God as answerable to his written word. But what I am principally exercised about is this, to feel properly and Scripturally sure that I have heard the Lord's own voice in his word secretly and sweetly calling me. Now I know the written word says, “Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters.” “If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.” “Let him that is athirst take of the water of life freely.” Well, then, if I think the outward or rather written word includes me, and if I am drawn by the grace of it the inward call has reached this heart of mine. So I know the written word calls to the Gospel feast of fat things made on Mount Zion, the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind. Well, then, if I feel that such is my condition I may

say the call certainly includes me, and if I feel drawn by this voice of grace and mercy to the Gospel feast I may assure my heart of a welcome. Again, the Gospel call as written in the word is to the chiefest of sinners, "The vilest sinner out of hell," as the poet says. So then, if I feel that this is me, I need not despair, and if the wondrous grace of this Gospel touches and draws my heart, I may venture to say, "Arise my soul he calleth thee."

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

What a wonderful account of calling we have in 1 Cor. i. The people he addresses were called to be saints. They were called unto the fellowship of God's Son Christ Jesus our Lord. The sort of people called are spoken of in vi. 11. How they were called is signified "by one Gospel," the Gospel of the grace of God, which was the only Gospel given to the Apostle to testify. This calling entirely depends upon God, as Paul signifies, when he shows us that God in this matter chooses the things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are. Thus the ministers of the Gospel are nothing in the estimate of men, and their gospel is a thing of naught, to the natural principles in man. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but the true Gospel does not fall in with these natural principles, either in Jews or Greeks, but works contrary to them, bringing them to naught. "It is the power of God," and not of any principles in human nature at its best or worst, "unto salvation." It is Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Thus God accomplishes his divine purpose, and no flesh, good or bad, so to put it, wise or unwise, shall glory in his presence, and in this matter. But he that glorieth shall glory only in the Lord. But now substitute for the Gospel of the grace of God, a gospel of human conditions, then is boasting excluded? No! it cannot be. The law of creature conditions, is a law which will either drive the truly destitute man to despair, or puff up the man that is not destitute with presumption. But the Gospel of the grace of God, the voice of the Lord in the truth of it, speaking from the heavens of grace, freely saves the sinner, and excludes all boasting. Thus we read in Ps. cii. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory? Why it must be his glorious grace. For we read again, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." What can possibly build up a poor destitute creature in faith and hope and love, except the sovereign grace of God? Then in Ps. lxxxix. the Psalmist sweetly sings, "Mercy shall be built up for ever," and this building is by the music of a free and freeing Gospel. For "blessed are the people that know the joyful sound." They shall be built up by hearing it.

## "GOD'S COLLEGE."

A LETTER BY THE LATE W. GADSBY.

My dear Brother in the Path of Tribulation,—I have often thought of dropping you a line, to ask you how matters go on at College. Remember, our glorious God and Father does not send his ministers to college with a view of making them into gentlemen, but to make them able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit. Men may be high in, and teach, the doctrines of the Gospel doctrinally, and yet only be in the letter, and not in the Spirit; therefore, God's ministers must not rest in the shell of truth, but must be taught the mystery of godliness: namely, the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; and in order to learn these things to good purpose, they must also be taught the mystery of iniquity; and these things can only be taught spiritually by the Holy Ghost, at God's College; and very sharp, trying, and hot work it is, at times, when we are kept close to College rules. God's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem (Isa. xxxi. 9). God purgeth the blood of Jerusalem by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning (Isa. iv. 4); and while he gives two parts of mankind to be cut off and die: namely, a profane part and a professing part, the third part he brings through the fire, and refines them as silver is refined, and tries them as gold is tried. Here they are compelled to call upon the name of the Lord; for they find that their freewill, creature-piety, preparations, and qualifications are nothing but lumber, or "hay, wood, and stubble," and so become fuel for the fire. There are thousands and thousands of moving animals hid and concealed in this lumber; and when the Lord takes hold of them, there is most horrible screeching and crackling; so that, what with the loss of our supposed pretty things, the horrible noise of the serpentine race, and the sulphurous smell which arises from the burning of the lumber, the poor soul concludes that he is in the very belly of hell, and a mighty constraint is laid upon him to cry unto the Lord, and the Lord is graciously pleased to hear him, and to answer him too, and say, "It is my people," and give the poor sinner the spirit of adoption, whereby he says, "The Lord is my God." This, my dear friend, is our part of the discipline of Zion's College. Not only is all flesh grass, but all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field and must fade away, when the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; but the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.

At this College we are taught the awful depravity and dreadful workings of a corrupt nature, and our own inability to restrain them or to stand against them for one moment. Here we feel ourselves shorn of all our supposed strength, and can feelingly say, "My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue

cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death" (Ps. xxii. 15). Here we are at our wit's end, and are ready to wish we had never made an open profession of the name of the Lord, and, like Jeremiah, say we will speak no more in the name of the Lord. But the great Master of the College keeps us to the work, let flesh and blood and carnal ease say what they will; for it is as Jeremiah expresses it: "His word was in my heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay" (Jer. xx. 9). To strengthen us with might, by the blessed Spirit, our dear Master sometimes comes with a kind, soft reproof, and soul-cheering encouragement, at the same time saying, "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" Then say we, How is it that the Lord suffers us to be in such a dark, loathsome dungeon, and does not give us more light, more love, more faith, more patience, and more of the light of his countenance? Why, "there is no searching of his understanding," but the end shall prove that "he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

This, my dear friend, is God's way, and by such methods he makes it known that he "chooseth the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and weak things to confound the mighty," etc.

Well, my dear brother, if you are still at this College, do not kick and rebel, for that will only make more fuel for the fire. May self, with all its cleavings, go, and Christ be all and in all. Pray to be led into the deep things of God, and for the Lord to make and keep you willing to be taught these deep things in God's own way; and when you come before the people, make no reserve; give them, as far as you are able, what God has given you. Read the first five verses of 2 Tim. iv., The Lord seal their contents upon your heart. Dream not of ease, nor of a good name among men, for if you do you will be disappointed. You may live what men call a godly life, and live at ease; but if, by the matchless grace of God, you are enabled to trace up your godliness to Christ, you must suffer persecution.

Jan. 13, 1836.

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What reason can be given, but that of God's sovereignty in election, why the most abandoned sinners of mankind are often called to the knowledge of the Gospel, and made partakers of precious faith in the Son of God, whilst multitudes of the decent and moral are left to perish in their own deceivings, as dead to all spiritual concerns as the very stones they tread upon? Again. What other reason can be given, why of two people in the same pew, and hearing the same sermon, the one shall be savingly wrought upon, and the other perhaps go away contradicting and blaspheming?—(Deep things of God, Sir Richard Hill).

## INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly give your views on the question of "Individual cups" being used in the celebration of the "Lord's Supper?" Through pride, or some other spirit contrary to that of love, many of the churches in America have discarded the long continued custom of passing the *cup* from one to another when the members of the church are assembled around the Lord's table, to partake of the sacred emblems, by substituting, what is known as "individual cups." To many beside myself the change seems like a sacrilegious innovation, and implies a spirit of selfishness resulting from a lack of love to the Redeemer, and a want of grace in the heart to obey his commands. Scientific reasons are given for the change, just as alleged scientific reasons are given for every other inroad made upon the teachings and appointments of Jesus Christ. Hoping you will give your views upon this very important matter, I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely—

F.B.

## ANSWER.

It is much to be regretted that there are persons professing to fear God, and to hold the doctrines of grace, and who call themselves Strict Baptists, rising up from time to time and setting up their judgments in opposition to the testimony of the word of God, and discarding those ancient customs which have been handed down to the Church of Christ from the earliest days of Christianity. Whatever godly person connected with our causes of truth would have expected to read such a letter, containing such an important question for us to answer as "F.B." has sent us? We, at first, hesitated as to the propriety of taking any notice at all of it. But in further looking into this grave question we felt much concerned as to what it might lead, and to what lengths it might spread. For, though it be an innovation now in practice in America, we cannot tell how soon (like many other American novelties) it might cross the Atlantic and gain a hearty welcome amongst the English people, if not a firm footing in some of our churches of truth. For, as is well known, Satan is ever ready to gloss over all such reasoned-out-baits to entrap the unwary, and to deceive the simple-minded. Not that we for one moment believe that the Godly in Christ Jesus, whose consciences are made tender, and kept so by the Lord the Spirit, and whose hearts are ruled by the fear of God, would for a moment think of adopting the system of "Individual Cups" when they sat down to partake of "the Lord's Supper." Surely those persons that have so unscripturally departed from the command given by Christ, possess but little knowledge of the spiritual meaning of God's holy Word, and have little, or no desire to live according to the precepts therein so clearly set forth; for if they did it seems strange that they should set aside



this solemn portion of the sacred Scriptures which is so encouraging to many of the Lord's fearing ones, who desire to do right, but are afraid to presume. "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, *Drink ye all of it*; For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." (Matt. xxvi. 26, 27, 28). Can anything be more to the point, or more clearly expressed than these passages of holy Writ? Nor can there be any mistake made that it is one "cup" and no more that is to be used at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, thus: "He took the cup, (not cups) and gave to them, saying, *Drink ye all of it.*" If then "Individual cups" were to have been used, doubtless Christ would have commanded them to be brought, and set ready when he instituted this "Supper" and partook of the same with his disciples on that memorable night before he suffered. But, it is clear enough that no more than one "cup" was required at such an eventful time, and that one "cup" set forth (through those memorable words Christ uttered, "*Drink ye all of it*") much more than a thousand "Individual cups" ever could do; for all that could be said of so many cups being used was it pleased the flesh, and was more gratifying to the carnal mind. But such was not Christ's meaning when "he took the cup, and said to his disciples, *Drink ye all of it.*" It was no flesh-pleasing, or carnal motive he had in view when he handed the cup to them, and bid them all to drink of the same; it contained, as he said, his "blood of the new testament," and therefore all were to drink of it, but not in an indifferent manner, not carnally, nor yet for any worldly gain, but they were to receive this "cup" by a living faith in him, and in the same manner they were to receive, and eat the bread which he blessed, and brake, and gave to them. The bread setting forth his soon-to-be-bruised and mangled body. This his words implied in giving the broken bread unto them to eat, and that they by faith were to eat of his body on which their sins were laid, the weight of which was such as to cause him to groan in agony and say, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And the "cup" he gave them to drink of contained (by faith) that most precious blood of the dear Redeemer which was shed for many for the remission of sins. Hence Christ says to all his followers "except ye eat my flesh, and drink my blood ye have no life in you." And the eating of this bread, and the drinking of this cup by all true believers from a living faith in him, is the visible sign that they are keeping his commands and walking in the blessed precepts of the Gospel. But this "cup" which Christ gave them to drink of, also prefigures most clearly that cup of wrath, temptations, sorrows, and sufferings which he drank of himself as he journeyed from the manger to the cross of Calvary. And oh! what a cup of bitter trial it was to his righteous soul, as we see from his

temptation in the wilderness, and the insults and reproaches he had to endure, until he had finished the work the Father gave him to do. We see then, that it is one "cup" (spiritually considered) that Christ, and his redeemed family are to drink of as they pass through this desert land, and it is a cup of tribulation and sorrow; and this path of sorrow all must pass through before they reach the heavenly Canaan above; and oh! when indulged by the Lord of life and glory to meet together in his earthly courts, and to sit as children of God around the table to partake of the Lord's Supper in commemoration of their suffering, dying, and risen Saviour, feeling much fellowship with him in his sufferings, and much soul union to him in divine things—Such a favoured people are not in the least troubled about "Individual Cups," but are truly grateful to know that the Lord, by his Spirit and grace, has made them meet to be partakers with him in his temptations and sufferings here on earth, and to be made welcome to approach the table of the Lord to eat by faith of his broken body, and to drink by faith of his precious blood, from that one "cup" of which he says to each of his children, "Drink ye all of it." Thus we see, it is but one "cup" that the Lord's people are commanded to have amongst them and not "Individual cups," and those that adopt them at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, have set aside the command of Christ, and are acting contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, and in defiance to the Scriptures of truth. We have always been grieved, ever since we knew something of the doctrines of grace, that the blessed Ordinance of Believers' Baptism has been so tampered with by many, and so lightly spoken of by others, as though it was only a thing of nought, and destitute of all spiritual meaning; but whatever reasoners, and their reasoning minds may think, do, or say respecting that blessed ordinance, it still remains, and ever will do, down to the end of time, a strict command of Christ for his people to attend to. Yea, it is incumbent upon them to follow their Lord and Master, not for salvation, heaven, and glory, but as the fruits and the effects of grace in the heart. We read, that in keeping Christ's commands there is great reward, which many of the Lord's people can testify is true. Now, although Believers' Baptism is set at nought by many, and so freely spoken against, we must confess that we were not prepared to hear that the "ordinance of the Lord's Supper" had undergone a change, and that the words of the Son of God are now found out to have no meaning, and that when he gave the command about the "cup" saying "Drink ye all of it," wiser men than he have discovered that it ought to have been said "Drink ye out of 'Individual' cups." Well, we can only say that such a flesh-pleasing, carnal invention is most distressing to our feelings, and we believe revolting to the minds of those who fear God, and are blessed with tender consciences, and we humbly hope that however much our American neighbours may adopt in their places of worship such an unscriptural system, that we

in the home country may be, through grace, more determined to abide by the whole truth, and contend for all the precepts of the Gospel that they may be carried out as they have been given to the Church of God, by Christ Himself.

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*HEARTFELT EXPERIENCE.*

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Will not depravity of heart Jesus from his beloved part?  
 How can the Holy Christ of God with sinners take up his abode?  
 It makes our wounds afresh to smart when, our rebellious schemes  
     are thwart,  
 Our Father sanctifies his rod, and saves us from the downward  
     road;  
 Yet well we know that rod in love prompts us in wisdom's ways  
     to move.

Will not our God for ever shun rebels who daily from him run?  
 As evil things as e'er we could, yet not the evil things we would.  
 Most plainly prove there can be none more base, or more to  
     evil prone;  
 Yet for all this the potter's mould in his dear hands will grace  
     unfold:  
 We shall not perish, for his love will great and small obstructions  
     move.

Will not backsliding, deep and foul, provoke Christ's holy spotless  
     soul  
 To break his covenant with his saints, and turn away from their  
     complaints?  
 What filthy beast or ravenous fowl can shew a more polluted scroll  
 Of deeds most base, of treacherous feints, opposed to warnings  
     and restraints,  
 Than those on whom he fixed his love, which hell and sin cannot  
     remove?

But how can Christ in such delight, who daily sin against the  
     light?  
 How can the Holy, Holy God with such take up his pure abode?  
 With them to walk in lustre bright, and keep them near him  
     day and night,  
 Feed them with manna from his rod, while waters pure attend  
     their road,  
 'Tis God's good pleasure them to love, he never from them will  
     remove.

O mystery of mysteries! How deep the plan of wisdom lies!  
 Deeper than depths of horrid guilt, is precious blood by Justice  
     spilt:  
 Hark! the glad tidings rend the skies, "Good will to men,"  
     sweet mercy cries;

The Church of God on Jesus built, is kept from evils feared  
 and felt,  
 The cause is everlasting love, from which no foe, no sin, can move.  
 But, ah! what aggravating ways, presumptuous sins, and mad  
 essays  
 Are daily known, confessed, abhorr'd, yet wrought against our  
 kindred Lord ;  
 And though his rod he oft delays, and threatened judgment he  
 arrays,  
 We foolishly despise God's word, until he raise his vengeful sword,  
 When Jesus steps between in love—for us his tender bowels move.  
 Then vows and covenants are renewed, past deeds confess'd as  
 they're reviewed—  
 A better future is prepared, we mean to be upon our guard ;  
 Our path with bitter tears bedew'd—our acts of villainy eschewed,  
 All witness how sincerely hard we work, and every foe discard :  
 Yet after all 'tis covenant love alone can make us wisely move.  
 Alas! how soon our pledges fail, our sins against us yet prevail  
 The law of truth in holy mind, with law of members ne'er  
 combined ;  
 Hail! harass'd Shulamite, all hail! let us with thee our case  
 bewail ;  
 The company within we find as armies twain in battle joined ;  
 What then? God's everlasting love shall more than conqueror  
 for us prove !  
 We often tempt our wily foe, to him our every weakness shew,  
 Our fiery passions rage and blaze, directing him fresh plots to  
 raise,  
 And then what pangs we undergo because he wrought our over-  
 throw :  
 Ah! so it will be all our days, while self the law of self obeys :  
 But, notwithstanding, from God's love, nor hell, nor sin, shall  
 ever move.  
 Examples written and observed should have our wounded feet  
 preserved  
 From snares of sin, death, hell, and woe ; but ah! alas! and is  
 it so ?  
 Why have our feet so daily swerved from paths by wisdom well  
 reserved  
 From vulture's eye, from carrion crow? Do we walk there?  
 Ah! no: Ah! no :  
 Yet, Holy God, thy covenant love shall never, never from us move !  
 We loathe, we hate our deadly sin ; yet its dread poison works  
 within,  
 Often breaks forth and mars our peace, then how we groan for  
 our release ;  
 When will that glorious dawn begin, when we our long'd-for goal  
 shall win,

Be found in Christ, and never cease to glory in his holiness ;  
Where, loved with everlasting love, we from his heart shall never  
move ?

All hail ! Eternal Lover, Friend ! our warfare shall in victory end :  
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come, and bear our longing spirits  
home !

Our song with ransom'd hosts shall blend, while we with them  
shall comprehend

Why we were suffer'd long to roam, and in thine earthly courts  
find room

To celebrate thy matchless love, from which we never more shall  
move ! !

[*Lines copied from an old Magazine by a Reader of the  
"Gospel Standard."*]

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### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A HYMN COMPOSED BY S. MEDLEY.

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' Our Father, who in heaven art,  
All hallow'd be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come in ev'ry heart,  
Thy glory to proclaim.  
Thy will be done on earth below,  
As 'tis in heaven, Lord !  
And grant us grace, that we may know  
And practise all thy word.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
Our bodies to sustain,  
From Jesus let our souls be fed,  
As he for us was slain.  
Our debts and trespasses forgive,  
(And blot them from thy sight)  
As we do others while we live  
With pleasure and delight.  
Into temptation lead us not,  
From evil us defend ;  
Still for us be deliv'rance wrought,  
And save us to the end.  
For kingdom, power, and glory too,  
For ever, Lord, are thine,  
Eternal praises are thy due,  
Whose glories are divine.  
Thus as it was so still it is,  
And ever will remain ;  
May we to such a prayer as this,  
Believing, say "Amen."

## Obituary.

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**MR. JOHN SMITH.**—"The memory of the just is blessed;" they "shall be had in everlasting remembrance." We have no hesitation in saying such things of John Smith, who was born on the 12th of August, 1815, at Bourton, in the parish of Bishops Cannings, near Devizes, Wilts.

Of his parents we cannot speak particularly, except that they belonged to the poor of this world; so their son John was sent, when a lad, to work on a farm where he continued following the occupation of farm labourer till he was 73 years of age. He was naturally of a quiet and contented disposition, which doubtless influenced him to obey the injunction: "be content with such things as ye have"; therefore, where God in his providence placed him he remained, till bodily infirmities compelled him to remove to pass his few remaining days under the roof of his son's house.

Born in sin, he lived under its control, and followed the course of this world till arrested by almighty grace in the year 1849, in which year he became united in marriage to a young woman whose father was a very godly man, and who, we believe, was the means by his good example and advice of leading our friend to attend the Baptist Chapel at Allington, where Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft, and other godly ministers were in the habit of preaching. We regret that we possess no particulars of his call by grace, but that he was so called was truly manifest; there is no record in the word of God of the call of Jabez, very little is said of him, but divine grace having made him "more honourable than his brethren," he was a man of prayer, inasmuch that he prayed to be blessed indeed, and to be kept from evil; he sought the inheritance which by faith the fathers desired, and the fact that "God granted him his request" proved his religion and call to be of God. So those who knew John Smith, listened to his savory conversation, expressed in his Wiltshire dialect, and those privileged to hear him in prayer at the prayer meeting who observed his chaste, sober, godly, demeanour, would require no further proof of his call by divine grace. —A tree is known by its fruit.

The call of God though a powerful one is as described by our blessed Lord likened to the wind, the effects of the call are manifest when the call itself may be hidden; our friend being called by circumstances to attend (in company with his wife) the house of God at Allington, the word was made effectual, "faith came by hearing," and he and his wife were eventually baptized at the same time on 6th of October, 1856, by the late Mr. Godwin, and their subsequent walk and endurance to the end proved their beginning to be of God.

About the time of joining the church, they were passing through providential trials—it was during the Russian War, when wheat

bread was 2s. per quartern, and our friend's wages not exceeding 5s. to 6s. per week, they fared very hard, living chiefly on barley bread.

They continued regular attendants at the chapel, although they had a distance of three miles to walk, till the year 1869, when our friend had the painful trial of losing his wife; she had been a great sufferer from an inward complaint, which eventually brought her to her end; but she died very happy, and the loss to our friend, was his partner's eternal gain.

After being four years a widower he, in the year 1873, married another member of the church at Allington, and with whom he lived very happily till the year 1888, when the Lord saw fit to remove her also by death; after which he was obliged to break up his home and remove, as previously stated, to his son's house at Greenwich.

Our friend thus writes at this time: "I have lost a most loving wife; but my loss is her eternal gain; I hope the Lord gives me faith to believe that it will not be long before we shall meet again. It has been a long affliction, but I can say:

"As gold from the fire he will bring me at last,  
To praise him for all through which I have passed;  
Then love everlasting my griefs shall repay,  
And God from my eyes wipe all sorrows away."

He found his hope brighter, and his faith strengthened by the trial.

The removal from Bourton brought our friend to settle at Devonshire Road Strict Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, where he became a member under the pastorate of the late Mr. James Boorne, whom he much loved, and whose ministry he found soul establishing; he was wont to remark "if Mr. Boorne goes to heaven then I shall too!"

About this time he wrote as follows: "How good the Lord has been to me, a poor sinner, giving me such a sweet peace and good hope that it will be well with me at last. What a mercy to see him as the lamb of God who died on the cross, and rose again, and is now at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for poor and needy sinners like me, who are made white in the blood of the Lamb! In myself I am a poor creature if left for a moment, and have to cry 'Lord, help me.' I hope the Lord does humble me by his Spirit, laying me low at his dear feet. I have heard Mr. Boorne speak from the words: 'I cried unto thee, O Lord, I said thou art my refuge, and my portion in the land of the living.' What should I do in times of trouble if I had not that dear heavenly friend to intercede for me."

A few years later he wrote: "I thank the Lord who is so very good to me: he opened my eyes to see where I must have gone had he not stopped me; no praise to myself but all to the dear Redeemer; I have been tried, the fire tries every man's work, it is not an easy path; but through much tribulation which

worketh patience, and patience, experience; experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart. I am tried as to whether I have that love, but sure I am where that love is, there will be love to his dear people. His Spirit has taught me that I am a poor, needy creature, and without grace I can do nothing; therefore, it is by grace I am what I am; his grace, love, and blood alone softens my hard heart. It is a mercy to have our faith fixed on that covenant ordered in all things and sure and what a mercy if poor I am in it! The Father, Son, and blessed Spirit, chose a people before time, nothing can separate from that covenant; but there will be the world, the flesh, and the devil to distress us." . . . . . Again he writes: "These words came to my mind with some sweetness: 'Thou art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee.' It is a great mercy, as William Mortimer used to say, 'to be helped with a little help,' the Lord is very good to me in providence and grace."

By the kindness of friends he was in the receipt of a quarterly sum of money from the funds of the "Gospel Standard" Poor Relief Society, and we have no hesitation in saying, concerning the gift, that "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Our friend became very infirm towards the end of his life, and was unable for some time to attend the means of grace; he was visited by kind friends and members, especially when it became necessary for him to keep to his bed, which he was compelled to do more or less for about two years before he died.

The Lord comforted him at times by the application of Scripture and verses of hymns, some of which he desired his friends to write down; among others, the following were made sweet to him: "This is not your rest for it is polluted;" "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise;" "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

"'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,  
Who opened the channel of mercy for me."

"Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,  
Over my sins and after Thee;  
And when my mourning days are o'er  
Enjoy thy comforts evermore."

"Thy sweet communion charms the soul, and gives true peace and joy." Other portions made good to him years before were also brought to his mind at different times with savour.

We visited him the day previous to his death, he was longing to depart. He repeated different portions, some already referred to, and after speaking in prayer, and reading, we bade him farewell, with the full persuasion we should never see him again in the body.

His son, who was with him when he died, states that the last two weeks of his father's life were spent much in prayer. Shortly



before he died, his son read to him a portion from Timothy, when he said, "O grace, grace"; one of his grandsons coming into the room, he said, "Jimmy, be a good boy, grandfather is dying." He then beckoned his son to the bed-side, took hold of his hand, and with a sweet smile said, "Happy, happy." Then almost immediately, quietly passed away to be for ever with the Lord on Lord's day, 28th December, 1902, aged 87 years. His mortal remains were interred at Shooter's Hill Cemetery, Greenwich. He was a poor man, but rich in faith, and heir to an heavenly inheritance.

S. BORNE.

MRS. LEACH.—The following short account of our dear mother, Sarah Leach, was found among her papers after her death. She thus writes:—"I was from a child troubled about my sins and would often make resolutions to be good, but I always failed, for I loved the pleasures of this world. After I was twenty years of age my soul-troubles greatly increased, so that at times my life was quite a burden to me. The more I strove to keep myself right the worse I appeared. I could not speak to anyone of what I felt; for I thought there could not be any one so miserable as myself. The doctrine of election I had a great dislike to, and also those persons who believed it.

In the month of January, 1860, the Lord was pleased to visit me with a severe affliction; by which he condescended through his blessed Spirit to open up to my mind the plan of salvation by free and sovereign grace, (without any works on my part), and I was raised to a hope in his mercy through the merits of a crucified Saviour. In the spring of the same year I was favoured to hear the late Mr. Tanner of Cirencester, one week evening; and his discourse was a great confirmation to what I had already passed through, as being the Lord's work on my soul. I had not spoken to any person about my exercises of mind, but he (Mr. Tanner) told me them all. This spoiled me ever after, for free-will preaching, and made me greatly desire, and seek after experimental things. But at *that time* such a favour was not within my reach; for my body had become so weak, and various family trials pressed so heavily upon me, that I sank very low; which continued more or less for a considerable time. But by the help of the Lord the Spirit I was enabled to pour out my complaints unto God; and sometimes in the night time, when those around me were asleep, and he has strengthened my faith so that I have been held up and led on.

In the year 1866 we were in the order of providence removed to Oxford, and now although my trials continued I was favoured to hear the Gospel preached by some of the Lord's servants; which, at times was more to me than my necessary food.

After a time, I was invited by the friends to join the church, which I felt to be a great privilege, as I dearly loved the Lord's house, and his people. I joined the church in 1871, and have felt great union of soul to the dear friends, and received much syn-

pathy from them in my family trials, and sad bereavements.

Since I have been left a widow, (having lost my husband in the month of September, 1889)), I have had entirely to depend upon the Lord for temporal mercies, as well as for Spiritual blessings; and for the most part of my time I have been weak in body, and low in my mind; but at times I have been helped to look forward to that 'rest that remaineth for the children of God.'" Here Mrs. Leach closes up the brief account she has written of herself; and, it is further added, that she was a very grateful recipient of the funds of the A.P.F.S., and the P.R. Societies, and has often been broken down in her feelings (when she has received the pensions) at the goodness of the Lord to her in the paths of life. The solemn words, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven," were verified in her experience nearly all her wilderness pathway; but the Lord often favoured her in her soul and supported her under her various trials; which greatly helped her at times to watch his hand, and which showed her the true meaning of these words: "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Her last illness was of a very distressing nature, and at the commencement of it she passed through much darkness of mind, and had to endure many sharp conflicts with the Arch-enemy of souls; fearing as she did, that after all her profession she would prove to be a hypocrite, and a castaway! This great struggle with the enemy lasted two days and one night, but during the evening of the second day the dear Lord very graciously broke in upon her soul with his Fatherly care, goodness, and mercy, of which blessed acts of kindness, pity, and compassion she was able to speak well for a long time afterwards. From her early days to that very particular evening she mentioned many sweet seasons her soul had passed through, and in which she was much favoured, so as to hold most blessed communion with God.

She was taken worse on January 17th (Saturday), and on the Sunday (which was the last day she was conscious), she quoted the following lines to her daughter:

*"I, too, amid the sacred throng,  
Low at his feet would fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all,"*

repeating the last line several times. After this she gradually sank, and passed peacefully away about five o'clock on Wednesday, January 21st, 1903, to be "for ever with the Lord." "The memory of the just is blessed." W.H.

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But if the law cannot shew the offender mercy, does it leave him without hope? Yes. It can shew him no mercy, nor does it give him any hope. It convinces him of sin, condemns him for it, and sentences him to the first and to the second death.—ROMAINE.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1903.

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

## THE MOURNING LIKE A DOVE, AND THE LORD HELPING THE OPPRESSED SOUL.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE  
MR. F. COVELL, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON,  
ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1862.

“Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. What shall I say? he hath spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.”—ISAIAH XXXVIII. 14-15.

IN the morning we noticed what a poor opinion the child of God had of his own prayers, how little he thought God regarded them, seeing he had them in such little estimation in his own sight. He compared them, and they are to him, as the chattering of a crane or a swallow; but, as we noticed, these were the effects of a broken spirit, and as such he was acceptable before God. We then noticed the sincerity and simplicity of the soul: “I did mourn as a dove,” to shew the uprightness of the soul, and his earnestness on account of what he felt, and the desire after the Son of God, and that he might bring forth more fruit; so that, as Hezekiah said, it was the mourning of the dove. Now will we pass on.

“Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward.” What short-breathed Christians we are, how soon brought to a stand, soon panting, as it were, for breath unless God come to our aid! But the child of God proves there is a time for every purpose under the sun. His time is always ready, but God’s time is the best. While God is coming and waiting for the fit time the soul comes here: “Mine eyes fail with looking upward”—which brings him to cry out, “Make haste, O God, make haste!” But I tell thee if thine eyes have been turned away from every other object and so have been brought here: “I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help”—thou wilt not fail. No! no!

and though faith may be hard put to it in the life and power of it, though thy hope in the feeling of it and thy poor heart be sore thrust at, yet thou wilt not sink. Hear what God saith—"When the poor and the needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, then I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys:" when all other things fail. But we are so anxious for God to come before everything else fails, then we say, "Arise, for my help!" Then the eyes look straight on, and thine eyelids straight before thee, "I the God of Israel will not forsake them, I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys." Who ever looked for a river at the top of a hill? "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of valleys"—to give drink to his cho-en. "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth." Now God arises; he shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor and him that hath no helper. Lo, when nearly gone, you see, sinner, then God arises! What for? To get himself a name and praise; then we acknowledge it is the Lord. You never find that God comes too late, though at times, he puts the faith, the hope, and the love, of his people to the greatest test. Hence David said, at one time, "Mine eyes fail for thy word." But God did not fail him. But he found it to be true that when he was driven from all other? then God appeared. So God will make us prove. In vain is salvation looked for from the hills and from the multitude of the mountains—truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel. Now, as this good man says here in this chapter, Hezekiah turned his face to the wall. None could help or bring him out of his present trouble; finding that God did not come so quickly he said that it would fail, but he lived to prove that God's time was the best, and the mount of Danger is the place where we shall see surprising grace; and if thine eye be brought simply here to look, if thou art resting here, thou wilt not fail, but thou shalt be brought to say with this good man, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee as I do this day." You shall come in with David when he says, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage; and he shall strengthen thine heart." He says in another place, "I waited patiently on the Lord; and he heard me;" he never turned away to any other source. This is where the Blessed Spirit brings all his people: "My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." So the captive exile hastens that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail; and God says, "Why sayest

thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. 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; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

"Mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." How closely does the child of God keep to the Almighty! You cannot drive him from this refuge, because the Lord is a refuge for the oppressed in times of trouble; they that know his name will put their trust in him. I will tell you another thing. The more you are oppressed, the nearer God is for delivering you; the more your burden bows you down, the closer you call on the Lord Jesus for help. Every child of God finds this to be true. They shall cry to the Lord because of their oppressors; then shall he send them a Saviour, and a great one. These had cried on account of their oppressors, and he will break in pieces the oppressor. This oppression, let it come from what quarter it may, squeezes the man in his feelings, that it makes him cry aloud. It is said that when God came down to Moses his words were: "I have seen the oppression of my people Israel; and I am come to deliver them." What did this oppression do? It made them groan to God; and as they groaned God said, "I have seen and heard it, and am come down to deliver them." If your troubles are as a heavy burden on you remember that God says he will send a Saviour and a great one, who shall deliver out of the hand of the oppressor. Deliverance is at hand, for God says that when the oppressed seek for him with all their heart they shall find him; so when the soul seeks after God he shall find him. Now these oppressions come from many causes. Sometimes they come from the reproach of men, the lies of the ungodly; sometimes the hard words of God's people against any of the others; sometimes the contempt of the children of God against seeking timid folk—this is an oppression, and the child of God finds it so, knowing it in the integrity of his heart, and wanting God and heaven, he thinks everyone can see and read the simplicity of his heart; then some throw cold water on it, and doubt it, so that with

He lies of the ungodly, and the hard speeches of them that fear God too, how he is oppressed! He says in his heart, "If it had not been from these folk, I could have borne it." But God makes a blessing of it! Why? "I am oppressed; undertake for me." How it drives the man from placing confidence in the testimony of mortals; and when God answers him in any way he feels that he has found the truth of the Scripture; "Cast thy burden on the Lord; and he shall sustain thee."

Again the sinner knows the oppressions caused by unbelief—what an oppressing thing is that! Where is thy God? Why does he not appear for thee? It seems to bind the hands, and cripple the prayers. He knows too what it is to be oppressed by the devil. He will torment the man at times by day when he is in the house of God, when he is at prayer, when he is reading the Word; for instance: Here the man sits before God, while things of eternal moment, death and judgment, are being proclaimed, taken up with some foolish thing or another. Sometimes it has to do with this man, or that woman, or something he is going to do or has done; and he tries to think of other things, tries to fix his mind, but it is of no use; so the man goes out chafed in spirit and burdened in heart. So he finds it too in prayer, for you may depend on this that when the sons of God come to worship Satan comes among them! Some persons go to prayer before they go out in the morning, or when they go to bed at night; when such rise from their knees the thing is done and over though they may not have had five minutes' thought; but this man having a spiritual nature is perplexed and hardly knows what he has said. Sometimes foolish and wretched things come into his heart so that at times he feels the greatest confusion; he knows something of what oppression is so he cries feelingly, "Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me!" How distressed he is when he cannot do the things that he would! Have you ever felt this? If you have, how it has brought you to say, "Undertake for me!" He knows too what it is to be oppressed with difficulties and troubles in things of time and sense; perhaps the man has a family then the cares of providing for it will oppress his mind, save when faith is at work and can lay hold of the power of the Almighty, and God makes his feet like hinds' feet. But when this is not felt every small debt, unless he has the means to meet it, is an oppression. Sometimes the poor sinner has all these things together—the reproach of saints, the contempt of fools, the devil tempting him, and temporal troubles. Then he will be driven close to the Son

of God. The kingdom suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force ; they cannot give it up, they can take no denial, whither can they go ? None can bring them through. Poor sinner, if all these things are trying thee, God has a way in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. Whoever would have thought that when the Israelites, oppressed by the Egyptians, cried, "Why hast thou made us abhorred in the sight of Pharaoh and put a sword in his hand to slay us ;" and even Moses said, "Lord, thou hast not delivered this people at all ;" who, I say, would have thought that God would come down, as he did, and bring them through ? So if you are brought here, and your eyes are up to the hills whence cometh your help, and you know not what to do, God will turn the shadow of death into the morning. God knows how to deliver. Cast all your care on him, for he careth for you.

"Undertake for me." Now the words of the man's mouth express the feelings of his heart, and God that seeth in secret shall reward him openly ; so the thicker your troubles are and the lower you sink under them the nearer you are to God's deliverance. You may depend upon it that when we can see, as we think, a better way, God will let us try it all we can, that he may have all the praise ! If you look into God's Word—for what was written aforetime was written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope—you will find a poor man that was oppressed as much as you are and lower too. Perhaps you may not have all these things against you, perhaps there may be some not so hard beset by the devil and who possess the sympathy of God's people with them, but their trouble may be in the things of time and sense. On the other hand there may be some who possessing the things of this life are burdened by sin and unbelief and these make it hard for them to get along ; while there may be others whose troubles are to be found in the reproach and hard speech of God's people to them. But if you have all this trouble, in God's Word you will find that he undertakes and brings his people through. In the case of poor Job we see the devil against him, his friends against him, his children gone, and all his property swept away—while he is praying God turns his captivity, and he comes forth as gold from the fire ; as the Psalmist says, "We went through fire and through water : but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." My friends, if troubles drive you to the Almighty and you are enabled to rest your burden on him you will find that he will arise on your behalf for he is a refuge

for the oppressed, and finding and feeling this truth will bring you to trust in the Lord.

“O Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me: What shall I say?” Say, this is the man who will speak well for God. Say, there is no God like unto my God, pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin. When God has brought his people out of their troubles they will speak for his name. What a poor religion that is that has not something to say for God, as the good man here says, “He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it.” If I were to come to each of you, and say, ‘What have you to say for God?’ Can you say, “I was brought low and he helped me?” Can you say, “Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him?” Can you say, “I was oppressed, and the Lord undertook for me?” Can you say, “I called on the Lord, and he heard me?” Why, poor sinner, if you cannot say something of that what witness are you for God? God, speaking of his people, says, They are as “a city set on a hill that cannot be hid.” All his works praise him, but his saints bless him, they speak of his goodness, and talk of his power. “What shall I say?” This good man had something to say. How low he was brought first in his sickness, how low he was brought in his temporal circumstances! Now, as David says, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.” “What shall I say?” The weakest and most fearful in the house of God has something to say. I will tell you what they will say: “It is of the Lord’s mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.” These have something to say; they will speak well of his name, for at times, they feel that if they did not say something the very stones would cry out. Hence the Psalmist says, “The pains of hell gat hold upon me; then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul: gracious is the Lord, and merciful.” Hence you hear Jonah exclaim, “I will pay that that I have vowed, Salvation is of the Lord.” They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies.” So here is something to say.

“What shall we say?” Why, that there is nothing like unto the blessed Son of God. I was filthy and he washed me, a beggar and he clothed me, far off and he brought me nigh. What, nothing to say? My friends, if you have nothing to say in what a sad condition it will be to be found at last! When the King came in to see the guests at supper he saw a man without a wedding-garment, and he said to him, “Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedd-



ing garment?" And he was speechless. Then said the King, "Bind him hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness." You will find that the child of God has something to say of the goodness of God, of the faithfulness of God, and how the Lord has appeared for him again and again. What a poor religion it is that can only be talking of what one does. Why, I come to chapel, or go to church, I read the Bible, attend to prayer, am consistent, am circumspect. Now, you see that is all *we* have done. What shall we say? Can you not say that God has made you feel that you are a sinner? "What shall I say?" Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. The Holy Spirit is wisdom to guide me, he draws me to prayer and enables me to prevail with God. What a mercy it is to have something to say! If you look into God's Word you will find from the beginning to end the saints all had something to say for God. As it was then so it is now; every child of God has something to say on God's behalf. He has a good deal to say against himself, and the forbearance of God towards him. "What shall I say? he hath spoken unto me, and himself hath done it." What a mercy to be brought here in feeling! "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." To have the ear opened to hear, for he shall find that sooner or later God will speak. When God speaks there is power communicated. This religion is not a religion a good way off; the child of God has a religion of his own, it is not what this or that man has, it comes nearer home. As you are here before God you are all professing people. Do you know what it is for God to speak to you by the Ministry of the Word? did you ever hear God speak? "He hath spoken unto me." How did God speak? Why, he spoke to him through the prophet. If you say, No, you have not heard God speak; then why do you come? To the man or woman taught of God it is, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." What does he find? At times God's doctrine drops as the rain and his speech distils as the dew; and the man or woman who hears this voice, says, "I did find thy word, and did eat it; and it was sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." And such truly knows he or she is the one to whom God has a special favour, just as when God said, "Samuel, Samuel," and he answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Do you know what this is? If so what an unspeakable mercy! God will speak peace to his people and to his saints, and will not let them turn again to folly. Of others God says, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in

vain they do worship me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." But the soul taught of God comes here: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, and let his right hand embrace me;" and the poor soul will not be put off. When the man is in trouble and brought low, and knows something of what these oppressions are, and when God speaks home sensibly he feels, "It is the voice of my beloved, behold he cometh;" then his faith is encouraged, hope is strengthened, and he feels that "he is in his sight as one that finds favour." What a poor religion it must be going to God again and again with petitions, and never having an answer from him. A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth, and a word spoken in season; how good it is! "He hath both spoken unto me." Why, my friends, if I did not realise again and again what it is for God to speak to me I should not rest. How does God speak? By encouraging my soul, lifting on me the light of his countenance; and I hear him speak to my soul as sensibly as I hear the voice of a friend. Here is Hezekiah alone before God, his face to the wall, pleading before God: "Remember how I have walked before thee in truth and uprightness." Then God speaks: "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold I will add unto thy days fifteen years." Oh! "he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it!" Hence you hear Jacob say, "Didst thou not say to me?" "He hath both spoken to me." If it were God's will how I would stir you up never to rest in anything short of God's speaking to the heart. I am sure that if God has ever spoken to your heart you will never be satisfied with hearing anyone else speak but God. You are listening for God to speak when you are bringing out your troubles before him, and when you are hearing his word, and when that word comes it puts more joy in your heart than the wicked ever knew in the increase of their corn and wine. When God comes he turns the shadow of death into the morning, and every affection of the heart welcomes him. "He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it." It is all of God, what a secret there is in real religion; it is God and the soul, the soul and the Almighty! As the scripture says, "the stranger intermeddleth not with his joy." May God bless you with such a religion!

Now, sometimes to confirm us in what he has wrought in our hearts in his love to us he suffers us to come into these troubles of which I have been speaking, that we may be at a point of what a prayer-hearing God he is, that we may realise, as this good man did, that he hath spoken unto us,

and himself hath done it. Whatever it costs you, you will bless God for bringing you this way, though he is pleased at times to bring you low through oppression, affliction and sorrow; he will bring you out here. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men." This brings the man to speak for God; this is a religion that will do him good when he comes to die. Now, I do not know how it may be with you, but I want a religion that will do me good in the article of death. What a bubble is this world, and in death how the man sees and feels it, what vanity there is in everything below the sun! Time is fast running out with us; then to have religion that will do us no good, to have a religion that you have picked up, one that has pleased your vain mind; to look then into eternity and to have nothing to rest on. But on the other hand to be able then to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "God hath both spoken unto me," and hath told me that he will be with me in six troubles, and in seven no evil shall come nigh me. Oh, what will it be when thy God brings thee to see whether there be any vitality in thy religion?

"No big words of ready talkers,  
No dry doctrine will suffice;  
Broken hearts and humble walkers,  
These are near in Jesu's eyes:  
Tinkling sounds of disputation,  
Naked knowledge, all are vain;  
Every soul that gains salvation  
Must and shall be born again."

Thus it is God speaking to the man and woman. May God grant you such a religion! if not you will hear him speak at last in rebukes of fire. Oh! that it may never be your case. "Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. What shall I say? he hath both spoken unto me, and hath himself done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul."

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We must experimentally learn this truth:—"My strength is made perfect in weakness!" We know that our desolate hearts are often barren beyond description; and that God alone is able to "turn the barren land into fruitfulness, and the dry ground into springs of water." These are the wonderful works of God, who says,—"*I the Lord do all these things;*" and he makes us to believe and know it, by letting us feel that "*Without him we can do nothing.*"—*Dennett.*

## “Gospel Standard” Poor Relief Society.

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THE Committee of the “Gospel Standard Poor Relief Society” find themselves under the necessity of making an especial appeal to its friends and subscribers for further and more liberal help. The number of its pensioners is ever growing; and it would be painful in the extreme to be obliged to turn away really deserving cases which are continually being brought before the Committee. Also the amount of the pensions has been doubled since the commencement of the Society’s beneficent work. To meet this largely increased, and continually increasing outlay an augmentation of the Society’s income is necessary.

Our appeal for such augmentation is made on two grounds. 1st. The obligation the Lord has laid on all to whom power is given to do so to remember their poor brethren. “If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother..... Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land” (Duet. xv. 7-11). Passages of this import need not be multiplied, as they will occur to all Bible readers. And this was the uniform practice of the early disciples. In Judah’s need the poor brethren were cared for. “Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judah: which also they did, and sent to the elders by the hands of Barnabus and Saul” (Acts xi. 29-30). May the Lord impress this sweet obligation on the hearts of His people, and press it home by the above beautiful example.

2nd. On the ground of privilege. “He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.” “He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again” (Prov. xiv. 21; xix. 17). The churches of Macedonia abounded in liberality out of their deep poverty; and Paul bore testimony to, and would have the godly Corinthians provoked to love and good works by such an example. (2 Cor. viii. 21-26.) A righteous man is ever merciful, and therefore esteems it a privilege to lend and give. (Psa. xxxvii. 21-26.)

On this two-fold ground, then, of obligation divinely imposed, of privilege, also given by the Lord, the Committee earnestly ask all to whom power is given, into whose hands this appeal may come, to make it possible for the Poor Relief Society to continue the present pensions, and to go on adding to the number of pensioners as applications are made according to Rule.

The Committee can but believe that the Lord has been glorified by the thanksgiving of many for the help afforded by the Society; and it would seem little short of a calamity among us if, through want of funds, even a part of this glorifying of His Holy Name were cut off.

The Committee would be thankful if those churches which are able would kindly have collections for their Society. By such means many who cannot pay an annual subscription would thus have, and gladly embrace, an opportunity to give even out of their “deep poverty.” The good Lord take the care of a needy, useful Society into His own most gracious hands, and honour it yet more and more by making it increasingly His almoner.

THE COMMITTEE.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROFF, OF  
STOW-IN-THE-WOLD.

Dear Mrs. S.,—I received yours which brought me the intelligence of another of the dear saints of the Most High, in the person of our mutual friend and brother Sm. C., who is taken from a world replete with sin, sorrow and tribulation, to a world of glory to see his long-loved, long-served Jesus, just as he is, as the Lamb that has been slain, from the foundation of the world, in his dear glorified humanity, in that same body that lay in Mary's womb and Joseph's tomb, that groaned in the garden, cried on the cross in all the agony of soul amazement, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." O ponderous question. Why, O why was he, the great forsaken One, forsaken by all, and to finish the amazing picture, forsaken by his dear, dear, Father? O my soul, O my friend, have we not an humble hope; it was, that with all his dear elect, we may not be forsaken for ever and ever.

Well, our brother is gone, his spirit is fled, and his poor, frail and painful body now is asleep in the chamber of his dear Lord Jesus, who has got the key on his holy shoulders, and will watch over it, with all the care and tenderness of a brother's eye, as the price of blood, his ever precious blood, and will raise it up again at the last day, and will lose nothing of the purchase of his blood. But though our brother is dead the dear elder Brother still lives, nay, ever lives, and with all the warmth of a brother's love, to intercede for all his dear elect whose persons he loved, whose cause he espoused, and never rested till he appeared before the throne, with a,—Father, here am I and the children thou hast given me, I here present them unto thee without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, holy and without blame in love. Among whom of which presented ones is numbered dear C. (and believing your testimony of your late father) his tried and faithful friend M. M., who went a little while before, but who is now joined with all the glorified elect by his dear friend S., as another component part of the mystic body and the chosen family.

From your letter I find the dear old saint did not say much on his bed of death, which no doubt was a disappointment to many, and viewed through the distorting medium of unbelief and carnal reasoning, may show a gloomy face; but my dear friend must know with all the spiritually taught, that his salvation depended not on the spirit work within him, clear and desirable and indispensable as it is, but in the works of him, both in what he has said and done, when in the triumphs of his cross, he cried, "It is finished, it is finished," bowing his head and giving up the ghost.

In my converse with the Lord's family and by observation, I find it is in the works and wisdom of the judge of the whole earth to suffer those who can say least in life to say much in death, while one that has long known and said much about his gracious

Lord in life, to lie almost quietly down, to the disappointment and grief of those left, still more happy, but not more secure the glorified spirits in heaven. Perhaps it might be more profitable to our spirits if you were to give me a more minute detail of the last and closing scene; also present my kind regards to the bereaved widow and family of our departed friend, together with your dear husband and friends. I am about as usual, still progressing towards the time appointed for all living, but, if spared, hope to see you in September; will you receive me for the truth's sake? This I submit to you as the Lord's servant, leaving it with him to settle the matter; my dear wife is better. With Christian love, believe me, yours in the Gospel,

R. ROFF.

Lower Snell, Stow-in-the-Wold.

June 9th, 1859.

A TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE AS  
 MANIFESTED IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE  
 LATE MR. DANIEL KEEVIL, Minister of the Gospel.  
 (Partly written by Himself).

*(Concluded from page 211.)*

It was under these painful circumstances that on one occasion he was engaged to preach at Alvescott, in Oxfordshire; and having no money to pay his expenses, the enemy set in upon him, telling him that if he were a servant of God, he would not have been in such miserable circumstances. This distressed him much, and filled his mind with great anxiety; when he was led to tell the Lord that if he were his servant, and had a work for him to do at Alvescott he must bear his expenses as his means were exhausted. He felt much liberty in pleading with the Lord, and was enabled to fall into his gracious hands, feeling sure that it would all come right in the end although he could not tell how. The promise was given him, but he had to wait for the fulfilment of it. Previous to his setting off on his journey to Alvescott a dear friend of his called to see him, who, after enquiring of his welfare, gave him half a sovereign with the hope that it would do him good; and truly it was a great help bestowed upon him in a time of real need. My husband gratefully thanked him for his kindness, and said, "The Lord gave me faith to believe that help would come," and strange as it may appear to some, another half sovereign was received in the same manner, and from a man who had never seen my husband before. Thus he was provided with the necessary means to go and preach the Gospel to the Lord's people at Alvescott. This is one of the many special instances of God's providential care bestowed upon his servant, and how in after days he loved to record the gracious acts of kindness bestowed upon him for the encouragements of his tried

and exercised family, and to the honour and glory of the Lord! He was a dear lover of Zion. More than once I have heard him say that the things of God, and the house of God were dearer to his heart than all earthly things, and anyone who watched his daily life would see that it was so. He was a kind husband, and an affectionate father, and always studied to make his home comfortable, but the things of God stood first with him, and everything else was put in subjection to those all-important matters.

But I must come now towards the closing part of his life here on earth, and would say that in his every-day life he lived the Gospel he professed and preached, and I believe the Lord honoured him in so doing. While living at Smethwick, near Birmingham, some of his friends thought that it would have been better for him if he had never gone there; while others of his friends have reason to bless God that ever he was brought there; but I will leave that matter with the Judge of all the earth who never makes any mistakes. But it was very evident the Lord was with him there. For more than three years at intervals he was greatly afflicted and suffered much pain. Various remedies were tried to give him relief, and which helped him for a time but failed in the end, when he would say, "These remedies are but little good, the house (body) has got to come down, and this affliction appears to be sent to bring me to the grave." He was enabled to fill his engagements among the churches until February 16th, 1902, but was often very unfit to leave home, through suffering much pain, but it never inconvenienced him when in the pulpit, and there the Lord stood by him and strengthened him in his work. He would not be prevailed upon to give up, and take a little rest for a time while he was just able to get to the house of God. He refused to call in the doctor, as he said, "he will forbid me going out on the Lord's day; and I feel I must go if I can get to God's earthly courts." He left home on the following Saturday, which was the last time he went out, but he was very ill, although when in the pulpit he felt to be lifted above the pains of his body; he preached morning and evening and was much helped in doing so. The closing hymn for the evening service was 211, Gadsby's Selection:

"Now to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honour given;  
He saves from hell, (we bless his name;)  
He calls our wandering feet to heaven."

He said how much he enjoyed the singing of the hymn, as it was just in accordance with what he had advanced in his evening's discourse; and he said he felt it to be a grand finish. So ended his ministerial labours which covered a space of forty-seven years; out of which long period he did not think there had been ten Lord's days on which he had not been engaged in the name of the Lord; and how he had proved the faithfulness of God

throughout the whole course of his ministry! The word that the Lord gave him at the commencement of it was: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, And lo I am with you, even unto the end." Many have testified how the Lord has been with him, and even at the close of his ministry it was a wonderful instance of the faithfulness of God to him after so many years' labour in the work of the Lord.

After his return home medical aid was called in, and it was found out that he was suffering from an incurable disease, which sad tidings he received very calmly, and said, "Thank you, doctor, it is just what I expected." From that time it was truly wonderful how he began to waste in flesh; but as the outer man decayed, so the inner man was renewed day by day. On one occasion he said, "Perhaps even now I may die in harness; for how often have I wished I could go straight to heaven from the pulpit." Thus he still hoped to be able to go to his beloved work on the following Sabbath, but when he found that he was not able to go out to preach as usual he said in a solemn tone of voice, "*My work is done!*" . . . . On the Sabbath morning he was not able to rise from his bed, and as I took him a little nourishment he looked at me and said, "What a mercy if I was going to heaven to-day and join in the assembly 'where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end.'" Then looking upward he said, with much feeling, "Happy songsters, happy songsters, when shall I your chorus join." He was able to get down stairs about eleven o'clock, and when seated in his chair he said, "As we cannot get to the house of God to-day we must keep up our rule, you will please read a portion of the Word, and I will try and spend a little time in prayer," which he did in a very solemn feeling manner. He told the Lord how he had enjoyed the services of his house, and if he had nothing more for him to do in his vineyard, he asked him to shorten tribulation's days and take him home. He earnestly prayed for the welfare of God's Zion, and felt inwardly grieved that he could not join in the assembly of the saints. . . . Later on in the day, and when in much pain, he asked me to read that beautiful hymn of dear Mr. Toplady's, beginning

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

which he much enjoyed. On February 24th, when I went to assist him, he looked so weary, and said—

"When shall my spirit exchange,  
This cell of corruptible clay;  
For mansions celestial, and range  
Through realms of ineffable day."

Many gracious words fell from his lips during the day, and in the evening he spoke freely from the first verse of Psalm cxvi. At another time he said, "I have no great joy, but I am looking



to, and relying on the faithfulness of God who told me many years ago that he would take me to heaven. . . .” Since my last entry there have been many weighty expressions dropped from his lips, but for want of an opportunity, I could not record them; but he dwelt much upon the faithfulness of God towards him all through his wilderness journey. He asked me to read to him from the book of Revelation the description John has given of heaven; after I had done so he said, “That is my future home.” He then asked for hymn 477 (Gadsby’s) to be read,

“Give me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.”

Also the 583, and as each verse was read to him he very sweetly commented upon it. Later on he asked to have read to him John xvi., after which he said how blessedly he had been led into the various branches of truth contained in that chapter since he had been confined to his bed, and compared himself to a bird, going from one branch to another to obtain some blessed truth for his soul’s support! He desired me to say to a friend to whom I was going to write, that “I can say in the prospect of death,

‘Hail blessed time! Lord bid me come!  
 And enter my celestial home.’”

After a little sleep he said, “Happy songsters, when shall I your chorus join.” When the nature of his illness was known amongst his friends many of them visited him from far and near, and he was able to converse with them freely upon the things of God. Indeed it was his meat and drink so to do. Several expressed themselves well paid for their journey from the gracious effect his spiritual conversation had upon their souls. He expressed his grateful feelings for being helped to preach Jesus Christ once more; and he wished to shout out those blessed Gospel truths that all the earth might hear them, if so were the will of God.

On March 6th, as I entered his room, I thought he was dosing, and felt afraid to disturb him, but he said, “I am still here: the Lord’s chariot has not come yet to fetch me home, but I am waiting for it! I do so want to go to heaven; O the hope of Israel!” He then repeated in a solemn manner these lines—

“He (Christ) a spotless victim,  
 Upon Mount Calvary bled,  
 Jehovah did afflict him  
 And bruised him in my stead;  
 Hence, all my hope arises,  
 Unworthy as I am,  
 My soul most surely prizes  
 The sin-atoning Lamb.”

On March 11th (his birthday) he got down stairs with great effort, which was the last time he did so, and as the doctor called about that time he asked him if he saw any signs of dissolution?

The doctor hesitated, when he said, "You need not hesitate to say, doctor, for I am not afraid of death! for I have had the words sounding within me, 'The mansion is quite prepared!' and I replied, 'I am quite ready, Lord.' How it leads me back to the time when these words were applied to me, 'I go to prepare a place for you, etc.'" He then asked for his Bible and hymn-book, and in a most solemn manner he read Joshua iii. chapter, and the 143 hymn (Gadsby's), and then he very earnestly engaged in prayer, entreating the Lord's blessing upon every member of his family, and in a most feeling manner he committed himself into the hands of his covenant-keeping God, and expressed his longing desire for the Lord to come and take him home, that he might see him as he is and be like him. He then said, "I do so want to go to heaven, and to see Jesus as he is." Once, when he saw us weeping at the prospect of soon losing him, he said, "Now, how can you wish me to stay here when you rightly consider where I am going to, and the heavenly company I shall be in? There is nothing here that has any charms for me, and I am only going a little while first." He then exclaimed in the following language:

"On wings of faith, mount up my soul and rise;  
View thine inheritance beyond the skies,  
No heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell  
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell.  
There, my Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious."

(Hymn 585, Ripon's Selection.)

He would often say something to me about heaven, and about getting safely home, and what a blessing that would be after travelling many thousands of miles to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was a very affecting sight one evening as nearly all the family were gathered round his dying bed, to see and hear him speak to them so freely of the Lord's watchful care over him all through life, and of the different promises he had given him to rest upon in various times of trouble; and how he had fulfilled them in bringing him safely down to the Jordan of Death. After giving his children, that were round about him, some very seasonable advice for their future welfare, he asked his youngest son to read the forty-eighth chapter of the book of Genesis, after which he committed all present to the merciful care and kind keeping of that God who had led him, and fed him, all his life through, and finished up his heartfelt prayer by imploring the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to rest on each of his children, and upon his children's children if it be his gracious will and pleasure. But I must now come to the closing scene of his life.

On April 5th he suffered much pain, and was very restless all through the night. I tried to persuade him to keep in bed, but he said, "No, I must get out; it is death that has come upon me, and I feel that I have entered the Jordan," and his mouth was

in a terrible state arising from the complaint from which he suffered. A more patient sufferer there never could be, as not one murmuring word escaped his lips, and from the time his labours in the ministry were ended he had a longing desire to depart and be with Christ; but not the least impatience was ever manifested. He would tell his friends who visited him that the truths of the Gospel he had preached to them for many years past were his support and comfort in the prospect of death, and he could die upon them, and he wanted no new religion. Many other blessed things he said at intervals during the Sabbath; and when some friends had left him, to whom he had spoken freely on spiritual things, he said to me, "This is the last Sabbath I shall spend in this room," and truly it was so. Then, after making some remarks about his dismissal, and what would be required, he commenced to speak in just the same orderly manner as if he was preaching to a large congregation, basing his remarks on these words, "Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." (Romans viii. 30.) Taking each head separately, and in closing his remarks he said, "The Lord predestinated in the counsels of eternity to call me by his grace at the age of thirteen years; and then after receiving the solemn effects of God's holy law from Mount Sinai for five years, justification was made known in my conscience through that precious blood flowing from Emmanuel's veins, then for forty-seven years my mouth was opened to preach the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ, and now what remains to follow but eternal glory." Then putting up his hands he exclaimed, "And all arising from the everlasting, and electing love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I regret there was not someone present to take down all he said in shorthand, but after this time, one of his daughters, and a friend who was present, took down a few of his heart-felt expressions as they dropped from his lips through the night. The following are a few of those utterances as understood:—

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

"I am on the borders of Jordan, waiting for the Lord to call me hence. I want to see Jesus; yes, I do! There is nothing in this world that I desire. O the deep mysteries of the love of God! the Rock on which I build my hope! No special joy, but I feel a firm resting on the Rock of eternal ages. His glory I shall soon see with new admiring eyes; there 'with him to live, with him to reign; And never, never part again.'"

"I am living this day to record the faithfulness of God to me for more than sixty years, and I can say that not one thing has failed of all the Lord has promised me. 'And I know, that all things have worked together for good.' Our union has not, I

hope, been unprofitable. We have been established, and confirmed in the Gospel, and may the Lord help you to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. Lord, guide me safely over the Jordan of Death! Oh! that the Lord would say, 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.' . . . I thank you all for your kindness to me, it has been great; and now I am going to glory! O the love of Christ, in spite of sin, and death, and hell, in bringing any poor sinner to glory.

'I soon shall reach the harbour,  
To which I speed my way;  
Shall cease from all my labour,  
And there for ever stay.'

The above are a few of my dear husband's last utterances, and he continued in the same blessed strain of expressions until within a few minutes of his soul's departure to eternal glory, when, being made comfortable in his bed, a sweet smile came over his countenance; he spoke no more, but lay with his eyes fixed upwards as though gazing upon something which to us was invisible; he then closed his eyes to all below, and yielded up his soul to God who gave it without a sigh or groan, and his ransomed spirit was absent from the body and present with the Lord. Thus ended the mortal career of one who through grace was preserved unto the end.

B. J. KEEVIL.

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"COME OVER AND HELP US!" BEING A LETTER  
WRITTEN TO MR. NEWTON, of Tunbridge Wells.

Dear Sir and Brother,—I call you *brother* because I have been drawn to you more than once while reading your sermons in the "G.S." I am, no doubt, forgotten by you, and may be said to be a stranger to you, but, thanks be to God, I trust I know something of the truths you preach; and I was brought into feeling touch with you while reading in the "G.S." the sermon you preached in East Peckham in May last. I have heard you preach a number of times in your chapel in Tunbridge Wells many years ago—I think it was in the year 1881 or 1882—but I was then a stranger to God and his truth.

You doubtless knew my late father, a former member of Rehoboth Chapel, Mr. John Simmons, who went to his reward a few years ago.

I can give no excuse for addressing you other than my desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to God for the help that I have received from your sermons. I have a number of them in the house, and one comes to my mind just now—published in the "G.S." a year or more ago—preached, I believe, on the occasion of your acceptance of the call to "Hanover Church," in reading which I had a great uplifting. The sermons published in the "Tunbridge Wells Gospel Pulpit" were also a great help to me in my early Christian life; for it was in the year 1884, after having been in this far-away land nearly two years, that the

great God who doeth all things after the counsel of his own will brought me to a feeling sense of my utter helplessness and lost condition, by nature before him, and led me to cry mightily unto him, "What must I do to be saved?" It was about the time that you went from Tunbridge Wells, when I used to go to hear Mr. W. Smith, that I was first led to see what a great sinner I was; and while crossing the Atlantic in June, 1882, this conviction deepened into a great fear of death, and I promised God to do great things if he would only bring me safely to land. Before that time I had been trying to rid myself first of one sin and then another, my first act in that direction being to sign a temperance pledge; and so true to that was I that in my great sea-sickness I would not touch any spirits, fearing that in so doing I should be committing a sin. But how soon these convictions passed away when I got on to dry land! I went from bad to worse, and soon discovered how helpless I was in the hands of the tempter until God, by his grace, gave me a view of Christ. I thought of that time when I was reading your sermon in which you explained the difference between Cain and Abel and others.

I fear I have written far more than I intended to do when I commenced this letter, so I had better stay my hand or I shall weary you with a long letter, but I do feel that I must send you a word of encouragement, and close in the language of your text: "Leave not my soul destitute;" and I would add: May you find, as I have found during the past seventeen years, "God to be a very present help in time of trouble!" I know not how I should get along without the "Gospel Standard," for the nearest place in which the truths taught therein are preached, is between seventy and eighty miles from here; but their pastor or some other brother from the United States comes over one or twice a year, when twenty or thirty meet to hear the truth. How, from my inmost soul, I wish that some of the able brethren in England could hear the "Macedonian cry," "Come over, and help us!" This is a fine city, and in many respects reminds me of Tunbridge Wells; and I believe that God has a number of his "little ones" here who love the truth, but who have no minister who is bold enough to preach it. We have here a population of about twenty thousand, and the place has been called "a city of churches," but how little of "the truth as it is in Jesus" is taught!

Please pardon my addressing you, one of God's chosen ministers, and to whom I trust God will give health and strength to go in and out among his people. Give my kind regards to Mr. W. Smith of "Rehoboth" when you see him; he, no doubt, will remember me for I dined with him about eleven years ago at his house when I was in England in 1891, also to Brother Stephenson, deacon, I think he is, at "Rehoboth." I wrote to him some years ago, but I have never heard from him—he was a great friend of my father. Yours in Christian love,

FRED SIMMONS.

Brantford, Ontario, Canada. Dec. 14th, 1902.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE MRS. MARY KIRBY, Written by Herself; With an Account of her early Life, Written by her Son-in-law, Mr. E. Gantlett.

(Continued from page 79.)

On January 3rd, 1864, I heard Mr. Petty both solemnly and sweetly, and his discourse entered into my feelings. He told out my thoughts, and the things my mind had been exercised upon, for several days past. It made me both to adore and tremble; feeling assured that the dear Lord had inspired him what to say for my soul's comfort, and I felt the Lord's sensible presence so blessedly that I felt the place I was in to be a sacred spot indeed; and I seemed to sit in humble awe before my Maker; knowing as I did that my soul stood naked before God.

Sunday, January 10th, Mr. Chappell preached for us, and Oh! what a day of rejoicing it was to my soul! The table was richly spread with gospel dainties, and my soul was at that time hungering after righteousness, and I was permitted to eat of the delicious fare set before me; and was well satisfied. I cannot describe my feelings, or set forth the love I felt to my dear Lord and Saviour for his many mercies bestowed upon me, even upon one who is so ungrateful. How I wish I could praise him more and serve him better! When I am so favoured in the courts of the Lord's house; O how it makes me long for Sunday to come, that I may again be refreshed with the spiritual provisions God hath provided for the poor of his chosen people.

Monday evening, 25th, I heard Mr. Pocock, Senr., at Bourton, preach from these words: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii. 14). How very encouraging was his discourse to my poor doubting soul. For Satan had been harassing my mind again with many gloomy things; and telling me that perhaps after all I may be deceived, and so fall short at last of the promised rest. What distress and anguish it brought my soul into; but O what a strong and earnest cry went up out of my heart to the Lord for him to deliver me out of the hand of Satan; and how I hoped that by his servant that evening he would "bless me indeed," by giving me a token of his love in my heart, and assure me that he had heard, and would answer the voice of my supplications! O how I love to record the faithfulness of God to my soul; and to praise him for his great blessings so bountifully bestowed upon me! Well, my many doubts and fears all fled away as the dear man was tracing out the characters who had a right to the tree of life, and who are permitted to enter through the gates into the city. While he was so setting forth the characters, that are so favoured, I felt that my feet were placed so firmly upon the Rock of Eternal Ages, and such a sweet hope sprang up in my heart that I was one of those blessed characters that had a right to the tree of life. What an unspeakable love, and joy, and thankfulness I felt to the dear Redeemer whilst I sat listening to the

glorious Gospel of the grace of God. And, while receiving these glad tidings of great joy, what nearness, and sweet access I felt unto the Father of all mercies, and to the God of all grace, that it was as if heaven had begun here below. Thus I have again to record the wonderful favours of the Lord towards me in a time of real need, in answering my poor breathings, and in granting me the desires of my heart.

Mr. Petty, who was preaching for us later on, but who was weak in body, and low in his mind, and for whom I sought the Lord by prayer that he would help him in his work, and labour of love, by renewing him in the inner man, and grant him fresh supplies of grace, so that we might be edified and comforted, during his discourse spoke of a comparison which I thought was good, and to the point in hand. Suppose, he said, a criminal under sentence of death, and the time drew near for his execution; but just before the time arrived for the sentence to be carried out the Queen granted him a reprieve; what would be the effect of it upon his feelings? Would it not produce exceeding joy, and love to her Majesty for such a gracious act of kindness shown him. Then said Mr. Petty, it is just so in spiritual matters. Oh, I thought, I have surely been there, and have been arraigned at the bar of justice and found guilty, and lost to all hope of ever obtaining mercy; and sorely bewailing my hard lot, when the dear Lord as a sovereign act gave me a full discharge, and sealed home to my conscience that blessed peace which passeth all understanding, and a free pardon through his most precious blood. O what joy and love flowed into my soul as the dear man was speaking of it. It brought back in great measure the sweetness of those heavenly feelings I then felt, for my joy was unbounded when first the dear Lord spoke his healing word with power into my soul, and it is a time never to be forgotten.

Mr. Pocock, Junr., was the next to preach at Blunsden Hill, and the words he preached from were these: "I perceive that virtue is gone out of me!" O how the dear man was led to trace out the poor woman who had touched the hem of his (Christ's) garment, which was the cause of the dear Redeemer giving expression to those words; but he also said, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole." Immediately I seemed to have that same blessed touch, and precious faith that I was made whole; for I went to the chapel much cast down, and could not get any comfort because the dear Lord had hidden his smiling face from me. But, now I rejoiced again in God my Saviour, for he had "healed all my diseases," and my poor sin-sick soul was made whole through that blessed touch which was accompanied with such healing power. When I retired for the night I lay meditating on my bed upon the Lord's special goodness in granting me my request, and filling me with such joy and peace under his preached word; and I was led to wonder if others heard the Gospel with equal delight and satisfaction; when these words came with some power: "He filleth the hungry with good things;

but the rich he sendeth empty away." Here I was led to see how it was I generally had some special blessing to crave for my soul's comfort, or some doubt in my mind to be cleared up, or another manifestation of his love to be made known in my heart, and all praise to his dear name for not sending me empty away, which he would have done according to his word, had I been anywhere else but among the poor of the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

February 14th. What a barren lifeless day this has been to me! I heard Mr. Petty in the morning, but felt no comfort under the word. It was a very good discourse, but my heart was as hard as the nether mill-stone. I find that it is all nothing if the Lord is not present to soften, and open the heart to receive the word with power. How wretched are my feelings when the dear Lord hides his face from me. My soul is shut up, and cannot come forth, it seems as if it were in a pit from which there is no escape. I would raise a cry to my God but I cannot, for my tongue, as it were, cleaveth to the roof of my mouth, and my harp is unstrung and upon the willows. Oh! how different are my feelings to-day to what they were last Lord's day; when I had more joy than I could hold, and to-day I am altogether wretched; not feeling the least spark of divine life within my heart, or the least particle of love to my best of friends! What shall I do if my beloved Lord does not shortly appear? On Thursday the Lord was graciously pleased to restore my soul under the preaching of Mr. Lewis, from these words: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." As the dear man was describing how and in what way the heart would be drawn after heavenly treasures, so my poor heart responded to it; and I did indeed feel, notwithstanding everything to the contrary, that my treasure was in heaven, and thither my heart ascended, and what sweet peace and love did my soul once more enjoy, thus proving by solemn experience that "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

On March 6th I had another uncomfortable day in my soul's feeling. It was the day appointed for the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to be administered at Blunsden Hill Chapel. The day was very wet, and early in the morning I prayed the dear Lord to grant that the rain might abate, that I might go to his earthly courts, and if his will to receive a blessing from his hand. I was nearly ready to set off on the journey when the rain came on faster; so that I had to send to the person who was going to drive me that I must decline going; but just at the time I should have set off the rain abated; and O how condemned I felt that I should so distrust the Lord's goodness, after so many times having had my poor petitions answered! Well might the dear Lord say to his disciples, "O ye of little faith! wherefore dost thou doubt?" It brought such gloom on my spirits, and the dear Lord hid his face from me, and would not be entreated, nor grant me a blessing under the preached word by Mr. Muskett.



I did not feel at that time the least spiritual life working within me, and my soul was dry, parched up, and barren, and I could not speak a word of the Lord's goodness and mercy to me as I had anticipated. I had looked forward with much pleasure to relating to Mr. Muskett, how wonderfully the Lord had upheld, and supported me by his power, and given me such refreshing draughts from that rich fountain of living waters that has made my soul sing for joy. I really thought that I had so much to tell him previous to his coming, but alas! alas! I found that I could not say a word! O how true are the words of the Lord Jesus, which he spake to his disciples:—"For without me ye can do nothing." And this is the way he intends we shall prove the truth of those words too. Thus I have often proved that

"When my Jesus hides his face,  
My hope, my comfort dies."

March 13th. The greater part of last week has been spent in much gloom, and darkness of mind. At times a ray of hope would spring up that the dear Lord would appear again, and restore me to his special favours; and as I was going to hear one of his dear servants preach his Gospel, I entreated him of his great goodness to give me a sweet manifestation of his reconciled favours, and set my fettered soul once more at happy liberty, that I might rejoice again in God my Saviour; and all praise and glory be to his name, he granted me my request!

The Lord's dear servant was led to take the following words for his text: "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing" (John xv. 5). How beautifully he described the vital union that subsists between Christ and the believer, and of the branches bearing some more, and some less fruit, and the purging of the branches; and the budding forth of the same. It was altogether a very blessed discourse; under which I found that the husbandman had been purging, and stripping me of a great deal of superfluous growth. I found that I required a great deal of pruning, to bring me into a position for fruit bearing, and I thought how good this skilful husbandman is to take such pains with such an ungrateful creature as I feel myself to be. O how good the Lord was in bringing my soul out of the prison-house, when being freed from its fetters it soared aloft in joyful praises to my ever-adored Redeemer; and what love, and gratitude I once more felt!

In further recording the Lord's dealings with me, I have but little to write about but soul deadness, barrenness, and darkness. For some time past I have had to cry with God's tried servant Job, and say, "Oh! that it were with me as in months past; when the candle of the Lord shone round about me; and when by his light I walked through darkness." But now I have to bewail much indifference in the things of God, and how much I dread this lukewarm state that has come upon me. I fear the power of Satan, and the thoughts of his drawing me again into

the world distresses me much. I feel sure that nothing but an almighty power can keep me right in the midst of so much temptation. An evil heart within I find is so prone to wander from the God of love, especially when all around me seems calculated to draw me into the spirit of the world. Oh! that the Lord would shine once more upon my poor soul, and bring it out of this dark state of bondage, and the temptations of Satan, and the allurements of the world, that I might rejoice once more in his dear and precious name.

April 8th, 1864. I had the pleasure to-day of hearing dear Mr. Collings preach at our chapel from these words, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance" (Psalm, xxxiii. 12). And O, how good the dear Lord was to me in granting me a special blessing, and in filling my soul with his love, and joy, and peace. I did indeed feel that I was one whom the Lord had chosen for his own inheritance; and how precious did the dear Redeemer present himself to my heart's feelings. I was full of gratitude, love, and praise, for the great and marvellous things he had already done for me. I was brought out of the prison-house, and felt like one most blessedly set at large, but in my feelings I fell down at the dear Lord's feet, to thank, and adore him for his infinite goodness and mercy so abundantly bestowed upon me, a poor worm of the earth. I could not help thanking the dear Lord very heartily for sending us such gracious men of God to preach the Gospel of salvation with such comfort to our souls. It is not always the Lord favours me with such a blessed hearing time as this, but when he does so favour me, I feel truly grateful to God for all my mercies, and I feel a special love to his ministering servants, whom he so signally makes use of for the conveying of such spiritual blessings into the hearts of his dear chosen people.

I have not much leisure time for writing; and if I had, I have but little to record but deadness, and much soul barrenness; which has been the case with me for some time past; and I have to cry out with that dear man of God, Job, when he said, "Oh! that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about my head; and when by his light I walked through darkness." How I dread this lukewarm state, and fear that the power of sin, and the temptations of Satan will draw me back into the world again, which would sorely distress my poor mind, and fill my heart with sorrow. How sure I am, that nothing but the almighty power of God can uphold and sustain my poor soul when allured by the world, and sorely tempted by the devil. It is a mercy to be kept in the right way, and those are only well kept who are kept by the almighty power of God through faith unto salvation.

What a death blow did I receive to my soul at the sad intelligence that Mr. Petty was no more to preach at the old chapel; how my heart sank within me at the thought that

perhaps I should not have an opportunity of hearing him again! I did not know what to do, for my soul was so closely united to his ministry, which by the mercy of God had been made such a great blessing to my soul. I have gone to hear him several times sorely bound, in my feelings, and filled with grief and sorrow, and under his ministry I have been loosed from those bonds, and so blessedly liberated in my feelings, that I have offered unto the Lord my heart-felt prayers, and my most grateful praises, and like David, the man of God, I have said "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

My dear Lord has been pleased many times to shine upon me, and to give me sweet satisfaction of my soul's eternal interest in him, when under the preached word; which makes me prize the Gospel of Jesus Christ very much, and how I wish that thousands more of my fellow creatures knew the Gospel, and loved it too!

On the Monday morning I was filled with surprise, and with confusion of face, at seeing one of my old letters in the "Gospel Standard." I felt so little in my own eyes at the sight of it; and to think that I should say, or write anything that would be deemed suitable to be published for the perusal of God's dear people; I who had only known the Lord for such a short time. I thought the readers would think that I was running before I could walk. Satan at once set upon me, and suggested that if I lived a few years I might out-live all my religion, and prove to the world that it was all a delusion.

*(To be continued.)*

PARTICULARS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, The Poet. Written by Himself.

*(Continued from page 182.)*

In the evening a most intimate friend called upon me, and felicitated me on a happy resolution, which he had heard I had taken, to stand the brunt, and keep the office. I knew not whence this intelligence arose, but did not contradict it. We conversed awhile, with a real cheerfulness on his part, and an affected one on mine; and when he left me, I said in my heart, I shall see thee no more!

Behold, into what extremities a *good sort of man* may fall! Such was I, in the estimation of those who knew me best: a decent outside is all a good-natured world requires. Thus equipped, though all within be rank atheism, rottenness of heart, and rebellion against the blessed God, we are said to be good enough; and if *we* are damned, alas! who shall be saved! Reverse this charitable reflection, and say, If a *good sort of man* be saved, who then shall perish; and it comes much nearer the truth: but this is a hard saying, and the world cannot bear it.

I went to bed, as I thought, to take my last sleep in this world.

The next morning was to place me at the bar of the House, and I determined not to see it. I slept as usual, and awoke about 3 o'clock. Immediately I arose, and by the help of a rush-light, found my penknife, took it into bed with me, and lay with it for some hours directly pointed against my heart. Twice, or thrice, I placed it upright under my left breast, leaning all my weight upon it; but the point was broken off, and would not penetrate.

In this manner the time passed till the day began to break. I heard the clock strike seven, and instantly it occurred to me, there is no time to be lost: the chambers would soon be opened, and my friend would call upon me to take me with him to Westminster. "Now is the time," I thought, "this is the crisis; no more dallying with the love of life." I arose, and, as I thought, bolted the inner door of my chambers, but was mistaken; my touch deceived me, and I left it as I found it. My preservation, indeed, as it will appear, did not depend upon that incident; but I mention it, to show, that the good providence of God watched over me, to keep open every way of deliverance, that nothing might be left to hazard.

Not one hesitating thought now remained; but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends: by the help of the buckle, I made a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight, that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it. The other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short, and let me down again.

The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached within a foot of the ceiling; by the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed, so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, "*'Tis over!*" Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not alarm me, or affect my resolution. I hung so long, that I lost all sense, and all consciousness of existence.

When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling, like that of flashes of fire, was just beginning to seize upon my whole body. In a few seconds, I found myself fallen with my face to the floor. In about half a minute, I recovered

my feet ; and reeling, and staggering I stumbled into bed again.

By the blessed providence of God, the garter, which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past, broke, just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye, in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle about my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter ; but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation ; for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been, had I, in my fall, received one in so tender a part. And I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause ; for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

Soon after I got into bed, I was surprised to hear a noise in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire ; she had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask if I was well ; adding, she feared I had been in a fit.

I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman, at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter, which lay in the middle of the room ; and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making.—His words were, "My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me ; to be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate,—where is the deputation ?" I gave him the key of the drawers, where it was deposited ; and his business requiring his immediate attention, he took it away with him ; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament House.

To this moment I had felt no concern of a spiritual kind. Ignorant of original sin, insensible of the guilt of actual transgression, I understood neither the law nor the Gospel ; the condemning nature of the one, nor the restoring mercies of the other. I was as much unacquainted with Christ, in all his saving offices, as if his blessed name had never reached me. Now, therefore, a new scene opened upon me. Conviction of sin took place, especially of that one just committed ; the meanness of it, as well as its atrocity, were exhibited to me in colours so inconceivably strong, that I despised myself, with a contempt not to be imagined or expressed, for having attempted it. This sense of it secured me from the repetition of a crime, which I could not now reflect on without abhorrence.

Before I arose from bed it was suggested to me, that there was nothing wanted but murder, to fill up the measure of my iniquities ; and that, though I had failed in my design, yet I had all the guilt of that crime to answer for. A sense of God's wrath, and a deep despair of escaping it, instantly succeeded. The fear of death became much more prevalent in me than ever the desire

of it had been. A frequent flashing, like that of fire, before my eyes, and an excessive pressure upon the brain, made me apprehensive of an apoplexy; an event which I thought the more probable, as an extravasation in that part seemed likely enough to happen, in so violent a struggle.

By the advice of my dear friend and benefactor, who called upon me again at noon, I sent for a physician, and told him the fact, and the stroke I apprehended. He assured me there was no danger of it, and advised me, by all means, to retire into the country. Being made easy in that particular, and not knowing where to better myself, I continued in my chambers, where the solitude of my situation left me at full liberty to attend to my spiritual state; a matter I had, till this day, never sufficiently thought of.

At this time I wrote to my brother, at Cambridge, to inform him of the distress I had been in, and the dreadful method I had taken to deliver myself from it; assuring him, as I faithfully might, that I had laid aside all such horrid intentions, and was desirous to live as long as it would please the Almighty to permit me.

My sins were now set in array against me, and I began to see and feel that I had lived without God in the world. As I walked to and fro in my chamber, I said within myself, "*There never was so abandoned a wretch so great a sinner.*" All my worldly sorrows seemed as though they had never been; the terrors which succeeded them seemed so great, and so much more afflicting. One moment I thought myself shut out from mercy, by one chapter; the next by another. The sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the tree of life from my touch, and to flame against me in every avenue by which I attempted to approach it. I particularly remember, that the parable of the barren fig-tree was to me an inconceivable source of anguish; and I applied it to myself, with a strong persuasion in my mind, that when the Saviour pronounced a curse upon it, he had me in his eye; and pointed that curse directly at me.

I turned over all Archbishop Tillotson's sermons, in hopes to find one upon the subject, and consulted my brother upon the true meaning of it; desirous, if possible, to obtain a different interpretation of the matter than my evil conscience would suffer me to fasten on it. "O Lord, thou didst vex me with all thy storms, all thy billows went over me; thou didst run upon me like a giant in the night season, thou didst scare me with visions in the night season."

In every book I opened, I found something that struck me to the heart. I remember taking up a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, which lay upon the table in my kinsman's lodgings, and the first sentence which I saw was this: "The justice of the gods is in it." My heart instantly replied, "It is a truth;" and I cannot but observe, that as I found something in every author to condemn me, so it was the first sentence, in general,

I pitched upon. Everything preached to me, and everything preached the curse of the law.

I was now strongly tempted to use laudanum, not as a poison, but as an opiate, to compose my spirits; to stupify my awakened and feeling mind; harassed with sleepless nights, and days of uninterrupted misery. But God forbade it, who would have nothing to interfere with the quickening work he had begun in me; and neither the want of rest, nor continued agony of mind, could bring me to the use of it: I hated and abhorred the very smell of it. I never went into the street, but I thought the people stood and laughed at me, and held me in contempt; and could hardly persuade myself, but that the voice of my conscience was loud enough for every one to hear it. They who knew me seemed to avoid me; and if they spoke to me, seemed to do it in scorn. I bought a ballad of one who was singing it in the street, because I thought it was written on me.

I dined alone, either at the tavern, where I went in the dark, or at the chop-house, where I always took care to hide myself in the darkest corner of the room. I slept generally an hour in the evening; but it was only to be terrified in dreams; and when I awoke, it was some time before I could walk steadily through the passage into the dining-room. I reeled and staggered like a drunken man; the eyes of man I could not bear; but when I thought that the eyes of God were upon me, (which I felt assured of,) it gave me the most intolerable anguish. If, for a moment, a book or a companion, stole away my attention from myself, a flash from hell seemed to be thrown into my mind immediately; and I said within myself, "What are these things to me, who am damned?" In a word, I saw myself a sinner altogether, and every way a sinner; but I saw not yet a glimpse of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ.

The capital engine in all the artillery of Satan had not yet been employed against me; already overwhelmed with despair, I was not yet sunk into the bottom of the gulph. This was a fit season for the use of it; and accordingly I was set to inquire, whether I had not been guilty of the unpardonable sin; and was presently persuaded that I had.

A neglect to improve the mercies of God at Southampton, on the occasion above mentioned, was represented to me as the sin against the Holy Ghost. No favourable construction of my conduct in that instance; no argument of my brother's who was now with me; nothing he could suggest, in extenuation of my offences, could gain a moment's admission. Satan furnished me so readily with weapons against myself, that neither Scripture nor reason could understand me. Life appeared to me now more eligible than death, only because it was a barrier between me and everlasting burnings.

My thoughts in the day became still more gloomy, and my nights' visions more dreadful. One morning, as I lay between sleeping and waking, I seemed to myself to be walking in Westminster Abbey, waiting till prayers should begin; presently I

thought I heard the minister's voice, and hastened towards the choir; just as I was on the point of entering, the iron gate under the organ was flung in my face, with a jar that made the Abbey ring; the noise awoke me; and a sentence of excommunication from all the churches upon earth could not have been so dreadful to me, as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream.

Another time I seemed to pronounce to myself, "Evil be thou my good." I verily thought that I had adopted that hellish sentiment, it seemed to come so directly from my heart. I rose from bed, to look for my prayer-book, and having found it, endeavoured to pray; but immediately experienced the impossibility of drawing nigh to God, unless he first draw nigh to us. I made many passionate attempts towards prayer, but failed in all.

Having an obscure notion about the efficacy of faith, I resolved upon an experiment to prove whether I had faith or not. For this purpose, I resolved to repeat the Creed; when I came to the second period of it, all traces of the former were struck out of my memory, nor could I recollect one syllable of the matter. While I endeavoured to recover it, and when just upon the point, I perceived a sensation in my brain, like a tremulous vibration in all the fibres of it. By this means, I lost the words in the very instant when I thought to have laid hold of them. This threw me into an agony; but growing a little calmer, I made an attempt for the third time; here again I failed in the same manner as before.

I considered it as a supernatural interposition, to inform me, that having sinned against the Holy Ghost, I had no longer any interest in Christ, or in the gifts of the Spirit. Being assured of this, with the most rooted conviction, I gave myself up to despair. I felt a sense of burning in my heart, like that of real fire, and concluded it was an earnest of those eternal flames which would soon receive me. I laid myself down, howling with horror, while my knees smote against each other.

In this condition my brother found me, and the first words I spoke to him were, "Oh! Brother, I am damned! Think of eternity, and then think of what it is to be damned!" I had, indeed, a sense of eternity impressed upon my mind, which seemed almost to amount to a full comprehension of it.

My brother, pierced to the heart with the sight of my misery, tried to comfort me; but all to no purpose. I refused comfort, and my mind appeared to me in such colours, that to administer it to me, was only to exasperate me, and to mock my fears.

At length, I remembered my friend Martin Madan, and sent for him. I used to think him an enthusiast, but now seemed convinced, that if there was any balm in Gilead, he must administer it to me. On former occasions, when my spiritual concerns had at any time occurred to me, I thought likewise on the necessity of repentance. I knew that many persons had spoken of



shedding tears for sin ; but when I asked myself, whether the time would ever come, when I should weep for mine, it seemed to me that a stone might sooner do it.

Not knowing that Christ was exalted to give repentance, I despaired of ever attaining to it. My friend came to me ; we sat on the bed-side together, and he began to declare to me the Gospel of Christ. He spoke of original sin, and the corruption of every man born into the world, whereby every one is a child of wrath. I perceived, something like hope dawning in my heart. This doctrine set me more on a level with the rest of mankind, and made my condition appear less desperate.

Next he insisted on the all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Jesus, and his righteousness, for our justification. While I heard this part of his discourse, and the Scriptures on which he founded it, my heart began to burn within me ; my soul was pierced with a sense of my bitter ingratitude to so merciful a Saviour ; and those tears which I thought impossible, burst forth freely. I saw clearly, that my case required such a remedy, and had not the least doubt within me, but that this was the Gospel of salvation.

*(To be continued.)*

#### WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR JESUS TO SIN ?

Suggested by *reading* in a Sermon that there was in Christ for a time the possibility of sinning.

“The possibility of sin !”

This could not be in Jesus Christ ;  
A real man, yet pure within,  
He could be tempted, not enticed.

“Broken the Scriptures cannot be ;”  
King Jesus has pronounced the word ;  
Shall we affirm the contrary,  
And dare to contradict the Lord ?

“My covenant shall stand fast with him ;”  
He shall not fail nor be dismay’d ;  
And in my own appointed time  
His saving power shall be display’d.

If possible that Christ could fail,  
And so become a sinful man—

If Satan over him prevail,  
Then what of God’s well-order’d plan ?

If Christ could sink amid the flood  
(Tremble, my soul, at such a thought !)

Then all the promises of God  
Were liable to come to nought.

The force of earth and hell combined  
Could gain no ground in their assault ;  
Nor could his heavenly Father find  
In him a blemish of a fault.

His flesh corruption could not touch,  
 Nor less impregnable his soul ;  
 Satan, though suffer'd to approach,  
 Was under Christ's complete control.  
 Spotless, impeccable he stood,  
 The mighty Shepherd of his flock ;  
 Apollyon's craft, Apollyon's flood,  
 Made no impression on "this Rock."  
 'Tis true, indeed, that angels lost  
 Attack'd him in his darkest hour ;  
 But even then th' infernal host  
 Were but the creatures of his power.  
 Down to the bottomless abyss  
 He could have cast them had he will'd ;  
 Why did he not ? He answers this :  
 How then could Scripture be fulfill'd ?  
 Satan well knows that Christ is God,  
 The champion stronger far than he,  
 Who rules him with an iron rod,  
 And will to all eternity.  
 He, who, before all worlds began,  
 Was God's beloved only Son,  
 Became in time the Son of Man—  
 This glorious Person is but one.  
 Of these two natures of the Lord  
 No separation can there be ;  
 He is the co-essential Word  
 Possessing true humanity.  
 On this foundation Christians build :  
 The great Jehovah Jesus died ;  
 The sacred Prince of life was kill'd,  
 The Lord of glory crucified.  
 These testimonies if we scan,  
 This truth is clearly brought to view :  
 When Satan tempted this dear man,  
 Then surely God was tempted too.  
 Christ challenges the universe  
 To prove that sheep are pluck'd away ;  
 Is not the teaching ten-fold worse  
 That he himself could fall a prey ?  
 "He cannot sin" is said of those  
 Who have the life of Christ within ;  
 In face of this, can we suppose  
 'Twas possible for him to sin ?  
 Have you, dear saints of God most High,  
 These exhortations quite forgot :  
 "Prove all things ;" "every spirit try ;"  
 And, "Buy the truth and sell it not !"

“AND THOU SHALT REMEMBER THE WAY THE LORD  
HATH LED THEE.”

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My dear Friends,—If the Lord will give me sufficient strength I should like by his help to write a letter to you to the honour of his great name, for I have so many precious things keep coming into my mind, that they soften my heart, and cheer my soul on in this wilderness journey. The Lord says of his people that, “They shall remember all the way that he hath led them in the wilderness these forty years.” And truly I could fill a large book in recording the things that have come to pass with me during my past life. I hope I can say that I was called by grace more than thirty-five years ago, through the preaching of a man named Poole, in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, at O.H. I went out of curiosity to hear him, a perfect stranger. The preacher gathered his subject from the parable of the Prodigal Son, and under that discourse I was brought to see myself a lost sinner in the sight of a holy God. I also felt myself to be a great sinner; too great I feared for the Lord to have mercy upon, and save me. I began to try to live better; and to say my prayers more devoutly than I had ever done before; but my burden was great, and as the hymn says,—“Sin laid heavy upon my soul”; so much so, that I could not work, or eat, or sleep. I was so pressed down in my feelings, and having an ungodly husband, I got nothing from him but hard, and cruel words. He would say to me, “If this comes from your going to chapel you had better stay at home!” I could not help going to chapel; and, hail, rain, or sunshine, I must be there. But at last the set time came for me to be delivered from the galling yoke of sin, and from the cruel bondage of God’s holy law which threatened me at every turn; saying, “The soul that sinneth it shall die!” O how hard I had been working for life, and expected to obtain it by my own works; little thinking that it would be brought into my soul by the Holy Spirit freely, and “without money, and without price”! And what a glorious deliverance it was to my soul! How blessedly I could understand that hymn we had been singing:

“’Tis finished says his dying breath;  
And shook the gates of hell.”

That word “*finished*,” O what a fulness there was in it, and with what power it entered into my heart! What a change had been wrought for me, and in me; and I remember when at the supper-table my poor husband did not know what to make of me, nor did I know at that time what to make of myself! I felt so happy, and my poor heart was all alive, I read God’s Word with great delight, I prayed most earnestly, and I sang most heartily the praises of the Lord who I felt had done so much for me. I wanted to sit up all night to praise God while I had my being, and to give thanks to his holy name. But I went to

bed, and after a time I fell asleep; but when I awoke, I saw by the eye of my mind that Jesus, my dear Saviour, was close at hand; yea, in my very heart, and I exclaimed aloud, "I have found the Pearl of great price," and "my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour!" "O," I said, "I must sing, I will sing of the Lord's great goodness and mercy to me; for Christ is mine and I am his; therefore, what can I want beside!" All this took place more than thirty years ago. I frequent that sacred spot *now* and I am not weary of doing so. But, my dear friends, many changes I have passed through since then, and many trials, and sorrows have fallen to my lot.

After this blessed deliverance was given me, my husband deserted me, leaving me with eight children, and another was born in two months. O what a heart-rending trial it was to me; I did not know what to do; and my dear old father and mother felt for me very much in my heavy trial, and shed many tears on my behalf! The last child that was born, O how I loved it, but it pleased the Lord to take it from me at seven weeks old. I called his name Jabez, because I bare him with sorrow, and even now, while I write, I feel a measure of that sorrow in my heart to this day. About a fortnight after my child died, my poor mother and myself went into Wales, to Abergenev, seeking after my husband, a distance of nearly three hundred miles there and back. It cost me nearly five pounds to pay expenses. I went down to the Potteries, and through all the works belonging thereto, but he escaped me in every place. Two years afterwards I found out that he was living in Scotland, and in a most mysterious way I found out where he was working, and wrote to the manager of the works, who was very kind to me; but he told me that my husband was married to another woman; which sad news almost broke my heart. I was advised to prosecute him, which I did, and he was committed to prison for fourteen months. O the trials I had to pass through at that time. I next thought I would give him up, and I tried to do so, but O, how the great enemy of souls set upon me, telling me that I was not a child of God, for if I had been I should not have had this great trouble; and I verily thought so too. I should like here just to drop a word of advice to the young, and will say for their good, that if I had but obeyed my parents it would have been well with me, but I disobeyed them, and I had to bitterly rue my disobedience afterward. Oh! how I went about mourning, and hanging down my head for years after. During that time I could not stand up in the house of God to sing on the Lord's day, or at other times, I felt so broken to pieces, and so full of sorrow. But after a time our deacon and clerk gave out this hymn:—

"Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the gospel-armour on;  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone."

He gave it out so feelingly, and it came into my heart with such power and sweetness that it quite raised me on my feet, and my soul went upwards towards heaven. The minister and the friends came to see me; and to talk encouragingly to me, and our minister (Mr. Smith) never forsook me to his death. He was a spiritual friend to me, and so was a Mrs. W. I felt her to be a spiritual mother to me; and both were great helps to my soul. After this I engaged myself as a teacher on the Sunday among the young children for years, and it in some measure kept me from nursing my grief, and my misery. Sometimes our minister would tell me on the Sunday from the pulpit very much of what I had passed through during the week, even when I had not told him anything about myself, or had mentioned to others what I had passed through. This to me at that time was singular; and I could not account for it as I can now. After our minister's death, we had supplies, and I used to have some good hearing times under some of them. A Mr. B., an old pit-man, was one under whose preaching I had a special time,—his text was: "Is there not a cause." Yes, I inwardly said, there is a cause, and I know it. This broke the snare, and set my soul at liberty. His other discourse was about being fed by the ravens, with bread and flesh in the morning and evening. O, I thought, what a mystery it all is, and then the prophet was sent to a poor widow who had got nothing but a handful of meal and a little oil in a cruse; Oh, that oil of grace, ever full, and ever flowing! Well, I fed on those discourses which were so blessed to me for many days. There was another minister, a Mr. W., who supplied for us, and he was like a father coming to visit his family. He was the means, in the Lord's hands, of delivering me from much grief and sorrow respecting my husband; and what a heavy burden was taken from me under his preaching one afternoon! In those days I used to go to D. and other places to hear those good ministers, and what a feast I had at times under the word preached, so that I have been spiritually refreshed, and greatly encouraged; so that I can say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." I am now in my seventieth year, and feel to be a monument of God's goodness and mercy, and trust through grace I am an object of his eternal love. . . . Some time since I was thinking of those two good prophets, Elijah and Elisha, and in the eye of my mind it was beautiful to look at them, and to meditate upon the work the Lord gave them to do; which they accomplished. Then, one of them is taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire, leaving his mantle with his brother who had to wait a little longer. I thought upon them, until I thought myself almost with them. I think I shall never forget the sight, or the feeling I had at that time. And this morning I had a comfortable feeling in my heart towards the Lord, I felt that "the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Although I am passing through a severe trial with some near and dear

friends, but the promise stands good still: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up;" and blessed be his name he has taken me up, and led me to see that all his works do praise him, and his glory is seen even in a blade of grass, and the birds of the air do warble out his praise in welcoming me in their midst. Farewell, my dear friends, and may the blessing of the Lord rest upon you. S.R.

"I WAS BROUGHT LOW AND THE LORD HELPED ME."

My dear Friend,—Your kind letter somewhat cheered me. It is not my inclination to pour the sad tale of my woes into the ears of my fellow creatures, but rather to speak of the Lord's loving-kindness and goodness to me. He has done so much for me, that I desire to speak well of him; for "I was brought low, and he helped me;" therefore it becomes me to speak well of his name.

"Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head;  
My God, my Portion, and my Living Bread;  
In him I live, upon him cast my care;  
He saves from death, destruction, and despair."

This is the key-note of my song, or rather, it is where I wish to commence in what I may further say unto you. For it is "my own bad heart that creates my smart, which only Christ can know:" And alas! I live to prove that "when I would do good, evil is present with me." Oh! I would be resigned to the Lord's will; but there is such opposition within me. I would be content with what the Lord gives me, but oh! the envy there is rising up within me, when I look upon some who appear to go smoothly on, having all their heart can wish; while it is with me as the hymn says—

"Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low."

So that I am a strange creature, as Newton aptly describes it;

"Strange and mysterious is my life;  
What opposites I feel within!  
A stable peace, a constant strife;  
The rule of grace, the power of sin,  
Too often I am captive led,  
Yet daily triumph in my head." . . . .

"Thus different powers within me strive,  
And grace and sin by turns prevail;  
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,  
And victory hangs in doubtful scale;  
But Jesus has his promise passed  
That grace shall overcome at last,"

It is there I hang ; upon that blessed promise ; the oath and promise of our God. That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us : (Heb. vi. 18). It is over forty years now, my dear friend, since the Lord spoke these words to me ; it was a time of sore trial then, and victory appeared on the enemy's side. As I awoke from my sleep, he said, "Thy warfare is accomplished." My thoughts were directed to Jesus, the captain of my salvation ; and hope sprang up with those lines,—

"He, who conquered for me once  
Will in me conquer too."

I do not expect there will be a time, and a place here below, when there will not be any need for "the armour of God." While in the enemy's land, with vile confederates within our bosom, how could we stand unless God upholds us? And our trust is—

"He who hath helped us hitherto,  
Will help us all our journey through."

He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness ; for by strength shall no man prevail (1 Sam. ii. 9). I have all my life been striving to have a little in reserve for declining years ; but it seems to be otherwise in the Lord's mind and will concerning me. It is forty years ago or more since I first gathered up a little sum of money which I put out to use with the hope of increasing it ; but in time it all went, and I have since then observed that whenever I have been able to lay a little aside something has come along and swept it all away. Perhaps, with all my fancied trust in the Lord, there has been a lurking mistrust. To bring his children from every other prop, or arm of flesh, the Lord uses severe measures. Often have I cried out,—

"Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried ;  
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'  
'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,  
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.'"

You will be pleased to know that business matters are a little better, and I am hoping that with the Lord's guidance and blessing it will go on right. Although my dear afflicted wife has been much tried, with the extra work that has fallen to her lot ; the Lord has in a remarkable manner given her strength according to her need ; for which we have, and do feel truly thankful. Much comfort and help has come from considering the trying cases of the saints of old as recorded in the Word of God ; but much more have we been helped, when we have been enabled to consider carefully the trying pathway the Redeemer had to travel. Only the other day I was gently rebuked when feeling something of a murmuring spirit within me, against the path I had to travel along, from these words : "He opened not his

mouth." As I was led to meditate on, and think, of the sufferings of the dear Redeemer I felt tears of grief and sorrow flowing from my eyes; with the going forth of prayer from my heart to the Lord; that he would pardon my sins, heal my complaints, and soothe my sorrows; and grant me more of the spirit of my suffering Lord. The enemy has tried oft and hard to get me to cast away my confidence; which, if it be of the right sort the Apostle says, "is of great reward"; but hitherto he has failed; and how comforting it is to be assured that "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God," and that we are found amongst them!

We hope you will not pass us by when you have a little time to spare, and are in these parts. We have still a spare room; and a place in our hearts for you; and we often speak of you, and plead with the Lord on your behalf; that he would strengthen your hands in the work he has, we believe, called you unto; and we feel sure you will need the Lord's helping hand, to bear you up, and to bring you through. . . . I can truly say, my dear friend, that my desire for you is that you may have much of the spirit of him, of whom it is said, that, "He opened not his mouth." With our deep sympathy with you, and yours, and with kindest Christian love from me and mine, I am, my dear friend, yours in the truth,—

J.L.

C. R.—d., E— February 9th, 1903.

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### MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE WORD OF GOD.—By JOHN RUSK.

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Having treated of this "destruction" which is mentioned in the text, let us lastly take notice of the more pleasing part of the subject, namely, "return ye children of men." Now, observe, that I do not think that these words are confined to the first work under conviction, and that "returning" is when we are delivered, and so to end. By no means, for this would contradict all that I have been writing about; but I believe this work goes on all through our life journey, more or less. And here lie the changes of all believers, though some feel it more keenly than others may do, yet all feel it. Some are to bear the burden and heat of the day, while others work but one hour. Then all are to return from this destruction. Yes; they certainly are. We proceed to take this up in the following way:

First, What is it to "return"; and to whom are we to return?

Secondly, we will consider the blessed effects of this returning.

What is it "to return?" I answer, we must make close examination of ourselves, and in this examination we ask ourselves: What has been the cause of destruction? We pray, "Lord, show me wherefore thou dost contend with me—enable me to come to the light, for thou hast said that they who do the truth come to the light, while they that do evil hate the light!" Sooner or



later the cause will be found as we may see in the book of Joshua, where we read that the city of Jericho fell down by the power of God. Everything in it was to be destroyed by the strict command of God. Now Israel had to fight against Ai, and though the people of Ai were but few comparatively, yet they defeated the Israelites, of whom many were destroyed. This brought Joshua to examination and prayer, and the cause was found, for Achan had stolen a Babylonish garment, and a wedge of gold, and hidden them. When, therefore, Achan was stoned, that, that he had taken destroyed, God went forth with Israel again. Now the children of Israel were a typical people, and you often read that they did evil in the sight of the Lord for which he delivered them into the hands of their enemies, which was turning them to destruction. Now, after examination, we may be said to return by honest confession, which, if you and I act aright, we do daily, for in many things we offend all, and there is not one just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not. But all this is produced in us by the Holy Spirit—this is making straight paths for our feet; but if this is neglected, and we are prone to neglect, then we become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and when God takes it in hand the judgment becomes heavy. Paul says, "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world." He that confesseth, and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy. But it may be asked—did not Achan confess his sin, and yet he did not find mercy, for he was stoned to death? To this I answer that confession to obtain mercy means much more than many are aware. A man may confess but not forsake; Achan would never have confessed had he not been compelled, and we have no reason to conclude that he would have forsaken sin. But when our text is fulfilled a man must have two natures, which none have but God's elect; for if there is only a corrupt nature in anyone, how can such a one forsake sin, seeing he is nothing but sin altogether. It is the old nature that causes sin, and the new nature—under the influence of God's Spirit—that causes us in our heart to forsake it, and we can only do so under the influence of grace. I am now treating in a particular way of spiritual things. I know that people may have natural conviction of outward evils and forsake them, and God may have mercy on such in a temporal sense as we may see in the Ninevites and others.

Again, real confession takes in an experimental acquaintance with the rest of sin which we brought into this world with us. The fruit and effects of Adam's fall, and our fall in him; hence, David says, that he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity. Now none know this in their own experience but God's elect, and therefore you read that if they confess their sin and the sin of their father—that is original sin—that God will remember his covenant.

Again, all are sure to be partial in their confessions, but those who are taught of God. Judas confessed that he had betrayed innocent blood, but said nothing about his covetousness. Pharaoh confessed that he had sinned in not letting Israel go, but never confesses the hardness and rebellion of his wicked heart. Now this is not declaring the thing plentifully as it is—David's confession differed much from these: "Born in sin, and shapen in iniquity;" and the church by the prophet Isaiah says, "We are altogether as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Now this is returning to the Lord from "destruction." This you may see exemplified in the case of the Prodigal Son: First, he was turned to destruction by taking a journey into a far country, and there wasting his substance in riotous living; and when he had spent all there arose a famine in that land, and he began to be in want. But after all you will find that the beginning of his return to his father arose by self-examination, and you find it in these words: "And when he came to himself." He, therefore, examined the deplorable state into which he had brought himself, and compared it with the state of his father's household; and the thought arose within him that he would not remain in his misery, but he said, "I will arise, and go to my father." Now, spiritually, this was the sense of adoption that caused him so to speak, or he never could, in such a wretched state, have called God his "Father." Then follows confession: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Then let us take particular notice of one thing, viz., you and I never rightly return to the Lord so as to sincerely confess our sins, plentifully to declare the thing as it is keeping nothing back, unless the Holy Spirit secretly persuades our souls that God has a love to us in Christ Jesus, and this will be the case, not only at first, but all our journey through. Therefore, after the Prodigal had this persuasion of God being his Father, he purposes in his heart to confess, and after his Father had met him, embraced him, and welcomed him; I say, after all this he confesses, "I have sinned against heaven, and before thee." This is returning, but God is always first with the sinner: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up" (Hosea vi. 1). You see there was a persuasion wrought in them by the Holy Ghost that they should be healed and bound up.

But again, this returning to God takes in real prayer, and therefore, many sighs, groans, pantings, thirstings, pleading hard every promise that we can search out of God's Book, if peradventure there may be hope for us that we shall yet find mercy again. Yes, reader, it is no trivial thing, I can assure you, to return to the Lord, for God will sometimes keep us for years in suspense; and sometimes when we feel as if we had gained the point, alas! we seem further off than ever,—this is to bring us down completely in the dust that as David did, so may we, "entreat his

favour with our whole heart." It is the poor (in spirit) that use entreaties, for as the blessing is of infinite worth, the Lord will let us know its value by the want of it. David returned to God by the means of prayer as you read: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Now such, who in this manner return to God, like at those times to be much alone, and, therefore, they enter into their closets and shut the door; and examine themselves, and then are led to confess their backslidings. The Holy Spirit furnishes them with promises, for he will bring such suitable texts to mind that they are astonished.

Yet again, returning to the Lord is to forsake sin. Ah! thinks some poor soul, now I am cut clean off, for this I never can do! But stop, let things be set forth in a proper scriptural light, and, therefore, when we speak of forsaking sin we must not understand it as do the Arminians, who talk of "sinless perfection." No; to this we shall never attain till after death, and God's word knows nothing of such a forsaking of sin as this. Now forsaking sin is called "laying it aside." What for good and all? No; would to God it were so; but it will not be till that time that the Canaanite shall not be found in the House of the Lord for ever. But, it may be urged, the usual meaning of forsaking sin is not to commit that sin any more. Well, admit that to be the case, and in time you are sure to arrive (even in this world) at "sinless perfection," which the Bible knows nothing about. No; but as before observed, it is to lay it aside: "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings." But how is this to be done, and who by? I answer, it is done by putting off the Old Man and by putting on the New Man. What for good and all? Oh no! would God it were; no; but for a few minutes, hours or so, and then the Old Man comes up again, and an ugly monster he appears! But still, every time the New Man is put on we forsake sin, we lay it aside, and our iniquities are subdued; and in this way I myself have forsaken sin, but to forsake it in any other way you and I will never do till we have put off the Old Man altogether at death. Our flesh loves sin, and ever will, and I can assure you that the very sin that you and I have confessed and forsaken with all our hearts, we may, and do, fall into it again when the Old Man is put on. This is the fight of faith; this is the warfare; this is the sin that easily besets us. This is the conflict that none knows save God and ourselves, for we cannot tell it even to our dearest earthly friend we have.

Now what we have been speaking of are the various means used in returning to God. I am not laying these things as a foundation, but as evidences, and that according to the Scriptures, showing the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers, and how they will be led to use those means in order to return to him from whom *all* the children of Israel have revolted. We are, therefore, led to close examination—"Examine yourselves,"

says Paul, "whether ye be in the faith." We are led to confession—"If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We are led to prayer, and to forsaking or laying aside sin. But searching the Scriptures is included in this returning of which we have been speaking. Now we, of ourselves, can do nothing in this respect, for we are as blind as bats, and a mercy it is when we feel we are so, for Jesus Christ is ready to open our understanding to understand the Scriptures, and if any man lack wisdom he is to ask of God. But it is our fleshly wisdom, and supposed knowledge that prevents us and thousands besides. The Holy Ghost is to guide us into all truth, and the best way I know for him to do so is first to be quite ignorant, and then to cry unto him and to pray to him, to give wisdom so far as may be needful, then to begin in this blind state (depending on him) to search his word; and in time we are sure to gain ground, though it may be long in order to humble us, yet in due time we shall reap if we faint not. And what we are so earnest about in this searching and researching of the Scriptures is not to furnish our heads that we may be able to talk, but to see that we are in the footsteps of the flock, and if we can discover that we are, what solid satisfaction do we find! In this way I have been sweetly led, namely, to have God's word to prove my experience, neither am I satisfied with anything I feel if it cannot be proved from the Holy Word. As, for instance, of what service are God's promises to me unless I, as an individual, feel my particular need of these promises? If they are to those who are lost, burdened, labouring and heavy laden, thirsty, poor in spirit, and destitute; if I never spiritually feel these things I have no claim upon God; but if I do, and he shines upon his word, and I see in his light that he has made promises to such as I, it really will encourage one to hope in his word, and to look for the fulfilment of it in our experiences. When this takes place we are led to compare his work in our souls with his word, and can set to our seal that God is true.

But again: To "return to the Lord" takes in hearing the word of God preached. We are told not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together; but then we do well that we sit under a minister of the Spirit, for if not we had far better be at home in secret, reading, praying, etc.; for of what use can a "letter preacher" be to a tried saint, seeing the letter killeth? What satisfaction did I find in hearing Mr. Huntington, because I was quite sure that he was commissioned and sent of God to preach the everlasting Gospel! and I will tell you how I proved it. It was by the word that he preached searching me, and pointing out where I was wrong; and at other times, when overwhelmed with trouble, I have been fully delivered out of it, and a grateful heart given to me to bless the Lord. Now God speaks by such—it is he that searcheth the heart and trieth the reins, his word is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness, and if this is never done to you under the

word, it is not Jesus speaking, or else you are not one of God's elect manifestly; and if he comforts you, then the word comes with power in the Holy Ghost and with much assurance. But there is a lesser degree of this power felt which is called the "dew." "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew," and again, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Good books, written from real experience of God's grace in the heart, God will own and honour, so that it may be said of the writers that God raised them up to thus write, that after being taken out of this world, being dead, yet they speak; and we do well to follow them as far as they followed Jesus. "Turning to the Lord" also comprises uniting with his people. By this I do not mean those (only) that are professors—for there are numbers of that class, and it is our wisdom to shun them—but let us look out for those who know the plague of their own hearts, that have experienced the buffetings of Satan, that feel the road to be rough, that are engaged in the fight of faith, that are despised and set at nought by this world, that are poor in pocket and poor in spirit, these are valuable companions to those who in heart are seeking to return to the Lord; for such are fellow-soldiers fighting "the good fight of faith" against the world, the flesh, and the Devil. Such are fellow-sufferers because they find it a path of tribulation, and a daily cross with which others are unacquainted—fellow-travellers being both in the narrow way, and rough and thorny road to the flesh and yet a safe road, for when "I said, my feet slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." True yoke-fellows are they, and do not carry two faces, but are in heart that that they appear to be. Fellow-citizens, for they have been made acquainted experimentally with the liberty of the Gospel, the truth having made them free. Now, to return to the Lord takes in all these things: close examination, confession of what upon examination is amiss, humble prayer to God for mercy, and pleading hard the promises, forsaking sin continually, or denying self, reading and searching the Scriptures, hearing the word preached, for "He that is of God heareth God's word," uniting with the saints, "My delight is with the excellent of the earth, and with such as excel in virtue," and lastly, persevering in all these things, for if we are indeed bent upon returning to the Lord we shall find it hard work. There is not a greater truth in God's word than this: That the path of the Christian is a path of much tribulation. I myself am a wonder to myself so far as I have come, and what is yet to come, the Lord only knows! And it is equally as great a truth that all in this rough road shall persevere in face of all opposition.

*(To be continued.)*

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Behold how mindful, how careful, how faithful our Father and the Lamb of God is! It is not exaltation, nor a crown, nor a kingdom, nor a throne, that shall make him neglect his poor ones on earth; yea, even because he is exalted and on the throne, therefore it is that such a river with its golden streams proceeds from the throne to come unto us.—*Bunyan.*

## Obituary.

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MR. FIELDING.—We cannot tell at what age our friend Joseph Fielding, of Accrington, was brought to see and feel himself to be a sinner. This we know, the church was looking for, and expecting him to come forward for more than thirty years and tell them what the Lord had given him to feel and know of his state as a sinner, and of his pardoning love made known to his soul. After many years of fear and trembling he came before the church on July 24th, 1898. The church received him gladly, and he was baptized on September 4th following. He was taken ill early in this year; (1902) his family thought he would soon be restored, but as time went on it was more and more evident that his end was approaching. In the midst of all his sufferings not a murmur was heard, but a strong desire to depart, to be with God which was far better, was often expressed. The Lord was very good to him; and time after time did he bless his soul with his gracious presence; so much so that at times he could not find words to express what he felt. One Lord's day morning he sent one of his sons down to the Sunday School for two of the deacons to go up to his house *at once*, so that he might tell them of the goodness of the Lord to his soul. It was a blessed time, which the two deacons will remember as long as they live. Our friend Joseph felt that the time of his departure had come, but the Lord's thoughts were not his thoughts, as he had to suffer for a few more days.

His son writes:—"At the beginning of his illness we had a special doctor, who asked him if his coming to see him irritated him; he said, 'No;' he was prepared for death, and pointing to his Bible, he told him that was his guide and counsellor. (It is believed that this doctor is a Roman Catholic.) The 4th and the 386th hymns were constantly repeated by him, the last line of 386 with much emphasis: 'For there I long to be.' He also said that hymn 412 had been made a great blessing to him. One day he asked me to read the thirty-ninth Psalm to him, and he was very much moved when I read the fourth and seventh verses. It was his great desire from the beginning of his illness to depart and be with Christ, yet he prayed that he might have patience given him to wait God's time. Many times he prayed that God would have mercy upon him a poor lost sinner and nothing at all, to whom Christ Jesus was indeed his 'All in all.' He said he hoped to see the King in his beauty before long. He died the Wednesday following, July 10th, 1902, in the seventy-first year of his age, and was interred in the Accrington Cemetery on the 19th of the same month." W. S. J. BROWN.

MRS. PORTER.—Our dear friend Betsy Porter, was for sixteen years a member of the Strict Baptist Church, at Salem Chapel, Accrington, Lancashire. She was a godly woman, and a true lover of peace, and quietness. Her daily life displayed the same

Christian spirit of gentleness, quietness, meekness, and humility of mind, so as to endear her to the hearts of the godly people with whom she dwelt, and to many around her, especially to her dear family.

She was a lover of truth as it is in Jesus; and a great contender for salvation by grace, through the merits, and the atoning blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and which she used to delight to hear preached. It was this free grace Gospel, and her strong desire to hear it proclaimed by the Lord's servants that brought her to chapel as often as she could get there; but increasing infirmities, and other causes, sometimes prevented her from coming, but we always liked to see her seat filled in the house of God by her, as through his mercy and grace she often obtained a few crumbs of living bread from that rich provision which his bountiful hand, and his eternal wisdom has provided. For the last twelve months her afflictions have been so great as to prevent her attending the means of grace, with the exception of New Year's morning, when by a great effort she was enabled to get to the usual prayer-meeting, which was her last visit, and it was a time to be remembered by those present. But though she was deprived of the usual means of grace, many prayer-meetings were held at her house, and for which great favour she was truly grateful, and was often much affected in her heart by them. On one occasion when hymn 938 was given out, and these lines were quoted:

"I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;"

She exclaimed, "That is just where I am!" Once when in conversation with her, we said that we hoped when we came to be in a similar position the Lord would be near to us, to strengthen our faith, and to comfort our soul in the swellings of Jordan.

To which she replied, "That is just my prayer, and my present desire; but I do not find him quite as near to me as I anticipated: but on the contrary, there is much darkness of mind, and walking by night, and I have many fears rising up within me lest all is not right between God and my soul, and this is followed by many tremblings of heart, and my faith at times sinks very low. But on the other hand, I must say that at times there is a little light dawning upon my mind, and some gracious feelings take possession of my soul, with nearness of heart to the Lord, and a firm and solid resting upon the finished work of a precious Christ; therefore I am not without hope, that I shall win the day, and come off victorious through the atoning blood of the Lord the Lamb."

She peacefully passed away on the morning of July 12th, 1902, in the seventieth year of her age, and was "well laid in the grave" in the Accrington Cemetery on July 16th, by Mr. Eddison of Rochdale, whom she loved for the truth's sake; and under whose ministry she profited for some years when he preached at Accrington. She was baptized by him, and added to the church. She was a praying member with us, and a well-wisher

to the cause of truth in which she was deeply interested; and through sovereign grace she adorned the Gospel of Jesus Christ her Saviour. Her beloved husband has lost a faithful, godly wife, her children a tender, loving, and affectionate mother, who at all times set them an example worthy to be followed; for through the Lord's help she desired to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with her God.

J. W. GILLET.

MRS. QUELCH.—Our dear friend and sister Martha Quelch, who departed this life on March 21st, 1903, was a member of our Strict Baptist Church at Rehoboth Chapel, Tunbridge Wells. She first attended at Pell Green Chapel, when Mr. Crouch preached there, and there she was brought into deep concern of soul; but she has attended my ministry from the time I came to settle at Tunbridge Wells. I knew her father and mother, who were godly people, and they both are buried at Frant. I have heard her say that she was delivered from the power of sin, and the terrors of God's holy law under a sermon preached by the late Mr. Knill, from these words,—“He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters” (Psalm xviii. 16). That was a blessed time to her soul, and she has spoken of it many times with much feeling. She has on several occasions spoken of having good hearing times under my poor preaching, both at Frant, and at Tunbridge Wells. She used to entertain the ministers at Frant during the time she lived there. The Room we preached in there belonged to the Honourable — Ashburnham, and when she came to live at Tunbridge Wells, because the distance was then too far for her to walk, she sold the little pulpit and seats to Lady Ashburnham, and gave all up to her, and the Room was used for a “Mothers' Meeting” to be held in, belonging to the Church of England. She was brought to see Believers' Baptism after she came to live at Tunbridge Wells, and I had the privilege of baptizing her with five others on September 12th, 1878. Sometime after this she was seriously affected in her head, which prevented her from attending the means of grace for some time before she died; but her end was peace. In her peaceful departure the Lord has gathered home another of his jewels, and I have a comfortable hope that,

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

And when that will be I am not able to say, but I hope when I am called to depart it will be to meet with the spirits of just men made perfect, (even with my godly departed friends) to join them around the throne of God and the Lamb, to sing with them “Worthy is the Lamb to receive honour, and power, and glory, for thou hast created all things for the glory of thy great name, and for the eternal blessedness and endless glory of thy redeemed people.”

WM. SMITH.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1903.

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

## “THE OPENING OF A FATHER’S HAND.”

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. DICKENS,  
OF ROTHERFIELD, AT FRITTENDEN,  
ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 27TH, 1898.  
Thanksgiving Service.

“Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.”—PSALM cxlv., 16.

YOU know whose hand this is that the Psalmist refers to here. He says—“*Thine hand.*” He meant God’s hand, as he commences this Psalm with—“I will extol Thee, my God, O king.” As he comes down the Psalm, he says—“The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.”

How good the Lord has been in providence this year, to man and beast. I read in the Psalm just now (cxlviii.) “He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.” Dr. Watts says—

“He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the raven’s cry;  
But man who tastes His finest wheat  
Should raise His honours high.”

All God’s works praise Him. They said of our Lord Jesus Christ when He was upon earth—“He hath done all things well.” Therefore all God’s creatures should praise Him.

“All creatures to his bounty owe  
Their being and their breath;  
But greatest gratitude should flow  
From men redeem’d from death.”

Well then—what is it that the Lord deserves and does not get? He deserves that every human being should bless and praise His name. The Psalmist felt a little of this when he said—“Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.” I have felt sometimes when I have looked at the beasts in the field (when they are placed where there is good food, they satisfy their appetites, and lie down and chew the cud, and look so contented and thankful) and thought—What does the Lord get from base, unthankful me? Instead of being thankful, sometimes I have been rebellious and complaining;

if it did not come out in words it was working within my heart ; so that I am worse than a beast. Mr. Hart said rightly—

“ O, thou hideous monster, Sin,  
 What a curse hast thou brought in !  
 All creation groans through thee,  
 Pregnant cause of misery ! ”

When we look at the heavens and see the countless millions of stars that God has placed there, all these things with one voice speak of the greatness, wisdom, and majesty of God. All God's works in creation praise him, and his works in redemption praise him ; that was his greatest work to save rebellious man ; to save poor sinners who are brought to see and feel their need of an application of that salvation, who know they have no help in themselves.

“ They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom and talk of thy power.” Not of their own. The people of God talk of God's power. The Psalmist in another Psalm, says—“ God hath spoken once ; twice have I heard this ; that power belongeth unto God.” We learn that, some of us, every day we live ; we learn that without him we can do nothing.

“ The eyes of all wait upon thee ; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. So God does. Everything that God has made with life has desires, and God satisfies those desires, he provides for those desires. The cattle have desires, and God provides grass for them, and hay which is made of grass. Then other things desire flesh, they could not live on hay, corn, or seed things ; and God gives them what their nature requires—*flesh*. Then there are the fish in the sea, and the birds of the air, they have their desires, and God provides the food that they desire. So that all God's works in creation, where life is given, have different desires, and God provides for them in his wisdom, and satisfies all their desires from his hand. Is it not a wonderful thing that all these years there have been these different desires, and God has made provision for and satisfied these desires. God satisfies the desires of every living thing. How wise God is in all these things, and gives the lie to the infidel who says there is no God ; what an awful thing when they have to stand before the great I AM, before that God who bestows all things necessary, and find they are in God's hands before whom “ the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.” Yet he remembers

the smallest insect that is found up to the greatest beast that ever moved upon the earth ; and God has provided for their sustenance.

“Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.” Now we have desires. Bread is called the staff of life, we must have bread and water if we are to live long in this world. God provides bread and water for us, and many other things. I do desire to be thankful to him for his goodness, and his many, many mercies. It comes home to us as it ought to do, when he takes them away, or withholds them from us. If there is a famine of bread then we soon begin to know the worth of a loaf, and of a good harvest, and the value of good water, when there is a famine of water. God holds all things in his hand, and it is a mercy for his people. David says—“The Lord liveth : and blessed be my rock ; and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation.

The Lord has provided for us once again, this summer, in a very marvellous way. I would confess my own unthankfulness ; I would confess that I have been very unmindful of and unthankful to the God of all our mercies ; who has provided for us these many, many years. Here is our mercy, that God will not break his word, though we are unfaithful and unthankful ; he is faithful to his promise, his covenant stands the same. Even in his temporal comforts and mercies his word must be fulfilled, because of the covenant God made with Noah—“While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.” The long suffering of a covenant God is wonderful. In our land many are infidels, many go after strange gods, worship with a false religion ; yet he supplies these very people’s needs that sin against him. “Who is a God like unto our God ?” There will come an end to his goodness to men temporally ; and what an end to the ungodly when his wrath shall be poured out without remedy. The day is coming when he will pour out his wrath upon ungodly men. “The wicked shall be turned into hell ; and all the nations that forget God.”

Who, in their right mind, would forget God’s goodness in providence ? In the year that is past I have remembered it a few times I hope. I know once especially my heart was melted down with the Lord’s goodness in providence. One Sunday morning at Rotherfield, when I came downstairs into the little room and saw my breakfast-table (I had been down there without a soft heart sometimes before, and I did not produce it now), I shut the door, and leaned my head on the

table, and the Lord's goodness broke my heart all to pieces ; I was obliged to wait because of the tears that ran down my face from the Lord's goodness and mercy even as regards providence, before I could touch one morsel to eat or drink. I like to feel like that. I told the Lord how good he was, and I told him how bad I was, and unworthy of the least of all his mercies and of all his favours. I cannot bless the Lord every day, and when every meal time comes—I have not power to do it ; it is when he blesses me, then I can bless him ; when he gives me a thankful heart, then I can thank him. It is a mercy to have the desire, if we have not the power also. I cannot praise him and thank him as I would wish. I have done so once this year ; I have had no other time quite so good as that all through the year, but there have been a few times when my heart has been humbled. I have had a breakfast as good as that many, many times, but I have not had a thankful heart. The Lord has provided me with food, and he means to take me to heaven to dwell with him some day. In heaven we shall always be contented. What a blessed place heaven must be, where we shall have none of these changes, but we shall be always thankful, and praising, and blessing, without any let, or hindrance, that God who has done so much for us.

We want to talk a little more in a spiritual way about the text—"Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." Here we are, dying men and women ; we are all born of Adam's race. You know the foundation truth of the Bible—that man is spiritually dead to God, that he has no righteousness of his own, but is a lost, guilty sinner through the fall of Adam ; and that he can never live to God, and know himself, until quickened by divine grace, until eternal life is implanted in his heart. I believe every sinner born of Adam's race, is as dead spiritually as the corpses are naturally that lie in the graveyard ; they have no will, nor power to turn to God ; no, they have not. We must know Jesus savingly. How exceedingly broad is the holy law of God. Do you rightly know these things ? If you live and die without this knowledge you will sink to rise no more. It has been a solemn matter with me now over thirty years, whether I am born of God, whether I am quickened into divine life, whether my spot is the spot of God's children. I do not say the *whole time*, but *at times* it has been so with me. If God intends to take you to heaven he will quicken your soul. "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Now, I say then, we all here this morning profess religion, do we not ? You may

not be members of churches, or have made a public profession; but you all hope, more or less, to get to heaven. Shall we get there? I would have you concerned about your souls. I have reason to believe a goodly number of you have experienced the new birth, that you have been born of the Spirit of the living God. These living people want something, they have desires which God alone can satisfy, and he does satisfy them to the joy and rejoicing of those people, in his own time and way; it is all in his hand. Then, I say, those of you who have experienced the new birth, those of you to whom God has given eternal life, have an anxious concern about your souls; divine life is accompanied by divine light; you desire to be right with God, you desire in your souls to know that your sins are forgiven, you desire to know that your sins are put away; because there is no peace while your sins oppose between you and a holy God. You have need then of the grace of God, and you feel you shall sink to rise no more unless the Lord has mercy on your soul. The knowledge of your sinnership alone will not satisfy you, if you are born of God, you will want pardon to come to your soul, you will want to hear God's voice speaking peace and comfort to your heart. These are the desires of a living soul, and God alone can satisfy that living soul. These desires are just as strong, though they may not be so clear, as when the soul is first born again, when the Spirit of God begins his work. He will complete it step by step in the soul's experiences, according to his sovereign will and pleasure.

When the Lord first opened my eyes, I believed there was a God in heaven, I saw that I was a lost, guilty sinner. God revealed his holy law of the ten commandments to my soul; I saw that I was lost and ruined, and that that law was exceeding broad and reached to the thoughts and intents of the heart. I was led to see how ignorant men are in a profession of religion who think they can turn to God, who think they can work out a righteousness of their own to cover them, and make themselves acceptable to the God of heaven. When the Lord shows us ourselves by the divine light that comes from God into the sinner's heart, and we see ourselves black and undone sinners, what a mercy this is! The publican's prayer becomes the language of our hearts, not of our lips only—"God be merciful to me a sinner." When the Lord began that work in my heart, these words were spoken by the Lord to my soul—"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" (Jer. xiii. 21.) My mouth, for the first time, was closed. "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the

world may become guilty before God." What a mercy to have your sins brought to your mind, to be brought to judgment in this world that you should not be condemned with the world. I did not know anything of Christ as the way to God, I thought I could work out my own salvation, and set about living holily, to do the things I had not done and leave off doing the things that I had done; to turn over a new leaf, but when the leaf was turned over it was no better than the other one. I found I was helpless, ruined, undone, and lost, by the blessed Spirit's teaching. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." He led my soul to Jesus Christ; he opened up before the eyes of my mind the redemption which is by Jesus Christ; he showed me the suitability of this salvation provided for the lost. I wanted this salvation to be revealed as mine. The poor sinner wants it for his own, for himself. The desire of his soul is—give me Christ, or else I die! The Spirit of God leads to Jesus Christ, and the poor sinner sees the suitability of his salvation, it becomes the desire of his soul—give me Christ, or else I die! I was amongst those who said—"You should believe. It is for you to take the promises." I had no more power to take them than to make a world. I could not bring peace and comfort to my soul, any more than I could give them to others. "Him (Christ) hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." All comes from God. What a mercy then to see our need of these things.

Perhaps the blessing is not yet granted you of the full forgiveness of sins. He empties, that he may fill; he strips, that he may clothe; he kills, in order that he may make alive. When he makes alive he kills eventually to all hope and expectation of attaining your soul's desire by your own power; it is all of God's mercy. What we learn of God's Word by experience will stand by us in after years. I am not sorry now for the bitterness of soul I felt when the Lord first began a work of grace in my heart. You know Jeremiah says—"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope." Ah! the Lord's people rejoice with trembling, and bless God for their troubles and trials when they are brought through them, as the children of Israel sang the praises of the God of heaven when they saw the Egyptians drowned in the Red Sea. We do not read that they sang as they passed through the sea, when the waters were divided on either side for them.

“Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.” Where divine life is once put into the heart it never dies.

“ True faith’s the life of God ;  
 Deep in the heart it lies :  
 It lives and labours under load ;  
 Though damp’d it never dies.”

Poor thing, you are sure to keep on because it does not depend on your own strength, but it depends on the God of heaven ; therefore you will keep on until the Lord’s set time comes to give liberty, to know that all your sins are forgiven. The Lord drops just a crumb, gives a little encouragement, some nearness in prayer. I remember one special time before I was brought into Gospel liberty and felt my sins were forgiven. (All the sins of the Church were for ever put away in God’s account by the sacrifice of his dear Son). I was in great soul trouble, and it seemed as if the time would never come to know that my sins were forgiven, it seemed as if the Lord never would speak peace and pardon to me, or he would have done so before now. I had such a spirit of prayer given to me ; I believe Jesus Christ was precious to my soul even in the want of him. I felt how suitable he was, and how blessed were those people who were brought to know him as their Saviour. I could see all that, but it was one word from him I was waiting for, but no word came of peace, and I sank back into the place where I was before—but *not quite*. Some little time after this, when I was in a melancholy, low state of mind, Jesus Christ was revealed to my soul, to the eye of faith, or the eye of my mind, but so clearly that at the time I thought I saw him with my natural eyes, but I proved it was not so, but with the eye of faith. At that period I lost all my burden, and it has never been back in the same way and manner ever since.

“ Many days have pass’d since then ;  
 Many changes I have seen ;  
 Yet have been upheld till now ;  
 Who could hold me up but thou ? ”

God must bless your soul. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God must give the increase. If you have been brought to see and feel your need of God’s mercy, knock on at mercy’s door. “ Blessed are all they that wait for him.”

“ The time of love will come,  
 When you shall clearly see,  
 Not only that he shed his blood,  
 But each shall say, “ *For me.* ”

The poor woman who was a sinner, and who followed Jesus

into the house of Simon, she loved Jesus before he spoke to her soul. She washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. She saw his beauty, she loved, honoured, and worshipped him, before he told her that her sins were forgiven. She “stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head.” After Jesus had done talking to Simon, when the set time, the suitable time was come to give comfort, he turned round to the poor profligate sinner, and said—“Thy sins are forgiven.” When this came it was with almighty power.

“Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.” But the people of God have not done with trouble when the Lord brings them into Gospel liberty. Hart says—

“From that moment the conflict begins.”

I remember when my sins were pardoned, I thought I had only to give a long step, or so, before I should be in the land of Canaan. When the Lord graciously drew near I thought I had left behind the troubles and trials of the wilderness. The Lord does not tell us what is before us—how kind he is. Only he says—“In the world ye shall have tribulation.” But in me ye shall have *peace*. He is our support, he satisfies our desires. Living souls desire sin subdued in them by divine grace. It is my desire. He does sometimes, for wise ends, permit his people to fall, and even that he makes to work for their good. “And we know that all things do work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”

“Their very falls, they make them wise,  
And show them where their victory lies.”

Where should I have gone left to a heart like mine?

“Ah! Lord, with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.”

We read in the Word of God of the falls of saints, and we hear of falls that take place; it is well to go to the Lord in prayer as the Psalmist did—“Hold up my going in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.”

The Lord opens his hand and gives us a thankful heart from time to time; he opens his hand and subdues the evil of sin within us. Those are sweet moments to my soul when not a dog can move its tongue; when there is no discontent, and murmuring against the God of heaven. I am glad when that is the case.



He opens his hand and lets the soul come to himself. Our life and all that concerns us is in his hands. Do we not wish it there? I am glad the Lord reigns and rules, that it is not left in the hands of men or angels, or in any hands but those of God himself. None can manage like God. May we be enabled to commit all our cares into the hands of the Lord. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." He has managed so well for us up to now, and if we are enabled to say that at the close of this life we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. We shall have our heart's desire, we hope, some day. What is our heart's desire? If we have the life of God in our souls, we shall want to get to heaven. What do we want to get to heaven for? Well, I know sometimes it is to get away from trouble and trial. Old Testament saints did this before us. Because we are weary of earth. I feel sometimes—

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

Is sin a burden to you? Is the body of sin and death a plague and sorrow, or does sin live and reign in you? Are wicked thoughts a trouble to you? Do you groan about them in secret before the God of heaven? Then you want to get to heaven to be freed from sin, because sin is a plague and defilement to you? That is a good reason for a living soul to desire heaven to be free from sin. Christ is in heaven, there he is adored, there he is honoured, there he is exalted, there he is Lord of all. We shall exalt him, crown him, bless him, and adore him when the soul leaves the body. In eternal bliss we shall see him, whom by faith we have seen here below at a distance, without the veil between. I am satisfied that it would be no heaven to me without Jesus Christ. I feel a very little love to him here below, but I hope to love him to my soul's content when I get to heaven, and see his face without a veil between; that loving Man, that loved me even unto death; with whom I have held communion and tried to exalt here below.

"Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." And the Psalmist says in another place—"I shall be satisfied, when I awake up with thy likeness." The Lord implants desires in the regenerate which will never be thoroughly satisfied until they are separated from this unholy body; until we dwell in pure holiness.

May the Lord grant his blessing.

## “Gospel Standard” Poor Relief Society.

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THE Committee of the “Gospel Standard Poor Relief Society” find themselves under the necessity of making an especial appeal to its friends and subscribers for further and more liberal help. The number of its pensioners is ever growing; and it would be painful in the extreme to be obliged to turn away really deserving cases which are continually being brought before the Committee. Also the amount of the pensions has been doubled since the commencement of the Society’s beneficent work. To meet this largely increased, and continually increasing outlay an augmentation of the Society’s income is necessary.

Our appeal for such augmentation is made on two grounds. 1st. The obligation the Lord has laid on all to whom power is given to do so to remember their poor brethren. “If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother..... Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land” (Duet. xv. 7-11). Passages of this import need not be multiplied, as they will occur to all Bible readers. And this was the uniform practice of the early disciples. In Judah’s need the poor brethren were cared for. “Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judah: which also they did, and sent to the elders by the hands of Barnabus and Saul” (Acts xi. 29-30). May the Lord impress this sweet obligation on the hearts of His people, and press it home by the above beautiful example.

2nd. On the ground of privilege. “He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.” “He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again” (Prov. xiv. 21; xix. 17). The churches of Macedonia abounded in liberality out of their deep poverty; and Paul bore testimony to, and would have the godly Corinthians provoked to love and good works by such an example. (2 Cor. viii. 21-26.) A righteous man is ever merciful, and therefore esteems it a privilege to lend and give. (Psa. xxxvii. 21-26.)

On this two-fold ground, then, of obligation divinely imposed, of privilege, also given by the Lord, the Committee earnestly ask all to whom power is given, into whose hands this appeal may come, to make it possible for the Poor Relief Society to continue the present pensions, and to go on adding to the number of pensioners as applications are made according to Rule.

The Committee can but believe that the Lord has been glorified by the thanksgiving of many for the help afforded by the Society; and it would seem little short of a calamity among us if, through want of funds, even a part of this glorifying of His Holy Name were cut off.

The Committee would be thankful if those churches which are able would kindly have collections for their Society. By such means many who cannot pay an annual subscription would thus have, and gladly embrace, an opportunity to give even out of their “deep poverty.” The good Lord take the care of a needy, useful Society into His own most gracious hands, and honour it yet more and more by making it increasingly His almoner.

THE COMMITTEE.

NECESSITIES OF TWO POOR DISTRESSED  
MINISTERS.

To Dr. Rippon.

(January, 1801.)

Dear Sir,—Finding there is to be a collection next Lord's day for the poor Baptist ministers in England and Wales, permit me to transmit you an account of a poor Welsh minister, to whose distressed situation I was an eye witness a short time since.

Being on a visit in the lower part of Pembrokeshire, and riding out one morning with a friend, as we passed along the road he pointed to the house of a poor Baptist minister, and informed me that that godly inhabitant, who was in his eighty-fifth year, was expected hourly to bid adieu to everything here below; I requested my friend to ride on slowly while I called in to see the good old man; but how shall I describe the poverty and distress of this miserable habitation? It had but one apartment, the floor was the sod. There was neither ceiling nor chimney, so that the smoke dispersed through a hole in the shattered roof, and partly out of the door; the only provisions in the house were a little barley bread and oatmeal, and a few potatoes which were deemed a luxury. The poor old man lying on a bed of straw, and the only covering he had was a miserable rug. On my appearing much shocked at his uncomfortable situation he pointed upwards with his finger and said, "Heaven! heaven!" The only companion and attendant he had was a daughter, upwards of sixty years of age, with whom I left a trifle, and which I only mention in order to add that the gratitude of both father and daughter can be more easily conceived than described. I left them overwhelmed with tears of thankfulness, and was afterwards informed that the dear good man in about three days left his miserable cottage to inherit "a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." I am, etc.

R.B.

November 22, 1800.—Extract from a letter to Mr. T.S. in London, from a minister of the Independent denomination.—As to our people, they are most of them day-labourers, they have many children, and are upon the parish. The subscribers are all dead (and we hope in glory) but two, and they can give but a trifle; but as honest and sincere people as any between my house and yours. Glory to God for his free *grace* and *power*. May he preserve and keep them, poor things. I have been with them almost fifteen years, and never had one hour's uneasiness among them. That is my comfort, the Lord increase their number. Amen. My income from them is twelve pounds per year, your contributions included, and four pounds per annum go for coals for fire and two pounds per year for house and garden, and the rest we have to live upon. Blessed be the Lord for that. I have a poor godly wife, who has been ill for twelve years, and I have three children at home who have been ill ever since last

May, but the heavenly physician supports them. I have a little school which brings me in five pounds per annum ; but as Lord H. has sold his manor, three estates, and as this is his gift I suppose it will be lost, and if not, as I am in the seventy-fourth year of my age I fear I cannot occupy it any longer than this summer, there is such a high mountain to go over : I have occupied for nearly nine years : but the Lord is all sufficient.

And now I shall inform you of our manner of living, though sometimes it varies, but not a great deal. Yet blessed be God for what we have. "Wherefore should a living man complain a man for the punishment of his sins?" We often are complaining of hard times, but not of hard hearts. Our living in the spring and summer is mostly of cresses and salt and bread, meat we have but little ; and in winter potatoes and salt, as I told you before. Here we find that portion of God's word to be true ; "A dinner of herbs, where the love of God is, is better than a stalled ox and hatred and strife therewith." O blessed be God for such a portion. As for butcher's meat we have had none for many months, but the Paschal Lamb sweetens all, though eaten with bitter herbs ; as for malt drink we have had none these five or six years. But thanks be unto God, as my poor wife says, "We have good water, and the water of life too." In the summer months we sometimes get a little whey, and now and again a little milk, but not often ; and as for our linen it is but poor, both for our backs and beds ; but it is well to be clothed with the clean linen, "the righteousness of the saints."

But my friend, we have been dwelling upon the dark side ; ~~now~~ let us see what faith can view in the following portions of God's holy word—"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18). "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18). See also (Isaiah xliii., Psalm xxxiv.), etc., which will be sufficient to show you that I do not live on bread alone, but on the word and promise of God ; and if the hairs of my head are all numbered, I am sure all my troubles, afflictions, and sorrows are, and my dear Lord and master has promised to "supply all my needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Thus I am taught to live by faith and not by sight. I know it is well for a minister of the Gospel to live above the smiles and frowns of the world ; but if it cannot be done we must stoop to providence, and learn to pray to be useful in the Lord's name and cause, and for his glory. I hope to be free from all wants, and cares, and sorrows soon ; and will conclude by saying, "Pray for us." Amen.

Copied from an old Baptist Register for 1800.

## PARTICULARS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, The Poet. Written by Himself.

*(Concluded from page 259.)*

Lastly, he urged the necessity of a lively faith in Jesus Christ ; not an assent only of the understanding, but a faith of application, an actual laying hold of it, and embracing it as a salvation wrought out for me personally. Here I failed, and deplored my want of such a faith. He told me it was the gift of God, which he trusted he would bestow upon me. I could only reply, "I wish he would !" a very irreverent petition ; but a very sincere one, and such as the blessed God, in due time, was pleased to answer.

My brother, finding that I had received consolation from Mr. Madan, was very anxious that I should take the earliest opportunity of conversing with him again ; and for this purpose, pressed me to go to him immediately. I was for putting it off ; but my brother seemed impatient of delay ; and, at length, prevailed on me to set out. I mentioned this to the honour of his candour and humanity ; which would suffer no difference of sentiments to interfere with them. My welfare was his only object, and all prejudices fled before his zeal to procure it. May he receive, for his recompence, all that happiness the Gospel, which I then first became acquainted with, is alone able to impart !

Easier, indeed, I was ; but far from easy. The wounded spirit within me was less in pain, but by no means healed. What I had experienced was but the beginning of sorrows, and a long train of still greater terrors was at hand. I slept my three hours well, and then awoke with ten times a stronger alienation from God than ever. Satan plied me closely with horrible visions, and more horrible voices. My ears rang with the sound of torments, that seemed to await me. Then did the pains of hell get hold on me, and, before day-break, the very sorrows of death encompassed me. A numbness seized upon the extremities of my body, and life seemed to retreat before it ; my hands and feet became cold and stiff ; a cold sweat stood upon my forehead : my heart seemed at every pulse to beat its last, and my soul to cling to my lips, as if on the very brink of departure. No convicted criminal ever feared death more, or was more assured of dying.

At eleven o'clock, my brother called upon me, and in about an hour after his arrival, that distemper of mind, which I had so ardently wished for, actually seized me.

While I traversed the apartment in the most horrible dismay of soul, expecting every moment that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up ; my conscience scaring me, the avenger of blood pursuing me, and the city of refuge out of reach and out of sight ; a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light on the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud, through the pain it gave

me. At every stroke, my thoughts and expressions became more wild and incoherent; all that remained clear was the sense of sin, and the expectation of punishment. These kept undisturbed possession all through my illness, without interruption or abatement. My brother instantly observed the change, and consulted with my friends on the best manner to dispose of me. It was agreed among them that I should be carried to St. Alban's, where Dr. Cotton kept a house for such patients, and with whom I was known to have a slight acquaintance. Not only his skill, as a physician, recommended him to their choice, but his well-known humanity, and sweetness of temper. It will be proper to draw a veil over the secrets of my prison-house: let it suffice to say, that the low state of body and mind, to which I was reduced, was perfectly well calculated to humble the natural vain-glory and pride of my heart.

These are the efficacious means which infinite wisdom thought meet to make use of for that purpose. A sense of self-loathing and abhorrence ran through all my insanity. Conviction of sin, and expectation of instant judgment, never left me, from the 7th of December, 1763, until the middle of July following. The accuser of the brethren was ever with me night and day, bringing to my recollection in dreams the commission of long-forgotten sins, and charging upon my conscience things of an indifferent nature, as atrocious crimes.

All that passed in this long interval of eight months may be classed under two heads, conviction of sin, and despair of mercy. But, blessed be the God of my salvation for every sigh I drew, for every tear I shed; since thus it pleased him to judge me here, that I might not be judged hereafter.

After five months of continual expectation, that the divine vengeance would plunge me into the bottomless pit, I became so familiar with despair, as to have contracted a sort of hardness and indifference as to the event. I began to persuade myself, that while the execution of the sentence was suspended, it would be for my interest to indulge a less horrible train of ideas, than I had been accustomed to muse upon. "Eat, and drink, for tomorrow thou shalt be in hell," was the maxim on which I proceeded. By this means, I entered into conversation with the doctor, laughed at his stories, and told him some of my own to match them; still, however, carrying a sentence of irrevocable doom in my heart.

He observed the seeming alteration with pleasure. Believing, as well he might, that my smiles were sincere, he thought my recovery well-nigh completed; but they were, in reality, like the green surface of a morass, pleasant to the eye, but a cover for nothing but rottenness and filth. The only thing that could promote and effectuate my cure, was yet wanting:—an experimental knowledge of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

I remember, about this time, a diabolical species that found harbour in my wretched heart. I was sincerely sorry that I had

not seized every opportunity of giving scope to my wicked appetites, and even envied those, who being departed to their own place before me, had the consolation to reflect, that they had well earned their miserable inheritance, by indulging their sensuality without restraint. Oh, merciful God! What a tophet of pollution is the human soul, and wherein do we differ from the devils, unless thy grace prevent us! In about three months more (July 25, 1764), my brother came from Cambridge to visit me. Dr. C. having told him that he thought me greatly amended, he was rather disappointed at finding me almost as silent and reserved as ever; for the first sight of him struck me with many painful sensations, both of sorrow for my own remediless condition, and envy of his happiness.

As soon as we were left alone, he asked me how I found myself; I answered, "As much better as despair can make me." We went together into the garden. Here, on expressing a settled assurance of sudden judgment, he protested to me that it was all a delusion; and protested so strongly, that I could not help giving some attention to him. I burst into tears, and cried out, "If it be a delusion, then am I the happiest of beings." Something like a ray of hope was shot into my heart; but still I was afraid to indulge it. We dined together, and I spent the afternoon in a more cheerful manner. Something seemed to whisper to me every moment, "Still there is mercy."

Even after he left me, this change of sentiment gathered ground continually; yet my mind was in such a fluctuating state, that I can only call it a vague presage of better things at hand, without being able to assign a reason for it. The servant observed a sudden alteration in me for the better; and the man, whom I have ever since retained in my service, expressed great joy on the occasion.

I went to bed and slept well. In the morning I dreamed that the sweetest boy I ever saw came dancing up to my bedside: he seemed just out of leading strings, yet I took particular notice of the firmness and steadiness of his tread. The sight affected me with pleasure, and served at least to harmonize my spirits: so that I awoke for the first time with a sensation of delight on my mind. Still, however, I knew not where to look for the establishment of the comfort I felt; my joy was as much a mystery to myself as to those about me. The blessed God was preparing me for the clearer light of his countenance by this first dawning of that light upon me. Within a few days of my first arrival at St. Alban's I had thrown aside the word of God, as a book in which I had no longer any interest or portion. The only instance in which I can recollect reading a single chapter, was about two months before my recovery. Having found a Bible on the bench in the garden, I opened upon the 11th of St. John, where Lazarus is raised from the dead; and saw so much benevolence, mercy, goodness, and sympathy with miserable man, in the dear Saviour's conduct, that I almost shed tears even after the relation; little

thinking that I was an exact type of the mercy which Jesus was on the point of extending towards myself. I sighed, and said, "Oh, that I had not rejected so good a Redeemer, that I had not forfeited all his favours!" Thus was my heart softened, though not yet enlightened. I closed the book without intending to open it again.

Having risen with somewhat of a more cheerful feeling I repaired to my room, where breakfast waited for me. While I sat at table I found the cloud of horror, which had so long hung over me, was every moment passing away; and every moment came fraught with hope. I was continually more and more persuaded, that I was not utterly doomed to destruction. The way of salvation was still, however, hid from my eyes; nor did I see it at all clearer than before my illness. I only thought, that if it would please God to spare me, I would lead a better life; and that I would yet escape hell, if a religious observance of my duty would secure me for it.

Thus may the terror of the Lord make a Pharisee; but only the sweet voice of mercy in the Gospel can make a Christian.

But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw, was the 25th of the 3rd of Romans: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

Immediately I received strength to believe it, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me, long before, revived in all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport, I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. But the work of the Holy Ghost is best described in his own words. It is "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Thus was my heavenly Father in Christ Jesus pleased to give me the full assurance of faith, and out of a strong, stony, unbelieving heart, to raise up a child unto Abraham. How glad should I now have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving!

I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace; but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? Could I do otherwise than love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and I ran in the way of his commandments. For many



succeeding weeks, tears were ready to flow, if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was all my employment. Too happy to sleep much, I thought it was but lost time that was spent in slumber. O that the ardour of my first love had continued! But I have known many a lifeless and unhallowed hour since; long intervals of darkness, interrupted by short returns of peace and joy in believing.

My physician, ever watchful and apprehensive for my welfare, was now alarmed, lest the sudden transition from despair to joy should terminate in a fatal frenzy. But "the Lord was my strength and song, and was become my salvation." I said, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord; he has chastened me sore, but not given me over unto death. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever."

In a short time, Dr. C. became satisfied, and acquiesced in the soundness of my cure; and much sweet communion I had with him concerning the things of our salvation. He visited me every morning while I staid with him, which was near twelve months after my recovery, and the Gospel was the delightful theme of our conversation.

No trial has befallen me since, but what might be expected in a state of warfare. Satan, indeed, has changed his battery. Before my conversion, sensual gratification was the weapon with which he sought to destroy me. Being naturally of an easy, quiet disposition, I was seldom tempted to anger; yet that passion it is which now gives me the most disturbance, and occasions the sharpest conflicts. But Jesus being my strength, I fight against it; and if I am not conqueror, yet I am not overcome. I now employed my brother to seek out an abode for me in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, being determined, by the Lord's leave, to see London, the scene of my former abominations no more. I had still one place of preferment left, which seemed to bind me under the necessity of returning thither again. But I resolved to break the bond, chiefly because my peace of conscience was in question. I held, for some years, the office of commissioner of bankrupts, with about sixty pounds per annum. Conscious of my ignorance of the law, I could not take the accustomed oath, and resigned it; thereby releasing myself from an occasion of great sin, and every obligation to return to London. By this means I reduced myself to an income scarcely sufficient for my maintenance; but I would rather have starved in reality than deliberately offend against my Saviour; and his great mercy has since raised me up such friends, as have enabled me to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life. I am well assured, that while I live, "bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure," according to his gracious promise.

After my brother had made many unsuccessful attempts to procure me a dwelling near him, I one day poured out my soul in prayer to God, beseeching him, that wherever he should be pleased, in his Fatherly mercy, to lead me, it might be in the

society of those who feared his name, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; a prayer, of which I have good reason to acknowledge his gracious acceptance.

In the beginning of June, 1765, I received a letter from my brother, to say he had taken lodgings for me at Huntingdon, which he believed would suit me. Though it was sixteen miles from Cambridge, I was resolved to take them; for I had been two months in perfect health; and my circumstances required a less expensive way of life. It was with great reluctance, however, that I thought of leaving the place of my second nativity; I had so much leisure there to study the blessed word of God, and had enjoyed so much happiness; but God ordered everything for me, like an indulgent Father, and had prepared a more comfortable place of residence, than I could have chosen for myself.

On the 7th of June, 1765, having spent more than eighteen months at St. Alban's, partly in bondage, and partly in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free, I took my leave of the place at four o'clock in the morning, and set out for Cambridge.

The servant, whom I lately mentioned as rejoicing in my recovery, attended me. He had maintained such an affectionate watchfulness over me during my long illness, and waited on me with so much patience and gentleness, that I could not bear to leave him behind, though it was with some difficulty the doctor was prevailed upon to part with him. The strongest argument of all was the earnest desire he expressed to follow me. He seemed to have been providentially thrown in my way, having entered Dr. C.'s service just time enough to attend to me; and I have strong ground to hope, that God will use me as an instrument to bring him to a knowledge of Jesus. It is impossible to say, with how delightful a sense of his protection and fatherly care of me, it has pleased the Almighty to favour me, during the whole journey.

I remembered the pollution which is in the world, and the sad share I had in it myself; and my heart ached at the thought of entering it again. The blessed God had endued me with some concern for his glory, and I was fearful of hearing it traduced by oaths and blasphemies, the common language of this highly-favoured, but ungrateful country. But, "fear not, I am with thee," was my comfort. I passed the whole journey in silent communion with God; and those hours are amongst the happiest I have known.

I repaired to Huntingdon the Saturday after my arrival at Cambridge. My brother, who had attended me thither, had no sooner left me, than finding myself surrounded by strangers, and in a strange place, my spirits began to sink, and I felt (such was the backslidings of my heart) like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to comfort, or a guide to direct me. I walked forth, towards the close of the day, in this melancholy frame of mind, and having wandered about a mile

from the town, I found my heart, at length, so powerfully drawn towards the Lord, that having gained a retired and secret nook in the corner of a field, I kneeled down under a bank, and poured forth my complaints before him. It pleased the dear Saviour to hear me, in that this oppression was taken off, and I was enabled to trust in him who careth for the stranger, to roll my burden upon him, and to rest assured, that wheresoever he might cast my lot, the God of all consolation would still be with me. But this was not all. He did for me more than either I had asked or thought.

The next day I went to church for the first time after my recovery. Throughout the whole service, I had much to do to restrain my emotions, so fully did I see the beauty and the glory of the Lord. My heart was full of love to all the congregation, especially to them, in whom I observed an air of sober attention. A grave and sober person sat in the pew with me; him I have since seen and often conversed with, and have found him a gracious man, and a true servant of the blessed Redeemer. While he was singing the psalm, I looked at him, and observing him intent on his religious employment, I could not help saying in my heart, with much emotion, "Bless you for praising him whom my soul loveth!" Such was the goodness of the Lord to me, that he gave me the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; and though my voice was silent, being stopped by the intenseness of what I felt, yet my soul sung within me, and even leapt for joy. And when the Gospel for the day was read, the sound of it was more than I could well support. Oh! what a word is the word of God, when the Spirit quickens us to receive it, and gives the hearing ear, and the understanding heart! The harmony of heaven is in it, and discovers its author. The parable of the prodigal son was the portion. I saw myself in that glass so clearly, and the loving-kindness of my slighted and forgotten Lord, that the whole scene was realized to me, and acted over in my heart.

I went immediately after church to the place where I had prayed the day before, and found the relief I had there received was but the earnest of a richer blessing. How shall I express what the Lord did for me, except by saying, that he made all his goodness to pass before me. I seemed to speak to him face to face, as a man conversing with his friend, except that my speech was only in tears of joy, and groanings which cannot be uttered. I could say, indeed, with Jacob, not "how dreadful," but how lovely, "is this place! This is none other than the house of God."

Four months I continued in my lodging. Some few of the neighbours came to see me, but their visits were not very frequent; and, in general, I had but little intercourse, except with my God in Christ Jesus. It was he who made my solitude sweet, and the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose; and my meditation of him was so delightful, that if I had few other comforts, neither did I want any.

One day, however, towards the expiration of this period, I found myself in a state of desertion. That communion which I had so long been able to maintain with the Lord, was suddenly interrupted. I began to dislike my solitary situation, and began to fear I should never be able to weather out the winter in so lonely a dwelling. Suddenly a thought struck me, which I shall not fear to call a suggestion of the good providence which had brought me to Huntingdon. A few months before, I had formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Unwin's family. His son, though he had heard that I rather declined society, than sought it, and though Mrs. Unwin herself dissuaded him from visiting me on that account, was yet so strongly inclined to it, that, notwithstanding all objections and arguments to the contrary, he one day engaged himself, as we were coming out of church, after morning prayers, to drink tea with me that afternoon. To my inexpressible joy, I found him one whose notions of religion were spiritual and lively; one whom the Lord had been training up from his infancy for the service of the temple. We opened our hearts to each other at the first interview, and when we parted, I immediately retired to my chamber, and prayed the Lord, who had been the author, to be the guardian of our friendship, and to grant to it fervency and perpetuity, even unto death: and I doubt not that my gracious Father heard this prayer also.

The Sunday following I dined with him. That afternoon, while the rest of the family was withdrawn, I had much discourse with Mrs. Unwin. I am not at liberty to describe the pleasure I had in conversing with her, because she will be one of the first who will have the perusal of this narrative. Let it suffice to say, I found we had one faith, and had been baptized with the same baptism. [The baptism of the Spirit.]

When I returned home, I gave thanks to God, who had so graciously answered my prayers, by bringing me into the society of Christians. She has since been the means in the hand of God of supporting, quickening, and strengthening me, in my walk with him. It was long before I thought of any other connection with this family, than as a friend and neighbour. On the day, however, above mentioned, while I was revolving in my mind the nature of my situation, and beginning, for the first time, to find an irksomeness in such retirement, suddenly it occurred to me, that I might probably find a place in Mr. Unwin's family as a boarder. A young gentleman, who had lived with him as a pupil, was the day before gone to Cambridge. It appeared to me, at least, possible, that I might be allowed to succeed him. From the moment this thought struck me, such a tumult of anxious solicitude seized me, that for two or three days I could not divert my mind to any other subject. I blamed and condemned myself for want of submission to the Lord's will; but still the language of my mutinous and disobedient heart was, "Give me the blessing, or else I die."

About the third evening after I had determined upon this

measure, I, at length, made shift to fasten my thoughts upon a theme which had no manner of connection with it. While I was pursuing my meditations, Mr. Unwin and family quite out of sight, my attention was suddenly called home again by the words which had been continually playing in my mind, and were, at length, repeated with such importunity that I could not help regarding them:—"The Lord God of truth will do this." I was effectually convinced, that they were not of my own production, and accordingly I received from them some assurance of success: but my unbelief and fearfulness robbed me of much of the comfort they were intended to convey; though I have since had many a blessed experience of the same kind, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. I immediately began to negotiate the affair, and in a few days it was entirely concluded.

I took possession of my new abode, November 11, 1765. I have found it a place of rest prepared for me by God's own hand, where he has blessed me with a thousand mercies, and instances of his Fatherly protection; and where he has given me abundant means of furtherance in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, both by the study of his own word, and communion with his dear disciples. May nothing but death interrupt our union! Peace be with the reader, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!

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## REVIEW.

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SOUL SAVING FAITH AND REPENTANCE; OR, PEBBLES FROM THE BROOK. By G. Hazlerigg. London: F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. 1903.

When we take into consideration the enormous amount of religious excitement that is going on in the world with all its attendant evils, we cannot help receiving with thankfulness anything put into our hands that bears the stamp of divine truth upon it, whether it be a tract, a booklet, or a large volume of sound experimental gospel literature. Such a book we have had sent us from the publisher in London, bearing the title: "Soul Saving Faith and Repentance; or, Pebbles from the Brook." With those readers who are destitute of the faith of God's elect, and who have never received from the hands of the Holy Spirit the grace of repentance unto eternal life, such a conspicuous title would have no weight, and the book, if it were received at all we fear would be soon laid aside as a thing of little worth. We have carefully read its pages, and we unhesitatingly say that there is nothing to be found in it that is at all likely to please the carnal mind, nothing to bolster up a hypocrite in God's Zion, nor will the self-sufficient Pharisee meet with anything that will feed the pride of his heart, or be in any way calculated to make him more holy than he considers himself to be. Those who think that they can do something to merit salvation will find much to oppose them in these pages, and will meet with

many rebuffs in every chapter they come to. That Arminian spirit which is so prominent in the minds of many of the religious people will wince again should they venture to give the book a careful reading, and in fact all that are not taught by grace the character, holiness, justice, mercy, and righteousness of a three-one-God, and themselves as miserable, fallen sinners before him will find much of what the writer says in this book point blank against them. He shows no quarter to goats in sheep's clothing, and no parleying with hirelings, or those who came into the sheepfold by some other way than by the door (Christ), and who according to scripture testimony are thieves and robbers.

Our author in bringing out his testimonies to God's truth has, we believe, done good service in these latter days to the Church of God, who are "minished, and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow." And that by people who are ignorant of the Holy Spirit's teachings, but who have embraced a religion that is of a fleshy nature, and which they are trying to bring to the front in defiance of those orthodox Gospel truths which have been the spiritual meat and drink of the citizens of God's Zion ever since the militant Church of Christ had an existence upon the earth. It is good for this sorrowing church that there are still a few friends to truth left in her midst who are not afraid to speak and write the solemn convictions of their minds upon important matters that exist between God and the souls of his people. We are thankful that our friend has come forward on the side of God's truth with a sword in hand; but in a blessed gospel spirit, not to defend the truth, for truth needs no defending, for it being a two-edged sword in the hands of the Spirit it will defend itself, and woe be to everyone who attempts to root up, or throw down, or break through this bulwark of truth that God has set round about his people. The object aimed at by the author, as he tells us, "is to demonstrate that true saving faith and repentance are the gifts of God, and entirely depend upon his sovereign almighty creating power in Christ Jesus." This is a truth that grace-taught people most fully believe, and they would shudder at the thought in believing that there is anything in man by nature that is calculated to induce him in the smallest degree to act faith in God, or to obey any man's call unto repentance for sins committed. We never can rightly and savingly repent of our sins before the Lord until a gracious repentance is given us by Christ through the power of the Spirit, for repentance is in his hands only, and he it is that gives repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins. So in the same way do we receive a living faith. It is the gift of God and it can only be received as such. Thus on page 14, the author quoting "Romans iv. 16, throws a powerful and divine light upon the nature of saving faith, and further says: "Therefore it is of faith, that it might be of grace." That is, the promised blessing comes in a way of believing, not of working,

“that it may be sure” to all the elect family of God. It could not then be sure if it came in the way of the creatures performing some conditions or legal duty. Far otherwise, for the law worketh wrath, and without the law there is no transgression. So the curse, the wrath, the misery, come in the way of legal duty. But, as saving faith is, as we have seen, the child of free grace, and the freely gracious promise which is self-fulfilling, all is made sure to those concerning whom the promise was made in eternity. Here we see clearly the nature of eternally-saving faith.”

This is good, sound, scriptural and spiritual reasoning, and to a fully enlightened mind is clearly to be seen, and when seen it is easily believed in and embraced. But if the mind be darkened the subject is mystified and hard to be understood; hence arises in the minds of men so many strange ideas concerning the Word of God, and such a variety of opinions become circulated before the public mind which upset the feelings of many who are anxious to know the right path to take and the right thing to do that they may please the Lord.

On page 15 we read “there are two sorts of commands. Those insisting upon the performance of a duty, these are legal. Those which are creative, these are Gospel. Do this and live, says the law. I write my laws in your hearts, and put them in your minds, and ye shall thus be my people, and obey them, saith the Gospel. O how men mix and confound these entirely different things one with the other! Happy the man who by divine teaching keeps them properly asunder! We know what took place of old in Israel under the old covenant, and how from disobedience to Moses’ words: “A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, like unto me. Unto him shall ye hearken,” the Jewish nation, as a people, are at the present time scattered over the face of the earth. Duty faith, legal duty, left them under the deepest condemnation. The Gospel does not speak of man’s duty, but of his utterly lost condition as a sinner, and of the only possible, but all sufficient remedy, God’s free, full, obedience-creating grace.” O how grateful the godly in Christ Jesus ought to be for any pure stream of Gospel truth placed within their reach at a small cost, and which has been well thought out and produced by those who for many years have been led and taught by the Lord the Spirit, and whose gracious experience of divine things has been ripened with age, and whose exemplary life has been above suspicion.

Such is the esteemed author of the little work before us, hence he says from the grace of God within him on page 20. “Only let us aim at serving our own Master, and doing what he gives us to do, in his own way, and we may be certain that our labour is not in vain, as in the Lord. Some persons in seeking great things for themselves, get out of the right way, and the result will not answer in the end to their expectations. A true love to souls, and an earnest desire for the salvation, and conversion of sinners, if tempered and regulated by a due submission

to God's will, are admirable things ; but let those who abound in such graces remember that some may be doing the Lord's will in a zealous manner, and humbly submitting to his will, when, and because, he does not seem to much prosper their efforts. The Lord says of the works of Thyatira that the last were more than the first. Why so ? Because done, as I conclude, under a greater sense of weakness, and in spite of greater opposition. Paul at one time writes, "I make myself all things to all men, if by any means I may save some." Later on in 2 Tim. ii. he writes that he suffered all things for the elect's sake." We are quoting freely from this excellent little work, simply because it has greatly interested us, and we are anxious that our readers may be interested too. We particularly wish them to notice the great difference between doing things from a legal spirit, and having a gospel spirit in our heart, which enables us to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, with the consciousness of knowing that it is the Lord the Spirit that works in us, both to will and to do of God's good pleasure."

When under a legal spirit, what darkness and bondage is felt within, so much so, that we often feel we must do something to extricate ourselves from this bondage, slavery, and misery, but when the spirit of the gospel is again made known in our hearts then there is full liberty felt and enjoyed, and we can hold communion with the King of kings, and the Lord of lords, and we as firmly believe that it is by grace alone that we are saved from the wrath to come, as ever Paul the Apostle did who wrote that sublime truth to the Church at Ephesus, and which has been handed down to the Church of God unto this day. We love that religion which cometh down from heaven, and is the effect of divine grace in the heart, and that is the religion this interesting little work contends for, and sets forth in every chapter and on every page. We much like that separating line of the Holy Spirit's work as running through the whole book. There is no confusion of the works of the flesh with the works of the Spirit, but the two natures and the two spirits are kept separate, and the subject is handled in a workman-like manner, and we believe it will give satisfaction to the Lord's chosen family. We close these remarks with a quotation from page 22. "Truth must always condemn falsehood, virtue must always condemn vice, what is good must always condemn what is evil, and falsehood, vice, and evil display themselves in their hatred and opposition to that which thus condemns them, and thus increase their condemnation. Noah condemned the world before the flood by his preaching and practice. As a preacher of righteousness and as building the ark for the saving of his house. The Lord Jesus condemned the world both by what he spoke and what he did, and by his great provision for his people. The ministry of the Gospel still condemns the world as testifying of what Christ has done and why he did it."



## "THE LORD DID APPEAR."

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."—(Isaiah xl. 29).

My dear Brother and Sister,—No doubt you will be somewhat surprised to hear again from me so soon. Since I last wrote to you I have had you both so very much upon my mind day after day that I thought I would write and tell you how pleased and surprised I am to hear that you both have been before the church, and that the dear Lord the Spirit had enabled each of you to give a satisfactory account of what he by his grace had done for your souls; which is a great blessing to you both, and to the church, and also those that went before the church at the same time you did; as it draws out such a love to each other, and a longing desire in the hearts of the candidates for baptism to be one with the Lord's people, and to cast in their lot amongst them for Christ's sake, and to follow him through the ordinance of believers' baptism. I do hope when you put on Christ Jesus publicly that you may feelingly have his presence in your hearts (even you my dear brother) so that you may feel strong in the Lord, so that all natural fear, arising from a weak heart, may be removed as you pass through that despised ordinance, and then you will be able in your hearts to sing, "Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah," as I did when the late Mr. Dennett baptized William and myself at Bedworth many years ago. That is a time to be remembered by me; for when I came up out of the water one of the deacons had to carry me into the vestry because I was too weak to stand. But my strength soon returned again, or rather I ought to have said, "power was given to the faint," and in a few minutes, so that I was enabled to join in with the friends in singing the song of praise, and I also stayed for the evening service and then walked two miles home at night. And blessed be the Lord, I have never repented it once; but have had great cause to thank God that ever he looked upon me with pity and compassion, such an unworthy sinful creature as I feel myself to be. But blessed be the Lord, "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust" (Psalm ciii. 14). I hope, however, I can say that I have felt a little going out after the Lord to-day, in holy desires, and in earnest longings when asking him to give me one more smile, and one more token for good, and I could feelingly join in with the language of the hymn and say—"One smile, one blissful smile of thine; thou dearest Lord outweighs them all." My heart's desire is that I could love the Lord more and serve him better.

But I feel that I must draw to a close as I am very weak and tired; but I felt anxious to send you a few lines just at *this time* with the humble hope that it might encourage you a little, so that you may not be too fearful; but helped to cast all your care upon the Lord, and believing that "he careth for you," and then all will be well. We shall be often thinking about you, and

shall be pleased to know how you are in your feelings when the baptizing is over. (My dear husband will now add a few lines). My dear Brother and Sister,—I just wish to say that I hope our dear friend, Mr. F., will be strengthened for his work on Thursday next. May the dear Lord give you, my dear Brother, a gracious view of the true meaning of baptism, and then you will not fear the water when you see how the dear Lord Jesus was overwhelmed in the wrath of divine justice, and rose from beneath the waves so that he might raise up his dear people to heaven and glory. And now with christian love to you both, and wishing you every needed blessing, we are my dear Brother and Sister, yours very affectionately,

W. AND E. SMITH.

4, Norfolk Road, Tunbridge Wells,  
April 14th, 1903.

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*BE STILL AND KNOW.*

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“Be still, and know that I am God.”—PSALM xli. 10.

*Be still and know*,—God bids thee wait in patience,  
Not to forget nor disappoint at length,  
But to instruct thine heart to greatest profit,  
And shew thee more his “everlasting strength.”

*Be still and know*,—He moulds thee in his wisdom,  
Not out of anger, but in tend’rest love,  
Not from a chance, but of his gracious ordering  
Comes every shade of care thine heart shall prove.

*Be still and know*,—and when the storm grows wilder,  
And thine own strength is lessening hour by hour,  
Then be thou still; thy God is present—nearest;  
He waits to show the greatness of his power.

*Be still and know*,—’tis no strange task he sets thee,  
No needless lesson, though it painful be;  
Rest in his choice, Oh heart so sad and fearful,  
God loves and cares, he chooses best for thee.

*Be still and know*,—thy power is quickly non-plussed,  
Soon damped thine hope, soon powerless lies thine hand,  
God staggers not, he sits enthroned for ever,  
And heaven and earth remain at his command.

*Be still and know*,—he bears thine every burden,  
His now to work—whilst thou shalt “stand and see”  
The sweet unfoldings of thy Father’s goodness,  
The gracious purpose of his love to thee.

*Be still and know*,—no floods shall overflow thee,  
To save from hurt his power, his love, combine,  
Until at length thou shalt have grown in knowledge,  
And for his praise shalt purer, brighter shine.

KATE STAINES.

“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

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My dear Lottie,—I have received your welcome letters and feel that I should like to write you a good one in return, but I am afraid you will have to accept the will for the deed. I am pleased to find that you have met with such a kind friend; and I pray that you and myself may never forget that best and never failing friend, who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer to those that fear and love him than a brother. Alas! it is too often the case with me that I do forget him. But his word says—“Though a woman *may* forget her sucking child,” yet he will not forget his dear children that fear him. The Lord complains of the children of Israel departing from him, but he says—“My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.” . . . . . The sermon on Lord’s day morning was from the words, “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;” and well they might be precious seeing they were redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ; and the death of his saints is the time of his receiving his purchased possession home unto himself. I liked Mr. H.’s evening’s discourse very much, and as old Mr. Slade once said after hearing your uncle preach—“I could dwell on the preacher’s lips.” His sermon was on “Laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us; looking unto Jesus who is the author and finisher of our faith.”

A man once said that he could tell what his religion consisted of in a few words; namely, “*Looking unto Jesus.*” There is a great deal to be seen in “looking by faith unto Jesus,” much more than I am able to write in this letter. We by faith can see him a babe lying in a manger, a youth among doctors, a person in Jordan’s river; then a sorrowful man tempted by Satan in the wilderness; then a preacher of righteousness, proclaiming salvation by grace to poor, lost, ruined sinners; then we see him as the good physician, healing all manner of diseases, and enduring the revilings, the scoffs, and the reproaches of wicked men. In the garden we see him in an agony, sweating great drops of blood, falling down to the ground; then we see him sold for thirty pieces of silver by one of his disciples; then solemnly denied by another; and alas! forsaken by all. Next we see him on the cross of Calvary, there suspended in the law place room and stead of all his chosen family; suffering, bleeding, and dying an ignominious death that he might fulfil the the holy law of God, satisfy the demands of divine justice, make an end of sin, finish transgression, and bring forth a complete righteousness which is to cover the naked, and to appease the wrath of God, and to be freely given unto and put upon all the election of grace; as the great Apostle of the Gentiles has said: “the election hath obtained it and all the rest are blinded.” Then the eye of faith sees him in the tomb; having voluntarily

and freely laid down his life that he might take it again, which after three days he did, and rose triumphantly from the grave, and having conquered death and hell, for it was not possible that he should be holden of it. Then after forty days' sojourn with his dear disciples here on earth, faith sees him at Bethany, from whence he lifted up his hands and blessed his dear followers, and then victoriously ascended up into glory, there to take his glorious seat at the right of the Father, to plead and to intercede for his dear people, saying "Father, spare them a little longer for they know not what they do." And now from the heights of his glory faith looks for his coming again the second time without sin unto salvation. . . . . I suppose you will expect me to say something about your last letter; but I am at a loss what to say, but you will know why! I have no doubt but that it is right for *all* believers to comply with the gracious command given by Christ himself, nor have I ever thought that I did wrong by being baptized except when I doubted my interest in him. But, the all-important question is, "What is the real motive? I recollect my dear father saying that when he went before the church he did not understand much, but he knew this much that he had love in his heart to the Lord, his people, and his ways;" and what constrained me to join the dear people at Upavon forty-seven years ago, or more, was the force of these words, "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you." I saw in the blessed ordinance of believers' baptism the death and resurrection of Jesus set forth, and he was all my hope and all my salvation. These words were fastened upon my mind—"I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?" Those words threw great light upon the ordinance, which was very helpful to me. But I must close. The Lord give you an understanding in all things. So prays your loving and affectionate father, J. STRONG.

42, Sheep Street, Devizes, Wilts.

January 4th, 1897.

GOD'S FAVOURED PEOPLE. LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TIPTAFT.

My dear Friend,—I have no doubt you are anxious to receive an answer to your kind letter. If the Lord will I am willing to be with you on Thursday, 23rd, on my way to Bath. I cannot come as requested for the 19th. If I come, may the Lord come with me and bless his word to the souls of the people. All things are uncertain. Friend Tamer, I hope, may have to bless God for the heavy affliction. If death should come in this sickness, what a very great mercy for him that he is prepared for the great change, and what a comfort to his family. Friend Smart is ill with a slow fever, and could not come into Berks. Friend Philpot took cold and could not speak on the 7th at Oakham.

I am glad to say that he is rather better. I hope that I am not come into this large, ungodly city in vain. It was thirty years ago last July since I first preached here. How many have died here in Christ since, and how many have died out of Christ. What changes may take place in the next thirty years! They are the favoured people above all other people who are prepared for the great change. No one can be too grateful for the least mark of sanctifying grace. I shall be glad to hear that the Lord blesses the soul of our friend at Cirencester. We must follow soon, if death should remove him from this world of sorrow and trouble. There is so much sin in various ways, that if we expect much happiness here we shall be disappointed. I wish that I could love Christ more, and could exalt him more on the Gospel pole. At Allington they have their trials. Friend Parry, on the 26th, says that his son had lost considerably above £500 by his sheep. And many apply to him for treatment, etc., etc. The complaint seems to be widely spreading. Mr. Parry thinks many are troubled about the disease more than they have ever been about their sins. It will be a mercy for his son if it make him a praying man. Afflictions, when sanctified, are great mercies. If a man lost a large flock—it would not be his soul. How very few are really concerned about their souls. Give my love to enquiring friends. Yours sincerely—

W TIPTAFT.

To Mr. Young.

122, Cannon Street Road, September 15th, 1862.

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### INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

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Dear Sir,—May I ask the favour of an answer to the following inquiry, through the pages of the "Gospel Standard," and which I will preface with a quotation from Paul's Epistle to his son Timothy—"Not a novice, lest he being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Moreover he must have a good report of them which are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil." (1 Tim. iii. 6—7.) It is to be feared that the solemn warnings contained in this portion of the Word of God are not seriously regarded, if rightly understood, in the present day. What then, is meant by "the condemnation (or judgment) of the devil"; and "the snare of the devil?" Novices are particularly mentioned, but do not these dangers threaten all ministers, and deacons as well? If a minister should fall into the judgment of the devil, what effect is it likely to have upon his ministry, his spirit, and his life? Is there room to fear that some who go out to preach in our day may have so fallen? Could such be profitable to the churches? How is it to be known with any certainty whether a minister has, or has not, so fallen? I confess my inability to satisfactorily answer these questions, though my mind has been of late much exercised by them. I should much like to know your views upon this subject generally. I think it would be profitable to draw attention to it.

Many ministers who have for a long time been pillars in our churches, and who have exercised a wide-spread influence for good, are now, some removed to their eternal home, while others, who through age or infirmity, are to all appearance standing upon the brink of eternity, waiting for the Lord to call them from their labours unto himself.

Already it is very difficult to obtain suitable, and profitable supplies in cases of emergency arising from sickness of pastors, and as these remaining pillars are one after another being withdrawn, it must become, humanly speaking, increasingly difficult to fill up such vacancies. This seems to furnish an opportunity to our great Adversary to thrust out, and push forward, mere hirelings, men who will care for the fleece, rather than care for the flock; or who will seek their own glory, and to do their own will, rather than to serve God.

May the Lord incline your heart to give this matter the attention it deserves, and may he direct you by his Spirit, and enable you to deal with it faithfully, and profitably, so prays yours,—

AN ANXIOUS ONE.

#### ANSWER.

We can in some measure enter into the exercises of our friend, who has asked the above questions, as the same important subject has for a long time occupied our mind, and caused us much concern respecting the future welfare of our churches of truth, and the spiritual good of the Lord's people generally. It is then, but a small matter for our friends to sit down with pen in hand and ask important questions of an editor, one after another, as they spring up in their anxious minds, and it is quite as easy for them, when posting them off to him, to expect an answer to them at the earliest possible date. But it is not a small matter by any means to answer such questions *faithfully* and *profitably* as "An Anxious One" prays for. Two things, then, in answering important questions are very needful, if not essentially necessary. First, that we should know the mind of the Spirit; and Second, that through the grace of God we might be enabled to answer our correspondents in the spirit of the Gospel, and in accordance with the Lord's mind and will as set forth in his revealed word. To run counter to the Word of God, and to write without the Holy Spirit's dictation, and direction would be disastrous to the feelings of an editor who feared God, and was blessed with a spiritual mind; to say nothing of the disappointment, and soul-trouble it would be to the godly readers who are most anxious to know what is truth, and who desire to be led by the Spirit into it.

In looking somewhat carefully, and we trust prayerfully, into the subject our friend has laid before us, we notice that his mind is much concerned respecting the present state of the ministry generally in our churches, and to which may be added the present state of some of our recognised ministers; and if we understand him rightly, he, with us, would much like for all our pulpits to

be occupied, at all preaching services, by sound men of truth, and men well taught the things that they preach by the Holy Spirit. Indeed we would fill the pulpits with God-made ministers only, and would discountenance both self-made, and man-made ministers, and set them at nought as being only hinderers and not helpers to the Lord's "Flock of slaughter," who comprise the church of the living God, as passing through this waste howling wilderness. Hence, to give weight and force to his questions, he quotes from the Apostle's words to Timothy, and says—"Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil," which is an awful place to fall into, as we see from several scriptural characters, as "Simon the Sorcerer," and "Alexander the coppersmith," etc. They were persons who had a form of godliness, but lacked the power of it, and were destitute of the teaching of the Holy Spirit. But the Apostle describes very clearly the true minister of the Gospel, or he that desireth the office of a bishop, which, if he rightly desireth it from his heart, "he desireth a good work," and he goes on to say that "a bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; "For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?" Then he says, as we have hinted, "Not a novice," lest through pride he fall into the snare of the devil (1 Tim. iii. 1—7), which all pretended ministers will do who lack Divine teaching, and are destitute of those qualifications for the ministry of God's Word the Apostle Paul has enumerated. For a man then to be made useful in the Lord's vineyard as a minister of the Gospel, it is necessary that he possess in some good measure (through the grace of God), those Gospel adornments the apostle has set forth; and if he possess them, even in a small measure, he will not fall into the snare of the devil to his real hurt, but like Peter, through a fleshly zeal being uppermost in him, he may fall into the devil's snare, that he may be sifted as wheat, to show him how helpless he is in all spiritual matters.

But if a man is called to the work of the ministry, the Lord will furnish him with those gifts, and abilities, and that grace, and Divine teaching that shall make him acceptable to his brethren, and if he, through that godly fear bestowed upon him, observe and do that holy command given him by his risen Lord and Saviour (viz.), "But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high," (Luke xxiv. 49), he then can go forth in the Lord's name with a "thus saith the Lord," and the Lord the Spirit will bear testimony to the word of his grace as proclaimed by him, with signs following; and such a man in all probability will prosper in the Lord's works, and ways, and become a pillar of the church, like unto those our corres-

pendent hints at, and who have shed a wide-spread influence for good in many of our churches. These then, are the sort of ministers we much need in the present day, and for which all godly people should pray as the Holy Spirit inclines their hearts so to do. No other ministers but these will ever be of any real spiritual good to the Lord's tried people, or, as they are called, the "household of faith." Of this the militant church of Christ has had abundant proof for many years past to its sorrow. But true ministers have become very scarce indeed, and the result is, there is but little power in many instances attending the present-day ministry.

But where are we to look for the cause of this dearth in the churches? We might notice at least two causes: First, If the Lord, for wise purposes withhold his power, to kill, and make alive, to wound, and to heal, to lay low, and to lift up, or to call poor sinners from the error of their ways and out of darkness into his marvellous light, who is to do so? and what right have we to complain? Can we command power from on high? Have we the privilege of commanding the Holy Ghost to do any one thing? Or are we able to instruct the Eternal Jehovah? And, "who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?" It may be, and doubtless is a source of deep regret to the minds of many of the Lord's people that there is apparently so little being done spiritually in many of our places of truth, or rather in the hearts of the people that attend them. But if the Lord do not comfort the mourners, heal the sick, and build up Zion, no one else can; for all spiritual power belongeth unto God; and when he puts forth that power his people rejoice; but when he withholds it, then the inhabitants of Zion mourn, and hang their harps upon the willow; for how can they rejoice when the Bridegroom is not with them? Now, when the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, and this power are withheld, there must of necessity follow serious effects in the hearts, and lives, of the people of God, which will terminate in bringing forth but little, or no fruit unto righteousness. And it pleaseth the Lord, at times to suspend these spiritual blessings, to teach his people their utter helplessness, and to show them by painful experience that "Without him, they can do nothing."

But secondly: It is a well-known truth that God will never honour, and ratify, and bear testimony to anything of which he is *not* the Divine Author. No minister's preaching, however orderly set forth, and truthful it may be in doctrine, will receive the sanction of heaven unless the Holy Ghost has called such minister unto the ministry of the Word, and given him those spiritual credentials or qualifications for the sacred office that are so essentially necessary. In truth, no man has any right whatever to stand up in God's holy name as a minister of the Gospel, who has not been appointed by the Eternal Three, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to such a position. It is marvellous, and beyond an ordinary mind to know how any man dare



to presume to stand up between an ever-living God, and ever-living souls, as a preacher of righteousness, who has never been by the Holy Spirit set apart for such an important work; and yet there are many that have done so. God's Word is strong against all those that run before they are sent; and the threatenings against them are solemn indeed. These are the "false prophets" that holy John alludes to, and says, that "many of them are gone out into the world." And if it were true in his day that false prophets were gone forth into the ministerial field; alas! what are we to say of the false prophets that are gone forth into the world in our day? But God's Word says, "these false prophets" did not profit his people at all, neither do they now; and truly they never will do, because the Lord has not sent them. They are, to speak plainly, hinderers, in the ministerial field, and not helpers in the work of the Lord, as they profess to be.

Now, such men may have a natural light in the head, but they are destitute of spiritual life in the heart; for wherever the Spirit communicates eternal life, spiritual light will be communicated too, for where one is, there will be both. Where, then, these graces of the Spirit are wanting in a man's ministry, we may conclude that he has fallen into the condemnation of the devil; and who is led captive by him at his will; just as the Scribes and Pharisees were when Christ was upon earth. And are they not the novices which the Apostle Paul would shun? lest they should display their ignorance in showing that they have never been called by grace; and if they lack that Almighty call, then surely they could not describe how they had been called to the work of the ministry! And what right has a man to palm himself off as a minister of the Gospel if he be destitute of those graces of the Holy Spirit without which no man can be made an acceptable preacher to the Lord's people? Nor do we consider it a wise course to take, for churches to make *spiritual novices* into ministers, youths, who have not lived to see twenty-five summers, and however much they may bid fair to be useful, as ministers of the Gospel at a future time; they are at that age only babes in grace, having but little experience in Divine things, and but a scanty knowledge of the life of godly people. They might be able to surprise, and please the young, and thus gather them around them; but they would not be able to bring forth substantial spiritual bread, suitable for the Lord's tried children to feed upon; nor would they be able to draw living water from "Bethlehem's Well," to slake the thirst of those that are "dwelling in a desert land, where no water is." Such inexperienced ministers would be of little use to those veteran soldiers of the cross of Christ Jesus, who have "warred a good warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil," and have by long experience borne the heat and burden of the day. And, does not the Word of God advise the church of Christ, not to have children for their teachers, nor choose babes (in grace) to rule over them: lest the

Lord should say—"O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths." Far better would it be for these raw recruits to tarry at Jerusalem, until the Holy Ghost was given them from on high, than to push themselves, or allow themselves to be drawn into the ministerial office for which, through lack of experience they are totally unfit. There is nothing lost by waiting; and no real good is obtained by running before they are sent. We are commanded to "wait on the Lord, and to be of good courage"; and the Lord has said that he will strengthen the hearts of those that are enabled to do so, but those that rush into the ministry without a Divine command cannot be said to wait upon God, and the sequel will prove that they have not spiritually profited the Lord's people, but, on the contrary, they have disappointed them; and, alas! in some instances, they have sorely disappointed themselves.

How difficult it is, then, for the churches of truth to obtain suitable ministers of the Gospel to fill their pulpits, and it appears to be much more difficult now than it used to be some years ago. The reason it is so appears to our mind to arise from the chief men of Israel being gathered by the Lord as shocks of corn fully ripe into his heavenly garner; and thus the churches in many instances are left destitute, or as sheep left without an under-shepherd; which, as our correspondent says, appears to be a good opportunity for the great adversary of our souls to send hirelings among the sheep, who, as the prophet Ezekiel says, "will feed themselves, and not feed the flock." But how can they, when they are totally unacquainted with the nature of the food of that flock, and know nothing of the nature of that hunger it experiences? Then how very necessary it is that the churches should keep a double watch continually against these hirelings, or rather wolves in sheep's clothing, for lacking the internal qualifications of a real shepherd, they use much skill in outwardly appearing as though they were one, lest they should be detected; but with all their care and skill, a man of understanding in Divine things will, sooner or later, find them out. But "An Anxious One" asks, "What effect is likely to arise from such a man's ministry, his spirit, and his life?" In the first place there will be death, a spiritual death upon his ministry, which will be visible enough to those of his hearers who possess spiritual life; as not one single spark of holy fire will emanate from his ministry to kindle the sacred flame of love to God, his people, and his ways in the hearts of the godly, however much he may press home his subject, or attempt to apply his applications. Such a ministry will not be accompanied with either spiritual life, light, or power. There will be no weight with it to produce an ameliorating feeling in the soul, no savour and unction to rest upon the spirit; and no heavenly dew to penetrate into, and soften the heart, and no illuminating light from heaven to lighten up the spiritual understanding, and to discover the deceitfulness of the heart, and the darkness that is often felt in the

mind ; and there will be no gracious rays felt from the Sun of Righteousness to animate, warm, and cheer the cold, frozen feelings that are often experienced by the children of God when attending the means of grace. A minister of this kind is more likely to fetter, and bring godly souls into bondage, than into the glorious liberty of the Gospel. He may appear to be grave, and solemn, and present himself before his audience very becomingly, and his language may be good, and his discourses well thought out, and doubtless he will have many admirers from those of his hearers, who, like himself, lack "the one thing needful," but to the living child of God his ministry will be a blank, an empty sound. It may be wordy, but lacking the separating line of Divine truth it will be a mass of confusion ; words without meaning, and hard to be understood ; and lacking that gracious simplicity of the Gospel, and the power of the Holy Ghost, many will wonder, and not without cause, what sort of a minister he is, and from whence he came, and to whom he belongs ! Then secondly, his spirit, and O how different is his spirit to the spirit of the Gospel, the fruits of which are so blessedly set forth by the Apostle Paul, who says, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance : against such there is no law" (Gal. v. 22, 23). Then, as we already have quoted, such a minister "must be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach ; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre ; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous:" (Tim. iii, 2, 3). What a grand description, and true picture of what a Gospel minister should be ; but O, how these wolves in sheep's clothing come short of these gracious adornments, and these gospel qualifications. In some instances they appear to be in their spirit and lives just the opposite of what the Apostle sets forth. In some, what anger do we see often displayed, because they have been opposed perhaps in some trifling matter, and what an unforgiving spirit has been displayed. This is not living a blameless life, and being kind and hospitable.

Then again, how much such persons are given up to that spirit of filthy lucre, which is so unbecoming in any man, especially in those that ought to know, and should do better. Then, not given to wine, but be sober, always live soberly. Would to God we all could lay this to heart, and remember that example goes before precept. We quite understand the apostle's meaning when he says to his son Timothy, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy often infirmities" ; and we consider it is quite right for those to do so who *absolutely* need it, but where it can be done without, let us abstain from it. But how many have in our time been turned out of their "bishopies," and lowered much below the beast creation, through the love of drink, and we have noticed such persons to go from bad to worse ; and become vagabonds in the earth, begging their daily bread, and finally coming to an untimely end. Surely we need all pray

the Psalmist's prayer, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe"; and with Jabez, earnestly entreat the God of Israel to "keep us from evil, that it may not grieve us." We will then say to all that read these lines, and who fear God: Be doubly careful who you invite to preach to you, try the spirits, and be very cautious who you engage to supply your pulpits, for you may soon go wrong, and when a wrong step is taken, it is not so easy to regain the right path. But some will say, We find it very necessary to have a minister, as many of the people will not come to the chapel when there is no preaching. Then we would say, let them stay away, if so be that any kind of minister will meet their wishes. This speaks badly for such people; for godly hearers do not want a false shepherd, an hireling, nor yet a novice, such as we have been describing. And as we have so few left amongst us now, of those ministers who preach the Gospel under the anointing power of the Holy Ghost, we would say to "An Anxious One," and to all deacons and members of churches, that we keep no such ministers in reserve, to meet any emergency that may arise; but should vacancies occur, as doubtless they will, then we strongly recommend the reading of sermons by Messrs Huntington, Gadsby, Philpot, Warburton, Kershaw, and those of other ministers who were sound in the truth, and who were men of good standing in the truth, so that we keep the good old orthodox Gospel still in our churches. And in the meantime, let us, as the Holy Spirit shall guide us, seek the Lord by prayer, that he will arise for our help, in raising up godly ministers, and hearers, that our churches may receive a spiritual increase, and our hearts be filled with thanksgiving and praise: and the Lord alone glorified.

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### DONATIONS.

(TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.)

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Whene'er you give unto the Lord  
 Don't sound the fife and drum,  
 Nor wait until you can afford  
 To give a larger sum.

Procrastination is a thief,  
 Reads his inspiring lay†  
 Catch‡ fleeting time, 'tis too, too brief  
 Give all you can to-day.

Bronze pieces with the stamp of "now"—  
 Not gold stamped with "to-morrow."  
 Bronze pieces now may calm the brow  
 And stem a world of sorrow.

† Procrastination is the thief of time.—*Young.*

‡ *Carpe diem quam minimum credula postera.* (Catch the present day; trusting as little as possible to the next).

To-morrow constantly recedes  
 And keeps a foremost place.  
 As 'neath her lamp§ that shadow leads  
 Whatever be our pace.  
 "My means are small I'll wait until  
 My purse is better lined"—  
 But they, 'tis said, who have the will  
 A way can mostly find.  
 "If wealth were mine, I'd give that's sure"—  
 With wealth there's many a hitch ;  
 Who will not give when he is poor  
 Would not give, were he rich.  
 Examples crowd, around us press  
 Of instances a score  
 Whose gifts, so large when they had less,  
 So small when they had more.  
 Recording angels smile and frown  
 Alternate as they jot—  
 "Yon serving-maid gave half-a-crown,  
 Her mistress gave a groat."  
 Remember that our gracious Lord  
 Sees each donation given.  
 She did not plead the "can't afford,"  
 But gave her all to heaven.\*  
 Yet she was richer than our friend—||  
 Such poverty is rare—  
 Who penniless yet would attend  
 The meeting house for prayer.  
 Be slow to judge, for who can tell ?  
 What conflicts in the night !  
 With purse as bare as prison cell  
 He greets the morning light.  
 It was collection day he knew  
 And tearful would relate—  
 "Can I go there without a "sous ?"  
 How pass collector's plate !"  
 Then stay-at-home suggestions vexed—  
 Forbear the saints to meet—  
 But faith prevailed, spurned each pretext—  
 He went and took his seat.  
 Now, reader, if you thus are tried  
 This incident rehearse.  
 Though direst poverty betide  
 COME, COME WITH EMPTY PURSE.

H. BELCHER (late of Paris).

Kilburn, N. W., April, 1903.

§ Moonlight shadows.

\* Mark xii. 41-44.

Personally known to the writer.

THE FOLLOWING REMARKS, BY THE LATE MR. PHILPOT, Being the latter part of a Review on an Excellent Work by Henry Cole, will, we think, be read with much interest. (Reprinted from the "G.S." December, 1859.)

### REVIEW.

The True Signification of the English Adjective, "Mortal," and the Awfully Erroneous Consequences of the Application of that Term to the ever Immortal Body of Jesus Christ, briefly considered. By Henry Cole. London.

Well might the apostle, as if in a burst of holy admiration, cry aloud, as with trumpet voice, that heaven and earth might hear, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) A mystery indeed it is, a great, a deep, an unfathomable mystery; for who can rightly understand how the divine Word, the eternal Son of God, was made flesh, and dwelt among us? "Who shall declare his generation?" (Isa. liii. 8;) either that eternal generation whereby he is the only-begotten Son of God, or the generation of his sacred humanity in the womb of the Virgin, when the Holy Ghost came upon her, and the power of the Highest overshadowed her? These are the things "which the angels desire to look into"; which they cannot understand, but reverently adore. And well may we imitate their adoring admiration, not attempting to understand, but believe, love, and revere; for well has it been said,

"Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
There faith believes, and love adores."

Nor, if rightly taught, and spiritually led, shall we find this a barren, dry, or unprofitable subject. It is "the great mystery of godliness"; therefore all godliness is contained in it, and flows out of it. There never was, there never will or can be a truly godly thought, feeling, or desire,—no, not one godly word or work, a godly heart or a godly life which does not arise out of, and is not sustained by, the great mystery of an incarnate God. There may be, indeed frequently is, a legal holiness, a fleshly piety, a titling of mint, anise, and cummin, and a proportion of good works, so called, independent of the grace that dwells in the Lord the Lamb; but godliness, as consisting in a new and heavenly birth, with all its attendant fruits and graces, can only flow from the fulness of a covenant Head, communicating life to the members of his mystical body. And this covenant Head, we know, is the Son of God, once manifested in the flesh and now exalted to the right hand of the Father. How clear on this point, that all life is in him and out of him, are his own words of grace and truth: "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me;" "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you;" "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." If, then,

our hearts, as touched with an unction from above, are bent after godliness, as a felt blessing; if, as made daily more and more sensible of our miserable emptiness and destitution, and the drying up of all creature springs of happiness and holiness, we long more and more to realise the inward possession of that promised well of water, springing up into everlasting life, we shall desire to look more and more into this heavenly mystery, and to have its transforming power and efficacy more feelingly and experimentally made known to our souls. "If any man thirst," saith the blessed Lord, "let him come unto me and drink;" and to show that not only should he drink for his own soul's happiness, but for the benefit of others, he graciously added, "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly (or heart) shall flow rivers of living water." (John vii. 38.) The whole of God's grace, mercy, and truth is laid up in, is revealed through, is manifested by, the Son of his love; for "it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell"; (Col. i. 19;) and this as Immanuel, God with us. Thus his sacred humanity in union with his divine Person, is the channel of communication through which all the love and mercy of God flow down to poor, guilty, miserable sinners, who believe in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. If blessed then with faith in living exercise, we may draw near and behold the great mystery of godliness. To tread by faith upon this holy ground is to come "unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel"; (Heb. xii, 22, 24;) for every blessing of the new covenant, if we are but favoured with a living faith in an incarnate God, is then experimentally as well as eternally ours.

If, then, we dwell at a little further length on the heavenly mystery of the human nature of our blessed Lord, we trust we shall not be found wearisome to our spiritual readers. We freely confess that the more we look into it, the more the subject opens to our view. We feel it, therefore, impossible to limit ourselves to a few hurried thoughts and brief sentences. Our chief cause of lamentation is that we cannot adequately set it forth, nor even fully and clearly express what we have seen in it ourselves.

In our last paper we stopped abruptly short at the very threshold of the last acts of the suffering obedience of our adorable Redeemer as couched in the words of the apostle, "and became obedient unto death, *even the death of the cross.*" (Phil. ii. 8.) The death of Christ was the fulfilment of the purpose for which he came into the world, which was "to give himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour." (Eph. v. 2.) "Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. (Heb. ix. 26.) The

sufferings, blood-shedding, and death of the Lord Jesus Christ were a sacrifice offered for sin, and are therefore spoken of as a propitiation (Rom. iii. 25 ; 1 John ii. 2 ; iv. 10.) and an atonement. (Rom. v. 11.) But in a sacrifice two things are absolutely necessary ; 1. That *the blood of the victim should be shed*, for "without shedding of blood is no remission : " "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul ; " (Lev. xvii. 11 ; ) and, 2. That *the victim should die* ; for death being the penalty of disobedience, (Gen. ii. 17 ; Ezek. xviii. 4,) the sacrifice offered as an atonement for sin cannot be complete without the death of the victim. In the sacrifice of himself, offering up his sacred humanity on the altar of his Deity, the blessed Lord accomplished there two essentials of a propitiatory offering. 1. His blood was shed upon the cross,—the actual living blood of his sacred humanity. It is therefore called "the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot," (1 Pet. i. 19,) and "his own blood." (Acts xx. 28 ; Heb. ix. 12.) It was precious as flowing from his sacred humanity ; precious, as stamped with all the validity and merit of Deity ; precious in the sight of God as a sweet-smelling savour, and precious in the hearts of his people as cleansing them from all sin. Sin is an evil so dreadful, so hateful and abhorrent to his righteous character, so provoking to his justice and holiness, that God could not pardon it unless an atonement were made adequate to its fearful magnitude. Thousands of rams and ten thousands of rivers of oil could not atone for sin. Did all men consent to give their firstborn for their transgression ; the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul, (Mic. vi. 7.) all could not suffice to outweigh the magnitude of sin. Lebanon is not sufficient for a burnt offering. Nothing short of the blood of the only-begotten Son of God could be an atonement of sufficient worth, of equivalent value. 2. But the death of the victim was also required. He who freely and voluntarily stood in the sinner's place must die in his room, or the substitution could not be effectual. Here, then, we see the mystery of the death of Jesus. There was no natural mortality\* in that sacred humanity which the Lord assumed in the womb of the Virgin. And yet he took a nature which could die by a volun-

\* Though we have in our preceding numbers used the word "immortal" as applicable to the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord, we are well aware that it is a term not fully appropriate ; for the word immortal strictly means not capable of death, and in this sense applied to the soul of man as not only not dying with the body, but not capable of dying.

In this sense the humanity of the blessed Lord was not immortal, for it could and did die. If such a word were admissable, "unmortal" or "non-mortal" would be a preferable term denying that it was mortal and yet not asserting that it could not die. The main difficulty arises from the inherent defect of human language as applied to heavenly mysteries. The mind naturally contemplates only two states of existence : 1. What must necessarily die ; and, 2. What cannot possibly die. The first it terms "mortal," the second it calls "immortal." A third idea, viz., that of a body which does not necessarily die, and yet is capable of dying, as being a conception lying out of its reach, it has invented no word properly to express.



tary act. The whole of his obedience in his state of humiliation was voluntary. Therefore, the last act of it was as voluntary as the first—the death on the cross as much as the assumption in the Virgin. The Lord's own words are decisive here: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I may take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." (John x. 17, 18.) The very merit of his obedience unto death whereby it became capable of being imputed for righteousness to the church of God consisted mainly in two things: 1. The dignity of the obedient Sufferer; 2. The voluntariness of the sacrifice as an act of obedience to the will of God. Had our blessed Lord not been God, and that as the eternal Son of God, there would have been no merit in his sufferings, bloodshedding, and death. As the brightness of God's glory and the express image of his Person, as his co-eternal Son, he thought it not robbery—no unhallowed, disallowable claim, to be equal with God; (Phil. ii. 6;) and therefore the very infinity of Deity itself attached to his words and works, so as to stamp efficacious merit upon them. It was not because his humanity was perfect that it was meritorious. Had his humanity been as perfect as it was, if Deity were not in conjunction with it, no merit could have been attached to it any more than there was merit in the obedience of Adam, or in that of an angel. But being God as well as man, the merit of Deity was stamped upon all the acts of the obedient suffering humanity, so that, as we have sometimes said, God-head was in every drop of his precious blood. Again, if the life of the blessed Lord had been violently taken away, contrary to his will, where would have been the obedience unto death? Had he been killed, so to speak, by the cross—had died because he could not help dying, had his life been violently torn from him, where would have been the laying down of his life as the last act of his voluntary obedience? What power could man have had over him? Had he so willed, he could have freed himself from the hands of his enemies. Therefore he said unto Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above." (John xix. 11.) And again, "Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" (Matt. xxvi. 53.) When, then, the band of men and officers from the chief priests came to take him with lanterns, and torches, and weapons, he freely "went forth" to yield himself up; but when he said, "I am he," or rather, as the words literally mean, "I AM," the glory of his eternal Deity so flashed forth, that "they went backward, and fell to the ground." (John xviii. 3—6.)

Thus truly was he "brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth." (Isa. liii. 7.) What heart can conceive, what tongue express what his holy soul endured when "the Lord laid upon him the iniqui-

ties of us all?" In the garden of Gethsemane, what a load of guilt, what a weight of sin, what an intolerable burden of the wrath of God did that sacred humanity endure, until the pressure of sorrow and woe forced the drops of blood to fall as sweat from his brow. The human nature in its weakness recoiled, as it were, from the cup of anguish put into his hand. His body could scarce bear the load that pressed him down; his soul, under the waves and billows of God's wrath, sank in deep mire where there was no standing, and came into deep waters where the floods overflowed him. (Ps. lxxix. 12.) And how could it be otherwise when that sacred humanity was enduring all the wrath of God, suffering the very pangs of hell, and wading in all the depths of guilt and terror? When the blessed Lord was made sin (or a sin offering) for us, he endured in his holy soul all the pangs of distress, horror, alarm, misery, and guilt that the elect would have felt in hell for ever; and not only as any of them would have felt, but as the collective whole would have experienced under the out-pouring of the everlasting wrath of God.

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## Obituary.

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**MR. MORGAN.**—Our esteemed friend, George Morgan of Leeds, was a man who loved the truth as it is in Jesus. The Lord convinced him, and brought him to feel that he was a poor lost sinner while he was at work in the coal pit. As there were other men working with him he had to leave them and go aside to pray to the Lord to have mercy upon him. In due time he felt that the Lord heard him, though no word was spoken to him with any great power. After a while he returned to his work, and his fellow workmen soon perceived that there was something the matter with him. They asked him if he was ill? He answered "I feel a little better just now." At that time he gave all praise to the Lord for the mercy he received. For many years he attended a chapel where it was all *do and live*. He bought an old book in Sheffield Market, which was the means in the Lord's hands of opening his eyes to see that, he must be saved by free and sovereign grace, and not of works. His children came to live in Leeds about eight years ago, and he came also. He had never heard the truth preached before he came to this city to live. It was brought about in the following manner: Taking a walk one afternoon he heard a few men say that it was "all of grace" if ever we reach heaven. One of our friends being present said to him, "you should go to St. James' Street Chapel, next Lord's day, where you would hear more of these things set forth by the minister we are expecting to hear." The man was there to hear him, and the minister, during his discourse, said "we might as well go to the graveyard and call unto the dead to come forth, as to bid dead sinners to come to Jesus Christ. It is the Holy

Spirit that quickeneth dead sinners," when the poor man exclaimed, "Amen, I believe it!" He continued to attend from that time. The late Mr. Chandler's ministry was made a great blessing to his soul; and he said that he never heard such things preached before; and he blessed the Lord for leading him to Leeds, and to St. James' Street Chapel.

On July 12th, 1896, he gave a satisfactory account of the Lord's dealings with his soul, and was baptized by Mr. Schofield, and he became one with us, and we found him very useful in our assembly. Many trials, afflictions, pains, and distresses fell to his lot; but he proved the truth of God's word, i.e., "that as thy day so shall thy strength be." For a long time he had to come to the Lord's house on crutches; but he was never too late. He always said, "I like to be there to hear the first hymn given out." Feeling unwell during the night of the 15th, and on going downstairs he fell; but the doctor said the fall only shook him. I called to see him on the Tuesday, and read John xiv. to him, when his soul was all alive to hear it, and the Lord made it a great blessing to him, especially these words: "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you." This lifted up Jesus in his soul, and he said, "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications." The Lord did not leave him comfortless. He was a witness to the truth of God's Word. We remarked: "Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood, shall never lose its power;" "No," he said, "it has not lost its power, and the Lord has blessed my soul in hearing his word preached, and by those precious hymns as 158, 160, 303, 1048." He became weaker in body, and on Wednesday he said, "My time is short." The next day he said, "I am happy!" and he fell asleep in Jesus on February 19th, 1903, aged 72 years. His mortal remains were taken to the Chapel on the 22nd. Mr. Garrard of Ossett took the service there, and then interred him in the Woodhouse Cemetery in the presence of many friends who had gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed friend, and to see him "well laid in the grave." May the Lord bless us as a church and people, and so "teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

J. A. C.

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MR. HARRIS.—Our dear friend, Thomas Harris, of Barton-in-the-Clay, Bedfordshire, died on May 5th, 1902, and was at his death eighty-three years of age. He was brought up strictly moral, having a godly father, who was a member of the little cause of truth for many years. Although Thomas never made an open profession of religion, he was a lover of God's Zion, and of the truth as it is in Jesus; and as long as strength was given him he attended the house of God. Our dear friend could not tell when a work of Divine grace was first begun in his soul, but he remembered how he was troubled before the Lord, and the

first time that he had a hope raised up within him in the free mercy of God. It arose from the following lines being applied to his soul:—

“Yes, the very worst of sinners,  
Who upon his grace rely,  
Shall of endless bliss be winners;  
And shall sing, beyond the sky,  
Songs of praises

To the Lamb that once did die.” (593 Gadsby's.)

He said that the lines so melted him down, that his wife asked him what was the matter with him; but he could not tell her. Our dear friend had an afflicted wife for many years, and the Lord blessed him with godly patience to wait upon her, which he did most willingly, but in 1895 she was taken away from him, and then a godly sister went to live with him, who made him very comfortable, which he was most grateful for, as previously he had much to do for himself. But in 1899 the dear Lord was pleased to take his sister home to himself, which was a sore trial to our dear friend. After this he lived all alone, and had to do for himself again. He had the parish allowance granted him, which was enough to pay the rent of his cottage, and a little for fuel, but he would often say, “I live upon charity and my needs are always supplied.” I must ascribe it all to the goodness of God in opening the hearts of the dear friends towards him so freely. At Christmas time he was a recipient of the “Gadsby Memorial Fund,” and he would say with tears of gratitude, “I hope the Lord will bless and reward the kind donors to this ‘Fund,’ for they little know what a great help it is to such needy ones as me.

Our dear friend was not able to get to the house of God for some months previous to his end, on account of his lameness, which was a trial to him, and which he felt very much. The writer, and other friends used to visit him occasionally on the Lord's day evening, and have had some very seasonable conversation together, which was profitable to us both. He loved to talk about Divine realities, and if he had received a fresh visit from the Lord he was pleased to relate it to us; as he had some very dark seasons to pass through; but, blessed be God, he had some blessed ones too. He has told me at times, that the darkness of his mind has been so great that he has lain and trembled in the night seasons; when sometimes the Lord has come just in time with a portion of his word, or a verse of a hymn and put it all right again. Once in particular this verse was made precious to him,—

“Jesus is a mighty Saviour;  
Helpless souls have here a Friend;  
He has borne their misbehaviour,  
And his mercy knows no end;  
O ye helpless,  
Come, and on his grace depend.”

Also this verse was very helpful to him in a time of need:—

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

The friends could see how the poor tabernacle was being taken down. The week before his death he could not say much, but he enquired after the friends at the chapel, and how the minister got on amongst them. The next morning he was thought to be a little better, and listened to a sermon being read from the “Gospel Standard,” when he was taken for death, and gone in a few minutes to be for ever with the Lord, who had been good to him in life, and in death, in not permitting him to suffer much, or to keep his bed a long time. Thus we can say, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

MR. MAYN.—Our dear friend, William Mayn, of Pitsea, Essex, passed away after a few days' illness to his eternal rest on January 30th, 1903, aged 90 years. He was the senior deacon of the cause of truth at Thundersley.

I have heard him say that in his early life he was convinced of sin, and of the solemnity of having a soul that must live for ever, either in eternal bliss, or in endless woe. He tried hard to keep God's holy law, and managed fairly well to keep his walk, conduct, and conversation clean, but could not prevent vain thoughts rising up in his mind; and feeling that the thoughts of foolishness are sin, and sin is the transgression of the law, and that “he that offends in one point is guilty of breaking the whole law”; he was made to see and feel that it is quite impossible ever to come up to the law's requirements, and that by the deeds of the law no man can be justified. This led him to feel the absolute need of the Person, and work of Jesus Christ, as his Law-fulfiller, Sacrificer and complete Righteousness; yea, to need him (Jesus) in all the offices he sustains and the characters he bears, as the Friend of poor, lost, ruined, and undone sinners, and that there was no other name given under heaven, or among men whereby he could be saved, but by the name of Jesus. The language of the hymn very clearly sets forth his feelings at that time:—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall,  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.”

His parents being poor he was obliged to go to work very early in life; he only had one half-day's schooling. He, however, learned to read a little, and became in time possessed of a copy of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. It was his daily companion, and he used to keep it in the Stable; or rather in the manger, so that when he was attending to the horses he could read some of those blessed hymns and find much comfort in doing so.

The last time I saw him alive was on January 11th, and in conversation with him this hymn of Dr. Watts' was referred to, viz.,

“Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.  
But Christ the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.”

I could but notice the warmth of his heart in the response he gave, saying, “What a sweet poet Dr. Watts was!” I felt it to be a very profitable time to my soul. He told me that during the week he had been favoured much in his meditations, and felt that it would be well with him when the change came. He was very fond of the Prophecies of Isaiah, and this portion was evidently his watch-word: “Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.”

A day or two before he departed his wife asked him if he had any doubts in his mind of his eternal safety? He answered, “No, I have had some, but they are all gone.” She then asked him if he would like her to read to him? He said “Yes,” and asked her to read the cii. Psalm, and the 72nd hymn in Gadsby's Selection.

“Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
’Tis God that justifies their souls;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.”

But the following verse will clearly show the state of his mind.

“Faith has an overcoming power;  
It triumphs in the dying hour.  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Soon after this he became unconscious, and on the following day he peacefully passed away. He was interred in Thundersley Church-yard on February 6th, 1903, in hope of a joyful resurrection. The church have lost a praying member, and one who was much concerned for the welfare of Zion.

I was favoured to meet with the friends on the following Sabbath, and felt it good to speak to them a little upon the blessedness of those who die in the Lord. And that I believed it could be truthfully said of the departed

“Fearless he entered Jordan's flood;  
At peace with heaven he closed his eyes,  
His only trust was Jesus' blood,  
In sure and certain hope to rise.”

C. J. WORSSELL.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1903.

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

## “THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.”

A Sermon preached at Moorfields, in the year 1739

By Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.”—Matt. xxv. 13.

THE apostle to the Hebrews informs us that “it is appointed unto all men once to die”; after that says he “cometh the judgment.” And I think, if any consideration be sufficient to awaken a sleepy drowsy world, it must be this: that there will be a day wherein these heavens shall be wrapt up like a scroll—the elements melt with a fervent heat—this earth, and all the things therein, be burnt up—and every soul of every nation summoned to appear before the dreadful tribunal of the righteous Judge of quick and dead, to receive rewards or punishments according to the deeds done in their bodies.

The great apostle of the Gentiles, when brought before Felix, could think of no better means to convert that sinful man than to reason of temperance, righteousness, and more especially, of a judgment to come. The first might, in some measure, affect; but I am persuaded it was the last consideration—I mean that of a Judgment to come—that made him tremble. And so bad as the world is grown, yet there are few that have their consciences seared with a red-hot iron, so as to deny that there will be a reckoning hereafter. The promiscuous dispensations of Providence in this life, wherein we see good men afflicted, destitute, tormented, and the wicked permitted triumphantly to ride over their heads, has been always looked upon as an indisputable argument by the generality of mankind, that there will be a day in which God will Judge the world in righteousness, and will administer true judgment unto his people. Some, indeed, are so bold as to deny it, whilst they are engaged in the pursuits of the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; but follow them to their death-beds—ask them when their souls are ready to launch into

eternity, what they then think of a judgment to come, and they will tell you they dare not give their consciences the lie any longer. They feel a fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation in their hearts. Since, then, these things are so, does it not highly concern each of us, my brethren, before we come on a bed of sickness, seriously to examine how the account stands between God and our souls, and how it will fare with us in that day? As for the openly profane, the drunkard, the whoremonger, the adulterer, and such like, there is no doubt what will become of them; without repentance they shall never enter into the kingdom of God and his Christ. No; their damnation slumbereth not; a burning fiery Tophet, kindled by the fury of God's eternal wrath, is prepared for their reception, wherein they must suffer the vengeance of an eternal fire. Nor is there the least doubt of the state of true believers; for though they be despised and rejected of natural men, yet, being born again of God, and joint heirs with Christ, through which an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven shall be administered to them at the great day of account. The only question is, What will become of the almost Christian? one that is content to go, as he thinks, in the easy middle way to heaven, without being profane on the one hand, or, as he now falsely imagines, righteous over-much on the other. Multitudes there are in every congregation, and consequently here present, of this stamp. And, what is worst of all, it is easier to convince the most notorious publicans and sinners of their being out of a state of salvation, than any of these almost Christians. And if Jesus Christ may be our judge, they shall as certainly be rejected and disowned by Him at the last day, as though they lived in an open defiance of all his laws. For, what says our Lord in the parable of which my text is a conclusion? "Then" (that is at the day of judgment, which he had been discoursing of in the foregoing chapter, and prosecutes in this) "shall the kingdom of heaven" (that is the state of Christians in general) "be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the Bridegroom." In which words there is a manifest allusion to a custom prevailing in our Lord's time among the Jews at marriage solemnities, which being generally in the night, it was customary for the persons of the bride-chamber to go out in procession, with many lights to meet the bridegroom. By the Bridegroom here you are to understand Jesus Christ. The Church—that is true believers—are his



spouse. He is united to them by one Spirit, even in this life; but the solemnising of these sacred nuptials is reserved to the day of judgment, when he shall come to take them home to himself, and present them before men and angels, as his purchase, to his Father, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. By the ten virgins, we are to understand the professors of Christianity in general. All are called virgins, because all are called to be saints. All who name the name of Christ are supposed, by that very profession, to depart from all iniquity. The pure and chaste in heart are the only persons that will be so blessed as to see God. As Christ was born of a virgin, so Christ can dwell in none but virgin souls—souls made pure and holy by the indwelling of his Holy Spirit. But what says the Apostle? “All are not Israelites that are of Israel.” All are not true Christians that are called after the name of Christ. “Five of these virgins were wise”—that is, they were true believers—“and five were foolish,” that is, formal hypocrites, whited sepulchres, mere outside professors. But why are five said to be wise, and the other five foolish? Hear what our Lord says in the following verses: “They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.” They that were foolish took their lamps; that is, the lamp of an outward profession: they would go to Church, say over several manuals of prayers, come perhaps even into a field to hear a sermon, give at the collections, and receive the sacrament constantly, nay oftener than once a month. But then here lay the mistake: they had no oil in their lamps—no principle of grace—no living faith in their hearts; without which, though we should give all our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned; it would profit us nothing. In short, they were exact, nay, perhaps, superstitiously bigoted to the form, but all the while they were strangers to, and, in effect, denied the power of godliness in their hearts. They would go to Church, but, at the same time, think it no harm to go to a ball, or an assembly, notwithstanding, they promised at their baptism to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. They were so exceedingly fearful of being righteous over-much, that they would even persecute those that were truly devout, if they attempted to go a step farther than themselves. In one word, they never effectually felt the powers of the world to come; they thought they might be Christians without anything of inward feelings; and therefore, not-

withstanding their high pretensions they had only a name to live. And now, sirs, let me pause awhile, and, in the name of that God whom I endeavour to serve in the Gospel of his dear Son, give me leave to ask you one question. Whilst I have been drawing, though in miniature the character of those foolish virgins, have not many of your consciences made the application and with a small, still, though articulate voice, said, Thou man, thou woman, art one of those foolish virgins, for thy sentiments and practice agree thereto? Do not then stifle, but encourage these convictions, and who knows but that the Lord who is rich in mercy to all that call upon him faithfully, may so work upon you, even by this foolishness of preaching, as to make you wise virgins before you return to your homes! What they were you shall know immediately: "But the wise," says our Lord (verse 4) "took oil in their vessels with their lamps." Observe, "the wise"—that is the true believers, had their lamps as well as the foolish virgins; for Christianity does not require us to cast off all outward forms; we may use forms, and yet not be formal. For instance, it is possible to worship God in a set form of prayer, and yet worship him in spirit and in truth; and therefore brethren, let us not judge one another. The wise virgins had their lamps. Herein then did not lie the difference between them, that the one worshipped with a form, and the other did not: no, as the Pharisee and Publican went up to the temple to pray, so these wise and foolish virgins might go to the same place of worship, and sit under the same minister; but then the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. They kept up the form but did not rest in it. Their words in prayer were the language of their hearts, and they were no strangers to inward feelings; they had savingly tasted the good word of life, and felt, or had an experimental feeling of the powers of the world to come; they were not afraid of a searching ministry, nor affronted when ministers told them that they by nature deserved to be damned; they were not self-righteous, but willing that Jesus Christ should have all the glory of their salvation: they were convinced that the merits of Jesus Christ were to be apprehended only by faith; but yet they were as careful to maintain good works, as though they were to be justified by them. In short, their obedience flowed from love and gratitude, and was cheerful, constant, uniform, and universal, like unto that obedience which the holy angels pay unto the Three one God in heaven.

Here, then, let me exhort you to pause again; and if any of you can faithfully apply these characters to your hearts, give God the glory, and take the comfort to your own souls. Should it turn out so, then you are not false, but true believers. Jesus Christ has been made of God to you wisdom, even that wisdom whereby you shall be made wise unto salvation. God sees a difference between you and the foolish virgins, if natural men will not. You need not therefore be uneasy, if a like state of misery and mortality happen to you both; I say a like state of misery and mortality; for (verse 5) "while the bridegroom tarried," that is, in the space of time which passeth between our Lord's Ascension, and his coming again to judgment, "they all slumbered and slept." It is no reflection at all upon Divine goodness, that believers, as well as hypocrites, must pass through the valley of the shadow of death; for Christ has taken away the sting out of it, so that we need fear no evil. It is to them a passage to everlasting life. Death is only terrible to those that have no hope, because they live without faith, and therefore without God in the world. Whosoever there are amongst you that have received the first fruits of the Spirit, I am persuaded you are ready to cry out with holy Job, and say,—“We would not live here always; we long to be dissolved, that we may be with Jesus Christ; and though worms will destroy our bodies as well as others, yet we are content, being assured that our Redeemer liveth, and that he will stand at the latter days upon the earth, and that in our flesh we shall see God.” But it is not so with hypocrites and unbelievers, beyond the grave. For what says our Lord? “And at midnight.” Observe, at midnight, when all was hushed and quiet, and no one dreaming of any such thing, a cry was made; the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God were heard, sounding this general alarm to things in heaven, and to things on the earth, and to things in the waters under the earth. Behold, mark how this awful summons is ushered in with the word “behold,” to engage our attention—“Behold the Bridegroom,” even Jesus Christ, the Desire of Nations, the bridegroom of his spouse the Church: because he tarried for a while, to exercise the faith of saints, .....and to give sinners space to fill up the measure of their iniquities; and scoffers were apt to cry out, and say “Where is the promise of his coming?” But he is not slack concerning his promise, as these men count slackness; for, “Behold, he that was to come is now come, and will not tarry any longer. He cometh to be

glorified with his saints, and to take vengeance on them that know not God, and have not obeyed his gospel." He cometh not as a poor despised Galilean; not to be stabled with the horse, or the mule, and to be laid in a manger as before, not to be despised and rejected of men; not to be blindfolded, spit upon, and buffeted; not to be nailed to an accursed tree; not as the Son of man, but as he really was, the eternal Son of God. He cometh riding on the wings of the wind, in the glory of his Father and his holy angels, and to be had in everlasting reverence of all that shall be round about him. "Go ye forth to meet him." Arise, ye dead, ye foolish as well as wise virgins, arise and come to judgment. Multitudes, no doubt, that hear this awakening cry, would rejoice if "the rocks might fall on them, and the hills cover them from the presence of the Lamb." How would they rejoice, if, those same excuses, which they made on this side eternity, for attending on holy ordinances, would now keep them from appearing before the heavenly Bridegroom? But as Adam, notwithstanding his fig leaves, and the trees of the garden, could not hide himself from God, when arrested with an "Adam, where art thou?" So now the decree is gone forth, and the trump of God has given its last sound; all tongues, peoples, nations, and languages, both wise and foolish virgins, must come into his presence, and bow beneath his footstool. Even Pontius Pilate, Annas, and Caiaphas, even the proud persecuting high priests and Pharisees of this generation, must now appear before him. For, says our Lord, then—that is, when the cry was made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh"—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the graves were opened, the sea gave up its dead, and all those virgins, both wise and foolish, arose and trimmed their lamps; that is endeavoured to put themselves in a position to meet the Bridegroom. But how, may we imagine the foolish virgins were surprised, notwithstanding their high thoughts, and proud imaginations of their security, they now find themselves wholly naked, and void of that inward holiness and purity of heart, without which no man living, at that day, shall comfortably meet the Lord! I doubt not but many of these foolish virgins, whilst in this world, were clothed in purple and fine linen, fared sumptuously every day, and would disdain to set many of the wise virgins, some of which might be as poor as Lazarus, even with the dogs of their flock. Those were looked upon by them as enthusiasts and madmen, as persons that were righteous over much, and who

intended to turn the world upside down; but now death has opened their eyes, and convinced them, to their eternal sorrow, that he is not a true Christian, who is only one outwardly. Now they find, though alas! too late, that they, and not the wise virgins, had been beside themselves. Now their proud hearts are made to stoop, their lofty looks are brought low; and, as Dives entreated that Lazarus might dip the tip of his finger in water, and be sent to cool his tongue, so these foolish virgins, these formal hypocrites, are obliged to turn beggars to those whom they once despised.

“Give us of your oil.” O, impart unto us a little of that grace and Holy Spirit, for your insisting on which we fools accounted your lives madness, for alas! “our lamps are gone out”; we had only the form of godliness; we were whited sepulchres; we were heart-hypocrites; we contented ourselves with appearing to be good; and, though confident of salvation whilst we lived, yet our hope is entirely gone now; God has taken away our souls. Give us, therefore, O, give us, though we once despised you, give us of your oil, for our lamps of an outward profession are gone out.

“Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord,” with this. My brethren in Christ, hear what the foolish say to the wise virgins, and learn in patience to possess your souls. If you are true followers of the lowly Jesus, I am persuaded you have your names cast out, and all manner of evil spoken against you falsely for his name sake. For no one ever did, or will live godly in Christ Jesus, without suffering persecution; nay, I doubt not but your chief foes are those of your own households. Tell me, do not your carnal relations and friends vex your tender souls, day by day, in bidding you spare yourselves, and take heed lest you go too far? And, as you passed along to come and hear the word of God, have you not heard many a Pharisee cry out, Here comes another troop of his followers? Brethren, be not surprised; Christ servants, were always the world’s fools. “You know it hated him, before it hated you.” Rejoice and be exceeding glad; yet a little while, and behold the Bridegroom cometh; and then shall you hear these formal scoffing Pharisees saying unto you, “Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.” When you are reviled, revile not again; when you suffer, threaten not; but commit your souls into the hands of him that judgeth righteously; for behold the day cometh, when the children of God shall speak for themselves.

The wise virgins in the parable, no doubt, endured the same cruel mockings as you may do; but as the lamb before the shearer is dumb, so in this life opened they not their mouth: but now we find they can give their enemies an answer: "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." These words are not to be understood as though they were spoken in an insulting manner, for true charity teaches us to use the worst of sinners, and our most bitter enemies with the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

Though Dives was in hell, yet Abraham does not say, "Thou Villain," but only "Son remember." And I am persuaded, had it been in the power of these wise virgins, they would have dealt with the foolish virgins (as God knows I would willingly deal with my most inveterate enemies): not only give them of their oil, but also exalt them to the right hand of God. But this could not be; because it was not the will of God. It was not then we see for want of love, but for fear of wanting a sufficiency for themselves, that made them return this answer, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." For they that have most grace have none to spare. None but self-righteous, foolish virgins think they are good enough. Those who are truly wise, are always most distrustful of themselves, pressing forward to the things that are before, and think it well if, after they have done all, being yet but unprofitable servants they can make their calling and election sure. "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." These words, indeed, seem to be spoken with a kind of triumph, though certainly in a most compassionate manner! "Go ye to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." Unhappy virgins! You accounted our lives folly, whilst with you in the body. How often have you condemned us for our zeal in running to hear the word, and looked upon us as enthusiasts for talking about, and affirming that we must be led by the Spirit, and walk by the Spirit, and hear the Spirit of God witnessing with our spirits that we are his children? But now you would be glad to be partakers of this privilege; it is not ours to give; you have been sleeping, when you should have been "striving to enter in at the strait gate," and now "go to them that sell (if you can) and buy for yourselves." And what say you to this, ye foolish formal professors? (For I doubt not but curiosity, and the desire of novelty, hath brought many such to this despised place, to hear a ser-

mon). Can you hear this reply to the foolish virgins, and yet not tremble? Why, yet a little while, and thus it shall be said to you. Rejoice and bolster yourselves up in your duties and forms; endeavour to cover your nakedness with the fig-leaves of an outward profession, and a legal righteousness, and despise the true servants of God as much as you please; yet know, that all your hopes will fail you, when God brings you into judgment. For not he who commends himself is justified, but whom the Lord commendeth.

But to return. We do not hear any reply the foolish virgins make; no, their consciences condemned them; they are struck dumb, and are now filled with anxious thoughts how they shall buy oil, that they may lift up their heads before the Bridegroom. "But whilst they go to buy"—that is, while they are thinking what they shall do—the Bridegroom, the Lord Jesus, the Head, the King, the Husband of his spouse the Church, cometh attended with thousands, and twenty times ten thousands of saints and angels, publicly to count up his jewels; and they are ready, the wise virgins, who have oil in their vessels with their lamps, and are sealed by his Spirit unto the day of redemption; these having on the wedding garment of his righteousness, the covering of his Holy Spirit, go in with him to the marriage. But who can express the transports that these wise virgins feel, while they are thus admitted in a holy triumph into the presence and full enjoyment of Him whom their souls hungered and thirsted after? No doubt they had tasted of his love, and, by faith had often fed on him in their hearts, when sitting down to commemorate his last supper here on earth. But how full may we think their hearts and tongues are of his praises, now they are sitting down together to eat bread in his heavenly kingdom? And what is still an addition to their happiness, the door is now shut, that so they may enjoy the ever-blessed God, and the company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, without interruption. I say without interruption; for in this life their eyes often gushed out with water, because men kept not God's laws, and they never come to appear before the Lord, or to hear his word, but Satan, and his servants and children, would come also to disturb them. But now the door is shut. Now there is perfect communion of saints, which they in vain longed for in this lower world. Now tares no longer grow up with the wheat. Not one single hypocrite, or unbeliever, can screen himself amongst them.

Now "the wicked cease from troubling"; now their weary souls enjoy an everlasting rest. Once more, O believers, let me exhort you in patience to possess your souls. God, if he has freely justified you by faith in his Son, and given you his Spirit, has sealed you to be his, and has secured you as surely as he secured Noah when he locked him in the ark. For a little while, 'tis true, though heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, and neither men nor devils can pluck you out of your heavenly Father's hands, yet you must be tossed about with manifold temptations. But lift up your heads, for the day of your perfect and complete redemption draweth night. Behold the bridegroom cometh to take you to himself; the door shall be shut, and you shall be for ever with the Lord. But I even tremble to tell you, O nominal Christians! that the door will be shut; I mean the door of mercy, never to be opened to give you admission, though you should continue knocking to all eternity. For thus speaks our Lord (verse xi.): "Afterwards," that is, after those that were ready had gone in, and the door was shut, after these foolish virgins had, to their sorrow, found that no oil was to be bought, no grace to be procured, "came also the other virgins," and as Esau, after Jacob had got the blessing, cried with an exceeding bitter cry, "Bless me, even me also, O my Father," so they came saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us."

Observe the importunity of these foolish virgins, implied in these words, "Lord, Lord," whilst in the body, I suppose, they only read, but did not pray over their prayers. If you would tell them they should pray without ceasing, they should pray with their hearts, and feel the want of what they prayed for, they would answer, that they could not tell what you meant by inward feelings; that God did not require us to be always on our knees; but if a man did justly, and loved mercy, ..... it was as much as the Lord required at his hands. I fear, sirs, too many amongst us are of this mind; nay, I fear there are many so profanely polite, and void of the love of God, as to think it too great a piece of self-denial, to rise early to offer up a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. If any such, by the good providence of God, are brought hither this morning, I beseech you consider your ways, and remember, if you are not awakened out of your spiritual lethargy, and live a life of prayer here, you shall in vain cry out with the foolish virgins, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," hereafter.



Observe, further, the impudence, as well as importunity, of those other virgins. "Lord, Lord," say they, as though they were intimately acquainted with the holy Jesus. Like numbers amongst us, who, because they go to Church, repeat their Creeds, and perhaps receive the Sacrament, think they have a right to call Jesus their Saviour; and dare call God their Father, when they put up the Lord's prayer. But Jesus is not your Saviour; the devil, not God, is your father, unless your hearts are purified by faith, and you are born again from above. It is not the being baptized by water only, but by the Holy Ghost also, ..... And it will do you no service at the great day, to say unto Christ, "Lord, my name is in the register of such or such a parish," unless the laws and image of Christ are written and stamped upon your hearts. I am persuaded the foolish virgins could say this, and more. But what answer did the blessed Jesus make? He answered and said: "Verily I say unto you"—he puts the word "verily," to assure them that he was in earnest—"I say unto you," I who am truth itself, I whom you have owned in words, but in works denied. "Verily I say unto you I know you not." These words must not be understood literally; for whatever Arians, and Socinians may vainly say to the contrary, yet we affirm that Jesus Christ is God, God blessed for ever, and therefore knoweth all things. He saw Nathaniel, when under the fig tree. He sees, and is now looking down from heaven, his dwelling place, upon us, to see how we behave in these fields. Brethren, I know nothing of the thoughts and intents of your hearts, in coming hither, but Jesus Christ does. He knows who comes like new born babes, desirous to be fed with the sincere milk of the word; and he knows who have come to hear what the babbler says, and to run away with part of a broken sentence, that they may have whereof they may ridicule or accuse him. This expression then, "I know you not" must not be understood literally. No; it only denies a knowledge of approbation; as though Christ had said, You call me Lord, Lord, but ye have not done the things that I have said: you desire me to open the door, but how can you come in hither, not having on a wedding garment? Alas! you are naked as you came into the world. Where is my outward righteousness imputed to you? Where is my inherent righteousness wrought in you? Where is my divine image stamped upon your souls? How dare you call me Lord, Lord, when you have not received the Holy Ghost, whereby I

seal all that are truly mine? Verily I know you not. "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." And now, "he that hath ears to hear let him hear," what manner of persons these were whom Jesus Christ dismissed with this answer. Remember, I entreat you remember, they are not sent away for being fornicators, swearers, Sabbath-breakers or prodigals; no, in all probability, as I observed before, they were, touching the outward observances of the moral law, blameless; they were zealous maintainers of the form of religion; and if they did no good, yet no one could say they did any one any harm. That for which they were condemned, and eternally banished from the presence of the Lord (for so much is implied in that sentence, "I know you not") was this: they had no oil in their lamps, no principle of eternal life, or true and living faith, and love of God in their hearts. But, alas! if persons may go to Church, and receive the Sacraments, lead honest moral lives, and yet be sent to hell at the last day, as they certainly will if they advance no farther, where wilt thou, O drunkard? Where wilt thou, O swearer? Where wilt thou, O Sabbath-breaker? Where wilt thou that deniest divine revelation, and even the form of Godliness? Where wilt thou and such like sinners appear? I know very well where you must appear, even before the dreadful tribunal of Jesus Christ. For, however you may, like Felix, continually put off your convictions (and they will be put off if only natural), yet you, as well as others, must arise after death, and appear in Judgment. You will then find, to your eternal sorrow, what I just hinted at in the beginning of this discourse (viz.), that your damnation slumbereth not. Sin has blinded your hearts, and hardened your foreheads now. But yet a little while and our Lord will avenge him of his adversaries. Already, by faith, I see the heavens opened, and the holy Jesus, coming, with his face brighter than ten thousand suns, and darting fury upon you from his eyes. I see you rising from your graves, trembling and astonished, and crying out, Who can abide this day of his coming? And now what inference shall I draw from what has been delivered? Our Lord in the words of the text, hath drawn one for me: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the son of man cometh." "Watch"—that is, be upon your guard, that your graces may be in continual exercise; for as, when we are commanded to watch unto prayer, it signifies that we should continue instant in that exercise; so

when we are commanded to watch in general, it means, that we should put on the whole armour of God, and live every day as though it was our last.

And O that the Lord may now enable me to lift up my voice like a trumpet! For had I a thousand tongues, or could I speak so loud that the whole earth might hear me, I could not sound a more useful alarm than that which is contained in the words of the text. Watch, therefore, my brethren, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, watch—be upon your guard. “Awake, ye that sleep in the dust, for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.” Perhaps to-day, perhaps this next midnight, the cry may be made. For in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the trump shall sound. However, supposing the final day of judgment to all may yet be a great way off, yet to us it is certainly near at hand. For what is our life? It is but a vapour—it is but a span long; so soon it passeth away, and we are gone.

Blessed be God, we are all here; but who, out of this great multitude, dare say, I shall go home to my house in safety? Who knows but, whilst I am speaking, God may commission his ministering spirits immediately to call some of you off by a sudden stroke, to give an account with what attention, and to what intent, you have heard this sermon? And it is chiefly for this reason that God has hid the day of our death from us. For, since I know not but I may die to-morrow, why, O my soul (may each of us say) wilt thou not watch to-day? Since I know not but I may die the next moment, why wilt thou not watch for dying this moment? You know, my brethren, some such instances have lately been given us. And what angel or Spirit hath assured us that some of you shall not be the next? “Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.” May such reflections as these, my brethren, crowd in upon my mind. At present, blessed be the Lord, who delights to magnify his strength in a poor worm’s weakness; I am at a stand, not so much about what I shall say, as what I shall leave unsaid..... Like Elihu, out of the abundance of my heart my mouth speaketh. The seeing so great a multitude of my fellow creatures standing before me—a sense of the infinite majesty of that God in whose name I preach, and before whom I, as well as you, must appear to give an account—and the uncertainty there is whether I shall live another day to speak to you any more;—these con-

siderations, I say, especially the presence of God, which I now feel in my soul, furnish me with so much matter that I scarce know how to begin, and where to end my application. However by the divine assistance, I will address myself more particularly to three sorts of persons.

And, first, I would remind you that are notoriously ungodly in the land, of what our Lord says in the text. For, though I have said, that your damnation slumbereth not, whilst you are in an impenitent state, yet that was only to set you upon your watch, and O, if through grace, the impenitent before me were convinced of their danger, and excited to cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" I appeal to all that hear me, whether I have said, the door of mercy shall be shut against you, if you believe in Jesus Christ as the only way to God. No; if you are the chief of sinners; if you are the murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers; if you are the offscouring of all things—yet if you believe on Jesus Christ, and continue to cry unto him with the faith of the penitent thief, "Lord remember us, now thou art in thy kingdom," I will stake my eternal salvation upon it, if he does not, shortly translate you to his heavenly paradise. Wonder not at my speaking with so much assurance, for I know "this is a faithful and true saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save (all believing) sinners"; nay, so great is his love, that I am persuaded, were it necessary, he would come again into the world, and die a second time for them on the Cross. But, blessed be God, when our Lord bowed down his head, and gave up the Ghost, our redemption was finished..... If you draw near to him now by faith, though you are the worst of sinners, yet he will not say unto you, "Verily, I know you not." No; a door of mercy shall be opened to you. Look then, look by an eye of faith to that God-Man whom you have pierced. Behold him bleeding, paunting, dying upon the Cross, to save all that come unto God by him. Hark how he groans! See how all nature is in an agony, the rocks rend, the graves open, the sun withdraws its light, ashamed, as it were to see the Saviour suffer! and all this to proclaim man's great redemption! Nay, the Holy Jesus, in the most bitter agonies and pangs of death, prays for his very murderers: Saying "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." What, then, if you have crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame, yet do not despair—through grace believe, and all shall be forgiven you.

You have read, at least you have heard, no doubt, how three thousand were converted by the Apostle Peter's preaching one single sermon after our Lord's ascension into heaven; and many of the Lord's crucifiers undoubtedly were amongst them. And why should you despair? "For Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The Holy Ghost shall be sent down on you as well as on them, and on all whom he hath purchased with his precious blood. Come then all ye that are weary and heavy-laden with a sense of your sins, and lay hold on Christ by faith, and he shall give you rest. For salvation is the free gift of God to all them that believe. And though you may think this too good news to be true, yet I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not; this is the gospel, this is the glad tidings which we are commissioned to preach to every creature. Be not faithless, then, but believing. And may the devil never more, lead you captive at his will; for all the wages he gives his servants is death,—death often in this life—death always—everlasting death in the next. But now the free gift of God is eternal life to all that believe in Jesus Christ. Pharisees are, and will be offended at my coming here, and speaking of salvation on such cheap terms. But the more they bid me hold my peace, the more will I cry out, and proclaim to sinners, that Jesus the son of David as he was man, but David's Lord as he was God, "will have mercy upon all that by a living faith truly believe in him." If to preach these things is to be vile, I pray God I may be more vile. If they will not let me preach Christ Crucified, and proclaim salvation to poor lost sinners in a church, I will preach him in the lanes, streets, highways, and hedges; and nothing pleases me better than to think I am now in one of the devil's strongest holds. Surely the Lord has not sent me and all you hither for nothing, no, blessed be God, "The fields are white, and ready to harvest," and many souls I hope will be gathered into his heavenly garner. It is true, it is the midnight of the church, especially the poor Church of England; but God has lately sent forth his servants to cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." I beseech you O sinners, hearken unto the voice; and may the blessed Spirit espouse you by faith to Christ, and henceforward watch and pray, that ye may be ready to go forth to meet him.

Secondly, I would apply myself to those amongst you that are not openly profane, but, by depending on a formal round of duties, deceive your own souls, and are still as

the foolish virgins. But I must speak to your conviction before I can speak to your comfort. My brethren, do not deceive your own souls. You have heard how far the foolish virgins went, and yet were answered with a "Verily, I know you not." The reason is, none but such as have a living faith in Jesus Christ, and are truly born again from above, can possibly enter into the kingdom of heaven. You may, perhaps, live honestly, and outwardly moral lives; but if you depend on that morality, or join your works with your faith, in order to justify you before God, you have no lot or share in Christ's redemption. For what is this but making yourselves your own Saviours—taking the crown from Jesus Christ, and putting it on your own heads? The crime of the devil, some have supposed, consisted in this, that he would not bow to the name of Jesus, when he came into the world as man, and when the Father commanded all the angels to worship him. And what do you less? You will not own and submit to his righteousness. And though you pretend to worship him with your lips, yet your hearts are far from him. Besides, you, in effect, deny the operations of his blessed Spirit; you place works in the room of effectual grace. You hope to be saved, because you have good desires. What is this, but to give God, his word, and all his saints the lie? A Jew, and a Turk, has equally as good grounds whereon to build his hopes of salvation. Great need, therefore, have I to cry out to you, O foolish virgins, watch; and if you can, beg of God to convince you of your self-righteousness, and the secret unbelief of your hearts, or otherwise, whensoever the cry shall be made, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," you will find yourselves utterly unprepared to go forth to meet him. You may cry, "Lord, Lord," but the answer will be, "Verily, I know you not."

Thirdly, I would speak a word or two by way of exhortation, to those who are wise virgins, and are well assured that they have on a wedding garment. That there are many such amongst you, who, by grace, have renounced your own righteousness, and know assuredly that the righteousness of the Lord Jesus is imputed to you, I make no doubt. God has his secret ones in the worst of times; and I am persuaded he has not let so loud a gospel cry be made amongst his people for nothing. No, I am confident the Holy Ghost has been given to some on the preaching of faith; nay, has powerfully fallen upon many, whilst they have been hearing the word. You are then no longer foolish,

but wise virgins; notwithstanding I beseech you also, suffer the word of exhortation; for wise virgins are too apt, whilst the bridegroom tarries, to slumber and sleep: watch therefore, my dear brethren, watch and pray, at this time especially, for perhaps a time of suffering is at hand. The ark of the Lord begins already to be driven into the wilderness. Be ye therefore upon the watch, and still persevere in following your Lord even without the camp, bearing his reproach. The cry that has been lately made, has awakened the devil and his servants—they begin to rage horribly; and well they may, for I hope their kingdom is in danger. Watch, therefore, my brethren; for if we are not always upon our guard, a time of trial may overtake us unawares, and instead of owning, like Peter, we may be tempted to deny our Master. Set death and eternity often before you. Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith, and consider how little a while it will be ere he comes to judgment, and then our reproach shall be wiped away; the accusers of us and our brethren shall be cast down, and the door be shut; we all shall continue for ever in heaven with our dear Lord Jesus, inheriting those mansions before prepared for us.

Lastly, What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, one with another, I beseech you by the mercies of that Jesus whom I am now preaching, be upon your guard. Flee, flee to Jesus Christ, that heavenly bridegroom; behold, he desires to take you to himself. Miserable, poor, blind and naked, as you are, yet he is willing to clothe you with his everlasting righteousness, and make you partakers of that glory, which he enjoyed with the Father before the world was. May you never turn a deaf ear to these things; do not reject the message on account of the meanness of the messenger! I am a child, a youth of uncircumcised lips, but the Lord has chosen me, that the glory might be all his own. Had he sent me to invite you by a learned rabbi, you might have been tempted to think the man had done something. But now God hath sent a child that cannot speak, that the excellency of the power may be seen to be not of man, but of God. Let better learned Pharisees, then, despise my youth; I care not how vile I appear in the sight of such men, I glory in it; and I am persuaded, if any of you should be set upon your watch by this preaching, you will have no reason to repent that God sent a child to cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" O! my brethren, the thought of being instrumental in bringing

some of you to glory, fills me with fresh zeal. Once more, therefore, I entreat you, "Watch, watch and pray;" for the Lord Jesus will receive all that call upon him, yea, all that call upon him faithfully. Let that cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," be continually sounding in your ears; and endeavour to live this day, and this night as though you were summoned to go forth to meet him. I could say more, but the other business and duties of the day oblige me to stop. May the Lord give you an hearing ear, and an obedient heart, and so closely unite you to himself by one Spirit, that, when he shall come in terrible majesty to judge mankind, you may be found having on a wedding garment, and ready to go in with him to the marriage. Grant this, O Father, for thy dear Son's sake, Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen! and Amen!

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"LIGHT is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart" (Psalm xcvi. 11). From these words we may observe, first, the sower: he must be a child of light, for this is the seed that he sows. Secondly, the soil is described, which shows it to be a part of God's husbandry: they are called, first, righteous; secondly, upright in heart. David himself describes the sower: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psalm cxxvi. 6). By the sower going forth, I understand his going forth from the society of the world, from the prison of sin, from bondage under the law, from confidence in the flesh, with the tidings of peace, and with authority and commission from Christ. All going forth short of this is no better than the setting out of the foolish virgins, who would have been just as well off if they had stayed at home. The sower's weeping as he goes, sets forth the toil and labour attending his work, a deep sense of his insufficiency for the arduous task, the opposition from the world, sin, and Satan, that he meets with, the little success he has in it, and his manifold sufferings both from the power of enemies and weakness of friends; nevertheless he goes forth and sows, though it is with weeping, which shows him to be a real ambassador, for "the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly" (Isa. xxxiii. 7). However, he is not without encouragement, he shall be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and his work is with his God, whether Israel be gathered or not. Yea, he is a sweet savour unto God in them that are saved, and in them that perish. The heart knows its own bitterness, and the Lord's labourers feel the burden and heat of the day; but these are counterpoised with a joy that the stranger intermeddleth not with; which arises from the pardon of sin, the testimony of conscience, from an imputed righteousness, from believing views of interest in Christ, from a good hope, from the love of God, from the witness of adoption, and from a full persuasion of future glory; and while he sows to others he often reaps these afresh to encourage him in his work; "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" (Psa. cxxxvi. 5.)

HUNTINGTON.



## “Gospel Standard” Poor Relief Society.

THE Committee of the “Gospel Standard Poor Relief Society” find themselves under the necessity of making an especial appeal to its friends and subscribers for further and more liberal help. The number of its pensioners is ever growing; and it would be painful in the extreme to be obliged to turn away really deserving cases which are continually being brought before the Committee. Also the amount of the pensions has been doubled since the commencement of the Society’s beneficent work. To meet this largely increased, and continually increasing outlay an augmentation of the Society’s income is necessary.

Our appeal for such augmentation is made on two grounds. 1st. The obligation the Lord has laid on all to whom power is given to do so to remember their poor brethren. “If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother..... Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land” (Duet. xv. 7-11). Passages of this import need not be multiplied, as they will occur to all Bible readers. And this was the uniform practice of the early disciples. In Judah’s need the poor brethren were cared for. “Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judah: which also they did, and sent to the elders by the hands of Barnabus and Saul” (Acts xi. 29-30). May the Lord impress this sweet obligation on the hearts of His people, and press it home by the above beautiful example.

2nd. On the ground of privilege. “He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.” “He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again” (Prov. xiv. 21; xix. 17). The churches of Macedonia abounded in liberality out of their deep poverty; and Paul bore testimony to, and would have the godly Corinthians provoked to love and good works by such an example. (2 Cor. viii. 21-26.) A righteous man is ever merciful, and therefore esteems it a privilege to lend and give. (Psa. xxxvii. 21-26.)

On this two-fold ground, then, of obligation divinely imposed, of privilege, also given by the Lord, the Committee earnestly ask all to whom power is given, into whose hands this appeal may come, to make it possible for the Poor Relief Society to continue the present pensions, and to go on adding to the number of pensioners as applications are made according to Rule.

The Committee can but believe that the Lord has been glorified by the thanksgiving of many for the help afforded by the Society; and it would seem little short of a calamity among us if, through want of funds, even a part of this glorifying of His Holy Name were cut off.

The Committee would be thankful if those churches which are able would kindly have collections for their Society. By such means many who cannot pay an annual subscription would thus have, and gladly embrace, an opportunity to give even out of their “deep poverty.” The good Lord take the care of a needy, useful Society into His own most gracious hands, and honour it yet more and more by making it increasingly His almoner.

THE COMMITTEE.

*Contributions will be thankfully received by the Secretary, MR. H. T. STONELAKE, 17, Leighton Grove, Kentish Town, London, N. W.*

## A WARNING VOICE TO THE CHURCHES OF TRUTH,

By a Watchman on the Walls of Zion.

DOUBTLESS the readers of the "Gospel Standard" have seen a sermon by Mr. Wren, of Bedford, entitled "The first man's lost royalty and dominion recovered by the second man, Christ Jesus." It was preached on Thursday evening, June 5th, 1902, and is No. 17 of the Providence Baptist Chapel Pulpit, Rothsay Road, Bedford.

This sermon contains serious errors concerning the Lord Jesus. It asserts that He took Adam's place; that He came to regain what Adam lost; that He, the immutable God, was in a state of probation. But that which sent a thrill of horror through many godly souls was the terrible statement that "there was in Jesus for the time being a possibility of sinning."

We quote the entire passage, that none may have occasion to say that we have dealt unfairly with Mr. Wren. "There was in Adam a moral capacity not to sin, but there was not in him an incapacity to sin; innocence is no guarantee against sinning. Angels sinned and our first parents sinned; Jesus took Adam's place, there was in Jesus a capacity not to sin. Adam was in a state of probation, Jesus was in a state of probation. There was in Jesus for the time being a possibility of sinning. Satan tempted Adam under good circumstances, he tempts Jesus under afflictive circumstances, "Jesus hungered." If there was no possibility of sinning Jesus' temptation is a farce; but His temptation is a real pain from Satan. "He suffered, being tempted." It was a real inducement from Satan to cause Him to sin. Adam fell under good circumstances. Jesus stood firmly under bad circumstances. Jesus said "No" to all Satan's tempting suggestions. God is above evil. He cannot be tempted by it. Jesus came down from the realm of incapacity to sin, into the region of the possibility of sinning! He there did no sin. He stood the test, and was made perfect. He has passed through every test and elected with all his heart not to sin. He chose suffering rather than sin, and now there is a man. A real man exalted to such a condition as not to be able to sin."

This full, complete statement, which is no less than dogmatic teaching, was uttered by Mr. Wren in June of last year, and was revised and printed by him in December of the same year. In the month of June 1903—one year after, he issues from the press a withdrawal. The first question which arose in our minds on hearing of it was "Is it satisfactory?" The sad answer came quickly, as we read the few bracketed lines of which it consists. In sermon No. 23 of the same series are the following words:

"(I made a remark in one of my former sermons bearing upon the sufferings of Christ, in His temptations, and conveyed by a wrong choice of words what is not at all in accordance with

my own mind, or even with Scripture. I absolutely withdraw that remark, that there was in Jesus for the time being a possibility of sinning. Because God cannot sin, and the Son of God in His own Person lifted our nature above the possibility of sinning: and that person who is joined to the vine by vital union cannot live in the practice of sin.)”

The above is all. All that Mr. Wren has to say for the wounded honour of the Lord Jesus. The only apology he has to make for the pernicious words he preached, revised and printed concerning the adorable Redeemer. “I absolutely withdraw that remark.” Small place in Mr. Wren’s regard does John v. 23 appear to have: “That all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him.”

With regard for the injured honour of our Lord and Master Christ and the interests of the churches with which we are connected, we feel constrained to make one or two observations on the wholly insufficient and ungracious character of the withdrawal. Mr. Wren has taught a capital error, he has reproached the Lord of glory with pernicious words. For an entire year that error has been before the public. During some months Mr. Wren was written to by affectionate, solicitous friends, who represented to him the grievous thing he had done. And now he lightly dismisses the supremely important subject by one word: “I made a remark . . . . I absolutely withdraw that remark.”

“A remark!”—Is that a correct description of a reasoned statement, a dogmatic teaching:—“There was in Jesus for the time being a possibility of sinning. . . . . If there was no possibility of sinning Jesus’ temptation is a farce”? A deliberate statement enforced by a reason is thus airily dismissed as a remark.

Again. A few lines placed in the body of a sermon, without any title or notice given that would call attention to them, how insufficient is this to withdraw an error that had been as poisonous seed sown broadcast for a year. For his own sake we grieve over Mr. Wren’s repentance as we did over his Christ-dishonouring teaching. He tells us now that by a “wrong choice of words” he conveyed what is not at all in accordance with his own mind, or even with scripture. This, after six months in which to revise what he had preached! Could it have been a mere mistake in the choice of words that led him to make the assertion he did and then to support it by reasons? We would recommend to him Solomon’s practice for the future, Eccles. xii. 12. We no longer impute to him the blasphemous words he has now withdrawn; but we feel compelled to express our profound regret that his conscience did not compel him to utter a single word of sorrow—sorrow that he had been permitted to fall into so gross an error, that he had given such pain to his real friends.

There is not the least acknowledgment that he has fallen into error of any kind.

Furthermore, the sermon from which this special dishonour done to Christ is withdrawn, contains other errors concerning His adorable Person. These, by the removal from them of that one solitary "remark,"—twelve words, are stamped with Mr. Wren's own hall mark of approbation and confirmation; and we are constrained to inform the readers of the "G.S." of this sad fact and warn them against hastily concluding that he is purged from error. He leaves untouched, unrecanted, the erroneous statements that Jesus was in Adam's place; that he was in a state of probation, as Adam was. He still adheres to the erroneous title of his unhappy sermon: "The first man's lost royalty and dominion recovered by the second man, Christ Jesus";—a title which expresses not a scripture doctrine, but Mr. Wren's unworthy conception of Christ's position and dominion: "Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature. For by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers: all things were created by him and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the Church: Who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence" (Col. i. 15-18).

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The heresy, and the withdrawal of the heresy to which the above "Warning Voice" refers, has by this time become widely known amongst what are often called by us, "Our Churches of truth." Turn which way we will we invariably meet with some one or another who is very anxious to ask us if we have seen the heresy advanced, and the withdrawal of it by Mr. J. W. Wren of Bedford. But all that have spoken to us upon the subject thus far, have strongly condemned the heresy, and have expressed deeply their disappointment at the manner in which it has been withdrawn. We have received from the Secretary of the "Gospel Standard" Aid, and Poor Relief Societies the following Resolution which was unanimously carried at the Committee meeting held in London on Friday, July 10th, 1903:—"That this Committee places on record its abhorrence of the heresy taught by Mr. J. W. Wren, of Bedford, and also its deep dissatisfaction with his withdrawal." Seeing that the minds of the godly people have been so wounded by the heresy now widely published, and that the withdrawal being so unsatisfactory, we feel fully justified in publishing this "Warning Voice" to our Churches that they may take timely heed, and "Try the spirits" for "many false prophets are gone out into the world" (1 John iv. 1).

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN  
 PROVIDENCE AND GRACE with the late Mr. ROBERT MAY,  
 of Staplehurst, Kent.

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I have had in my heart, at various times, a desire to relate a few of the mercoies it has pleased God to bestow upon me through life, and to record his great goodness in translating me out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of his dear Son. And should the Holy Spirit be graciously pleased to become my Remembrancer, I desire to give to a Three-One-Jehovah all the praise and glory.

I was born on August 1st, 1826, at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet; and lived until November 1856 dead in trespasses and sins. I was brought up to attend the Church of England, and when about fourteen years of age I had many convictions for sin, and was very solemnly impressed in my mind that I was not fit to die; but this feeling did not last long.

As I grew older, I continued in the pleasures, and vanities of the world; but when any particular sins were committed, conscience, that faithful monitor would accuse me, and then I would make many promises and resolutions to do better, but alas! they were only made to be broken, as were all my vows, and promises. If any worldly pleasure was going on amongst the young people, it appeared that I must be one of them. Thus I went on from bad to worse, and many times have I ridiculed religion, and those that professed it, especially those people that were called "Methodists," and, I considered they were all of that sort who did not attend the Church of England. . . . Many times when in the Devil's service I would not have any one believe that I had any thoughts of religion about me. But for several years these words at various times sounded in my ears—"He that is ashamed of me, and of my words in this sinful and adulterous generation; of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh with his holy angels." Which portion often caused me to ask myself a few solemn questions, and it would mar my pleasures. But these uncomfortable thoughts and fears would wear off in time, when I would be again at peace with hell, and with God at war. Sometimes I would presumptuously say to myself, "Well; if I do go to hell there will be many others there, and it will not be worse for me than for them." The thought makes me shudder when I think of it. O the long-suffering, and kind forbearance of God to such a vile wretch as I. Little did I think then that it was God that sustained me in life, and preserved me from death. Truly I was tied, and bound down with the chains of my sins; but being dead to God I knew it not. When I was about eleven years old, and at Broadstairs, a terrific storm broke over the neighbourhood; and the sea was very rough, and as I was walking close to the pier the wind took me off my feet, and was taking me fast towards the foaming waves. A sailor seeing

me in danger rescued me from the peril I was in. Shortly after I was with other boys on the Terrace amusing ourselves in watching the roofs of houses being blown away by the strong wind that was blowing, and occasionally one would come close to us and put us in danger.

Since my call by grace how often has Newton's hymn come forcibly to my mind :

“Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death.”

Truly it was of God's mercy I was not cut off in my sins! At the North Foreland lighthouse the roof of a shed was taken off, and carried some distance in the air; and in its descent, killed a poor boy, of the same name as myself; the news soon spread, which caused my father to go in search of me. He found me on the Terrace, but I did not observe him until he was close upon me; and never shall I forget the close clutch he had of my arm as he led me home. Another instance of God's preserving mercy took place when I was about eighteen years of age. I was going from Ramsgate to Minster, with a load of coals, and stopped at the foot of the hill at Pegwell Bay, near Ramsgate. I put a large flint stone under the wheel of the cart and forgot to remove it before starting. I was standing on the opposite side close to a fence, near the edge of the cliff; the wheel in passing over the stone swayed the cart, and the wheel pressed me violently against the fence; which alarmed me much, and my hair seemed to stand on end from the shock received. I verily feared the fence would give way, and I had the sensation of falling on to the rocks below. Another narrow escape from death occurred soon after I joined the service of the South-Eastern Railway Company at Marden Station. I was engaged on night duty, and we had some trucks laden with hops to be sent away. The goods train was late that night, and the driver came into the siding too fast so that I did not attempt to go between to couple the trucks on to the engine; his running against the trucks too hard drove them on some distance, which caused him to shout at me. I turned on my red light as a signal for him to stand still as the trucks that were standing on an incline were coming back, and to hasten them I took hold of the draw-bar and was pulling, but when within a yard or two of the engine the driver put on steam and thus caught me. I felt as though all my breath was pressed out of my body, and I fell down. As soon as the driver found out what he had done he was heartily sorry. The doctor who attended me said, had I been caught in any other position I must have been killed. I was laid aside for several weeks. When I look back at times upon these things I stand amazed at the preserving mercy of God over me in the days of my unregeneracy, and when I knew him not.

On April 8th, 1846, I was engaged as a porter at Marden Railway Station, and was considered by those that knew me

as a very moral young man; but God knows that at that time I was a wretched sinner, living without hope, and without God in the world. On February 12th, 1849, I was married. My wife and I came together in a natural state, not knowing by the teaching of the Spirit the ways of righteousness.

In July 1849 I was appointed to the charge of Yalding Station, as station master. My wife was called by grace about three years previous to myself, and the effects that were produced in her daily life were most visible to me, and they assured me that something very unusual had taken place with her; but I could not get at the cause. Often I found that she had been weeping, and if I asked her (which I often did) what was the matter? She would reply "Nothing," which at times irritated me. I used to feel that I could not live in this manner, to see her so wretched and miserable. Poor thing, it makes my heart at times to bleed when I think of my hard thoughts and speeches towards her. She at that time was passing through deep soul trouble, while I was dead in trespasses and sins, therefore we could not walk together.

A Mrs. Simmonds, a friend from Marden, came to see us, and had some conversation with my wife on religion, and after she was gone she could not help telling me what strange notions she held about election. I said that Mrs. Simmonds was a sensible woman before she went among those people at Staplehurst; but she was now like them "a fanatic," and I declared that I would not go near Mrs. Simmonds any more. I felt quite a hatred to her, and to all those that held such horrible doctrines as she did! Yes, horrible doctrines I called them, and I felt that I should like to have all such people banished to the Island of St. Helena. Previous to this we had a minister come to Nettlestead Church, who I thought was a wonderful man, and was holding him up as such to all that I thought were religious. I shall never forget a question or two one person asked me, "Does he preach election and predestination, or Freewill?" I said to myself, whatever can she mean! She saw that I was dead enough. At last I broke out and said, "I do not know whether he preaches those things; but I know that he preaches the gospel!"

I went to my home, and took up the dictionary to see what these words meant, but after a careful searching I was no wiser than I was before. My poor wife could not hear anything to the comfort of her soul in the Church of England, which I thought was nothing but prejudice against the minister; for at that time I was just in my element. The minister, seeing that I attended the church regularly, looked upon me as a thorough good Churchman, and he and his friends subscribed together and presented me with a copy of Scott's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. . . . . I was now going to be religious in earnest, and began castle-building at once! I thought that I must now receive the Sacrament, but I only went once. I thought it would make such an impression on me; but with all my striving to get a suitable

frame of mind it proved useless. Now I thought I would erect an altar to God, and have family prayer in the evening only when all was quiet! I procured a book of prayers for every day in the week, which I read for a short time; then I thought that I ought to pray extempore, and so composed a prayer which I gathered up from one place and another, and wrote it out that I might learn it by heart. But one night I attempted to repeat it without the paper, but could not get on, and became completely confounded; and thus ended all my family prayer.

When the minister presented me with "Scott's Commentary," he gave me the names of those that subscribed to it, with a few words of commendation to myself, which greatly puffed me up with pride, and which I pasted in the first volume that my friends might see how I became possessed of "Scott's Commentary."

How true are the words of Holy Writ: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." As my wife had left the Church of England, I left off going, and thought the minister would enquire of me as to what had become of my wife; and if I told him why she had ceased to attend the church, he would say that I, as the head of the family ought not to suffer her to go amongst such a bad people! My mind was often much perplexed respecting her going from Yalding Station to the chapel at Staplehurst, a distance of nearly ten miles. It seemed so strange to me that she should go so far especially as I had heard so many ill reports of the people there.

One Saturday night in November in the year 1856 I thought I would go with my wife to the chapel the next day, just for once, to see what it was that drew her all that distance: Little did I then know what I was going for. The morning came, and truly it was such a morning as I never shall easily forget. I entered the chapel as ignorant as a heathen as regards anything spiritual. I sat and looked on for a time, as the service was so different to that of the Church of England; for, while the hymns were being sung the people sat still in their places. I could not help thinking they were a lazy lot of worshippers; and that the dear old minister (Mr. Buroh) had no business to preach, for I perceived that he had not been to college. I was surprised that the laws of the land allowed such men to preach. These were some of my wicked thoughts the while I sat and looked on. But now I believe God's set time had come, even on my behalf:—"Not to propose but call by grace; To change the heart, renew the will, And turn the feet to Zion's hill." Mr. Burch I believe read (John ix.) for his lesson, and although I do not remember his text, yet I believe it was from the same chapter. He spoke much of man by nature being born blind; and he told me that I was blind and had been all my life. He pulled down all my fancied ideas of religion, and plainly told me that I had done nothing but sin against God. Then he began to point out the motive that had brought me there, that I had come out of



curiosity, and to make a man an offender for a word. Truly he made me feel to be the biggest fool in the world, and I verily thought that he was exposing me before all the congregation; I really at last was afraid to look up, for whenever I did his eye seemed to be upon me, and I thought he would say it is you I am speaking to. I felt an inward reply which, in effect, was: Pray do not say any more; for truly I felt verily guilty, and never shall I forget his solemnly uttering these words:—"Living and dying in the state you are now in, where God is you can never go"; and down I went in my soul's feelings as though a shot had struck me. The arrow of the Almighty had pierced through the armour in which I had been trusting. I felt that I was the very man! I well remember one of my thoughts was (when, as I felt he was exposing me before the people): Does he serve all strangers like this? When the service was over I wanted to get away from the gaze of the people, for I thought, they will be pointing at me as being the man Mr. Burch had been exposing. There was a public-house at the end of the lane, and I thought religious people do not go to a public-house on Sundays, so I went in there to escape their gaze, and was shown into a room, when close upon my heels the people came until the room was nearly full. At this time there was no vestry, or fire of any kind in the chapel, hence the room at the public-house was used as a convenience for the people. I never can describe my feelings, and the agitation of my mind on this eventful day. I have often thought of the words of the Apostle Paul: "But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: And thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." (1 Cor. xiv., 24-25.) This was just my case, for when my wife asked me on our way home what I thought of Mr. Burch's preaching? I replied, "Why he is right and I am wrong, but whether I shall ever come to know things aright the Lord only knows." How amazed I was to think that I should have lived so many years in such a state of darkness and ignorance! Truly I came out of the chapel that morning a convinced sinner, and had all the men in the world have tried to persuade me otherwise, they could not have done it, for I had the witness in my own conscience, and had painfully to learn the first twelve verses in the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, for I could find no place for the worker of iniquity to hide his guilty head. The words Mr. Burch so solemnly uttered, sounded again and again in my mind: "Living and dying in the state you now are, where God is you will never go!" It seemed to intimate to me that it was high time for me to "Prepare to meet God." In earnest I at once set to work. But oh, how I felt that I had been doing nothing but mocking God while in the Church of England. I had repeated thousands of times that "I believed in God the

Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son"; and now I felt that I knew nothing about either of them. Again, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and many other of those repetitions I had uttered with a loud voice, which now cut me through and through. What once had been pleasant to my feelings, now became most unpleasant to my taste. My immortal soul was at stake; and I felt to be the greatest wretch, and the most ignorant person upon the earth. I tried to read God's holy Word, but could see nothing except that that condemned the sinner (Proverbs i. 24 to 31) which would cause me to lay the Bible down. I tried to pray but was met with these words:—"The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." Often I was ashamed to go on to the platform to attend to my duties, for I thought the people would see what a wicked wretch I was, and when I did go, I was afraid the engine would burst and launch my soul into eternity. I used to abhor myself as I went about, and often there would be rebellious thoughts rise up in my mind against God for making a law which he knew I could not fulfil, and for sending me to hell for my disobedience. I could not see how he could be a just God for so doing. Truly the law worketh wrath. I often at that time, heard people speak of a law-work upon sinners' consciences, and how earnestly I desired to know what they meant; and yet I was under it all the time but knew it not. I felt that I had not the understanding of a man, but felt myself to be a fool before God. The Apostle Paul says, "If any man among you seemeth to be wise, let him become a fool that he may be wise." This first lesson, I fear, many who make a profession have yet to learn. How true are these lines:—

"The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'"

But—

"My grief, my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin."

My mind, for some time was much exercised about the doctrine of election, until one day I was reading carefully the ninth chapter of Paul to the Romans, when I came upon these words: "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?" The word came with such power into my mind that I was led to see myself as an atom of dust before my Maker, and that the Almighty would be perfectly just to do with me as it pleaseth him. I had such a sight of his holiness and Majesty that I fell at his feet as one dumb before him. Thus was my mouth stopped from cavilling at this sublime doctrine. Sometimes I would argue in this way:—If I am one of the elect I shall be saved, but if I am not, I must be lost; nothing can alter it.

However, I could not rest here, for the thought of being lost to all eternity kept prompting me on to cry unto the Lord for mercy, and forgiveness, and yet it seemed to me that I was not praying at all. Then I thought, that I did not feel the weight of my sins sufficiently, and yet they were scarcely ever out of my mind from morning to night. I would exclaim vehemently, "O that I could pray! O that the Lord would teach me to pray and have mercy upon me." Then it was suggested to my mind that when I prayed to God I neglected Christ, so that I tried to pray to the three Persons in the all-glorious Trinity. But the dear Lord knew my great ignorance, for when I have been sunk very low in my mind, and have been trying to pray before him, a sweet spirit of meekness would come over me, which has softened and melted my heart; but as it only lasted a few moments, I greatly feared that it did not come from the Lord.

At this time I had no saving knowledge of Christ Jesus as being the Saviour of poor lost sinners. One Lord's day morning as I was going to Staplehurst, I wanted to feel my mind solemnized, so that a blessed reverence might rest upon my spirit when attending the means of grace, when these words came with power into my mind:—"Without me ye can do nothing," which brought me to a stand in a moment. After some thoughtful meditation upon the portion it came to my mind, that they were the words spoken by the Lord Jesus to his disciples; and a light shone upon them which led me to see that I had been looking to find something in myself, instead of looking to Christ as the only way of access for a poor sinner in his approaches to God. Then my mind was led to look on Christ as a poor prisoner at the bar would look upon his advocate who was pleading his cause. And in my poor way I begged that he (Christ) would plead my cause before the Father of all mercies, that I might obtain a full and free pardon for all my sins. But I soon sank again into doubting, and often wished that I had never been born. One evening, while in a low state of mind, and wondering where the scene would end, as I was sitting in my little office at Yalding Station, I took up a small Bible that I kept there, but felt afraid to open it. I held it in my hand, and said, "O Lord, my name is recorded in thy Word, but on which side of the gulf I stand, I know not! I have been on this earth for thirty years, and yet I do not know my right hand from my left in spiritual things; but I want to feel gratitude towards thee for not cutting me off as a cumberer of the ground!" Now the moment these words were uttered I felt such a blessed power come over my spirit, as I had never felt before, which drew my heart and affections upward to God. I sat and wept, but fearing that someone might come into the station, I went into another place and fastened the door behind me, when I fell upon my knees before a gracious God, and the blessed Spirit so helped my infirmities, that I told the dear Lord that I was not worthy of his notice, and the more

I was led to debase myself before him, so much the more did the Lord break my heart with a sense of his mercy and goodness, and it so raised a gracious hope in my soul as will never be erased, although it has many times been damped, and I have often been afraid of the genuineness of it. This was a wonderful help to me, and there came with it such a sweet persuasion that God had a favour towards me. After this I used to have some good times in hearing the Word, and how thankful I used to be when Saturday night came, hoping on the morrow I should have a good time, in the best sense of the word, and a good day of rest for the body.

*(To be continued.)*

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### RETURNING THANKS TO THE LORD, FOR HIS MERCIES BESTOWED.

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My dear and esteemed Friend, and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. May Grace, Mercy, and Peace be with you, and with all the Israel of God. The Lord says in his holy Word, "that they that honour me I will honour; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." O my dear friend, I do desire sincerely to thank my gracious God for all his kindness, goodness, and his many mercies which he has bestowed upon a poor unworthy creature like me; and I very heartily thank you my dear friend, and other friends who assisted you as his instruments in placing me on the Ten Guinea list of pensioners of the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society. It is surprising to me that so many kind friends should be so actively engaged on my behalf. Surely the dear Lord has been fulfilling that blessed promise he gave me forty years ago, which I still remember with grateful feelings to this day. The promise was given me one Lord's day morning as I was walking four or five miles to chapel. The distance being great, and my daily labour being heavy I was tempted to give up going to chapel, when something kept saying within me, "What shall you do for a living when you get old?" The question came upon me with such a solemn weight that I could not answer it. But very soon after these words were applied to my mind with some power and feeling: "When thou art old and grey-headed, then the Lord will take thee up." Now, these kind providences received appear to me to be the fulfilment of that promise given me forty years ago; and how I do desire to thank the Lord for his faithfulness to his word, and promise, and for remembering me in my low estate, and for showing me that his mercy endureth for ever! And now, my prayer is that the Lord will give unto all my friends who have so willingly helped me, much of his Holy Spirit, and bless them in their souls, and in their basket, and in their store; and may that peace which passeth all

understanding abound in their hearts like a river, for their spiritual good, and to the honour and glory of God. As for myself, I am better in health than I have been for some time past, for which great favour I ever wish to be thankful. And in all other matters concerning me, Mr. Toplady's hymn speaks my feelings well!

"A sovereign Protector I have, Unseen, yet for ever at hand;  
Unchangeably faithful to save, Almighty to rule and command;  
He smiles, and my comforts abound; His grace as the dew shall  
descend:

And walls of salvation surround the souls he delights to defend.  
Kind Author and ground of my hope, Thee, thee for my God

I avow:

My glad Ebenezer set up, And own thou hast help'd me till now.  
I muse on the years that are past, Wherein my defence thou hast  
proved;

Nor wilt thou relinquish at last A sinner so signally loved."

(Hymn 346, Gadsby's). May the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; rest upon you, and upon all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, while I remain, my dear friend, yours in the bonds of the Gospel.

R. STACEY.

11, Albert Place, Dorchester, Wallingford.

June 22, 1903.

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#### HELP FROM ABROAD.

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My dear Friend,—Enclosed please find P.O.O. for £3 for the "Gospel Standard" "Aid Society," being forty shillings from Mr. Mallet (Geelong), and twenty shillings from myself.

We are pleased to find that you are enabled to help so many of the Lord's poor, aged, and infirm ministers, and people. And we pray the Lord to greatly bless your endeavours. We are doing a little in this direction here in our "Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society," upon which the Lord has been pleased to grant his approving smile. It is very blessed to feel in this ministry we are serving the Lord in his members, and to be encouraged with a humble hope of one day hearing His "Inasmuch." Of this we are very certain, that whatever is done to his people is done to the Lord. (Matt. xxv. 40, Acts ix. 4.) I wish you would be so good as to let us know what we are indebted to you for the expense you have been to in sending us the large supply of Periodicals? We are not willing that you should bear the least expense in connection with it. Your kindness in sending them, and labour connected therewith lays us under quite sufficient obligation without putting you to any expense.

Am thankful to say the interest in the distribution of them is unabated, they are as eagerly looked for as ever. I commenced the Asylum work again last Tuesday, after the lapse of a month

in visiting Victoria. And after this short absence, how eager the dear old people were to receive a fresh supply of books, the pleasure it gave them was quite refreshing to me.

I am thankful to have such a good supply. Though the first of the very large cases you sent is now quite gone.

I sent you a copy of the Report of the work for the past year. Did you receive it? It contains but a small amount of the work done, as it is impossible to describe it fully, but the friends here who are greatly interested in the work wish to hear a little about it from time to time. You will find some instances given of how the Lord has blessed the reading of the "Gospel Standard" which I trust will encourage you and the friends in the home country with you. I am very thankful to say such instances are constantly occurring. But if it were possible for you to make one visit with me it would convince you, and give you a better idea than can possibly be given with pen and ink. And now, wishing that you may prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth. With fervent love to you in the Lord, and also to Mr. Feazey, believe me my dear friend, to be yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

F. BEEDEL.

13, Cooper Street, Paddington, Sydney, April 27th, 1903.  
To Mr. Shillingford, Standlake, Dene Road, Guildford.

[Our esteemed friend, Mr. Shillingford, has forwarded to us the above letter, and suggested that, if we approve, it might be inserted in the pages of the "G.S." We are very willing to carry out his suggestion, as it will give our readers some idea of the spiritual hunger and thirst manifested in the hearts of the godly people in our Colonies abroad for real, sober, and sterling truth, as set forth in the Magazines our friend has forwarded in such vast numbers to Mr. F. Beedel, and which that gentleman has most willingly distributed with a liberal hand amongst the poor of the Lord's people in Asylums and elsewhere; and having seen the Report of the work the letter refers to, we are in a position to say that he has not laboured in vain, for the blessing of the Lord that has attended the reading of those Periodicals has been great, and is most encouraging to Mr. Beedel, and his friends who have undertaken the good work, and to us at home who have collected, and forwarded them to him. We most heartily wish we could see, and hear of a revival amongst the Lord's people in our own beloved country, in hungering and thirsting after the truth, so that there might be a godly increase added to our churches, and a large monthly increase in the circulation of our truthful magazines.]

AND then another hinderance is too much business; when men are distracted with the things of this life: they are overloaded with cares, with Martha's part, and so neglect Mary's part, this makes men toil and dril for the world, and never consider who they are, and where they are bound for.

SIBBS.

“A JOYFUL MESSAGE; OR, GLAD TIDINGS FOR THE  
MEEK.”

TO T.B.

My very dear Friend,—I received your sister's very sweet and affectionate letter, also yours under the same cover, with the enclosed favour from her. I cannot refrain from expressing the emotions of gratitude I feel for such unmerited kindness—I say (and from my heart) unmerited, for I am so deeply in debt to Grace that my life—my all—is a sorry pittance to what I owe. Sure, I am, every favour I receive sinks my soul deeper in arrears. Oh that my contracted heart could expand to receive more gratitude! That there might be pouring forth more freely in thanksgiving and praise to my gracious provident Lord; and more free affection to express my gratitude to the Benefactors he raiseth me up. When I receive such tokens from the Lord's people, I cannot refrain from exclaiming, “Who, or what am I, and what is my Father's house that I am so singularly favoured?” Oh the burden of ingratitude! My deep debt is a pain to my heart: yet, blessed be God, there is a turn which maketh it a pleasing pain: that is, though I seem to pay nothing, I have some opportunity of acknowledging the debt. Oh that this emotion of my heart would flow freely! This, my dear friend, makes writing a real and solid pleasure; yea, I esteem it an infinite privilege, that acknowledgment when I have nought to pay, meets the smiles of my ever blessed Creditor. And I am deeper and deeper involved in that I become more and more a debtor to my friends, who are increasing daily, their kindness also increaseth. It is a pain to me, because it seems unmeetly bestowed: I merit it not. It is a pleasure to me, because it adds fuel to the fire of gratitude; yea, and because the gratitude I owe to God for his marked and astonishing grace to me, and for his kind providence: as also what I owe to my friends, insomuch that love constrains, and I find my deep arrears to be the main spring of action. Were it not for this my dull and stupid soul would be a victim to Satan's slumbers. My debt lays a painful necessity upon me. Oh for more of the gracious influences of the free Spirit of God to enlarge! I find more and more the meaning of that text, “Lay it to heart to give glory to my name.” Blessed be his precious name he hath put in me a painful longing thereto; but I forbear.

I thought good to write this letter to you, beg you will mention to your sister my most hearty thanks. I pray the Lord plentifully to reward her marked favour to one of the most unworthy, which renders it the greater; doubly so to me; not only is it a temporal benefit, but I receive it as another token for good both to me and to your dear sister; for what can move her heart towards me but the grace of God? When the people of God supplied Paul's necessities, it fed his persuasion of their interest in the better things, and he had solid ground for such persuasion.

No person can relieve the wants of a child of God from love to him as such, and not be a child of God. "He that giveth a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall receive a disciple's reward," which is heaven. True gladness is for such, Christ hath interceded for it, and his intercession is always prevalent. "Let them be glad that favour my righteous cause."

I greatly rejoice that my scribble hath been a blessing to your sister. I pray that her consolation may abound yet more—I have read the Sermon she speaks of on the death of Mr. Harvey. He was a sweet character. The eye of his understanding, and the eye of faith did indeed see the salvation of God: and he endured the conflicts of the enemy "as seeing him that is invisible." The eye of faith (persuasion in the heart) and the eye of the understanding can see Christ as revealed in the word for perishing sinners, when the eye of sense cannot see: yea, and love him and rejoice in him too, though invisible. "Whom having not seen ye love, in whom though now ye see him not, yet, believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Blessed be God, your dear sister begins to have an opening—understanding and persuasion this way. How clearly do I discover the breath of life in her. This expression of hers is full of it: "The more I see my wretched condition, the more hungering is there after the true and saving belief in Christ." Even that hunger is the blessing of the breath of life; for the saving belief in Christ is the righteousness of faith; or faith feeding on him as my righteousness and salvation. She is blessed now with life, and shall have what she wants. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst, they shall be filled." A sense of wretchedness within, and the salvation of Christ suitable to the wretched sinner, are not found but by a living faith: and the more a sense of wretchedness within increaseth a sense of need of the Saviour and hunger for him, the more it proves, not only the life of faith, but the exercise of faith. She saith again, "Only believe, and thou shalt be saved." That word "only believe" (rightly understood) hath much consolation in it. What is believing? It is coming to Christ. And coming to Christ is cleaving to him. Cleaving to him is hungering after and desiring him. Where? Why as revealed in the word to sinners. To accept the word—saying in which he is set forth as a complete Saviour of sinners. As a sinner needing salvation to accept the promise of a suitable, able, willing, Saviour—lean on it as the promise of a faithful God, and look to (hope in) him to fulfil it. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." We cannot believe without the secret touch of Almighty power, yet that power is the Gospel, which is "the power of God"—"the word which is quick and powerful." The object of faith is that which exerciseth it; namely, Christ in the precious



promises. The promises attract, and the needy soul embraceth them. "They were persuaded of them (the promises) and embraced them." There can be no persuasion in Christ or the promises, or embracing them unless virtue come from them thereto. Hence we cannot look to Christ in the promises, and hope in them too much—desire Christ and embrace him too much—conclude interest in him or rejoice in him as our own too much. "Only believe," is simply to let all my sinful, needy soul be cast on him to save, deliver, keep, feed, lead, and do his pleasure. So fall on his clemency, mercy, love, and pity. Just as I am as a guilty, filthy, wretched sinner to fall into his saving arms. Such need not fear their safety. "He that trusteth in the Lord shall be safe." They need not fear being put to confusion. "He that trusteth in the Lord shall not be confounded." "Blessed are all they that trust in him." As the goodness of God unfoldeth to me, I am more and more ashamed of my unbelief. Oh what encouragement, that believing, desiring, and closing with him in the Word is obedience. Then it cannot be presumption—it cannot be wrong. "This is his commandment, that ye believe in the name of his Son." It is his will. "This is the will of God that ye believe." It is pleasing to God. "Oh, woman great is thy faith!" Unbelief is displeasing. "Oh fools, and slow of heart to belief!" Wherefore in the sensible, wretched, needy sinner, all fear of presumption that checks—all that feedeth fear of interest in Christ—all that feedeth unbelief cometh from the enemy. Those who need and desire Christ, are still more welcome to him. They cannot desire him as his desires are towards them. He is more ready to forgive than they are to be forgiven; for their readiness is imperfect, his is perfect, coming from an infinite fountain of compassion in himself. "He is full of compassion, and ready to forgive." He is more willing to love them than they are to be loved by him. "I will love you freely." They cannot seek him as he seeks them, for theirs is the effect of his seeking them. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." He is more willing to give rest unto their souls than they are to have it. "Come unto me and I will give you rest." "Ye shall find rest to your souls." Christ, as a Saviour, is beforehand with us in every respect. He is the "Lamb standing in the midst of the throne." He standeth there to denote his readiness to help. "A very present help." He standeth to show he is constantly calling to the throne. "Come boldly to the throne of grace, that ye may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power."

Oh what encouragement for needy souls to trust in him, cleave to him, and cast all their burdens on him! "He has the keys

of death and of hell,"—he will preserve them both. He has the keys of the Kingdom of heaven;—he will open that.

I rejoice in the affectionate union between you and your sisters, and that you are agreed to be in union with Christ. The more of this, the more of Christ's presence ye shall have. "Be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." In that you more fervently desire your sister's eternal welfare, when it appears her sickness is unto death, than in the prospect of her recovery—I advise you to give her up for eternity. Your natural affection will of course, wish her to abide in the flesh; but your spiritual affection is in a right channel, if it would rejoice to see her go triumphantly to Christ, "which is far better." It cannot be wrong if warmth is kindled at seeing her go from worse to better—Her departure will be her eternal gain; and in a spiritual sense it cannot be wrong for your desires to go in a wish for her to have it. It is but a moment at most, and we shall be with her. Let us not grieve at so short a separation, seeing the benefit is hers.

Love to her and her sister.—Yours affectionately,

D. FENNER.

January 16th, 1822.

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THE SAINTS' FELLOWSHIP WITH FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST. (*Communion with each Person Distinctly.*)

By DR. OWEN.

That the saints have communion with God, what communion in general is, I have declared before (p. 199). The manner how this communion is carried on, and the matter wherein it doth consist, comes next under consideration. For the first, in respect of the distinct persons of the God-head, with whom they have this fellowship, it is either distinct and peculiar, or else, obtained and exercised jointly and in common. That the saints have distinct communion with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, (that is, distinctly with the Father, and distinctly with the Son, and distinctly with the Holy Spirit) and in what, the peculiar appropriation of this distinct communion unto the several persons, doth consist, must in the first place be made manifest.

I. John v. 7. The Apostle tells us there are three that bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit. In heaven they are, and bear witness to us. And what is it that they bear witness unto? Unto the sonship of Christ, and the salvation of believers in his blood. Of the carrying on of that, both by blood and water, justification and sanctification is he there treating. Now, how do they bear witness hereunto? even as three, as three distinct witnesses. When God witnesseth concerning our salvation, surely it is incumbent on us to secure his testimony. And as he beareth witness, so are we to receive it.

Now this is done distinctly. The Father beareth witness, the Son beareth witness, and the Holy Spirit beareth witness; for they are three distinct witnesses. So then are we to receive their several testimonies, and in doing so we have communion with them severally; for in this giving and receiving of testimony consists no small part of our fellowship with God; wherein their distinct witnessing consists will be afterwards declared.

I. Cor. xii. 4, 5, 6. The Apostle speaking of the distribution of gifts and graces unto the saints, ascribes them distinctly in respect of the fountain of their communication unto the distinct persons. There are diversities of gifts but the same Spirit. The one and self-same Spirit that is the Holy Ghost, v. 12. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord, the same Lord Jesus, v. 3. There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God, even the Father, Eph. iv. 6. So graces and gifts are bestowed and so are they received.

And not only in the emanation of grace from God, and the elapses of the Spirit on us, but also in all our approaches unto God, is the same distinction observed: for through Christ we have an access by the Spirit unto the Father, Eph. v. 18. Our access unto God (wherein we have communion with him) is through Christ in the Spirit, and unto the Father. The persons being herein considered as engaged distinctly into the accomplishment of the counsel of the will of God, revealed in the Gospel.

Sometimes there is express mention made only of the Father and of the Son, 1 John i. 3: "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Also, John xiv. 23: "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him," It is in this communion wherein Father and Son do make their abode with the soul.

Sometimes the Son only is spoken of as to this purpose, 1 Cor. i. 9: "God is faithful by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." And in Rev. iii. 20: "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me"; of which place afterwards.

Sometimes the Spirit alone is mentioned, as in 2 Cor. xiii. 14: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all." This distinct communion then of the saints with the Father, Son, and Spirit, is very plain in the Scripture; but yet, it may admit of further demonstration; only this caution I must lay in beforehand. Whatever is affirmed in the pursuit of this truth, it is done with relation to the explanation ensuing at a later stage of our meditations.

The way and means on the part of the saints, whereby in Christ they enjoy communion with God, are all spiritual and holy actions, and outgoings of their souls in those graces, and by those ways wherein both the moral, and instituted worship of God doth consist. Faith, love, trust, joy, etc., are the natural or moral

worship of God, whereby those in whom they are, have communion with him. Now these are either immediately acted on God, and not tied to any ways or means outwardly manifesting themselves, or else they are further drawn forth in solemn prayer and praises, according unto that way which he hath appointed. That the Scripture doth distinctly assign all these unto the Father, Son, and Spirit: manifesting that the saints do, in all of them, both as they are purely and nakedly moral, and as further clothed with instituted worship; respect each person respectively, is that, which to give light to the assertion in hand, I shall further declare by particular instances:

1. For the Father: Faith, love, obedience, etc., are peculiarly and distinctly yielded by the saints unto him, and he is peculiarly manifested in those ways as acting peculiarly towards them, which should draw them forth, and stir them up thereunto. He gives testimony unto, and beareth witness of his son, 1 John v. 9: "This is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son." In his bearing witness he is an object of belief. When he gives testimony (which he doth of the Father, because he doth it of the Son) he is to be received in it by faith. And this is affirmed, "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself. To believe on the Son of God in this place, is to receive the Lord Christ as the Son, the Son given unto us, for all the ends of the Father's love, upon the credit of the Father's testimony: and therefore therein is faith immediately acted on the Father. So it follows in the next words: "He that believeth not God (that is the Father who bears witness to the Son) makes him a liar." "You believe in God," saith our Saviour, that is, the Father as such; for he adds, "believe also in me"; or believe you in God, believe also in me: God as the *prima veritas*, upon whose authority is founded, and wherein all divine faith is ultimately resolved, is not to be considered as peculiarly expressive of any Person, but comprehending the whole Deity, which individually is the prime object thereof. But in this particular it is the testimony and authority of the Father (as such) therein, of which we speak, and whereupon faith is distinctly fixed upon him: which, if it were not so, the Son could not add, "believe also in me."

The like also is said of love, 1 John v. 15: "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." That is, the love which we bear to him, not that which we receive from him. The Father is here placed as the object of our love, in opposition to the word, which takes up our affections; the Father denotes the matter and object, not the efficient cause of the love enquired after. And this love of him as a Father is that which he calls his honour, Mal. i. 6.

Further, these graces as acted in prayers and praises, and as clothed with instituted worship are peculiarly directed unto him. We call on the Father, 1 Peter i. 17. Eph. xiv. 15: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in earth and heaven is named." Bow-

ing the knee, compriseth the whole worship of God, both that which is moral in the universal obedience he requireth, and those peculiar ways of carrying it on which are by him appointed, Isa. xlv. 23 : "Unto me (saith the Lord) every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear." Which in xxv. 25, he declareth to consist in their acknowledging of him, for righteousness, and strength. Yea, it seems sometimes to comprehend the orderly subjection of the whole creation unto his sovereignty. In this place of the Apostle, it hath a far more restrained acceptation, and is but a figurative expression of prayer, taken from the most expressive bodily posture to be used in that duty. This he further manifests (Verses 16, 17) declaring at large what his aim was, and whereabouts his thoughts were exercised in that bowing of his knees. The workings then of the Spirit of grace in that duty, are distinctly directed to the Father as such, as the fountain of the Deity, and all good things in Christ; as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore the same apostle doth in another place, expressly conjoin, and yet as expressly distinguish the Father and the Son in directing his supplications: "God himself, even our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ direct our way unto you" 1 Thess. iii. 11. The like precedent also have you of thanksgiving: "Blessed be the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" Eph. i. 3-4. I shall not add those very many places, wherein the several particulars that do concur unto that whole divine worship (not to be communicated unto any by nature, not God, without idolatry) wherein the saints do hold communion with God, are distinctly directed to the Person of the Father.

It is also in reference unto the Son. "You believe in God," saith Christ, "believe also in me" John xiv. 1. Believe also, set faith distinctly on me; faith divine, supernatural, that faith whereby you believe in God, that is the Father. There is a believing of Christ, viz., that he is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. This is that whose neglect our Saviour so threatened unto the Pharisees: "If you believe not that I am he, you shall die in your sins" John viii. 24. In this sense faith is not immediately fixed on the Son, being only an owning of him, that is, the Christ to be the Son, by closing with the testimony of the Father concerning him. But there is also a believing on him called "believing on the name of the Son of God," 1 John v. 13. So also John ix. 36, yea, the distinct affixing of faith, affiance, and confidence of the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God, is most frequently pressed "God (that is the Father) so loved the world that whosoever believeth on him (that is the Son) should not perish." The Son who is given of the Father is believed on. "He that believeth on him is not condemned" (Verse 18). "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life" (Verse 36).. This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent, John vi. 29, 40; 1 John v. 10. The foundation of the whole is laid, John v. 23: "That all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father; he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the

Father which sent him." But of this honour and worship of the Son I have treated at large elsewhere, and shall not in general insist on it again. For love, I shall only add that solemn apostolical benediction: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," Eph. vi. 24. That is with divine love, the love of religious worship; which is the only incorrupt love of the Lord Jesus.

Further, that faith, hope, and love, acting themselves in obedience and appointed worship, are peculiarly due from the saints, and distinctly directed unto the Son, is abundantly manifested from that solemn doxology: "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," Rev. i. 5. Which yet is set forth with more glory in the fifth chapter, eighth verse: "The four living creatures, and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours which are the prayers of saints." And Verses 13, 14: "Every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessings, honour, glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever." The Father, and the Son, he that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb, are held out jointly. yet distinctly as the adequate Object of all divine worship and honour for ever and ever. And therefore, Stephen, in his solemn dying invocation, fixeth his faith and hope distinctly on him: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge"; for he knew that the Son of man had power to forgive sins also. And this worship of the Lord Jesus, the apostle makes the discriminating character of the saints: "With all (saith he) that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours" (1 Cor. i. 2). That is, with all the saints of God. And invocation generally comprises the whole worship of God. This then is the due of our Mediator, though as God, as the Son, not as the Mediator.

Thus also is it in reference unto the Holy Spirit of grace. The closing of the great sin of unbelief is still described as an opposition unto, and a resisting of that Holy Spirit. And you have distinct mention of the love of the Spirit in Romans xv. 13. The apostle also peculiarly directs his supplication unto him in that solemn benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you," 2 Cor. xiii. 14. All such benedictions are originally supplications. He is likewise entitled unto all instituted worship, from the appointment of the administration of baptism in his name, Matthew xxvii. 18. Of which things more afterwards.

*(To be continued.)*

## TRAVELLING THE DARKEST PATHS ALONE.

My dear and Beloved Friend, and Sister in the Faith of God's Elect, and companion in tribulation's pathway,—You have been very much on my mind throughout this day, and I cannot help writing a few lines to you, with a sincere hope that you are better in health than when you last wrote to me. How very thankful I was to receive your last kind letter, and was much pleased to find that you had not forgotten me, and the truths I have preached, and that the wonderful things of God have had a prominent place in your heart; and that the life and power of them are still manifested in your experience. I have suffered much from affliction of body of late, and it has helped me to remember yourself, and others who have been, and perhaps are in bonds of affliction. Your letter I sent to a poor, and an afflicted creature, who is a member with us at Tenterden, and who found much comfort from reading it. She said, "how much she should like to see you," but that I fear is not likely to take place under present circumstances; but she expressed a great desire to write to you. Poor girl, she has indeed been brought through fire and water, but I hope there have been times when the Lord has brought her soul into a wealthy place, and spoken comfortably unto her. Beloved Sister, how good it is at times to be able to see that the good hand of God is with us in our daily trials, and especially so in those heavy afflictions that sometimes fall to our lot. In December last, I thought my time was nearly come to an end. I had been suffering much for many weeks from nervous pains in my head, and they so reduced and weakened me in body that I thought I never should rally again; and after preaching at Brighton on the Lord's day I was so ill, that I went to bed, and thought I should not live through the night. I felt much longing and thirsting of soul after the Lord, as is so beautifully expressed by the Psalmist in the forty-second Psalm. At about four o'clock in the morning the Lord blessedly filled my soul, and my room with his presence, and his love shed abroad in my heart by these words being applied with power:—"A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world. And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." (John xvi. 21, 22.) I scarcely need tell you that it broke my poor heart to pieces; and humbled my soul in the dust before the Lord. But O how it lifted up my spirits in thanksgiving, and rejoicings in hope of the glory of God! Since then, I have been better in my health, but I am not fully recovered. How grateful I felt when reading your letter, to find that, although you are chastened with sore pains upon your bed; yet, the dear Lord has not given you over unto death; but has now and then turned the shadow

of death into the morning; and so it is written in the Word, that "The Lord shall comfort Zion, he will comfort all her waste places; he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein; thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." And you, my dear sister, in your long, and heavy affliction have at times proved the truth of all this. How very pleased I shall be once more to see you; and I am hoping to do so during this summer. You are much upon my mind, and I try to pray to the Lord for you, and I ask him, if it be his dear will to appear for you in providence, and also in grace. In providence so as to make his goodness known to you, and to cause it to pass before you continually in the way; even all the days of your life. And how much you need him in the operations of his mercy and grace in your heart, so as to enable you often to drink of that river, "the streams of which maketh glad the city of God," because that river proceeds from the purest, and greatest fountain; even from God Himself! I thought much about you yesterday. I was preaching here at Reading, and baptized two persons. One of them was called under the ministry of Mr. Grace, of Brighton, seventeen years ago. I hope it was a good day with many, and the Lord's name honoured and glorified. And now my dear friend, I must close. Please find enclosed a P.O.O. for a trifle for yourself, which I hope you will receive safely. I am pleased to say that my family are well in health; but there is much trouble and anxiety in connection with them. It is a real truth, that the darkest paths of God's children have to be travelled alone.

"Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there."

Farewell. I am, affectionately yours, in hope of eternal life,  
JOHN VINDEN.

3, Minster Street, Reading.  
March 16th, 1874.

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## Obituary.

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Mr. TASH.—Our late dear friend, William Tash of Middlesborough, Yorkshire, was on January 30th, 1903, suddenly called to change his earthly cross, for a heavenly crown. He was born in the parish of Little Dunham, Norfolk on February 5th, 1839, and, as the custom was in those days, early put to work, which in his case was on the land. From infancy he was brought up among the Primitive Methodists, which body of Dissenters he joined when he was very young. At the age of twenty-two years the Lord impressed his truth upon his heart one Sunday, when



singing this line of a hymn: "Eternal life with Thee is given." After much prayer and wrestling with God, he was one day out in the field, when he saw a light above the brightness of the sun. He stopped the horses he was working, fell on his knees, and poured out his soul in thankfulness. This was God's way of releasing him from a free-will religion in which he had hitherto been held. He was subsequently baptized by the late Mr. Robert Morse of Norwich, at a village called Necton, and received as a member into a small Strict Baptist Church at Swaffham, in Norfolk; there being no cause of truth in the village in which he resided. He was in the habit of going out Sabbath after Sabbath with a Mr. Hubbard who loved to preach the gospel as it is in Christ Jesus, and he used to tell how they were often stoned by the professing Methodists, but I never heard him say that they were once struck by them, for as the hymn says—

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

He moved to Middlesborough in February 1872, and was there a long time before he found that for which his soul was seeking after, but he eventually did. Ultimately, he and several others were formed into a church, and the place where they met for worship was called Providence Strict Baptist Chapel (which is still existing in Grange Road East), of which he was made a deacon, and that office he filled up to the time of his death. He was always in his place, and was beloved and respected by all with whom he had to do. He would often quote the 747th hymn (Gadsby's Selection):

"How hard and rugged is the way,  
To some poor pilgrims' feet;  
In all they do, or think, or say,  
They opposition meet."

and we know it was true in his case. He was often doubting and fearing, and would quote, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: So is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii. 8), with much expression the word "so," and would also say, "I get much comfort from the account given of those two disciples going to Emmaus from the words: "Then Jesus himself drew near," and then his feelings would so rise as almost to choke him; he could never express his feelings as some of the Lord's people are favoured to do, but we could always tell by his manner when he was sipping from the wells of Bethlehem.

During the last few months of his life he would often quote the 477th and the 481st hymns (Gadsby's), especially the third verse of the latter, yet we little knew how very near he was to the fulfilment of his desires. On the 8th of January he was unable to go to his work, and from that time he seemed to be ripening for heaven. Although he moved about amongst us,

we felt his time was drawing to a close, and we made the remark only an hour before we heard that he was gone, that we should not be surprised to hear of his being called home. He attended a prayer meeting on Tuesday, January 27th and gave out hymn 119: "Great God! from thee there's nought concealed," etc., with evident feeling, and when he engaged in prayer he completely broke down, and could not proceed for some seconds. On the Thursday night he retired to rest as usual, but could not get any warmth to his feet, from which he had suffered for some time past, though we anticipated nothing serious, but about one o'clock in the morning he arose and went downstairs where he remained near to the fire to get warmth to his feet, the circulation in a measure returned. He ate a good breakfast, and seemed better. About 9.20, he went upstairs, and a few moments later his wife and daughter who were below, heard him fall heavily; they at once rushed to his assistance and found him stretched on the floor. With great difficulty they turned him over, and with assistance got him into bed, but he did not recognise them, and with a gentle sigh, his spirit returned to God who gave it. His departure is a heavy loss to us, but an eternal gain to him. His mortal remains were committed to the dust by Mr. John Smith of Siddal on February 2nd in the presence of many friends who mourned over the loss they had sustained. Mr. Smith also preached in the evening at the chapel a touching sermon from the words: "He careth for you." Mr. T. House of Bolton preached two memorial sermons on February 9th from the words (morning): "Out of his fulness have we received, and grace for grace," and (evening): "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (Rev. xiv. 13). May my last end be like his, so prays his brother deacon. J. A.

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Mrs. FRANCIS.—Fell asleep in Jesus January 31, 1903, aged 88. Interred at Highgate Road Cemetery, Southsea. Mr. Wickham who officiated made some appropriate remarks respecting the dear departed one and also to those who were gathered together. She had expressed a wish that hymn 483, "Yes, I shall soon be landed," should be sung at the grave. This was attended to. Hymn 580, which had been very precious to her, was sung in the chapel at the Cemetery:

My soul with holy wonder views  
The love the Lord the Saviour shows  
To wretched, dying man;

The last verse of this hymn was exceedingly sweet to her, viz.:

"I'm blest, I'm blest, for ever blest  
My rags are gone and I am dressed  
In garments white as snow.  
I'm married to the Lord the Lamb,  
Whose beauties I can ne'er explain  
Nor half his glory show."

She was formerly a member of the Church at Potton, Beds, and being, in the providence of God, removed to Portsmouth, she was received into the Church worshipping at Salem Chapel on 21st August, 1888. She was much beloved by all, and walking in the fear of the Lord was preserved in uprightness and integrity to the end. If any attempted to fill her ears with tattling, whisperings and surmisings, etc., etc., she would say—"Oh! take it away, take it away, I hate it." Her delight was to hear and talk of the things of God. Her books were few as she found her pleasure in God's Word and our Hymn Book. She was much favoured with the Lord's gracious presence, and with a sweet assurance of her eternal interest in Christ. He did really "dwell in her heart by faith and she was rooted and grounded in love."

She was never absent from the services of God's House unless detained by sickness. She would be at the Prayer-meeting on Lord's day mornings until the walk became too much for her.

For about twelve months' before her death she was unable to get out, but it was most profitable to visit her and witness the delight she experienced in the Word of God and to hear her converse with pleasure and blessed anticipation of entering into the prepared mansion and rest.

A few hours before she passed away a friend—Miss Ralph—said: "Do you feel afraid to go?" She looked reproachfully, and said: "The brethren, the brethren." Her friend said: "Hereby we know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." She smiled and was pleased it was understood what she wished to say. Her friend then said, "How safe you are!" She nodded her head and a happy smile told the rest. In the afternoon her son read twenty-third Psalm. This was the last reading she heard, and Mrs. Ralph then said, "So you are really going to leave us at last, Mrs. Francis, to be with Christ which is far better." She smiled, and took her hand and pressed it. I called in and was favoured to see her once more. She tried to speak, but nature failed. I (not knowing she had just heard the twenty-third Psalm) repeated the fourth verse, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," etc. She took my hand and raised herself up, and her happy countenance manifested something of the joy that awaited her that it seemed not like death but, as indeed it was, a peaceful falling asleep in Jesus!

Thus passed away from this world of sin and death one of the Lord's "jewels" after a much longer pilgrimage than is allotted to most. She had, in her earlier years, experienced some heavy trials and difficulties, but what the poet writes was, in her case, manifestly true—

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

J. G. W.

Mr. COLEMAN.—Our late dear friend, William Coleman, of Lakenheath, was a very tried man, and suffered greatly for twenty years from the effects of a stem of a pipe poisoning his mouth. His head became an immense size, and blindness ultimately followed. He was operated upon four times, but all to no good purpose. Once when in a London Hospital the Lord spoke blessedly to his soul when in great agony the following lines:—

“Tarry his leisure, then;  
Wait the appointed hour;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of your soul  
Reveal his love with power.”

Thus he found, that “Where the word of a King is, there is power;” this strengthened his hope; but he felt that there was no cure for his body, but graciously hoped there was a cure for his soul. Some few years after this he was assaulted by the enemy of living souls, and greatly tempted to beat his head against the wall, and thus put an end to his misery. But he groaned in spirit to the Lord to be kept by his Almighty power; when the Lord drew near him again, and said—“I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.” This softened his heart, and brought him a little release from the tempter, and then followed a sweet refreshing sleep, and when he awoke this blessed promise was spoken to him so sweetly—“I will see you again.” Previous to the promise being applied to his soul; he was both blind and deaf, and was scarcely able to speak so as to be understood; but now receiving such relief, both bodily and spiritually he could hear with one ear, and was able to speak so as to be understood. The writer called in to see him as the dew lay fresh upon his branch (soul) and how very blessedly he was able to speak of the Lord’s goodness both to his soul and body! For many years he said but little about Divine things; but toward the end, his sufferings were very great, and his soul’s conflict was severe. He was greatly tried about his hope of salvation, and about his solemn end, as to whether he should be lost after all. This combat with the enemy was broken by these words being applied to him: “The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.” (Psalm xxiii. 1-2) His hope in God now abounded, and that peace which passeth all understanding was sweetly felt in his soul. Not long before he died, he spoke of seeing the Lord by faith in the midst of the throne, and by that faith he realised gaining the victory through Jesus Christ, who hath loved him, and given himself for him. Truly he said—

“God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.”

W. S. C.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

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

## “THE LORD TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS.”

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. NEWTON, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS, AT CRANBROOK, ON SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 15TH, 1903\*

“But He knoweth the way that I take : when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.”—JOB xxiii, 10.

We find Job mentioned in the Word of God amongst the worthies of God’s spiritual Israel, in the xiv. of Ezekiel; there Noah, Daniel, and Job, are mentioned in a special way. We also find in the last chapter of the Epistle of James he is there spoken of as being amongst God’s tried people; James says—“Behold, we count them happy which endure.” Those who endure trial; those who are in the path of tribulation. “Behold we count them happy which endure.” They may not be, and often are not, happy in their own feelings. “Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.” The Holy Ghost speaking by James mentions the patience of Job; but we have a good deal said in the Old Testament which goes to prove that Job was oftentimes in a very different place to patiently submitting to the will of God. God chastens his people for their sin in this life, yet they are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Balaam was led to speak, out of his head but not out of his heart, how the Lord sees his people in Christ—“He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel.” As they stand in the Lord Jesus Christ they are complete in him. Job was complete in him.

The Lord sent a very, very trying dispensation for Job to walk through, and in the end it answered the very purpose for which it was sent. We read in the Psalm—“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth

\* We hope to publish the afternoon’s discourse in our next No.—ED.

them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." How many of us have been brought to see and feel that we are but dust? And the prophet says—"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. We all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities like the wind have taken us away." Unless we are brought to know something of that spiritually and experimentally in our own hearts, we shall never really feel our need of Jesus Christ. This is the teaching of the Holy Ghost in a man's heart, teaching him what he is. This is what God's holy law teaches a man, that in and of himself he is nothing but sin and ruin, and must suffer eternal death unless God has mercy upon his soul. When brought there the man knows something of the language of Job in the latter part of this book—"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And in another place in the latter part, he says—"Behold, I am vile." He meant what he said; it was not the fruit of dissembling lips, but he felt in his heart what he confessed with his mouth unto God. "I am vile." As far as my experience goes, the longer a man lives the more deeply he is taught the essential truth of Job's language—"Behold, I am vile." He will need Jesus Christ as his Advocate, Jesus Christ as his holiness, Jesus Christ as his righteousness, Jesus Christ as his wisdom, Jesus Christ as his redemption. He is brought from necessity to lean his whole weight upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe all are brought to know that part of Job's experience in their measure and degree, who fear God.

The Lord says of Job in the first chapter, that he "was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." The Lord said to Satan—"Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth?" Satan intimated that there was no reality in Job's religion, that he served God only for what he could get. "Hast thou not made an hedge about him." A protection round about Job so that Satan could not touch him. "And about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" I have said sometimes that the devil goes further in his belief than many human beings do, than some professing Christians (as they call themselves) do. They say God has not anything to do with protecting our bodies, that it is nonsense saying he has. That he has nothing to do with what are called accidents; if a man is thrown out of his

conveyance, God has nothing to do with it. The devil has a better faith than that. Satan said that God had set a hedge for the protection of Job round about; men say, in this time state, that as to their business, farms, and crops, God has nothing to do with them. Satan does not say so, he said—"Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." As though Job's religion was all hypocrisy, for temporal gain. "And the Lord said to Satan, "Behold all that he hath is in thine hand; but save his life." God permitted it to be so. Job's cattle were all taken away, all that he had was swept away, his sons and daughters were all taken away. After this he still held fast his integrity, and said—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." That was one side of Job; but every good man has two sides to him. Asaph had, David had, Solomon had, Paul had. You and I, if we fear God, have two sides—a bright side and a dark side—the flesh bears fruit as long as we live. That was the bright side when Job's fear of God was in exercise. There is a vast difference between having the fear of God, and that fear in the heart being exercised. When the fear of God is in exercise then we are enabled to walk by the Spirit, in our feeble measure as Job did. When God touches you in your business, when cross providences come, to be able in our spirits, to say—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

I was reading in a portion of dear Mr. Philpot's the other day where he was speaking of an affliction he had had, and how he was blest and favoured in his affliction, and when his health was restored Satan said—"That was only your affliction, because you were ill, that you thought God favoured you, now your health is restored, where is it?" Well, I know something of that by experience in my afflictions, the enemy has said to me—"Where is the sweetness now? Where is the presence of Christ now?" When we have been carnally minded, when flesh has been uppermost, when the world has had a good fast hold of us. Sometimes I have felt as if I had got no religion at all; at other times I could pray, could feel Christ precious, could be submissive to the Lord's will, and could say in my spirit—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken

away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We learn by this that the affliction does not bring the blessing, but when we are blest in an affliction, then we can say—"Now the Lord does bless me." There are times when the Lord does bless a man, and he knows it; and there are times when the Lord does not bless a man, and he knows it. Those of you who have the fear of God in your hearts, who are taught by the Spirit of God, know both sides. If the Lord is your teacher, though you have not the same depth in experience, yet you will have the same spirit in some measure that Paul had—"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."

This good man Job, when God withheld his sweet presence, when his Divine support was withheld, how he cursed almost everything but his God. The devil said—"He will curse thee to thy face." But he was never left to do that, though he said many, many wrong things. We see both sides of Job; his bright side by grace, and the dark side of his flesh. The fruits of the Spirit, and the fruits of his fallen nature. The Apostle James says—"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are." I have been glad more than once, or twice, that that is left on record of Elijah the prophet, a man marked in the Word of God, a man of abundant grace, that "he was a man subject to like passions as we are." And it was so with Job, left to himself he was no better than any carnal man; grace, and grace alone, made the difference. We have been reading this morning in 2 Peter v. that the Lord is "the God of all grace." Therefore being the Fountain of all grace, grace is his gift, and we have no more grace than he gives, not a particle. If he withholds grace, we have none; if we receive saving grace, we receive it out of the Fountain of grace—Christ—"grace for grace."

In Job's experience, as recorded in the Word of God, we find that having grace did not exempt him from trouble, affliction of body, and dark providences. The Lord's dear people are sometimes tried on this point; the Enemy suggests—"If you were a child of God, do you think things would be so with you?" Or he will come in another form and suggest if a man feared God he would never act so, that God would never allow that, or permit the other. Sometimes God hides his face, withdraws his sensible presence. I have experienced more or less, what Mr. Hart says—



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

If I ever received the pardon of sin it was when I was young, before I ever went out to speak in the Lord's name. Now for the most part I feel much tried between the services; I often feel my darkness, and the distance there is between God and my soul; I am not favoured as I was in my younger days, therefore I know something of what Job felt when he said—“ Oh that I were as in months past.” I felt those words on my journey to Cranbrook yesterday—“ Oh that I were as in months past.” Well Job looked at months past, when it had been different, and I looked, as I often do, and felt I was not as I have been. “ When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness.” When God favoured and blest him; he was blest in the labour of his hands, and blest in his soul. “ Oh that I was as in months past.” Did you ever feel like that, my friends? You may have been hearers at this Chapel a good many years, hearers of that God honoured man Mr. Smart, and others. Perhaps sometimes when you went home from the house of God, though the journey was long you did not feel tired, or weary, because the Lord had favoured you. Now you may feel—“ Oh 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.” If that is the feeling of your heart, Job is your brother—your brother in the path of tribulation. Job is your brother, and Christ is your Brother born for adversity, Christ is your Friend, Christ is your Advocate, Christ is your King, who loves you at all times, in the dark times, in the trying times, in the times when you feel in the words of Isaiah in a “ waste place.” Sometimes we experience what that is to feel in a “ waste place.” Job knew that in this chapter when he says—“ Oh that I knew where I might find him !” Who did he want to find? His God. Now this tells the difference in the spirit of Job between him and many professors. I admit Job had not the privileges we have as regards the letter of truth, the Word of God, the inspired Scriptures, but he was taught by the same God. Many professors if they find the name of Jesus, the name of God in the Word are satisfied. Is it so with you? You say—“ I want to find the Lord in it.” It is not enough to read the name of the Lord, but

you want to find the savour of his name communicated by the Holy Ghost to your soul. When you go to the throne of grace does the mere going through the form of prayer satisfy you? If you go through your duty in family prayer, does it satisfy you, when you cannot find the presence of the Lord there? You feel—"Oh that I knew where I might find him! That I might come even to his seat!" That was the mercy seat, where Job wanted to come. Job did not want to come to the judgment seat, to be judged by an angry God—no, but to the mercy seat. The Lord provided a mercy seat for his people in the Old Testament dispensation, and in the New Testament dispensation there is a mercy seat. It is called in the Old Testament the mercy seat, and in the New Testament the throne of grace. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" How can we come there? How can we have nearness to the Lord there? By his Spirit. We are at times, here and there, helped when coming to the mercy seat, the Lord draws near. Perhaps when we go to prayer we feel our hearts hard, our affections cold towards God, we may feel guilt, and think God will never hear us, and Satan suggests to the mind—If you were one of God's children you could never be in this state; how can you dare to take the name of a holy God upon your polluted lips by coming to a throne of grace? That is a truth—

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

"But he knoweth the way that I take." He knows the way that you take and that I take. He knows the way that all his people take.

"I would order my cause before him." Can you plead your case before him? Can you pour out your heart before him? Sometimes we feel shut up and cannot come forth; we feel bound, and cry—"Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Job came, as all God's people come—"I would order my cause before him." All about the body and circumstances. To be enabled to lay your cause before him, your daily calling, your crook in the lot, your crook in your daily labour with your fellow-creatures, the crook in your own family; to plead your cause. "I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." How do you argue in your right mind? Do you plead your own righteousness, your own merit, your own strength? Do you tell the Lord what

a good man, or woman, you are? How you have kept his holy law—do you tell him you have never offended in any point? Could you plead like the Pharisee in the temple, and tell the Lord what a good man you have been, of your good deeds, and scorn the poor publican? Do you plead your cause, or argue with the Lord that way; and say there is no man so good as you are in Cranbrook, or the neighbourhood where you live? Job did not order his cause like that, and you will not argue like that if you are rightly taught, but you will be led to confess your own sin and defilement, and plead his promise with regard to the efficacy of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, his glorious righteousness, plead his own faithfulness, mercy, and power; argue with him according to his own Word. Argue with him that way, lay your case, your cause, before him; it may be in a barn, a stable, a lodge, a hovel, on a road, in a lane, under a hedge, in a cow-house, in a dark closet, in the bed chamber, in some secret spot where you are enabled to lay your cause before him, and that will make it a sacred spot—depend upon it—though it is under a hedge, in a wood, or barn, or cow lodge; or the baker with his hands in the flour kneading the bread. Job's trouble was that he could not get near the Lord. Some folks can always pray when they like. They go through their prayers like a mill-horse does his duty outside a barn turning the machinery to cut chaff, he goes his round until he is taken out of the collar and put back into the stable.

“I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me. Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he would put strength into me.” Have you never been strengthened at a throne of grace? Has your faith been strengthened through prayer, when you have been enabled to pray? Have you not felt your hope strengthened at a throne of grace? The way to it may be very, very painful indeed, but it is a blessed spot to be in.

The soul taught by God, which is being led of God, as Job, can say—“But he knoweth the way that I take.” What way do you take when you go to the house of God? Do you ever ask the Lord's blessing before you leave your bedroom in the morning? Do you seek the Lord's blessing on his servant before you go to hear? I do not believe in free will, or human merit, but I believe the man who is enabled to seek the Lord's face will receive the benefit of it. Is this the way you took coming along—did you

try to pray for me? Did you lift up your heart for a blessing on your own soul? Did you say in your heart—“Show me a token for good?” Show me one more token for good, dear Lord! Lord, if I am right confirm it to-day Do not let me go to Cranbrook for nothing! Do not let me go to the house of God for nothing! O do bless me Lord! Lord, my heart is so cold, so hard, I am so shut up, Lord, so carnally minded! O do come and bless me, do come to my poor soul! I believe Job came in a similar way.

“But he knoweth the way that I take.” The Lord knew the way the man of God took in the first chapter of John—Nathaniel; he said to Jesus—“Whence knowest thou me?” Why, the Lord says—“I saw thee under the fig tree.” Nathaniel was under the fig tree in secret prayer, pouring out his heart to the Lord. “When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.” Nathaniel said—“Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.” He believed that Jesus was the Son of God and King of Israel, because he saw him in secret. The Lord sees you in secret; he is God as well as man.

“But.” Notwithstanding all these things that have gone before. “He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” Job was in the fire, in the furnace; he felt God was trying him, but he had faith to believe—“When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.”

I leave the subject for this morning. May the Lord add his blessing.

A religion that does nothing for a man's soul is practically worthless, and a religion that never manifests itself in a man's life is as worthless as a religion that does nothing for the soul. Death is stamped upon both. Religion to be worth anything must be a living religion, a religion that proceeds from a work of grace upon the heart, communicating life to the soul, and exercising an influence wheresoever it exists, and in whomsoever it resides, for where there is a springing up of life in a man's soul it must be made manifest by his words and actions. What a cutting sentence issued from the truth-speaking lips of the Lord of life and glory against those branches that bear not fruit? How he declared that his Father would take them away, gather them in heaps, and cast them into the fire to be burned, and in what a decisive manner in the parable of the vine did he stamp the religion that brings forth no fruit unto God. When we read the Apostle Paul's epistles, we cannot help seeing how his heart panted for the spiritual edification of the church of God! What prayer and desire he had continually in his bosom that they might have not only every blessing, but that these blessings might be made manifest in the heart, lip, and life!—*J. C. Philpot.*

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## POOR RELIEF SOCIETY.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the Donors or Testators, all donations and legacies above £50 . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies above £50, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE TESTATORS." Will, therefore, our friends who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE WORD  
OF GOD.

By JOHN RUSK.

“Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return ye children of men.”  
(Psalm xc. 3.)

(Continued from p. 271).

A little while ago I was greatly cast down and discouraged seeing everything apparently against me; yet when I arose one morning I felt such firm trust and confidence in the Lord that I am quite unable to describe. But I really had faith in his power, faithfulness, and truth, as I believed that as he is wisdom itself he was my wisdom, and would counteract all the cunning and craft of every foe. How encouraging is this to us when we are helped to press on him all our afflictions! Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger. Every attribute and perfection of Jehovah is engaged on our behalf with all the offices and covenant characters which the Lord Jesus sustains to his church and people. Our text says that he turns man to destruction, yet he says, “return ye children of men.”

Having considered what it means to return, and to whom we are to return, I am now to treat of the blessed effects of this returning to God. This I hope to make clear in various ways, and to trace all up to One and so conclude the subject: (1) Rest is enjoyed when we get back to God. Before this there is no real rest experienced, hence David said that there was no soundness in his flesh because of God's anger, nor rest in his bones because of his sin; but when he speaks of returning he speaks of rest: “Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.” This is the rest and refreshment, spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, for “the weary,” and it is the weary and heavy-laden that Jesus invites to this rest when he says, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” This rest we enjoy here at times by faith, and very wonderful it is to us, after toiling and labouring to please God and conscience till our life has become a burden to us, that it should be enjoyed without having worked for it and by only believing for “they that believe do enter into rest.” There is rest also from a guilty conscience, the burden of sin, the accusation of Satan, and from the curse of the Law, and this rest we shall enjoy hereafter for ever. God rests in his love to us in Christ Jesus, and we rest in the same love, hence we shall rest to all eternity.

(2) Another blessed effect of this returning is salvation. If you and I could see the dangerous state in which we are placed

through the Fall, and could we see the world as it really is, could we see the innumerable snares, gins, pits, and traps laid to entangle us as they really are, could we see ourselves as we are, as weak as water, and our enemies so innumerable and so mighty, then truly should we know the worth, the infinite worth of salvation! But our best views are but narrow. We now and then, in God's light, have a faint view and we shudder with fear. Salvation indeed we need all our days, and what a blessed thing salvation is! To be saved from the reigning power and dominion of sin, from its guilt and burden, from Satan, law, and justice, from the wrath of God, from the second death. Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, they shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end. The Saviour is God in three Persons, called the "wells of salvation" (Isa. xii. 3) and the prophet says in another place that in "returning and resting" we shall be saved; then, what a blessed thing it is to return unto the Lord!

(3) Another blessed effect of this returning is health, or pardon, to the soul, for sin is the cause of all sickness; hence we read that in heaven above the inhabitants shall not say that they are sick for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity. There is nothing that can cleanse the conscience of sin but the blood of Christ, and faith is the hand that lays hold of his atonement. Many things have been, and still are, invented by man but all to no purpose; and misery caused by sin has in many cases driven those of the non-elect to suicide, but God's promises to his people will ever be fulfilled—though they may, and do, suffer a great deal from a wounded spirit—for Jesus is the great and only Physician and he will bind up the broken heart, and bring health to the soul, and reveal to it the abundance of truth as I myself can testify for well do I know what this turning to destruction means! But when he says "Return," then he turns our captivity like the streams of the south; this is health "that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations"; then the soul is in a flourishing state—they that are planted in the house of the Lord flourish in the courts of our God. Mark how the promise runs: "They shall still," mark the word, "still"—notwithstanding all your doubts and fears, sinkings of soul, sin, guilt, pollution, though you, for a time are turned to destruction yet you shall still bring forth fruit to old age.

*(To be continued.)*

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A man may have his heart full of enmity to God and yet have his head full of the letter; he may hold the clearest creed, and possess the soundest theory, with a brain crammed with texts of Scripture, and all the while his heart may be hatred itself towards God, and as a necessary consequence, towards the people of God.—*J. C. Philpot.*

“THAT I MAY KNOW HIM.”

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The Person of Jesus I fain would behold ;  
 Oh, may he his beauties most sweetly unfold,  
 His godlike appearance, his attributes blest,  
 His glory which shines from the east to the west !

Oh, may I behold the dear graces which flow  
 From him to his people who're mourning below,  
 See how it's apportioned to meet ev'ry need,  
 How this soul's deliver'd and that soul is freed !

Oh, may I with ecstasy view him as King,  
 See the blood-redeemed children their crowns to him  
 bring,  
 Their loud exclamations would hear with delight,  
 And how for their sakes he with Satan did fight !

How he was led to the slaughter and nailed to the tree,  
 Though God bless'd for ever and One of the Three ;  
 How he by his blood reconiled them to God,  
 And for them as Surety and Substitute stood !

I'd hear the sweet singing in harmony blest,  
 And note with rejoicing how each one confess'd  
 That honour, and power, and glory were his,  
 Who saved from destruction and took them to bliss.

I'd view how he ruleth in heaven and earth,  
 How he by his Spirit gives everything birth,  
 How none can withstand his omnipotent might,  
 But how sin and Satan he turneth to flight.

I'd view him in all that he is to his saints,  
 And how he with sympathy hears their complaints,  
 And lifts up the soul that's oppress'd by its foes,  
 And on him his grace all-sufficient bestows.

I fain would believe that with him I am one,  
 That I have an int'rest in what he has done,  
 That I'm in the robe of his righteousness deck'd,  
 In which God the Father no flaw can detect.

And when death shall summon my soul to his bar,  
 May view him with joy and not sink in despair,  
 And hear him say, “Enter the joy of thy Lord,  
 “And take what my mansions of glory afford.”

MEPHIBOSHETH.



## LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON,

Written to his Brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Young, Tenterden, Kent. (No date.) Postmark, June 29th, 1790.

Dear Brother and Sister,—I received your letter and the Registry of my age and thank my brother for his trouble in procuring it; but I am sorry to hear of the life of Old Daniel. Daniel will be the death of Tom if Tom do not see the death of him. There is no happiness, my dear friends, but in Christ Jesus. He is the fountain of life where a man may drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more. The Spirit of love in a broken heart is the best new wine in the new bottle, both these shall be preserved, when thousands shall be dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel. This better banquet, better part, better portion through matchless grace is mine. This flagon shall be supplied in endless bliss, when those who add drunkenness to thirst (Deut. xxix. 19, 20) must beg water in hell! What has grace done for us? I look forward to death, the grave, the day of Judgment and to heavenly glory with unutterable delight; and by the eye of faith often see my carcase in the tomb, and my soul in heaven. This is living Dog! There is no man on earth whose happiness I envy, or whose state I covet. "I know in whom I have believed and am fully persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." The good work of God still prospers in the hands of the coalheaver. This is the Lord's doings and it is marvellous in the eyes of many. But fools must confound the wise, the base must debase the honourable. God will have it so, and the bond children must be content. Tender my love to Mr. Lloyd, Goodhurst friends, to Tom the elder, and to Tom the junr., and accept the same from a double brother in the double bonds of the brotherly covenant. So prays yours,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

P.S.—I will send you a pot of spruce by Tyees Waggon.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN  
PROVIDENCE AND GRACE WITH THE LATE  
MR. ROBERT MAY, of Staplehurst, Kent.

It occurs to my mind, that one day in conversation with my mother who was telling me of the Bishop consecrating a Churchyard. I told her that I knew of a little spot being consecrated, where I resorted to, but poor thing she did not understand me, but thought I was very foolish to talk so. I then told her what made it a consecrated place to me, namely, the Lord met me there, and consecrated the place to my soul!

My resting-place was soon spoiled, I found the devil was

often on the alert when the Lord's day morning arrived. On one of these mornings something occurred to upset me, and I was going to chapel as full of rebellion as Satan and my wicked heart could make me, but I did not then know that it was the devil who was stirring up this anger and rebellion within me. I seemed almost to wish that something might happen to prevent our going to chapel. Is it not marvellous that God did not cut me down at that time? O the long suffering mercy of God to such a vile wretch as I felt myself to be!

Mr. Burch's text that morning was (Ezekiel xlvi., 16, 17). He first showed who the servants were, as Balaam, Judas, Saul, and others, and how near they might come to a gracious person and not be one in heart, through having no grace there. I felt from the state my mind was in that I could be nothing after all but a servant, like those the good man was describing. I wished I could get out of the chapel, and creep into a cave out of everybody's sight, for I felt that I was neither fit to live nor yet fit to die. I had Mr. Hart's hymns in my pocket which I took out and opened, when this line met my eye—"It regulates passions," and in a moment it was suggested to me thus: You see what the fear of God does in, and for his people. My feelings were indescribable, and in this state I went to the afternoon service. Mr. Burch took up the same subject again, and said that he would "now show who were the sons of God, and some of the evidences of grace, that we might know whether we were interested in the matter or not." Now, when tracing out the path of a living soul he said, sometimes the poor soul would be in such a state of rebellion, that in his feelings he would burn the earth up, and that Satan would dip his arrow into the very poison of hell before he would thrust it into the souls of God's tried children, which would set them all in a blaze! The dear man was so led to describe my desperate state right from the time I left home; and to me he seemed to speak it in such a sympathising manner, and such power attended his words that my heart was softened, and that roaring lion that formerly accompanied me was turned into a lamb! Mr. Burch used to remark to poor doubting souls who were often sharply tried after a melting time in their heart's feelings as to whether it came from the Lord. "You may know where it came from by where it leads to, for what comes from God is sure to lead back to God." I thought when I reached my home what a blessed time I should have in meditating upon what I had heard that afternoon, but alas! before I got far from the chapel the enemy was permitted to molest me, and darkness of mind came upon me so unexpectedly that when I reached my home I was deprived of all those spiritual enjoyments. I greatly feared that all was a delusion, and could not think that a child of God could possibly come into such a dark and wretched state. How I wished that I had never spoken to anyone, or had ever attempted to pray, as it seemed to me to be awful presumption

on my part to have done so. I did not then know that I was living upon frames and feelings; but so it was, when I had a good time I hoped then that all was right between my soul and God, but when darkness of mind came on I then feared that I was deceived.

The first person I became acquainted with was Mr. Johnson of East Peckham; he was one of the deacons, and he saw me the first time I entered the chapel, and marvelled as to whatever could have brought me there, and it appears that a cry went out of his heart to the Lord that it would please him by his holy Spirit to do something for my soul. Seeing me attend the chapel again and again, he said to his son-in-law, "I wonder what has brought the Station Master here? I hope the Lord will do something spiritual for him, and give him a new heart, and a right understanding." He did not then know that God had laid the axe to the root, and had cut me down the first time I entered the chapel; but from what he afterwards told me, he had no peace in his mind until he ascertained something satisfactorily about me; and which was brought about in the following manner. One day my wife was at Maidstone, and saw him with his daughter. He knew her by having seen her at East Peckham, my wife having a pony and trap offered to give his daughter a ride. He directly said, "Yes; you go, and I will follow on by train and call for you." This gave him the opportunity he wanted, as I suppose he felt that there was some good thing in our hearts towards the Lord God of Israel. I have had many times since, to bless the Lord that this opportunity was brought about to bring us together, as a lasting friendship from that time sprang up between us. I well remember two things he said the first time he called to see me. He was talking to my wife upon the best things, when something was said about the Canaanites still dwelling in the land. I said, that I thought they had been dead some thousands of years! He replied, "As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be!" And I have had painfully to learn that truth, that they do still dwell in the land! Just before he left us he said to my wife, "If the Lord has shown you that you are a fool, he has done great things for you"; which to me proved to be "a word in season."

From that time I used often to see him, and he was as a nursing father to my soul, and I believe the interviews were at times made a blessing to his soul, for being myself only a babe in grace, I would ask him questions which drew things from his own heart's experience. The late Mr. Huntington makes a remark somewhere to this effect: "A Christian man often goes barren for want of a babe in grace to draw him out." I enjoyed my friend's company for about three years, when he was removed in the providence of God to Wallington, in Surrey, on October 30, 1860, and died at Croydon, on May 2nd, 1882, in the 79th year of his age. We kept up a correspondence to the end of his days;

and I was favoured to be with him on the day he died. I called in the morning and found him very weak in body. He said to me, "What a mercy it is, that all is done for me, there is nothing for me to do!" He was too weak to converse with me, but as I leaned over him he put his arms around my neck and embraced me, which touched a chord in my heart. I saw him "well laid in the grave" in Croydon Cemetery, on May 8th, by Mr. Mockford, and the friends present sang that well-known hymn over his grave, by Mr. Hart:

"Sons of God, by blest adoption,  
View the dead with steady eyes;  
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."

But to return: One day I saw Mr. Burch pass our house at Yalding. I called my wife, and we both went down the path and watched him in his conveyance until both were out of sight. But what love sprang up in our hearts towards him; truly it is better felt than described! Up to this time, I think neither of us had spoken to the dear man, but he had spoken many times to us from the pulpit.

About this time a letter written by a Mr. B. fell into my hands, and was made very useful to me, which I will here transcribe with the hope that it may be made useful to some other seeking souls. The writer says:—"With regard to your present state of mind, my dear brother; I wish to say a few words for your encouragement, hoping that the Lord may bless them to you.—In some cases the work of God is sooner discovered by a looker-on, than by the person who is the subject of that good work. God's work is only made manifest in God's light. . . . God through his Holy Spirit gives life, and light, as we read 'In him was life, and the life was the light of men.' [Life, light, and feeling are given at the same time. We know that we are sinners from the life given, and the light which has shone out of darkness into our hearts, and the feeling which accompanies this life and light, assures us of it, but we shall not see that we are saints in Christ Jesus until Divine grace has performed its work in the heart, and the Holy Spirit has formed him there the hope of eternal glory.] "There are often both life and feeling, where the light given is not sufficient to show that this work is the work of God. Why is it that you reverence the most High God? Why do you desire a tender conscience? Why do you hate sin? or when you find that you cannot hate it, why do you desire to hate it? How comes it to pass that you hate free-will and merit? Why do you love the saints above all other men and women upon earth? Why is it you secretly wish to be

like them so far as they follow Christ? Why are you more dark and dead in your feelings at one time than another? Why are you uneasy when you feel your state and your burden; and why are you uneasy when you feel them not? How is it that you dread carnally secure frames? How is it that you dread presumption? Why is Christ now and then precious to you in your feelings, more precious to you than your money or your life. What would you take for him? Why is it that you cannot live without prayer? Why is it that you take more delight in waiting upon God than anything else? What is there now that would raise your soul to a transport of joy, but this, that Jesus should reveal himself to you, and enable you to say with an experimental evidence of him whom your soul loveth: 'My beloved is mine, and I am his!' Does not your soul now and then in some little measure thus thirst for God, for the living God? If your heart has not at one time or another been the seat of all these desires, I have missed my mark. As the Lord thy God liveth these are the effects of the Holy Spirit's quickening power, saving grace, and sovereign operations. And it is your privilege, and the privilege of all such as have known these things to say: Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitations have preserved my spirit. 'Fear not O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt.' E. B."

One day a commercial traveller spoke to me at the station about religion, and said how glad he was to hear that the life of God was in my soul. He said that he travelled about a great deal but found very few that cared to hear anything about religion. I said, I could not tell who had told him such a thing, and further said that I had many fears about it. He then began to quote several portions of Scripture, such as "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." And "Whosoever believeth in him shall have everlasting life." And "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I replied, that I read that "Faith is the gift of God," and "without faith it is impossible to please God." I said that I would give the world, if it were mine, to believe that Christ died for me. He appeared to be very ready in quoting the Scriptures, but the more he talked the more I was confused. After he was gone it was suggested to me, how happy he appeared to be, and how well acquainted with the Scriptures, and when I looked at myself I felt wretched and miserable, and I became desperate. I did not know what to believe, for one says, "you can do nothing," and another says, "You should take God at his word." Oh, how am I to know who is right? and I came to the conclusion that I would not go to hear any more, but I could not rest quietly. Mr. Burch was going to preach at a place called "Catts Place," in Brenchley Parish. I thought that I would go this once and if I heard nothing to the comfort of my soul I would then give it all up. I met with much opposition on the road, and it seemed to be no

use my going, but I reached there at last. Mr. Burch preached from these words—"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no Physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" (Jer. viii. 22.) While the dear man was reading his text I felt my wretchedness leaving me, and my spirit became softened as Mr. Burch was led into the same things I was greatly troubled with, indeed he came just where I was. He said, sometimes one of the Plymouth Brethren connection would get hold of a child of God, and fill him full of confusion, and had he known all that had transpired with me he could not have spoken more to the point, the snare was broken, and my soul escaped; and the dear Lord was pleased to drop a little of the balm of Gilead into my soul.

About this time I dreamed that the end of the world was come, and the earth in the distance was all on fire, and it was being consumed with fearful rapidity, and the flame appeared to be making towards me. There was great consternation and dismay on the countenances of the people who were horror-stricken, and running for their lives, but the fire spread so rapidly and consumed everything it came near in a moment, I was standing at my door and expected to be swallowed up by it. On the opposite side of the road there was a row of trees, and as soon as the fire reached them it suddenly ceased, and then it began to rain heavily. Just before this took place I appeared to be in breathless suspense, now I seemed to breathe very freely, and I felt truly thankful that I was thus far spared! I have often thought of those solemn words of the Apostle Peter: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Peter iii. 10.) A little hope was kindled in my soul, that as I was spared in my dream, so the Lord had a favour towards me, and I humbly hoped that I should not perish with the ungodly world. But I wanted the Lord by his Spirit to—

"Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear his witness with my heart,  
That I was born of God."

About two months after I had the above dream I was sitting one night in my room alone, bemoaning my state and case, and thinking how little I knew compared to what others knew who I used to hear speak of what God had done for their souls. I fell upon my knees, and tried to pour out my troubles unto the Lord, when these words came with much power and sweetness into my heart: "Though thy beginnings be small, yet shall thy latter end greatly increase." At the moment, I verily thought some one had audibly spoken them to me, which caused me to look round, but as there was no one, I answered, "What I Lord, such a wretch

as I! And shall my latter end greatly increase?" O what comfort the words brought into my soul, and I was in hopes that ere long I should not be so burdened. But years rolled on, and instead of finding any increase, every thing seemed the reverse; so that many times I have questioned the reality of my religion, and feared that it was all a delusion. But to the honour of God I would say it to any poor sensible sinner, if God gives you a promise he will faithfully fulfil it, yes, and beyond all thy expectation, even if it has to go into the fire for twenty years or more; but the waiting time is the hardest time of all!

I shall have occasion to refer to this blessed promise again. I am not able to boast of a great many words being applied as some people do, but those that have been applied to me have been in times of sore trouble.

Another thing occurs to my mind, I used to think I was not sufficiently tried about my sins, and thought if the Lord was pleased to send some affliction on my body it would make me more in earnest about having my sins forgiven, and to feel a deeper concern about the eternal welfare of my soul. The Lord was pleased to answer me, but it was in such a way, as the hymn says, "As almost drove me to despair." This taught me that it was not wise to ask the Lord to send afflictions upon our bodies. O how little do we know of the process it may please God to make use of in answering many of our petitions. I have often thought of Newton's hymn:

"I asked the Lord that I might grow."

In that hymn you have the experience of God's way of answering prayer. He will not suffer us to put our puny arm to his work, but how marvellously he bears with such rebellious worms as we are. He very graciously enabled me to confess my folly before him, and he then broke my heart with a sense of his goodness and mercy. Soon after this I was blessedly helped through a letter written by a minister, the late Mr. N. Faulkner, of Margate. I had been thinking that I must be wrong as I had so little knowledge of Christ Jesus. I thought I could not have any right feelings, possessing as I did so little knowledge of Jesus. Mr. Faulkner says, that he had many blessed feelings, with but very little knowledge of Christ, and he goes on to say that "when the Spirit of grace became in my heart a spirit of intercession, I knew but little of Christ, or his great work, and when my soul was brought to taste that the Lord is gracious, I had but little knowledge of Christ, but I have found my heart drawn out after Christ numbers of times, when I had but very little knowledge of him. I have been led to believe that my mountain stood so strong, that I should never be moved, with but little knowledge of Christ," and thus the dear man goes on to say how he came to the knowledge of Christ, and how he was made precious to his soul. From ("Faulkner's Book of Letters").

Mr. Tiptaft, a minister and servant of God used occasionally preach at Collier Street. How I desired in my heart to speak to him but could not for a long time. There was a time when I saw no difference in him from any other man, but after he was made known to me as a servant of God, I felt such love towards him, and felt such reverence on my spirit whenever I met with him; but it was nearly three years before I could summon up sufficient courage to speak to him. O the many struggles I had in trying to do so, but at last, in a very trembling manner, I said to him when waiting one day at my station, "Sir, I have wanted to speak to you for the last two or three years, but dare not presume"; and he, having been a minister in the Church of England could well understand me and my timidity. I told him that I had been brought up in the Church of England until I was thirty years old, and how I was led to go to Staplehurst to hear Mr. Burch, and the result of my doing so. And I further said, that by going to the Chapel at Staplehurst I discovered that I had been doing nothing through life but mocking the Almighty, and appeared to be, before others, what I was not in the sight of God. The next time he, Mr. Tiptaft, passed through the station he gave one of the men engaged there a copy of "Harts Hymns," and two sermons. I was led to see in Mr. Tiptaft something of the Lord Jesus when he dwelt upon earth. That there was no beauty in him that he should be desired; and that none knew him but his own people, and they did not understand him, until he was revealed to them by the Holy Spirit.

When I first read Mr. Tiptaft's, and Mr. Philpot's reasons for leaving the Established Church of England, I was confirmed in many things respecting the Forms and Ceremonies of that Church that I felt a longing desire to see them, and in course of time I had the privilege of hearing them both on several occasions. I first heard Mr. Philpot preach in Gower Street Chapel, London. His text was, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no" (Deut. viii. 2). He read, and expounded the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and dwelt much upon this verse: "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel. My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?"

About the month of July 1859 my mind was exercised about the ordinance of Believers' Baptism. I often remained as a spectator while the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was being administered, and I felt such a love to the people, and wished I could see myself among them. But having such a felt sense, and sight of my unworthiness I thought that would never be my happy privilege, but I had not been brought into the liberty of the Gospel, and I considered that no one had any right to partake of the Lord's Supper until they had been delivered from



the curse of the law, the power of sin, and delivered from that slavish fear which hath torment: I had had many sweet helps by the way, and my heart was often melted with a sense of the Lord's goodness, but those times did not last long, so that I kept begging of the Lord to look upon me, and give me to know, and feel the pardon of my sins.

One Lord's day, Mr. Burch was led to speak on the ordinances of God's house, and said, "Some people say that no person should attempt to join a Christian Church until they had been brought into the full liberty of the gospel. But if they are right, many would never have that privilege granted them, as some do not experience that great blessing until they are about to leave this world." I felt that was true, and from that time that obstacle was in some measure removed.

*(To be continued.)*

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### TAKING UP 'THE CROSS AND FOLLOWING CHRIST.

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- "Have ye counted the cost,  
 "Have ye counted the cost,  
 Ye warriors of the cross?  
 Are ye fix'd in heart for your Master's sake,  
 To suffer all worldly loss?  
 Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly wise,  
 As ye pass by pleasure's bower,  
 To watch with your Lord on the mountain-top,  
 Through the dreary midnight hour.
- "Can ye sorrow with him?  
 Can ye sorrow with him?  
 All selfish sorrow forgot:  
 When the heart grows chill, and the eye is dim,  
 And the rescue cometh not?  
 Can ye bow the head when the heart is rent,  
 And all earthly aid forego,  
 Resign'd to receive from a Father's hand  
 That cup of bitterest woe?
- "Can ye drink of the cup,  
 Can ye drink of the cup,  
 That your Lord and Master drank?  
 When his holy soul was sore amaz'd,  
 And his flesh from suffering shrank?  
 Can ye feel the sting of a traitor's kiss,  
 Nor yet from your purpose move,  
 But suffer with Christ, and in anguish grieve  
 For the grieving Holy Dove?

- “Are ye able to share,  
Are ye able to share  
In the baptism of your Lord?  
Are ye strong in his strength with him to bear,  
And to prove his faithful word?  
Can ye prove the word that shall prove you first,  
As silver in furnace tried?  
The earthen vessel may fail, but the word  
Is seven times purified.
- “Do ye answer ‘We can,’  
Do ye answer ‘We can,’  
Through his love’s constraining power?  
But do ye remember that flesh is weak  
And shrinks in the trying hour?  
Yet yield to his hand who around you now  
The cords of a man would cast,  
The bands of his love who was given for you  
To the altar binding fast!
- “Can you cleave to the Lord,  
Can you cleave to the Lord,  
When the many turn aside?  
Can ye witness in truth the living word,  
And nought upon earth beside?  
And can ye endure with the virgin band  
The lowly and pure in heart,  
Who, whithersoever the Lamb may lead,  
From his footsteps ne’er depart.
- “Ye shall drink of the cup!  
Ye shall drink of the cup!  
And in his baptism share!  
Ye shall not fail if ye tread in his steps  
His blood-stained cross to bear;  
But count ye the cost, O count ye the cost,  
In the conflict ye have dar’d.
- “In the power of his might,  
In the power of his might,  
Who was made through weakness strong,  
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight,  
And sing his victory song!  
But count ye the cost, O count ye the cost,  
The forsaking all ye have!  
Then take up your cross and follow your Lord,  
Not thinking your life to save.
- “By the blood of the Lamb,  
By the blood of the Lamb,  
By the faithful witness word,  
Not living your lives to the death for him,  
Ye shall triumph with your Lord!

So count ye the cost, yea, count ye the cost,  
 Ye warriors of the cross,  
 But in royal faith, and in royal love,  
 Count all selfish gain for loss!

“O, the banner of love,  
 O, the banner of love,  
 Will cost you a pang to hold;  
 But 'twill float in triumph the field above,  
 Though your heart's-blood stain its fold.  
 Ye may count the cost, ye may count the cost,  
 Of all Egyptia's treasure,  
 But the riches of Christ ye cannot count,  
 His love you cannot measure!”

[We know not who is the author of the above beautiful lines; but we received them a short time ago from Mrs. Littleton, whose letter we publish, and who informs us that they have already been inserted in the “G.S.” but she suggests their being republished again in our pages, as they are too valuable to be lost.—Ed.]

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#### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DENNETT.

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Dear Friend,—For several weeks past I have had it on my mind to call and see you but absence from home and a variety of engagements and much weakness of body have prevented me, and as I shall not have opportunity of doing so for some time to come I feel inclined to send you this note. I have been suffering from weakness of body for a considerable time, but the labour, and anxiety of body and mind that I have passed through during the last few months has reduced my strength almost to the lowest degree, compatible with ministerial work. When in London, a friend of mine, and a medical man, came to see me, and finding how very low and weak I was he strongly advised me to discontinue preaching for a time. He said the heart and lungs were in that state that they must have rest, and the body from too much labour was much below par. Whilst preaching at Gower Street last Sunday fortnight, for a few minutes I thought I should have died, but I kept myself as composed as I possibly could and got better. Having to preach at Abingdon on the following Wednesday and marry a couple on the Thursday brought me in contact with the doctor I was under when suffering from an illness there last year. He examined my heart, and strongly recommended me to get change of air, nourishments, and entire rest for at least six weeks, which my own feelings told me was necessary, and this was confirmed by the universal judgment of the church at Frederick Street, Birmingham, so I am here hoping the change may do me good, and I desire to be found waiting on God for his blessing both on myself and on

others. When heavy affliction comes upon us we want a religion above nature, history, or judgment. The precious faith which God gives to his dear people is of infinite value, one grain of it in the soul is worth more than all the riches of Birmingham. Little faith wants a great Christ, a living Christ, a whole Christ. Religion is something very great, 'tis life in the heart, faith in Christ, it aims at nothing less than God and Christ for the portion of the soul. Where life is there will be the cry of life, and the cry of life is always a cry for God. The great want in faith is a want of Christ which carries with it the conviction that Christ is the great treasure, the one thing needful, one token of his love will make the recipient want more love. One real blessing begets an appetite for another. One view of Jesus in his preciousness will make the soul cry for another. Any right knowledge will prepare the soul to say with Paul, that I may know him. I believe, I have desired and do desire that you may know and be made rich in these things. Satan's work is to misrepresent, to malign, accuse, work enmity, wrath, division, and stir up jealousy, suspicion, division, and separate chief friends. The Spirit's work is to make the sinner low in his own eyes, and make him esteem others better than himself; also to produce love, forbearance, long suffering, endurance, patience and longing for one's own and others prosperity. May the Lord lead and keep us at that place. The devil hates to see us by a throne of grace in humble prayer. Satan cares not what we are employed in so long as we pray not. Prayer weakens his kingdom and strengthens the soul, honours God, brings peace, and is the evidence of present life, and of the new birth of which love is the great seal. As it is written "He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." Yesterday I felt it good to read part of the xv. chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and to meditate upon it and feel a good hope in the glories therein set forth. The fulfilment of God's grand purpose in the resurrection of the Church and in glorifying a number which no man can number and preserving them without spot, wrinkle, blemish, or any such thing, will be the crowning act of all his wonderful works. Seeing these things will surely come to pass, what can I wish you better than that you may have many tastes of God's goodness here to enable you to live and die the death of the righteous and stand complete in all the will of God. With kind regards to Mrs. S. and household, I am yours in sincerity,

J. DENNETT.

Mr. E. S.

Rose Hill Cottage, near the Wych, Great Malvern.

August 12th, 1874.

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Once, when, being frightened in a thunder-storm I had such a confidence given me of my safety and security in Christ Jesus that I was as happy as I had just before been miserable.—*Kershaw*.

## RECOLLECTION OF A FEW CHOICE SAINTS OF THE PAST.

My dear Friend, Peace be with thee; and much grace, yea all needed grace be yours from God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, to help you in all that remains of your wilderness journey.

I am pleased to see the "choice little book" returned again, and also to know your thoughts in the reproducing of it in the "Gospel Standard" for the benefit of the present day readers, and I am thankful to know it has not been in vain. Besides, such a testimony is dead against the wretched superficial religion of this day and generation. I was thinking this morning what a wonderful part of England is that where Cowper wrote his sweet experimental, and God-glorifying Hymns, and a radius of some miles on either side. Consider it my brother, and see if it be not so: and in the eighteenth century too. If we do but mention one man of the century before, who is a host in himself, namely Bunyan, the immortal Tinker of Bedford. But think of the trees of Righteousness that sprang up thence, the planting of the Lord in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Hervey, the godly, gracious, truth-loving minister of Weston Favell, writing from his country rectory there the most warm, friendly, brotherly letters to Mr. John Ryland, Baptist minister of Northampton, and writing down Mr. John Wesley's impious, carnal, arminian objections to the Justifying Righteousness of Immanuel, as his last service to the Church of God. Think of Dr. Gill in another direction, and his son in the faith, the eminent Mr. John Prine, and think of that excellent lady, Mrs. Anne Dutton, that mother in Israel; and of Mr. John Newton, and of his warm-hearted friend, Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnall, and of Mr. Moses Browne of Olney, and of Mr. Dodderidge, of Northampton, of the great Mr. Joseph Hussey, of Cambridge, and I know not how many more. But surely, my dear brother, the God of all grace hath not left himself without many witnesses in those parts. The Apostle Paul said "I do all things for the elect sake." What a high standard he thus set up. To tell you the truth, I live more in the former days than I do in these! I see but little else in this generation but Popery and Arminianism, and, Arminianism and Popery. Every town and village in England is crammed with it. But, it is true as you say, God is pouring the bounties of his providential goodness on hill and dale, valley and plain, and sending ships into our Harbours laden with wheat and other grain, and yet thousands and tens of thousands of our countrymen are making his day (the Sabbath day) the least in all the seven. A day in which to show their contempt of his authority and fly from, and turn their backs on, and forsake his House of prayer, where his word is read, and his gospel is proclaimed, and for what? A little carnal pleasure! As the Word says "The pleasures of sin for a season." And what is

even worse, we have some thousands of men steeped in the vilest perjury. "Perjured persons" the Apostle terms them, eating the bread of a Protestant Church and labouring with might and main to secure their congregations in the hands of the Devil. The Man of Sin. These things my brother ought not so to be! I was favoured this morning with a little loosing of my bonds spiritually. A gospel Spirit prevailing in me, which took me to the footstool of mercy, there to confess myself a mass of filth and folly in and of myself, and to bless the Lord for the "Fountain opened." Ah, my brother, there's a sweet, sacred, secret here. I am pleased to know that you keep better in health. I see you are noticed to be at P. the week I am (G.w.) to be from home, but some of my family may be there on the week evening. Wishing you every new covenant blessing, in which Mrs. and Miss A. join, I am yours affectionately in the truth,

G. A.

Birkenhead, July 4th, 1903.

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### SEEKING HEALTH FOR THE BODY, AND FINDING FOOD FOR THE SOUL.

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Dear Christian Friend,—Having been so highly favoured by the dear Lord, while taking a holiday for the benefit of my health, I felt a desire to write a few lines to you, if the Lord would be pleased to help me so to do; and I hope it may be for his honour and glory, and that others might share his goodness with me. My chief reason for now writing to you is because the Lord has so many times given me a blessing while reading the "Gospel Standard." Especially on one occasion, while sitting on the roadside, I had to cease reading, as tears of joy, and gratitude flowed from my eyes so fast, and fearing lest some one might pass by and wonder what was the matter with me. Then, again on another occasion while reading of a dear one who was so grieved on account of her sister. The Lord at that time gave me such an earnest pleading before him, that, he would bless one that was near and dear to me. This took place while I was on the top of a high hill, and the Lord favoured me at that time with such nearness to himself that I think I shall never forget it while memory lasts. While looking upon the beautiful landscape, and scenery round about me, the thought came to my mind, What good would all this scenery be to me if I possessed it, and had not the love and presence of God in my soul? Then came the following lines of Dr. Watts to my mind with sweetness and power:

"Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone!

Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
 And grasp in all the shore;  
 Grant me the visits of thy face,  
 And I desire no more."

I was also favoured to meet with two others who had long been in the way to Zion, and while trying to recount the many hymns the Lord had blessed to our souls, we came to this conclusion, that while one had been greatly blessed, and encouraged by one hymn, and my friends by another, yet it was only one spirit running through them all. Yes, "Jesus only!" O, what a sweet union of heart we felt towards each other; but blessed be the Lord, it will be so when we are favoured like this. And it is at these blessed times that we experience the truth of these lines:—

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

May you, my dear friend, be favoured with much of the Lord's presence and blessing in your labour of love is the sincere desire of yours very faithfully,

July 11, 1903.

A. STRIPLING.

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FURTHER PROTEST AGAINST "INDIVIDUAL CUPS"  
 BEING USED AT THE ORDINANCE OF THE "LORD'S  
 SUPPER."

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Dear and valued servant of the church of God,—After many days' consideration as to whether I should intrude upon your valuable time or not, I feel to-day impressed to do so. I have said, "dear and valued," what an evidence of Divine faith is the drawing out of the affections towards the unseen and the visibly unknown who bear the name of Christ! "By this we know that we love God, if we love them that are begotten of him," says the beloved John. I must preface what I would communicate to you by reminding you that in this land the hardest thing to do, is, to maintain a witness for God as to the Sabbath. All the surroundings lead to forget him. The people set apart the Sabbath-day to please themselves; some spend it in idleness, and carnal amusements, others build and plant, and some desecrate it in other ways: Few, very few repair to worship God, to whom they are indebted for every good, and even for the air they breathe; therefore it is imperative, to leave the world and stand on the side of those who seek to maintain the gospel of the grace of God, and a public acknowledgment of him, in the midst of a wicked and perverse people. This has caused me great anxiety of mind ever since the death of my revered husband. I have been afraid to do wrong, but have had an intense desire to

do right. My perplexing circumstances have led me to seek everywhere for a living ministry of the Word. Some months ago I had reason to hope I had found it in a small Baptist Church; where I heard the precious truths of the gospel preached faithfully, and experimentally to the great joy of my disconsolate spirits. It was indeed to me as waters to the thirsty soul, and as bread to the hungry poor. And, as I had longed to sit down at the Lord's table I was privileged to do so several times, and felt truly grateful for such an opportunity. All things in connection with it seemed to be in scriptural order until last Sabbath day; and lo, when the ordinance of the "Lord's Supper" came on I noticed something most unusual, but did not understand it. Two deacons came from a small vestry with a tray on which were a number of small glasses, containing about a dessert-spoonful of wine in each. After the prayer of thanksgiving this tray was presented to the people when each took a glass, and before I was aware that I had taken one and raised it to my lips, suddenly a strange sensation seized me, and I at once put down the glass on the seat before me, and looking up said, "O Lord Jesus I know nothing of this; dear Master and Lord, I have nothing to do with it!" It was not easy for me to keep from crying out aloud. I have no words to describe the distress, and the anguish of my spirits. In coming out of the chapel I waited for the minister, and said to him "The Cup is gone then! who has dared to touch the New Testament in His Blood and break it into fragments like this?" He replied, "Dear friend, it is the same wine, is it not?" I said, "Not without the cup. The cup and wine are one in the symbol, they cannot be separated, they symbolize the oneness of the Sacrificial covenant, and the oneness of the mystical body of Christ. On that Cup which he gave to his disciples was engraven for ever, This Cup is the new Testament in my blood. It was as a parchment deed of a covenant; what sacriligious hand could be found to do this thing? O how my spirit is pained within me! Beware this innovation will not end here. Rome did not apostitise all at once!" The poor man was visibly aroused, and said, "he was sorry I thought so deeply." "Deeply," I said, "is it possible to think too deeply upon such a solemn matter? Are not Baptism and the Lord's Supper the most profound mysteries of our faith? Instead of thinking too deeply, who can fathom them? Baptism has been tampered with until it is no longer a public witness to the world. First it was brought from the rivers, and the sea-shores to baths, then to basins or fonts, and then to baptisteries, now you draw curtains around them, I ask then where is the public witness to the world? Gone, and now an Uzzah is found to put forth his hand to the 'Cup of the Covenant!'" He did not see the analogy as to the "Ark," and the "Cup." I said, "look again, who commanded the Ark's construction and called it by the name of 'the Lord of hosts'?" Was it not the same who was with the church in the



wilderness, and claimed it to be holy, and hid the law therein, symbolising that very Person who sat in that Upper Room. The visible Ark of the Covenant transferring the mysteries of the old dispensation to the covenant mysteries of the new, 'taking away the first that he might establish the second.' The ark of the covenant had been hidden from the Jews since the Babylonian captivity, but now in the fulness of time, God speaking to us by his Son, the appointed heir of all things said, 'This is the New Testament (the new covenant) in my blood,' the last will to be signed in blood. To have given it in 'Cups' would have destroyed its very nature, and taken away its majestic dignity, and its simplicity. And what to a broken-hearted sinner is more precious than this sentence, 'For the Remission of Sins' inseparable too with the 'Cup.' There is a sense in which this 'Cup' stands in the holy of holies of our faith, if it does not actually take the place of the 'Ark of the Covenant' in sacredness and I am inclined to think it does. The Ark of the Covenant signified the Divine Presence, and does the 'Lord's Supper' do less? I tell you, this is Sacrilege!" He said "it had been altered upon scientific principles, two cases of cancer had been traced to it." I said, the very thought I abhorred, and I wondered that he could utter the words. Had not the Giver of life instituted that "Cup," was it not in a sense the "Cup" of life, rather than to be associated with corruption and death? Ancient Israel in obedience to God was promised that no disease should be put upon them; and shall they whom the Son of God has made free, and who, in obeying his commands be visited with an incurable disease! Never! Never!! Let God be true, though science, and man's wisdom be found false. There are a thousand hidden sources of disease and death, but inasmuch as he that instituted that "Cup" never saw corruption himself he could not be one of those sources. The bare suggestion is fearful to me. I said, "in the one 'Cup' you have all the deep mysteries of covenant love, and eternal faithfulness relative to salvation by grace symbolized from God's side and on the side of the Church of Christ there is love, unity, fellowship, communion, equality, etc. But what do these 'Cups' represent? To me they set forth division, pride, selfishness, coldness, to say nothing of the more solemn consequences as sacrilege, and schism in the body of Christ." We sat long discussing these matters, and it was one of the most solemn hours of my spiritual life. I came away with feelings I cannot fully express. How I longed for the voice of my husband that has long been still, to ask him as in the days of our companionship all about it. I had not any rest or sleep for some time, but was anxious to know the mind of the Spirit. But the more I searched, the more wonderful the whole subject appeared. Instead of making too much of the symbol I fear that enough has not been made. . . . Nadab and Abihu had disobeyed and brought strange fire, and were slain before the

Lord, and their afflicted father was forbidden to weep; and throughout the whole book of God this one principle is maintained, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be feared." Where? "In the congregations of his saints." Many times did the eyes of my mind look across the ocean to you, and felt how I would like to speak with you, for the communion of saints, what a priceless privilege it becomes to the poor exile who is far from both earthly and heavenly homes! But, ah but, the Eternal Father, in his foreknowledge, fore-care, and fore-provision, he who has scattered his Israel, has fore-seen their necessity, and this week has brought me the "Gospel Standard" for May, and in searching it through I came upon the "Inquiry and Answer" respecting the "Individual Cups"! O what a gracious relief I found it! What a kindness of the Lord it was to me! Do you remember when the Lord sent out his disciples with directions respecting their journies, it is added "For Jesus knew whither he himself would come." Only think when you are engaged in sending forth you know not, but he knows all the necessity, "All the plaintive pleadings," all the stretching out of the hands unto God in the heavens, and he does supply the deep need as in this case. How I was led to thank him for the words you used "distress and revolt." They express it exactly. For though in his condescension and compassion towards his people in Christ Jesus the Lord, "He remembereth that we are but dust," yet he is still the great and terrible God, the holy one of Israel, who changes not. O how we wonder that we are not consumed, for every place on which we tread in the Kingdom of grace is holy ground, and we often intrude there with shoes of ignorance, self-conceit, pride, and hardness of heart, O yes we do, and do not discover it until the light shines in, and then how thankful we are that it is he "Instead of us are seen when we approach to God." The subject of "Individual Cups" is a wide and deep one, and the "Cup" in contrast. It may be the servants of God will be equipped to enter into it and defend it. I feel Satan lurks behind the innovation, and none can say where it will end. Dear Mr. Philpot often said "Stand fast! Stand fast by the Gospel!" I would like to hear Mr. W. Gadsby thunder out his Spirit-taught opinion, or listen to dear Mr. Tiptaft's questions upon it; I should indeed. Their memories to me are blessed. I will just add the dear man of whom I have written came to me, and we went further into the subject. He appears to be greatly exercised about it, and about other matters. He feels the carnality and the worldliness of the people called the Church. So there is great need for gentleness and patience in dealing with such a man. He appears to be effectually called by grace, and to the ministry. None can tell what good influence the May "Gospel Standard" may have on his mind, for there is a great deal in it, Rules, etc. The Lord Jesus knows where and how his people need him.

The man said to me, "You cannot countenance it I see!" I replied, "God forbid that I should. Strengthened by his power I should not count my life dear to me, rather than have fellowship with what I believe the apostle Paul would designate the 'Cups of demons.' Take those chapters in Corinthians and compare them with the whole of the Scriptures and you will not hesitate a moment. Remember, after our Great High Priest had passed into the heavens he gave that special revelation unto the Apostle Paul, which was a ratification of the one 'Cup.'"

In one Church, I saw deacons with a napkin wiping the edges of the cup as they passed from seat to seat. That I considered a profanity and an insult, and I cried out inwardly and said—"Dear Saviour, Master, and Lord, how needful is thy last petition," i.e., 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do!' They cannot trust their lips to thee, who art their Maker, and who gavest them life!" I fear this profanity of these separate "Cups" will go farther and farther yet. The voice of the Spirit cries "Ask ye for the Old Paths, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls," Amen, Lord, we believe it.

My dear friend, I thank you sincerely for the insertion of your answer to the Inquiry respecting the "Individual Cups." The Lord use, and bless you, and your work, as long as he has need of you; and may he grant that you and I may partake of that "Supper" in the Kingdom of heaven with him. Pardon my intrusion, and by his grace alone, I am yours faithfully,

E. LITTLETON.

Higham Street, Fremantle, West Australia.

June 15th, 1903.

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#### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. MOCKFORD.

To a Sister in the Faith.

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My dear Sister in the common bonds; and fellow traveller in the path of tribulation. I hope you will pardon my neglect in not answering your kind letter before now. I had hoped to have done so, but I am one of those who so often leave undone that which ought to be done, and do that which ought not to be done. But one thing I can say, that love still remains in my heart, and I feel it increases towards you, and I believe it is the same with you; therefore I have this consolation that love will cover these faults. And I think I hear you say, "Yes, I will forgive you, but I cannot justify you." I am thankful to say that at times I am much favoured in proclaiming God's truth, as my own soul has been made to feel its power within, and that I still can say that there is "No music like his charming name, nor half so sweet can be." In looking over your letters again, I see that we both have great cause for gratitude for the Lord's great goodness towards us both as a God of providence, and a

God of grace. How wonderfully the Lord hath gone before you in providence, and has given you many proofs that he is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. And it did my heart good to find that you could not sacrifice the means of grace in order to take, or hold a situation. How you have proved the truth of those words "They that honour me I will honour!" I was glad to find Mr. Brandon's ministry was still blessed to your soul. Give my love to him when you see him. I am glad to find you are favoured to sit at the Lord's feet with the people of God worshipping at Gower Street Chapel. Really, my dear friend, in looking over your letters what can I say to you respecting the goodness of the Lord unto her who made quite sure she would never see London again; no, nor yet the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Well may you say in holy wonder, "What hath the Lord wrought?" Well then, who is a God like unto your God? And I may add, and my God too! There is none like him in all the earth! He hath done excellent things! Yes, the two letters you refer to in the "Gospel Standard" are good, and also the sermon by the late Mr. Fenner. You ask to know about the last days of Mr. Eldridge? His end was peace! For some time he had been in a peevish, fretful state of mind. Following this, much felt darkness, and great distress came upon him, so much so that he almost despaired. Indeed, he said that his hope was almost gone. He burnt all his writings, as he was afraid if they were left behind they would increase the trouble of the children of God. But blessed be the name of the Lord, a little while before he died, he (the Lord) appeared, and favoured him with another token for good, so that he told his dear wife that "it would be well with him," and further said that "he had more to tell her"; but he passed peacefully away without being able to do so. For your encouragement I may say that I had a good day at Mayfield Thanksgiving Services, which you refer to. I heard Mr. Blanchard well, and we had a good time the next day together at East Hoathley. I am also pleased to tell you that Miss L—— is much better again, and is able to walk about the house and do a few things; but we cannot expect her ever to be well again. She has been much favoured during her illness with the spirit and grace of submission, and resignation unto the Lord's gracious will concerning her, and at times she has been favoured greatly with his Divine presence. She much desires to sit down to the Lord's table with us next Lord's day. If so, some of the friends will take her in Mr. E.'s carriage which will be a help to her. I would write more if I could, but I have a painful headache upon me, and I fear I must go to bed. With Christian love, I remain yours in covenant bonds.

Ebenezer Cottage, Heathfield.

G. MOCKFORD.

November 5th, 1869.

To Miss Tribe.

“HE LED THEM FORTH BY A RIGHT WAY THAT  
THEY MIGHT GO TO A CITY OF HABITATION.”

Psalm xvii. v. 9.

In looking back on all the way  
We have been led from youth,  
The changing scenes afresh display  
This deep and precious truth.

“He led them”—He who guides them still  
Whose power alone could stay  
Such wayward sheep, and bend their will  
To choose the narrow way.

He leads them first to feel they're lost  
And closes up their way,  
He shows of Life how great the cost  
Which he alone could pay.

He leads, and cries “Abide in Me”;  
And all who thus abide  
Feel more and more their need of him  
To save, and keep, and guide.

He leads them into waters deep,  
No way can they see through  
“Go forward still,” he cries, “My sheep,  
“They shall divide for you.”

Up mountains steep he often leads,  
Contrary to their choice,  
But all his sheep, though blind and weak  
Shall hear their Shepherd's voice.

And lambs who often long to hear  
But fear they lose the Pound  
Lest they should be o'erwhelmed with fear  
Are in his bosom found.

We know his voice, have proved his skill,  
But feeble knees will bow;  
So folded in his bosom still  
Is all our Comfort now.

“He led them” that his glorious name  
And wonder-working ways  
Might through the Church be seen and known  
To his eternal praise.

May we observe and understand  
His love through all the road,  
Then enter in, possess the Land,  
The City of our God.

MARIA STEWART.

A SHORT MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS AND MERCY, AS MANIFESTED IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. H. CARPENTER, OF CALNE.

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In writing a short account of my dear mother's life and death, as intimated in the March number of the "Gospel Standard," I feel to greatly need the help and influence of the blessed Spirit to instruct me, so that I may be led to record those things that shall prove profitable to the reader.

My dear mother was born in the year 1825, and was favoured with godly parents, which indeed is a great blessing for any child. We cannot fully estimate the value of having a praying father and mother, or tell how much we owe to them.

Her early years were spent at Sutton Benger, a village about four miles from Chippenham. She was graciously wrought upon by the Holy Spirit in early youth, and though not led so deep as some in experiencing the condemning application of the broken law of God, nor raised to such a height as others in being brought out into the liberty of the Gospel in its blessed fullness and enjoyment, yet the work of grace in her soul was none the less clear and manifest. She felt enough of the law to make her feel she was a great sinner in need of God's pardoning mercy. That it was exceeding broad, reaching to the thoughts and intents of the heart. And she felt enough of her helplessness and utter destitution of all good by nature that she was satisfied her soul's salvation must be entirely of free and sovereign grace, and that the Lord Jesus was the only Saviour by whom she could ever hope to reach heaven, and her attachment to the people of God—her love for his Word and his house plainly showed that she possessed the grace and fear of God.

It was while living at Sutton Benger that her parents opened their house for preaching, and here she heard such men of God as Messrs. Beard, Huggins, Wigmore, and others, and in listening to their preaching and godly conversation she was at times greatly encouraged. A few years ago there appeared in the "Gospel Standard" a letter written by Mr. James Huggins to her about this time.

From Sutton Benger they removed to Calne and lived at the chapel house, here they felt much at home with the friends meeting there, and feeling a love to, and a union with the people and the cause, her parents became members with them. Some time after this she herself felt a desire to join the Church, and after much exercise of mind respecting the solemn matter, she ventured to open her mind to the friends who encouraged her to come forward and tell them a little of what the Lord had done for her soul, which she did, being then in her twenty-first year. And I have reason to believe that she felt it to be good to tell out of what she had tasted and felt of the grace, mercy and love of God, and of the good Word of Life, which at times, like Jere-

miah of old, she had found and was favoured to eat, proving it to be the joy and rejoicing of her soul, and sweet as honey to her taste. And the friends felt it as good to listen, especially her dear mother and father who were both present. So that they all heartily received her into their hearts and affections.

But now came a great trial both to her and her mother. Soon after her going before the Church, her father one morning was called to do some work at a village some three miles from Calne, and left home after breakfast in his usual health. But about two hours afterwards he had a stroke of apoplexy and died an hour or so after, and was brought home a corpse. This was indeed a season of deep trouble and sorrow in which they needed the supporting arm of the Lord to bear them up, and his grace to sustain them, and which he was pleased to grant.

He was buried in the Chapel yard before she was baptized. They still continued to live at the Chapel, taking in a little laundry work as helping towards their support, and indeed the Lord was very good in appearing for them in a way of providence as well as grace, and here they remained for several years, a comfort to each other and a great help to the cause.

It was while living here that she became acquainted with him whom she afterwards married, and which proved a happy union. She had only one thing to regret, and that was a journey of two miles to the chapel across the fields which in the winter time especially was very trying. They lived in a house situated near the woods—my father being a gamekeeper—and the nearest neighbour living more than a quarter of a mile distant, and here they remained for more than twenty years, experiencing many changes both of sorrow and joy. Sometimes she was much cast down with the roughness of the way, and the many cares and anxieties of life gave her many errands to the throne of grace. But she found the promise true as being fulfilled in her experience, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." She knew the value of the throne of grace—here she came when cast down and burdened in her soul, and obtained mercy and found grace to help in her times of need. With Paul she found that his grace was sufficient to bear her up and support her in every trouble and trial. The Word of God was frequently made a blessing to her as she perused its sacred pages, and many times did the Lord condescend to shine upon it and open it up to her spiritual understanding which made it very comforting and establishing to her soul. The writings of good and gracious men, especially the sermons of Mr. Philpot and his other writings were also very encouraging and sweet to her taste.

Often was she helped and encouraged under the preached word especially in years gone by. The blessed Gospel truths as proclaimed by such men of God as Philpot, Warburton, Kershaw, A. Smith and others dropped as the honey from the honey-comb—fed her soul—cheered her heart and brightened

her face, so that like the Eunuch she was enabled to go on her way rejoicing. This made her love the dear servants of God, and it was her delight and pleasure to welcome them to her house. Mr. A. Smith for several years paid us an annual visit, at which times she would invite a few friends, and a little service would be held in the evening which was greatly enjoyed.

Her place in the house of God was seldom empty if she could possibly get there, for she greatly esteemed and valued the means of grace, though many times she had a rough journey to go. But God in his good providence brought about a change, so that we came to live at the chapel house again, which made it much better in this respect, and my dear mother and father again undertook to look after and clean the chapel, which they did for over twenty years. Indeed they were living at the chapel when she was seized with her last affliction, that of paralysis, affecting her right side and rendering her a helpless invalid for the rest of her life. At first she was unable to talk, and was at times wandering in her mind. But in answer to prayer the Lord graciously granted to her the faculty of speech and her usual powers of mind, so that she was quite sensible and able to converse up to nearly the closing hours of her life.

This heavy affliction coming upon her so suddenly was a great trial indeed to her dear husband and the three surviving children. We each felt that her work at the chapel was done and therefore arranged for them to go and live with their eldest son who was married and lived in the town, which they did.

During the first twelve months she was enabled by being lifted out of bed and pillowed up in an easy chair to sit up an hour or so in the day, but as she gradually grew weaker she was not able to bear it, and for more than a year had to lie in bed altogether. At times she suffered much being obliged to lie in one position on her back. But grace and strength was granted. Dear father was very constant in his attendance upon her even up to the last, and many times found it good in reading the Word of God to her and engaging in earnest prayer at her bedside.

I visited her many times during her long illness. She said to me once—"I have been thinking of dear Mr. Gadsby's sermon preached from those words in Hebrews, 'Ye have need of patience,' etc., Ch. x. 36," adding "O how I feel to need patience now more than I ever did before," and this the Lord gave her much of. The sermon referred to she had read some time previous to her being afflicted while living at the chapel house, and which she much enjoyed, the substance of which came to her mind as she lay on her bed of affliction.

At another time she said—"I have learnt more of myself and what I am as a poor sinner, and more of what the dear Lord is in his goodness, grace and mercy to me than I have in all my life before." And indeed the Lord was very good to her in



granting sustaining and enduring grace. If asked whether the Lord did graciously visit her at times, she would answer—"My best seasons are mostly in the night when all is still and quiet—then he favours me with a sense of his love and mercy, and I feel my heart and soul go out towards him and am enabled to sweetly meditate upon heavenly things. I feel then lifted above the world, sin and self, and my affections and desires are set on things above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God (Coloss. iii. 1 and 2). He is my All. I have none other to look to or trust in."

She much enjoyed the visits of Mr. Bond, Mr. T. Robbins (whose ministry she dearly loved), and others who used to call and see her when supplying at Calne, and whose conversation was very helpful to her. Several of the chapel friends also used to call and see her at different times. But the best visits was when the Lord himself was pleased to come and favour her with a comforting word and a sweet persuasion within that all was and would end well—that he was on her side and would never forsake her. Then she felt she could lie passive in his hands and know no will but his.

Once when I went to see her, finding her getting weaker in body, and feeling in my own mind that she was nearing her journey's end, I said to her—"Mother dear. You put me in mind of a person on board a ship that has been on a long voyage—endured many a storm and tempest of adversity (Isaiah liv. 11) and experienced much rough weather of trouble and sorrow. The winds of Satan's fierce temptations have often lifted up the waves of doubts and fears, causing you to be tossed about like a helpless boat upon the ocean with now and then a season of quietness and calm, and then another storm of trial. But now you have as it were anchored just outside the harbour, waiting to hear the command of the chief Captain to enter into the haven of rest and land on the shores of the heavenly Canaan." Yes, that was how she felt—the description thus given, and which is also referred to by the Psalmist in the 107th Psalm 23 to 30 verses, and which met her case. She was waiting for the summons to come, saying at times—"I am so weary and tired." She could say with the poet—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,

Dear Jesus, set me free,

And to thy glory take me in,

For there I long to be."

A friend who called to see her not long before she died, noticing her altered appearance said—"Mrs. Carpenter, you will soon be at home." "Yes," was the feeble answer, "soon be at home. The enemy is not permitted to trouble me." Thus was the Lord gently leading her into "the valley of the shadow of death," and to her it was but the shadow. His rod and his staff comforted and supported her as she passed through. Yes—his

precious promises, and his power and faithfulness to fulfil them on her behalf and in her experience, was her hope and stay at this time, and she could say with the poet—

“His oath—his covenant and his blood,  
“Support me in the whelming flood,  
When all around my soul gives way  
He then is all my hope and stay.”

1106.

Dear father watched her closely the evening she died, but so gently and quietly did she breathe, and so still did she lie, that he did not exactly know when she breathed her last. She was just like a weary and tired child falling quietly asleep in its little comfortable cot. So peacefully passed away our dear mother on the 5th of February; but in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. As a family, our dear aged father has lost a loving and affectionate wife—and we a tender and praying mother, and O may he who answers prayer, answer those of her's more fully on our behalf if it could be his gracious will and pleasure! The Church also has lost its oldest member, and one who will be greatly missed. But our loss is her eternal gain. No more pain and suffering of body, no more distress of mind, but a long eternity of joy and happiness, in singing the praises of her dear Lord in that upper and better land of peace and rest.

She was interred in the Nonconformist Cemetery at Calne on the 10th. Mr. T. Robbins of Bath committing her mortal remains to the grave in the presence of a large number of friends, and spoke very suitably upon the figure of sleep as referring to those who die in the Lord. They feel weary and tired as the evening of life draws on, having toiled and borne the burden and heat of the day, and are glad to lie down and fall asleep as the night of death comes in which they lose their griefs and cares. But at the resurrection morn they will awake and arise, to be clothed then in incorruption and immortality, as the poet says—

“Glittering robes for conquerors wait.”

Hymn 463 was sung at the grave by her own request. Mr. Robbins preached at the chapel in the evening, taking as his text the words—“Then are they glad because they be quiet so he bringeth them to their desired haven.” Psalm cvii. 30th verse, from which he was enabled to deliver a very suitable discourse, remarking that though she had had a very stormy passage over the sea of life, now she had entered the haven of eternal rest. One of the hymns sung was the 215th, that being a very choice one to her, especially the third verse—

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

May we be enabled by God's grace to live and die like the righteous, and may our last end be like her's.

H. CARPENTER.

AN EPISTLE OF FAITH, BY THE LATE MR. KNILL, TO A  
BROTHER IN THE LORD.

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My dear Brother in the Lord,—Our personal knowledge of each other has been but short. But I trust long enough to make us sufficiently manifest to each other as the children of the same heavenly Father, and heirs of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. What a special favour is spiritual union; a seeing eye to eye, and a feeling heart to heart in the things of God! Even natural love can neither be bought nor forced. And were it not for this (as some call it the best rag of fallen nature) what a fearful state the world would be in! This as a means holds society together. But however sincere, it is limited to time, it must cease at death, while spiritual love, however fervent is but as smoke to the flame, in comparison to what it will be in heaven.

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

I am glad that you brought to my notice the case of that young person Miss Bridger. I am truly glad to have seen and conversed with her.—I must just relate what occurred on my way to her home; I felt very empty of all that was good in my mind, and asked myself what I could say to this (to me) a stranger. I felt my mind somewhat directed to ask the gracious presence of God at our meeting, and that I might receive her as a sister in the Lord. I found the poor thing suffering from a distressing cough. When it had a little subsided I asked her if she had ever known the pardon of her sins? She replied, “I trust I have, but I want it again and again.” After a little more conversation I proposed reading the Word and offering a few petitions at the mercy-seat, when I felt quite melted, even to tears, and a similar effect was produced in her heart, so you may judge that I did not regret my visit. I hope shortly to see her again. I had some conversation with her mother, who appears a very respectable person, and who is I should hope a partaker of grace. She said that things with them are very trying, her husband has not had any work to do since last November. I have named the case to some of the C. friends who attend the chapel, who have money subscribed by the people for the relief of the necessitous cases that may arise to persons attending that place of worship. She expressed a great desire to see you, and perhaps when called out to London on business you might be able to stop at C. for a little time, and I think you would not have to regret spending half an hour in the company of such an afflicted child of God.

I have many times had my soul quickened into newness of

life in the sick chamber of godly people; and I know the truth of Solomon's words: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." You know how our Gracious Master identifies himself, accepting what is done to them as being done to himself. And dear brother have we not proved that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!" Why, it may be asked, does the Lord distribute his temporal favours amongst his children so unevenly? Is it because he loves one more than another? No, that cannot be! But may it not in a certain sense be to make room for the exercise of the grace of kindness and liberality, which, did all share alike would not be needed? In my many travels I meet with the members of the household of faith in various circumstances; and I almost invariably find more spiritual life (in exercise) amongst those who are kept most dependent upon the Lord for their daily supplies. Many years ago, I heard an old minister remark that "the poor of the Lord's children saw more than others of both sides of their Father's face!" Therefore we must say that Divine sovereignty is stamped upon all God's works and ways, both in the world, and in the Church of Christ, and it is well when we can bow through grace in submission to his heavenly will.

I did not think of writing so much when I began, but feeling my mind free, I have thus run on. Your dear brother and family are about as you left them. They unite with me in kind love, and believe me my dear brother, to remain yours very sincerely,

ROBT. P. KNILL.

Burgess Hill, February 1, 1884.

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## Obituary.

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MR. FIELDING. — For many years our dear friend, William Fielding was a member of the Strict Baptist Church at Loughborough. He was a lover of the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and was very consistent in his daily walk and conversation. I visited him once a week for many years before his last illness; and his conversation was savoury, and very profitable to me. He was very fond of that hymn commencing:

"Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
 Ever gracious, ever wise;  
 All my times are in thy hand,  
 All events at thy command."

He loved to meet with the people in the house of God, which he was favoured to do before the present chapel was built. He was a man of prayer, and the Lord bestowed upon him a natural gift, and the ability to express himself in public in the services of God's house. He would often express his feelings in the following lines of the hymn:—

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

None but a heaven-born soul can feelingly adopt such language from the heart, and the reason is, they only have the desire to do so. Perhaps few were more blessed of the Lord than he was; but he was greatly persecuted; yet was helped to trust in God, at what time he was afraid. He felt a great love to the Lord Jesus, and would at times say with God's servant Job—“I know that my Redeemer liveth.” And with the apostle Paul he would say—“I know in whom I have believed”; “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens” (2 Cor. v. 1). In his affliction he would say—

“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.”

He would weep over his sins, but would say, “Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.” He much enjoyed the Lord's presence, and received such heavenly visions from him as I never heard any speak of but the apostle Paul. In his temporal circumstances he was much tried; but he was strong in faith, and would say, “The Lord will provide;” and it was so to the end of his days. Often would he say that if the Lord had meant to destroy him, he would not have shown him these things! He appeared at times to be living in the vicinity of heaven, and his faith was sufficiently strong to believe that God had prepared a mansion in glory for him; so that he could read his title quite clear. He was favoured with a faith's view of the Redeemer, and his glorious Resurrection, so that nothing could move him from the love of God that was in Christ Jesus. After a good hearing time he would say to me, “You have preached well to-day! But all the glory let us give to his name.” He now stands clothed in the righteousness of the Son of God, complete in him. Before he departed he said, “It is well.” He was interred in Loughborough Cemetery on November 11th, 1902.

S. GAMMIDGE.

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Mr. EARLY. — Henry Early, of 26, Wells Road, Sydenham. I have heard our late dear friend say he was convinced of his state as a sinner before God in a public-house at Blackheath when about twenty years of age; he said it was a clean separation from the world. Soon after Mr. Prince was settled at Forest Hill, our friend joined the Church there, and there arose a great attachment between him and Mr. Prince. The minister and ministry were highly esteemed by him, he was a very consistent member and a very peaceable man. I have known him for twenty years

and seen him four and more times a week when at home, and I am pleased to say we never, during the whole of this time, had a miss-word. During the last ten years of Mr. Prince's ministry our friend was one of his deacons, an office, Mr. Prince said, he filled well. When Mr. Prince left Forest Hill, our friend felt he could not very well hold his office any longer, so he gave three months' notice and left. He then went to Zoar Chapel, London, and sat under Mr. Ashdown's ministry—and many good hearing times he had there. When peace was restored at Forest Hill, our friend was asked to come back and take his office again, which he did to the great satisfaction of the church. Our friend had been ailing for a long time, but still kept in his business. He read two sermons in the absence of Mr. Frost through illness on the 17th, and was much favoured in his soul. On the following Saturday he was taken worse, a doctor was called in, and it was found that he had a complication of disorders. He only lived till the following Monday night, so tribulation's path in bringing down his body was very short. Mr. Early was buried by his esteemed friend Mr. Ashdown on the following Friday who said he was "well laid in the grave." We have lost a kind and useful member, but we do not wish him back; we miss him very much, but our loss is his eternal gain.

H. UNCLES.

Mrs. SAYERS.—Our friend, Sarah A. Sayers, of Heybridge, Essex, was for many years a frequent worshipper at Bethel Strict Baptist Chapel, Heybridge, and was a lover of God's sent servants, including the late Mr. Bugg. She would sometimes say how she had been blessed under his ministry about fifty years ago. And sometimes, even now, God blesses the word to her soul on her bed of affliction. Sometimes she was asked to attend the services of other denominations that were near at hand, but her answer was, "No." She would go where the truth was preached, and where it had been made a blessing to her soul. But she often lost the so-called charities of the Parish for so doing. But like Mary of old, she chose the one thing needful, and the Lord rewarded her in another way; by putting her trying case into the hearts of kind friends, through which she received the valuable help of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society the last few years of her life. And as I paid my usual visits to this aged saint it was a real pleasure to her to tell me of the Lord's goodness in providing for her in such a time of need. And she did not rob the Lord by burying his mercies from friends who visited her under the spirit of covetousness.

In the early part of her experience she was much exercised about Believers Baptism; but from some cause or other she did not attend to that blessed ordinance, but she received the promise of much tribulation attending her through life; and so it proved, for her late husband being a worldly man, and addicted to drink-

ing, and having two children she had a hard struggle to exist. Sometimes she would sit up all night at her needle-work to earn the bread that perisheth. But her husband died and left her a widow more than forty years ago. She had to bring up the two sons, but they both passed away before her.

She had a niece to live with her, who was kind to her until her death, and she desired to comply with all her aunt's wishes; (the writer was prevented through illness performing the service at the interment), but she was laid to rest, where she waits the resurrection morning. Our departed friend passed through great tribulation, but in doing so she was led to make her requests known unto God, who never said to any of his praying people "Seek ye my face in vain." In the early part of her life she was seldom absent from the house of God when the doors were opened for worship. With some people she was reserved, but she talked with her feet! But in after years she was often laid aside from attacks of bronchitis; yet was a prisoner of hope, and often longed to depart to be with Christ Jesus, but prayed for patience to wait the Lord's appointed time. At other times, like the Psalmist, her cup would be running over with the goodness of the Lord as manifested to her.

To a friend that called to see her she said what happy times she had spent in the Lord's house with those of his people that had been called home, and how she longed for the Sabbath day to come, and prayed that the Lord would be with his servants and bless their testimony to her soul, and when that favour was granted her, what confidence she felt that it was the Spirit's work upon her heart. And how sweet those seasons have been to her since! She was one of those few who did not like to hear any one speak reproachfully of the Lord's servants. She would say "let those that are without faults cast the first stone at them." Such people would do well to search the Scriptures to see if the saints of old were faultless. And if the Lord was to show them what was in their own hearts, they would not be interested in hearing of the faults of others. When the Lord is pleased to bless a seeking soul with his gracious presence; that soul will want him to come again and again afterwards. "I have gone weeks together," she would say, "in darkness, and the enemy tempting me to give up my little hope until I have been driven near to despair. Yet even there I have found that one gracious promise spoken to me by the Lord has lifted me up again. And O the joy it has given me to know that the Lord is faithful to his word and promise, and with all my temptations and sorrows I would not exchange them for all the riches and grandeur of the world. O the joy this promise has given me when spoken to my heart, 'I have chosen thee before the foundation of the world.' Can I wish for more than this? Yes, I want to go home, to be with my dear Lord in glory!" At another time, her end being expected, a friend visited her, who remarked, "What a dull day

it is!" "Dull," she replied, "Why this is the brightest day I ever saw. I have had such rich blessings and sweet promises that I want to go home. Dear Lord, do take me to thy sweet embraces." Then turning to the friend she said, "I am glad you are come, as I wanted to tell some godly friend of these blessings I have received. I have been trying to sing, but this mortal frame is too weak for that."

The Lord was pleased to raise her up again for a short time, and during one of my visits she told me that the enemy had greatly tried her, and robbed her of everything except her hope. At another time the twenty-third Psalm was made a great comfort to her, and many other encouraging things she related to me. But I must come to the close. On the Tuesday before she departed she took to her bed again, as her cough became worse, but on the following Sunday she appeared a little better, and in the evening she drank a cup of tea, then smiled, and passed away on November 23rd, 1902, to be for ever with the Lord. M.

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Mr. HELPS.—On February 3rd, 1902, at the residence of his sister Mrs. Thompson, Exeter, South Australia, Jeremiah Helps, of Redbanks, farmer, aged 67 years. He was for many years a lover and subscriber of the "Gospel Standard," and it was his desire that a brief account of himself might appear in its pages if deemed to be suitable and worthy of a place among the annals of the poor of the flock of slaughter, that are read by the living family of God, sometimes with interest and pleasure. How comfortable it is when we can find another poor fearing trembling child of God unto whom the Lord draws nigh at the end of his wilderness journey and brightens his last days upon earth, removing from him all doubts and fears, thus making the end of his days more abundantly better than the beginning!

I am informed that the ancestors of our friend Mr. Helps were greatly favoured of the Lord, to whom he showed his great salvation. Most, if not all of his brothers and sisters have manifested some love toward the Lord God of Israel, and a deep concern about their soul's eternal welfare. Some have been able to testify of the Lord's goodness towards them in their salvation, even though they have sunk at times very low in their souls' feelings.

It was in early life that our friend first dated his serious convictions, and that from something that took place between himself and another boy. I think our friend could speak with a greater degree of certainty of himself than some of God's people can, as to the time, place, and manner in which the Lord the Spirit began the good work of grace in his heart, and when the deliverance was brought about. As dear Mr. Hart says—

"Not every one in like degree  
The Spirit of God receives;



The Christian often cannot see  
His faith, and yet believes."

I fear that sometimes those that cannot speak with certainty upon soul matters as others can, are sometimes doubted of by those that have been led into a deeper experience.

Our friend used to live at Devizes, Wilts, and sat under the ministry of the late Mr. T. Ferris. Sometimes he would visit Calne, at the time of the anniversaries, and was favoured to hear such men as the late Mr. Philpot (whose memory he loved), Mr. Tiptaft, and Mr. Warburton. He was never married, and for many years one of his sisters and her son lived with him. He came to Australia many years ago, and has been so favoured of God as to see his good hand open towards him both in providence and in grace. He was one who had gone down into deep waters, and had ascended to greater heights of assurance than some do, hence he contended for a somewhat clear experience in the things of God. But the Lord who is all wise knoweth best how to deal with his people to hide pride from their eyes, and that he alone may be exalted in their salvation, and that they may be brought to look to him alone, and may I add, and have nothing to feed upon but that which cometh from the fulness of Christ Jesus.

No doubt our friend, like many others, was not without his faults; but I trust they were all buried in the ocean of Jesus' love and blood; and if so they will not be able to rise to his condemnation though they may trouble him now. But the hymn says—

"O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,  
And like the mountains for their size,  
The seas of sovereign grace expand,  
The seas of sovereign grace arise."

Mrs. Witts who knew him for many years refers to him very highly both as regards his manner of life, and his spiritual exercises. She says that he had much trouble and conflict when she first knew him, and was greatly tried both temporally and spiritually; but his latter days have been more comfortable. She, and her late husband Mr. S. Helps, have listened to him when earnestly pleading with the Lord for his blessing to rest upon him, and what a very blessed feeling it produced in their hearts while thus listening to him, and we must say that he was thoroughly separated from the world, and was kept very honest and upright in his daily life, which testified that the truths of the gospel which were in his heart did not lead him into the world to partake of its pleasures. As he was no friend of the world he sought after those pleasures that come alone from God, and from whence true happiness is to be found. He was connected with the little cause of truth at Salisbury for many years, being both a deacon of the Church, and a trustee of the Chapel. Of late years he read generally a sermon in the house of God on

the Lord's day, travelling about twenty-three miles each way in all weathers to do so. The little cause at Salisbury formerly used to be in a flourishing condition, when under the pastorate of our dear friend Mr. R. Hogben, but since then it has gradually declined. . . . Our friend at one time thought the Lord intended him to speak in his great name, and would give him a people there to speak to; hence he thought that the sickness he was then suffering from was not unto death. But he had to fall into the hands of God, as things appeared to him to be very perplexing. Since his death, the remaining trustees have opened again the Salisbury chapel for preaching. Its trust deed plainly states what doctrines are to be preached and maintained there, being those issued by the late Mr. Gadsby, and founded upon those scriptural truths that the various editors of the "Gospel Standard" have contended for. Teachings of a contrary nature ought not to be allowed to be sounded within that Chapel. If it please God, my desire is that he will raise up a place of truth, built on no other foundation than that solid Rock Christ Jesus, the only begotten, and Eternal Son of God, who was in the fulness of time "made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." And wherever truth is preached, may the Lord own and bless it to the souls of his people, and to the ingathering of his redeemed family.

Our late friend was very careful who he allowed to preach in the chapel. He would allow no one who did not advocate those truths as set forth in the Trust Deed. Mrs. Witts writing to me says, "How very careful was his walk outwardly! He was a pattern to many," and she cannot feel other but the deepest respect, love, and esteem for his memory. But coming now to his last days. He left his home, and came to his sister, Mrs. Thompson, and placing himself there under the doctor's care with the expectation of going back to his farm in a short time. But the Lord had ordered it otherwise, for he never recovered, but breathed his soul into the hands of Jesus on February 3rd, 1902. One of his nephews who was with him when he breathed his last, believed that he was highly favoured of the Lord an hour or two before he departed, with a blessed manifestation of himself to his soul, for he fixed his eyes on a certain place, and the weary look gave way to a placid countenance, and a smile, and then soon after he closed his eyes in death. His mortal remains were first conveyed to the Chapel in which he had for many years worshipped, where a short service was held by Mr. F. Althorp, after which they were laid to rest in the little burying-ground at Burton (where the mortal remains of many who had worshipped with him here below are laid) in hope of eternal life through the Lord Jesus Christ; and his redeemed soul, being now, we trust, in that company he loved, even among the Spirits of just men made perfect.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1903.

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

## “THE LORD TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS.”

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. NEWTON, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS, AT CRANBROOK, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 15TH, 1903.

“But he knoweth the way that I take : when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.”—JOB xxiii, 10.

How Job was persuaded that the Lord knew him, knew his cause, knew his way, knew his faith, knew his trials, knew his case, that he could not get near his God. “But he knoweth the way that I take.” Job was a praying man. All God’s people are praying people. A regenerate man is a praying man; but he cannot pray at all times as he would; he is dependent on the Spirit of God for every breath of real prayer. Mr. Hart says—

“Pray’r was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give :  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.”

If there is no prayer going on, there is not much life going on. A man made alive from the dead, never dies again—never returns wholly to a state of death, or to a state of nature. When quickened into life, when eternal life is implanted in him, it never dies out, though he may feel death in his soul.

“He knoweth the way that I take.” What was the way that Jacob took? He tried all lawful means to appease the wrath of his offended brother Esau; but when he had tried them, what else did he do? Tried to seek the Lord’s blessing upon what he had done to appease the wrath of his brother, and for the Lord’s blessing to rest on his own soul. Did he seek in vain? No, the Lord appeared to him and blest him as he had not before.

As regards the time of trial and trouble, what way do you take? What way do some men of the world take? Some go to the ale-house—that is a sad way to take. Some

young men when they are in trouble in their circumstances take what is not theirs, they begin with taking a little; this is a bad way to take, and it always turns out badly in the end.

If we look at the Word of God, at the way some took in a time of trouble. What way did Ahithophel take when his counsel was refused, that the life of a dear friend should be taken? When God turned his counsel into foolishness, he went home, (he did the thing deliberately,) he set his house in order, and went and hanged himself. What a solemn thing! What way did King Saul take in his extremity? He went to the witch of Endor, a woman under the influence of the very devil himself, to seek relief. Ifis was a sad case. In his last extremity, when he was wounded on the mountains of Gilboa, he fell on his own sword and took away his own life. What a solemn thing! What was the way that Judas took after he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver? He went out and hanged himself. What a solemn thing! O what a mercy to be preserved and upheld! There is a needs be for us to seek the Lord in the language of the Psalmist, and say—"Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." Look here, my fellow-sinner, at what Paul says to the Corinthians—"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Not fall away finally, but fall as David fell, he did not finally fall away into sin it is true, but in the time of great temptation what way did he take? We know that he took the wrong way first; but what way did he take when Nathan came to him and told him by the parable of the poor man and the ewe lamb? We read it in the li. Psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." That was the way David took, the way to seek deliverance, pardon, and forgiveness for his sin. What was the way Hezekiah took in his affliction? The way of prayer to God—"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." What was the way that Jehosophat took in 2 Chronicles xx. when the threefold army came against his few men? He sought the Lord, pleaded his case, pleaded his cause, before the Almighty. "O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us: neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." Have you been in that place? Under circumstances of trial in providence, or in soul trouble, when the threefold army has

come against the child of God, of foes infernal, foes internal, and foes external; and he has no might against these enemies to God and godliness. When our rebellious hearts are full of enmity against God, what way do we take? Sooner, or later, we take the way that Jehosaphat did in his extremity—fall down before the Lord.

Job says—“But he knoweth the way that I take.” The Lord knew the way that Jonah took, when he said—“Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple.” He was in the fish’s belly, at the bottom of the sea, the weeds were wrapped about his head, and he felt in the belly of hell. There he prayed, and his prayer went up to heaven, because the answer came down from heaven. The Lord prepared a fish to preserve him in its belly, and the same God caused the fish to vomit Jonah upon the dry land. All nature obeys his command. Jonah was vomited upon the dry land and he said—“Salvation is of the Lord.” He felt it; and so have you and I sometimes, have we not? If we did not say so we should lie against our own right.

I was a little encouraged last evening thinking that the Lord knew where I was when I made my first engagement to go forth preaching—on the open marsh, kneeling on the bare ground, late at night. I had been asked to go to a certain place to preach by Mr. Henry Bradford, of Eastbourne. There in the open field I told the Lord I would go. That was the first engagement I made, and notwithstanding all my discouragements the Lord has upheld me to the present time.

“Who could hold me up but him?”

I remember some years ago I had a very severe trial through a difference that arose between me and a friend, who I still believe took a wrong way in action, against me in the ministry; he to all appearances sought to vindicate his own cause before men, but through grace the way I took was to cry, more or less, day and night to the Lord, many hours I spent in the open fields and in bye-ways, walking and crying to the Lord; and I well remember being delivered in my soul from all the distress of this trial, under a sermon preached by the late Mr. Covell, at Providence Chapel, Lewes, at a thanksgiving service; and truly it was a thanksgiving time with me, for I blest and praised the Lord with all my heart and with all my soul. I remember writing to a friend and telling him of my deliverance, and saying I had no ill feeling toward any one in the world, although the day before I was full of self pity and rebellion against God and man; so I proved that

“love” (the love of God in the soul) “worketh no ill to his neighbour.” I have cause to bless the Lord that the ill feeling I had against one particular person, has never returned from that day to this, although it is nearly thirty years ago.

“He knoweth the way that I take.” O when we begin to try and vindicate our own cause before men, argue with men, we generally get into the wrong place; it is a mercy when we are enabled to follow the example of the Lord Jesus Christ—“Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.” Dear hearers, I know this is good ground, safe ground, as far as we are enabled to act in the same way. Do not revile if you can help it. I will tell you a good way to take—“Commit thy way unto the Lord.” You are sure to prevail—God will bring you through. I am sure if yours is a right case, a true case, God will bring you through. “Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.” When we begin to take the matter in our own hands; when we try to right ourselves in the same spirit that has been manifested to us, we shall fail and bring reproach upon the cause of God; but if we commit our way to God, God will stand by us. “He knoweth the way that I take.” The Lord helps in our daily labour. I know when the Lord gives strength this sweetens daily labour. He is the Lord God of all flesh—“Is anything too hard for the Lord? Nothing is too hard for him to do that is right and pleasing in his sight.

Job said—“When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” The Lord trieth the righteous. The Lord makes use of means to try them. Mr. Philpot said (I have read a good deal of his works (that is why I often quote him; and I love him, though I never saw him)—“If you have got a right religion the Lord will try it, men will try it, the devil will try it, the world will try it, the flesh will try it.” You will find many things to try a right religion. An untried faith is not worth much. The things that the Lord makes use of to try us, seem the very things that we could bear the least, and last of all. The Lord makes use of the best things to try us, because he does the best in everything; he never makes any mistakes. You and I make mistakes, but God never does. When he tries his people he has a purpose in it—to part

the real gold from the dross. The Lord Jesus Christ is spoken of in Malachi as sitting as a refiner. "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Sitting, shows patient waiting to see the result of his own work. Like men skilled in these things, they have a fire to melt and separate the gold from the dross. If I am rightly informed, the dross rises to the top at first. So it is with us when first we come into a trial. The refiner takes this dross away and puts it on one side. By and bye the clear gold is seen; and the man can see his own image in it. The Lord tries his people to see his own image in them. When the trial is near the end, when the Lord is about to deliver, it has the effect that it had on Job presently, when he said—"Behold, I am vile." "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." He was little in his own eyes now. He was humbled in the dust before the Lord. He was fallen into the hands of the Almighty. When we fall down before the Lord we have not a word to say about anything, but feel that the Lord has done right and we are wrong.

Job said—"When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted" That is tried. "Above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Sometimes I have thought—I cannot bear it—I must sink under it; but the Lord has enabled me to bear it. If he tries us he will bring us out right. When he tries us, the trial is in his hands. All events are at his commands. Ryland says—

"Sov'reign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command."

The cross, must indeed be a cross. My flesh does not like a cross; it wants to pare off the rough edges, and try and pad between the cross and my shoulders. If I had the making and arranging of it, it would be no cross at all—only in name, nothing else. But what makes the cross to you and me? When the keen edge touches us to the very quick. Ah! friends, my carnal feelings at times arise, and I feel—Anything else but this! But faith believes that we shall come forth—come forth out of the trial, being bettered by the cross; come forth submissive to God's will; come forth with more grace in our souls; come forth as one that has benefited by the trial; and we

come forth feeling we would not have been without the trial, without the cross. Come forth, as the scum is parted from the gold; with less love to the world and the things of the world, for the time being. Mark, for the time being, your lust after the world will be less; to its riches, to its prosperity, to its pleasures, to its maxims, and so forth. We read of the Church of God—"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" There is a coming forth from the wilderness—from self.

"When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." By and bye there will be the last trial, the last coming forth as gold without any dross at all, and then he will take our souls to heaven, away from a body of sin and death; away from the world, from temptation, from trial, and from affliction.

The positions in which God's people are found are varied. Look at Abraham, he had abundance of everything; but of Lazarus we read that he lay at the rich man's gate and his poor body was covered with sores; but it was the body of a vessel of mercy. The Lord may try a man by giving him a large family and not food enough for them. From some good men God withholds children, and they are tried that way. He is a sovereign in all his doings. He may try by giving to us, and then taking from us, as he did Job. But he intends by all his dealings to do us good, if he intends to take us to heaven.

Job says in this chapter—"But he is in one mind, and who can turn him?" If he means to send a man a poor sick wife, he will send her. If he intends to afflict your children, he will afflict them. If he intends to take your child away, he will do it. If he intends to cross you in providence, so that you have a trouble to make two ends meet, he will do it. For years I tried to get out of debt. I was like a man down in a pit struggling and striving to get out, and when he gets nearly out his footing gives way and down he goes—right down to the bottom. I used to work sixteen hours a day, and I used to eat sparingly and drink sparingly; and when we nearly got out of debt, some sickness, or affliction would come to my wife, or children, and then we were as badly off as ever. My heart rebelled, and I felt I could not and would not bear it. An afflicted friend said lately—"O Lord, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it." The Lord came with these words—"To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy



for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." She saith—"The Lord Jesus came so near that I felt I could clasp him in my arms, and I could bear it then." We can bear affliction then. I say to those tried in providence, use all lawful means; use all right means; that is the right way to take. All our trials are appointed.

"But he is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me: and many such things are with him." Better be a tried soul all your life, than have a name to live and be dead. If he sends trouble, he will do by the trouble what he intends. I believe every trial intended for me will last as long as he intends it to last. All his actions are to bring about his designs, to humble us in the dust, to teach us that we are nothing, and that he is all and in all. That the sinner should be laid low, and Jesus Christ exalted in the heart's affections. That is how he wrought with Job; and I can say, in humble measure, he has wrought the same with me. I am a bigger coward than ever I was as regards trouble; as soon as I see a little cloud, I begin to wonder what is coming and-how I shall bear it. My flesh dislikes the way. My flesh never likes trouble.

"When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as fine gold." We must be made meet for heaven. Trials sanctified to the heart bring us more and more submissive to the will of God, more like little children. Jesus called little children unto him, and said—"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." A little child needs another's wisdom; it needs its father's and mother's wisdom and counsel. The Lord brings his people to need his wisdom and counsel; to need him to provide for them, protect them, preserve them, uphold them, defend them, and shield them, all through their lives.

Do you know anything of Job's way. "He knoweth the way that I take." I shall leave the subject where it is. After preaching I feel like what Jesus said of the woman—"She hath done what she could." I try to tell the truth as the Lord enables me, and there I wish to leave it. May the Lord cast a mantle of forgiving love over all that is amiss; and own and bless his word for his name's sake.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## POOR RELIEF SOCIETY.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the Donors or Testators, all donations and legacies above £50. . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies above £50, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE TESTATORS." Will, therefore, our friends who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of                      pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

## THE NEED OF A SEARCHING MINISTRY.

My dear Friend,—I was glad to hear that dear Mr. Prince was able to speak once on Sunday last: I wish there were more of his stamp of ministers amongst us. But alas! such men get to be few and far between. But I think they are quite as numerous as most people wish them to be. There are but very few in our day that cleave close to a searching ministry. Many people would rather listen to an educated man, who can talk well, and speak of the doctrines of grace, the security of God's people, etc. But the plague of the heart, and its desperate wickedness opened up they do not want to hear anything about. Ah! my dear friend, is it not to be feared that very many of the hearers, and the ministers also, are secure enough; but alas! I fear they are in a state of carnal security; and O what an awful thing it is to be left there. Very, very few are saying "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (cxxxix. 23, 24.) Therefore they do not want those ministers that are calculated in the hands of the Spirit to hunt after them, and search them out, and show them where, and what they are! O no, they hire a sitting, and belong to the choir; and perhaps have been baptized, and are members of the church, and have a voice, and a loud one, in the management of the business transactions, and they make it their business to cry down what they call corruption preaching, and preachers, but patronize Mr. or Miss, So-and-So, who are so very pious, and charitable. Well my dear friend, may it be your lot and mine to be kept in the "Old paths," notwithstanding our friends get fewer and fewer. "For evil men, and seducers will wax worse and worse; deceiving and being deceived." But "he that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved." May we be kept by the Spirit of God through faith unto salvation. And if we are, it will be through much tribulation within and without; and cares, and sorrows will come upon us like a flood. I am sorry to tell you that I am still very far from being well. I was helped through on Sunday, but since then I have been fit for nothing. I sometimes wonder how it is the Lord is pleased to make use of me! It is very easy to be made willing to be something, but it is very hard work to be made willing to be nothing! And sometimes I appear to be both. Did you ever hear of such a person? If not look within your own heart. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I am, yours in the Lord,

W. BOTTEN.

Harbour Villa, The Dicker, Hellingly.

August 28th, 1900.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN  
PROVIDENCE AND GRACE WITH THE LATE  
MR. ROBERT MAY, of Staplehurst, Kent.

*(Continued from page 387).*

One Sunday evening, while reading the first chapter of Luke, when I came to the sixth verse: "And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. And they had no child, because that Elizabeth was barren." These words so arrested my attention that I pondered them over in my heart. At first it struck me, that the Lord Jesus Christ was not yet born in their hearts the alone hope of eternal glory. [But they were righteous and blameless before God.] This appeared to be a great help to me. But soon after such a sight and sense of my own unworthiness was again uppermost in my mind; I did not know then that I was looking into myself to try to find something better. One Sunday morning I tried to pour out my heart before the Lord; and said, O that he would bless my soul, and grant that some word might drop from the lips of his servant that day to do me good. While Mr. Burch was preaching that morning he was led to enter into what had been on my mind, and said, "The more you pore into yourself the blacker you will appear to get," and he then quoted these never-to-be-forgotten words: "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 2.) Such light, liberty, and love broke into my heart as I had never before felt. I sat and wept for joy of heart, and looked on and wondered; and felt that I could have stood up before the whole congregation and told them what a wonder-working God he was to me. Just then I felt that I could endure anything and everything. I was now led to see that the ordinances of God's house were despised ordinances; but for the joy that was now set before me I felt that I could face a frowning world. This took place on August 14th, 1859, and on the 28th of the same month I was enabled to go before the church and tell them a little of what God had done for my soul. I thought I never should forget this happy time. I was baptized with several others on October 16th, and the Lord only knows what conflicts of mind I had to pass through during those two months. For in about a fortnight after going before the church such wretchedness, darkness, and misery came upon me that I wrote a letter to Mr. Burch telling him that I found I was deceived, and dare not venture to be baptized, and expressed a hope that he would think no more about me than if he had never heard of such a person. But these words stopped me from sending it: "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."

The time came on, and although I had no special blessing at the ordinance of baptism, yet I had the answer of a good conscience before the Lord.

One night I had walked to East Peckham with my friend Mr. Johnson, and on returning home much cast down in my mind, when passing through the fields about eleven o'clock, I had such a blessed view of Christ in the garden. O what a sight it was; surely I thought, never to my latest breath shall I forget the look he gave me, which made me feel that it was my sins that had caused him thus to suffer, bleed, and die such an ignominious death! And as dear Mr. Hart says in that well-known hymn 107 (Gadsby's):

“To look on this when sunk in fears,  
While each repeated sight,  
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,  
And makes temptations light.”

“Ah,” I said, “this will break the hardest heart!” I wept bitterly to think that my sins had so pierced the dear Redeemer. This sight lasted but a few moments, for just before coming to a stile I thought I heard footsteps behind me, which caused my hair to stand on end, I had just courage enough to turn my head, but I saw nothing. But O how it robbed me of the blessed feeling I had been under! O the power of the enemy on our imagination is marvellous.

After hearing Mr. Burch for about five years he was laid aside for some months through affliction, and had to undergo an operation; during which time my soul got into a barren state, and at times I wished I had never joined the Church. Little did I think then that I should so soon have to wade through so much darkness. One night I went over to East Peckham to hear Mr. Buroh, and to tell him to blot out my name from his remembrance, for I felt at times more like a walking devil than a human being! His text was: “Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then they shall fast.” (Matt. ix. 15.) He was led to describe the state and feeling of the soul while it enjoyed the Lord's presence, and then described the feelings of the soul when his presence was withheld. He said that he often compared Christians to be like a clean, tidy house-wife, one who wanted things right and in order, but she had got a kind of a crazy man for her husband, and as soon as she had got things a little straight, this crazy man of hers would come in and disarrange the whole, so that the poor woman has scarcely any peace of her life! Then he spiritualised the figure, and said that this crazy man was billeted with every poor child of God for life. Here I was led to see the cause of the state I had been in. The snare was broken and my poor soul was for a season delivered. But I found God's word to be true, viz. “The days of darkness shall be many.”

One Sunday my dear wife was obliged to remain at home, so that I had to go to Staplehurst alone, and everything appeared to go wrong within me, and round about me. And oh, the awful feelings that I experienced in my mind when the enemy turned upon me as an accuser, and guilt almost overwhelmed me! I was so ashamed of myself for what I had done that I would have given the world, had I been able to do so, to have recalled the last few minutes of my life. I had not seen my dear wife for some little time, who I knew (or thought I knew) had heard the sad effects of the dreadful things arising from what I felt within my heart. I crept upstairs to see her, as she was in a critical condition, quite expecting to be sharply reproved by her for my wrong doings; but the moment I opened the door, a voice spoke to me with such power, and said, "Behold the goodness of God," which caused me to weep like a child. I saw the goodness of the Lord made known to my dear wife in a marvellous way and manner, in bringing her through the trouble that had overtaken her, and in so many ways beside that I was like one dumb-founded. She, poor thing, seeing how matters were with me, did not utter a word of reproof as she had intended to do. But my conscience sharply reproved me, and a guilty conscience who can bear!

I well remember that Sunday morning when at the chapel, the last hymn given out contained these lines:

"'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;  
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's;  
No goodness, no fitness, expects he from us;  
This I can well witness for none could be worse."

This broke my heart again and made me ashamed of myself. Did I want to do the same wrong things again that grace might abound? God forbid; for I felt such a hatred to my sins, and such shame, and self-abhorrence, that could I live as I then desired, I would never sin against such a good and gracious God any more. But O I still find, and feel that sin dwells within me; and "Death (only) which puts an end to life, will put an end to sin."

On October 25th, 1863, the Lord was pleased to take our dear minister to himself; and my friend Mr. Johnson was removed from East Peckham, so that I seemed to have lost my best earthly friends. Mr. Burch was the instrument used in the Lord's hands of cutting me down in my sins, and was also as a nursing father to me for seven years. I felt such love to him, that at one time I felt willing to have done any menial work in his service to have lived with him. But "when I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Mr. Pert preached a funeral sermon on the death of Mr. Burch to a crowded congregation from the words: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit,

that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.) He was buried in the churchyard at Cranbrook, in Kent, on October 29th, 1863.

On December 9th, 1863, I removed from Yalding Railway Station to take the charge of the station at Staplehurst (but this removal has been minutely entered into in the account given of Mrs. May which appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for the year 1899) where I found a staff of men that were respectable, and who understood their work, so that I had little to do beyond taking the oversight of the whole station. When at Yalding I had often wished I had a little more time for reading the Word of God, and meditation and prayer. But alas! now that I had more time, I found myself to be destitute of both the will, and the power. But the daily papers which came every morning to the station, giving at that time, a graphic account of the civil war in America, wonderfully engrossed my attention, and it became a regular thing with me to take up the paper daily, the devil working on the carnal mind said; there can be no harm in just seeing how matters are going on in America; for what affects that country will affect England more or less! But O what leanness and barrenness of soul came over me! How often would conscience speak out loudly, and what hypocritical ways I resorted to, O the hypocrisy of the human heart! I gradually got further off from God, and when I came at night in secret before him, I felt dumb with silence, so that it seemed a mockery to go upon my knees before the Lord! Thus I went on in a lifeless state of feeling for nine or ten months; when things in connection with the station began to go wrong, and the more I tried to straighten them the more crooked they appeared to become, so that I began to wonder what it all meant. I began to ask myself some important questions such as, What am I? and where am I? Where have I got to? No desire to read the Word, and no heart to pray. I felt like a man who had lost his way and unable to find it again. At last there came such a complication of things which pressed heavily upon me; but not heavy enough to produce an earnest cry to the Lord, although to my feelings I had as much as I could bear. I had to learn this portion of God's word—"Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." (Psalm cvii. 17.) At that time several claims were made upon the Railway Company, and as I thought, they arose from neglect on the part of the men I had under my care. Parcels went astray, causing much annoyance and inconvenience, which wrought wonderfully upon my feelings, and I verily thought that I should lose my senses. The enemy was roaring in my ears, "where is now your God? You are deceived altogether," and I feared it really was so. In this dismal dejected state of mind, after the duties of the day were over, I went indoors, and as there was a little cessation I wished my wife would go to bed, for I could hardly bear her to look at

me. Presently she went, and I was left alone; when my burden came on stronger than ever. I was so troubled that I could not speak; at last, under the oppression I fell upon my knees, and it was as though an iron hand gave way, and this cry went out of my heart, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me, for I can bear it no longer!" when in a very short time the words came with great power into my soul:—"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." This brought such a change, and a sweet persuasion into my heart that the dear Lord would fulfil his gracious promise, that my burden was gone, and my heart was melted, so that I looked on with wonder and astonishment at his goodness and mercy. Truly "he sent his word and healed me." I got up from my knees feeling satisfied that the Lord would bring me through, and to his honour and glory he did so, although previous to this my hope was dashed to pieces. . . . Truly the dear Lord filled my heart with such love and gratitude, that I wept like a child, and enjoyed such Divine familiarity with him, that I thought it was a favour indeed that a worm of the earth like me should be permitted to commune with God. Oh, how I was led to bless, and praise him with all my heart and soul! I felt while going a journey through the woods so overpowered, that I had to lean for a time on a stile to rest myself; and how thankful I was to be alone with the Lord! Here I lost sight of everything except this dear and blessed Friend, whom I felt to be closer to me than a brother. I called him by all the endearing names I could think of. Truly it was a memorable time indeed, and never-to-be-forgotten by me. I felt that I could willingly place my soul in his hands if he were pleased to take me home to himself. It was so marvellous to me that I thought I should never forget it, or that I ever should harbour one hard thought against him any more. I would not have been without this trial which arose from serious mistakes being made at the station I was in charge of for all that the world calls good or great. Here I learned what Hezekiah means where he says:—"By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." I said Amen, to it all; and I would say to every poor tried child of God; that if you wish to have fellowship with the Lord, you can only obtain it by travelling in the path of tribulation. Thus when your own strength is gone, and nothing left, so that you are compelled to fall down before him, and find none to help you, these are the times the dear Lord is pleased to make bare his arm and make a way for us where we could see no way.

As for the claims that had been made upon the Railway Company, I never heard anything more of them, which was quite a surprise to the Goods clerk, and he could not make it out. But he was not in the secret; only Jonathan and David knew the matter!

Mr Stuart, of Cranbrook, had several times asked me to call



and see him when passing that way, but I felt that I had not courage enough to do so. However being in the town on this occasion, I felt that I must call and tell him of the goodness and mercy of God to my soul. As I wanted no other company but that of God's people, I went to his house, but was told that he was gone out for the day. O how disappointed I felt! I turned away, and as I was going through the gate the servant called out and said, "Mrs. Smart would like to speak to you." I turned back, but never having spoken to her before I felt at first somewhat embarrassed; but after a time the blessed Comforter brought all things to my remembrance, I then told her the trouble I had been in, the promise the Lord gave me in my trouble, and how he had been pleased to fulfil it, and what joy and gratitude he had filled my heart with as I came through the woods from Hemstead to Cranbrook, I felt so blessedly wrought upon in relating the Lord's goodness that I shed tears of joy before her, and we both wept together, for we felt our hearts burn within us while the Lord communed with us by the way. I felt as free in conversation with Mrs. Smart as though I had known her all my life; and I spent two or three hours in her company with pleasure, and profit to my soul. This was a special day with me. "And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." (Isa. xii. 1, 2.) "For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." (Isa. xxv. 4.) I could break out with the Psalmist and say, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; and for his wonderful works to the children of men." But I had to prove like Samson when his strength was gone, he then became as weak as another man. O how prone I am, as the hymn says, to believe the Devil's lies; much sooner than what my friends may say! One day it was as though this question was asked me, What was it you were in so much trouble about a short time ago? Was it soul trouble? No, I replied, and I sank fathoms deep within me. But one Sunday when at Cranbrook Chapel, the clerk gave out these two lines on prayer:

"If cares distract, or fears dismay  
The remedy's before thee—Pray."

The snare was broken and my soul escaped.

But O how soon I forgot God's mercies, and became lean and barren in my soul, and I began to be much cast down that it was so with me, and I seemed to get to the end of all things in my feelings.

One night, I dreamed that I was in a foreign land, and was directed to a mansion in the distance, and there I was to enquire

my way. When I reached the gate, I enquired of the porter if the owner were in? He replied, The Prince will be in in a few minutes! At the word "Prince" I felt much perplexed in my mind, and felt I was not a proper person to go into the presence of a Prince. The porter however came again and said that a gentleman named Mr. Covell was enquiring for me. I said, "Mr. Covell did you say?" "Yes," he replied. "Dear me," I answered, "Mr. Covell is the last man I expected to see here;" but I felt pleased to hear his name mentioned, and I said, "I will ask him to speak to the Prince for me, as he can speak much better than I can;" on this I awoke. The next day was the anniversary at Tonbridge, and Messrs. Hazelrigg, Covell, and Smart, were to preach, and I was enabled to go to hear them. Mr. Covell spoke in the afternoon, and truly in his prayer he did speak a word for me before the Prince, yea, he was, indeed, a mouthpiece before God for my poor soul! He so spread my needs before the Lord (the "Prince of Peace") that I thought of my dream, and marvelled to find that it all came to pass as it was shown me. His text was:—"Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it." (Solomon's Song viii. 13.) I sat on the pulpit stairs, and it was a good time to my soul, I felt melted under the Word. Mr. Covell quoted these words:—"Thus saith the Lord; I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." (Jer. ii. 2.) The words came with such power into my heart, and I received them as coming from the Lord; I sat and wept for joy, looked on, and wondered that the Lord should look upon me, a vile worm of the earth.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

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A gentle woman now behold  
 Come from the coast of Tyre,  
 At Jesus' feet she waxeth bold  
 To breathe her warm desire.

Her faith can the Messiah see  
 —King David's royal Son—  
 In the Poor Man of Galilee;  
 And thus her prayer begun:

"Oh, Lord! have mercy upon me,  
 My child's afflicted sore;  
 I have no other hope but thee;  
 Thy mercy I implore.

"Thou Son of David, hear my cry,  
 Nor let me plead in vain,  
 Though a poor sinner, Lord, am I,  
 Do not my suit disdain!"

Now comes the trial of her faith,  
 —All true faith must be tried—  
 For not a word the Saviour saith,  
 Nor to her suit replied!

His followers said, "Send her away,  
 Nor listen to her tale!  
 Shall woman dare in public pray,  
 And thus our ears assail?"

"Oh! send her speedily away,  
 She maketh such a fuss—  
 How dare a Gentile woman pray,  
 And thus cry after us?"

Now Jesus speaks—Oh! will he chase  
 The suppliant from his feet?—  
 "I came to seek, from Israel's race,  
 The lost, the straying sheep!"

But still she will not be repulsed,  
 But at his feet will lie,  
 "Have pity, O dear Lord, help me!"  
 Is still her earnest cry.

"Let my own children first be fed,  
 For surely, 'tis not meet  
 To cast to unclean dogs the bread  
 The children ought to eat!"

"Yes; Lord, I am a dog, 'tis true,  
 And 'neath thy table lie,  
 Yet cast to me a crumb or two—  
 Thou hast a rich supply!"

"The dogs beneath the table eat  
 The children's crumbs that fall;  
 I am resolved to clasp thy feet,  
 And still for mercy call!"

"Oh! woman, great indeed thy faith  
 —It is a gift Divine—  
 Even as thou wilt," the Saviour saith,  
 "The blessing shall be thine!"

The word of Jesus was with power,  
 The Devil must depart;  
 From that most memorable hour  
 Christ reigned within her heart.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF  
THE LATE JOSEPH HART (Author of Hymns).

[We have often thought that as Mr. Hart's Hymns are held in such high esteem by many of the Lord's tried people, and as many of those hymns are universal favourites with those godly souls who know the plague of their hearts, the evil of sin, and the fiery temptations of Satan, it would not be out of place to reproduce in our pages a few extracts from that gracious experience which he wrote with his own hand, and which is prefixed to his collection of Hymns; and as Mr. Hart lived and died in the early part of the eighteenth century there may be many of our readers in this twentieth century who have not seen an account of that remarkable experience. But, the late Mr. John Gadsby gives all the leading features of Mr. Hart's experience in his "Memoirs of Hymn Writers, and Compilers," a most interesting work which we can heartily recommend to all lovers of free and sovereign grace, and the experimental truths of the Gospel. The compiler of the brief memoir of this worthy author of hymns says: "As the memory of Mr. Hart is very dear to many Christians, a few particulars concerning him will doubtless be acceptable. It is, however, matter of regret that the means of information are so scanty, and that no fuller record exists of this eminent servant of Jesus Christ."]

Mr. Hart was born in the city of London, about the year 1712. Of his parents, little is known, further than what is said in his experience, and the mention that is made of them by Mr. Andrew Kinsman, in his funeral oration. He says, "I had the pleasure of knowing, and I will say, the honour too, of preaching the Gospel to his aged parents, who both died in the faith." From this it may be inferred, with some probability, that Mr. Hart's parents attended George Whitefield's ministry, for whom Mr. Kinsman occasionally preached on his visits to London. The events of Mr. Hart's early life are little known. His subsequent course, however, proves him to have received a classical education and from the testimony of Mr. John Hughes, his brother-in-law, and successor in the ministry in Jewin Street, it appears that "his civil calling was that of a teacher of the learned languages." About the year 1733, Mr. Hart showed great anxiety as to his soul; of which a full account is given in his "Experience." In this state of deep concern he continued above seven years, when it pleased the Lord to comfort him a little. But this happy frame of mind was short, and thick darkness followed; for "rushing impetuously into notions beyond his experience," he fell into gross sin. . . . In this state of backsliding he probably remained until about 1751, during which period he "published several Pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens." He now (1751) "began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner."

So he lived for nearly four years, when he fell into great despondency of mind; and remained so until 1757, when God was pleased to pour consolation on his soul. But we will let Mr. Hart speak for himself, who says, "Through the rich displays of God's electing love, and sovereign grace to me, the chief of sinners, may be seen by an enlightened eye, in several parts of the compositions; and though one of them in particular (No. xxvii. entitled, "The Author's Own Confession") be written professedly with that view; I shall nevertheless lay hold on the present occasion to make my public acknowledgment of God's unmerited mercy to me, by giving a brief and summary account of the great things he has done for my soul. I say, a brief and summary account; for a minute and circumstantial detail of them would more than fill an ample volume. As I had the happiness of being born of believing parents, I imbibed the sound doctrines of the Gospel from my infancy; nor was I without touches of heart, checks of conscience, and melting of affections by the secret strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young. But the impressions were not deep, nor the influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the vanities and vices of youth.

About the twenty-first year of my age I began to be under great anxiety concerning my soul. The spirit of bondage distressed me sore; though I endeavoured (as I believe most under legal convictions do) to commend myself to God's favour, by amendment of life, virtuous resolutions, moral rectitude, and a strict attendance on religious ordinances. I strove to subdue my flesh by fasting, and other rigorous acts of penance and mortification; and whenever I was captivated by its lusts (which indeed was often the case) I endeavoured to reconcile myself again to God by sorrow for my faults, which, if attended with tears, I hoped would pass as current coin with Heaven; and then I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal terms with my foes, till the next fall; which generally succeeded in a short time.

In this uneasy, restless round of sinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above seven years, when a great domestic affliction befalling me (in which I was a moderate sufferer, but a monstrous sinner), I began to sink deeper and deeper into conviction of my nature's evil, the deceitfulness and hardness of my heart, the wickedness of my life, the shallowness of my Christianity, and the blindness of my devotion. I saw that I was in a dangerous state, and that I must have a better religion than I had yet experienced before I could, with any propriety, call myself a Christian. How did I now long to feel the merits of Christ applied to my soul by the Holy Ghost! How often did I make my strongest efforts to call God my God! But alas! I could no more do this than I could raise the dead. I found now by woful experience, that faith was not in my power; and the question with me now was, not whether I would be a Christian or no, but whether God would give me true repentance,

and a living faith. After some weeks passed in this gloomy, dreadful state, the Lord was pleased to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in some measure, the merits of the Saviour to my own soul. This comfort increased for some time; and my understanding was also wonderfully illuminated in reading the Holy Scriptures; so that I could see Christ in many passages where before I little imagined to find him; and was encouraged to hope I had an interest in his merits, and the benefits by him procured to his people.

In this blessed state my continuance was but short; for, rushing impetuously into notions beyond my experience, I hastened to make myself a Christian by mere doctrine; adopting other men's opinions before I had tried them; and set up for a great light in religion, disregarding the internal work of grace begun in my soul by the Holy Spirit. This liberty, assumed by myself, and not given by Christ, soon grew to libertinism; in which I took large progressive strides, and advanced to a dreadful height, both in principle and practice. In a word, I ran such dangerous lengths, both of carnal and spiritual wickedness, that I even out-went professed infidels, and shocked the irreligious and profane with my horrid blasphemies and monstrous impieties. Hardness of heart was, with me, a sign of good confidence; carelessness went for trust; empty notions for great light; a seared conscience for assurance of faith, and rash presumption for Christian courage.

My actions were, in a great measure, conformable to my notions; for having (as I imagined) obtained by Christ a liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make use of it; and thought the more I could sin without remorse, the greater hero I was in faith. A tender conscience I deemed weakness; prayer I left for novices and bigots; and a broken and contrite heart was a thing too low and legal for me to approve, much more to desire. Not to dwell on particulars, I shall only say (what, though shocking to hear, is true!) that I committed all uncleanness with greediness. In this abominable course I continued, a loose backslider, an audacious apostate, a bold-faced rebel, for nine or ten years, not only committing acts of lewdness myself, but infecting others with the poison of my delusions. I published several pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens; to which I prefixed prefaces, and subjoined notes of a pernicious tendency; and indulged a freedom of thought far unbecoming a Christian.

But God, who is rich in mercy, and whose grace is, like himself almighty, did not altogether give me up to hardness and impenitence. I felt, from time to time, meltings of heart and inward compunction, and had a secret hope at the bottom (which often rose above my gross corruptions) that I should not always go on in this abandoned manner, and run as a reprobate to final perdition.

About seven or eight years ago I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner. And now, as I retained the form of sound words, and held the doctrines of free-grace, justification by faith, and other orthodox tenets, I was tolerably confident of the goodness of my state; especially as I could now add that other requisite—a moral behaviour. Surely, I thought, though I have been so profligate and profane, yet, as I am now reclaimed, and am not only sound in principles, but sober and honest in practice, I cannot but be in the right way to the favour of God.

For several years I went on in this easy, cool, smooth, and indolent manner, with a lukewarm insipid kind of religion, yet not without some secret whispers of God's love and visitations of his grace, and now and then warm addresses to him in private prayer. But alas! all this while my heart was whole; the fountains of the great deeps of my sinful nature were not broken up. I was therefore conscious that the written Word of God was against me, especially those parts of it that represent the children of God as an afflicted, poor, mourning, broken-hearted people; of which characteristics I was destitute. Nor was the blood of Christ effectually applied to my soul. I looked on his death, indeed, as the grand sacrifice for sin; and always thought on him with respect and reverence, but did not see the inestimable value of his blood and righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself and count all things else but dung and dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the Scriptures (which I now did constantly, both in English and the original languages), though my mind was often affected, and my understanding illuminated by many passages that treated of the Saviour, yet I was so far from seeing, or owning, that there was such a necessity for his death, and that it could be of such infinite value as is represented, that I have often resolved (O the horrible depth of man's fall, and the desperate wickedness of the human heart!) that I never would believe it; and have been tempted to tell God himself, that he could not make me, without injuring my reason, and imposing on my understanding, by downright violence and perversive power.

About three or four years ago I fell into a deep despondency of mind, because I had never experienced grand revelations and miraculous discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all company, walking pensively alone or sitting in private and bewailing my sad and dark condition, not having a friend in the world to whom I could communicate the burden of my soul; which was so heavy, that I sometimes hesitated even to take my necessary food. But after many a gloomy, doleful hour, spent in solitude and sorrow, not without strong and frequent cries and tears to God, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer manner, I thought he asked me in the midst of one of my prayers, Whether I rather chose the visionary reve-

lations of which I had formed some wild idea, or to be content with trusting to the low, despised mystery of a crucified Man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great comfort in expecting the future effects of my choice. . . . The week before Easter, 1757, I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden, as I know not well how to describe. I was lost in wonder and ardoration; and the impression it made was too deep, I believe ever to be obliterated. I shall say no more of this; but only remark, that, notwithstanding all that is talked about the sufferings of Jesus, none can know anything of them but by the Holy Ghost; and, I believe, he that knows most, knows but very little. It was upon this I made the first part of Hymn 1, "On the Passion," which, however, I afterwards mutilated and altered. . . . While the horrors remained, I used to run backwards and forwards to places of religious worship, especially to the Tabernacle in Moorfields, and the Chapel in Tottenham Court; where, indeed, I received some comfort, (which, though little, was then highly prized because greatly needed,) but generally speaking, almost everything served only to condemn me; to make me rue my own backslidings, and envy those children of God who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first conversion. Notions of religion I wanted no man to teach me; I had doctrine enough; but found, by woful experience, that dry doctrine, though ever so sound, will not sustain a soul in the day of trial."

This "Experience" of Mr. Hart's is deep, and to some, it may be difficult to understand; but when we consider what a choice selection of sublime hymns he has written, and left behind him, for the spiritual benefit of the children of God, down to the end of time, we need not be so much surprised that the Holy Ghost should lead him into such deep places, giving him such an experimental knowledge of the human heart, of the deceitfulness of sin, the fall of man, and the utter inability of man to keep himself from evil. Then on the other hand, how highly favoured he was with blessed views by faith of the dear Redeemer, as his God-man, and Mediator; and having such blessed, believing views of the Son of God in his temptations, sufferings, and death, how well furnished he was with an experience of his own, to set forth in verse the tribulatory path of Christ Jesus, and his ignominious death, and glorious resurrection, suitable to the experiences of the household of faith, throughout their wilderness wayfare; and their life-long warfare! Mr. Hart excels as a Hymn writer; few can equal him in depth of experience, and none can surpass him. But, O what it cost him in his trying experience to live those hymns. This we gather from hymn 27, in his own selection, called "The Author's Own Confession."

Commencing:—

"Come hither, ye that fear the Lord,  
Disciples of God's Suff'ring Son;



Let me relate, and you record,

What he for my poor soul has done."

In that hymn he gives us a transcript of his heart's experience, and O how he abhors himself for his past wickedness, and deeply regrets that he should have so foully backslidden from the ways of the Lord! But O the mercy revealed to him, when far from God by wicked works; how it showed him, Prodigal as he was, that he was not beyond the reach of God's all-powerful grace, and his electing love! But how vividly does he set forth the power of God's grace, mercy, and love, in bringing back such a base backslider into the embraces of an offended Father, and to all the spiritual privileges of his Father's house in the 71st hymn of the same selection, called "The Prodigal," commencing:—

"Now for a wondrous song,  
 (Keep distance, ye profane,  
 Be silent, each unhallow'd tongue;  
 Nor turn the truth to bane.)  
 The prodigal's return'd,  
 The apostate bold and base;  
 That all his Father's counsels spurn'd,  
 And long abus'd his grace.  
 What treatment since he came?  
 Love tenderly exprest,  
 What robe is brought to hide his shame?  
 The best; the very best.  
 Rich food the servants bring,  
 Sweet music charms his ears.  
 See what a beauteous costly ring  
 The beggar's finger wears!"

The whole of the hymn, especially applies to himself, and is full of his own heart's experience; and perhaps no one more clearly represents the Prodigal Son, as recorded in (Luke xv. 11-32), than did this sublime Hymn Writer, Mr. Hart; both in the great lengths of sin he was permitted to run, and in the unkind treatment he received from several godly ministers, and friends, when with broken bones, he returned to his Father's house with "weeping and supplications." Doubtless those godly ministers that knew him in his backsliding state, and like the elder brother, were envious towards him, felt that they could not receive him as a reclaimed child of God, so as to be reconciled to him in the spirit of the gospel. Indeed, it is reported of some Gospel ministers then living in London, that they would not believe that Mr. Hart was reclaimed by Divine Grace, and had received God's favour and love into his heart; yea, so very strong was their hatred, and opposition to him, that they refused to acknowledge him for some considerable time after his Lord and Master had by his good Spirit brought him into the glorious liberty of the Gospel, and for ever pardoned his sins, and adorned his soul in the garments of salvation, and clothed him in the "Robe of

Righteousness." But, Mr. Hart, feeling a sweet measure of that "peace which passeth all understanding" reigning in his heart, and knowing that God was pacified towards him, manifested no unkind feeling towards those godly ministers and friends, but treated them as brethren in the Lord; just as a reclaimed backslider would do when the love of God is felt in his soul. Thus, in a sweet gospel spirit, in the same hymn, he addresses them thus,—

"Ye elder sons, be still;  
 Give no bad passion vent:  
 My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,  
 And you must be content.  
 All that he has is yours:  
 Rejoice then, not repine,  
 That love that all your states secures,  
 That love has altered mine.  
 Good God, are these thy ways!  
 If rebels thus are freed,  
 And favour'd with peculiar grace,  
 Grace must be free indeed."

But, what different feelings Mr. Hart manifested towards those elder sons that were envious at him, and so thoroughly opposed him, to what some professors manifest towards "the elder brother" as set forth in the parable (Luke xv.). Some have denounced the elder brother as being an awful hypocrite, others set him forth as a Pharisee of the Pharisees; while others, for the want of spiritual light, and judgment, have wrested the parable from its true meaning, declaring that its intention is to set forth the two seeds, the Jews and the Gentiles, or the bond children and the free. Whereas no such interpretation spiritually can be applied to it, seeing that Christ in setting forth the parable intended to show that however much any true son has rebelled against his Father's laws, or become discontented with the provisions of his Father's house, and sought for better fare in a far off land, yet he never could sever the relationship that existed between himself and his family, and however far off he might go in the ways of sin, he could not wander beyond the limits of his Father's love. The same meaning is applied to the other two parables. The lost sheep must be found, and brought back, and the tenth piece of silver must be sought after diligently until discovered, and all, with the Father, rejoiced exceedingly when they found that which was lost. Truly there is joy amongst the godly people when a backslider in heart returns from the error of his ways with a gracious repentance; and with weeping and supplication to his Father's house of plenty, or to the sheepfold of Christ Jesus from whence he has strayed. Mr. Hart, then, through grace, returned to the sweet embraces of a merciful, and compassionate God, and thankful to do so, and instead of looking upon the elder sons of the Lord's family as not

being true sons, he still retained a brother's feeling towards them, and begged that they would not indulge any hard feelings towards him, but bid them to rejoice that their spiritual states were secure, while he rejoiced that the everlasting love of God had made his eternal state secure also. Thus he says, "God's free distinguishing grace is the bottom on which is fixed the rest of my poor, weary, tempted soul. On this I ground my hope, oftentimes, when unsupported by any other evidence, save only by the Spirit of adoption received from him. He hath chosen me out from everlasting, in whom to make known the inexhaustible riches of his free grace and long-suffering. Though I am a stranger to others, and a wonder to myself; yet I know him, or rather am known of him. Though poor in myself, I am rich enough in him. When my poor, dry, empty, barren soul is parched with thirst, he kindly bids me come to him, and drink my fill at the Fountain-head. In a word, he empowers me to say with an experimental evidence, "Where sin abounded, Grace did much more abound." Amen, and Amen.

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## REVIEW.

THE "HARP OF ZION." By F. WINDRIDGE. London: F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.; or of the Author, 93, College Place, Camben Town, 1903.

The respected author of the little work, bearing the above title says, "The world is flooded with books; and books of verse, especially those bearing on religious topics, which are now looked upon with much indifference, if not with downright repugnance." True, very true; and to speak still more plainly, there are but few religious books now offered to the public on religious subjects that are in any way attractive to a spiritual mind. The religious press for the most part studies most carefully the religious appetites of the masses, and labours hard to set before them some delicious dainties that will please the carnal mind, and give no offence to the strictest sect of the Pharisees. Such religious literature is eagerly sought after by the multitudes; passes through many editions, and commands a high price, whether it be in prose, or in verse. But let one of the citizens of Zion, who are well taught by the Spirit, who have been deeply, and experimentally led into the mines of God's eternal truth, come forward, well equipped with all the necessary qualifications for writing a book of sound gospel truths, in whatever form, or style he may, and then offer it before the public for sale, and at the very lowest price, he will find in many instances, to his sorrow, that it does not take very well with the people; and grave fears will arise in his mind lest the proceeds from the sale thereof will not be sufficient to cover the cost. This

will apply in many instances to books of sound truth, to Pamphlets, Booklets, Leaflets, and all other productions which treat upon sound Gospel Truths, and the work of Divine Grace in the hearts of the Lord's people. Thus, Zion's sons, and daughters for whom such works of truth are produced, being much in the minority, are unable from various circumstances to obtain them to any large extent, and those that have no spiritual appetite for such reading pass them by as books of no real value. Need we wonder that book-making, and book-selling in God's Zion, for a long time past has been at a low ebb, but the why, and the wherefore the Lord only knows! But it is no new thing; for book-makers among those that feared God in the past, and even many of the Puritan writers were far from becoming rich in the spiritual employment to which God had called them. If we are rightly informed, several of our godly authors of standard works of truth died in debt; and some of our best poets were very poor and lived in garrets. Even our excellent Christian poet Cowper stood in need of help before he departed this life; and when King George the Third heard of his need, he granted him a pension of three hundred pounds a year; but he was called to his eternal rest before he received any part of it. Dear Cowper, his name sounds melodious in the ears and hearts of many of the Lord's tried people, who know that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform"; and who have been greatly comforted by that good man's poetical works, which are bespangled with rich gospel truths, and are most encouraging to the children of God in their travels through the wilderness. His compositions are truly excellent, and as a Poet he is said to be one of the world's greatest reprovers; and perhaps that is why he did not in his day shine in the world as a star of the greatest magnitude. But like others of his time, including Toplady, Hart, Dr. Watts, Huntington, Gadsby, Philpot, etc., they had to die that their real worth to the Church of Christ might be more fully known and more warmly appreciated. Servants of God, and especially authors of sound Divinity, are much more appreciated for their works' sake by the faithful in Christ Jesus, in after days, when their works have been blessed to their souls. We have thus experienced it with regard to many of our Hymn Writers, whose productions have been dear to our heart, and though we have never known them personally, yet our love towards them is great and unfeigned. Good versifiers of scriptural truth, if it be experimentally woven together, invariably meet with a warm reception by "the household of faith," and this is how it is that our selection of Hymns (Gadsby's) are so highly esteemed by truth-loving people, their spiritual value, and worth to the poor, and needy in Zion cannot be told. We have often said that this selection of hymns cannot be surpassed, if it can ever be equalled, therefore we gather that the writers of these hymns were a very godly race of people, and well taught by the

Holy Spirit the sublime truths they have set forth as with a master's hand. But it is a blessing indeed for the Church of God that all the poets, and hymn-writers did not cease to exist when our selection of hymns was finished, and sent forth in book form by Mr. Gadsby to our various churches of truth. Oh, no! We have some very able writers in verse abiding amongst us now, whom the Lord the Spirit has very graciously instructed. And if we cannot boast of many poets, we have some versifiers whose productions are very beautiful, and would rank well with many of our excellent authors. Good Daniel Herbert, was not a poet, nor did he excel as a rhymester, but his productions as a versifier are truly excellent, being so experimentally put together as to express the sincere feelings of the children of God, and here he shines in the eyes of the godly people as a master in Israel.

But in the little work we have set at the commencement of these papers, we have some truly blessed meditations on many gracious portions of the Holy Scriptures, laid before us in verse, which will compare well with many of our choicest hymns, and we notice that the author has well thought out his subject before he puts it into verse; thus his meaning is clearly understood in every line. Thus, in writing on the words, "An horror of great darkness fell upon him."—Gen. xv. 12, and upon his own present feelings. On page 11th he says:

"What darkness overspreads my mind!

What horrors line the way!

The path of peace I cannot find,

Or see one guiding ray.

I get no sweetness from the Book

That fed the saints of old;

Into the Volume often look,

And yet feel hard and cold."

Is not this a true description of what a child of God often feels when he sits down to read, and meditate upon God's holy Word. Then he goes on to say at the third verse:

"I search for some consoling seal,

The page intently scan;

Then put the book away, and feel

As dark as I began.

In solitude I mourn and mope,

With fruitless groans and sighs;

Bereft of every gleam of hope,

What dismal scenes arise!

O Jesus, speak a word to me!

My doubt and darkness end;

My soul would find repose in thee,

The sinner's only Friend."

To read such language is like reading page after page of our own experience, and if that be the author's experience, it then follows that we are both taught by the same Spirit, and are

exercised in a similar manner for our souls' welfare, and eternal safety. On page 35 he writes on the postponement of the King's Coronation, June, 1902—

“O England, what a stroke is this—  
 Sore wounded in thy Head!  
 Thy dream of coronation bliss  
 Shattered, dissolved, and fled!  
 From east to west, from south to north,  
 The tidings quickly flew;  
 Despairingly the cry went forth,  
 ‘Can it indeed be true?’  
 Who shall describe the awful thrill  
 Which wondering millions felt,  
 When the great King made known his will,  
 And bade the vision melt?”

What a remarkable time that was in the annals of English history; when the great Jehovah laid his afflicting hand upon our King Edward the VII., and stopped his coronation, thus showing to the creatures of his hand, that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. We are pleased that our esteemed author has noted that solemn event in this interesting little book, so that future generations may see it, and fear and tremble, and learn by that world's disappointment that the God of Heaven, who ruleth over all, is to be had in reverence of all that are about him. But we pass on to give one more extract from lines written on (Psalm xv. 9) page 91:

“The years roll on;  
 Time swiftly bears us to our end;  
 O that we could repose upon our Friend,  
 Like happy John!  
 Onward we move  
 To that vast number in the tomb;  
 But there's a place beyond the vale of gloom—  
 The land of love!  
 Jesus is there,  
 The Saviour of thy trembling soul;  
 To lead thee where the living waters roll  
 Will be his care.  
 But ere that day,  
 O that we may together sing,  
 And see that Jesus is our Lord and King  
 Through all the way!”

We trust from these extracts given, our readers will see that this book, the “Harp of Zion” is well filled with choice gospel truths, which are set forth by the worthy author in a manner that is calculated through the Holy Spirit to attract the attention of the tried children of God; and in reading these truly interesting pieces, it will be seen that the author has been led to write for the benefit of the Lord's family some of the things he has through

grace, handled, and tasted of the Word of life through the preaching of the everlasting gospel, and from the various dealings of God with his soul. The book is well got up, and the contents well arranged; and as the profits are to be given to the "Gospel Standard" "Poor Relief Society," which is in need of help, we earnestly hope the blessing of the Lord will attend it, that it may be helpful to his chosen family, and bring glory to his name.

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### GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

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My dear Friend,—This is the second attempt I have made to reply to your kind letter of the 2nd inst. I am, or rather we are, always glad to hear from you. We often speak of you, and in our feeble way "remember you in our prayers and desiring the Lord to be your Helper, in the arduous duties, and responsible position you have, in the order of Divine providence been called to occupy. It is an honourable post, but a responsible one, and laborious. We have many mercies, and strength has been given to us equal to our day; so that we have not yet fainted nor turned back in the day of battle. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." (Psalm lxi. 1.) And we have proved it to be true.

Business has not been with us as we expected it would be, owing to the unsettled state of the weather; but we feel a measure of thankfulness for what it has been, and continues to be. In our measure we have waited for the Lord "in the way of his judgments," and the desire of our souls has been turned towards his Holy Name. (Isa. xxvi. 8.) Though much tossed about in our minds, we have been enabled by the Holy Spirit to "hope in God," and to cling to Christ, who is the "Rock of Ages."

Well might the prophet say, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." (Isa. xxvi. 4.) I quite agree with your remarks about the nation. The Lord is very long-suffering: There appears to be around us, an utter disregard to everything which tends to godliness, and respect for the Lord's day, what the issue of it will be the Lord only knows. But of this we are sure, that "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth (or a nation) that shall he also reap." (Gal. vi. 7.) I think we are living in the last days, for iniquity everywhere abounds; and the love of many (even of some of whom we have hoped well) is waxing cold. There is in these days much lip profession, but what little heart-worship do we see of the right sort! The Lord himself said, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?" "As it was in the days of Noah, and of Sodom, so shall it be when the Son of man cometh." But the Lord has given a gracious promise in his Word that in that day "it shall be well with the righteous." There appears to be a marked withholding of the Holy Spirit's

gracious influences in the Church of Christ, and a drinking in to a great extent of the spirit of the world. The two cannot abide, or dwell together. If we are beguiled by Mr. Carnal Security, and can sit at ease at the feast he makes, the Holy Spirit's influence will be withholden from us. It is our mercy if godly fear be in our heart, and a tender conscience makes us feel uncomfortable at such times, and stirs up our mind to consider our solemn condition, and causes us to cry to the Lord for him to "renew a right spirit within us." You will be pleased to hear that we are going on very comfortably together at our little place of worship. We have just had the chapel cleaned, and put in good order both inside and outside, and the cost of it is paid without appealing to others for help. There is one circumstance which causes me much anxiety (viz.) my brother deacon is obliged to leave here, his employer wishes him to do so, and go some miles away. How the matter will turn out I cannot say; but at present it seems as though the weight of the cause will fall heavier upon me, but I am comforted with the thought, that it is all in the Lord's hands, and there I desire to leave it. . . . We sincerely hope you are better, and stronger in body than you were, and that Mrs. F. is favoured with some relief, and trust your afflictions are being sanctified. He whom we profess to love, and follow, was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"; and the Word says that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven; and the Refiner knows how to heat the furnace so that the gold may be properly purified. Remember "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days thy strength shall be." What a mercy the Lord fits his children to the rough and thorny way, he does not leave them to make themselves fit. We are fairly well in health. My dear wife and daughter join me in kind Christian love to you; and may the Lord stand by you and grant you every needed blessing, and bless your labours, and you in them. I am yours very truly,

J. L.

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#### LETTERS TO A FRIEND.—No. 18.

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My dear Friend,—Our ever to be adored Lord came into the world according unto the wise eternal counsel of God. There was an over-ruling Providence disposing events, causes, circumstances, and men, and which prevented certain things taking place which men had proposed adverse to the Divine will, and which influenced and permitted the doing of other things. "And the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro throughout the whole earth," steadily watched over all. He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, constantly observes all things. Jacob or Israel was the head of literal Israel, so the Saviour is the Head and Representative of the whole Israel of God. The glory of



God is what Christ had in view when he came in the flesh, in the miracles he wrought, in the doctrines he taught, and in the great work of salvation—every perfection of the Trinity is glorified in him.

In the first verse of the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah Christ speaks (for he is the great prophet of the Church): "Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people, from far." That is, the inhabitants thereof, and even these our British Isles are included, perhaps primarily intended—O deaf England! to whom dost thou listen, after whom art thou going? God has dealt kindly with thee, more mercifully than with any other people. It may be said of thee as it was said of Israel of old: "What one nation in the earth is like thy people, even like Israel, whom God went to redeem to himself?" (2 Sam. vii. 23.) What one nation in the earth is like thee, even like thee, O England? Behold God in his providence went forth to redeem thee from those tyrannical laws beneath which this land once groaned. He has given to thee privileges more than to any other nation. He has given thee his Word, put it into thy hand, with liberty to read it. He has raised up his ministers to open that Word, and some of them of illustrious name because of the grace of God that was with them. They are embalmed in the memory of the true churches of Christ, they being dead yet speak even now to thee. Listen, O England! They come with the message of the Lord. There is Huntington of blessed memory; Gadsby a deeply-taught man of God; the late Warburton—God, by his message, rejoiced the hearts of hundreds; Kershaw—how sweetly he talked of Jesus; Philpot, a man of erudition by grace becoming a fool that he might be wise unto salvation. These, and many more, have lifted up their voice within thee; and they have left a testimony behind them which thou, if so disposed, mayest peruse, and if thou openest thine heart to receive their reproof then thou shalt have a prophet's reward. (Matt. x. 41.) But if thine heart turn away so that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away after cunningly devised fables I announce unto thee that thou shalt not prolong thy days in thy flesh-pleasing superstitions, and valueless mode of worship falsely so-called!

We have a remarkable instance of Divine providence recorded by Luke of the circumstance of a certain decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. In obedience to this all those concerned throughout Judea and Galilee and Syria, men women and children, everyone went into his own city—that in which he was born, had any estate, or to which he belonged. This came to pass a little before the birth of our Blessed Lord; and this it was that caused Joseph to go up from Galilee to Bethlehem with Mary. (Luke ii. 1-5.) The notable feature in it is this: Those who are acquainted with ancient history inform us that Augustus, when in Spain twenty-seven years before, determined upon this but he was diverted from it by some dis-

turbances in the empire, so that it was deferred to this time. Had this decree been made at the time intended the probability is that it would not have been carried out at the time of the Saviour's birth and therefore Joseph and Mary would not have had occasion to have gone to Bethlehem. But thus it must be, being all settled in the purpose of God, and made known by the testimony of the prophet: "But thou, Bethlehem, Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be a ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from everlasting." (Michah v. 2.)

"What shall we then say to these things?" Surely there is safe and good ground for every believer to confide in the wise overruling providence of God; and encouragement to commit the concerns of business, the family, the body, the soul, to his unerring hands. The Psalmist, when he felt these things springing up in his heart to the refreshing of his soul, speaks in the language of encouragement to believers who are careful and troubled about many things: "Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." (Psalm xxxvii. 5.) And also to put all sceptics—if they were not wilfully case-hardened against the truth—to the blush. From the manger to the triumphant entry of the Saviour into eternal glory in the greatness of his strength he travelled every step of his life in the ordained path of God's predestination—"And the scripture must be fulfilled." The Lord said of himself—and that wisely and truly—that he was the Truth. I may say to every poor, doubting, cast-down, trembling, fearing, Christ-desiring Christian as Deborah said to Barak, Up, is not the Lord gone forth before thee? Yes; he has gone forth, and he, in the leading of thy soul, is putting thee forth in the path which he has sanctified. If thou art poor—his poverty will sweeten thine. If thou art persecuted—his reproach will season thy injuries. If thou art tempted—his temptation will soften thine. Thus he is indeed the Truth in the leading of his people in the predestinated path of tribulation the only way to the kingdom of heaven which he himself trod: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" (Luke xxiv. 26.) "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." (John xvi. 33.) He is the Truth in condescending to be subject to the law—he that by nature was, and is, the Son of God was made under the law to redeem them that were under the law. What a subject for meditation! The suretyship of Christ. David craves, "Be surety for thy servant." What a request! Not, provide a surety for me, be my surety, thou thyself, take my place, be answerable for me, take upon thyself my responsibility. Thou who are free become a slave, take upon thee my chains, come into my dungeon, take upon thee my disgrace, all to procure my emancipation! The Saviour took this yoke upon himself to exempt his people from the law. Sweet

truth, precious to feel it! The Saviour sets us free; glorious liberty!

“Ye slaves in Sinai’s cell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live.”

He is the Truth by voluntarily offering up himself as a sacrifice for sin. Every sacrifice under the law pointed to him; and he himself submitted to this decree, it was not forced upon him. It was his own act to bind himself according to the determined counsel of God. Now this was the more binding, because it was the declared counsel in prophecies, sacrifices, and figures, of the Old Testament. Therefore Christ cried out at his death, “It is finished,” it is accomplished, I, the Truth, have completed it.

He is the Truth in destroying the works of Satan which is the bruising his head, and this he did in his own person when he defeated him in the temptation in the wilderness. Christ then triumphed over him, and again when he rose from the dead he swallowed up death in victory. He again triumphs over Satan when, by grace, he rescues his elect from his power by the implanting of Divine life. “Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?” All mankind are taken captive by Satan, the strong man armed; he thinks that he has a right to them in that they give themselves to him, he leads them as willing captives; and it may be supposed that he asks in presumptuous pride: “Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?” Thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away—and that to the bruising of the serpent’s head. May the Lord seal these truths in our hearts.—Yours in love,

J. WARBURTON.

Southill, March 26, 1888.

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#### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE “GOSPEL STANDARD” AND REPLY.

Dear Sir,—In reading the “Gospel Standard” for May, 1903, I noticed a remark by the late Mr. Daniel Keevill, which I was surprised to see inserted. On page 208, lines from top, 10, 11, 12; which remark does not appear consistent with the fundamental truths of the written Word; nor yet with the general principles of the “Gospel Standard.” Had Mr. Keevill said it was the only way into a Strict Baptist Church, all quite right; but to say it was the only way into the Church of Christ is to my mind a serious error, and not orthodox. Alas! If it is, how many private Christians, and eminent Gospel ministers have missed the way? I refer you to (Matt. iii. 11) last clause, which I consider is conclusive. Other readers of the “G.S.” have

named the matter to me, who believe it is calculated to wound the feelings of many, who in simplicity would be in a measure disturbed in their minds. I have been a reader and subscriber to the "Gospel Standard" over fifty years, and believe the paragraph referred to is calculated to damage the position of the periodical, and also the cause. By kindly inserting this in your next issue of the "Gospel Standard," you will oblige, yours faithfully,

A. B.

The following is our Reply to the above letter :—

Dear Sir,—We are always pleased to have any mistakes pointed out to us by our friends, as with all our care, and attention, we regret to say they will at times creep into our pages. But, in calling our attention to any inaccuracies that may occur, we wish it to be done in the spirit of the gospel; as writing in that spirit, it meets with a hearty response, and fills our mind with a burning zeal to be more careful in the future. Some persons who write to us on such matters, show a dictatorial spirit, others we notice labour hard in trying to show us how wise they are, so wise, that their judgment is not to be doubted. Hence we are led to gather that such persons' interest is not so much centred in the subject in hand, as it is in trying to convince us that they are an authority, and that their wisdom ought to be respected. Letters from such persons, we invariably take no notice of as they only provoke bad feelings in our heart, at the way in which they have been written. But, dear sir, we will not say that you have written to us in a similar manner, and therefore your letter shall have our attention, as we believe your motive is pure, and as far as you know yourself, you have written honestly, what you consider to be right. But, because you, and a few other readers of the "Gospel Standard," have complained of an error being inserted in the May number (1903) it does not follow that the bulk of the godly readers of the Magazine would consider the paragraph in the same light as you, and your friends have done. If, as you say, it is calculated to damage the position of the Periodical, we fully believe that many of our godly friends would have called our attention to the error a long time ago, and not allowed, as you have done, nearly four months to pass away without giving us a friendly hint of such a serious matter. It is somewhat singular to our mind that you (and not one beside) should raise an objection to a warm-hearted expression or two by the late Mr. Keevill being inserted in the "G.S." It is true, we were not personally acquainted with Mr. Keevill, but from many reports of him that have reached us, it is generally believed that he was a sound Strict Baptist preacher of the gospel; and as the account given of him says, his testimony was blessed to many. But for the benefit of our readers we will here give his exact words which you, and your friends consider to be an error: "But in my searching I was led to see

that there is no other way into the church of Christ but by being baptized in water, which is the only Scriptural command laid down in the Word of God." Sir, we fail to see it in the light you do, hence we do not consider it to be an error, nor inconsistent with the Word of God, nor does it clash with the principles of the "Gospel Standard." You then go on to say: "Had Mr. Keevill said it was the only way into a Strict Baptist Church, all quite right; but to say it was the only way into the church of Christ is to my mind a serious error, and not orthodox." This sir, is somewhat beside the mark, as any one will know that to be baptized in water is the way to become a Baptist. But, alas! say you, if it is the only way into the church of Christ; how many private Christians, and eminent gospel ministers have missed the way? If sir, you mean here that such persons have missed heaven and glory, it surely does not follow so! and here we are afraid that you are not clear in your judgment. You appear to confuse the church of Christ on earth, with the eternal purposes of Jehovah concerning his elect people, who are all safe and secure in Christ Jesus, and ever were, and always will be. Your private Christians, and eminent ministers, may then be safely secured in the covenant of grace, and have their names written in the Lamb's Book of life, and not be admitted into the Church of Christ in this time state. We do not look upon Believer's Baptism as a saving ordinance, but as the fruits and the effects of Divine grace in the heart, and the outcome of the Holy Spirit's teachings. You call our attention to the last clause of (Matt. iii. 11), which reads thus: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Which you consider to be conclusive. But, dear sir, that does not touch the point in hand, and has no reference to being baptized in water, but it applies to the Lord's people being baptized with the Holy Ghost, which takes place when the Holy Spirit is poured out upon them, as saith the prophets Joel, and Zechariah; and was blessedly made manifest in the hearts of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, for "there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." If then, you have ever had such a blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit in your heart, no wonder then that you should consider the baptism of the Spirit to be conclusive, which we suppose you to mean that you are a child of God, and hereafter will be an inheritor of the Kingdom of Glory. But you will see from (Acts ii. 41) that "those that received the word gladly, and to whom the Holy Ghost was given, were baptized, and were added unto the disciples the same day, and continued steadfastly with them in doctrine, in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." This, sir, was the first Church under the Christian dispensation, which Christ himself established with his disciples, and was the foundation of. Surely then we cannot be doing wrong when we call it "the Church of Christ"? And were not

the churches that were planted in after days by the Apostles, built upon the same foundation, and imbibed the same principles, kept the same precepts, and were governed by the same rules; the Churches of Christ too? And you will remember the command given by Christ to these disciples before he went home to glory. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) Nothing can be clearer to our mind from these words of Christ, than that believers in Jesus are commanded to obey the precepts of the gospel, as Christ himself did, and to walk in all the ordinances of his house blameless; and, sir, in doing so, there is great reward. We know of nothing better than the answer of a good conscience toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is then a high privilege to be a member of Christ's Church here on earth, and we see no other way whereby we can become a member of it only by being baptized in water, as was Christ, and sitting down with his believing followers to the Lord's Supper. We then endorse the statement made by the late Mr. Keevill i.e., "That there is no other way into the Church of Christ but by being baptized in water"; and if you knew any other way into his church here below, why did you not point it out to us in your letter. Your private Christians, and eminent ministers, if they have not been baptized under the same teachings, and leadings, as were the disciples, that is to say by the Holy Spirit, whatever Church they may belong to, it is not scripturally orthodox, and they are not walking obediently to the Lord's gracious commands. And should you be in a like position, we would say to you in the spirit of the Gospel, look well to your ways, and ponder the paths of your feet, for they that despise Christ's commands, shall be lightly esteemed. While they that take up their daily cross and follow him, shall each be able believingly to exclaim in the end, "That Christ is not ashamed of me." I am, dear sir, yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

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#### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. MOUNTFORT.

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My dear Friend,—I was inditing a letter to you a few evenings ago, on going to bed, and I thought it high time to know something about you; and I was not a little pleased to see your letter yesterday, and I would I had something to send you worth your acceptance, but if you will have such things for correspondents and friends, you must be content to have what we have got! My heart sins are a great plague and torment, I mourn, and yet I need mourn more. I am grieved for my sinfulness and sinnings, yet my grief is as nothing compared with them. I sigh

for deliverance and cry to be kept from evil, yet still seek after my lovers; I hate vain thoughts, yet sometimes, they and I walk together as friends, and I try to extract as much juice from them as I can. Disappointment and vexation is a bitter portion, but the rod of correction is needful for heart folly. The Lord makes a hedge of thorns and a wall, to keep us from one path, which would lead us to hell—and weakens and wearies us in our pursuit, till we are miserable and wretched, and are made glad to return to our first husband, and we bitterly feel it was better with us then than now. Mercy and compassion cause us to forget our sorrow, and remember our misery no more, and we reckon little of the little hells we passed through to find so much of heaven, things behind, are forgotten, when our prospect of bliss is clear, and our election and calling are manifest—and the Lord alone can make it so, to the satisfying of the desire of a living soul. The living God, for a living soul, and as he lives in us by faith (the substance of what we hope) we live by him, and in him, and to him, in thanksgiving, praise and glory; and it is our mercy, we find no life in any other—our life may be hid and concealed, but never lost, nor die. We mourn and sigh because we find so much death in ourselves, and the world, but have more cause to rejoice, for if our life was there, it would not be hid in Christ, and it is in safe keeping there, and when he appears (as he surely will to all who are ready to perish without him) we too, shall appear with him as hid in him—and as we rejoice now, when he appears, his appearing shall be to our joy and rejoicing hereafter.—“In the world ye shall have tribulation.” Then let us bless him, it is so.” “But in me ye shall have peace.” Then we need glory in tribulations, which are made to yield such peace, though the world within and without threatens our overthrow, and sometimes boasts of victory: “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world,” and if we could overcome without him, we should neither know nor see him so glorious, as at times we do, when he overcomes us (our unbelief, self-will, peevish lusts, ill tempers, doubts, fears, etc.) and the world too, and shows our safety that neither earth nor hell can reach us to destroy us, blessed hiding place, sweet rest, precious peace, happy souls that run into this and are safe!—Felt mourned, grievous, confessed infirmities, make us meet for this. Great grace says: I’ll glory in them, that his power may rest upon me. Through mercy Jabez is improving and gaining strength, and affords me much hope, he is destined for heaven, my dear wife is tolerable, and also the children. The Lord be thanked; may he bless thee and thine and our dear brother Dennett, to whom remember me affectionately, mercy and peace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus, and may he help you to remember me in your prayers, as I hope I may you, and remain in love, your companion in tribulation,

Walsall, June 10th, 1863.

C. MOUNTFORT.

MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE  
WORD OF GOD.

BY JOHN RUSK.

“Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return ye children of men.”  
(Psalm xc. 3.)

(Continued from p. 377).

(4) Another blessed effect of this returning to the Lord is deliverance from every foe. Now, when we are turned to destruction this is not so for God permits man to ride over our heads, our enemies triumph over us and rejoice in our calamities as may be seen in the case of Job where he says, “They that are younger than I have me in derision,” for he said the Lord had turned him to destruction, and had loosed his cord and afflicted him, and his enenuies had also loosed the bridle before him, they came upon him as a breaking-in of waters, in the desolation (or destruction) they rolled themselves upon him; but the rod of the wicked is not to rest for ever on the lot of the righteous. Two purposes are brought about while this destruction is going on—the wicked in so doing ripen themselves for eternal destruction, and on the other hand God’s poor family are well humbled and brought down to the very dust, but when he says, “return” then their eyes see their desire upon their enemies. When Satan and the host of corruptions within us and without, innumerable fears on all hands, come upon us then the promise is fulfilled that the just shall come out of trouble. God’s hand is known towards his servants, and his indignation toward his enemies for no weapon formed against us shall prosper. Read the thirty-seventh Psalm and look at David—see the many entanglements he had and yet he never left his God. The craft and subtilty of Saul, Ahitophel, his son Absalom, and others, all of whom came to untimely ends but the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went. “Yes,” say you, “David was a great man, a man after God’s own heart and therefore he differed much from such a poor, weak, timid, feeble worm as I feel myself to be!” But do you know that David felt the same? Did he not say that he was poor and sorrowful, and did he not call himself a worm? You know that those very feelings prove you to be on a level with David and that David’s God is your God in covenant little as you may think it. Take particular notice of the following promise: “In that day shall the Lord defend the inhabitants of Jerusalem;” by which spiritually I understand all the election of grace and none else, and for this reason because we read: “I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplications.” (Zech. xii. 8, 10.) But God’s Spirit is only poured on Christ’s seed, for the world cannot receive him, thus the same “inhabitants” that he de-



fends are the same upon whom he pours his Spirit, and by Jerusalem I understand God's covenant as may be seen in Galatians fourth chapter and twenty-fourth verse. Then take notice of those who need this defending and how they may be said to become on a level with David the man of God. "And he that is feeble among them at that day shall be as David." Is it not wonderful that you and I who go tottering, trembling, and fearing should, in that day—or day of return to the Lord—be as David? It is astonishing but it is God's word and the scriptures cannot be broken, and see that ye refuse not him that speaketh.

Observe then, that when we return to the Lord this deliverance takes place. When Samuel spake unto the house of Israel saying, "If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only: and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines." And they obeyed and eventually overcame the Philistines for they returned to the Lord; and Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. (1 Sam. vii. 3-12.)

(5) Another blessed effect in this returning is peace. During the time that God contends with us there is no peace, our feelings are wretched, we are miserable at home and abroad, in company or alone, hearing the Word or in reading it, in short do what we will nothing but destruction appears before our eyes. But when he says "return," then a change takes place and peace is sweetly felt and enjoyed; hence David prays, "Turn us O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger towards us to cease," and then later on in the same Psalm he says, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly" (Psa. lxxxv. 8). Now what can be compared to the peace of God reigning in the heart? It proves that we are in covenant with him, that we walk with him as Levi did, that we are in a pardoned justified state, and shall be with Christ for ever and ever. Surely, fellow traveller, we do well to seek this peace and pursue it, for there will be many things come upon us to interrupt it. Hezekiah found bitterness, and so shall we again and again, but here lies our comfort that it cannot be finally lost but is of everlasting duration: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isa. liv. 10.) This Christ made for us on the cross, and he left it us before he ascended to glory, for he said, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Now, such as have this peace possess God's Spirit for this peace is one of his fruits; such persons are delivered out of Satan's kingdom, and God's kingdom is set up in their hearts which kingdom is righteousness, peace, and

they are adopted into his family. Now when we return to the Lord all this is enjoyed, and how precious is it then to live up to our privileges.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Obituary.

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Mr. TAYLOR.—My dear brother Benjamin Taylor, was born on May 2nd 1834 of poor, but God-fearing, parents. His mother was a member of the Church of England, but she was no stranger to the new birth, and faith and repentance towards God, which are blessings by which admittance is obtained into the Kingdom of heaven. His father was a member of the Strict Baptist Church, at Old Hill, Staffordshire, under the pastoral care of the late Mr. J. Smith. It was his parents' united aim to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Family reading and prayer were strictly attended to; but in my dear brother's case, as in the case of many of us, he only learnt the truth in the letter until he was about eighteen years of age; when the burden of his sins was laid with solemn weight and power upon his conscience, and which brought him in guilty before God. He now had to diligently read his Bible, and turn aside in secret to pray. He still attended the Church, and was much esteemed by the minister, but in time, through lack of proper spiritual food for his hungry soul, he was constrained to leave the Church, and to seek spiritual food, and rest for his weary soul at the Strict Baptist Chapel, where his dear father was a member until his death, in the year 1860. My brother and sister with myself were baptized together in the year 1862, and joined the Strict Baptist Church, where my brother continued a consistent member until his death. For many years he was one of the deacons of the church, and gave out the hymns as long as he was able to do so. I must pass over many heavy trials he had to pass through (both spiritual and temporal) during the next thirty years, for the record of them would fill a large volume. Indeed I might say that my dear brother's life, was a life of trial. He had, however, many gracious promises given him in his many times of need, and the dear Lord mercifully delivered him out of his numerous trials, temptations, and sorrows. Often when his trials were most severe, and his path so dark, and crooked that he failed to see the Lord's hand opening on his behalf he had grace given him to get on to his watch-tower, looking for and expecting the Lord to appear for his help and guidance. Sometimes the help he sought was delayed, (not denied) then he was at times able to trust the Lord, even where he could not trace him, which was hoping in the dark; and living and

walking a little by faith. But the Lord had so many times appeared for him in times of trials, and afflictions that he had never sought his face in vain, and those gracious deliverances, and blessed visitations were wonderful helps to him by the way, and which emboldened him to say, "The Lord is my Rock, and my fortress, of whom shall I be afraid!" But I will come now to the last eighteen months of his life, the greater part of which time he was confined to his home through illness; and was like an old soldier he had retired from the battle-field, and from his daily labour, and from Church trials, of which he had many, then he became a daily pensioner upon the bounties of God's kind providence, and he was led to observe that he never lacked one good thing that he actually needed, either in things temporal or in things spiritual. And there was scarcely a cloud ever obstructed his sun spiritually but he was favoured in some measure with a fore-taste of that heavenly rest which he now most blessedly enjoys.

The following extracts which were sent to me by him will show the state of his mind better than I am able to do. "December 25th, 1895.—My dear sister, I never remember enjoying such a Christmas day before. My soul has been humbled before the Lord. As soon as I awoke this morning, these words came with power: 'Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a Manger.' O what a sight, and sense by faith I had of Incarnate Deity, with his life of suffering, and his painful death which appeared to be all for me!" "January 1st 1896. Dear Sister, I have been much worse this week, but I hope you will not be too much cast down, but I would have you rejoice, not at my sufferings, but for the glorious prospect I have before me. I have this morning been favoured in my feelings to ascend the Mount, and view the goodly land, even before I enter there. O the unspeakable glories that await me! I shall not attempt to describe my feelings respecting this blessed subject, were I to do so I should fail in the attempt; but my soul's desire is to 'lose myself in Jesus quite.'

'Millions of years my wondering eyes,  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;  
And endless ages I'll adoré  
The glories of thy love.'

Talk of dying! 'Faith may triumph o'er the grave, and trample on the tomb, and cry, O grave, where is thy victory; O death, where is thy sting?'

"January 11th. I am certainly worse to-day, and I know not what awaits me. I still enjoy the prospect of that glory of which I have had a view by faith.

"There from the bosom of my God;  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;  
There would I fix my last abode  
. And drown the sorrows of my soul.'

“February 1st. My dear Sister, I never remember being favoured with such a drawing out of my soul towards the Lord as I experienced last night. I felt lost to everything here on earth. It was such a breathing after God that cannot be expressed.

‘His hands are fairer to behold,  
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;  
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree,  
Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me.’”

“March 21st. I have been favoured this morning with a sweet view of Divine mercy flowing copiously from Calvary, and found it good, as I trust I have many times before, in feeling that that rich mercy has come into my soul. This poor body of mine will soon become food for worms; but oh! the rich mercy of God which enables me to look forward and behold it rise again without spot or blemish, and

‘My purer spirit shall not fear, to put this body on;  
It’s tempting powers no more are there;  
Its lusts, and passions gone.’

And then, a long eternity of rest and peace in that mansion of Glory.” The many precious things that dropped from my dear brother’s lips, were they all written, would fill a volume, but I will come now to the last fortnight of his life, during which time I saw him nearly every day. On June 22nd the following portion was much impressed upon his mind, “For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.” (Romans viii. 29, 30.) He then said—“the Lord called me by his grace more than forty years ago, and I am justified in, and through, and by Christ Jesus, and I am now waiting to be glorified.” He then repeated the following verse—

“Now let the Lord my Saviour smile,  
And show my name upon his heart;  
I would forget my pains awhile;  
And in the pleasure, lose the smart.”

“It would swell my sorrows very high, were my blessed Jesus to frown upon me; but bless his name, I receive from him smiles and not frowns.”

“Lord, I believe, thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be;  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A Golden harp for me.  
’Tis strung and tuned, for endless years,  
And formed by power divine;  
To sound in God the Father’s ears  
None other name but thine.”

He then said, "I have been asking the Lord to 'lead me into green pastures; and beside the still waters'; but blessed be his name, he has given me some of the old corn of the land, which enables me by faith to adopt the language of the Apostle Paul when he said, 'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

July 1st he said to me—"It reads, 'Being confident (not *may* be confident) of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.'" I found him the next day very weak in body, and not able to converse. When I entered his room, he looked at me and said, "How can I sink with such a prop; That bears the earth and all things up." I replied "Never! never!" On July 3rd which is the day he died; as soon as I entered his room, he said to me, "Don't leave me," I replied, "No, I will not leave you again." He then raised his eyes upwards and in a solemn manner said,— "Dear Lord, come and fetch my longing spirit home?" Soon after this, he very quietly breathed his last, to be for ever with the Lord. His mortal remains were committed to the dust in the burying-ground at the back of the Chapel, by his esteemed friend, the late Mr. Keevill, whom he dearly loved for the truth's sake. Thus lived, and died, one who was dear to me in the double bonds of natural, and spiritual love. I have lost in him a good counsellor, and adviser, but my loss, is his eternal gain.

A. JEFFERY.

Mrs. STEPHENS. — My dear wife, Fanny Stephens, was born of God-fearing parents, William and Sarah Kelly, who lived in Cumbergate, Peterborough. They attended Zion Chapel at that time (1830) but great alterations at the chapel have taken place since then. Ground has been purchased, the chapel enlarged, and a new street has been formed, and the name Zion, has been altered to Salem; hence the Chapel is now known by the name "Salem Chapel." I mention these matters for the interest of those that may remember the time I allude to.

As my wife grew up from childhood she became of a lively turn of mind, and was much attached to the carnal amusements, and pleasures of the world, and she has told me that she used to look forward with delight to the time when these worldly amusements were to be carried out. But in due time the Lord was pleased to put a check upon her taking delight in these carnal amusements. Through her brother John she was induced to go amongst "the people called Methodists," and she very soon became highly esteemed by them, and as she was very attentive to Class Meetings, and Love Feasts, she became quite a favourite among them. Being at one time so delighted at one of these love feasts, when she reached her home she said to her mother,

“Mother, you never told me what there was to be enjoyed in religion!” Her dear mother said, “Ah! my dear, you do not know the secret!” This unexpected expression greatly surprised her, as she has told me since, and no wonder, when it is remembered at that time she was but a young thoughtless creature, full of vain things. But as time went on, and knowing a good number of those that attended these love feasts, who could talk very much of what the Lord had done for them, and my wife beginning now to feel some tenderness of conscience, and understanding a little more of what was right, and what was wrong, she began to see that their life did not agree with what they said, and did, at these love feasts. At length she asked her brother John (who stood very high in the Methodist connection) what he thought of these class meetings? And to her dismay he evaded the question asked; which led to a great change being made in her feelings, and in her daily life. It was the custom on the Sunday mornings for her mother to go to Zion Chapel, and she to the Methodist, they parted at a certain place. But one Sunday morning they set off as usual, and when coming to the spot where they generally separated she said to her mother, “Oh mother; I think I will go to your chapel this morning.” Her dear mother’s heart instantly went up to God and was moved with delight, when she exclaimed, “Do, my dear!” and they both went together to Zion Chapel, and heard a godly minister preach the gospel. In the afternoon she went to see her sister, who was highly esteemed by the Wesleyans (Methodists) who said to her, “Fanny, I did not see you at chapel this morning!” There was a pause for some moments, then her sister said—“Surely Fanny you have not been to hear that old creature at Zion Chapel?” To which question she gave a decided “Yes, Sarah,” and then went on to say—“You may depend upon it, Sarah, I shall never want to go into that Methodist Chapel again as long as I live.” I might here say that her dear father entertained a good hope, that his daughter Fanny would be called by grace, and that God would plant his holy fear in her heart, and so it came to pass in due time. Soon after this eventful time, we were married, and our Wedding day was June 11th 1843. We lived together until April 28th 1898, which was fifty-four years and ten months, and during all that time I never knew her to enter a Methodist Chapel. The Lord the Spirit so instructed her in the things of God that in course of time she became sound in the faith, and a firm believer in a free grace gospel, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, as wrought in her heart by the blessed Spirit of God. The operations of the Spirit were very effectual in her soul, which made her conscience very tender, and the fear of the Lord being in exercise in her heart were the means of preserving her from a wavering mind through life in the things of God, and which laid a good foundation in the oaths, and promises of the Lord, for her faith and hope to rest upon

as to her eternal safety in the blood and righteousness of Christ Jesus. But she was often tried respecting the doctrine of the new birth, and the repentance unto eternal life. She has told me on several occasions, that when being exercised about being born again, this portion of the Word has been a help to her: "The wind bloweth where it listeth," etc. It gave her some encouragement to hope that she had been born again of the Spirit. But her daily life to a spiritual observer would assure such an one that she brought forth fruit unto righteousness, and showed marks and evidences of the new birth being wrought in her soul. She was a great Bible reader, and its blessed contents often were made most helpful, and encouraging to her often cast-down mind. By a continual reading of the Holy Scriptures, the Lord gave her a wise and understanding heart; so that I felt I could listen to her like a child that needed instruction. Her counsel was good, and worth acting upon, and there was weight and power attending it, which impressed me that she was taught from on high, which is a great favour, and a wonderful mercy indeed for any one; and I am at a loss to find words suitable, to express the grateful feelings of my heart for having such a valuable praying wife. But she with myself had to travel through a path of tribulation, but to relate all the circumstances in connection therewith would fill a large volume. We had fourteen children, but eleven of them were afflicted, and died, and the sorrows, and trials that attended those afflictions and bereavements none can fully enter into but those that have a similar experience. The Lord, however, remembered us in our low estate, and fulfilled his promises on our behalf, so that my dear wife, and myself could say, "The Lord is good, and a very present help in times of trouble." And how true that portion has been in our trials: "That, as thy days so shall thy strength be." Especially so did my dear wife prove it towards the close of her journey here on earth. The gracious helps she received from the Lord at times, were like props to support her, until the Lord came to take her redeemed soul to that blessed mansion in glory afore prepared for her, and for every elect vessel of mercy that are interested in the covenant of grace, and when they have finished their course upon earth. Some time before my dear wife departed, as she was sitting in her chair as if dozing a little, she exclaimed. "Think what the blood of Christ can do! Invaluable blood!" She was much favoured at times in hearing the gospel proclaimed by the Lord's sent servants at Salem Chapel. She felt at those times her safety and security in the blood and righteousness of Christ. When I think of her, as I often do, I feel sure the Lord gave her to me for a wife, and I feel inwardly sure the Lord has taken her unto himself, to see him as he is and to

"Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all."

I could say much more respecting the life of my dear wife, but I must draw to a close. The dear Lord brought her to the close of her days in a gentle peaceful manner. She lay very quiet for some time with a well-grounded hope in her soul that it would be well with her at the last. I was with her in the room, and our only son came up to see the last of his dear mother, and a few minutes before she departed she said, "Good bye, my dear son, I hope we shall meet in heaven." I can only add, that thus passed away my dear faithful wife. She was an affectionate mother, a kind friend, a good adviser, and an excellent peacemaker, in the Church of which she was an honourable member; and she was loved, and esteemed by all that knew her. I can truly say that my love and affection for her never abated from the first time I saw her down to the time she closed her eyes in death. There were many hindrances put in our pathway at the first to prevent our being joined together in marriage, but the Lord was pleased to over-rule every obstacle for our good, and I trust for his honour and glory. But I feel I can say,—“Bless the Lord O my soul; and forget not all his benefits.” The deliverances he wrought for us in passing through life’s journey are many, and demand my heart-felt thanks. My dear wife, and myself have said many times, that, it will take a long eternity to praise the Lord for all the mercies, spiritual, and temporal that we have received from his hand. Truly he has been a good God to each of us, ever since we came together. Therefore “having obtained help from the Lord, we have continued unto this day,” even the day of my dear wife’s peaceful departure to eternal glory.

I have written the above account of my dear wife from memory, and if you think it might be of any service to the readers of the “Gospel Standard” you are at liberty to insert it, for I can say in conclusion that, “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.)

R. STEPHENS.

[We had the pleasure of knowing the late Mrs. Stephens for some years, and can truly say that she feared God above many, and was an ornament to her profession.—Ed.]

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A RELIGION that does nothing for a man’s soul is practically worthless, and a religion that never manifests itself in a man’s life is as worthless as a religion that does nothing for the soul. Death is stamped upon both. Religion to be worth anything must be a living religion, a religion that proceeds from a work of grace upon the heart, communicating life to the soul, and exercising an influence wheresoever it exists, and in whomsoever it resides, for where there is a springing up of life in a man’s soul it must be made manifest by his words and actions.—*J. C. Philpot.*



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

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

“MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD, FOR  
THE LIVING GOD.”

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT COVENTRY, MAY 16TH,  
1841, MR. R. DE FRAINE.

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.”—PSALM, xlii, 5.

Religion is a personal thing, as I hope most of you believe; it begins with a change of heart. The great Head of the church has said, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.” As religion begins with a change of heart, it is a matter of infinite importance. Then let us make the enquiry, Has this change passed in our hearts? Are we the subjects of that grace, which is the gift of God? and prepared to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world, and ready to enter into that world in which “the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.” It is a searching enquiry, Do you possess a religion which is of God?

My dear friends, it is a solemn matter to be a Christian, to be brought before God as a sinner, a broken-hearted sinner, pleading with the Almighty for forgiveness of sins. Now, where this change is wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, there is a pleading with the Lord for forgiveness; and the prayer of the Psalmist, “For thy name’s sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great,” suits every convinced sinner. If sin be not felt to be a burden, if there be not a crying and entreating God for deliverance, a groaning after God for pardon, there is no evidence of divine life in the heart. Wherever there is true religion, there will be a groaning to God for mercy: the prayer of the poor publican. “God be merciful to me a sinner,” will be the prayer of that man or woman. May the Lord the Spirit impress your minds with these things;

time is very short; we are fast hastening to that period that will put all religion to the test. I hope that the religion you possess will be a comfort to you in that solemn moment when you are leaving this world, that you may have that support the gospel gives, having a knowledge of him "who destroyed him that had the power of death, and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Having made these remarks, I will say as the Psalmist in the context, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." What a striking distinction is here between the individual who is born again, and one who is not; the language of the wicked is, "Depart from us, O Lord, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways"; but the language of the Christian is, "Give me Christ, or else I die": also, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee": the soul panteth for his love, his presence from time to time, for the manifestations of his favour and power. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" When Christ is made known to the soul, it is very painful to be deprived of his presence. The Psalmist says, "My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God? When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me." He saw his trials working together for his good, and this led him to pray with more earnestness; when in the greatest difficulties the soul, if taught aright, will be more importunate. Under the old dispensation the church was never more importunate at the mercy-seat than when she fell into straits; she thus expresses herself: I remember the past mercies I received, the past enjoyments with which I have been favoured, the kindness of my Master (God), my Father, and my Friend; when I remember these things I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude. I used to go with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day. Here the Psalmist takes a retrospective view, remembers better days, when he felt his love to Christ more in exercise than at this time, more enjoyment in the gospel, more earnestness at the throne of grace, more pleasure in God's house; but now it seems his harp was on the willows, he was not in the enjoyment of these things, therefore he was troubled, and expressed, in the words of our text, the state of his mind, and encouraged himself in the Lord his God. "Why

art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." Here we have—

First. The features of a God-fearing man, the experience of one born from heaven, and we see at times and seasons he was cast down.

Secondly. The source of hope, "hope thou in God."

Thirdly. The anticipation of the future, "for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

In the first place, we have the experience of a feeling Christian, who at certain times, while going through the wilderness, was cast down; he was in trouble, spiritual trouble. Have you, my dear friends, ever been in spiritual trouble? troubled before God because you were a great sinner; troubled because of the magnitude of your guilt, and perhaps have had no one to point you to the remedy. Are you ever troubled to know whether you are one of the living family of God? do you desire to know what Dr. Watts means when he says,

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies?"

and do you long to have that contrite heart which the Lord says he will not despise, and with which he says he will dwell? The Israelites in going through the wilderness passed through a variety of changes, and so does the Christian; it is frequently a great trouble to him that he does not always feel the same love to Christ, that is, in the same degree, though the same in kind. Sometimes he feels more than he can express; at another time he feels that he has hardly any love at all: he knows what the poet means when he says,

"If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse  
Who have never heard his name."

What is Christianity? It is the love of God in the heart, and the life of God in the soul—Christ in us, the hope of glory; it is living on Christ, through virtue of union to him, being vitally and eternally united to Christ the living vine. The soul is often so troubled that he feels as the prophet says, "Woe is me! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage," etc. He wants more life, more love, more enjoyment in believing on the Lord; but perhaps the hand of the Lord seems going out against us, in our circumstances, in the circle of our friends, our dearest friends, as well as

dearest comforts, in order to test our faith. The Lord is pleased to allow his people to walk in darkness. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Then they cry unto the Lord, and he delivers them out of their distresses, leads them forth by a right way, though not always to their feelings a straight one, because in going through the wilderness his people are much perplexed with the Lord's dealings with them. Jacob said, "All these things are against me," etc.; but he found God was working for him all the time. If there are any here who have experienced bereavements, crosses, and losses, I would say to you in the language of the poet,

"God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,

But what thyself would do, if thou could'st see  
The end of all as well as he."

There is infinite wisdom in all his dealings with his people, and it will prove to be for their good and his own glory.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" We sometimes see extreme cases. The Psalmist once put up a petition like this: "Will the Lord cast off for ever? will he be favourable no more? is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" According to our feelings we may think the Lord has forgotten; yet God does not forget his people, he has engraven them upon the palms of his hands, and their walls are continually before him; then, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?" This supposes unceasing restlessness, no solid peace; we want the comfort of a bright evidence, the witness in our hearts; we do not merit any mercy, yet we say, "Hope thou in God." This was David's language, a blessed resource to him; here is the foundation of a Christian's hope in time of trouble, "in God." The apostle Paul saith, "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." "Wait," therefore, "on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart." Hope in God, in God's everlasting love. He hath said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Hope in God's mercy; though thou art afflicted, thy chastisements are

sent in love; because he loves thee, he chastens thee: "the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" therefore, "despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him." The love of Christ Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; though your soul and mine pass through many changes, yet the Lord knows none. He is my only hope I have no other refuge upon which to hang my helpless soul.

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

Here is the Christian's hope; and when enabled to contemplate on the character of Christ, he sees him as the Lord our righteousness, Immanuel, God with us, and altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand. He gave his life for our ransom, paid the price justice demanded. "Therefore we are justified freely from all things." He suffered, "the just for the unjust." He wrought out that robe of righteousness in which the poor sinner appears before God without spot. Think of the wonderful efficacy of that blood that "cleanseth from all sin": think on him as an intercessor, who "ever lives to make intercession for all that come unto God by him": think on the fulness of his grace, "It pleased the Father that in him, Christ Jesus, should all fulness dwell;" thus all those poor, undone, helpless sinners, who come to him, are told to cast their burden on the Lord, and he will sustain them: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

"Hope thou in God." I cannot go over half the promises in support of the child of God in trouble: though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters" of affliction, trouble, and sorrow, "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." "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"Hope thou in God," because it is said, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Consider the word of God; thou poor tried soul; and may the Spirit, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, take of the

things which are Christ's, and shew them unto you, that your hope may be encouraged, and your faith strengthened. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." Does the Lord seem to hide his face, and to hedge up the way, and, like Jeremiah, you say, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath?" but we find that after he came forth from this trial, he said, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

We will now notice the anticipation of the fulfilment of the promise of the future: "for I shall yet praise him." Your harps may be on the willows, but you will take them down when the Lord comes again. He will surely come and revive the work; come and shew himself as your God, your Jesus, and your Saviour: he will remove your burden, wipe away your tears, comfort your heart, direct your feet, and shew you the way in which you should walk. "I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." I have often thought of the Apostle Paul's words, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." The safety of our state does not depend on our feeling, though our comfort may. What a mercy Christ died, and he lives! "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and exalted be the God of my salvation." What a blessing to be made alive! to have a hope in God's mercy! and a good thing it is when enabled, with the Psalmist, to say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." "I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." Have you never gone to God with your burden, and left the throne of grace without it? Has not the presence of the Lord attended the hearing of the word of life, and at the table of the Lord? We must use the means though we cannot command the blessing. I do not believe because a man is saved by grace, he is to say it is no use for him to be obedient, it will bring nothing to him, and that disobedience keeps nothing from him. The Word of God says, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." And my own experience teaches me, if I walk contrary to God, he will walk contrary to me. Oh! it is as dear to me as life to be kept from backsliding: my cry is, "Hold up my goings, O Lord; never leave me, neither forsake me, O God, thou God of my salvation." Where there is a true, saving knowledge of the doctrines of grace, there will be an experience of the same, and a consistent practice of them. Those persons who contend for doctrines, and their practice is not con-

sistent, their religion is of little worth: "By their fruits ye shall know them." It is in the use of the means we enjoy the favour, friendship, and blessing of the Lord; there we are sometimes privileged to see his face and to rejoice in his love.

I shall leave these few remarks, entreating the God of my salvation to own what is agreeable to his will. And I would say to such before me, who know nothing of the exercise I have been trying to describe, though you may have the name of Christians, if you have no spiritual desires, no anxiety about the Lord's presence, and are a careless, Christless, prayerless man or woman, that unless the grace of God change your poor heart, where God is, you can never come. May God command the blessing. Amen.

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"Some have a desire to preach, and from that feeling conclude it must be of God. They go forth and try their gift; but their preaching is only from self. 'What mark, then, have we that a man is really sent of God to preach?' Some will say. Is it because the scripture is applied to his mind to go? That is not always a safe nor certain rule. For we have known women who have had scripture applied to their minds to preach; but I am sure the Lord never applied scripture for such a purpose. Not but that the scriptures may be, and are frequently applied to a preacher's mind; but the best test, the safest evidence that the man is sent of God, and that the Lord has raised him up to be his servant and mouth to his people, is the people themselves. When you hear of a clever workman, you may credit what people say; but when you see his work, you will find that it speaks for itself. So when a man's work speaks for itself in the Church of God, that is, in the hearts and consciences of the people, it needs no further evidence—the people hear it, feel it, fall under it, and living effects are produced by it.

Then, again, respecting those whom we believe are sent of God. They are constantly in danger of deficiency on the one hand, or of extravagancy and extreme on the other; of being too little or too much; of coming short on some points, or exceeding on others. Thus, even the Lord's own commissioned servants, need keeping, teaching, and preserving in the way of truth. We find some standing up to preach nothing but doctrines; scarcely can you hear from the beginning of the sermon to the conclusion, week after week, and year after year, but the doctrines of grace, and that stated in a dead, dry, lifeless, systematic way, so that it dries up and hardens the hearts of God's tried children."

J. MACKENZIE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## POOR RELIEF SOCIETY.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the Donors or Testators, all donations and legacies above £50. . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies above £50, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE TESTATORS." Will, therefore, our friends who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.



EXTRACT FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE W.  
GADSBY.

“For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.” Is this the case? Yes, in very deed, it is. The fact is too obvious to be for a moment denied.

Beloved, does this solemn portion of God’s word prove a Nathan to any of our consciences? Let us not kick against the message of God, but with deep humility fall at his footstool, and, like David, confess we have sinned against the Lord, and fervently cry, “Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name’s sake; for thy righteousness sake bring my soul out of trouble.” “Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, which are ready to die.” May we watch over our own hearts, thoughts, and ways, and daily watch the hand of God in the dispensations of his providence and grace. If God the Holy Ghost enable us steadfastly to watch the goings of the Lord in his glorious sanctuary, we shall never be at a loss for a subject of wonder, admiration, and praise; and we shall invariably find that his blessed Majesty makes all providences, however trying they are to flesh and blood, work for our real good. Earthly prospects of riches and honour may, for a moment, make a very enticing and glaring appearance, but the present trying circumstances in the commercial world\* are another proof that all their glare is but a mere flash in the pan. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away; they are altogether uncertain. Let us not trust in them. But they that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded. Blessed be God! eternal realities are eternally certain. The promise, the oath, the blood, the name, and the glory of God, with all the perfections of his glorious Majesty, unite to make them sure. Happy is the man whose God is the Lord.

But, beloved, we will just glance at a few of those important things which remain, and which are ready to die. To me it appears that by these things we are to understand the discriminating truths of the glorious gospel of Christ, not in themselves, for they yet remain, nor can they ever die, but they appear to be ready to die in the ministry of them. Here is a very great want of becoming fervency and zeal in the open vindication of them, even in many who profess to believe them. The spirit of Antichrist is gone forth into the world under the guise of charity. True charity rejoices in the truth; but the charity of this day of blasphemy and rebuke shuns the truth and rejoices in almost anything; and, sad to relate, many who some few years ago would not have allowed their ears to have been

\*There was great commercial distress in this year, 1826,

Insulted with the flesh-pleasing, God-dishonouring, Christ-despising, Holy Ghost-insulting mongrel system of the day, are now taken captive, and appear to sit at ease in Babylon. Time was when it appeared to be their great concern to be spiritually acquainted with and enjoy God's blessed truth in all its glorious discriminating branches; but, alas! alas! How is the fine gold become dim. Truth is not palatable to the fashionable professing world. Most of the rich and opulent despise it, and substitute something else in its stead. Paul's address to the Galatians is very applicable to many in the present day (Gal. iii. 1-3). So ensnaring was this mongrel system in the days of Paul, that he compared it to witchcraft: "Who hath bewitched you?" said he; and the flesh-pleasing system of this day is very captivating to the fleshly mind, and therefore may well be called witchcraft, for its advocates are very numerous, and, in the sight of the world very respectable too; and it is wonderfully calculated to ingratiate itself into the mind of the unwary and the inexperienced. We have to do with God and truth, and it is our exalted privilege to live upon the truth by a precious faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Things wear a gloomy aspect when professors of the glorious truths of God's discriminating grace can content themselves in sitting under and supporting that which can never deliver their souls out of trouble, nor induce them to give God the glory due to his name. I believe this is an hour of temptation which is come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon all the earth; and it is one branch of the believers duty and privilege to keep the word of God's patience. When this is done under the unction of God the Holy Ghost, it is a blessed fence against the errors of this trying hour, having the blessed promise of the Lord connected with it: "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation" (Rev. iii. 10). Beloved of the Lord, it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed: "Be watchful, therefore, and strengthen the things which remain, which are ready to die." If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Let not the real believer in Christ forget his high calling, nor the glorious reality he is called to enjoy, but count all things else but dung and dross, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord. O, beloved, let it be your great concern to be found in him, not having your own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that ye may know him in his glorious person, work, offices, characters, names, relationship, fitness, promise, oath, blood, love, and loveliness, and the power of his resurrection, in sweetly raising you above sin, the curse of the law, the world, the devils, errors, death, and every

for, and up to the sweet enjoyment of the blessed Trinity in Unity, that, by a living vital faith, you may daily live in God and with God, as your own covenant God, and experience that he dwells in you, and that you are inseparably united to him, and can blessedly say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son the Lord Jesus Christ." Let Christ be all and in all. Vindicate the glorious honours of your ever-blessed God at all times and under all circumstances, and endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, striving together, not for worldly toys, nor for the mastery, nor to have your own way in the Church of God, but for the glorious faith of the gospel, and for the mutual edification of each other. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. If you have any real regard for the honour of God, the welfare of Zion, and the prosperity of your own souls, beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision. Do not forget this solemn injunction, this threefold Beware.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." All worship short of spiritual worship is solemn mockery. I address you, brethren, as the people of my charge. We are fast hastening to the solemn moment when the curtain of time will be thrown back, and eternity opened to our view, in grandeur and glory indescribable. But such as you before me as are strangers to the Lord Jesus Christ, so dying, eternity will open to your view with unutterable horrors. O the blessedness of being one with Christ and standing complete in him. "Let us who are of the day be sober, and hope to the end"; for our most blessed and glorious Lord has assured us that the Son of man cometh at an hour when we think not. What a solemn lesson his glorious Majesty has delivered unto us, as recorded by Luke. Hear it, and God grant it may sink deep into each of our hearts: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he shall return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." If we are indifferent in our minds what we hear and how we hear, we shall be careless about our own spiritual enjoyment of the truth of God, and cannot be considered as watching and waiting for the coming of the Lord. O that it may be our happiness to be of the number of those servants who are found watching when the Lord comes. Be assured, brethren, that a spiritual acquaintance with divine truth and an unctious enjoyment of it will always be accompanied with a tender regard for it, and a becoming zeal in supporting and vindicating its glorious realities, as far as the Lord gives the ability and opportunity.

It is a proof of awful apathy; when those who profess to believe in the discriminating truths of God can content themselves with hearing the word of life preached once a week, while they have every opportunity of hearing it three or four times. When the world and the things of the world engross almost all their time and talents, and the means of grace must give place to their worldly concerns, and when almost any trifling circumstance is considered a sufficient excuse for sitting on their chair or couch at home, even on the Lord's day instead of assembling with the family of God, and attending the means of grace and the ordinances of God's house; I say, beloved, when this is the case, where is there any real proof of intercourse with God? And who can be surprised at such people complaining of darkness or deadness when they do attend? Jehovah has said, (and every word of God is true) "If ye walk contrary to me, I will walk contrary to you." May we esteem it as the word of God, and not as the word of man.

My dear brethren, whom I highly esteem in the bowels of a dear Redeemer, believe me, it is your real welfare I have in view. This, connected with the glory of God and the awful responsibility that lies upon me as a minister of Christ, compels me thus to deal faithfully. Should anything I may say appear to be personal, and give any of you pain of mind( receive it as the wound of a friend who seeks your eternal good, and wishes you real prosperity both in body and soul. The Lord enabling us all to search the word of God, and bring conscience to that unerring standard.

Let us for a moment just glance at part of that wholesome lesson given to the Hebrew Church by the Apostle Paul: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised; and let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." The old way of works, by reason of sin, is rendered impassable for poor sinners; but this glorious, new, and living way is just suited to our circumstances; and blessed is that sinner who, under, the glorious teachings of God the Holy Ghost, lives and walks in Christ by a vital faith. But men give poor proof of enjoying the glorious blessings contained in the former part of this portion of God's word, while, instead of holding fast the profession of their faith without wavering, they are paying more attention to worldly concerns and worldly respectability than they are to the truth of God; or while they can in a great measure forsake the assembling of themselves together, and thus slight the truth of God and the meaning of his grace. "Be watchful, therefore, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die."

"The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober,

and watch unto prayer" (1 Peter iv. 7, 8; see also 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17; Prov. xv. 32).

May God the Holy Ghost engrave the following solemn injunction upon each of our hearts; and may we each be deeply concerned to act as it becomes us: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief; for that is unprofitable for you." O thou blessed Spirit, let us not shrink back from thy truth, nor act under the influence of our fleshly feelings; but enable us to watch, and stand fast in the faith; and quit ourselves like men, and be strong. We must not expect uninterrupted ease in this world. This is a time-state, and a state of warfare. The church of Christ and every real believer is the envy of hell, and must expect to meet with enemies, external, internal, and infernal. May we ever view them as enemies, and not nurse them in our bosoms as friends. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." Though our enemies are numerous and inveterate, we have no cause to fear. If we can only trust in the Lord, we shall find all is well. Bless his precious name, we are sheltered by Christ, the Rock of Ages, defended by the omnipotent arm of Jehovah, guided by his wisdom and counsel, succored by matchless love and grace, and finally secured by all that is dear to our ever-blessed Three-One God. Well might David triumphantly sing, "The Lord is my light and my salvation," etc.

The Lord has various ways of trying his people, and of making himself known unto them as their help in time of trouble. If we are left to be off our watch tower, we shall sometimes mistake the Lord's design, and, in reality, Unite with the foe. It is very blessed to be enabled to see the Lord riding upon every storm, and managing all things for his own glory and our real good. Should heresies rise up amongst us, be not alarmed at the matter; it is one proof of the truth of the Bible." For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you"; "Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." In this case, brethren, as well as in all others, it behoves us to make our stand upon the word of God, and not let our conduct be governed by natural attachment, fleshly union, or worldly connexions. I have witnessed some very disgraceful circumstances, sanctioned by members of the Church of Christ, purely because the parties were united together by worldly circumstances, or a fleshly connexion. But these things ought not to be; and if any of us have been left to fall into such a snare, may we be humbled on the account of it, and in future make the word of God the fixed standard of our conduct; for by that unerring rule we must act, or smart for it. The truth of God, the order of his house, and the peace and well-being of his family, should lie near our hearts, and ought to be dearer to us than any

worldly connexion, or self-pleasing gratification whatever. When we act with decision and firmness, our conduct may be disapproved of, and heartily condemned by self-seeking men; but while the word of God will bear us out, we have nothing to fear, neither from open foes nor pretended friends, no, nor from mistaken real friends either. "Now, I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." Avoid them! Mark that! Let not their good words and fair speeches deceive you. Be not so simple. The fairer the speech, when there are artful designs and rottenness at the bottom, should put us so much the more upon our guard. Truth does not stand in need of artful disguise; nor should God's saints be captivated with smooth words and fair speeches. The solemn injunctions of Jehovah are pointed and decisive: "Now we command you, brethren," (observe, God speaks with a commanding authority,) "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us."

It becomes each of us to give proof that the glorious truth of God, in all its bearings, is dearer to us than any natural ties; yea, than our hearts blood. Have we erred? May we never be above confessing our errors to God and to one another, and may it be our concern in all things to walk and act as it becomes the gospel of Christ. It is nothing but the hateful pride of the heart that keeps God's children, for a time, from humbly confessing their faults. Let us not forget that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die."

But, to proceed. The glorious doctrine of the Trinity, or three distinct persons in one undivided Jehovah, is a doctrine of the greatest moment in the Christian religion; but in this day of blasphemy and rebuke, it is much upon the decline, in the ministry of it, though it contains the very pillar of our hope. To deny this grand truth, is in reality to deny the very existence of the true God. Men may form a view of a God suited to their own carnal conceptions, for there are god's many; and lords many; but the God of Israel necessarily exists in three distinct persons, in one blessed undivided Jehovah, and it is of infinite moment to have right views of this all important truth. God has solemnly declared that all his children shall be taught of the Lord; and it is one of the greatest blessings promised in the new covenant, that they shall all know the Lord, from the least of them even to the greatest of them (Isa. liv. 13; Jer. xxxi. 34; Heb. viii. 11).

Now, beloved, either those who believe in the glorious

Trinity or those who deny that doctrine must be strangers to the Lord; that is, one or the other do not know the Lord; therefore, the God they worship is not the true God; so they must, of course, be idolators; and unerring truth says, "No idolater shall inherit the kingdom of God." I do not mean to say that the people of God are free from temptations on this subject. There is no branch of divine truth that the grand enemy will not tempt them to disbelieve, and make use of their carnal reason to aid him in his infernal projects; and often, very often, he may be permitted for wise ends to fill them with great confusion and horror of mind; but labouring under temptation, and being settled and at rest in the matter, are very different things. Christ himself was tempted to question his own sonship. "If thou be the Son of God." ("O what an if was there!") But when men preach, write, or deliberately dispute against the glorious doctrine of the Trinity, they appear to be settled in the errors, and are anxious to bring others into the awful snare.

Beloved, I have through the kind providence of God, been pastor of this church more than twenty years; and I am not aware of anything that has been a source of greater trouble to the church of Christ here than that of (directly or indirectly) opposing the glorious doctrine of the Trinity. This, together with the self-gratifying ways of some who put themselves into the ministry, and have never given proof that they were called of God to the work, has been a cause of great trouble amongst us. The glorious doctrine of the Trinity has been openly opposed by some and artfully opposed by others among ourselves; and in each case it has proved a cause of distress. It therefore behoves us to be watchful, very watchful, upon a subject of such moment. It is in itself a subject that needs no covering, nor any artful explanations; therefore be upon your guard.

If any of us have exercised a false charity towards those who have opposed this grand truth, let the past be sufficient wherein we have thus wrought the will of the Gentiles; and as the enemy makes further advances, may we be able to detect his designs; and, in the strength of the Lord, stand up for the truth of our blessed God. Some of us have felt the dreadful weight not only of an open denial of this glorious truth, but of artful nibblings about it; therefore we should be the more upon our guard, and take care that we are not captivated with good words and fair speeches, and artful explanations.

I can never believe that any person who is capable of conveying his views can heartily believe in the Trinity, while he objects to the solemn term, God the Holy Ghost, and while he objects to give divine homage to each glorious Person distinctly. Should you meet with any cunning, artful reasoners upon this subject, do not suffer yourselves to be entangled with their reasonings. Ask them these important questions: Do you believe in three distinct persons in one undivided Jehovah and do you believe it

becomes the people of God to say, God the Father, God the Son, (or Word), and God the Holy Ghost, both in vindicating the doctrine and in your solemn addresses to Jehovah? and do you believe it is the duty and privilege of the believer to worship each glorious person distinctly? If they shrink from any part of this, they cannot firmly believe in the glorious doctrine of three glorious persons in one undivided Jehovah. There are men who may say, "Though I object to part of the above statement, I could converse with a number of the members of this church, and make them agree with my views, though they profess to agree with you upon the subject." Be it so; such men only give the greater proof of being wolves in sheep's clothing, who would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. But such things should be the means of teaching the sheep to watch and pray, that they enter not into temptation. It is dangerous for little children to play with razors.

You will perceive, brethren, that, on the present occasion, I cannot enter into a large vindication of this glorious truth; but it will be enough for you who believe in, love, and fear the Lord, by the blessed teachings of God the Holy Ghost, to find it recorded in God's word. That there is a plurality of persons in the one undivided Jehovah, will readily appear from the following portions: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness" (Gen. i. 20). And again: "The Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us" (Gen. iii. 22). And again: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?" (Isa. vi. 8). Thus we find that the glorious undivided Jehovah speaks of himself in the plural pronouns, us and our. Many more portions of God's word to the same import might be quoted, but the above shall suffice for the present.

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**"IN ALL THEIR AFFLICTION HE WAS AFFLICTED."**

Isaiah lxiii, 9.

My very dear Brother,

In the faith, and in the true fear of God. "Blest be the tie that binds our souls in Christian love." It is a sweet thought to me to day; for being bound by God's eternal love, and so tight that Satan cannot get at me to my real hurt. But oh, he tries to upset me, if the Lord only hide his face for a small moment. But I feel to-day as safe in a precious Christ as Noah did in the Ark, when the eternal Jehovah had shut him in. There are no doubts and no fears; but I feel that "the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Most heartily do I thank you for your good letter, and for your enclosed favour, which touched my soul so closely that I wept over it like a child, and it was the means in the Lord's hands of putting fresh courage into my heart, and giving fresh matter for prayer and praise. It is not a little that will satisfy a needy



beggar like me! I want to feel that I am a receiver of spiritual favours, as well as temporal blessings. Mine is a rough, and painful pathway, but so long as I can feel "the Lord is my Rock, and my fortress, my deliverer, my God, in whom I will trust, my buckler, and the Rock of my salvation, and my high tower," I can bear it; and can smile at the storm. I was glad you were led to write to me in the way you did, as Satan had begun to thrust his fiery darts at me, telling me that I was not a child of God, and that by sending that poor scrap of a letter to you, you would be led to think that I was a goat, and not a sheep of Christ's pasture; and that you took as an insult my doing so. But, blessed be God for opening the door of your heart to receive it, and that you felt a sweetness in reading its contents for by so doing we prove that Satan is a liar once more, and the Lord's name is honoured and glorified. One thing I know the contents of the letter were what my soul had experienced, yes, both the dark side and the bright. Ah! my dear brother, all we can say when so sorely tempted by Satan is—"That the Lord keepeth the feet of his saints"; and he has kept mine, or else, where should I have been? Why my body in the grave, and my soul banished from his presence; for we know that no murderer can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Once in particular did the Lord appear for me when I was strongly tempted to take away my own life. I was in great distress of soul, and Satan was raging and roaring at me, and telling me that God was angry with me; and the words forcibly came to my mind: "Who can face an angry God?" "Not I," I answered, and in a moment Satan said—"destroy yourself, for those that are in hell are not so miserable as you are"! and just as I was about to execute my purpose the weapon dropped down at my feet, as the strength was taken from my hand, and in an instant these words came with power—"Kept by the Almighty power of God." Now, only those who have experienced similar temptations, and been delivered from them, can rightly understand what my feelings were when passing through them. The Lord looked upon me, and I was favoured to look upon him, and I not only mourned like one that was in bitterness, but I wept bitterly like Peter, and repented in dust and ashes, but could get no rest until I felt God's love and mercy made known in my soul, and these words were blessedly applied: "I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and I will not remember thy sins." These words broke my heart to pieces, and although the Lord has graciously forgiven me, I feel that I can never forgive myself. . . . Your letter was a great comfort to me, and it came just at the right time, even when most bitter cries were going out of my heart to the Lord, and beseeching him to grant me another token of his love to my soul. I am a poor tried creature, and am as a sparrow alone, although I dwell in the midst of professors, I am much despised, because God has ordained it that

I should be poor in this world. But there is a rich fulness in these words: "In all our affliction he was afflicted," when they are applied they are as a rich cordial to my inmost feelings, and help me to lift up my head with joy, and I can then bear up more patiently under the heavy load that has fallen to my lot.

What a difference there is in the mere professors, to what there is in the true servants of Christ! The former appear to be full of pride, and carry themselves so haughtily, that if they come into a sick room, and it is not in appearance as they think it should be, they do not stay with you very long, and if they attempt to pray it is in such a polished style, that it does not appear to be real, and there is no spiritual benefit arising from it to a poor thing that has been raised from the pit of despair, and humbled by God's grace as I have been. Such cold hearted prayers add more to my misery than they do to my soul's comfort. But God's servants who have known what it is to feel a hell within them, as I did when God first stopped me in my sin, and have felt the pardoning love and blood of Jesus applied to their soul, are the men I can feel at home with, and welcome to my heart. I trust I can say that I have had many soul-refreshing times with such godly men. Yes, and when dear Mr. Muskett has been in prayer with me I have found it to be a blessed time to my soul, the oil of grace has been poured forth, and we have been refreshed as with new wine; I had also a special time with Mr. Smith, now of Croydon, when at the footstool of mercy together. Our souls were melted before the Lord in my humble little cot, and it rejoices my heart to welcome the Lord's tried people in it, to speak of what the grace of God has done for our souls. Last Lord's day morning whilst trying to pray the Lord gave me this promise—"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," and I felt he did come, and abode with me, until I cried out and said—

"He is our everlasting rest,  
The fairest of the fair,  
Of friends our Jesus is the best  
None can with him compare  
And when from earth, and sin we're free,  
With Jesus glory share,  
We then shall sing in holy glee,  
None can with Christ compare."

The pains of my poor body have been hard to bear at times, but O my dear brother the Lord has done right in laying this affliction upon me, for it has been the means of weaning me from this earth, and from earthly creatures, and in drawing me nearer to himself; and often when my poor head is weak, my soul is feasting upon the smiles of my God. I often try to pray for you in my poor way that a blessing from God may rest upon your loved editorial work, as I have not read your little book "F. C." in vain, but with much pleasure and profit. . . . May

the Lord bless you and your dear wife in your souls for your great kindness to me. With warmest Christian love for Jesus' sake to you both, in which Mr. Muskett joins.

FROM THE LORD'S PRISONER OF HOPE.\*

Salhouse, Norwich.

June 2, 1903.

\*The above letter was written to Mr. Jefferies.

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### THE HUMBLE CRY.

Luke xviii, 10.

The Publican's prayer, will suit me so well.  
His cry near despair, struck the portals of hell.  
He smote on his breast; for death was within;  
But Christ gave him rest, and pardoned his sin.

The temple he entered, in anguish and woe,  
By sin was tormented, and guilt was his foe.  
Thus mercy alone was the gist of his prayer.  
His soul cried for mercy, and Mercy was there.

No goodness, no worth, could he bring as a plea,  
Or tell of his works, like the proud Pharisee.  
He craved present mercy, and mercy to come;  
And, justified freely, he went to his home.

Then let me just mark the prints of his feet,  
The force of his cry from the breast that he beat.  
And hope for the grace which met his Short Prayer  
And the mercy that saved him from death and despair.

Then prais'd be the Spirit who press'd out the sigh;  
And bless'd be the Saviour who unseen stood by;  
And lov'd be the Father whose glorious plan  
Can save a black sinner; and I am the man.

Chelsea.

A. B.

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### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS IN PROVIDENCE AND GRACE WITH THE LATE MR. ROBERT MAY, of Staplehurst, Kent.

(Concluded from page 428).

Mr. Smart was so led out in his prayer to confess his sins, and then to supplicate God's mercy, that my soul followed him in every word. Truly I felt he was a mouthpiece to God for my soul. His text that morning was, "And he said to the woman, thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace" (Luke vii. 50). He commented very blessedly on the previous verses; and told us that he had been very comfortable in his soul during the first part of the week; but he said, what sad havoc the devil had made in him since! He spoke sweetly of the rich mercy of God to such

vile wretches, and showed the effects, that like the poor woman we were brought to the Lord's feet. The dear man did not know how to lay himself low enough; and I am sure I did not. He so entered into my case as though he knew all about me, and all I could do was to sit and weep, look on and wonder; and I kept saying, "Lord, how is it that thou canst look upon such a wretch?" And soon after these words came with power:—"I am the Lord, I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed" (Mal. iii. 6). This day, I hope never to forget. What a mountain of sin and guilt was on me when I entered the Chapel, but it all vanished away at the Lord's presence. I went in like the poor publican, durst not look up, but came out with the language of good Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word": (Luke ii. 29). I wanted the Lord to take me to himself, that I might not sin against him any more. O, how precious that day was Christ to my soul.

"Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;

From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's;

No goodness, nor fitness, expects he from us;

This I can well witness, for none could be worse."

"In the day of prosperity be joyful; but, in the day of adversity consider": and truly did I prove that the one was set over against the other. For man does not continue long in one stay.

Soon after this I began to feel getting at a distance from God; and I have felt it to be a great mercy to be brought to the spot where the prodigal was, when he began to be in want. I felt that I had abused the Lord's goodness, and basely sinned against his faithfulness and love; that his longsuffering mercy towards me was great. One morning while taking my breakfast, feeling very low in mind, and musing over God's kind forbearance towards me, and wishing that I had more gratitude in my heart, these words dropped blessedly on my spirit: "And when he thought thereon he wept," they had such an effect upon me that I had to go out and weep before the Lord. And O, what a blessed union of spirit I felt to dear Peter, and such a volume was opened up to me of the goodness and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, that I bowed my head before him, and put my mouth in the dust at the dear Lord's feet!

Thus far, Mr. May has given some of the Lord's gracious dealings with him in providence and grace, but I regret to say that for the last twenty-five years of his life he recorded nothing more of himself, to what is here written. After his death, I found a book, in which were entered many interesting particulars, touching upon the Lord's great goodness to him from time to time; and feeling encouraged to hope that some of them might be made useful to the Lord's people, I will give the following extracts. On Feb. 25, 1876, he thus writes:—While reading this morning the sixty-first and sixty-second chapters of Isaiah, the blessed Spirit so applied the fourth verse of the sixty-second

chapter that it melted my heart, and filled me with brokenness, and contrition before the Lord. And while reading the third verse, "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God," I could only exclaim, "What dear Lord! and how can it be, that I am so precious in thy sight? What I, who only seem to live, to rebel against thy dispensations! What I, Lord, such a vile polluted creature!" Then the Lord spoke again with power, in the words of the fourth verse, which I could not resist: "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken; (Ah; I have often feared I was) neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." "Oh, this blessed 'shall'" I exclaimed, "when dear Lord shall this be"? But the words "shall be married" seemed to come to my soul as a verily, verily I say unto thee, "thy land shall be married," and I believe one day it will be verified. I thought if I possessed a genuine note on the Bank of England, whatever the amount might be, there was on it a promise to pay, and when tendered at the Bank, the cash would be forthcoming. And will my heavenly Banker demur to cash this bill when presented? Never! He cannot deny himself! He is bound by his oath, and promise, and I feel he will perform all that he has promised to unworthy me. Truly it is marvellous; but his ways are not our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts. "For he knoweth our frame he remembereth that we are dust." July 21, 1877. I have been more or less in the dark all the week, I feel thus—

"Sin has put my joys to flight,  
Sin has turned my day to night."

A complication of things, and a guilty conscience have stopped all access to a throne of grace. Last night (Friday) I felt full of rebellion, but this morning while in my room I felt a secret prompting to pray, and while upon my knees before God, the Lord the Spirit came in an unexpected way and manner into my soul, which wonderfully affected me, and I could say—

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;  
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found."

Being alone in the room, I sobbed aloud, and such a blessed Spirit of grace and supplication was given me, but which was soon turned into praise. Oh! what a sense and sight I had of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to me, the very chief of sinners; it quite overpowered me; and I dropped my vile head in the dust, and what love and grief I felt for grieving him! Sunday, August 12th, 1877. I rose this morning at about six o'clock, and went downstairs to read the Word of God, and then I tried to ask God's blessing to rest upon us, and besought him to be with us in his earthly courts, and lead my mind to such hymns

that might be suitable to his exercised children. And truly I felt in going to chapel that I had a single eye to his glory.

I commenced the service with hymn 827.

“Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God,  
How hast thou been used?  
With the Almighty’s wrathful rod  
Soul and body bruised!”

The second hymn I gave out was the 153, and when I got to this verse

“The Jews with thorns his temples crown’d,  
And lash’d him when his hands were bound;  
But thorns and knotted whips, and bands  
By us were furnished to their hands.  
They nail’d him to th’ accursed tree;  
(They did, my brethren; so did we;)  
The soldier pierced his side, ’tis true,  
But we have pierced him thro’ and thro’.”

I was so overcome, and broken down that I had great difficulty in finishing the hymn. I tried hard to suppress my feelings, but could not do so. Oh, what a sight I had of my sins crucifying my dear Lord and Saviour that I entered into the hymn, and realized the truth of those words, “They shall look upon me whom they have pierced; and shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn” (Zec. xii. 10). Oh, how I wished I could live my future life so that I might never sin against such a good and gracious God. Surely, I thought, I shall never be so base as to harbour a hard thought against him again. But alas! alas! in about ten minutes it was suggested to my mind that it was only my natural feelings touched at the sufferings of Christ. Well, I felt I should like to have more of such blessed feelings, for they made my tears flow apace, and led my heart up to God. For a little time I felt lost to all that was around me; my sins were gone, and Christ and my soul were alone.

(I have heard Mr. May speak of this special season many times; but I never heard that the Lord was pleased to grant him a renewal of such a blessed favour. It is a mercy to be blessed with one such season in a lifetime. Surely such is an earnest of heaven, and as Bunyan says, “Of all tears, they are the best that are made by the blood of Christ; and of all joy, that is the sweetest that is mixed with mourning over Christ.”) As related in the Account given of Mrs. May in “G. S.” for 1899, page 468, he left the South-Eastern Company’s Railway service on January 4th, 1881, having been in that Company’s employ nearly thirty-five years. This release he much prized, and in which he, and his dear wife saw the good hand of God going before them, and which they felt was brought about in answer to their united prayers. Though thus freed from his former daily duties, he was not idle;

for having the prosperity of Zion at heart, (particularly that part of God's Zion of which he felt to be an unworthy member,) his time was much taken up in visiting those of the Church and congregation whom he believed possessed the fear of God. The poor and the needy found in him a true friend, nor was he wanting in practical sympathy as far as his means would permit, and the Lord was pleased to use him as an instrument of consolation to many of his tried people; and he was a welcome visitor to the afflicted. The Lord was pleased to bestow upon him a good measure of grace; even the grace of humility, which produced low views of himself, and exalted views of Christ Jesus the sinners' Friend. He saw other godly people so far before him in Divine things, while like Peter he seemed to follow the Lord afar off. In prayer, what heart-felt confessions would drop from his lips, with godly sorrow for sin, and much self-loathing before the Lord, bemoaning too, his far off condition! He also prayed earnestly for the peace, and spiritual welfare of Jerusalem. But he has now finished his course, and called from the militant Church on earth to join the Church triumphant above. The last Lord's-day he was at Chapel, he felt unusually well; but the friends remarked what solemn hymns he had been led to give out at the services. He commenced the service in the morning with hymn 64 (Gadsby's)

"Sov'reign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise;  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command."

In asking a blessing at the table he appeared to be in a solemn frame of mind, he said,—“Dear Lord, there are but a few grains of sand left now in the glass of time, do prepare me for the solemn change that soon awaits me!” Evidently he felt that it would not be long. On Monday he was well enough to visit several of the friends, and spent the greater part of the evening in reading. He retired to rest as usual, but at a quarter to five in the morning, Mrs. Shepherd, his housekeeper was awakened by hearing a peculiar noise, and on going to his room she found that he had been seized with a stroke, which affected his speech, and his left side. The doctor was soon sent for, and on his arrival, he said it was a rupture of a blood vessel on the brain. This took place on Tuesday, December 2nd, and he lingered on until the 18th, during which time, he was for the most part in a semi-conscious state, but at intervals, he was conscious, and knew those that were about him, and conversed a little with them. One day one of his brother deacons called, and found him in a blessed frame of mind, and able to converse a little with him. He was much in fervent prayer to God on behalf of his family, the Church of which he was a deacon, and the friends. [Here follow lines, and parts of hymns which he felt precious to his soul, and which he gave utterance to as they were brought

to his mind. They would be interesting to his family, and close friends, but will not be of the same interest to many of our readers, and as the account is somewhat lengthy we will omit them.] The day before he passed away, he had to encounter a sharp conflict with the enemy of souls. He was in solemn prayer more or less for an hour, but his breathing was most trying. After this he scarcely spoke but in a whisper, which could not be understood. On the evening of December 18th, 1902, he entered into his eternal rest, and was absent from the body but present with the Lord.

On Tuesday, December 23, the funeral took place, when all that was mortal of him was laid to rest in the same grave with his late dear wife, to await the blessed resurrection of the just. The Church, and many of the friends assembled together at his burial to show the love and Christian esteem they bore to the dear departed, and to see all that was mortal of him "well laid in the grave." The service was conducted by Mr. Ashdown, who gave a solemn address at the grave side. After the interment a service was held in the Chapel, and was commenced by singing the 463 hymn: "Sons of God, by blest adoption," etc. After reading and prayer Mr. Ashdown spoke from these words—"Precious, in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints" (Psalm cxvi. 15). And was led to speak solemnly, and encouragingly to the bereaved family, the Church, and the congregation who were met together on that solemn occasion. Our departed friend had been a member of the Church forty-three years, and a deacon of it for nearly twenty-seven years, which office he honourably filled for the good of the cause of truth, and for the glory of God. He is now taken from us, to enjoy the reward of his labours. And as holy John, heard a voice from heaven saying unto him, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." So we believe the dear departed one sleeps in Jesus, and his works will follow him.

R. BROOKER.

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"I WILL BRING THE BLIND BY A WAY THAT THEY KNEW NOT."

Isaiah xlii, 16.

The whole of the above passage came to my mind a short time ago, with particular sweetness and power. I was lamenting my blindness, and my inability to determine what way to take, and lamenting my want of decision. It was no new position to find myself in, rather has it been the normal condition of my mind, all through the course of my Christian career, less or more. My great need has been for more light. Not but that I hope, I have had part light, yet, with few exceptions, there has been a felt need for more; so that I was compelled to classify myself with the blind, without knowing, although I had read the passage again and again. The blessedness of their present inherit-



ance. "They are to be brought by a way that they knew not," which means, that they were not previously familiar with it, that they had no previous knowledge of it. Possibly they had a theoretical knowledge of it, but that did not help them, for they could not reduce the theory to practice. That means, they seldom or ever knew exactly whereabouts they were. That goes far to prove they were blind. For, if they had been able to see clearly at any time, they would have been able to apply the theory. But not being able to see, and not knowing exactly where they were, the theory was of no use to them. "I will lead them in paths that they have not known": However well the heir of salvation may be advanced in theory, or what is commonly called, the plan of salvation, as far as all practical purposes are concerned, he finds he knows nothing. This is another proof that he is blind; and it becomes later on to him a proof that this Scripture is the truth, for it is true in his experience. How often the heir of salvation moves on in the dark; not knowing whether he is taking the right or the wrong way: often brought to a pause for fear it be the wrong road. Standing still as he thinks, yet moving more swiftly on. Strange though as this may seem, especially to human reason, yet I think I may say it is true! Jehoshaphat and his army never gained a greater victory or took more spoil, than when they stood still while the Lord fought for them. I do not say this to encourage people carelessly to stand still. For I verily believe the heir of salvation will be most desirous ever to press forward. But like Jehoshaphat he may be afraid to move on, or he may find as did Jeremiah the way blocked up. That is, it seems to be so to his feelings. For his is a feeling religion. He feels the doubts and fears; the infidelity, and heart-wanderings which he is the subject of. But this is where the enjoyment comes in, the uplifting of his mind when the clouds break, and when the Lord speaks a word with power to his soul, causing a good hope through grace to spring up in his bosom. Yes, when the clouds break, and that is when the other part of the promise is made good; "I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." The heir of salvation can then look back on many a crooked path, but it is no longer crooked; the crooks have been taken out of it, and he sees nothing but a straight pathway to Christ. Here he sees that there was a needs-be for all that he has passed through. It was all intended to make him realize more deeply his need of Christ Jesus, and make Christ more precious to his soul. When this desirable communication takes place, and it always will sooner or later with every truly exercised soul, he is ready to bless and praise the Lord for the past things he groaned and lamented over, and thought they were the worst things that could have fallen to his lot. He now becomes more firmly established in the faith of God's elect, and more confident that the exercises he has passed through are of the Lord and not of man.

That will have been a deep trial to him, to know whether his religion was of the flesh, or of God; as he knew well that every plant that the Lord had not planted shall be rooted up. It is not a question of how the plant looks, but who planted it. The fig tree that the Lord cursed, no doubt, looked well enough; but there was something he took exception to, and that proved its ruin.

So will he take exception to everything that is the work of man. The only thing that will stand his scrutiny is his own work. And the heir of salvation is his "workmanship, Created in Christ Jesus unto good works." His workmanship alone, and not partly his and partly man's. That is like daubing with untempered mortar, or putting new wine into old bottles, with disastrous effects following. From this he desires to be saved at all costs. Religion is a matter of vital importance, and not something taken up, and laid down at will! nor is it taken up for the purpose of showing forth man's importance, or to while away a vacant hour. It is far too important for such purposes, and as it began in an alarmed conscience, so nothing can support it, and bring it to a glorious fruition but the power of God.

Then notice, the following clause: "This will I do unto them and not forsake them." What can be more soul-cheering than this? This means the final persevering of all the Lord's blind people. Everyone of them will reach the goal; all shall enter the haven of everlasting rest; not a single soul shall suffer shipwreck to his hurt, all shall get safe to land. May it be our happy portion to be participators with them, and then we shall have cause to praise the Lord for ever and ever!

J. P.

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### "THE LORD KEEPETH THE FEET OF HIS SAINTS."

BRIEF NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, BY MR. PICKNELL, ON TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 8TH, 1902.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—JUDE, 24, 25.

What a solemn chapter is that from which our text is taken! Two characters are set forth therein—one to be destroyed, the other to be blessed with preserving grace and mercy: one strong in their own strength, wise in their own wisdom; the other feelingly weak and foolish, only safe as kept, only wise as taught. What a mercy to know our own foolishness and weakness! Those who have been most favoured—those who have been blessed with the pardon of sin and had many tokens for good—feel that if left of God even for five minutes they might mar a fifty years' pro-

cession. It is a mercy to know that the saints cannot fall finally; but they are indeed liable to fall temporarily, and of this we have many examples in Scripture.

The language of those taught of God is, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe" (Psalm cxix. 117); and in the midst of the greatest dangers they shall be kept from final apostasy. Even Adam was not able to keep himself from falling. But perhaps some will say, "Was not Adam created with power either to stand or fall?" Well, if we grant this, we know that he did fall when temptation came.

Angels fell as well as man. And do we not see the sovereignty of God in passing rebellious angels by, and raising vile man to a throne? There is no mercy for fallen angels; they were not, nor will they ever be, recovered.

God trusted man once, but will never again do so. Adam stood upon a mutable basis; the saints upon an immutable one, even upon Christ. It is a mercy to be kept from open sin. If you have been preserved, it is a favour indeed. Many of God's dear saints have been permitted to fall, and they have had bitterly to weep and mourn. But though we have been preserved outwardly, we have fallen inwardly; we have fallen in spirit from our own steadfastness. God is able to keep us in both respects. None of his people are exempt from temptation—none are total strangers to it.

"Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
Nor is the strongest free."

Some are more tempted than others, but all in some degree. Jesus was tempted, and—

"Your Master's lot you must expect,  
Temptations more or less."

Though God keeps his saints from falling, he does not keep them from temptation. They are tempted and they have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Hebrews iv. 15). The Lord, has trod the path of temptation upon every point. During those forty days in the wilderness, who can tell what temptations he endured? We have but a few of them recorded. If Satan could tempt you upon a point on which Christ was not tempted, I believe you would fall in it never again to rise. It seems impossible that he should have been tempted in all points like as we are; but reason must give way to the Word of God.

The saints are tempted by Satan, tempted by the world, and tempted by their own hearts. Left to yourself, the smallest temptation will be too much for you. You may have thought you would never fall in such and such ways, and may have said, "I shall never be overcome by that, by such a foolish thing as that!" Ah! be careful; you may. Our strength is perfect weakness; we know not into what we may fall. But God "will keep the feet of his saints" (I. Samuel ii. 9).

We may, as before observed, fall in spirit if not in deed. For there are, as the apostle says, sins both of "flesh and spirit" (II. Corinthians vii. 1). We need preserving from them both.

There is the sin of covetousness. This is looked upon, for the most part, very lightly; but it stands in the same catalogue as murder. Then, again, there is pride; and how dangerous is that! Envy, too; what a cruel spirit! We may fall into these. Again, the love of the world; how easily we become entangled in this, especially when the world smiles. The world's frown will not hurt us, but its smile may; its allurements, enchantments, and bewitching attractions may and do overcome us at times because we have a nature that loves these things.

The Lord's people are sometimes kept from falling by having burdens laid upon them. Into what should we have run, where should we now have been, if we had had no trials, oppositions, and afflictions to restrain us? We have been preserved by these things, preserved in the brine of affliction; and, as one has said, "It is better to be preserved in brine than to rot in honey." These afflictions are—

"Not in anger,

But from his dear covenant love."

God has a favour towards those whom he thus chastens. "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons" (Hebrews xii. 8).

"Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not if he might."

It is sometimes hard work to say that last line, "would not if he might," when the flesh repines and longs to escape from the trial. But I think the poet was right, for there are times when we can say, "The Lord's will be done," and are made willing to walk in the path of sorrow

The Lord will keep his people; he has engaged to do so.

"Christ is the Keeper of his saints."

Their salvation and his honour are bound up together. Should one perish, how would Satan rejoice! Would he not say,

"Here's one among the damn'd  
That, by a precious faith in Christ,  
Behind this Shield did stand"?

But Satan shall never triumph in this way. Every one of Christ's sheep shall be kept; for—

"His honour and his name's at stake,  
To save them from the burning lake."

What a soul-humbling truth! kept for his own great name and honour's sake.

These people are unable to keep themselves. I need not say much upon this point. All taught of God feel their inability to stand. But there may be some who are strong and wise in them-

selves. These know neither the power of sin nor the weakness of the flesh; but if they are the Lord's he will bring them to know both. We cannot keep our own spirit. Sometimes, as we have been singing this evening, we feel peace, "so calm and sweet," and much humbleness of mind. And yet very soon, if left to self, we find an uprising within our own spirits prevail, we speak unadvisedly with our lips, and then we perceive "our mountain slip." This may take place almost before we are aware. We rise, perhaps, in the morning, afraid of self, afraid of the world. But in a very little while we find ourselves entangled and ready to grasp the world with both hands. Upon reflection, we then say, "How soon I was ensnared! How quickly I was entangled! Where have I been? Lord, keep me!" It is a mercy if we know that we cannot keep ourselves, and if our slips and falls teach us not to trust in our own hearts.

"And to present you faultless." Some may be ready to say, "I can believe that God is able to keep and preserve me, but that I should be presented faultless—I, who am full of faults and blemishes—this seems almost impossible and would indeed be a miracle." True; every child of God is a miracle. But the Lord's power and goodness will bring it to pass, although the saints feel themselves to have many faults—great faults, numberless faults. And I believe that those who are the most upright, and live nearest to the Lord, are the most conscious of their faults and imperfections. We have no sympathy with those who contend for perfection in the flesh. Such are deceived by Satan, and, unless grace prevent, will find themselves woefully wrong at last. O what a delusion! "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I. John i. 8). Let it not be thought that we glory in sin. No; as Mr. Hart says, we "would be holy." We hate sin; we would be faultless. How, then, can this be? Washed in the blood of Jesus, clothed in his robe of righteousness, accepted and complete in him: our "sins by imputation his." His righteousness by imputation ours, he is our Advocate, our Daysman, our Surety. We are the sinners. He is the sinners Surety. In him the church is without "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing" (Ephesians v. 27). He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Ephesians iii. 20). You do not expect to be delivered from the inbeing of sin while here do you? If so, you are expecting what God has not promised. You will have to groan under the weight of indwelling sin as long as you live. The Christian shall

"feel, when resigning his breath,  
The Canaanites still in the land."

But all shall be presented faultless. The text, be it observed, speaks of sinning men, not of sinless angels.

O what a wonderful plan! Don't you admire the well-ordered covenant?

“This covenant, O believer, stands,  
 Thy rising fears to quell;  
 Seal'd by thy Surety's bleeding hands;  
 In all things order'd well.”

Even the pure eye of God shall see no fault in those presented by Christ, and the devil will be unable to bring any charge against them, for they will be clothed in the spotless righteousness of Christ.

“With exceeding joy.” We might here notice a three-fold joy. (1) The saints will joy. Have you ever had a little joy? That will fade in the fulness, as Mr. Hart puts it, “like drops in ocean lost.” (2) God himself will joy: “he will joy over them with singing” (Zephaniah iii. 17). (3) The angels will joy. For if “There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth” (Luke xv. 10), will not they rejoice to see them all safely gathered in? And “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.”

“Exceeding joy.” By this we may understand a joy exceeding every other joy, a joy beyond what the saints have ever realized, and a joy surpassing finite comprehension.

I have not entered upon the second verse of my text; and, as the time is gone, I will not attempt to do so. May the Lord command his blessing, and pardon what has been amiss!

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A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH  
 THE LATE MR. HENRY TAYLOR, OF MATFIELD, KENT.  
 WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER.

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My beloved father was born on April 20th, 1826, and brought up by his parents to attend a place of worship; and he grew up to be a very moral youth. I have heard him say that he felt a great regard for those whom he thought to be Christians, and he often wished that he was like them. He entertained the thought that ministers, and people at the house of God were all holy, and he often felt that he was not fit to be in their company. When about nineteen years of age he went with his father to Mayfield to hear the late Mr. Burch, and under that discourse he said that he felt as he had never felt before under any preaching. The words Mr. Burch preached from were these:—“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me.” The solemn truths he heard that day made a deep impression on his mind which abode with him. He became now in great concern about his soul, and he felt that there was a secret in real religion which he did not understand, and he feared it was the case with some whom he had thought were a holy people. Thus, as opportunity offered he heard such men as Messrs. Burch, Crouch, etc., and I have heard him say that he felt such love

and reverence for those dear men of God that he could not express, and a desire would rise up in his heart while hearing them to know the same things for himself. He now began to feel that it was a solemn thing to have a name to live while dead in trespasses and sins. The words: "Strive to enter in at the straight gate," were often on his mind, and produced very solemn feelings within him; especially so, as he saw now, from God's Word that there are but few saved. But his cry was, how could he be one of those few! And I believe it was many years before he felt that God had a favour towards him, though he was kept earnestly seeking after a felt interest in Christ Jesus, but was fearful of taking any encouragement to himself that did not belong to him. Once while working in a wood by himself he felt much cast down about temporal things, and the thought of his soul being lost pressed heavily upon him, so that as he worked and cried mightily unto the Lord, suddenly these words came as forcibly to his mind as if some one had spoken them to him; "The Lord will provide." This greatly encouraged him; and he often spoke of it in after years, and would say, "How little did I think then that the Lord would provide for me in the way that he has done!" My dear father was favoured with good health, and the Lord blessed the labour of his hands in a remarkable manner, although he had his trials and sorrows, and some were very bitter ones; and not feeling that confidence respecting his eternal safety as he desired to do it often made death a terror to him. He was not one given to say very much about religion, lest he should say more than he knew, or had felt. He would repeat good Mr. Hart's solemn words:—

"May we never, never, dare,

What we are not to say we are!"

which had a great meaning to him and weighed much upon his mind. The following letter written to his dear friend Mr. Newton will show in some measure his inward feelings before the Lord.

"My very dear Friend,—What a poor thing I am indeed, A worm, and no man; have not the understanding of a man! I feel ashamed of myself even while I write; and think how kind you are, and have been, to send me a letter from time to time which I so much value; and looking at them again last night brought it fresh to my mind that I had not acknowledged the last one I received from you, and perhaps not all the others. Not but that I have had it upon my mind to do so; and have felt my heart drawn towards you, and my prayers have gone up to the Lord on your behalf; some times in the silent watches of the night, and sometimes in the fields in the day time. But I am so changeable, and so full of confusion that oftentimes I know not where I am, or what I am doing. At such times something seems to say to me, 'Don't say anything more about religion, then you won't deceive the dear children of God. You know that

you have not been born again, and quickened into spiritual life by the Holy Spirit; and you know that you have not experienced what you hear many of the Lord's people speak about!' and many other similar things are suggested to my mind. Now, under these exercises of mind my religion seems at an end; and I am very anxious to know if ever I had any that would stand the trying day! When I read of so few being saved, and that 'many shall seek to enter in at the straight gate and shall not be able,' this tries me much, and has done so for a long time past. When I look back upon both my parents, and upon my offspring and see on both sides chosen vessels of mercy; and although I hope I have felt it to be the greatest blessing next to the saving of my own soul, yet it tries me much seeing that there are but few to be saved. 'One of a City, and two of a family.' Oh! my dear friend, I feel to be standing in a solemn position! I am not on such high ground as some people appear to be, and I fear I am only as the scaffolding to the building. I felt the solemn weight, and reality of the sermon preached by you at the re-opening of the Dicker Chapel much. I read it with fear and trembling lest I should prove in the end to be a castaway, although at the time I had a feeling of love flow out of my heart towards you, as the instrument in God's hand for preaching his truth so faithfully to your fellow-sinners. May the Lord still enable you to go on in this great and solemn work of preaching the Gospel to never-dying souls. I hope you will be strengthened, and upheld in the work both in soul and body. I look upon the work of the ministry as being the greatest work the Eternal Jehovah ordained man to be engaged in.

As time goes on I see, and feel more and more the vanity of all things here below. Truly this world is not our resting place! But my flesh has felt a readiness to settle down here, and to take things a little more quietly and comfortably. But the dear Lord has very wisely ordered it otherwise; and, to my shame I say it, I have kicked, and rebelled, fretted and murmured like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; but I hope I have some little evidences that it has been sanctified to my soul's good, and now I feel that I would not have one thing altered. I must say the Lord has been good to me, who is one of the greatest sinners on earth. I had no thought when I began of writing so much, but pardon my ignorance, I feel poorly in body with a heavy cold upon me, I hope yourself, Mrs. N. and children are well, and with best wishes from Mrs. Taylor and myself, I am yours sincerely,

Feb. 8th, 1881.

HY. TAYLOR."

My dear father sometimes received encouragement under the preached word. He was much attached to the late Mr. Row, and had a special time in hearing him at Southborough. He said that he felt as though his heart-strings would break when Mr. Row was speaking of the temptations of the enemy. The



preaching of Mr. Smart was often made a blessing to his soul; and he said he scarcely ever heard him without some feeling.

In October 1883, the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon my dear father, and being in a low desponding state of mind at the time, he burst into a flood of tears, saying, "I fear that I know nothing about real religion; and therefore I do not feel prepared to die!" But in that affliction the Lord graciously appeared unto him, and so blessed his soul with a sweet manifestation of his love and mercy as he had never experienced before; and he could from his heart say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." In a little time he was able to get about again, when he soon found that blessed feeling began to decline. During his illness, and walking about the house, distressed in his mind, fearing his religion was all a delusion, these words came very powerfully to his mind:—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," etc., which again calmed his fears; but he would often say, "Oh, I fear it is too much for me." He was so fearful of being deceived. After this he had repeated attacks of illness. At one time he was confined to his bed for several weeks, and was seriously ill. When at the worst he was much favoured with peace and quietness in his mind. Often did he say—"it was a sweet affliction," and during the night time he would ask me to read Mr. Hart's hymns on the sufferings of Christ; which he much enjoyed. He was very fond of those hymns, and said, no others were the same to him as those of Mr. Hart. We thought in this affliction that the Lord was about to take him from us, as the fear of death was in a great measure taken away: many precious things fell from his lips at this time which I cannot sufficiently remember to relate them. The Lord however was pleased to raise him up again to a good measure of health for some years.

Previous to the year 1896 his health began to fail again, and having a large business to attend to, it became a burden to him; and he was much tried in his mind fearing his end was near at hand. When reminded how good the Lord had been to him in former afflictions, he would say—"Ah! I want something more than I have ever had to die upon. Past favours seem to be out of sight!" He would say—"What a solemn thing it is to die, and not to be prepared!" I never remember seeing him more cast down. He said he believed his time was short; and how could he face death? He feared that he had been too much taken up with worldly things, while in health, although he knew that eternal realities had often the greatest weight with him.

In April, 1896 he was taken suddenly ill, and was much distressed in his mind, saying that he thought he was taken for death. He was so weakened in body as not to be able to speak to us; and we feared that he never would again. My distress was great. Not that I doubted the reality of my dear father's eternal safety, but knowing the dark state of his mind, I longed

for the dear Lord to appear and give him a word to speak to us before he passed away; and this desire was granted us in a few hours.

My dear father looked at me and said,—“My dear, I am going to leave you, but I am happy, and going to heaven.” I then felt, that if he did not speak again it was enough to satisfy us; and the dear Lord had granted me the desire of my heart. After this he lay for three days as we thought in the arms of death, but on the morning of the first Lord’s day in May he again revived, when I asked him if he was able to speak to us once more! He replied—“Ah I know what you want; but you must wait! Blessed are they that wait upon the Lord, for he will come, and will not tarry!” The doctor who had just arrived was surprised to find him talking, and asked him “if he did not feel ill?” “Oh! no” he replied, “I feel well; nothing is the matter now.” The doctor then said, “you had better take something!” “Oh! no” he replied “I have food to eat the world knows not of.” After the doctor had gone he talked to us in such a manner as surprised us all. He then said, “Oh! how different it is to what I thought it would be! Instead of hell he (Christ) brought me heaven. I looked for the sentence of death and misery for what I deserved, but he has come with love and mercy! I cannot express it all to you, but I possess now what I have been waiting for, for more than forty years. But you little know what I have had to pass through; and how I have feared death, and felt that I could not die, having no strength to die with, but, ‘At most we do but taste the cup, The Lord alone has drunk it up.’ Yes, the cup of wrath; and you cannot conceive how the Lord supports me, and how good he is to me! Oh! to be made right, God alone can make us right. And what a blessing it is to be one of that few that are by grace found in the narrow way. Give God the praise, for this man is a sinner saved by sovereign grace alone. What a wonderful thing it is that I feel no condemnation. Oh! the love of Christ to poor ruined sinners.”

For several weeks he was in this blessed frame of mind, and would often say, “I looked for hell, he brought me heaven.” One morning he said, “Oh! what a grand night I have had! I really thought I was already in heaven, I had such peace of mind, and death appeared to be so comfortable. Truly the Lord is good. One thing is certain—I have got the best thing at last. But you do not know what I feel. It appears to be more than I can express, or bear. O, bless the Lord my soul, and all that is within me; bless his holy name.” He then said to my sister, and her husband, “Never be afraid of affliction! How afraid I have been of death, and wondered what I should do when its icy hand laid hold of me; but this has been the happiest time I ever had in my life!”

His sufferings at times were very great, but often he would

break out and say,—“Did Christ, my Lord suffer, And shall I repine.” “Oh no, for ‘we do but taste the cup.’” Every day we thought his end was near, but it was such a comfort to us to see him in such a blessed frame of mind. He often said that death was no terror to him now. We proved that the Lord’s thoughts were not as our thoughts, for quite contrary to our expectations, and according to his eternal purpose he raised him up again, and gave him a good measure of health and strength, though for months he was in a feeble state, but in time he gained sufficient strength to get to the house of God, and also to leave home for a change which was very helpful to him, although he remained more or less a sufferer down to the day of his death. After this he was never so troubled about his end as he had been, but he lost to a great extent the sweet enjoyment of the Lord’s presence, and was much tried and tempted by the enemy. He knew much of the plague of his own heart, and he felt that death was a solemn thing; but would say, “I hope it will be well with me. The Lord is gently taking down my poor tabernacle.” The last time he left his home for a change to Folkestone was in June 1900. He was then very feeble. While there he said, “Oh! what a mercy it is to have a better home to go to!” signifying that he felt his time was short upon earth; and that he had a good hope of a better home beyond the grave. He heard Mr. Weeks preach on the Lord’s day, and was much affected under the word spoken; remarking afterwards that it was more to him than everything temporal in Folkestone. Two days after we returned home, he had a slight stroke of paralysis, which we feared would shortly bring him to his end. He was very calm, and told us not to be alarmed, nor to put ourselves about, for “you have a good God who will take care of you.” The following day he was able to leave his bed, but was very weak, but much supported in his mind. On his dear friend, Mr. Newton (whom he had long known, and to whom he was greatly attached) entering his room, he wept, and then told him that he felt he could run to meet death. He again was given sufficient strength to get out at times to the Lord’s house, but in about eight weeks he had another slight stroke, after which he was much depressed, but his affliction did not prevent him from occasionally attending the Chapel, which he did within a fortnight of his death. During the winter he was as well as he had been for some time past, and would often say how good the Lord was to him, and what comforts he was surrounded with! He would sometimes weep and say, “why should I possess all this? I hope I shall not have all my good things in this life? That would be sad indeed! But the Lord will have mercy on whom he will, but if ever he takes such a sinful wretch as I to heaven that will be a mercy of mercies!”

The last few months of his life he much enjoyed the reading of Mr. Philpot’s sermons. Sometimes when those sermons have

been read to him, he has exclaimed, "how true!" and, "I know that is the truth for I have passed through it!" About a month before his death his sufferings increased; but he was at the chapel at both services on March 16th when Mr. Histed preached, and he was greatly helped under the word, especially in the morning. The following Thursday he took to his bed, and his sufferings were painful to witness, and sad to say the Lord had then hid his face from him. I tried to comfort him by telling him of the Lord's past goodness and mercy made known to him, and I tried to assure him that he would come again unto him. But he said "I want to feel him with me now, I do not want to be flattered!" When crying out from pain of body he said, "Oh! do not let me murmur!" The last Lord's day he was alive he said, "I shall never go down to the Chapel again." Upon Mr. Harris calling to see him he remarked—"I am so pleased to see you, I felt you would pray for me, I am so anxious to be right and to feel so now." The following day he appeared to be a little brighter. On my sister going into the room with me, he raised himself in bed and said, "Oh! my dear sweet ones, I must leave you! May the Lord bless you all. Live in his fear and you will die in his fear!" The next day being again much distressed he exclaimed, "Oh, do pray for me," I said, "It will not be long now, and heaven will make amends for all." He replied, "do you really think so?" He then said, "lift me up, I want to bless the Lord." But he soon appeared distressed again, and remained so until the next morning when I noticed a visible change upon his countenance. He asked for my dear mother, and when she entered the room he said, "You and I must part dear mother, but O mother I am saved, saved with an everlasting salvation!" He wept much, and when my dear brother came into the room, he exclaimed, "O my dear Thomas, I am saved, saved with an everlasting salvation. The greatest wretch in the world. I feel it! I feel it!!" Then turning to me he said, "Don't you fret, we shall meet again, I am sure of it." Here he again wept, and said, "It seems too good, but I feel it." He then gave instructions for his funeral, saying, "have all things plain. Christ like, no pomp, no pride. O that cursed pride, how it will work." He then said, "If I go to sleep and do not wake again you won't grieve, will you? I shall sleep my life away." I told him I had received a kind message for him, from Mr. Newton, when he burst into tears, saying, "How kind of him! O my affection for him, I cannot tell him, but you must. He has been a real friend to me." He talked to us during the day, and the day following, but we did not think his end was so near. His family lay with great weight upon his mind, and he repeatedly said, "I must leave you; be kind to each other, and take care of your dear mother." When any of the family came into the room he wept much, and begged each "to be kind to the other, and to his dear grandchildren for whom

he felt much, as they were growing up into the world." The day before he died he said but little, but at ten o'clock at night he said to my surprise "Won't you read?" I thought he was too near death for me ever to read to him again. I said where shall I read? He answered "in God's holy Word." I opened the Bible at the ninety-sixth psalm, when he began blessing and praising the Lord, exclaiming "Oh, that's it, sing aloud! praise him! O let all the ends of the earth praise him!" until he was completely exhausted. After this he took but little notice of any one. Once during the night when I spoke to him he said quietly, "Let me die," as though he had done with all below. It was evident now that all natural ties were severed; thus he gradually sank, and the following evening he passed away without a sigh or groan, on March 29th, 1901.

N. TAYLOR.

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"BEHOLD THE MAN." A TRANSPOSITION.

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"Behold the man as one of us become!"  
 'Tis Godhead's taunt, as pilloried and dumb  
 The wayward sinner who would wiser be  
 Stands brought to book for his stupidity.  
 Satire indeed on knowing as the gods  
 His thirst to know two states and tell the odds;  
 Ire's righteous irony the butt must hit,  
 And by its light to show the biter bit!  
 Ev'n two agreed, together cannot walk  
 If one claims right to draw his tomahawk—  
 Ah! no but here behold the Greatest stoop,  
 Succumb to grace, and then the weapon drop.  
 Here is the scene transposed, and changed its tone,  
 Reversing its severity full blown,  
 We find no more "man one of Us" to scan,  
 For God, this very God, becometh Man!  
 Behold the Man of his right hand—The Man  
 Whom he made strong for his salvation plan,  
 Able to save and keep for evermore  
 The ponderous trust committed to his store.  
 Behold this God is like to us become!  
 Of sovereign-all self moving love the sum,  
 'This grace abounding with like themes for me,  
 For my sole pastime fishing in this sea.  
 Redemptive skill must yield him endless fame,  
 The sinner saved engrossed within his name\*  
 Be still, O earth, and wonder Heavens high!  
 Here shines salvation ingenuity.

\* See *Exodus iii.*, 15.

True body he assumed, and with our flesh endued,  
 The sin alone in its similitude—  
 To prove his love the flesh must with him stay,  
 But proves his grace by putting sin away.

Up to the tree in his own body where  
 And once for all our load of guilt he bore,  
 Bore too away out to a bourne unseen,  
 Removed as clean as it had never been.

He bursts the tomb, and lives to justify  
 All who shall yet the path of life desory ;  
 Huge barren blocks, death in our passage laid,  
 For us he pierced—a thoroughfare he made.

Edinburgh.

A. B.

#### A JOYFUL MESSAGE ; OR, GLAD TIDINGS FOR THE MEEK, TO MISS B.

My very dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied to you. Amen.

I received your truly refreshing epistle : it rejoiceth my heart that my poor scribble is made a blessing for the profit and comfort of your soul. Oh that my heart would hold gratitude ! that thereby I might be enlarged to praise the Lord. I am truly glad that your heart is comforted ; the more so in that your comforts flow from the true Comforter, as is evident from the effects. You state that when the letter was read, all you could utter (or nothing plainer expressed your feelings than) "Glory be to God." Surely it was a breathing from on High that came upon you, for nothing will tend to give glory to God but that which cometh of his blessed Spirit. Christ saith, "He (the Holy Ghost) shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine and shew it unto you." All true comfort and joy tendeth to this. "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory." David says, "He hath set my feet on a rock, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise to our God." This is the ground on which he delivers. "I do not this for your sake be it known to you, but for my name's sake." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Why he delighteth in mercy (to show mercy) is because he thereby reaps glory from his own grace, and this is why he is out of his element in extending or retaining anger. "Judgment is his strange work"—it is not his element, he hath no pleasure in it. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked : but rather that ye turn and live : " therefore, "he will not keep anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy" (not in anger). In showing anger he only gets glory from sinners, passively ; and that

only to part of his attributes, as justice, holiness, truth, and faithfulness. But when he extends his mercy and favour to the comfort, refreshment, and enlargement of his people, he gets praise and glory from them actively—they are brought to give him praise. It is for the praise that cometh to his name that he deferreth his anger and extendeth favour. "For my name's sake will I defer mine anger." When we pray for deliverance, that we may be more free to praise and give him glory, then are we and our prayers in a right channel. "Save us O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name, and purge away our sins for thy name's sake." How doth he get praise when he comforteth and refresheth the soul? Thus—such refreshment brings repentance. "The goodness of the Lord leadeth to repentance." A person's affections are never so much against sin as when he enjoyeth the love and goodness of God. "Ye that love the Lord hate evil." It is said of some, "They repented not to give him glory," which shews repentance gives him glory. Again, when a soul is delivered there is confession. When the Father embraced the Prodigal he burst out and exclaimed, "I am not worthy to be called thy son"—such condescension, kindness, and favour is too great for me. Oh, what a heaven I have sinned against! This tendeth to God's glory: "Give glory to the Lord your God—make confession to him." Deliverance brings gratitude and praise. Oh, "what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." "I will praise thee, for thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me." "I will praise thee for thou hast heard me." Then "he that offereth praise glorifieth me." This word "he that offereth" is sweet, for when we enjoy his goodness we find how infinitely short we come from rendering to him according to the benefit received: it seems as if our contracted hearts do not praise him at all: for that which we give is so short of that which is due that we count it to be nothing worth; so after all we seem only to offer praise—our contracted hearts seem to hold no gratitude to give. But this is well-pleasing to the Lord, that our wills are willing to praise him, and that we offer to praise him. "He that offereth praise glorifieth me." Again, deliverance brings fruitfulness, and "herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, goodness, gentleness, faith, charity,"—these things tend to the glory of God. Wherefore, my friend, this sentence "Glory be to God" if from the heart, under a sense of his goodness, is the real work and fruit of the Spirit of God—the true breath of spiritual life. "The living, the living, he shall praise thee." "The dead cannot praise thee." Oh what encouragement to "open our mouths wide" and "covet earnestly the best gifts!" seeing the more favour we enjoy the more we shall give and ascribe all the glory to God. O what encouragement for faith and hope! seeing God

giveth (not for any merit) but for the glory of his name. The more grace we enjoy, the more glory will he get: therefore when our petitions are pinched—when we come reluctantly to the throne of grace—when we do not crave the greatest favours, I say, when this is the case, how do we requite him for his kindness by diminishing his declarative glory. Oh! is it so, that his grace in our hearts glorifieth him, and he giveth it that he may be glorified? Then we cannot offend him in going too often to the throne of Grace, or in craving too much. Is it not the delight of our hearts when we enjoy his grace, so that we are enlarged to give him glory? And is it not his delight when we do so? Oh what encouragement to hope in him—look to him—wait on him—and long after him! “Call upon me I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

You have tasted of the heavenly stream—you have tasted of the sweetness of the precious promises; you can now say, “Thy love is better than wine.” Your language is evidently the language of Canaan. You now pronounce “Shiboleth” plainly. The word signifies the “waters of the river.” Your language is from the waters of the river of life: yea, it droppeth as the dew of heaven; for my heart is refreshed and fructified thereby. I bless the Lord that you are comforted in reading his Word: that his word is the joy and rejoicing of your heart; for this proves your hope to be of the right sort. “That, through comfort of the Scriptures, we might have hope.” It is a real hope, for it is a glad heart; made so by the goodness of God in his Word. “A good word maketh the heart glad,” and “the hope of the righteous shall be gladness.” I am glad you can say with the Psalmist, “I waited patiently for the Lord.” When thine heart is glad from the precious word and promises of God, and this joined with it—earnest longings, yet patient waiting, then hath your hope its proper companion; it is the “patience of hope.” “If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it:” and “blessed are all they that wait for him.” You long to be clothed in the righteousness of Christ, and you have a sure promise for your hope. “He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry with his good things.” No, my friend, I shall not count you an enthusiast” or your “writing false”: for, “as in water, face answers to face,” so the heart of one child of God to another. Blessed be precious Christ, “I know him that is true, and the anointing which is the truth and is no lie.” There is in all the children of God, when brought to experience true comfort and refreshment, that identity or sameness, whereby they know each other: especially do the servants of God find out and know the work of God in his children, by what is going on in their own soul. Paul, “Though absent in body, could be present in spirit: joying with (the people of God) and beholding their order, “more especially, where there is conference.” “We speak that which we know, feel, taste, and handle, of the word



of life." Ye become our epistle, for in your heart is read what we speak and write: and "you speak the same things." By this we know each other to be born of God. This creates brotherly union, and gaineth the love and peace of God. "Be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Oh, my dear friend, be covetous for the best things, yet wait with patience for them. Be ashamed of slavish fear and distrust, seeing all is free and the Lord will give that he may be glorified. My heart is truly glad from what I hear of your dear sister. Oh that her appetite may be more and more recruited for the best things: may your comforts kindle a godly jealousy in her; that this may wax warm, and ascend to God in longings and pantings more and more for the enjoyment of his favour. I feel an earnest longing for you all. Those who choose the precious Word of God have indeed the good part that shall never be taken from them. Rejoice, rejoice, for all is well. Give my love to your sister, I truly love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, or desire to love him: and to your brother. The good Lord be with, bless, and prosper your soul abundantly, so prays, your's very affectionately.

D. FENNER.

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### WE WILL NOT BOW THE KNEE.

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"We will not bow the knee!  
 We will not bow the knee!  
 O'er hill and dell the echoes swell,  
 We will not bow the knee!  
 The old Reformers nobly fought,  
 And Truth their soul-inspiring thought,  
 But they are now no more(?)—  
 They live! their memories revere,  
 The standard raise they held so dear,  
 And treasure as of yore.

Chorus—We will not, etc.

Our old Reformers won the day:  
 No interdicts their progress stay—  
 No menaces avail—  
 These vanish as the Alpine snow  
 When fair Aurora glints below  
 And smiles upon the vale.

Chorus—We will not, etc.

Blest Volume! in thy page we read  
 How superstition does recede  
 And cower from thy light.  
 Rome hides the Book—all cheats in trade  
 Require their balance in the shade,  
 The scale put out of sight.

Chorus—We will not, etc.

Of apathy and sloth beware,  
 In means of grace and private prayer,  
 For apathy is sin.\*  
 The Romish priest is at the gate  
 To undermine both Church and State,  
 And Rituals within.

Chorus—We will not, etc.

The Royal Oath's a solemn fact,  
 And ever must remain intact,  
 Or Britain's glory wane;  
 Her sun go down in blackest gloom,  
 Her throne and sceptre to the tomb,  
 And both with crimson stain!

Chorus—We will not, etc.

Forbid it, Lord! avert the stroke;  
 Preserve us from the Papal yoke,  
 And shield us 'neath thy wing.  
 As Protestant, we plight our troth  
 To stand by Crown, to stand by Oath,  
 And pray "Cod save the King!"

Chorus—We will not, etc.

From the Bulwark, July 1901. H. BELCHER (Late of Paris).

\*Rev. iii. 15. The predominant sin of the Christian Church of this epoch is indifference. Vide Letters on Popery by the late Mr. J. C. Philpot.

### THE SAINTS' FELLOWSHIP WITH FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST. (*Communion with each Person Distinctly.*)

By DR. OWEN.

(Continued from page 360).

Now of the things which have been delivered, this is the sum: There is no grace whereby our souls go forth unto God, no act of divine worship yielded unto him, no duty or obedience performed, but they are distinctly directed unto Father, Son, and Spirit; now by these, and such like ways as these, do we hold communion with God; and there we have that communion distinctly, as hath been described.

This also may further appear, if we consider how distinctly the Persons of the Deity are revealed to act in the communication of those good things, wherein the saints have communion with God. As all the spiritual ascendings of their souls are assigned unto them respectively, so also their internal receivings of the communications of God unto them are held out in such a distribution, as points at distinct risings and fountains, (though not of being in themselves yet) of dispensations unto us. Now this is declared in two ways:

1. When the same thing is, at the same time, ascribed jointly, and yet distinctly, to all the Persons in the Deity, and respectively to each of them. So are grace and peace: "Grace be unto you and peace from him which is, and which was, and which is to

come, and from the seven spirits which are before his throne, and from Jesus Christ who is the faithful witness," Rev. i. 4, 5. The seven spirits which are before the throne are the Holy Spirit of God, considered as the perfect fountain of every perfect gift and dispensation. All here joined together, and yet all mentioned as distinguished in their communication of grace and peace, unto the saints, "Grace be unto you from the Father, and from etc."

2. When the same thing is attributed severally and singly unto each Person. There is, indeed, no gracious influence from above, no elapse of light, life, love, or grace upon our hearts, but proceedeth in such a dispensation. I shall give only one instance, which is very comprehensive, and may be thought to comprise all other particulars; and this is TEACHING. The teaching of God is the real communication of all and every particular emanation from himself unto the saints, whereof they are made partakers. That promise: "They shall be all taught of God," enwraps in itself the whole mystery of grace, as to its actual dispensation unto us, so far as we may be made real possessors of it. Now this is assigned

1. Unto the Father. The accomplishment of that promise is peculiarly referred to him: "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, who hath heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto me" (John vi. 45). This teaching whereby we are translated from death unto life, brought unto Christ, unto a participation of life and love in him, it is of and from the Father: him we hear, of him we learn, by him are we brought unto union and communion with the Lord Jesus. This is his drawing us, his begetting us anew of his own will, by his own spirit. And in which work he employs the ministers of the gospel. Acts xxvi. 18.

2. Unto the Son. The Father proclaims him from heaven to be the great Teacher in that solemn charge to hear him which came once again from the excellent glory: "This is my beloved Son, hear him." The whole of his prophetic, and no small part of his kingly office, consists in this teaching; herein is he said to draw men unto him, as the Father is said to do in his teaching, (John xii. 32,) which he doth with such efficacy, that the dead hear his voice and live. The teaching of the Son is a life-giving, a spirit-breathing teaching: an effectual influence of light whereby he shines into darkness: communication of life quickening the dead, an opening of blind eyes, and changing of hard hearts, a pouring out of the Spirit, with all the fruits thereof. Hence he claims it as his privilege to be the sole Master: "One is your Master, which is Christ," Matthew xxiii. 10.

3. To the Spirit. "The comforter he shall teach you all things; and the anointing which you have received (saith the Apostle) abideth in you, and you need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, "ye shall abide in him" (1 John ii. 27), that blessed

unction, which is not only true, but truth itself, is of the Holy Spirit of God: so that he teacheth also; being given unto us, that we may know the things that are freely given unto us of God, 1 Cor. ii. 15. I have chosen this special instance, because as I told you, it is comprehensive, and comprises in itself most of the particulars that might be enumerated; quickening, preserving, etc.

This further drives on the truth that lies under demonstration; there being such a distinct communion of grace from the several Persons of the Deity, the saints must needs have distinct communion with them.

It remaineth only to intimate in a word wherein this distinction lies, and what is the ground thereof. Now this is, that the Father doth it by the way of original authority; the Son by the way of communicating from a purchased treasury; the Holy Spirit by the way of immediate efficacy.

1. The Father communicates all grace by the way of original authority. "He quickeneth whom he will," John v. 21; "Of his own will begat he us," James i. 18. Life-giving power is in respect of original authority invested in the Father by the way of eminency: and therefore in sending of the quickening Spirit Christ is said to do it from the Father, or the Father himself to do it. "But the comforter, the Holy Spirit whom the Father will send," John xiv. 26. "But when the comforter is come whom I will send from the Father," John v. 26. Though he be also said to send himself, on another account, John xvi. 7.

2. The Son, by the way of making out a purchased treasury. "Of his fulness do we all receive, and grace for grace," John i. 16. And whence is this fulness?—"It pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell," Col. i. 19. And upon what account he hath the dispensation of that fulness to him committed, you may see, Phil. ii. 8-11. "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities, Isa. liii. 10, 11. And with his fulness he hath also authority for the communication of it, John v. 25, 26. **Matt. xviii. 18.**

3. The Spirit doth it by way of immediate efficacy, Rom. viii. 11: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead, dwell in you; he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Here are all three comprised, with their distinct concurrence unto our quickening. Here is the Father's authoritative quickening, he raised Christ from the dead, and he shall also quicken you: and the Son's mediatory quickening, for it is done in the death of Christ: and the Spirit's immediate efficacy, he shall do it by the Spirit that dwelleth in you. He that desires to see this whole matter farther explained may consult what I have elsewhere whitten on the subject. And this is the distinct communion whereof we treat both proved and demonstrated.

## Obituary.

Mrs BUSS.—My dear mother, Esther Buss, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on July 4th, 1903, after nine months of great suffering, during which not a murmur escaped her lips. She had been afflicted for about twelve years, but was not confined to her room until the last nine months of her life. She had but few opportunities of hearing the gospel preached, which was a source of pain and grief to her; hence she could not often mingle with the Lord's people as she once was privileged to do. But, it pleased the Lord to bless the reading of the "Gospel Standard" to her many times, to the great comfort of her soul. She was a reader of its pages for a period of fifty years or more. The enemy of her soul appeared to harass her when nearing her end, as she was heard to say, "run! run!" and then she said "the Lord's name be praised. Yes, I shall soon be landed. Blessed Jesus, Dearest Lord!" which she repeated many times. She had been asked, if able, to raise her hand if she was happy, she raised it once and exclaimed "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" and tried again to raise it, but her strength failed her. She passed gently away with "hallelujah" on her lips.

"She has now gained her release,  
From all that disturbed her below;  
Made meet for the Kingdom of Peace,  
Where pleasures eternally flow.  
There all her afflictions are past,  
For ever in glory set down,  
A Victor through Jesus at last;  
Her cross is exchanged for a crown."

G. Buss.

Mr. CHANDLER.—Our late dear friend Edward Chandler of Leicester, fell asleep on July 12th, 1903, on Lord's day morning at 10.30; when he ceased to worship with the Church Militant, and joined the Church Triumphant. He was a native of Gilmorton, in Leicestershire; and brought up in the teaching of the Church of England, to which Church he was greatly attached. But, when quite a young man, the writer has heard him say, that "he was the subject of solemn convictions, and a tender conscience, which were the means in the Lord's hands of keeping him from falling into gross sins, into which some fall.

In the providence of God he obtained a situation as coachman to the late Mr. Rolleston, vicar of Scruptoft, (of blessed memory,) under whose ministry he was called by grace, and was led to see, and feel his state as a sinner before God. On the death of Mr. Rolleston he became coachman to Mr. Bryan, of Humberstone, near Leicester, who attended Alfred Street Chapel. Having to drive him there on the Lord's-days he was favoured to

hear many of the Lord's ministers who preached there, such as Messrs. Philpot, Godwin, A. B. Taylor, Warburton, and several others who are now in glory. He was much attached to Mr. Philpot's ministry and writings, and found them very supporting, and confirming to his soul, and which led him to see that salvation is all of free and sovereign grace, and which had separated him from an ungodly world. He was also a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard," and a firm advocate for the truths it set forth, and the sound doctrines it maintained. Two copies were under his pillow while he was lying on his bed of affliction; and as often as his bodily strength would permit he would read them to the joy of his heart.

He subsequently attended Newark Street Strict Baptist Chapel, and was baptized, and received a member there, as was also his wife, and both adorning the Gospel of Christ and walking consistently before the Lord. He much enjoyed the ministry of the Word, and sometimes returned home after the service with the writer having his soul truly blessed. His soul, sometimes would be all a-glow, when dwelling upon the theme of "Sovereign love." He was generally a sober-minded man, with a quiet and humble disposition; but when anything arose that affected the pure truth he was as firm as a lion against it, and did all that he could to maintain the truths of the Gospel as they are set forth in the Scriptures. His chief companions for reading were, the Bible, Gadsby's Hymn Book, and the "Gospel Standard." On the 10th inst., he was visited at the Infirmary by his pastor, and when asked the state of his mind he replied "Not altogether as I could wish it to be," but he said, "It is all of Sovereign grace from first to last"; and he could see how by that grace he had been made to differ. He was very patient under his great sufferings, which arose from an internal and incurable complaint. He often felt weary, and would say, "I want to go home," evidently feeling "Weary of earth, himself and sin." Shortly after, two ladies visited the ward in which our friend lay, and commenced singing: "Home, sweet home." Although it was very sentimental, he said "that goes right to my heart," and appeared to say to him, "Home is in view!" He shortly afterwards became unconscious, from which he never recovered, and passed away in his sleep on the date above given. His dear wife, and children, by his death have lost a good husband, and father, and the church of which he formed a part have lost a praying member, and the writer a beloved friend. But, we can truly say, that he was "well laid in the grave"; where he awaits a glorious resurrection to eternal life through Christ Jesus.

"Great God in whom we live,  
Prepare us for that day,  
Help us in Jesus to believe;  
And watch, and wait, and pray."

F. PEET.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1903.

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

## “THE PRAYER OF CHRIST FOR HIS PEOPLE.”

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. DENNETT, AT FREDERICK  
STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM, ON LORD'S DAY  
EVENING, DECEMBER 31ST, 1899.\*

“Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.”—JNO. xvii. 24.

My dear friends and brethren in Christ Jesus,—These are great words to utter, even to say, “My brethren in Christ Jesus,” because of all persons I feel to be the most sinful and the most unworthy to thus address you, and I was before the Lord called me by his grace one of the most unlikely ever to have a hope in the mercy of God. But time brings about the fulfilment of the will and purposes of God. So Solomon said, “There is a time to be born;”—I know I have been born into this world a sinful man—and he says, “There is a time to die,” and that in a spiritual sense means many deaths,—a death to this world, a death to all hope in self, a death to all hope of being saved by the law of works; for “by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.” (Rom. iii. 20.) Therefore it is a great thing to know anything savingly of God.

Well, we are brought thus far through life and almost to the close of another year, this being the last day in the year 1899. The year 1899 will soon have passed away, and 1900 will be upon us very quickly, and who amongst the many thousands and millions that now inhabit the earth will be alive when 1901 rolls round God only knows. O to be made right for eternity and to be prepared to meet death! Paul says, “God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that

no flesh shall glory in his presence." (1 Cor. i. 27-29.) Well, the Lord only knows what is before us. But here we are privileged to come once more into his earthly courts, and I can truly say my principal desire is to know more of the Lord. If Paul only knew in part, I must indeed say I only know in part.

But there is something very blessed which the Lord sets before us in the words I am about to read as a text and from which I hope to speak a little: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." Here Christ is praying for his own people, and this is a prayer that cannot fail. It is a prayer which was recorded in heaven before Christ ascended on high. O how limited is this prayer! It is by no means universal. Christ did not pray for everyone. There was one part of the world he left out, and those were and still are those that the Father did not love, those that God had not chosen, those that God did not give to Christ; but the Lord Jesus prayed for all those that God the Father had given to him, and for them only. So the Lord's prayer is exclusively for his people, and his people are his church, and his church are those that God the Father set his love upon before the world had a beginning. O the foreknowledge of God! What a depth there is in it. Who can measure it, I mean, the depth that is in it? The depth of the sea cannot be measured in some parts; and who can measure the depth of God's love? Then again, this love of God is special: "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me." My friends, what you will be most concerned about if you are born of God is to know whether God has loved you. The feeling of your breast will be, "Has God loved me? Did he love me before the foundation of the world. Did he give me to his dear Son before time began? Did he make me one with him?" We have no concern about these things until God makes us concerned; for it is he alone that can convince a sinner of his sin and show him the right way; and no sooner does the blessed Spirit come, according to God's will upon a sinner, no matter who he is or where he is, or what he has been living in—he may have been the very worst of characters under heaven, as Mary Magdalene and many others; yet when the blessed Spirit comes he comes with a determination to quicken and to enlighten and to make the people of God's choice new creatures, and he calls them out of darkness and out of death. I trust he has done this for



many of us here present this evening, and what greater thing can he do for us? But how are we to know that we possess this spiritual life? I speak in the name of the great God, and I speak his truth; yet I feel myself most unworthy to do so.—The blessed Spirit of God quickens the souls of God's elect when dead in sin; but he never quickens any that God the Father has not loved. A man may have a bare knowledge of the truth, he may have a nominal faith, he may make a profession of the Lord's Name, he may have been baptized in the name of Christ; he may have strong confidence, and that confidence may be only presumption; he may go a long way in religion and yet have no grace; he may indeed. We read of some in the Word who went a long way in their profession and yet came short at last. O to be saved! God puts the principle of faith into the hearts of his people; he puts light into their souls, so that in God's light they see light, and that light shows to them their sinfulness: "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." God puts spiritual life into the soul, and this life and this light bring feeling. O what a discovery there is of what we are and of how the Lord alone can save us. Life in the soul is faith in the soul, and this faith discovers to us what we are and that Christ alone is the Way by which we can be saved and justified. These are two great things to realize and we hope God has made some of us to know them. Then there is this great discovery made that God has got a people he has chosen, a people he has loved because he would love them, and these are the people God has given to Christ, and for these people Christ prayed, saying, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am," etc. What Christ prayed for is what every child of God prays for, even that they may one day be where Christ now is, in heaven. That is where I hope to go when I leave this sinful, dying world. I am a dying creature in it, and I must meet death and meet God, and I must enter into eternity; and you, my beloved friends, must do the same; and great as these things are I would say to you who are often troubled and full of fears and full of sins and infirmities and often cast down by reason of the way and who feel the conflict within going on continually, so that you cannot believe as you would, nor repent as you would, nor mourn over your sins as you would, — I would say to you;

Cheer up, ye travelling souls,  
On Jesus' aid rely."

Cheer up, your sins are all forgiven.

“Let not all this terrify,  
Pursue the narrow path;  
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,  
And fight with hell by faith.”

We must have a conflict, we must have the trial of faith; there is no true religion without it: “In the world ye shall have tribulation.” But I would say to you who are thus exercised in your souls, look again and again and again toward God’s holy temple, that temple which was not built with hands, that tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man, and to the blood that flowed out of that Tabernacle when Christ made the atonement; and O may we be encouraged by what the Scripture says, “The blood of Jesus Christ”—no other blood is mentioned, no other blood will do, no other blood does faith trust in, no other blood is felt to be precious to the soul, no other blood cleanses from sin. O the blood, the blood, the blood of Jesus Christ! Poor sinner, hear it! “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.” And who are the “us” that it cleanses from all sin? Those who are brought to confess their sin. There, my friends, let us bless God that he has ever made us sensible of our sin. We do not bless him because we have sin in us. But let us bless God that he has ever made us sensible of our sin and assured us that nothing can satisfy us but to realize these great truths and to praise Christ’s holy Name for a hope of interest in them. Such souls as those I have been describing who feel the conflict going on within are those who see the greatness of God’s love. I say, the greatness of it, for it is so vast, my beloved friends, in my sight that notwithstanding all the goodness of God to me I can hardly realize that it can be true that God should have set his love upon me, because I look upon myself and feel myself to be a sinful man, and you know how the Apostle was tried and how we must be tried and how all the saints of God who are gone to glory were tried when on earth, how the prophets were tried, and how Christ himself was tried. Peter says, “That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” (1 Pet. i. 7.) So although Christ knew his Father’s will he prayed, saying, “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” Now are we one with Christ in this prayer that where he

is we may be also? Perhaps you will say, "O could I but be assured that mine is real prayer, that mine is real desire!" Well, we know we were once without prayer and without desire after these things. O to be with Christ! And he will not be satisfied until he has all his people, even every member of his church, without any exception, with him in glory. A babe in Christ is a babe in Christ, and a man in Christ is a man in Christ; and as parents who love their children, when they see them in sickness and pain would certainly relieve them and help them if they could; so will the Lord save every member of his mystic body, the church; but no more. O let me limit this, because God has limited it, and because it is not his righteous will to save any but his own elect people; therefore I am obliged to limit it in my ministrations. Let the preachers of the world go with the world, and let the world go with the preachers of the world. John says, "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." (1 Jno. iv. 2, 3.) You know what the Unitarians and Arians and many others say who deny the Deity of Christ. They cannot say that he is come in the flesh if they deny his Deity. Saith John, "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." Is that a part of your real confession, even that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is come in the flesh? Though he was God he became Man that in his manhood he might die, and yet he died a sinless death, but he died in and through that Manhood to put away sin for his people; for as a father may treasure up riches for his children; so Christ has treasured up riches for his children, that is, he has given himself for them, and his precious blood and righteousness are their riches. Now is this our confession that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, and are we cleaving to what he has done? He said when he died on the cross, "It is finished." Is that our hope, that he has finished salvation for us, that we should be saved thereby? Or are we trusting to anything in ourselves? If we have living faith in God and Christ, that faith, though small, and it may be very small in a weak believer, but if that faith is in Christ, you cannot help feeling after Christ and crying to Christ, and nothing will satisfy you but Christ, nay, further, nothing will satisfy you but to be where Christ is to behold his glory;—not to see him as a suffering man and a man of reproaches and

afflictions; not to see him as he was to be seen when on earth, even as a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" but to see him in his glory—so glorious that we cannot behold him now and live. I say again, Do we desire to be with Christ to behold his glory? O what unworthy creatures we are, if I may speak for you that fear God. "Shall I realize it? O shall I realize it," say you. O the castings down, and the temptations and trials that the Lord's people have to endure! How many sorrows come upon us and in what a variety of ways! The Lord's people know well what it is to have pricking thorns. My beloved friends, be not over cast down through the trials of the way. Others who have gone before you have had to endure tribulations and have known what it has been to be much cast down because of the way. Sorrow not as those who have no hope. Cast not away your confidence. Little children, for that is how God often addresses his people—Little children, seek unto the Lord who has said, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." Therefore if there are any here desiring and praying to be led and taught as God leads and teaches his own people, I would say to you, Go on amidst all discouragements and amidst all the castings down and temptations that you meet with by the way; for the Lord has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." You may be greatly tried, and you may think yourselves some of the greatest monsters of iniquity under heaven, and you may at times be tempted to think it is impossible for you to be the children of God, that it is impossible that Christ has loved you; but we must pass through temptations, we must suffer afflictions, for it is the lot of all God's people. Well, you weak believers, you that are comers to Christ, "be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." And you that are fathers in Christ—and I hope God has made me one, and I hope he has made me a spiritual father to many of you, but he alone is your heavenly Father—but to you, my aged friends who have endured many trials with me for very many years, and who have upheld me in preaching the truth and who have received that truth in the love of it into your hearts, remember this, you will never go to hell; but remember this, though you are sinful, you won't die in your sins. Remember this, though grey hairs are upon your heads the Lord never intends to cast you away, although you often have to pray, like David, Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me." But

remember this, my aged friends, who have travelled with me for many, many years and who have listened to the truths I have preached and have loved them and have been determined that if the chapel were to be three parts emptied to-morrow, to abide by the truth, having realized the truth of what is recorded respecting the Hebrew servant, that when he had served his master seven years, if he was pleased to abide still with him, he was to have his ear bored through with an awl to the posts of the door; and you know if a man's ear was nailed to the posts of the doors of this house he could not be in the streets; he could not be in worldly assemblies, he would not be found amongst the congregations of dead professors, neither church-people, nor Unitarians, Arians, or Sabellians, or any others; but he would be found amongst the people of God. The Lord enable us "to stand, and having done all to stand." Therefore keep on seeking and praying that you may be where Christ is, to behold his glory.

"Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." This is the gospel which I have to preach to you, and no other;—that those who are seeking after these things shall certainly find them, and that those who pray that they may be with Christ in glory shall certainly realize it; that those who knock at mercy's door—who knock often and knock long, knock day after day, week after week, and year after year, shall at last have the door opened unto them; as the Lord himself says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek, and ye shall find." But when once the master of the house is risen up, and shut to the door, then what will he say to the wicked? "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." We read that "the Bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut." Now, my friends, those who went in with him to the marriage had to be clothed in a special garment, even the righteousness of Christ, and it is said of the bride of Christ in Rev. xix. 7, that "his wife hath made herself ready." How has she, then, made herself ready? I have seen such a beauty in this since I was with you last Sabbath—that the way she hath made herself ready, is to present herself completely naked. I say completely naked. As Adam and Eve before they sinned had no clothing upon them, for it says "they were both naked;" and Adam took

unto him his wife whilst she was in this state; so now the church, or bride of Christ comes and presents herself unto him and casts herself down before him as a naked bride, praying that she may have on the raiment which her Husband hath prepared for her. O what a beauty I saw in this! This, then, is how the bride of Christ hath made herself ready. As if she should say, "Here I come, Lord, naked, and have not a rag to cover myself with. I have no wedding garment of my own. I have no works of my own that can merit salvation: but I come to thee naked, lost, ruined, and undone, and I address thee as my Husband and best Friend, and pray thee to clothe me with the garments of salvation and make me fit and count me worthy to sit down to the marriage Supper of the Lamb.—But I must not exhaust myself too much. If I have said anything right in Gods sight may he bless it to your souls, and if I have said anything wrong to discourage any that are seekers of the kingdom of God, may he forgive me; but I do not think or feel that I have; for God has given me a clean conscience in this respect; and in looking back upon my ministry and how the Lord first called me to preach his word, how well I remember that my call to the ministry was so separate and distinct from my call by grace, and O how I realized God's presence in my own soul, and felt assured he had called me to preach his gospel; and the Lord so blessed his word through me to his people that I could not disbelieve it. Since then I have had many trials; but here I am brought thus far, and may the Lord in his rich and tender mercy help me to the end of my days and then bring me off, more than a conqueror, to behold his glory and to be with him for ever and to be made like him. This is the climax of all my desires and of all your desires, even to know Christ, and to be found in him, and at last to be swallowed up in him, and our bodies changed and made like unto his glorious body, to be for ever and ever and ever free from the influence and from the indwelling power of sin. Well, the Scripture says, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

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Would you see sin in its true light? This is the mirror. The drowning of the whole world at the flood; the destruction of Sodom by fire; the ten thousand hospitals of mankind; yea, the whole earth considered as one great mass of misery; and even hell itself, with its everlasting burnings, all form no equal manifestations of the malignity of sin, compared to Christ bearing the curse and punishment of sin, when in the Garden he bore agonies, and on the cross he died, "the just for the unjust; to bring His people to God."—*Dr. Hawker.*

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## POOR RELIEF SOCIETY.

The Trustees and the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies," being always desirous of making the very best use of all money entrusted to them, wish to direct the attention of friends to Rule 6 of the "Poor Relief Society," which provides "That, except where otherwise expressed by the Donors or Testators, all donations and legacies above £50. . . . shall be invested in the names of the Trustees in some Government security, and, when once invested, shall not at any time be disturbed, the dividends (that is, the interest) thereon being from time to time added to the funds for current use. . . ."

The Trustees and the Committee consider that there is now sufficient capital invested, and yet, as the Rules are enrolled in Chancery and cannot be departed from, they are compelled to add to the Capital Fund all legacies above £50, "EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE EXPRESSED BY THE TESTATORS." Will, therefore, our friends who are kindly contemplating helping the Society in this manner, strictly adhere to the following Form of Bequest :

"I bequeath to the Trustees for the time being of the GOSPEL STANDARD POOR RELIEF SOCIETY, whose original trust deed is dated 23rd day of November, 1878, and is enrolled in Chancery, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds, and I direct that the same may be treated by the said Trustees in their discretion as capital or income, to be applied for the purposes of the Society, and I declare that the receipt of any Trustee being also the Treasurer of the Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

By inserting the words "IN THEIR DISCRETION AS CAPITAL OR INCOME" the Trustees and the Committee will have power to place the Bequest as circumstances may require either to the current account (in which case it would be used in pensions, or sums voted to the poor, and current expenses), or to the Capital account when it would be invested, but not sunk, as it must be, if the old Form of Bequest is used.

“BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW, FOR WE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.”

My dear Friend,—I thank you for your last letter. Time rolls on and we are every day coming nearer to the end of our life. Young and old fall by the scythe of death. We cannot “boast of to-morrow for we do not know what a day may bring forth.” The wife of a General died here yesterday, aged 33 years. I have lost a nephew about the same age named Phillips. This is a dying world, and all things are uncertain. We know not what troubles may come. This is a favoured land. I am certain that God is long-suffering towards us for there is much sin in the world, in professors, and in the Church of God. May the Lord raise up ministers to preach his glorious gospel and bless those whom he hath sent. I am glad that you are so well attended at the Abbey Chapel. Ministers are encouraged to come when the Lord blesses their souls. It is a great honour to be an instrument in the Lord’s hand of good to his people. My voice is no better. Sometimes my throat is not so sore. I hope that the warm weather may be beneficial. May the Lord guide my steps. Through grace we are what we are. And that makes all the difference. In trials and afflictions patience is needed: we are not to choose our own paths, a cross must attend all the real followers of the Lamb, not our own crosses, they would be light, and do us no good. I am glad to see any serious impressions on young minds. There are great temptations and many snares laid for them everywhere. What a great mercy it is to be preserved. Give my love to the deacons, and to friend Tanner. May the Lord be with him on the Lord’s day. Give my love to all enquiring friends. May the sick and the afflicted be truly blessed. I hope that your wife is better. If people cannot pray when they are sick, they cannot when they are well. Yours affectionately,  
 To Mr. Porter. WM. TIPTAFT.  
 Oakham, May 11th, 1864.

### ON BACKBITING.

“Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.”—PSALM xv., 1—3.

To the Editor of the “Gospel Standard.”

Dear Sir,—What a mercy it is to be made truly sensible of our fallen, ruined, state as sinners before God! I was reading the experience of Mr. May, of Staplehurst, in this month’s “G. S.” (September) and how it took my mind back to about thirty years ago: Oh! how sure are the testimonies of the Lord the Spirit in the hearts of his people. The “Gospel Standard” continues still to bear the marks of gospel teaching. It has had many arrows



shot at it, but it still abides, and it still keeps alive in Divine things. I have been a subscriber, and a reader of it for thirty years; and have been cut up and wounded, and encouraged by it many times over; but, blessed be God, it is still the same truth-speaking Magazine as it ever has been; and I cannot help saying that the good Lord has mercifully helped, and strengthened you in your labour of love. And my heart's desire for you is, that the Lord may still spare you, and uphold, support, and further strengthen you to preach, and write a separating, and Christ-exalting Gospel.

We are living in very solemn times. Times in which much deceit and hypocrisy abounds. What a mercy it is to know, and feel it, and to be stripped from it, and made willing to be searched through and through by the Lord the Spirit!

My dear Sir,—I was looking over some old "Gospel Standards" for the year 1838 and came upon an excellent piece "On Backbiting." I thought it was a solemn article, and if suited to the times then, how much more is it suited to the times now. I should be so much obliged if you will reprint it in the "Gospel Standard" at an early date, and my desire is, that the Lord will make it a blessing to some, and a warning to others, that his Word may be obeyed, his commands fulfilled, and his name honoured and glorified. My prayer for you, dear sir is, that the God of all grace may still bless you, and crown your journey's end with his rich blessing. I am yours with Christian love.

Swindon, Wilts, August 17, 1903.

A. W.

[We agree with the writer of the above letter, and willingly comply with his suggestion. Believing that the solemn times in which we live call aloud for a searching ministry from the pulpit, and very searching articles from the press, to awaken many that are slumbering on beds of ease; and to reprove the many inconsistencies that are to be found in God's Zion. The following is the article referred to.

O this abominable backbiting! Is there anything more detestable? Is there anything more sickening to a heart made honest in the sight of God? In (Romans i. 29-31), it is classed with crimes of the most heinous description, such as fornication, murder, etc.; and I believe in God's sight it is a sin equally contemptible as either. "The froward mouth do I hate;" (Prov. viii. 13). "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? He that walketh uprightly, that backbiteth not with his tongue," etc. And yet I believe there is no crime of which many professed Christians are more guilty. And how is this? Because of maliciousness, envy, jealousy, deceit; (Rom. i. 29;) because of the fear of God, which is to hate evil (Prov. viii. 13), is not before their eyes. When I see a man, whether he be a minister or not, continually running after reports against his brethren, eagerly swallowing them, and as eagerly promulgating them, adding a little bit by

way of embellishment, till a mole hill is made a mountain; I say, when I see this, I need no greater evidence, that though the fear of God may be in that man's heart, yet, if it be, it is in a torpid state, it is not lively.

That dear Writer Mr. John Kay, of Abingdon, exposes, to my view, in a truly Scriptural and forcible way, the ungodliness of mere professors; but I cannot help dwelling upon and pointing out, in some degree, the inconsistencies of real possessors; and I am the more earnest in this, because, while I reflect upon the mote that is in my brother's eye, and how unseemly it appears, I am led to discover something of the beam that is in my own; and I am made to cry and groan to God that he would hold me up, else my feet would surely slip. And O how it cuts me up when, in a moment of self-confidence and self-importance, I have been left to "take up a reproach against my neighbour." If a man be a faithful, honest, God-fearing man, and hear a rumour against his brother, instead of writing about it to this place, and sending it verbally to that; instead of talking about it here, and babbling it out there, he will go immediately and at once to his brother, and inquire about it, face to face, and not say, "O! I am sure it is true, because such a minister; or such a member told me, and he would not have said so had it not been true." And yet are there not scores of my readers who witness this every week, yes, and many who practise it too?

I have seen some men go to a minister, heartily shake hands with him, extol him to the very skies, and yet, when he has turned his back, rail against both his preaching and writing. O where is that spirit in which there is no guile? (Psalm xxxii. 2). Where is that wisdom which is without hypocrisy? (James iii. 17). But I have marked these men, and to some I have spoken; and I have always discovered that they belong to one class, those who can hear anybody, any minister, except those who rightly divide the word of truth, that is, who are led to draw a line of separation—a separation which cannot be misunderstood—a separation that makes hypocrites snarl, and heaven-born souls feel for their legs—a separation that drives the seeming wise to gossiping houses and the feeling fools to a throne of grace with a "Search me, Lord, and try me,"—a separation that makes seared consciences kick and tender consciences tremble; I say, this class can hear any minister except those who are led to draw this line of separation between the goats and the sheep, between God's ministers and the devil's ministers, if they do but talk about the sweetness of pardon, the preciousness of Christ, the joy of believing, etc. But they seem to forget or are ignorant that all this, and more, the Wesleyans will do, and really do, and yet they give no proof of life, because they cannot distinguish between natural conviction and regeneration, between natural belief and that faith which is of the operation of God. Their foundation being in the flesh, the whole fabric must be so also. And this

appears to me to be the reason why some experimental ministers are no deeper now than they were years ago, and why they can be heard with pleasure by members of the dead churches around, while they call really spiritual taught ministers savage and unchristian. "O! I like Mr. So-and-So. He is a nice man. He is not so severe as old Gadsby or up-start Philpot." But I have marked these characters, I say; and I find that these are they who, for the most part, are backbiters, deceivers, whisperers, etc.; (2 Cor. xii. 20), while a poor soul, whose quick-raw-flesh conscience can scarcely bear the weight of a feather, is glad to get out from among them, and leave them to their abominable hypocrisy, telling them honestly that there is no food for them.

"**Two** cannot walk together except they be agreed;" and I am sure it cuts a living soul to the quick to hear this evil report bandied about here and there, while the party thus injured and abused perhaps never hears a word about it, till some faithful brother, out of a hundred almost of the contrary sort, goes and tells him, and then, behold, in most cases, after all, it is proved to be a lie. O, is it not to be lamented that this is the case in the churches? There are a few who "cannot let such words go out of their mouth" (Job xv. 13), but who are held in with bit and bridle; and if the Lord Almighty sends these remarks home to the consciences of any who are wantonly guilty, I hope it will lead them to confess their crime, and to cry for grace to preserve them in future; for they know not how much they wound their brethren, and how detestable the crime is. In the psalm at the head of this epistle, it is solemnly implied that such cannot abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, nor dwell in his holy hill; and yet our charity would shrink if we attempted to cut them off as having no part or lot in the matter. I tell you what, friends; perhaps in all churches there are two classes; there is the fleshly class, and there is the in earnest spiritual class; and if we are in the habit of attending places of worship where supplies occasionally come, we shall have no great difficulty in drawing the line. When a well-instructed minister comes, who upsets all false evidences and lying refuges, who clips off the wings of one, and amputates the legs of another; who shows that a man may appear to come within a "hairsbreadth" of true religion, and yet be destitute of it; when one of this searching kind comes, then some are missing, or sent away snarling; and enquire where they have been, and perhaps they have been to hear the generals. "Birds of a feather flock together." And so, on the other hand, when one of the fleshly sort comes, then another part is missing. Poor souls; no food for them; they cannot feed upon husks; they cannot hear a man talk about salvation who does not know what it is to be damned; they cannot hear a man talk about Christ who knows nothing about the devil; they cannot hear a man point out the way to heaven who has never been on the brink of hell, yea, in hell in his feelings; and so off they go, not to

reproach their neighbours, no, but with their heads hanging down like bulrushes, lamenting that there is so little life and so much death; so little possession and so much profession.

Lord, make thy people more honest and faithful, for thy name's sake. Amen.

TIMOTHY.

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LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROMAINE.

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My very dear Friend,—I am wishing for your prosperity in body and soul, but above all that your soul may prosper; and it is in the most thriving state when you are lowest and vilest in your own eyes, and Jesus alone is eyed and esteemed. This is growth. As self is kept down, so is Jesus exalted. Oh, what views have I of this manner of growing in grace! Let me talk to you freely of it at our next meeting, as I have learned it not from books, but from God's Word, and God's teaching.

I am learning, though dull, how to eye him in all things: as it is my privilege, so I find it my happiness: but, alas! alas! I am a miserable learner. However, I set out afresh, and resolve not to give over aiming at my lesson. Do ever so well, I would do better, for I see in him worlds of beauty and glory, which will take up a long eternity to study, and, what is best of all, to enjoy. To my dear, dearest Jesus, I commend you and all your's. I am, very sincerely, your's in the common Lord.

W. R.

Lambeth, July 22, 1766.

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FOLLOWING THE LORD JESUS CHRIST BY BAPTISM.

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My dear Friend,—I feel much pleasure in sending you a few lines; as I felt disappointed last week when I heard that two persons had been before the Church at Rehoboth Chapel, as candidates for baptism, and you were not with them. But this morning I have heard that you have since joined them, and are about to come forward openly to make a profession of the Lord Jesus Christ. I feel greatly encouraged, and are sure that it will gladden the heart of your esteemed pastor Mr. W. Smith. I have a good hope that you are taking the right step, and at the right time. But I know you are not taking it without much fear and trembling. It is not how much religion we have in store; but it is the quality of it which is so very important. It must be that "pure religion" which the apostle James tells us cometh from above, and then being a heavenly religion it will lead back there. I hope the dear Lord will be with you in passing through the ordinance, and bless your soul; and give you to feel the blessedness of it as I did when I was baptized. I felt then that I was made willing to go through floods and flames if Jesus the Lord lead the way. Now the Lord's own words are—"If ye love

me, keep my commandments." And "they that honour me, I will honour, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." I hope the Lord will honour you by giving you a faith's view of himself, he was baptized in sufferings, that his people might live with him for ever, and your soul's desire is to live with him too.

"Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe; no good to crave  
No fears to quell; no soul to save."

Christ says, "He that is ashamed of me and my words, of him will I be ashamed before my Father, and before his holy angels." O! to have a good hope that he (Christ) will own us at the last. The Lord works obedience in our hearts by his good Spirit, and shows his believing people that salvation is of grace. I am led to believe that if you had not been enabled by grace to come forward as you have done you might have felt ashamed of your conduct afterwards before the God of all your mercies. My prayer is that the Lord will long spare your life, and make you a useful helper among his people. Yes, and help to encourage, and hold up the hands of your dear pastor. If I know what the truth is, and have any discernment, he is one of the Lord's sent servants; and an able minister of the Gospel. The Lord be with you in providence and grace is the desire of your well-wishing friend,

To Mr. Gander.

J. DICKENS.

Garden Street, Tunbridge Wells,  
August 28th, 1894.

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### THE SOUL'S TRUE RESTING PLACE.

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In this vain world, of all unrest and care;  
And so-called pleasure, hurry'ng here and there,  
How sweet the place, where all is calm, and rest,  
'Tis found in Jesus, in his love, how blest,  
There, there, alone, is my fair haven found.  
Where Jesus is, e'en there is hallowed ground,  
To rest in him, is perfect peace indeed,  
Though I have nought, he doth supply my need.  
For no good thing does he withhold from me,  
And though my way is often dark, 'tis he  
Directs my path, and bids me follow on,  
Trusting his care, leaning on him alone,  
Mercy, and truth, attend me all the way,  
He brings me back, if from his paths I stray,  
Like a lost sheep upon the mountains wild,  
He goes to seek his erring wand'ring child.  
By gentle means rebukes; his chast'ning rod  
He ne'er withholds, for he, a faithful God  
Subdues the wayward will, his loving care  
Still watches o'er me; he waits to answer prayer!

And then what gratitude is felt within,  
Restoring mercy, and forgiven sin,  
Call forth a note of praise e'en here below  
When called above in fuller strains to flow.

E. B.

September, 1903.

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 THE FAITHFULNESS & LONGSUFFERING OF GOD
 

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BEING AN EXTRACT OF A SERMON PREACHED AT TROW-  
BRIDGE BY MR. KERSHAW, OCTOBER, 1834.

"The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness, but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 PETER, iii. 9.

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In the religious world, there is a great diversity of opinion concerning Christ. Some are crying out, "Lo, he is here," and others, "Lo, he is there"; but we are exhorted by our Lord to "believe them not," but to "try the spirits, whether they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world." The great error of many is, they take their own sentiments to the word of God, and labour to make the Bible speak their fleshly whims and notions, instead of taking their principles from the word of God, and striving to ascertain the beauty and harmony that shine forth in the Scriptures. For instance; the Arian and Socinian, who deny the Personal Godhead of Christ, refer principally to those texts that speak of his manhood, and then deny the great and glorious mystery of godliness, "God manifest in the flesh." Then again, the Arminians, who fight against the doctrine of election and particular redemption, and vindicate the universal scheme, refer to our text, and passages of a similar import, and labour to make them speak their sentiments, without carefully examining the connexion in which such texts stand. Were they to do this, under the Spirit's teaching, they would find their meaning was very different; as I shall endeavour to prove.

From the words of our text, we will, with the help of the Lord, take notice of the following things:—(i.) The Lord is not slack concerning the fulfilment of his promise as some men count slackness; (ii.) But that he is long-suffering to us-ward; (iii.) Not being willing that any should perish; (iv.) But that all should come to repentance.

First, the Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness. The promise particularly alluded to in our text is that of Christ's second coming to Judgment; and it is one of those "exceeding great and precious promises," that our Lord has given us. He told his disciples that he would "go and prepare a place for them"; and he made them a promise to comfort them in their trouble, saying, "I will come again and

receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." This is what the saints of the Lord long for, as Paul did when he said, "Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better," than being here in this "body of sin and death," and in this world of sorrow and woe.

When our Lord ascended up on high, having "led captivity captive," his disciples "looked steadfastly upon him as he went up, until a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, behold, two men (or angels in the form of men) stood by them in white apparel, and (making a promise of our Lord's second coming) said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Whatever scoffers may say against Christ's second coming and the judgment of the great day, this word of promise, "spoken by angels, shall stand, and every transgression and disobedience shall receive a just recompense of reward," in that great and awful day "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." My friends, this is the awful and doleful side of the question. But the apostle directs our attention in the next verse to another and more glorious end that our Lord has in view in his second coming: "He shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." O, my friends, have we not often admired his beauty and glory when, by the eye of faith, we have seen him who is invisible; for the "goings forth of our God and King are to be seen in his sanctuary," or church in her militant state. "For thus saith the Lord, thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off;" and though it is but "through a glass darkly," yet one glimpse of his beauty constrains us to say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. For thou art the chief amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." If this be the joy we feel when we see but a glimpse of his beauty, and that through a glass darkly, what, my friends, will be the joy of our hearts when we behold his face in righteousness, without a glass or cloud between? We shall then admire his beauty, and adore his blessed Majesty, for ever and ever, with joy indescribable.

In the verses preceding our text, the apostle Peter brings forward the arguments that the scoffers of his day raised against Christ's second coming, saying, as they did in a contemptuous manner, "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." "For this," says Peter, "they are

willingly ignorant of, that, by the word of God, the heavens were of old and the earth standing out of the water and in the water; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished, but the heavens and the earth, which are now by the same word, are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Whatever infidels may say, the day of the Lord will come "as a thief in the night; for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and he shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations." Yea, these

"Scoffers must then come forth,  
And stand before the Lord,  
Whose word they scorned on earth,  
Whose children they abhorred."

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels, where their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched."

But how amazingly different is the state of the true Christian, who is looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the day of God. Having felt the sentence of the killing letter of God's law in his conscience, a knowledge of sin has revived, he has died to all hope of going to heaven upon the ground of his own works, and, like the Psalmist, has cried unto the Lord out of the horrible pit; and the Lord, in answer to his prayer, has lifted him out of the miry clay and set his feet for eternity upon the Rock of Ages, being washed in the blood of the Lamb. Clothed in the wedding garment, and sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance and pledge of future glory, the believer is ready to exclaim, "Come, Lord Jesus come quickly!"

We live in a day when much is said about Christ's second coming, and the millennium, or Christ's thousand years reign with his saints upon earth. Some men are so full of this doctrine that it is the principal thing they dwell upon, and they labour in it as if they meant to frighten their hearers out of their senses. But, my dear friends, the most needful thing for us to enquire after is this—are we born again and made new creatures in Christ Jesus? Have we the Spirit of Christ? Are we complete in Christ? Have we the oil of divine grace in our hearts, and are our lamps burning? If so, let the Lord come soon or late, we are ready to enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb; and it will be of little avail to us whether we reign with him on earth or in heaven; for if we are where Jesus is, we shall be happy; "For in his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (ii) Secondly. He is not slack in the fulfilment of his promise as the God of nature; for he hath said, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, day and night, shall



not cease" (Gen. viii. 22). My friends, we are all witnesses of the faithfulness of God to this promise, for we see the seasons regularly roll round. After a cold and dreary winter, during which the trees, and plants, etc., have appeared withered and dead, have we not beheld the return of spring—the "time of singing of birds"—when the sun has gone forth in his strength and warmed the earth, and the Lord has commanded the early and latter rain, to water and replenish it? We have seen the trees budding and blossoming and bringing forth fruit, and the earth yielding her increase, filling our barns with food for man and beast. May the Lord make us thankful for his goodness as the God of nature, and enable us to use the good things of this life so as not to abuse them, giving thanks to his name. But, (iii.) Thirdly, Our God has not been slack in the fulfilment of his promise, made to his servant Noah, that he never would more destroy the whole earth with a flood of water. As a token of his faithfulness, he hath "set his bow (commonly called the rainbow) in the clouds" of heaven; so that, when we see it in all its beautiful colours, it is a silent but true preacher of the faithfulness of God to his promise. The Lord speaking by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah (liv. 10), for the comfort of his people, says, "In a little wrath he hides his face from us for a moment, but with everlasting kindness he will have mercy upon us. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the Covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

My friends, when we have looked at this bow in the clouds, has it not, even when our minds have been in darkness, been the means in the hands of the Holy Spirit of leading our hearts to him who hath said, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." For there is nowhere else for us to look for comfort but to him who is everlastingly the same in all his attributes and perfections, whatever be the state or frame of our minds: "For if we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself;" so that we can at times sing, even when in darkness—

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

The Babel builders, disbelieving the promise of God made to Noah, began to build their tower, which was to reach from earth to heaven, by which means they might escape another deluge,

should one come upon them. But the Lord was displeased with what they did; and a Triune Jehovah came down from heaven, and, confounding their language, defeated their design, as he always does the fears of his people, overthrowing all their projects proceeding from unbelief and carnal reason, like Babel, it must fall, but the faithfulness of the Lord shall stand for ever, for it is established in the very heavens. (iv.) Fourthly, God the Father is not slack concerning the promises he hath made to Christ, the church's Head and Mediator. In reading the Scriptures, we find many promises made by the Father to Christ, assuring him that he should have and enjoy all the purchase of his blood. As, for instance, in the second Psalm, the Father, speaking to Christ, says, "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." By the heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth are meant God's elect people scattered abroad amongst the Gentile nations. They are Christ's "Other sheep (which are not of this fold), and them also he must bring, and they shall hear his voice, and follow him, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd" (John x. 16). Wherever the King's banished ones are cast, in the cloudy and dark day of their unregeneracy the Lord knows where they are: "Having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." And hearken, my brethren, to the voice of the great Shepherd, speaking by the prophet Ezekiel (xxxiv. 11-13): "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out: as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and I will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day;" and behold my friends, in the next verse, what a display of the discriminating nature of God's grace as it shines forth in the effectual calling of his people, and how evident it is that he is "found of them that sought him not, and made manifest unto them that looked not for him!" "And I will bring them out from the people, and will gather them from the countries, and will bring them to their own land." Mark this well, my friends! The Lord does not say, I will give them an opportunity of coming unto me, if they will but exercise the freedom of their own will. No; but he "will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away" (ver. 16). Some may say, "But how if they will not come to Christ, and be gathered by him?" To answer this question, we are led to another promise that the Father has made to Christ "Thy people shall be willing in the day of my power" (Psa. cx. 3): Observe the beauty and force of this passage. The Father, speaking to Christ, says, "Thy people"—those that I gave thee in covenant love, whom thou hast engaged to redeem by thy blood—"shall be willing in

the day of thy power." See, my friends, how gloriously this promise was fulfilled at the day of Pentecost, when the apostles were in so eminent a manner endued with power from on high, and when the word spoken by them entered into the hearts of the murderers of Christ; for, being pricked in their hearts, they said unto Peter and the other disciples, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter preached unto them the doctrine of repentance and of baptism in the name of Jesus Christ, that they might receive the remission of sins; and that they who gladly received the word willingly bowed to the sceptre of that Jesus whom they had crucified and slain, manifesting their love to him by being baptized in his name. "And the same day there were added unto the number of the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth about three thousand souls" (Acts ii. 31-41). What a proof of the power of the Lord attending the preaching of his word by these poor illiterate fishermen, and of the faithfulness of the Father to his promise, saying "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

Solomon says, "Where the word of a king is, there is power." Our Jesus is King of kings, and Lord of lords; so that where his voice is there is, the greatest of all power; and his voice is often heard, and his power felt, in the ministry of his word by his sent servants to this day. For the Lord is riding forth upon the "white horse of his everlasting gospel, conquering and to conquer"; and at his word the stoutest heart must tremble, as Saul of Tarsus did (Acts ix. 6); "And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of man shall be made low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day,"—to wit, the day of the Lord's power. His grace shall reign in the effectual calling of his people until the headstone is brought to the building of mercy, when the cry shall be with shouting, "Grace, grace, unto it."

This leads us to another of the promises the Father hath made to Christ, which we have upon record in (Isaiah liii. 10). "He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands." Observe, my friends, there is a seed here spoken of, which is Christ's spiritual seed. This seed Paul speaks of in Rom. ix. 29: "Except the Lord of Saboath had left us a seed, we should have been as Sodom and been like unto Gomorrah." This is a quotation of Paul's from Isaiah i. 9; and what Paul calls a seed, the prophet calls a very small remnant; and again, in Rom. xi. 5, Paul calls it "a remnant according to the election of grace." Christ is the Father's first elect, and all his spiritual seed were "chosen in him," who is the corn of wheat that fell into the ground and died, but did not abide alone, but sprung up again, and is bringing forth his spiritual seed unto this day: "And he shall prolong his days"—till they are all "born again, not of corruptible but of incorruptible seed, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for

ever." Being born of God, they are "a seed to serve him, and a generation to call him blessed." This spiritual seed of Christ, the Father tells us (Psalm lxxxix. 29) he will "make to endure for ever, and the throne of the Redeemer shall be as the days of heaven, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands." When the harvest is gathered in, and they are all brought into the garner above, both men and angels shall shout the harvest home, and a Triune Jehovah rejoice to hear.

Another promise that the Father has made to Christ is, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied" (Isa. liii. 11). By the travail of the Redeemer's soul, we are to understand the sufferings he endured in working out our salvation. The prophet Isaiah beheld him "travelling in the greatness of his strength," treading in the winepress of his Father's wrath, and of the people there was none with him. In this prophecy, we behold Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, resisting unto blood, striving against sin, and we hear him say, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." And if we look at him upon the cross, we behold the sword of divine justice unsheathed against him, and his soul made an offering for the sins of his people. Having thus travelled in soul, "he shall see his seed and be satisfied." As a woman, after the sharp pains of labour are over, having brought forth a son, looks upon him with joy and satisfaction, and rejoices that a man is born into the world" (John xvi. 12), so the Redeemer, after the travail of his soul, shall rejoice to see the purchase of his blood, plucked as a brand out of the fire, humbled at his feet with a broken and a contrite heart, determined to venture their soul's eternal all into the hands of Jesus, and to take up their cross and to follow him through evil and through good report, until they sit down with him in his kingdom of glory above: for neither will the Lord nor his people ever be fully satisfied till they are all enthroned together in the realms of bliss to part no more. But some people tell us there are of the purchase of Christ's blood now in hell. If so, my friends, there is a slackness in the Father's promise, and it falls to the ground unaccomplished; for Christ will never be satisfied if he be deprived of his purchase, as is evident from his intercessory prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." So you see, my friends, as Christ's will is that they all shall be with him where he is, he cannot be satisfied, nor will the Father be faithful, if any be lost. But I speak it with reverence, before this can take place, heaven must sink, and hell must rise and triumph over the throne of God and the Lamb; and this can never, never take place. In order to more clearly show the force of the argument which arises out of these statements, I will use a simile. The greatest part of you my friends, in this large congregation are labouring men, who earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. You go to your work on Monday morning, and

having done what is just and right to your employers, not with eye service, as pleasing men, but God, when Saturday night comes you go to your master's pay table and receive your wages, and return to your homes with it. After which, you go to the market, and buy those things that you and your family have need of; after which, you return home, and, as prudence dictates, examine whether you have all the goods you have purchased, when you discover that this and the other thing is wanting. And are you satisfied? No; the husband says to the wife, "My dear, did not we buy this and that? but behold, they are not here; we have been robbed of them, or have lost them." So there is nothing but dissatisfaction. But if, on the other hand, on examination, you find all the purchase there, you are satisfied. If this, my friends, be the case in these minor things, can we for a moment suppose that the great Redeemer will be satisfied to lose his purchase? O, no. But more of this in another part of our discourse.

[This extract being very interesting, especially to those of our readers who knew the late Mr. Kershaw, and revere his memory, we may turn again to the discourse in a future number.—Ed.]

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#### "GODLY CONTRITION."

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My dear Friend Mrs. S, will find by this note that notwithstanding my long silence, I am still spared through the Lord's tender mercy unworthy as I am to sound the gospel trumpet a little longer on the walls of Zion, how much longer is only known to him with whom we have to do and with whom is the residue of the spirit, but whether it be long or short I desire to leave it with him who is too wise to err, and that knoweth not the least variableness neither the shadow of a turning, but is Jehovah that changeth not the same yesterday to-day and for ever. How is it with my dear friend? Are you living under a gracious humbling enabling sensibility of that mercy that is from everlasting and to everlasting that flowed so freely into your poor heart the morning we met in the Lord's house—the blessed effects of the same, so freely flows out of your eyes, in the tears of godly contrition, and yet melting gratitude and love to the Lord for the free and manifested exercise of his goodness and mercy to you a poor lost and ruin'd sinner. O my dear friend those are choice moments, sacred spots dearly loved, highly prized, and as anointed pillars to remind us of the Lord's goodness and mercy may you have many of them, to smoothe the path of tribulation in which you may have to walk. Which is the certain path of all the quickened and called, elect, who are brethren and companions in the rugged way of tribulation, also in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, in which path our old friend and brother G. has been lately most peculiarly called to walk in arising from a law suit he has had, which terminated in Court against him, involv-

ing him in the whole amount to more than £50 which is a large sum to us poor parsons, and indeed to most of the Lord's people, for not many rich not many mighty not many noble are called—but as you will so soon see him, when if he has not, he will then give you all the necessary particulars of the case, and as the friends both in London and the country are endeavouring to help him I hope you will do the same at B. and that his dear friends Mr. and Mrs. S. will take up the case and do among their friends all they can—this appeal to the tender sympathies of a gospel friendship in behalf of a deeply tried brother I trust will suffice. No doubt you are aware, by the Lord's gracious permission, I shall be at B. in November when I hope to find the friends well, in a healthful state of body and soul, as John says, "Beloved I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." And as I have no doubt the enemy has much perplexed your poor mind at my long silence, when we meet we hope to prove face to face that his insinuations have been false and groundless. Please to present my kind regards to your dear husband hope he is well and amidst all enemies and opposition pressing towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Hope that good and gracious old brother C. is better and indeed the friends in general that they are well. I am still weakly finding continually that I am in the body and that it is very frail at best, but a natural body, an earthen vessel that must soon go to corruption. The Lord willing I leave for home on Friday, where I hope to arrive safe, and find all well, still remaining yours in the gospel,

R. ROFF.

London, October 16th, 1856.

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**"ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU."**

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(Luke xi. 9.)

Dear Sir,—In the "Gospel Standard" for this month (September, 1903). I see a special appeal made for the benefit of the "G. S." Poor Relief Society, which I was pleased to see, in order that the minds of the Lord's people who are able to help the poor and the needy of his dear family might be stirred up. When reading the appeal, I thought, that, as I had been presented with five dollars lately, I would give the money to this good Society. But soon after I began to get rather careless about the matter, and my covetous heart began to plead very hard for me to keep it for my own use, and I found it so strong that I could not overcome it. This led me to prayer, and to seek the Lord's direction in this matter; and I was led to set on foot a subscription list, which I headed with the five dollars above mentioned. The day following my wife much wished the amount to be doubled, to which suggestion I instantly agreed. Thus we made it ten dollars, and to which was added ten dollars from a friend, half a dollar from another friend, one dollar from another, two

dollars from another, half a dollar from another, five dollars from a lover of truth, ten dollars from a debtor to mercy, two dollars from another friend, one dollar as a small thank offering, seven dollars from another friend, five dollars from another, and three dollars from another, making in all fifty-eight dollars. [In English money it amounted to £11 18s. 2d., which is carefully entered in our money column, with the subscribers' names attached.] I will send you a P.O.O. for the amount, and if you will kindly insert it as received in the "G. S." the kind donors will see that it has reached you in safety. I had hoped to have received more, but some of our friends I have written to have not answered my letter. I felt exceedingly glad as the money came in, I think more so, than if it had been for myself personally. But alas! what changeable creatures we are; for having finished the good work I took in hand, I feel now, so shut up, as not to be able to express my thankfulness unto the God of all our mercies. And I cannot of myself produce that good feeling in my heart, not if the whole world were offered me to do it. I really feel just now to be good for nothing. But how we prove here the words of Christ to be true: "Without me ye can do nothing." And yet as Mr. Hart says:—

"He guides, and moves our steps,  
For though we seem to move,  
His Spirit all the motion gives,  
By springs of fear and love."

But when faith and love are lacking, then we feel like a tree that is dead, and withered, sapless, fruitless, barren, and dry, and worse than nothing. I often think when I get into these sad places of the vision Ezekiel had of the dry bones, and the question he asked, "Can these dry bones live?" It looks impossible! and it is impossible with man. In these places we learn our absolute nothingness in all spiritual matters. We need no man to tell us that "we can do nothing," for we are taught it by painful experience in our hearts. And we can say feelingly, our bones are dried, our hope is apparently lost, and we are cut off from our parts. The case appears to be desperate indeed. But, dear sir, is not this real spiritual poverty? And if so, then, notwithstanding all our felt deathliness, and barrenness, are not these characters called blessed? and did not the Lord Jesus say of them: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," but what is more wonderful still, he adds, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Yes, dear sir, how prone we are to be wanting something good in ourselves to build our hopes upon, instead of building them upon the living Word of God, the Rock of eternal ages. But how hard it is to judge ourselves by the Word alone! If we are feeling poor in spirit, let the devil, and carnal reason say what they will, we must be saved, "For theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Not shall be, but it is so now. Blessed be God then, for his faithful word. And now, dear sir, may the God of all our mercies be pleased to

give you strength, wisdom, and all needful grace to do his will relative to your work. All the Lord's people have many trials, but those who are leaders in the great work to which he has called you, Satan especially aims at, to weaken, discourage, and to overthrow you if possible. And how low do such sink at times, and it seems almost impossible for them to hold on, and to hold out to the end! But, blessed be God, they are held up, and held on year after year by the Lord's gracious helps, and will be until their work is done, and then comes an eternal rest for them, with a heavenly welcome into a heavenly home. The battle of life will be over, sin for ever done away, a crown of victory received, perfect freedom from bondage given, no laws to break, no danger of falling, no restrictions whatever, no pain, and no getting old or infirm, and never more to get weary, but everything will be ever new.

But how little we know here of that rest that remains for the people of God! But if we knew very much about it here, it would completely take away our hearts from earthly things, and we should be of little use in the world. Our life here would be unprofitable if our hearts were always in heaven, and only our bodies left here below. But the Lord has ordered all things for the best, and "after the counsel of his own will," if we could but see it so, and realize it in our hearts. His ways are far above our ways, yea, they are as far above ours as the heaven is above the earth. It need not then be any great surprise to us that we are confounded, and brought to a stand in our daily life, and wonder where the scene will end. I believe it is our wisdom to trust the Lord where we cannot trace him; and yet at times how very little of the grace of trust we possess, but we are filled with unbelief so that we are quite sure of the truth of those excellent lines of Mr. Hart:—

"How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!  
 How perplex'd is the path he must tread!  
 The hope of his happiness rises from fear,  
 And his life he received from the dead."

Wishing you, and all the Lord's poor tried ones, the best of blessings, I remain dear sir, yours in hope of eternal life,

ROBERT MILLS.

53, Gilbert Street,

Oneonta, N.Y., U.S.A., September 20th, 1903.

(The above encouraging letter was written to Mr. Stonelake, Ed.)

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### THE COMING OF CHRIST.

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Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
 The Saviour promised long!  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.



On him the Spirit largely poured,  
 Exerts its sacred fire;  
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held;  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray;  
 And on the eyeballs of the blind  
 To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure;  
 And with the treasures of his grace  
 To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace!  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

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#### ENCOURAGEMENT FROM A FRIEND.

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My dear Friend,—I send you a few particulars respecting the friends at P. You were anxious to know how dear Mrs. K., is progressing in her bodily health. I may say first of all, that she was confined to her room for ten weeks, so that none of the friends were able to see her the whole of that time. She is now much better and able to get downstairs again, so that I have had the pleasure of seeing her a few times. But, though she is somewhat relieved from the serious attack that so prostrated her, still it is to be feared that the cause remains, and it appears to be gradually bringing her down to the closing scene; and she is conscious of it, and so are her family. During her long illness she has been very much favoured in her soul, which is a great blessing, and she wishes to thank you for the kind note she received from you a little time ago. You will be pleased to hear that Miss K. is much better than she has been for some time past. May it please the Lord to spare them both to us for some time to come!

I see, my dear friend, that you have still to combat with supposed friends. You require much wisdom, wisdom enough to make you as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. To my mind it seems strange indeed for a man to be a reader of the "Gospel Standard" for the greater part of his life, and then to write of us Baptists in the manner he has done. I am very

pleased to find that you were enabled to handle the matter so wisely and conclusively. You may perhaps have a few more shots in reply, but do not heed them, the Lord will be with you to support and to sustain you. Yes, he will bring you through if you contend for his truth and for his commands being obeyed.

I think, my dear friend, that is an admirable letter of Mrs. Littleton's in the September number of the "G. S." respecting "Individual Cups." What a mind the dear woman has for Divine things—letters of that sort are very edifying.

But I hasten on to inform you that Mrs. R. and my dear niece, L. have come forward and joined the Church. And although I have long anticipated it would be so still it came about somewhat quickly at the last. My niece has been very blessedly led by the Holy Spirit the last few months, so much so that she could not keep back any longer. She came before the Church on the twentieth of last month, after being visited; and stood up for twenty-five minutes relating the dear Lord's dealings with her soul for the last nine years in such a clear, definite, and loving manner that we (the Church) were all deeply affected and astonished at the good things the Lord had done for her soul. Not one question was put to her, as all were so pleased with her testimony. It is a long time since we had such an encouraging and blessed church meeting. My poor heart overflowed with gratitude to God for such a gracious manifestation of his love and mercy so richly made known to my niece. There were many things she related of which she had not spoken to me, and she had had many fears in her mind respecting her standing before the Lord, whether she was right or not, and she was fearful whether she would be able to express herself before the friends so that they would understand her; she not having been always brought up under the sound of the gospel until she came to live here. But all these fears and misgivings gave way under that burning love she felt in her heart to the Lord, his ways, and his people. She inwardly felt that she must come forward and tell those that feared the Lord what he had done for her soul, and she closed up her acceptable testimony with Kent's lines:

"On such love, my soul, still ponder,  
Love so great, so rich, so free,  
Say, while lost in holy wonder,  
Why, O Lord, such love to me?  
Hallelujah! Grace shall reign eternally."

What enchanting language; and spoken with such warmth and feeling too! I can hardly tell you how I felt, but for the time being I was lifted out of my wretched self, so that I could say—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." There were such blessed feelings rising up in my heart which yielded me double comfort, and how thankful I felt before God, that it could not be said that dear L. joined the Church because she is my niece!

I am now led to ponder these things over in my mind a little, and would not under any wrong influence burn incense to my own drag, and humbly hope that grace will ever be given me to prevent such a thing.

Our dear friend, Mrs. R. had a blessed time in her soul on the following Tuesday from these words: "Let your light shine before men," so that she felt the time had come for her to cast in her lot with us as a church. She was much depressed in her mind when she was visited by the friends, so as almost to despair of coming forward; but when she awoke on Lord's day morning these words were a great help to her—"Venture on him, venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude." With that she came forward, but through fear and trembling she had not very much to say, but though she lacked a little in her testimony before the Church, yet her godly and consistent life amongst us for many years past made up for all deficiencies. Her life and walk has been that of a truly Christian person, and she was warmly received. Our friend Mr. F. J. K. being engaged to preach for us last Tuesday night, he baptized our two friends, and everything was attended to in an orderly and gracious manner. And we were helped to thank the Lord and take courage. Knowing then, that you are interested in our little cause, I have given you these few particulars for your comfort. With Christian love, I am yours very sincerely,

October 5th, 1903.

F. S.

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LETTER BY THE LATE MR. MOCKFORD.

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Ramsgate, July 8th, 1886.

Beloved in the Lord,—I received your letter last evening, glad to hear from you, sorry to find G. is unwell, hope she will find the medicine she is taking do her good. You will, I know, be glad to hear that I feel better and stronger, yet cannot bear but little exertion. I feel I cannot fill my engagement with you on the evening of the 15th as I feel that I need be very careful now I am improving a little in health not to do that which will throw me back again. I did not think of staying here only a fortnight, but as I feel a little better I am staying a little longer. I spend most of my time down by the sea. So glad to find you have been favoured with the renewings of the Holy Ghost in your soul. Oh, how good it is to a poor weary traveller in the waste, howling wilderness to get a little sip of living water, it does indeed "Cheer the weary thirsty soul." I hope I had just a touch on Sunday from these words, "Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." My heart was a little softened under its effects, and a little contrition and heart-confession of sin was felt, and a sweet hope that my sins, which are many, were all forgiven me.

“Sinners can say, and none but they,  
How precious is the Saviour.”

The mercy, love, and compassion of God in Christ Jesus are such as surpasses all my comprehension. I can say this:—

“His love is great, his mercy free,  
That still puts up with sinful me.”

My love unto each of the dear daughters, and to B. and the friends. I should like to write to them all, but have to forbear writing as much as I can. My love to dear Mrs. H., and yourself, hoping to be favoured to meet you again some time and be favoured to worship the Lord together in his house of prayer. My wife is well, and sends her love. I remain in gospel bonds, yours very sincerely,  
G. MOCKFORD.

THE FOLLOWING REMARKS BY THE LATE MR. PHILPOT. Being the latter part of a Review on an Excellent Work by HENRY COLE. (Reprinted from the “G. S.,” December, 1859.)

*(Continued from page 316).*

The anguish, distress, the darkness, condemnation, shame and guilt, the unutterable horror, that any or all of his quickened family have ever experienced under a sense of God's wrath, the curse of the law, and the terrors of hell, are only faint, feeble reflections of what the Lord felt in the garden and on the cross; for there were attendant circumstances in his case which are not, and indeed cannot, be in theirs, and which made the distress and agony of his holy soul, both in nature and degree, such as none but he could feel or know. He, as the eternal Son of God, who had lain in his bosom before all worlds, had known all the blessedness and happiness of the love and favour of the Father—his own Father, shining upon him, for he was “by him as one brought up with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him.” (Prov. viii. 30.) When, then, instead of love he felt his displeasure, instead of the beams of his favour he experienced the frowns and terrors of his wrath, instead of the light of his countenance he tasted the darkness and gloom of desertion,—what heart can conceive, what tongue express the bitter anguish which must have wrung the soul of our suffering Surety under this agonising experience\*? A few drops of the wrath of God let down into the conscience of a child of God have made many a living soul cry out, “While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted;

\* Those who deny the eternal Sonship of Jesus rob him of his grace as well as of his glory, by diminishing his sufferings, and thus really strip away the greatness, and consequently much of the merit of his sacrifice. It was because he was God's own true and proper Son he so deeply, so keenly felt his wrathful displeasure. A Son by office, by mere name,—without any filial relationship but a bare title which might have been any other—could not feel towards his adopted Father what the true, the proper, the only-begotten Son of God felt to his heavenly Father. One error always lets in another, and thus we see that the denial of the eternal Sonship of Christ lowers and disparages the greatness, and consequently the merit of the atonement. Let the deniers of the eternal Sonship look to this.

thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off." (Ps. lxxxviii. 15, 16.) But what is all that Job, Heman, Jeremiah, or Jonah experienced, compared with the floods of anguish and terror which all but overwhelmed the soul of our blessed Lord? We therefore read of him in the garden, when the first pangs of his agony came on, that he "began to be sore amazed and very heavy"; and this made him say to his three disciples, who were to be eye-witnesses of his sufferings, (1 Pet. v. 1,) "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death." (Mark xiv. 33, 34.) So great was that load that his human nature must have sunk beneath the weight—his body and soul been rent asunder, but for four sustaining props: 1. The power of his Deity, for though that purposely did not display its strength, it remained in firm union with his sacred humanity; 2. The help and support of the Holy Ghost sustaining his human nature under the load laid upon it; 3. The joy set before him, which enabled him in the prospect to endure the cross, despising the shame; (Heb. xii. 2;) and 4. The strengthening of the ministering angel sent from heaven. (Luke xxii. 43.) Thus supported and sustained, our gracious Redeemer sank not in the deep waters, but, as our great High Priest, "offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared" (Heb. v. 7)—not as some have foolishly thought and said, fearing the miscarrying of his undertaking, or that he should sink into hell, but because he feared his heavenly Father with the reverence of a Son,† for filial fear with every other grace, was in the heart of Jesus as his treasure. (Isai. xi. 2, 3.) Let us ever bear in mind that the sufferings of the holy soul of Jesus were as real, that is, as really felt, as the sufferings of his sacred body, and a thousand times more intense and intolerable. Though beyond description painful and agonising, yet the sufferings of the body were light indeed compared with the sufferings of the soul. It is so with the saints of God themselves, when the Lord lays judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet in their conscience, and lets down a sense of his anger and displeasure into their soul.

(To be continued.)

† The margin reads, "for his piety," but the truer and more literal meaning is, "on account of his reverential fear." "Had God in honour."

—LUTHER.

## Obituary.

Mrs. MURRELL.—Our dear mother was the widow of the late Mr. G. Murrell, minister of the gospel, and who for eighteen years was the pastor of Salem Chapel, Portsmouth. He was a faithful servant of Christ for more than thirty years, during which time he did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God; and when his work was done here on earth the Lord said unto him (as he

will say to all his dear servants): "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world": (Matt. xxv. 34). My dear father passed through a most painful affliction before he departed, which prevented him taking food, and rendered him speechless; but the Lord fed him with spiritual food. It is said, the last time that he administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper at Salem Chapel, it was done in silence, and produced a very solemn feeling in the minds of the people, and many of them wept from grief, knowing that my dear father was soon to be parted from them all. But to return to my dear Mother, who passed away on January 11th, 1902, aged 77 years. She was born near Alton, Hants, of God-fearing parents. Her father, Mr. G. Wickham, lived for some time at Skeynes Hill, where he proclaimed the everlasting gospel, and doubtless there are some there that remember him. Our dear mother was suddenly called from the Church militant to the church triumphant. She, in a moment on the Friday evening, was taken with an apoplectic seizure, and did not speak again. She lay quietly through the night, and then breathed her last about eight o'clock on Saturday morning without a sigh or groan, to be for ever with the Lord. How gently the Lord took down her tabernacle, and we as a family mourn over our great loss, which is our dear mother's eternal gain! She was left a widow with nine children, and had to pass through many trials, afflictions, and bereavements. Two years after our dear father died she lost by death a dear little boy five years of age. He would often sing—

"In heaven, there's ne'er a vacant throne,  
He hates to put away."

This was a heavy loss to our beloved mother, and one which she did not really get over. She lost a daughter in her nineteenth year, and also her eldest daughter, and we believe they are, each of them safely landed in heaven, which is a mercy we cannot be too thankful for. Our dear mother did indeed find it a path of great tribulation, but the Lord was better to her than all her fears. She was called by grace when she was young in years, and was a humble walker, but not a great talker; she desired to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, for he was lovely in her eyes, yea, infinitely more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir. No weather would keep her from the house of God, which she loved; and the Lord's people whom she looked upon as being the excellent of the earth. In her latter years she was often laid aside, and was not able to meet with the Lord's people so often as she would like to have done. She was baptized at the age of nineteen years by her husband who had previously accepted the pastorate at Salem Chapel, and she continued a quiet peaceable member there for nearly fifty-nine years. And the dear Lord has said, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt. v. 9). In January, 1901, she was

laid upon a bed of affliction, and to all appearance she was very near her end. During this illness, the deacons of Salem Chapel called to see her, and after reading and prayer, one of them said to her, "I hope Mrs. Murrell you find the Lord precious to your soul." She looked at him with such a bright countenance and said, "I have found him precious Mr. W. yea so precious; and he has been good to me for many years! When I was about twenty-four years of age, I desired the Lord to give me a special blessing, and assure my soul that my sins were pardoned; and I could not rest satisfied until I felt they were all forgiven; and it was after much earnest prayer and waiting upon the Lord that I obtained the blessing. Like Jacob, I said, "'I cannot let thee go except thou bless me,' and the blessing came with these words, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love,' and the Lord assured me that my sins were forgiven me, and the words came again with power, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' I said, 'Lord, but I am such a sinner,' I was answered with these words, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' These words, too, were made very precious to my soul, 'In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you' (John xiv. 2). I was so favoured with those words at that time, and with the love of Jesus in my heart that I begged of him to take me to himself, I felt so happy for three whole weeks, that I longed to depart and be with him for ever, although I had a good husband, and three dear children, but I could have left them, with all things here below. I felt, that nothing could separate my soul from the love of Christ, and I fully agreed with the apostle Paul where he asks, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' and he goes on to prove that nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, 'shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' I remember Mr. Russell saying how he had been favoured, so that there was scarcely a quarter of an hour when his mind was not up to the Lord, and that is very much as it has been with me. And how blessed is the reading of the Word of God to me at times. It says that the children of God 'shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living Fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;' so you see Mr. W. I am not without hope, that the Lord 'is my Refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble.'" It was most blessed to hear our dear mother relate what the Lord had done for her soul. She quoted many verses of hymns that had been made a blessing to her, but we cannot now call them to mind. The Bible, Hart's Hymns, and Gadsby's selection were her daily companions.

In December last she was again laid upon a bed of affliction, but the Lord was pleased to raise her up again for a short time.

Her mind at this time was calm, and she found it good to lie passive in the Lord's hands and know no will but his. She expressed herself as being more blessed in her afflictions than at any other time. Now she has gone to that celestial city to see her dear Saviour face to face, and to sing that everlasting song "Unto him who hath loved us," etc. She has also joined the happy throng who wave their palms of victory in triumphant adoration of Him who has finished transgression, satisfied justice, magnified the law, and has wrought out, and brought in an everlasting righteousness for all the elect family of God. There are many blessed hymns which our dear mother called her own, and which were made from time to time meat and drink to her new-born soul. [We regret our inability to give those hymns here, the writer adds.] Oh, that we may be numbered with the Lord's dear people, and be Found "living stones in Salem's Streets above, And help to sing before the throne; Free grace, and dying love!"

J. M.

Having been asked to add a few lines to the foregoing account, I will just say that I knew my dear Aunt for many years, and feel a sweet persuasion in my heart that to her, sudden death was sudden glory, and that she is now where neither sin nor sorrow can enter. It is true, as has been stated, she was not a great talker, but the little she did say on spiritual things showed that she possessed "the one thing needful," which by the grace of God was made manifest by a consistent life, and by a love of the truth of God, to his servants, and to his poor and afflicted family. She was buried in Kingston Cemetery, Portsmouth. In committing her body to the tomb I felt I could say, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life." And in reading the following words I felt they were applicable to the dear departed one: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

W. W.

Mr. ARCHARD.—In sending a brief notice of the death of my beloved father, of Hilmarton, Calne, Wilts, I feel that I should like to give a few particulars concerning him, to the honour and glory of God, and for the encouragement of other seeking, and praying souls. My love to my father was very great. He was without doubt, one of the best of husbands, and an affectionate father, and a kind neighbour, and friend. One who won the respect of all who knew him. And although he lived to a ripe age, he did not wear out that love and respect that had been so long bestowed on him. His motto through life was to do the thing that was right, and leave the result with God; and this he was anxious to carry out in every department through life. In



his early days he became a great politician, and took a deep interest in the welfare of his country, and that interest continued as long as health and strength of body was given him. He did all he could to help his fellow-man, even at times against his own financial interest. He was brought up to attend the Church of England, and about the year 1878 he left it, as he could not agree with the alterations that were made in the choir. For a time he did not attend any place of worship, which was a very great grief to my godly mother, who had been a consistent member of the Strict Baptist Chapel here, since the year 1839. I do not remember the particular circumstances which led to my father's first going to chapel, but he became a regular attendant there, and particularly so after the death of my dear mother, which took place on February 18th, 1882, an account of which, together with a short memoir, was inserted in the "Gospel Standard" during that year. I have heard my dear father say that from early life he had believed in the doctrines of grace which are held, and set forth by the Strict Baptist ministers, but felt, that was not enough. He wanted to know for himself that he was interested in them. He could not see the necessity of Believers' Baptism, but he never opposed those who did see, and feel it. He used to say, "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Having been myself, I trust, brought early to the knowledge of the truth, and to a good hope through grace of my personal interest in the work of redemption by Christ Jesus, I watched most anxiously for the development of the work of grace in my dear father. I knew that uprightness of conduct of itself would not save him, nor yet the bare assent and consent to the doctrines of grace. Thus I prayed, and watched most earnestly for some marks and evidences of something deeper and more personal to be clearly seen in him, so that my hope might have a good spiritual solid basis to rest upon. One good mark was noticeable for many years, which was the fear of God. Another was the great dread of being a hypocrite in any form: Still, not being without hope of him, I was not satisfied, neither was he satisfied with his then present state and condition. Many times have we talked matters over together, and many times he has said to me, "I want to know, not think I do—that the Lord has said, 'I am thy salvation.'" The latter was his oft-repeated cry, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Often after conversing with him on the best things he would say, "I cannot say what you can say my child." I would reply, "The next best thing to knowing is to long for it my dear father." I would try to encourage him with portions of Scripture, such as: "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness," etc., but he felt, and, I felt too, that the blessing must be given him by the Holy Spirit. Yes, the Lord the Spirit must bring home the comfort, and seal the promise upon his heart. Nevertheless, the sincere longing he felt in his soul for the blessing, encouraged me to feel

that though it tarried, it surely would come in the Lord's own time; and so it did. But it did not come in the way I had looked for, I had hoped he would have been constrained to cry out and say, "Come all you that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." But that was not the Lord's way.

For many years we have had the pleasure of entertaining the ministers who have preached the Word of Life at our little chapel, and they would bear witness if it were necessary to do so, how genuine, and how heartily he welcomed those ministers to his home. He was not a man to say much about himself, although he would willingly enter into conversation, on the best things, but was so afraid he should give them the impression that he was more than he felt himself to be. But he would say, "the Lord knows!" He very much enjoyed reading Mr. Philpot's sermons, the Gospel "Standard," the "Friendly Companion," and the "Gospel Magazine." While he has been reading some gracious experience in those books, I have seen the tears drop from his eyes, and as he laid the book down he would say, "I know I have felt like that," referring to the experience that he had been reading. One of his favourite hymns was the 1018: (Gadsby's Selection)

"At anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit come,  
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
But swell my sails, and speed my way.'  
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
And loose my cable from below;  
But I can only spread my sail;  
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

He was also very fond of the 938 hymn, and loved to join in the singing of the hymns as long as he had voice and strength given him to do so.

My dear father had been greatly favoured with good health the greater part of his life; but owing to a severe attack of bronchitis which he had some years ago he was obliged to be careful, and acting upon medical advice he retired from business in his seventy-seventh year, and was quite content to divide his time between his garden (in which he was deeply interested) and reading. His disposition was very bright and cheerful; and he was so thoroughly contented with, and thankful for all that was done for him, that it was a real pleasure to be with him. He was taken ill on March 22nd, 1902, with a cough, which brought on bronchitis. His medical attendant said he believed it was the beginning of the end, although he might last for some time. For three weeks he was very ill, living chiefly upon stimulants. One night I was about to give him a little wine when he said, "I wonder if I ought to take this my child? I wish to do that which is right!" Just at the time these words dropped into my mind: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and

wine unto those that be of heavy hearts" (Prov. xxxi. 6). I gave it him as an answer. He then said, "it must be right!" meaning, if the Bible said so. He ever treated God's Word with great reverence, and desired very tenderly to fear him. One evening before he finally took to his bed, feeling weary he wished to retire, and asked me to leave the room! Fearing that he was too weak and poorly to be left, I said, "May I not stay to help you dear father?" When he replied—"I want to kneel down before the Lord," I said, "May I not kneel down too?" Which was the first time I had an opportunity of hearing my dear father pour out his heart in prayer at the Lord's footstool. O the blessed satisfaction it gave me, and I felt in my heart, that if he were taken from me it would be well with him, for I felt that he was no stranger at the throne of grace. The simplicity, and the reality of that prayer was more to me than I can describe. In the severe illness that followed after sweet words of resignation, and entire absence of the least impatience he gave further proof that grace reigned in his heart. He did not refer directly to any wish to leave us, but desired God's will to be done, and amongst many other things he said, that he perhaps had been a peculiar kind of man, yet, he could say the Lord Jesus had been his only hope for many years past.

One night in April we thought his end had come, but instead of that it proved to be a turn for the better, and we began to hope that he would be spared to us a few more years. Those weeks that followed this turn for the better were most precious to me, as my dear father was unusually communicative, and so resigned to the Lord's will, and so thankful for the very great kindness shown him by his dear children, grandchildren, and friends. How much I would have liked to have written down the many blessed things he said! but my hands were too full to do so. Suffice it to say that they all gave proof of the grace of God in his heart. We hoped too that the nourishment he was able to take freely, and the refreshing sleep that was given him were proofs of returning health, but we proved that his aged tabernacle had received too severe a shaking for it ever to be as it was before. Towards the end of May we saw signs that impressed us that his days were numbered. His mind would wander to the days of his youth, and we could not convince him that he was not in his own house. When nearing the end of his days upon earth, these seasons of his mind wandering were more frequent, but through it all, in his lucid moments his conversations were truly blessed. We have much to bless God for, that his reason was not entirely taken from him. One day as I sat beside him (he being quite sensible) I said, "My dear father!" he answered, "My dear child!" and with such a beseeching look he said "Ah!" I said, you want to say—"My Lord and my God!" When he exclaimed "I do! I do!" Thus even then I felt that his longing desire had not been satisfied. But, at the same time there was

the assurance of hope which kept him from anything like despair. About twenty-four hours before he departed he suddenly began to talk to us but his words were so indistinctly uttered that we could not understand much of what he said; but his beaming countenance showed the joy he was feeling, and we heard him distinctly say—"Such love," "For ever and ever," "Preserve you all," "Past favours." We felt that he was commending us to God, whose love (we could see) he was enjoying. After that he did not open his eyes, although when I bent over him to kiss him in the morning of August 2nd he kissed me three times. All through the day he lay apparently asleep, and gently breathed his last on August 3rd, 1902, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. To me, who was never away from him all my life (except for short visits) the loss is very great but blessed be the Lord, our great loss is his eternal gain.

N. A.

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Mrs. GILES.—Elizabeth, widow of the late Job Giles, of Southwick, Trowbridge, Wilts, who died on April 8th, 1903, aged 65 years. She, like many others of the human family, was the subject of many convictions for sin from her youth. But these convictions made no lasting change in her life until it pleased God to call her by his grace. This important event took place when she was about 35 years of age. Some time after this she was led to see that Believers' Baptism was a Gospel privilege, and the pathway of obedience. These things were wrought in her by the power of the Holy Spirit, chiefly through the ministry of the late Mr. Nightingale, the pastor of Providence Chapel, Southwick. After she was baptized by him, and received into the church, she was greatly blessed especially while singing the 477 hymn (Gadsby's Selection). Her pathway afterwards was one of many trials; being left a widow soon after with a family, the youngest child being only three months old. But in all her trials she was kept looking unto the God of Israel, and was enabled to wait upon him by prayer, and she often found him to be "a very present help in time of trouble, and sometimes she felt and said that she could not mistrust the Lord again, after such answers to prayer, and such manifestations of his goodness. She often spoke of the comfort and strength she received in taking all her sorrows and cares to the Lord. She loved a free grace gospel, and highly esteemed those servants of God who laid the sinner low, and who exalted the Lord Jesus Christ in their ministry. She knew Christ to be the source of all spiritual life, the fountain of all grace, and the author and finisher of all living faith. She continued a member of the Church at Providence Chapel for about twenty-eight years, until her death. Just before her last affliction she was much favoured by having many portions of the Word of God made precious to her soul, and she was much helped in meditating upon them. Especially this verse: "Come now,

and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). These intimations of the Lord's favours impressed her mind that some fresh trial was near at hand, and soon after, her right foot began to swell, and turn a dark colour, which was a symptom of death, and which was the means in the Lord's hands of bringing her to her end. In this last illness she felt most anxious to have one more clear evidence of her soul's eternal interest in Christ Jesus. She was always very pleased to see the brethren in Christ, and highly esteemed their prayers and spiritual conversation. As she drew near her end the aforesaid hymn was made very precious to her, especially the third verse. Her spirit evidently joined with those who had already gained the victory, and ascribed all the glory to the Lamb of God. She said, in looking back upon the means of grace, whenever that hymn was sung in the services of God's house of prayer she invariably felt some sweetness from it; but not as she did when she first joined the Church. She did not get that clear standing in Christ which her soul desired, nor even that full assurance of faith she longed for. But she was kept, waiting and watching for a greater revelation of the dear Redeemer to her soul as her Saviour.

I saw her a few hours before she departed, when she said to me, "I have not got that felt sense of the Lord's presence with me as I so desired to die with. I feel that I shall not be here long, and I want him to come and assure me that I am right for heaven, I do hope he will come." I said, "it is those who look for him he has promised to appear unto without sin unto salvation. Now, you cannot say you are not looking for him." She replied, "Oh no! he knows that I am looking for him continually, I do hope he will appear before I die." She desired me to read and pray with her, and while doing so her heart became worse, and a few hours afterward it ceased to beat, and we believe, that as she closed her eyes in death, her ransomed soul quitted the body to behold him whom she loved to be for ever with, and to partake of his glory.

Death, and other causes are removing many from our ranks at Southwick; yet how consoling it is to our feelings to see our brethren and our sisters in the faith endure unto the end, and die in the faith of God's elect! Surely we may well sing that blessed hymn 466 (Gadsby's) by Dr. Watts:

"Why do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?"

etc. And how the sovereign goodness of God is seen in the fact that there is still a remnant left here who fear his name, seek his face, and sound his praise abroad! "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

O. G. SELLWOOD.

Mr. OLIVER.—Thomas Oliver, the subject of this brief account, lived at Lane Farm, Stopsley. He was one of the deacons at Ebenezer Chapel, Luton, for many years. When he was young he attended Welwyn Chapel, where he heard the late Mr. Smart, and other truthful ministers. He always felt a great love to the memory of Mr. Smart, as he believed it was under his ministry that he was called by grace. For about thirty-nine years he attended the Strict Baptist Chapel at Luton, when, after a short illness, he peacefully passed away on April 9th, 1903, aged 68 years. In his illness he was very much favoured in his mind the greater part of the time, and about a fortnight after he was taken ill he wished me to take down in writing the following expressions which he dictated to me, for the benefit of his Luton friends. He said:—"Some few weeks before this affliction came upon me I felt the dear Lord was so very good to me, and favoured me with such blessed times in prayer, that I often wondered what might take place with me; and now I feel that the Lord has been good to me all through this affliction. I do not feel to have had one doubt in my mind of my soul's eternal salvation. But I have had such a sweet, and sacred persuasion that if I did pass away from this world, I should realise the truth of this verse:—

"O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;  
Had I the pinions of the dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest."

(1048, Gadsby's.)

And how very different I feel now to what I did in my last affliction, when the enemy was permitted to harrass me so much! But now, I feel nothing but a looking forward to the time when I shall see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that is afar off." He was favoured with this peaceful state of mind to the end of his days. We feel that we have lost one of the kindest and most affectionate of husbands, and fathers, and it is to us an irreparable loss that cannot be made up. We sorrow not as those who have no hope; for, before he departed from us, he wished us to think when he was taken away, of the very beautiful mansion in glory he was inhabiting. Once, as he woke up from sleep, he said to us, "I have just had a glimpse of heaven"; and these words came to his mind: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. vii. 14). His mortal remains were "well laid in the grave" by Mr. Dickens, in the General Cemetery at Luton, and many friends from far and near assembled together to pay their last tribute of respect to one they highly esteemed in the Lord.

M. OLIVER.