



**WILLIAM HUNTER AT THE STAKE.**

*(See page 309.)*



# THE SOWER.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—ECCLES. xi. 6.

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# THE SOWER.

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## THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

“GRACE, mercy, and peace, from Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, be with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity ; and may the power of His salvation be upon those who know Him not,” is the earnest prayer of one who desires that such, with us, may rejoice together as partakers of the same divine benefit.

Beloved, as 1884 passes away, and 1885 dawns upon us, does it not become us to raise our Ebenezer and say, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us” ? Has not the very thought of divine mercy being afforded us at times gladdened our hearts ? and does not an experience of it, in times of need and of trial, make us now and again sing, “Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy ; when I fall, I shall arise : when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me” ? (Micah vii. 8.) Has the past year been void of these seasons ? We hope not. Rather would we believe that many of our dear readers have days marked as periods of mercy and visitation from their heavenly Friend, by whom strength has been imparted and deliverances wrought which are not to be forgotten. Then, with the Psalmist, may we not once more look up to Him that rules on high and say, “Thou hast been my help” (Psa. xxvii. 9) ; and, as we recount His manifold mercies and acts of goodness to us in the past, may we not thank God and take courage for the future ?

“He that has helped me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through.”

Then, again, what is contained in that word “hitherto” ? Do we not see in it, as it were, the grave of many troubles, temptations, and fears ? Our way may have been thickly strewn with them, but out of them all the Lord has delivered us, and they are buried in the past. Hitherto have we been “kept by the power of God”—kept from many dangers that we know, but from how many unseen by us we cannot conceive—kept in the hour of temptation, when Satan and inbred sin would otherwise have wrought our downfall and ruin. And oh, what a mercy to be kept near to Jesus’ side in affliction ; and when death seems to be drawing near, and the mud-walled cottage trembles almost to falling, *then* to be kept in peace, under the shadow of the Almighty, in the secret place of the Most High, in the cleft of the once-smitten Rock—ah ! this is to be prized indeed by the poor, sinful, weak, and helpless tremblers, who have often feared

the approach of the last foe, and have walked much in bondage on account thereof. But hitherto the promise has been fulfilled, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Poor tried believer, thou hast a Friend on high. Look up to Him when thy troubles roll in thick and fast, when trials press thee sore, when enemies multiply and grow bold, and when thy sorrows swell. He has been thy help, and His name is still "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Does unbelief, in thy present trouble, question His faithfulness in the future? Think of the "hitherto," and may the Lord help thee to take down thy harp and sing—

" Thus far my God has led me on,  
And made His truth and mercy known."

The time is growing short. We daily come nearer to the end of our race, and must soon appear before Him who sits upon the throne. Oh, that we may increasingly feel the importance of standing well with God, and dying in His favour, through faith in the name and blood of our blessed Advocate! How insignificant time-things will appear as we stand upon the borders of eternity! Troubles, cares, persecutions, reproaches, and enemies will then affect us little, because we shall be passing away from them all, to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest."

Dear friends, our prayer is, that we may be more concerned to walk in fellowship with Christ, and live beneath His smile, during the few days allotted us here below, then we shall hail the day that sees us removed to His temple above, where we shall serve Him, and see His face, for ever free from sin, change, and care.

We would that all who profess to be heaven-born and heaven-bound were more engaged with Christ—more in spirit at a throne of grace. Alas! alas! much that we see and hear declares plainly that many who talk loudly are but little with God in prayer, for, if they had sought and been near Him, the spirit they manifest would certainly be subdued, and the carnal weapons they use would drop from their hands. We cannot believe that those who humbly approach to God at a throne of grace, and hold communion with Him, can come from thence, and manifest a spirit the exact opposite of Him they profess to serve. Sowing discord among brethren, kindling the fires of strife, uttering mean insinuations, making bold but unfounded assertions, and holding others up to reproach, does not proceed from Christ. Whatever such may profess, and however loud they may speak about their love to, and zeal for, His truth, such conduct bears its own stamp,

and can never stand before the God of truth. Yet how much of this abounds in the present day! Need we wonder that the rising race, who are so constantly hearing ministers of Christ condemned, by their seniors, who are great professors, and the children of God often contemptuously spoken of, should grow up to treat all who follow the truth as empty deceivers? Need we wonder that we "become a reproach to our neighbours, and a scorn and derision to them that are round about us"?

Brethren, these things are sad, but true, and we are grieved to have to notice them; but we should prove unfaithful to our charge did we not do so. The honour of God, the welfare of Zion, and the cause of truth, demand it of us, and we must speak faithfully to all. We love the truth and those who are of the truth, and our love is as strong as at the first, because the truth is to us as precious and as dear. But it is the spirits we must try, and the Word of God draws the line of demarcation between that which is of the flesh and that which is of the Spirit. We hope that line will ever separate us from the former, and prove us to be lovers of the latter. Oh, that a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of Christ might be bestowed upon us, that we, and many over whom we now mourn, might, with melting hearts and weeping eyes, be found together at the throne of grace! The Lord knows that is the worst we wish to any over whom we now often sorrow before Him.

Brethren, let us search and try our ways, be careful of our spirit, and seek a cleansing from all the filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit personally. Then may we hope that the Holy Spirit, who has been sadly grieved, will return and dwell with us; and then, by His divine power within and upon us, we shall be enabled manfully to face the foe, and war a good warfare against Popery, infidelity, and sin in general, which are now spreading and prevailing around and among us to an alarming extent. Let us seek, in the name of the Lord, to carry His truth wherever we can, even where errors abound, as often as we find an open door. This we can do without compromising the truth, or our position as advocates of it. The time is come when judgment must begin at the house of God; and, when that is cleansed, we may hope to see the aggressiveness of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

"Brethren, pray for us." We need and beg an interest in your prayers; and the Lord has said, "I will yet be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do these things for them." Let us have your help, too. Try and spread our Magazines far and wide. We desire not contention, neither will we be drawn into it, the Lord helping us; but we hope to unflinchingly proclaim the good old truths of the everlasting Gospel to both old and young. Come

over, then, and help us, and may we blessedly prove that the Lord our God is among us.

Reader, have you a good hope in Christ Jesus? If so, it is well with you; if not, may the Holy Spirit show you your lost condition, and humble you at the footstool of mercy. "Ye must be born again" is still an unalterable truth, and all quickened, troubled sinners are welcome to the arms of Christ.

May the blessing of our covenant God and Friend be upon each of our readers, to make this "A Happy New Year" to them, is the prayer of  
THE EDITOR.

### AN ENCOURAGING REFLECTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

*"Be of good cheer."*—JOHN xvi. 33.

To Jesus, the Source of all comfort, I'll fly;  
 My Hope and my Refuge when troubles are nigh;  
 Though brimful of sorrow, yet why should I fear?  
 He smiles, and He whispers, "Peace; be of good cheer!"

How sweet is the promise, how sacred the song,  
 To sing in deep waters, while wading along!  
 Though trouble is promised to pilgrims while here,  
 We'll sing, "He hath conquered; let's be of good cheer!"

A measure of peace, and a portion of woe  
 Is mixed in the cup of God's people below;  
 But oh, how it sweetens and lightens our care  
 When Jesus looks in, and says, "Be of good cheer!"

The peace that I feel at this moment I owe  
 To Him who hath borne all my sorrows and woe;  
 And soon all His children shall with Him appear;  
 He says, to encourage them, "Be of good cheer!"

My soul, still press onward, though tempted and tried;  
 Though worn out with care, still in Jesus confide;  
 Thy sighs and thy groans, thy songs and each tear,  
 Thy Jesus beholds, and says, "Be of good cheer!"

In great tribulation, to hear His sweet voice,  
 We can amongst all our afflictions rejoice;  
 Kind Saviour, then let us more frequently hear  
 Thy whisper, that bids us to "be of good cheer."

*Great Yeldham.*

ELIZABETH GOODY.

It will require an eternity for us to receive what Christ hath received for us.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY JOSEPH IRONS,  
PREACHED ON JANUARY 24TH, 1849.

*"Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me."—PSALM ci. 6.*

I AM quite willing to give all that is due to David, in his wise and grace-taught choice of his company, and especially of his servants, which the latter part of the verse speaks of—"He that walketh in a perfect way shall serve me." And it is possible that David might have had nothing beyond that in view himself, when he spake of making use of his eyes to distinguish between the faithful and the faithless in the land; so that, in his day, there were some faithful in the land, amidst a great multitude that were faithless; and says he, "I shall make my choice. I shall have, as my household, as my companions, as my associates, and as my servants, 'the faithful,' that serve the Lord, that walk in His perfect way." And it would be a peculiar mercy, and I wish the children of God were more alive to it, if godly masters and mistresses would look out for godly servants, and godly servants look out to be employed by godly masters and mistresses; for, if they are really such, and live in character, both parties will find it to be to their advantage. "He that feareth the Lord shall be my servant," says the Psalmist. In another place, speaking of the faithlessness of the ungodly, he says, "He that telleth lies shall not dwell in my presence."

Now, as I said before, I am quite ready to admit that this is what David had prominently in view (for I do not like to distort Scripture), and I am not prepared to prove that he himself saw at all beyond it; but the Spirit of prophecy which was in him has, in very many portions of his Psalms, directed us to look beyond the temporal king of Israel to the King of kings; and, in that Spirit of prophecy, set before us in the language of my text, Jehovah-Jesus relates to us His determination to eye with discriminating love "the faithful of the land," whom He has made so, and to distinguish them, and preserve them from the world's contamination, and ultimately bring them to dwell with Him for ever.

"His honour is engaged to save  
The meanest of His sheep;  
All that His heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep."

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HE blessed His disciples, and thereby left a blessing upon earth with them for all His elect unto the end of the world.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.

CHARLES SIMEON was born at Reading, on September 24th, 1758. Very little can be ascertained, with accuracy, respecting his early history. Whilst young he was sent to Eton College, and in his nineteenth year he obtained a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge.

In writing some account of himself, he says, "I begin then with my early life; but what an awful scene does that present to my view! Never have I reviewed it, nor ever can I to my dying hour, without the deepest shame and sorrow. My vanity, my folly, my wickedness, God alone knoweth, or can bear to know. To enter into a detail of particulars would answer no good end. If I be found at last a prodigal restored to my Father's house, God will in no ordinary measure be glorified in me. The abundance of my sinfulness will display in most affecting colours the superabundance of His grace.

"On my coming to College, on January 29th, 1779, the gracious designs of God towards me began to be manifest. My mind became greatly oppressed with the weight of my sins—so much so that I frequently looked upon the dogs with envy, wishing, if it were possible, that I could be blessed with their mortality. This distress of mind continued for about three months, and well it might have continued for years, since my sins were more in number than the hairs of my head, or than the sands upon the sea-shore. But God, in infinite condescension, began at last to smile upon me, and to give me hope of acceptance with Him, and with some peace and enjoyment I went on for three years at Cambridge, without knowing any spiritual person who had the same views and feelings as myself. I was looked upon as the singular gownsman of King's College, and many eyes were upon me, especially as I was the only one who attended St. Edward's Church, where Mr. Atkinson preached. He had noticed me, and, after a length of time, asked me home to sup with him. In conversation I dropped some expressions which conveyed the idea of my feeling myself a poor, guilty, helpless sinner. Mr. Atkinson was much surprised, for he had set it down that, as a matter of course, I was a staunch Pharisee. When, therefore, he found that I was of a very different complexion, he manifested an union of heart with me, and introduced me the very next day to an excellent man, my dear friend, John Venn. Here I found a man after my own heart—a man for whom I have retained the most unfeigned love to his last moments, and of whom I shall ever retain the most affectionate remembrance."

In 1782, he was appointed to the incumbency of Trinity Church, Cambridge, much to the annoyance of the parishioners.

He says, "The people almost universally put locks on their pews, and will neither come to church themselves nor suffer others to do so; and multitudes from time to time are forced to go out of the church for the want of the necessary accommodation. I put in a number of forms, and erected in vacant places, at my own expense, some open seats, but the churchwardens pulled them down, and cast them out of the church. To visit the parishioners was impracticable, for they were so embittered against me and my preaching that there was scarcely one that would admit me into his house. The passage of Scripture which subdued and controlled my mind was, 'The servant of the Lord must not strive.' This opposition continued for many years, especially against the evening lecture. The church doors being locked against me, I hired a room in an adjoining parish, and here the evening lecture was delivered without molestation."

Whilst out on a preaching tour, after having visited Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, he says, "I went thence to Northampton, where I stayed at Mr. John Ryland's. How odd a man he is! He stuns me, yet he makes me ashamed. His blood is frozen in his veins with age; yet what life, what fire, when he speaks of our adorable Redeemer! He received me so coldly at first that I began to apologize for my intrusion; but when he knew me and my connections, he gave me the right hand of fellowship. Christ is indeed his All. He would make me preach for him on Wednesday last. The Lord gave me much of His presence, but towards the end I found Satan working powerfully on my corrupt, vain heart, which made me pray most fervently against his power. How does God answer prayer! When we were got home, Mr. Ryland did not say one word in commendation of the sermon, but found fault with it on account of tautology and want of richness in the application. What a blessing—an inestimable blessing—it is to have a faithful friend! Satan is ready enough to point out whatever good we have, but it is only a faithful friend that will screen that from our sight and show up our deficiencies."

Mr. Simeon, being desirous to establish prayer-meetings among his members and congregation, and not knowing the mode in which these religious assemblings were conducted by Dissenters, led to the following incident.

On a week-evening he entered into the old meeting-house, Downing Street, Cambridge, where the celebrated Joseph Hussey had formerly ministered, to listen to, and see those who attended, a prayer-meeting. There were only about ten persons present with two or three candles in the table-pew. He stood in a part of the edifice which was in darkness, unobserved by any one of those present. He listened with great pleasure to those who

were mouth for the others in pouring out their hearts before the Lord. When all was finished, Mr. Simeon, in the dark, and still unseen, lustily called out, "Let us sing—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Those present thought this was uttered from some bad motive, but afterwards finding it sincere, they all joined heartily in singing the Doxology. After this time he encouraged the meeting together of his own people for prayer and reading the Word of God in a methodical and profitable manner. In the performance of his labours he omitted no opportunity of doing good and seeking the everlasting welfare, whether it were of pauper or prince, as the following beautiful narrative will show.

Some short time after his entering into the ministry, wishing for a brief period to visit the neighbourhood of the metropolis, he exchanged pulpits with the Vicar of St. John's, Horsleydown. Having undertaken the entire duties, he was called one afternoon to officiate at a funeral. Finding himself in the churchyard before it arrived, he examined the tombstones, hoping there to meet with some text that might furnish him with a subject for meditation. For some time he found nothing but the commonplace eulogies of "sincere friend," "kind father," "good husband." At length he cast his eye on a stone, on which was engraved the following striking verse—

"When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived and died for me."

At once his soul was kindled ; and, animated with the words, he looked round to see if there was any one near to whom he could impart his feelings. He saw, at some distance, a poor woman, who seemed to be employed as he had been. He beckoned her to him, and said, "You seem to be reading the inscriptions on the tombstones ; pray read this. Can you say so ? If you can, you are a happy woman." "Sir," said she, "I am not happy, but very unhappy." Her appearance and wild manner indicated that she was suffering from great anguish of mind. Mr. Simeon was beginning to inquire into her case, when he perceived the funeral coming. He therefore hastily took her address, and, giving her a little present relief, promised to call on her.

On the following day he called, and found the poor woman in circumstances which excited his deepest sympathy. The room was almost without furniture. An aged woman, her mother, lay

upon a wretched bed. She herself was seated on a box, and two squalid children were endeavouring to warm themselves over a few embers in the grate. The sight was almost more than he could bear, for he was then but a young visitor in the abodes of wretchedness.

Speaking of this visit, he said, "We fell upon our knees, and in a moment were bathed in tears. I could scarcely utter my words, through heaviness of heart and much weeping. To almost every petition they said, 'God grant it.' I was too much affected to be able to converse with them. I referred them, therefore, to two or three passages of sacred Scripture, and left them." He went again the next day, and a similar scene occurred. He afterwards found, on entering into conversation with the mother, that she was an intelligent Christian, labouring under heavy affliction. The daughter, too, appeared to receive his instructions with interest and thankfulness.

One day, on rising from their knees, this poor woman, whose heart was now enlarged and her mouth opened to confess, looked at him earnestly and said, "And now, sir, I will tell you. You know not what God has done for me, through you. When you called to me in the churchyard, I was on my way to the river to drown myself." She then told him that, since the death of her husband, she had been labouring in vain to support her aged mother and two children, but that her sufferings had been such that she could bear them no longer. On the day of his meeting her, she had been to crave assistance from a sister who lived in that neighbourhood, and who, although well able to help her, had dismissed her with reproaches. Forlorn and desperate, she had resolved never to return to see her mother and her children die, and she had wandered into the graveyard only to pass the time till the dusk of the evening should enable her to effect her purpose without being seen.

Mr. Simeon continued to be the friend of this poor family till the aged mother joined the company of the redeemed in heaven. The woman herself from this time became a consistent Christian. The children were put out with some of Mr. Simeon's friends in the neighbourhood, and their wants supplied.

On one occasion, when visiting this poor family, he having been detained longer than usual by the deep interest which he felt in their case, afterwards joined a party of friends at a relative's house, when they began to be jocular with him as to the cause of his absence. "Ah!" said he, in narrating this, with the usual fervid moulding of his face, "I had meat to eat which you know not of."

Besides being Incumbent and Lecturer of Trinity Church, he held the curacy of Stapleford, where his attached friend Berridge

had formerly been. Here he formed a society for the making of straw plait, which contributed greatly to the welfare and comfort of the poor, and also established a prayer-meeting, where his parishioners could meet together in mutual love and harmony, which tended much to keep his flock together. This being my native village, I had the honour of personally knowing some who took part in these gatherings, but they now are all gathered to their eternal home.

His influence among the poor and religious societies was great, devoting much of his income for their benefit. Besides having a large income of his own, his brother left him £15,000, the interest of which he annually devoted to the benefit of the poor, &c.

As this is only a glimpse at him, I must pass on to his last days. On Saturday, September 24th, 1836, he was taken ill. This was his seventy-eighth birthday. He said to his attendant, "What can I expect? I never expected to live so long. I can scarcely believe I am so old. I have as yet known nothing of the infirmities of age. I know, however, that all is ordered well." He rallied on for a few weeks, so as to be able to take a little exercise, but about the middle of October all hopes of his recovery were taken away. To one who was by his bed-side he said, "I am a poor fallen creature, and our nature is a poor fallen thing. It cannot be repaired. There is nothing that I can do to repair it. Now what would you advise in such a case?" "Surely, sir, to go, as you have often done, to the Lord Jesus Christ." He answered, in a very determined and joyful manner, "That is just what I am doing." I added, "And you find the Lord Jesus Christ to be very present, and giving you peace?" He instantly replied, looking up to heaven with an expression of happiness, "Oh, yes, that I do!" "And He does not forsake you now?" "No, indeed; that can never be!"

Seeing me standing by him the next day, he began, in a calm and deliberate manner, to address me as follows—"Infinite wisdom has devised the whole with infinite love, and infinite power enables me to rest upon that power; and all is infinitely good and gracious. Whether I am to have a little less suffering, or more, it matters not. All is right and well, and just as it should be. I am in a dear Father's hand. All is secure. When I look to Him, I see nothing but faithfulness and immutability and truth, and I have not a fear, but the sweetest peace. I cannot have more peace. But, if I look another way, to the poor creature, oh, then there is nothing, nothing, nothing, but what is to be abhorred and mourned over! He shall perfect everything, though at present I know not whether I shall live or die. I feel that I am not ready to die." I said, "And what is wanting?" He replied, "Greater humiliation."

He had a great aversion to what is called a dying scene. He said, "I wish to be alone with my God, and to lie before Him as a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner. Yes, as a poor, hell-deserving sinner. But I would also look to Him as my all-forgiving God, and as my all-sufficient God, and as my all-atoning God, and as my covenant-keeping God. There I would lie before Him as the vilest of the vile, the lowest of the low, and the poorest of the poor."

His being much worse, and several coming around him, he was evidently much hurt. He said to me the next morning, "Now, I was much hurt at the scene last night. A death-bed scene I abhor from my inmost soul. I am, I know, the chief of sinners; and I hope for nothing but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to life eternal. I shall be the greatest monument of God's mercy in heaven." Then, after a short pause, he added, "And if we are to bring the matter to a point, it lies in a nutshell, and it is here. I look, as the chief of sinners, for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to life eternal, and I lie adoring the sovereignty of God in choosing such an one, and the mercy of God in pardoning such an one, and the patience of God in bearing with such an one, and the faithfulness of God in perfecting His work and performing all His promises to such an one."

On the evening of October 30th, we thought he was beginning to lose consciousness of what was passing, and his eyes had been closed for several hours. Suddenly, however, he remarked, "If you want to know what I am doing, go and look in the first chapter of Ephesians, from the third to the fourteenth verse. There you will see what I am enjoying now." Then for hours he kept repeating the last verse of the eleventh of Romans, "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

During the last few days of his life his bodily sufferings were often excruciating, and his strength so impaired that his voice was scarcely audible. He observed to his attendant, "Jesus Christ is my All in all for my soul, and now you must be my all for my body. I cannot tell you any longer what I want." Afterwards he revived a little. He remarked, "It is said, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" Then, looking at us as we stood round his bed, he asked, in his own peculiarly expressive manner, "Do you see any sting here?" We answered, "No, indeed; it is all taken away." He then said, "Does not this prove that my principles were not founded on enthusiasm, but that there is a reality in them? and I find them sufficient to support me in death."

He lingered on till two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, November 13th, 1836, when, after a momentary struggle, he entered his eternal rest, aged seventy-eight years.

R. F. R.

## GRACE, SOVEREIGN, FREE, OMNIPOTENT.

AMONG the many thousands who attended the preaching of the immortal Whitefield, there were some who came to scoff, or to get material wherewith afterwards to amuse their companions. We are informed that, on one occasion, four young men met together, and laid a wager, to be given to him who should best mimic the great preacher. One of these was named Thorpe. They were each to open the Bible at haphazard, take the first verse that presented itself, and make an extempore address from it. Thorpe's three companions each made their attempt in succession; then he said, "I shall beat you all." Mounting the table, which served them for a platform, he opened his Bible, and a wonderful providence directed his attention to those soul-stirring words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3). The moment he had read this text, a great change took place in his mind. His mouth was opened to speak with much more feeling than he intended. His tones became so earnest and solemn that his hearers were greatly awed. When he had finished, he jumped from the table, and hastily left the spot, without so much as mentioning the wager. He hastened to some place of retirement, where he became the subject of mighty convictions. These convictions led to his conversion, and ultimately he became a preacher of that holy Gospel which he had so thoughtlessly and so wickedly ridiculed.

Reader, how mysterious are God's ways, both in providence and in grace! And sometimes they dovetail each other in a remarkable manner. As to the former, we may well unite with the poet and say—

" God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ; "

and as to the latter, we may say with another—

" Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat His mercies in your song. "

How little did that young man think, when he joined his godless companions in blasphemous mockery of God's servant, that he should there and then experience converting grace! How sovereign, free, and powerful is that grace! It is *sovereign*. It passes by one and changes another—"I will take you one of a city and two of a family." In this instance it passed by three young men and saved the fourth, and he equally guilty with the rest. None of them had ever sought the mercy of the Lord. Then what claim had any of them upon that mercy? Had the Lord, in infinite wisdom and justice, cut them all off instantly in their sins,

and sent them to the bottomless pit, it would have been no more than they deserved, and might reasonably expect, for their sins—

“ Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.”

Grace is *free*. No man can lay claim to it, however moral, correct, consistent, or virtuous he may be. “ All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” “ By grace are ye saved, through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God ; not of works, lest any man should boast.” “ Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.”

On another occasion, when Whitefield was preaching in the open air, he took his station beneath a tree. A poor half-witted man ascended the tree behind him, and, imitating the gestures of the preacher, caused some distracting merriment in the congregation. Whitefield perceived it, and also the cause, but took no notice until a suitable opportunity arrived. He was speaking of the freeness of sovereign grace. Said he, “ Grace can save any man, woman, or child, no matter how wicked, if God wills it. None are beyond the reach of His powerful grace. He can save the foul blasphemer, the miserable drunkard, the filthy whoremonger.” Then, turning himself round, and pointing to the poor imbecile who was causing such unseemly merriment, he said, “ God can even save this poor man in the tree behind me, and make him a signal monument of divine mercy.” And so it proved. Conviction seized him at that time, and he was subsequently led to seek and obtain pardon and peace through the blood of the cross.

Grace is *powerful*. It is omnipotent, irresistible. True, we read that the carnal Jews always resisted the Holy Ghost—that is, they withstood and contradicted the testimony of the Apostles. And so, indeed, does every man, in his natural state, deny the light and truth of a Gospel ministry. But still, in the case of every vessel of mercy, grace conquers, sooner or later, for it is like its Author, almighty. How manifestly was this evidenced in the case of Thorpe ! What solemnity stole over him, quite contrary to his intentions ! How that solemn feeling awed both him and his associates ! What strange pathos did it give to his words ! And to what a remarkable issue did it lead !

Christian parents, this thought may comfort you. Earnest pleadings have ascended from your hearts, time after time, for your offspring. Now, perhaps, they have grown to early manhood

or womanhood, but they give no signs of grace at present. Indeed, they may be walking as contrary thereto as young Thorpe ; but remember, the same Hand that so unexpectedly arrested him may arrest your dear son or daughter. And oh, the goodness of God, thus to snatch a vile sinner as a brand from the burning ! What a mercy it was for him ! And while it is recorded, " Seek, and ye shall find," we also read, " I was found of them that sought Me not."

Dear youthful readers—for I hope there are many such who do read the SOWER—if God was so merciful to one who " asked not after Him," what encouragement there is for you who are really anxious about your souls ! Hear the encouraging words of the Lord—" I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me ;" " For every one that asketh receiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

*Harlow.*

A. E. REALFF.

"BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE THE FATHER  
HATH BESTOWED UPON US," &c.

(1 JOHN iii. 1.)

BEHOLD what great, surprising love  
The Father hath bestowed  
On us, which from eternity  
To all His chosen flowed—

That we should be the sons and heirs  
Of the eternal God,  
Though pressed by sorrows, filled with cares,  
As life's dark vale is trod.

Unknown unto the thoughtless world,  
Because it knew Him not ;  
As scorn was at the Saviour hurled,  
So 'tis the saved ones' lot.

Yet, will not His approving smile  
Console for all they say ?  
Their time is but a " little while ;"  
He will not long delay.

He will appear on their behalf,  
Unfold His counsel deep ;  
Then those who weep and mourn shall laugh,  
And those who laugh shall weep.

M. B.

## LETTER BY THE LATE J. BERRIDGE.

*Everton, April 28th, 1779.*

DEAR BROTHER,—Do you ask after my old carcass? It is sorry, yet suitable. A better would not serve me so well. Or ask what returns I am making for mercies received? Why, truly, sometimes underrating the Lord's bounty, sometimes overrating myself for it—one while proud of what He gives, another while thinking He might give more. Mercies momentarily received get few heart-thanks, yet, if withheld, fetch many heart-risings. Seldom I value mercies aright till I want them, and seldom improve them aright when I have them. Indeed, the best return I seem to make is astonishment—astonished to see how good the Lord is, and how evil I am. Then I feel a little of that broken heart which God delighteth in—a suitable frame for believers on earth. It stirreth up duty and praise, and is sweetly enlarged in saints above, who are evermore filling God's heaven with praise.

If all were not gift and grace (gift to the needy, and grace to the unworthy), heaven would be like this earth—a subject for boast—a room for contempt. Martyrs might whistle to others who pressed too near, and bid them “Stand off! We are better than you!” Mary Magdalene would have no companions in heaven but repenting prostitutes, and the cross thief no associates but Tyburn penitents. As for the perfectionists, if Christ knows where to put them in heaven, I know not, but think they would class by themselves, and might scuffle with the martyrs for precedency.

Brother, by feeling much of my own heart, I know something of yours, and believe, if God would humour your wish, you would preach yourself into hell by a run of fine sermons. How pleased we are to see a congregation in tears when we are in the pulpit! But remember, though a wet sermon breaks the hearts of hearers down, it raises the heart of a preacher up, and a dry sermon often profits him more than a wet one. I usually find, in myself and others, that a wet sermon claps a cloven foot upon the preacher.

Kind respects to your partner. Grace and peace be with you both, and with your flock, and with

Your affectionate brother,

To W—,

*Old Street, London.*

J. BERRIDGE.

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HE who gave us Christ must find us hands wherewith to receive Him.

## A SCRAP.

WE read in 2 Peter ii. 1, of certain parties who "denied the Lord that bought them." Is not the possibility of falling from grace more than inferred from this? Certainly not. I quote the following very ingenious solution of the difficulty, the author of which I know not even by name:—

"In the first place, I must observe that the Epistles of Peter were written to converted Jews—1 Peter i. 1, compared with Acts ii. 5—11. And this will more clearly appear by referring to 2 Peter iii. 15, 16—'And account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you; as also in all his Epistles, speaking in them of these things,' &c. Here Peter refers to Paul's Epistle written to the Hebrews, distinguishing it from those written to the Gentile Churches; and it is necessary to observe this distinction, in order to understand what is meant by 'denying the Lord that bought them.' Peter, by this expression, has reference to their deliverance from the land of Egypt, and doubtless had in his mind Deuteronomy xxxii. 6, where Moses, speaking to Israel, saith, 'Is not He thy Father, who hath bought thee?' (redeemed thee from Egypt.) See also Deuteronomy vii. 8; v. 15. These false teachers, then, in denying the Lord Jesus, denied the Father also (see 1 John ii. 22, 23, and v. 9—11), who had redeemed them from the land of Egypt."

This objected passage, then, has no reference whatever to the redemption by and through the blood of Jesus.

W. PARKS.

## "BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR."

ONE who loves the Lord and His people once put £5 in money in an old pill-box, upon which was written, "One to be taken as often as required," and gave it to a poor servant of God, and it caused him to bless and praise his faithful, covenant-keeping God, who had once more appeared for him, heard his prayers, and dried his tears.

Another sat down and wept when he received from a long way off £2 and the verse—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercies, and shall break  
In blessings on your head."

Dear reader, remember the poor.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## THE PHILIPPIAN JAILOR.

“*What must I do to be saved?*”—ACTS xvi. 30.

THE question asked by the Philippian jailor has, ever since his days, continued to be the anxious inquiry of every awakened sinner; and, as our dear Editor has been led to devote a page or two to the especial benefit of this class—which we pray may become an increasingly numerous one—it may not be unacceptable if we endeavour, by divine help, to consider the case which occurred so long ago, and which is recorded for the instruction and encouragement of all who are travelling the same path.

In the first place, we will try to describe the anxious inquirer; secondly, notice the important question, “What must I do to be saved?” and, thirdly, consider the Apostles’ answer.

*First, we will describe the anxious inquirer.* From the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of this chapter we gather that, before grace reached the heart of this vessel of mercy, he was a very unlikely person indeed to be brought into concern about the things of eternity. As the custodian of the hapless prisoners in the jail of Philippi, we are not surprised to find in him a hardness, harshness, and even cruelty of disposition, which only required a little incitement to be exercised in the most wanton, inexcusable, and unnecessary manner. Hence, when Paul and Silas had been condemned by the magistrates to prison for preaching the everlasting Gospel of God’s grace, and a hint had been given him to keep them safely, he, in his excess of zeal, “thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.”

In this gloomy place, the two Apostles passed some hours, until at length the shadows of the evening added to the darkness of their dungeon. The painfulness of their position probably prevented them from finding that rest in sleep they must have so much needed. Perhaps, too, they were ready to wonder why the Lord had permitted this trouble to fall upon them. Their ministry in Philippi had had a promising commencement in the conversion of Lydia, and one would have thought that the remarkable miracle, recorded in the eighteenth verse, would, as in so many previous cases, have predisposed the inhabitants to receive their testimony.

Things, however, had turned out very contrary to this, and, on a false charge, they are incarcerated in the most secure part of the prison, helplessly exposed to the cruel insults of a hardened jailor. How little could they have supposed that it was for the

salvation of that very man the Lord had brought them into this dismal spot! It appears, however, they were not over anxious about the why and the wherefore of the Lord's providential dealings. They were satisfied it was God's will they should be where they were; and, being enabled to leave the future in His hands until His design should be revealed, they found such peace and joy in acquiescing with His will that, when midnight arrived, the other prisoners heard them praying and singing praises to God.

Suddenly their praising ceased. A fresh calamity came upon them. The walls began to shake, and, amidst the horrors of the midnight darkness, the violence of the earthquake shook open the doors of the prison, and miraculously loosed their bonds. Thus, in a strange and unexpected manner, they found themselves free to escape from their confinement. The grace of God, however, which they possessed in so large a measure, did not allow them to avail themselves of this opportunity to evade the laws of the land.

Meanwhile, the jailor awoke from sleep. Seeing the prison doors open, and naturally supposing the prisoners had fled, despair seized him, and he drew out his sword, with the intention of killing himself. In this extremity, God's purpose of mercy begins to be developed. Just as he was about plunging his sword into his own body, Paul, knowing the poor man's desperation, "cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm; we are all here." The voice of mercy not only caused him to desist from his purpose, but also evidently reached his heart. It is clear he was there and then aroused to see and to feel the awful danger from which he escaped, as it were, by the skin of his teeth. One more step, and his spirit would have entered the presence of his Judge as a murderer. How near this heir of heaven went to the gates of hell! Astonished at his deliverance, "he called for a light, and sprang in." His feelings had undergone a radical change, which was manifested in his conduct to Paul and Silas. He who but a little while before despised these sent servants of God, now humbly falls at their feet, and eagerly asks the most momentous question, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

The man was alarmed. He breathed forth an anxious inquiry as to the way of salvation, manifested true repentance, and exhibited remarkable devotion to God's servants. This is always the Lord's way of bringing His children to seek for salvation. By the divinely-appointed means they are aroused from that state of carelessness and enmity which is natural to unrenewed man, made to feel how near they have been to destruction, and brought to repent of their sins. This is accompanied with a seeking for

salvation, and a genuine love for those whom they may once have hated and despised—the servants and people of the living God. Here we have the picture of an anxious inquirer. Note we now—

*Secondly, the important question, "What must I do to be saved?"* This is the cry of a soul alarmed by mercy. There is such a thing as an alarm that does not lead to salvation. Conviction is not always conversion. Natural conviction of sin is produced by a conscience alarmed at the sight of the consequences of sin, and it leads either to despair, as in the case of Judas, or to a resting in a false peace—a taking shelter under the form without the experience of the power of godliness. True spiritual conviction of sin, on the other hand, leads the soul to the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is produced by the Holy Spirit enlightening the understanding to see, and softening the heart to feel, the exceeding sinfulness and misery of sin. The difference between the two, however, is most clearly manifested in the effects produced. The one leaves the soul resting in something short of Christ; the other brings to the feet of the dear Saviour, with a cry for mercy, and a misery in the heart which nothing short of mercy manifested, salvation revealed, pardon applied, can alleviate or remove. This latter case is one of true conversion.

The jailor was stopped—arrested in his mad career—and turned from sin to seek the Saviour—turned from destruction to desire salvation. This turning constituted his conversion, and it is expressed in the agonized inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" He does not ask, "What opinion must I hold?" No; he wanted more than a notion about salvation; he wanted the realization of it. In the hour of real conversion, it becomes evident that true religion consists not in the talk of the lips, but in that which the Apostle alludes to in Philippians ii. 13—"It is God which worketh in you both to will and to *do* of His good pleasure."

What is it the quickened soul does, through divine power? He does as follows—he repents of sin, abhors himself on account of it, flies from it, seeks for salvation, looks to Jesus, and runs to Him for refuge. Where these things are found, faith is evidently in the heart, for they are its blessed fruits, the evidences of divine life. Only a living soul can do these things, and all who are saved *must* have this experience, which is the work of God the Holy Spirit.

We must not omit to notice the object of the anxious one's desire—"What must I do to *be saved*?" Salvation is the thing sought for. Oh, what a mercy it is if our readers' minds and hearts, thoughts and affections, are not wholly taken up with the transitory, perishing concerns of earth and time, but are, in some

measure, set upon, and anxiously seeking for, salvation! The Philippian jailor's inquiry is expressive. He does not say, "What must I do to *save myself*?" but "*be saved*?" Ah! we must "*be saved*," or miss heaven altogether. We cannot save ourselves by our doings. Those acts of the new creature we have mentioned, whilst they constitute the experience of salvation, are by no means the meritorious cause of it. We shall now proceed—

*Thirdly, to consider the Apostles' answer to the inquiry*—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." They were both agreed in giving this reply, and "in the mouth of two witnesses shall every word be established." To believe is to have faith—mark, to have it, not merely to talk about it. The possession of faith it is which instrumentally saves the soul.

We purpose, if the Lord will, writing more fully on this subject of saving faith at some future opportunity. Meanwhile, let our dear seeking friends take the following simple explanation of this grace. Faith is the gift of God, and, in the text referred to, signifies trusting in Jesus. The poet says—

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

When self-confidence fails, and creature trust gives way, it is then, at last, that there is a looking to, leaning upon, following after, and a confiding in the Lord Jesus. Faith believes that Jesus is the only Refuge, and her language is, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

The form of the apostolic answer to the jailor's importunate inquiry is instructive. "Believe *on*." Faith is the foot of the new creature which stands on the Rock Christ Jesus. It is the hand that clings to the Rock upon which the Christian's hope is built. "The Lord." His trust is in the Lord's mercy, grace, and love. "Jesus." He depends for cleansing upon the precious blood and atoning work of Jesus the Saviour, who came in the likeness of sinful flesh, and was made sin that He might save sinners. "Christ." The anointed and appointed channel through which salvation flows. "And thou shalt be saved." Here is no contingency or uncertainty. The fact of the certainty of the ultimate salvation of the believer is expressed with all the positiveness of an undeniable truth. Salvation is *secured* to seekers by the oath and promise of Jehovah, 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 [the act of faith] upon the hope set before us." Salvation is likewise *settled*, for Jesus finished the work on Calvary's tree.

Sookers, then, *shall* be saved, because the very fact of their seeking proves them to be interested in the covenant and finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the blessed and sweet solution of the question, "What must I do to be saved?"

*Leicester.*

E. C.

### A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

A MINISTER of the Gospel, who is still living, was, about thirty years ago, called to the important work of preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ," but being extremely diffident of his own abilities, and having preached for several years seemingly to little purpose, he came to a resolution to preach no more.

Happening to be much straitened in his sermon on a Lord's Day afternoon, and drinking tea afterwards with some Christian friends, he hinted his intention to them, and declared that he could not preach even that same evening. They represented the disappointment it must be to a large congregation who were assembling together, as no other minister could possibly be had then to supply his place, and, therefore, they begged he would try once more. He replied that it was in vain to argue with him, for he was quite determined not to preach any more. Just at that instant, a person knocked at the door, and being admitted, she proved to be a good old experienced Christian, who lived at a considerable distance, and she said she came on purpose to desire Mr. — to preach that evening from a particular passage of Scripture. She said she could not account for it, but she could not be happy without coming from home, to desire it might be preached from that evening. Being asked what the text was, she said she could not tell where it was, but the words were these—"Then I said, I will speak no more in His name. But His Word was as a fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

This extraordinary circumstance so struck the preacher that he submitted to preach from these words that evening (Jer. xx. 9). and, experiencing much liberty, has continued in the work ever since with wonderful success and comfort.

N.B.—The good woman has often protested since that she knew nothing of the debate about his preaching.—*From an old book, published in 1794.*

THAT He should empty Himself of all that glory due to Him, the first hour He assumed our nature, He, Christ, must needs lose more than God ever did, or can, lose by sinners, and so the satisfaction in that respect doth superabound.

## THE JESUITS.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE BY MR. MAYO, DELIVERED IN HASTINGS, ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 1ST, 1884.

MR. MAYO prefaced his lecture by reading the forty-sixth Psalm, after which he said he wished it to be clearly understood that his opposition was not to men, but to dogmatic systems, opposed to Protestant Christianity; and that night he was not there to make one assertion that he could not prove. He then proceeded with his lecture, as follows:—

There is in England, at the present moment, a disposition to regard Roman Catholicism with less disfavour, and, consequently, to witness its progress with less alarm, than at any previous time since the Reformation. The general opinion is, that the principles of Romanism are changed, that the intolerance and tyranny which formerly aroused the indignation and abhorrence of Christendom are things of the past. Rome boasts that she cannot change. "Semper eadem" is her motto—unalterable, unchangeable. From the days of her assumed supremacy down to the present day her intolerant, persecuting spirit has been, and is still, the same. The Decrees and Bulls issued by the Papacy for the overthrow of heresy and the extermination of Protestants exist at the present moment in undiminished force.

The late Pope, in his Bull "Apostolicæ Sedis," addressed to the Ecumenical Council, October 12th, 1869, revives all the powers of the Bull "Cœna Domini," which the Papal Bishops, in their evidence, given in 1825, before the Committee appointed by Parliament, swore could not be published in this kingdom as being "in collision with the constituted authorities of this country." But Cardinal Cullen and Archbishop Leahy, in their evidence on the O'Keeffe trial, affirmed that these Bulls are in full force and effect in this country (Report, O'Keeffe v. Cullen, Longmans, 1874, p. 406).

Pope Pius IX., in his Encyclical and Syllabus, has further condemned and anathematized "those who maintain the liberty of the Press, or the liberty of conscience and worship, or the liberty of speech." The present Pope, Leo XIII., is equally explicit. He claims that, if he possessed the liberty, he would employ it to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome (*Times*, April 11th, 1879).

The lecturer further quoted Cardinal Manning to the effect that the Pope is the supreme judge on earth, and that this country is the one point on which the attack of a world-wide army of trained priests is to centre, officered by 1,143 Papal Bishops, because "England is the head of Protestantism, the centre of its

movements, and the stronghold of its powers. Weakened in England, it is paralyzed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered throughout the world; once overthrown here, all is but a war of detail. England is the key of modern error."

Such being the claims and intentions of the Papacy, with regard to our beloved England, let us see the extent of their force, and who it is that is at the head of their mission. Cardinal Manning has stated "that the Jesuits are at the head of the great Catholic mission in this land" (*Tablet*, July 20th, 1872). This being so, I will ask you to follow me while I give you a few statistics to show Rome's progress during the last thirty-four years, and you will then see the extent of their mission, which is governed, on the authority of Cardinal Manning, by the Jesuits. And let it be remembered that the Jesuits settling here in our country, are doing so in direct opposition to the law of the land.

Having given statistics showing the great increase of Roman Catholic priests, bishops, monasteries, convents, and colleges within the last thirty-four years, the lecturer proceeded to give a short account of the formation of the "Society of Jesus," and quoted the instructions sent to the Jesuits, in 1551, by the Council of Trent, in which they were told to take notice of the confessions of the people, that evil against the Church of Rome might be prevented; to associate with heretics, and "not to discover their profession," and to wear whatever dress they thought convenient. These instructions gave permission to go into heretical territories, and to go with heretics to their churches. They continued, "If you own yourselves clergymen, then to preach, but with caution, till ye be well acquainted with the heretics you converse with, and then, by degrees, add to your doctrines by ceremonies, or otherwise, as you find them inclinable." They further gave their permission to marry.

"If time permitted," said the lecturer, "I could show how these principles were put into practice in our own country; that Jesuits, under various disguises, caused distraction among the Protestant community, and effectually advanced the claims of the Papacy. He who was a zealous Protestant, preaching in churches and cathedrals on Sunday (all the while secretly dispensed by the Pope), was on Monday a civilian, a courtier, or a soldier, as circumstances rendered expedient. Intercepted letters from these Jesuits, and the State Records, all plainly show to what an extent these principles were practised in our country from the commencement of the Reformation under Edward VI., and through succeeding reigns."

This Society had, from its anti-social and immoral practices, become the curse of every country where it had its members.

Its corrupting influences were repeatedly denounced and condemned as well by Popes and Bishops as by Kings and Parliaments. The "Provincial Letters," published in 1658-9 by Pascal, himself a devout Roman Catholic, unsparingly exposed the criminality and immorality of the teaching of the Jesuits. So great was the indignation aroused by this exposure that, in 1665 and 1666, Clement X. published two Decrees against the relaxed morality taught by the Jesuits. His successor, Innocent XI., on March 2nd, 1679, further condemned sixty-five propositions of the Jesuits; and Pope Alexander VIII., on August 24th, 1690, issued an additional Decree, condemning the doctrine of philosophical sin, as taught by Jesuit divines. At length, by a Bull of Pope Clement XIV., dated July 21st, 1773, the Society was suppressed.

The Jesuits have been expelled from every country in the world on account of their abominable practices. Not only from Spain and Italy, but from France in 1594, from Venice in 1606, and from France again in 1762. The restored Jesuits pursued their former course with similar results. The consequence was, they were expelled from Russia in 1820, only six years after their re-establishment, as they were later on from the Cantons of Switzerland. Lord Palmerston stated, in 1853, "that the cause, the original cause, of the conflict"—namely, the Civil War in Switzerland—"was the Jesuits."

The lecturer said—"In England and other countries the Jesuits exist under different names, such as, 'The Adorers of Jesus,' 'Redemptorists,' 'Brothers of the Christian Doctrine,' 'Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Virgin,' 'Fathers of the Faith,' 'St. Vincent de Paul,' &c. One of the most powerful and dangerous of these affiliated Jesuitical societies is that of 'St. Vincent de Paul.' It has its branches in all parts of the world, and is computed to comprise seven hundred thousand members. Its object is ostensibly to benefit the poor; but it is, in fact, a religio-political organization. This body, which has proved to be dangerous to the well-being of every State in Europe, is putting forth prodigious efforts in this country; and, notwithstanding the law forbids the residence of Jesuits in England, numerous affiliated societies, together with a Provincial of the Order, exist here in defiance of the law. Formerly they were Masters of the Spanish and Roman Inquisitions, and a bright and joyful day was it for the whole world when these terrible prisons were destroyed by an indignant and infuriated populace. Acting upon the principle taught by their theologians, 'to do evil that good may come,' they imprisoned those enlightened men and women who dared to read their Bibles, and this in the nineteenth century! But are English men and women going to allow them to 'subjugate and to subdue, to bend and to

break, the will of an imperial race'? Is England going to be governed by these sanguinary followers of Loyola, who are directing the efforts of the Papal hierarchy in this land? And by a Church, too, who styles herself 'the one only true Church,' and 'the mother and mistress of all Churches,' whose head was declared to be 'infallible,' amid thundering anathemas, at Rome, in 1870? And yet we are told in syren strains that 'Rome has changed! There is nothing to fear! Don't be alarmed!' No; there is nothing to fear from the viper, cold and inanimate from the frost and wintry snow; but take it to your homes, give it warmth upon your hearths, restore it to vitality, and it will turn again and sting its benefactor. Let us remember that the present position of England is owing to her Protestant religion; that, when she threw off the shackles of Romanism, and determined to make freedom of conscience her corner-stone, victory crowned her arms, attracted commerce to her shores, constructed magnificent cities, and filled them with the wealth and treasures of all the regions of the earth; spreading over her land, among the millions of her people, a purer science and a higher knowledge than she had ever known before. Let it be our aim and object to maintain the absolute supremacy of God's Word, the pure principles of the Reformation, and a wider diffusion of the truths of Protestant Christianity. Let us implore the Divine Spirit to illumine the minds of our legislators, to make righteous laws for this kingdom, and that 'the truth as it is in Jesus' may be seen in all its beauty and completeness by our Roman Catholic countrymen."--*Hastings and St. Leonards News.*

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### THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

LIFE rolls on like a torrent. The past is no more than a dream. The present, when we think we have fast hold of it, slips through our hands, and mingles with the past. And let us not vainly imagine that the future will be different. It will glide away with the same rapidity.

Some of you may have seen the waves of the ocean pressing each other to the shore. You then beheld an emblem of human life.

Oh, children, may you, in your early youth, be led by the Spirit, as mourners over sin, to look unto Jesus, who alone is able to bless and save you to the uttermost!

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SOME persons' happiness has no present tense. They are always full of dark forebodings; their sky is always clouded.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## INTRODUCTION.

GOLDEN apples—not metallic imitations, but the real, ripe, sweet fruit itself—and the golden fruit placed before us in beautiful baskets, inviting us both to see and to taste, to admire and to eat, and inwardly digest the healthful and delicious things. Such are “words fitly spoken”—good words uttered at the right time to the right persons—and such, too, are “the fruits of righteousness,” as they are shown in the deeds and lives of the godly men and women who have passed away. “They rest from their labours, but their works follow them.” The trees appear on earth no longer, but the fruit remains. God not only tells us about “the fruit of the Spirit”—He shows it to us, and bids us learn how sweet and pleasant are the ways of wisdom, and how desirable a treasure is the fear of the Lord. Who would not rather see the picture of a thing than hear or read a long description of it? Pictures and models are often better than words, and a sample of the thing itself is best of all.

When I went to school, I used to be very fond of cyphering, and was particularly pleased when I could puzzle out the answer of a new or difficult “sum,” but I never could make out the rule by reading it. I used to look at the “example,” and get to understand it that way, and I haven’t altered much since. I still like “pictures” and “models” and “examples,” and, as I am sure you do the same, I want each month to bring you a silver basket of golden fruit; and very much I wish that you may “taste and see that the Lord is good,” and that “His mercy endureth for ever,” by tracing that goodness and mercy in the lives of those whom He has been pleased to “guide with His counsel, and afterward receive them to glory.” May we find it in our hearts to thank the glorious Giver of the Bible that He has filled it with so many examples and specimens of all things that we are most interested in—that sin’s evil and bitterness is so presented to us that we feel shocked and repelled by its bitter fruits, and that godliness is never found more interesting than when we find the lives of our fellow-creatures filled with the sweet and precious “fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ.” He, the great Tree of Life, is fruitful in all perfection, and those who receive His Spirit are, with all their present imperfections, “trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified.” The “fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness,” and many another beautiful and precious thing; and they all are produced, in

greater or less abundance, in the life of every true believer, just as the whole harvest of the orchard goes by the general name of fruit.

This, then, will form our occasional entertainment, if spared through the months of this present year, and we first would offer some very sweet samples of the golden apples of "love;" but, having lingered so long on the threshold, we will not now enter the room where the feast is prepared; and as the fruit is in no danger of spoiling, we shall lose nothing by a little delay. So, hoping to meet you again, we will for the present part, with the longing desire that the love of God might dwell in all our hearts, constraining us to say, with humble, grateful confidence, "We love Him because He first loved us," and then new years and old years will alike be overshadowed with loving-kindness that is better than life. Amen. H. S. L.

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#### GOODWIN'S LAST WORDS ON HIS DEATH BED.

HE rejoiced in the thought that he was dying, and said, "I am going to the Holy Three, with whom I have had communion. They have taken me; I did not take Them. I shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye. All my lusts and corruptions I shall be rid of. All these croaking toads will fall off in a moment. I could never have imagined I should ever have had such a measure of faith in this hour. No, I could never have imagined it. My 'bow abides in strength.' Is Christ divided? No; I have the whole of His righteousness. I am found in Him, not in my own righteousness, 'which is of the law, but in the righteousness which is of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Christ cannot love me better than He doth. I think I cannot love Christ better than I do. I am swallowed up in God. Now," said he, "I shall ever be with the Lord." With this assurance of faith and fulness of joy, his soul left the world to enter the mansions of the blessed, where pleasures are for evermore. He died in February, 1679, in the eightieth year of his age. "The memory of the just is blessed."

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GOD, in dispensing His blessings, does as Abraham did. "Abraham gave all that he had unto Isaac; but unto the sons of the concubines Abraham gave gifts, and sent them away from Isaac." Common blessings God gives to the children of this world, as to the sons of the bond-woman, but covenant blessings He reserves for the heirs of promise. All that He has is theirs, for they are His Isaacs, from whom the rest shall be for ever separated.—*M. Henry.*

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LVI.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND in the path of life, wishing you the peace of God, through the peace-speaking blood of the Lord Jesus Christ,—I am glad to find that your soul is still following on to know Him who is the power of God and the wisdom of God, and whom to know by the Spirit is life eternal. And this is what every feeling sinner wants to know, that their “life is hid with Christ in God,” and so out of the reach of all their enemies, both internal and external; for, although there is life in every quickened soul, its spring or source is in the Root, and that Root is Christ; and this prevents the soul from death spiritual, because it is united to the Root by the Spirit, and the feeling of death, coldness, hardness, and darkness does not affect the Root, though it does the branch. But He who is the life of every tiny branch, communicates fresh life and vigour at His good will and pleasure, and, by fresh quickenings, enlivens the soul in the things which are divine. And, if you are favoured to watch unto prayer, you will find that, in some way or other, virtue will proceed from Christ the Root to your soul, so that “your heart shall live that seek God.”

Though sometimes, my dear young friend, it may seem that the work begun is at a dead stand, and you begin to fear that there is something wrong, but, or ever you are aware, your heart will run out after Him, and your affections will be ready to embrace Him. The life of God in the soul is very mysterious, but it is a blessed reality, and He who first gave it will never let it die. “I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish;” therefore, wait on the Lord at all times, in all seasons, even when it seems of no use at all. “Be of good courage;” faint not; be not slack. Ask, seek, and knock, “and He shall strengthen thine heart.” “The weak hands He will strengthen, and the feeble knees He will confirm.” “He will regard the prayer of the destitute: He will not despise their prayer.”

Pray for an increase of faith. Christ is the Author and Finisher of it, and He will not turn away your prayer. Though you be at times surrounded with foes, He will make a way for your deliverance. He is strong and mighty, able to save, and as willing as able to deliver the soul that hangs upon Him out of all his fears and troubles.

It may be, my dear young friend, that your pilgrimage is to be short, and you may, at an early age, be called to depart this life. The rather, then, “give diligence to make your calling and election sure,” for, if you do these things, you shall never fall.

I remain, your friend in Christ,

*Gosport, January 16th, 1878.*

ALFRED HAMMOND.

# THE SOWER.

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

A NIGHT IN A GARDEN.

*“Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples.”*—JOHN xvii. 2.

HUMAN nature is always weak in the best and most blessed services. The mind is soon turned from God in prayer by any trifling thing which may disturb it. The usual place, with nothing to attract the eyes or distress the ears, is much to be preferred for the worship of God, and especially so for prayer—

“The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree ;  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.

“There, if the Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what joy, and peace, and love,  
She communes with her God !

“There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.”

So Jesus often resorted to the silent shade of the olive garden at Gethsemane, and to the solitude of a mountain, where He spent the night in prayer.

This night was the last and the most solemn of all those sacred seasons. There, in the garden, with Peter, James, and John, stands the holy and harmless Man—the only undefiled Man that ever stood there. He is standing there in agony, and full of sorrow. He utters His feelings to those three favoured disciples, saying, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” He moves a few steps, then falls upon His face on the ground, and cries, “O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me !” Returning to His disciples, He found them asleep. Again and yet again He went from them and prayed, using the same words. Oh, that cup, and that thrice-repeated cry ! What do these things mean ? Is this Jesus, of whom and to whom it had been said, “Thou carest for no man” ? Is He afraid to stand before Pilate ? Is He thus distressed because Judas is gone to betray Him ? Is He trembling because He has reasons for expecting a malefactor’s death on the morrow ? Or is He, having most fearlessly declared the Word of God to the

people, now beginning to repent, and to draw back from the consequences? It is not the condemnation of the priest-ridden multitude surely which so much affects Him? No; not one of these, nor all these combined. He was a Man, a perfect Man. He felt as a man in those circumstances. The cross and crown of thorns were before Him, with their pain and shame, but—

“ ’Twas not the insulting voice of scorn  
So deeply wrung His heart;  
The piercing nail, the pointed thorn,  
Caused not the saddest smart.

“ But every struggling sigh betrayed  
A heavier grief within,  
When on His burdened soul was laid  
The weight of human sin.

“ Oh, who can tell what woes He bore  
When that pure blood was spilt?  
What pangs His tortured bosom tore,  
When loaded with our guilt?”

It was the “wormwood and gall” of our sins contained in that cup which He drank at His Father’s will, and from His Father’s hand, which caused agony and bloody sweat. “Being in an agony, He prayed the more earnestly, and His sweat was, as it were, *great drops of blood* falling down to the ground.” “My blood,” said He, “which is shed for you for the remission of sin.” “The wages of sin is death.” See, in His sorrow, in His agony, in His tears, and in His bitter cry, “Now is My soul troubled,” the awful fruits and effects of sin, and ask yourself, “Am I prepared to receive the wages and to eat the fruits of *my* sin?”

Well, either He has borne our sins away by these His sorrows, or we must bear them ourselves. Either His blood—His death—is our discharge from the law, or we are still under its charges; and it will not omit, in making its charges, one sin that we may have committed. We are, therefore, either fully charged or fully discharged by the law. The discharge, or redemption from the law, is only by the death of Christ. The law never required that a holy person should suffer, but only the transgressors. The law of God was never transgressed, or broken, by Christ, therefore it could not demand of Him suffering, or death, had He not willingly, out of love to our souls, taken our place under the law, and in our room and stead suffered for us, “the Just for the unjust.” It was His Father’s will that He should thus suffer. He, therefore, said, “I lay down My life that I might 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.*"

Let us now return to the garden, and see there, side by side with this exhibition of love and power—love which moved Him to suffer for us, and power which sustained Him under the burden—another proof of human weakness in those three disciples whom He took with Him up to the mountain of His transfiguration, and now into the garden of His humiliation. In both places they were *heavy with sleep* (Luke ix. 32 ; Mark xiv. 40). Do we not see here that Christ was far more concerned about the salvation of their souls than they were themselves? He is labouring in agony and prayer on their account while they are sleeping, although He had requested them to watch with Him. What wonderful love and compassion is seen in His conduct towards these sleepers; for, when He came and found them asleep, He said, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." How true are those words, "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth we are dust."

There is yet another visitor to this garden of wonders. He is alone. He is from heaven. He is unlike the others in nature and in conduct. What does this mean? "And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him" (Luke xxii. 43). Sympathy in sorrow is help; it strengthens the sad. This He desired of His three selected disciples, but they were soon overcome. "He found them sleeping for sorrow."

Not only are the best of men *weak* in the service of God, they are often *negligent* therein.

There is yet another scene worthy of our notice, and which displays the character of the Lord. The wolf is coming, and the Shepherd immediately putteth Himself in front of the sheep, and, meeting the foe, saith, "Whom seek ye? They answered Him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am He." "As soon as He had said unto them, I am He, they went backward, and fell to the ground." Thus we see Him who had fallen to the ground thrice in prayer, cast His foes backward to the ground by His word. Here the traitor found that this Jesus, whom he thought to be but a poor, weak worm, and against whom he had lifted up his heel as such, to stamp and crush Him to death, was more powerful with His word than he was with his band, with swords and staves.

Once more look into this garden, and view the four characters together. The God-Man is burdened, "and, being in an agony, He prays the more earnestly." His beloved disciples, for whom He is labouring, are sleeping. His foes—and these the most in number by far—are restless and anxious to destroy Him. This is still, as it ever has been, the world's conduct towards the Lord and Saviour.

Some are open foes and active ; some cruelly indifferent as to who or what He is, or why He groaned and bled in the garden. Some—and these are few—know who He is, why He came here, and what He did, and they love Him. But their love is very unlike His love to them. “He, having loved His own which were in the world, loved them unto the end.” Heaven alone shows real interest in the Man of Sorrows. His own arm brought salvation. He left the garden a Conqueror, although in captivity. Those who led Him away led Him to a place where He gained another victory ; and so shall He ever go on from conquest to conquest, till the last enemy be destroyed.

Reader, are you guilty ? Are you sad ? Are you fearful ? Are you burdened ? Are you deserted ? Are you neglected ? Are you persecuted ? May you be helped to go and spend one hour in this garden, and you, by the grace of God, shall be strengthened, and leave it a conqueror, too, though still in bonds.

W, B.

### “SEEST THOU THIS WOMAN ?”

SHE came behind Him as He sat at meat by Simon's board,  
 Silent and sorrowful, yet glad, to listen to the Lord ;  
 Something, no doubt, had checked her life of infamy and shame,  
 And much she yearned to know if Christ would answer to His name.

Hope of salvation, pardon, rest, free mercy, was her need ;  
 And, as she marked each gracious word, and saw each gracious deed,  
 Hope sprang so strong that joy's big tears rolled downwards as she  
 bent,  
 And she saw nothing till that flood of loveliest grief was spent.

Then, finding that His feet were wet with tears which she had shed,  
 For very shame she dried them with the tresses of her head ;  
 It seems to me she must have known He loved her ere He spoke,  
 Since such a dear, familiar act, no word of censure woke.

“Thou art forgiven, Mary,” said the Mighty One at last ;  
 Oh, many a saint a longing eye towards Mary's lot has cast !  
 The living lips of Jesus spake in tones of living strength,  
 And Mary went her way in peace, forgiven, saved, at length.

Simon, the Pharisee, looked on with barely covered scorn,  
 That Christ should speak in kindly guise to one so devil-worn ;  
 But Wisdom justified her child, and the proud host confessed  
 That they who were forgiven most would love Him most and best.

“Seest thou this woman ?” Oh, my friend, who speakest of despair,  
 And dare not for thy vileness put “forgiveness” in thy prayer—  
 Who findst thy way where Jesus comes to meet with those that love  
 Him,  
 Knowing He is a Saviour, if 'twere only thine to prove Him—

“Seest thou this woman?” Christ Himself has pinnacled her case,  
That ransomed wretches from afar may see, and hope for grace;  
That, to creation’s latest hour, each seeking soul might see  
How God’s unmeasured love dissolves all human misery.

And think ye, was it not a joy to Jesus when He felt  
That woman’s tears upon His feet, as she behind Him knelt,  
Knowing that presently His voice would dry the fount of care,  
And crown with everlasting peace that wretched sinner there?

Aye, it was joy, although there loomed Gethsemane’s dark hour,  
And the huge woes of Calvary, with all their bitter power;  
He could despise the scoffing taunt, the shame, the dying groan;  
This one sweet satisfaction His of rescuing His own.

Carry your sins to Him, my friend, for sure as God is true,  
The honours of His glory hinge on saving such as you;  
Not long—oh, not for ever—shall thy sins thy burden bide,  
For His almighty arm has moved the penalty aside.

“Seest thou this woman?” Such as she shall make His jewels up;  
None but forgiven sinners at the marriage feast will sup;  
It may be till your latest hour your weeping dare not cease,  
But you to your eternal home shall surely “go in peace.”

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

THOUGH sin be done against God as the Object, and is so heinous, yet, because satisfaction was made by God, as the Subject of it, therefore it is more meritorious than sin can be demeritorious.

GOD has left the courses of the rivers and streams crooked. Why? Wisdom and love appear here. Had they been left straight, the downward force of the waters would soon have gashed earth’s surface with deep and dangerous fissures, leaving the waters inaccessible to man and beast, and the earth itself in great measure uninhabitable. But, as it is, the turns on the way obstruct their too rapid flow, prevent disaster, and afford comfort. God interposes for man’s happiness by many a providence which short-sighted ones look upon as an unrighteous judgment. It is not well for any, young or old, to have an unobstructed pathway of ease. Under such circumstances, one is apt to forget his Maker, run wild with conceit of his own importance, and mar the whole face of his moral nature with blemishes. God always, by His providence and grace, checks the earthly prosperity of those whom He makes wise unto salvation, and a blessing to their fellow-men. Many a soul has been made to rejoice for some heaven-sent affliction.—*Regular Baptist Magazine.*

## THE BROOM-SELLER'S PRAYER, ETC.

WHAT contrasts are often to be found between the spirit and temper of the poor who know not God, and that of those who know, love, and trust Him as their Saviour and Friend! The former have nothing to sweeten care, poverty, and trouble; the latter find, in fellowship with Christ, something secret that sweetens every bitter cup. The following narratives very strikingly illustrate this distinction. A gentleman says:—

“Some years since, in a country district in Lancashire, a tall, rough-looking woman, very gipsy-like in appearance, with her dark hair and eyes, and rendered more strange by the man's long coat she constantly wore, might have been seen driving a shaggy donkey with a cart laden with coals along the lanes. Being in the habit of distributing tracts in the neighbourhood, I often met this poor woman, and used to select from my bundle simple, earnest, Gospel tracts for her.

“One day, on speaking a few words to her, I found she had an idea that she was quite certain to go to heaven when she died, because she had had so much trouble in this world. I suppose she took the notion from the Bible story of the rich man and Lazarus, in Luke xvi. It was hard to make her see that Jesus did not say that Lazarus went to heaven simply because he had been poor in this world, but that the story was to teach the covetous Pharisees that the poor beggars, whom they despised on earth, but who were loved and cared for by God, would be far better off in the next world than the rich who feared Him not.”

What a striking contrast does the following narrative, extracted from the “Kent Congregational Magazine,” and sent us by a friend for insertion in the SOWER, afford to the foregoing! It has often been related, but is none the less refreshing and comforting to those of the Lord's family who have to cope with poverty, and to watch the good hand of God for the supply of their daily needs. We hope that some such may now find it helpful to their faith:—

A very poor man, named Thomas Hownham, lived in a lone hut on Barmour Moor, about a mile from Lowick, in the county of Northumberland. His only means of supporting a wife and two young children were obtained by keeping an ass, on which he carried coals from Barmour Coal Hill to Doddington and Wooler, and by selling the brooms he made of the heath in the country around.

Yet, poor as Hownham was, and despised for his poverty, one who knew him well for forty years said he had rarely met with his equal as a man that lived near to God; and our informant

supports his opinion by very remarkable and affecting proofs, one of which we here relate.

Disappointed one day of receiving money for his coals, he found, to his great distress, on returning home in the evening, that there was neither bread, nor meat, nor anything in the house to eat, and his wife was weeping for the little children, who were both crying with hunger. But no relief came, and they continued to cry till they fell asleep. The father, therefore, got them into bed, their mother going too, where at last she sank asleep, worn out by sorrow for the sufferings of the family.

It was a fine moonlight night, and Hownham left the house for a retired spot at a short distance. Here he meditated on, and prayed over, the words of the prophet—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and He will make me to walk upon high places." On these thoughts he continued to meditate for about an hour and a half. He found great liberty and enlargement in prayer, and obtained such a heart-loathing sight of himself, and such cheering views of the grace of God, and of the love of his adorable Saviour, that the purpose for which he left his hut was entirely set aside. He had come forth to spread his own temporal wants and those of his family before the Lord; but he now felt so desirous that his heart should be entirely in God's hand, doing with it according to His pleasure, that he was lost to all things temporal.

In this state of mind he bent his steps homeward, when, on approaching his hut, he saw through the window, by the light of the moon, something on a stool, or form (for not a chair had he), before the bed. He entered, and, to his astonishment, what he beheld proved to be a joint of roasted meat and a large loaf of bread. Thus relief had come for his distress, and that of his family, but *how* he could not imagine. He went to the door to find out, if possible, who might have left it. He shouted, in case any one should be within call; but these efforts to see and hear were alike in vain. He then went to the bed-side, and told his wife of the strange gift, asked God's blessing upon it, awoke the children, gave them each a hearty meal, and then, filled with wonder and gratitude, retired to rest.

The next morning he found his friend, to whom we are indebted for the narrative. His friend was living at the time with his parents, at the village called Hanging Hall, about a mile and a half from the hut, and Hownham was very anxious to know

whether the father or mother had sent the unexpected relief of the previous night. The reply, so far as his friend knew, was in the negative, at which Hownham seemed uneasy. The latter was then pressed to tell what the relief was, and, after requesting secrecy—unless his friend should hear of it from another quarter, in which case he begged he might be told—he proceeded to mention the incidents which have now been faithfully recorded.

On returning home, the son narrated these events to his parents, who listened with unaffected astonishment, but they said that in these circumstances they had taken no part; and a short time afterwards, the son left that part of the country.

About twelve years elapsed, when, at the house of a friend in that neighbourhood, the conversation turned one evening on a very penurious farmer, named Strangeways, who had lived at Lowick Highstead—a man whom the people, in consequence of his miserly habits, called “Pinch-me-near.” The visitor asked what had become of his property, remarking that he supposed Strangeways had never done, throughout his life, one generous act. An elderly woman in the company said that was a mistake, for she could relate one, which was not a little remarkable, and it was this:—

“I lived with him,” she said, “for a time as housekeeper or servant. About twelve years ago, one Thursday morning, he ordered me to have a joint of meat roasted, having given me directions, a day or two before, to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler Market, and took a piece of bread and cheese in his pocket as usual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humour, and went to bed. About two hours after, he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take the joint of meat and one of the loaves, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham, where they were to be left. The man did as he was told, and, finding the family asleep, he placed the meat and bread at the bed-side, and then came away.

“The next morning, master called us both in, and seemed greatly troubled. He said he intended to have invited a Mr. John Moore, with two or three neighbouring farmers, who were always teasing him about his nearness, to sup with him the night before; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he preferred to have taken them by surprise near home, as they passed his house, but that, a smart shower of rain coming on, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity. He stated that, going to bed, he became very restless, fell a-dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham’s wife and children starving with hunger, but awoke and put away the impression; that he dreamed the same thing a second time, and endeavoured to shake it off; but the third time he was altogether overcome by what he called the ‘nonsense.’ He said he believed the devil was

in him ; but, since he was so foolish as to send the meat and bread, he could not help it now, but he charged me and the man never to speak of it, saying, if we did, he would turn us away directly." The elderly person added, "He has been dead a long time, but I thought I might now say he had done one generous act, though he was grieved for it afterwards."

Some would pronounce the above incident an accident—a coincidence—a fortuitous, though remarkable, concurrence of events. But, if our Lord has told us that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice, and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, may not the eye of faith look through the veil of sense, and see how the prayers of the lowliest of all the children of God may be woven in the great loom of His providence, and see that, while no event is too vast for His control, none is so insignificant as to be overlooked ?

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#### LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN SAXBY.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I have taken the liberty of writing a few lines, as I had not an opportunity of speaking to you on Sabbath Day out of the pulpit.

I felt rather disappointed at not seeing you at the prayer-meeting in the afternoon. I know I am not worthy of the prayers of any of the Lord's people, but still methinks that those who can should come and unite in praying for the peace of Jerusalem. I know you love Zion, and desire her prosperity; and I know the adversary of souls is ever ready to throw obstructions in the way; and, if he can keep us from the throne of grace, he gains a great point.

Since yesterday morning my soul has been in the very depths of trouble. Oh, what hours of anguish did I endure last night ! It appeared as if all the powers of hell were let loose upon me, and it was suggested to me that I had better never preach any more. I could only groan, and cry unto the Lord to have mercy upon me ; and it was only by a view of the all-sufficient efficacy of the cross that I could, or did, obtain any relief. Blessed be God, it was under the deepest feeling of distress I ever experienced that I was enabled to groan out—

" Here at Thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul, beneath Thy love—  
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,  
Jesus—nor shall it e'er remove."

Yes, it was the precious, precious blood of Christ which gave me a little relief and oh, blessed thought, Jesus Christ is "the

same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever ;" and if I perish, I will perish at His feet. Still, my wretchedness again returned, which, together with a most distracting headache, almost broke me to pieces. It was indeed passing through the fire, without having the consolation of the words, "I will be with thee." I thought, indeed, I was not far from hell. How I shall preach any more I know not. I was a little comforted by reading the 143rd Psalm this morning.

I trust you will pray for me; and, should I ever speak in your room again, may the good Lord be more evidently with us.

Oh, for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit, that the Word may come with power in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance! Surely, if the Apostle had reason to say, "Brethren, pray for us," how much more reason have I to make the same request! I feel myself indeed to be a poor bruised reed—weakness itself.

May the Lord abundantly bless you.

I remain, yours in covenant bonds,

Dunmow, June 23rd, 1844.

JOHN SAXBY.\*

THE Christian must not only mind heaven, but attend to his daily calling; like the pilot, who, while his eye is fixed upon the star, keeps his hand upon the helm.

WHAT a drowning the soul in eternal love is a burial with Christ! Dying to all things besides Him! Every time thou thinkest of Christ, be astonished and wonder. When thou seest sin, look at Christ's grace, which did pardon it. When thou art proud, look at Christ's grace; that will humble and strike thee down in the dust. Remember Christ's time of love. When thou wast naked, then He chose thee. Canst thou ever have a proud thought? Remember whose arms supported thee from sinking, and delivered thee from the lowest hell, and shout in the ears of angels and men, and for ever sing, "Praise! praise! Grace! grace!" Daily repent and pray, and walk in the sights of grace as one that hath the anointings of grace upon thee. Remember thy sins, Christ's pardonings; thy deserts, Christ's merits; thy weakness, Christ's strength; thy pride, Christ's humility; thy many infirmities, Christ's restorings; thy guilt, Christ's new applications of His blood; thy failings, Christ's assistance; thy wants, Christ's fulness; thy temptations, Christ's tenderness; thy vileness, Christ's righteousness.—*T. Wilcox.*

\* The writer of the above letter, with others that I have, was at this time minister at Dunmow, having succeeded "the watchman on the walls." He afterwards was settled at Crowborough, Sussex, where he died, March 10th, 1867.—R. H.

“THE LORD IS A GOD OF JUDGMENT.”

MY DEAR FRIEND in Him whose love has neither beginning nor end to His people, who says—

“ I will seek out poor ruined man,  
The object of My choice ;  
I will restore poor, wandering man,  
And mourners shall rejoice.

“ I will bind up their broken bones ;  
Their fainting souls revive ;  
I'll put My grace within their hearts,  
And keep it there alive.

“ I'll make My chosen people know  
I save, entirely free ;  
I save, because I loved their souls  
From all eternity.”

—*Daniel Herbert.*

In reading a sermon by the beloved servant of Christ, Joseph Irons, I came across a portion I thought might be profitable, with the Lord's blessing, to the readers of the SOWER, as a word of warning to those who act and speak against God's redeemed people, and, at the same time, might be found a “word in season” to those who are in any way suffering persecution, by encouraging them to “endure,” as “seeing Him who is invisible,” and who hath said, “Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

Yours faithfully,

D. F.

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By the term “judgment,” we understand frequently, a recompense—passing judgment and executing judgment upon persons. This, I think, is the meaning of the Holy Ghost by the prophet, when he says that He is “the God that pleadeth the cause of His people ;” and again, when we are told so emphatically, “Their Redeemer is strong ; the Lord of hosts is His name ; He shall thoroughly plead their cause.”

I conceive many texts of that description carry this idea of the “judgment” that is upon the heart of Christ—that, wherever injury is done to His people on earth, (oh, sinner, may this smite your conscience, if you are treating God's people unkindly !) that injury is known in heaven, and “the judgment”—the recompense—of it is upon the very heart of Christ.

"Vengeance is Mine." What then? "*I will repay*, saith the Lord." Oh, it is a fearful thing to "touch the apple of His eye"! It is a fearful thing to say even an unkind word against a disciple of Jesus Christ. He will surely take recompense. He "bears the judgment," the denouncing of judgment, and the executing of judgment, too, upon His foes, on His own breast, on behalf of the children of Israel; and, therefore, I am sure there can be no need for you and me to cherish anything like revenge against the worst persecutors, the bitterest enemies, we meet upon earth. It is a very bad feeling.

I remember, and to the day of my death shall never forget, when I meet with this text (though the circumstance occurred at least five-and-forty years ago)—the case of a shining Christian, who had been for a length of time grievously oppressed—in fact, robbed and plundered, and so hemmed in by circumstances, like a fly in a spider's web, that he could not possibly get away. At length there opened circumstances in providence in which the godly man had as clear an opportunity of taking vengeance for himself as any carnal mind could desire; and at first old Adam was about to do it, but, before he did it (I remember the dear saint telling me of it), that text dropped into his mind, "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Not one word now about vengeance. "Vengeance is Mine!" Jesus had got it upon His heart.

And to follow the case to its issue. I lived to see that injuring character die in wretchedness, and the injured Christian triumphing over every trouble, proving that Jesus bears our recompense, our judgment, upon His heart. I am as sure as I am of my own existence that He will visit in retribution those who injure His saints, and, therefore, let us always leave it to Him, and only pray for them, and pity them with our heart, for they are in sad condition that offend against Christ.

But one more view here. I think "judgment," in its comprehensive sense, means the entire government and management of all that relates to the children of Israel. All glory to His name, this agrees with what is set down by the Prophet Isaiah concerning Him—"The government shall be upon His shoulder." There is not a single feature of the interests, either temporal or spiritual, of His beloved family, but He has it upon His heart; and He orders all providence, and governs all worlds, and will reverse even nature itself, rather than any design of His shall be frustrated. It might be the intention of Jezebel to starve Elijah to death. "No, no," says God; "I will send the ravens first." It might be the intention of his enemies to murder Paul. "No, no," says God; "I will make them the very instruments of sending him out of the

way.” The arranging, the governing, of everything relating to His Church, is upon His heart continually.

Every word of my text seems emphatic. “Borne upon His heart,” where Aaron wore the breastplate. There are all the names of the children of Israel, and all their interests interwoven with their names; and this is “before the Lord continually,” so that (oh, my soul begins to feel a little of heavenly ecstasy at the thought of it!) the whole of thine interests and mine are at this moment exhibited within the veil before all the perfections and attributes of Deity; so that Jesus stands there as the great “High Priest of our profession,” with all our concerns and interests upon His heart before the Lord, justice, and condescension, and power, and love, and mercy, immutability, omniscience, omnipresence, eternity, all looking to my interests, all viewing my name upon Jesus’ heart. “Before the Lord”—exhibited in His sight—presented in heaven. Why, is there any doubt about my getting there, when my interests are a matter of concern there already—my name there already, and perpetually upon the High Priest’s heart? All glory to His name, it is to be “continually.” He hath “an unchanging priesthood,” and there is not a single moment, even of dark, and trying, and sorrowful, and wintry seasons, but Jesus is exhibiting the case of each individual member of His mystical body in heaven.

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CHRIST, in His obedience and blood, made so much work for the Spirit, that He will be writing of it out in grace and glory for ever.

“THE elder shall serve the younger.” God is a free Agent in dispensing His grace. It is His prerogative to make a difference between those who have not, as yet, themselves done either good or evil. This the Apostle infers, hence Romans ix. 12.—*M. Henry.*

IF GOD loved saints for anything in them, it would have been too narrow, too scanty a love. When predominant love takes the lead and command, it knows no bounds to its overflowing diffusiveness. God hath no reason why He loveth, but because He willeth to love. The great end of God’s love is but to show love, and this is infinite. His love is a love for nothing in us; and, being from everlasting, must be free, for nothing in time can be the cause of what was before time began; and only God can be moved by what is in Himself, and from His own heart, without any motives to love, drawn from any creature loveliness. There is nothing in us, nor even in Christ Himself, to move God to love us.

## THE LORD'S GUIDANCE.

*"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye."*—PSALM xxxii. 8.

THE Lord often brings His people into places in which it seems destruction to stand still, and yet no way open in which they can walk safely. Here they are reduced to cry to the Lord with their whole heart, with an earnest, bitter cry, deeply feeling their danger, their ignorance, and folly; and often the Lord leaves them for a time before He appears on their behalf. Nevertheless, this promise is precious, if only they have faith to lay hold of it.

There are many instances in the Word of God of this, and also many of the way in which the Lord instructs and guides His people, for He has caused these things to be set forth by example as well as by doctrine, that we may know clearly what He means. We find David brought into many of these places of perplexity and danger, and it was then David inquired of the Lord, and the Lord answered him plainly, directing him what to do or not to do. These things are not set forth for nothing, but for the instruction of the people of God.

Again, in Numbers ix. 15—23, we see how the Lord guided His people Israel with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. At the commandment of the Lord they journeyed, and at the commandment of the Lord they pitched. There is, therefore, every encouragement for those who feel their deep necessity, in this great time of trial in the Church, to seek for this instruction and guidance of the Lord, and not to rest till they find it. But those who are satisfied—who think there is no danger—who think they have wisdom of their own—who rely on their long experience, and think they surely will not be suffered to be deceived—all such are in great danger. There is no promise to them, nor can they pray for this instruction and guidance from the Lord. All the Scripture warns and cautions such, both by precept and example. Why are so many instances given of the grievous fall of the most eminent saints? Why are the people of God compared to sheep, whose nature it is to wander? And if one or two turn aside, all the rest forget their way, and follow after. The Lord says, "Let thine eyes look straight on;" but these silly sheep all look at one another, and forget the Shepherd and the way.

David, in the twenty-fifth Psalm, shows us the way in which he sought direction—how he confessed his sin and humbled himself—how he waited on the Lord, and trusted in Him—how he feared the Lord. All these things are realities, for David's words were dictated by the Holy Spirit. He really felt his sin;

he really waited on the Lord, and had no other resource ; he really trusted in Him, and had no other hope ; he really feared God, believing that God's eye was upon him, that He ordered every circumstance, and that He was near to him.

If the Lord guides us with His eye, we shall be safe from all those hidden snares and dangers which He sees, and which we see not. His eye searches the heart, and He judges not by outward appearance.

It also means that He will, when His time comes, make His people to see things as He sees them. But when He guides His people, He does not always make them at once to see. He is said to guide—"leading the blind by a way that they know not," and to "lead them in paths that they have not known."

David also says, "Blessed be the Lord my Strength, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." This is a part of the Lord's teaching, which Paul enlarges upon in Ephesians vi. 10—20. Who can set forth the extent and power of the fearful opposition to all the work of God, in the world, in the deceitful heart, and by the power of the devil, who is called "the god of this world," because he works on the understanding, affections, and wills of men ? Who can express the meaning of that flood which he casts out of his mouth, to cause the true Church of Christ to be carried away with it ? (Rev. xii. 14—17.) Here lies our present danger in this Church.—*Communicated by R. F. R.*

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### ANECDOTE OF WISHART, THE MARTYR.

THERE is no more pleasing incident in the Reformation history than Wishart preaching to the plague-stricken people of Dundee. Of Wishart's birth and early life much have been stated, but nothing is really determined. In 1538, he was summoned before the Bishop of Brechin for teaching the Greek Testament. Fleeing to England, he is met with at Bristol, in the following year, saving himself from the charge of heresy. Some years he spent in France and Germany, where he must have met with some of the Reformers. In 1543, he was a student at Cambridge, in the very centre of the English Reform movement. He returned to Scotland with the Commissioners sent to England to conclude a treaty with Henry VIII., and seems to have gone at once to Montrose, preaching there the truths he had learned. From Montrose he came to Dundee, and began to expound the Epistle to the Romans. His crowded audiences alarmed the clergy, and Cardinal Beaton (first and last of Scottish cardinals) succeeded in inducing one of the magistrates to order him to quit the town. This order, given publicly, at the close of one of his services, he

at once obeyed ; but he first, in words to which the course of events gave an almost prophetic colour, warned the people of the consequences that must follow the rejection of God's Word. He had in no way troubled them, but God would send them messengers who would not be afraid of burning nor yet of banishment.

At this time, the plague was raging in some parts of the country, and only four days after Wishart's departure, it broke out in Dundee with great severity. So great, indeed, was the number of its victims, that precautions were taken for the removal beyond the boundaries of all infected persons. Tidings of the calamity were sent to Wishart, and, without any hesitation, he proceeded to Dundee. "Perhaps this hand of God will make them now to magnify and reverence that Word which before, for the fear of man, they set at light price." Welcomed by the whole population, he used the turret of the East Port as his pulpit, so as to reach the plague-stricken without the walls and the others within. His first text has been recorded—"He sent His Word and healed them" (Psa. cvii. 20), to which he added, "It is neither herb nor plaister, O Lord, but Thy Word healeth all." His words of mingled warning and comfort produced such an impression as only the whole circumstances can in any way account for.

The picture of Wishart—tall, of comely and courteous person, standing on the top of the turret, the inhabitants filling the narrow Leagate for some distance, while the victims of the plague crowded as near the gate as possible, the preacher, in solemn words, warning them all of their danger, yet comforting them with the hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ—is one that must attract the eyes of all. But even more shall we join in admiration of Wishart as we follow him, while he is preaching, beyond the gate, amongst the sufferers, careless of all danger, "sparing not to visit them that lay in the very extremity, and causing to be administered things necessary to those that might use meat or drink."

The enthusiasm excited by the fearlessness and intrepidity of this man of God proved very distasteful to the Papists, and Cardinal Beaton stooped so low as to hire a priest, John Wighton, to assassinate the preacher. Taking his stand at the foot of the turret stair, hiding below his loose gown a drawn dagger, grasped tightly in his hand, Wighton waited for his opportunity as Wishart came down after preaching. But his great nervousness and his growing excitement had attracted the preacher's eye. Demanding his purpose, Wishart seized his hand, and snatched the dagger from his clasp. The excitement may be imagined. The crowd demanded the life of the priest, and the infected burst

the gate, and loudly joined in their cries. But Wishart bravely defended him, taking him in his arms, and addressing to the enraged people such words as might best still their passions. Wighton fled from the town, and, after a few days, the plague having ceased, Wishart proceeded to the south, where the leaders of the Reformation were calling for his aid.

We must place him, "George Wishart," in the foremost rank of Scottish Reformers and Christian heroes.—*Abridged from "Life and Work."*

P.S.—After Wishart's martyrdom, the Cardinal was looked upon as a murderer, and was killed in his bed-room, and his body was laid out for public view at the same window he looked from upon Wishart's execution.

### POOR, YET RICH.

BISHOP BURNET, at a particular time in his life, was much tried as to the true meaning and just explanation of our Lord's words, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Many prayers did he put up to the Lord to be led into the true meaning of the passage.

One morning, taking his usual walk some distance from his home, he observed a habitation more wretched than any he had before seen. Walking towards it, to his surprise he heard a voice of joyous praise. Drawing nearer, he heard it as that of one person only. He wanted to learn the cause, and, looking in at the window, viewed the poor inhabitant in the most wretched state of outward want and poverty that he ever beheld. She had on a little stool before her a piece of black bread and a cup of water, and, with her eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, as in a rapture of praise, repeated these words—"What! all this, and Jesus Christ too? What! all this, and Jesus Christ too?"

It needs not to be added that this living lesson that he here learnt caused gratitude to flow, well understanding who only inherited, in our Lord's sense, the whole earth, by possessing Him. "As having nothing, yet possessing all things."

WHY should I mourn or despond at afflictive circumstances? If I am Christ's, then all my sorrows will be sanctified. I shall be supported in them, and ultimately brought through them; and, if I am not His, all that I can suffer in this life is infinitely less, both in duration and magnitude, than what I shall endure in the life to come.—*Wakeling.*

## THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION ; OR, SO WOULD I BE FOUND.

TRULY considering what a poor sinner I am, and acknowledging myself "not worthy of the least of all His mercies" which the Lord is pleased to bestow upon me—feeling myself such a debtor to the mercy and goodness of my God—also, resting alone in the finished work of my ever-blessed Redeemer, who became a curse in the stead of those He loved, who must have borne that curse for ever, had not Jesus suffered in their place. But He bore their curse that they might inherit His blessing, even for evermore. Oh, let me listen to the words—

“ From the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds I hear,  
Bursting on my ravished ear!  
Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come ! ”

Precious music to my heart ! Here let me rest, and gaze, and sing to the praise of Him who lived, and loved, and died, and rose again, and has gone to prepare a place for His redeemed, in mansions of eternal glory. And so would I live, "looking for His glorious appearing," clinging to Him by faith here, learning of Him who is "meek and lowly in heart," although He is truly the "King of kings," taking His yoke upon me, and finding rest to my soul. So would I be found, "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," in earnest expectation of that glad and happy time—

“ Soon the days of life shall end ;  
Lo, I come, your Saviour-Friend ;  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day.  
Up to My eternal home,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come ! ”

Dear reader, oh, to be found thus waiting for the coming of our Lord ! May that same Lord grant us all needful grace to the end of our journey.

B. B.

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GOD is very well pleased when He looks on the Head, though the members be scabbed, diseased, and full of humours. In Him He is well pleased. What a vast, mighty, comprehensive Head have we, that should think all the good thoughts of every member, and to work them in us !

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## TEN IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AS TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN A LIVING SOUL.

1. Do you know the Spirit as a Spirit of conviction, in having convinced you of sin? He convinces of sin; that is His special office. He opens up the law; discovers the curse attached to it; makes the soul feel its spirituality, its breadth, its length, and condemning authority. Has He ever laid guilt upon your conscience, by opening up the law, and condemning you as a transgressor against it, so that you have put your mouth in the dust, and confessed you were guilty before God? If you have felt conviction of sin by the Holy Ghost, you know Him, if not as a Comforter, yet as preparing the way for comfort; you know Him in His killing, if not in His reviving; in His bringing down, if not in His raising up; in His discovering sin, if not in revealing salvation.

2. But is He known also as a Spirit of grace and supplication? When the Lord is pleased to awaken the soul by His Spirit and grace, He gives Him as an internal Intercessor, to intercede "with groanings that cannot be uttered." Was that ever given to you, so that, upon your bended knees, you besought the Lord with that earnestness, that sincerity, that pouring out of the heart before Him, with all that simplicity and brokenness, with those tears and sighs, which mark and manifest His internal intercession, and distinguish it from mere formal prayer? If so, you know Him as a Spirit of grace and of supplication. You know Him.

3. But has He ever dropped an encouraging word into your heart, as you have sat to hear any gracious minister opening up the work of grace upon the soul, exalting the Lord the Lamb, speaking of His blood and righteousness, tracing out the sacred work of God upon the conscience? Have you felt an internal testimony that these things you know for yourself in the depths of your own heart? Then you know Him, for it is He who has given you this encouraging testimony. It is He who blessed the Word with a witnessing power to your conscience.

4. Or have you ever had a revelation of Christ to your soul? Did you ever see Him by the eye of faith at the right hand of God? This can only be by the testimony of the Spirit, for it is His covenant office to take of the things of Christ and to reveal them to the soul. He glorifies Christ by manifesting Him. If you have seen Christ by the eye of faith—if you have had a manifestation of the Son of God and a revelation of Him with power to your soul—you know Him, because it is He who gave you that most blessed manifestation, such as "eye hath not

seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

5. Has Jesus ever been made precious to your heart? Did you ever hold Him, as it were, in the arms of faith, as a mother clasps her babe to her bosom, and love Him with a pure heart fervently? Who kindled that love? Who touched your heart with that sacred flame? The Comforter, the Spirit of Truth. Then you know Him, for "the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost."

6. Have you ever experienced any of that spirituality of mind which is life and peace—any lifting up of your affections to things above, where Jesus sits at God's right hand—so that you have felt that earth was no place for you, the things of time and sense you could tread under your feet, and your heart was so taken up with the blessed things of eternity that they became the very element in which your soul could bathe—the only happiness you knew below? Then you know Him, because it was He, and He alone, who lifted up your heart and affections to these heavenly things.

7. Do you love the saints of God? Can you say, with all your darkness and doubts and fears, that you do love the image of Christ which you see in His people? That, taking away all other evidences, this seems still to you so plain that you cannot deny it, and Satan cannot beat you out of it—that you do love those who love Jesus. Whence comes this love? From the Spirit of truth and love, who alone can enable us to love the saints as we love the Saviour—to love the members as we love the Head. Then you know Him.

8. Has any deliverance ever come to you from the power of temptation? Have you had any manifestation of the sufferings of the Lord of life and glory; any solemn, heart-melting views of the Garden of Gethsemane; any standing at the cross of Calvary; any view, by the eye of faith, of the blood that fell from the Redeemer's sacred brow, as surcharged with sorrow in the garden, or crowned with thorns upon the cross; any sympathy, any union, any fellow-feeling, with the Man of Sorrows? Whence came this? By the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter. Then you know Him.

9. Has your heart ever felt true repentance for sin; any godly sorrow; any forsaking of your bosom lusts; any breaking to pieces of your fondest idols; any loosening of earthly ties; any willingness to crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts? The Spirit of Truth alone can accomplish this. Then you know Him.

10. Has the fear of death ever been removed? Did you ever look that gaunt King of Terrors in the face? Did you ever look

beyond the narrow isthmus of time, and the dark and dreary river which flows between you and eternity, and believe that death, when it came, would be a messenger from the Lord, to take your soul into His bosom? Then you know Him; for who but the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, could do these things for you?

J. C. PHILPOT.

### THE UNNATURAL SPIRIT OF POPERY.

HISTORY is full of painful tragedies. This is no more than the admission that the martyrdoms on account of faith and righteousness are as inexplicable as they are numerous. Great histories are full of tragedies. Not many are more affecting and unnatural than the story of Queen Joanna, the mother of Charles V. It is only recently, by the research into old and contemporary documents, that all the pathos and affliction of her story have been made familiar to us; and certainly, whatever may have been our dislike to Charles V., the revelations create a recoil of horror from his character as a cruel and unnatural son.

Joanna was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. She married the Archduke Philip; she became the mother of Charles. In her own right she was the Queen of Castile. The history of this unhappy lady has always been involved in mystery. In truth, her mother, her husband, and her son were alike her executioners, and the cause seems now apparent. She first of all excited the hatred of her mother by her indignation at the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition. She seemed likely to drift further away from Spanish orthodoxy, it was feared, when she assumed the crown, which would be her right upon the death of her mother, for to her belonged the Spains, and Naples, and Sicily, and not to her husband Philip or her son Charles. She gave indications that she would arrest the horrors of persecution. The poor lady was imprisoned. There is evidence that she was punished in prison with the whip, the torture, and the rack. Her madness appears to have been that the practices and doctrines of the Romish Church became more and more intolerable to her. She was sacrificed, after the death of her mother, by her father, her husband, and her son. Fables were invented to cover their cruelties. Throughout her life her days were a succession of sorrows. She died on April 12th, 1555, at the age of seventy-six years. She had been imprisoned three times—first, at the instance of her mother, by her husband, Philip; next, for ten years, by her father, Ferdinand the Catholic; and for thirty-nine years by her son, Charles V. Nor must it be supposed that her last imprisonment was the elegant confinement of an illustrious queen

in a palace prison. It will be difficult to find any such story of distressing cruelty. Her last years were passed in a filthy dungeon. By the permission of her son she suffered disgraceful tortures. Her poor body was afflicted with untended tumours. At last she died. Her last words were, "Jesus Christ crucified, be with me!" Surely the story of his mother causes the cup of our indignation against Charles V., which was full before, to overflow the brim.—*"The King's Sceptre," by E. Paxton Hood.*

[*"Without natural affection"* (2 Tim. iii. 3). How literally this was fulfilled in the above case! And Rome teaches and encourages the same principle now. Children are frequently seduced and led astray by her priests, contrary to the will of their parents and without their knowledge, they being taught to believe that a priest is to be obeyed before parents, even though their love, affection, and claims with respect to their children should be of the strongest and most sacred nature. Well may the human mind revolt at the thought of being enthralled by such vile monsters and their teachings, which set at naught the tenderest feelings humanity inherits, and inculcate direct disobedience to the commands of a holy God.

Friends, Rome is now active. Many young in years are being ensnared by her. Let us not sleep, nor remain indifferent to the interests of our children and our fellow-men; but may we be stirred up to pray and labour earnestly and incessantly against this foe of God and man. It is ours to scatter the good seed of the Word of God in opposition to Rome's errors, hoping that He will make it to prosper, and thereby put His and our enemies to shame.—ED.]

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MR. DAVIES, being under religious impressions, felt much inclined to open his mind to Dr. Owen. In the course of conversation, Dr. Owen said, "Young man, pray in what manner do you think to go to God?" Mr. Davies answered, "Through the Mediator, sir;" to which the Doctor replied, "That is easily said, but I assure you it is another thing to go to God through the Mediator than many who make use of the expression are aware of. I myself preached some years while I had but very little, if any, acquaintance with access to God through Christ, until the Lord was pleased to visit me with a sore affliction, by which I was brought to the brink of the grave, and under which my mind was filled with horror; but God was graciously pleased to relieve my soul by a powerful application of Psalm cxxx. 4—'But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.' From this text I received special light, peace, and comfort, in drawing near to God through the Mediator; and on this text I preached immediately after my recovery."

## NATHANAEL.

NATHANAEL once was seen retired  
 Beneath the fig-tree's shade  
 By Him whose eyes see all our ways,  
 And all our thoughts pervade.  
 No guilty wish, no idle aim,  
 Had made the spot his choice,  
 But such as asked a moment free  
 From company and noise.  
 Perhaps the sacred roll he read,  
 And o'er its wonders roved ;  
 Or to his heart he joyful pressed  
 The promises he loved.  
 Perhaps his mind, by grace enlarged,  
 And wrapt in holy thought,  
 Left earth below, and rich returned,  
 With heavenly fragrance fraught.  
 Perhaps he wished his state explored—  
 So needful to be known ;  
 And viewed his heart, so falsely seen,  
 But when we are alone.  
 Perhaps his eye bedewed the soil  
 With tears of sacred grief ;  
 Or upward looked, in strong desire,  
 To supplicate relief.  
 Perhaps, his follies to forgive,  
 He mercy would implore,  
 Or grace that he, recovered once,  
 Might go and sin no more.  
 Perhaps he longed (no sight so dear)  
 Messiah's day to view,  
 And see in Him each type fulfilled,  
 And every promise true.  
 The tree, though sweet, no fruit could yield  
 Like what he tastes below ;  
 How pure the joys, how rich the bliss,  
 That in retirement grow !  
 The leafy bower the suppliant hid  
 From every human gaze ;  
 But there he drew a look divine,  
 And gained Immanuel's praise.  
 May He whose Word has marked the tree  
 That o'er Nathanael spread,  
 Oft see "an Israelite indeed"  
 Retired beneath its shade.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## LOVE.

“WHO shall be fairest? Who shall be dearest? Who shall be first in the song that we sing?” We would sing the beauties, the glories, and the victories of *love*; but we must begin with the best and greatest Lover, the Friend whose love surpasses both knowledge and understanding. “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;” but Jesus loved and died for *enemies*, and the sufferings He bore, the willingness with which He bore them, and the glorious results of all, combine to “commend” and magnify the riches of His love, inducing us to cry, “Behold how He loved His people! Behold how He loves them still, and will for ever love!”

Did you ever wonderingly reflect upon His words—words uncomplainingly uttered—“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head”? What utter poverty was here! Yet He was Lord of all, and Himself had said, long before, “The silver and gold are Mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills.” And connect with these wonderful facts the beautiful words of the Apostle—“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”

And, again, have you lingered on the Saviour’s utterance of wondrous love—“I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished”? The baptism was one of blood, and anguish, and unspeakable woe. He was to be immersed in grief and wrath. All the waves and billows of the storm of divine anger against sin were to go over Him, and He knew it; yet He was not only ready, but anxiously longing, for the solemn time when He should make Himself an Offering for sin, and pour out His soul unto death! “For the *joy* that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame;” and the joy was that of *love*. He rejoiced that He was able to deliver the objects of His affection from all evil, and ardently expected the bright moment when He could say to them, “All hail! All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth.”

Constrained by His marvellous love, in the days of His sojourn here, a sinful woman followed Him into the house of a Pharisee, who had invited Him to dine, but paid his glorious Guest but scant attention. Very different was the woman’s conduct, however. She stood behind His couch weeping copious tears, which fell upon His feet. Her tresses wiped the tears away, and

reverently she anointed those sacred feet with precious ointment. The proud, self-righteous host narrowly watched her proceedings, and began to doubt Christ's prophetic insight into character, since He allowed such a person to approach Him. But soon his doubts were startlingly dispelled by the question, "Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house. *Thou* gavest Me no water for My feet, no kiss of welcome, no anointing oil for My head. *She* hath washed My feet with her tears, hath constantly kissed them, and anointed them with ointment. She loves much, and I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven." And Jesus said to her, "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

She loved Him for His own dear sake before He "spoke the reconciling word" to her ear and heart. And think of it, dear reader—she *loved* because she was forgiven. Do you catch the meaning of the Saviour's words here? Can you take to heart the sweet lesson which they teach? If you love Him—or what is just as well, if you love His people for His sake—He has truly and eternally forgiven all your iniquities, though you may never yet have heard His voice telling you so. Jesus knew it first Himself in this case; then He said it *of* her. But at last He said so *to* her. And thus shall it surely be with you, and you, too, will love much, because you will *know* that you are so fully and freely forgiven.

Shall we cast a glance at the forgiven, loving Paul, when in the city of Cæsarea, after all his friends have tried to dissuade him from going to Jerusalem, because of the persecutions which await him there? He earnestly asks, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart, for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Dearer than liberty, dearer than life itself, was that precious name to his renewed and loving heart.

Or, if we want to see how love inspires the timid with bravery and true courage, let us glance at the sorrowful women who hastened to Jesus' tomb that early morn. No triumphant faith in a risen Saviour to encourage them, yet to them the name of their dying Lord was so dear that they were willing to encounter the hostile guards who kept watch over that sepulchre; and, risking all other consequences, their only question, as they went along, was, "Who shall roll away the great stone for us from the mouth of the tomb?" We know how their love was rewarded by the news of His resurrection, and soon by a sight of the risen One, and how their sorrow was turned into joy.

But the sweet story has been repeated, with variations, numberless times. The fair fruit of love has appeared on millions of the trees of righteousness, in summer and in winter, in youth and in age.

Oh, that we, too, may love Him with all our hearts; and, whether we weep over sin or afflictions, or triumph in His salvation, may His name always be to us higher and dearer than any other; and, if we must say—

“ Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint; ”

may we always be able to add—

“ Yet I love Thee and adore;  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more ! ”

H. S. L.

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### LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LVII.

MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN,—As I shall not be able to be present with you in the class, I will try, as the Lord may help me, to write a few lines to you, to let you know that, though we are absent one from the other, you are not forgotten by me. No, indeed you are not, for I trust you lie too near my heart for any distance to erase you from my memory, or to prevent my bearing you upon my heart before the Lord, that He would be pleased to bless you, put His fear in your hearts, and make you all (if it is His will) the subjects of His grace. How many times, when I have looked round my class, have I felt my heart secretly and silently ascend to the Lord on your behalf! and, when I have felt cast down and depressed in my own soul, it has been the means, in the Lord's hands, of lifting me up, and I have been enabled to take fresh courage, and to go on my way rejoicing, hoping, and at times believing, that the Lord will bless the means used, though the instrument be weaker than a bruised reed, and not worthy of the honour conferred upon her; for, notwithstanding the discouragements which I have had to meet with at times (these we must expect), yet there are times when the encouragements outweigh and more than make amends for all, and I forget the former by being taken up with the latter.

Now, my dear children, I want to ask you two very solemn questions. The first is, Do you ever feel yourselves to be sinners in the sight of a holy God, who cannot look upon sin but with abhorrence? We may all know, in a certain sense, that we are sinners, and we may acknowledge it with our lips; but, perhaps, if any one were to tell us we were sinners, we should feel ourselves offended. But, if the Holy Ghost has made you feel that you are sinners, this will cause you to cry to the Lord in the language of the publican, “ God be merciful to me a sinner ! ”

This, my dear children, is the burden of my prayer before the Lord—that He would bless the means used to the bringing of

some of you, at least (yea, all, if it be His will), to the feet of Jesus. It would do my heart good to hear you, under a deep sense of your lost and ruined state as sinners in the sight of a holy God, cry out, in the language of one of old, "What must I do to be saved?"

Well do I remember the time when I was in this state. How anxious I was to go to the house of God every time the doors were open, not merely to see or to be seen! Oh, no; far otherwise! For the most part, I was afraid to be seen, and I have gone home, after walking past it, time after time, and dare not go in, lest any one should think there was anything good in me. I was so afraid of being deceived. But I trust I went to the house of God to "hear what God the Lord would speak," with a "Who can tell? Perhaps this may be the time when the Lord will turn and look upon me, and speak to my heart the healing word that I am His child and that He is my Father." That was just what I wanted Him to do.

Do any of you ever come to the Lord's house with such feelings? If so, take courage. "The Lord will fulfil the desire of the righteous." But some of you may say, "Ah! I am not one of the righteous." Well, I must tell you that such desires are righteous desires, put into the soul by a righteous God; and it is that righteous desire which He is pleased to implant in the heart which He will fulfil; and He says also that "He *will* hear their cry, and will save them."

But I must come to our next question, and that is, "What think ye of Christ?" I hope some of you have some thoughts of Him. Do you not say at times (I mean inwardly)—

"Let thoughts of Christ and things divine  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine"?

Well, what are your thoughts of Him? Is there a desire in any of your hearts to know Him as your Saviour and your Friend? Now, I must leave you to answer this in your own souls; and, if any of you wish to write a line or two about it, I shall be very pleased to receive a letter from you. May the Lord bless you, and make you to hunger and thirst after His righteousness. He has said, "Blessed are such, for they shall be filled."

Well, now, my dear children, I must come to a close, hoping the Lord will be with you in your class, and bless His own Word to your souls. Do not be discouraged because your teacher is absent. The Lord has said in His Word, by the Apostle Paul, "Let us forsake not the assembling of ourselves together;" and, though Paul might not speak about assembling as a school, yet it holds good there also, for it is wheresoever we are met in His

name. I should like you to read during the afternoon the first three chapters of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, if there is time, and you have not anything else particularly upon your minds. May the Lord grant His blessing upon it, and then you will not regret the absence of your teacher. I must tell you it has done me good many times to hear you say your lessons; and I must say, for your encouragement, that it has been the means, in the Lord's hand, of cheering and lifting me up when I have felt cast down, and have thought it was of no use coming to school, for I had nothing to talk about.

I am very pleased to tell you that we are both feeling benefited by the change, and have enjoyed it very much. It has been exceedingly beautiful to behold the works of the Lord. Well might the Psalmist say, in the nineteenth Psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy-work." Surely the winds and the waves praise Him. I should like you all to see the ocean. I have thought much about each of you, and we have often talked about you.

I must come to a close. With very much love to each one of you, as though named separately,

I remain, your loving teacher,

*Rhyl, August 5th, 1882.*

L. P.

### THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

THUS spake the prophet, when he saw  
The glorious Gospel day,  
When Christ should magnify the law,  
And bear the curse away—

"The smoking flax He will not quench,  
Nor break the bruised reed;"  
To comfort mourners He is sent,  
Who feel they comfort need.

Then, burdened souls, in fetters bound,  
Who're longing to be free,  
In Him alone your help is found  
Who bought your liberty.

T. NEWTON.

"CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY."—Four thoughts are here. Reader, consider your interest in them. "Glory"—"the hope of glory"—"Christ, the hope of glory." But pause—the most important part is, "Christ in *you*, the hope of glory." Christ's blood on the head is the greatest curse; Christ's blood on the heart is the richest blessing.

# THE SOWER.

SERMON BY MR. REALFF.

“*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.*”—ISAIAH lv. 3.

IN this chapter we have set forth God’s call to Gentile nations, as is evident from the fifth verse. In opening our text, may the Lord grant us His manifest presence and aid, while we consider—

I.—THE CHARACTER ADDRESSED.—All Scripture invitations are to character. It is not everybody indiscriminately who is invited to partake of Gospel privileges ; but certain individuals are, whose characters are described in the invitation. Thus, when the Saviour says, “Come unto Me,” He addresses the weary and heavy laden ; and, when He describes those He came to call, He says, “Not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance”—

“Not the righteous, not the righteous ;  
Sinners Jesus came to call.”

Now, who is in our text exhorted to “incline the ear” ? We find it is “every one that thirsteth.” This, then, evidently is—

1.—*A person in want.* A thirsty person is one who wants water. He is evidently a *needy* person. There is a felt *emptiness* within that craves satisfaction. Such is the person to whom this loving and pressing invitation is addressed. It is a person *spiritually* in want.

Now, we may meet with many in want, who are not in want spiritually. Some thirst for money, some for pleasure, some for learning, some for reputation among men ; some sick ones for health ; and young persons for happiness, lovers, and friends. But this is not the thirst intended.

Again, a person may be in want of nothing this world can give. He may be providentially blessed with means, and friends, and every earthly comfort, and yet suffer from soul-thirst. Thus David, though a king, said, “My soul thirsteth for God,” &c. There is a need, a craving, an emptiness, which the possession of the whole world would not satisfy.

My hearers, I wonder how many of us know what it is (or did know some time back) to thirst for pardon, to thirst for peace with God, to thirst for salvation, to thirst for cleansing, for justification, for a new heart and a right spirit ? Perhaps your soul has been thirsting for days for some sweet word from God,

and you have come up to God's house to-day crying and beseeching of the Lord to speak some word to your heart—

“ And when my spirit takes her fill  
At some sweet word of Thine,  
Not warriors who divide the spoil  
Have joys compared with mine.”

A thirsty person is—

2.—*Unhappy.* Who that is thirsty can possibly feel happy in that state? Such are restless, uneasy, discontented, dissatisfied. How can they be anything else? Nor can a thirsty man be satisfied with anything short of drink. Look at Hagar and Ishmael in the burning desert. All the water in their bottle is spent. They walk along, hand in hand, for many a weary mile, seeking water, but finding none. The poor boy now is too weary and faint to take another step. I think I see the unhappy mother try to carry him; but he is heavy, and she is almost exhausted. Meanwhile the sun pours down still upon them his tormenting beams. She carries Ishmael some distance, but at length is obliged to put him down. His poor eyes are ready to start from their sockets; his nostrils dilate; his mouth opens wide; he pants for breath. “My poor child is dying!” the wretched mother exclaims; and, half delirious, she moves away from the bush beneath which she has tenderly placed her offspring. She withdraws about a bow-shot, saying, “Let me not see the death of the child.” So “she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept;” and well she might.

Now, have you any such feeling as this, as regards spiritual things? Do you feel unhappy to-day because God has withdrawn Himself, and seems to have “forgotten to be gracious”? Or are you restless, uneasy in mind, unhappy, unsettled, because you have recently been pricked in your heart, and made to feel yourself a sinner? Then, my brother or sister, you are certainly one of those whose character is described, and who are most affectionately addressed in my text.

Again, a thirsty person is one—

3.—*In actual pain.* Thirst, especially in a hot climate, produces most distressing feelings. Mr. J. B. M'Cure, late of Cambridge, informs us, in his published “Life in England and Australia,” that, on one occasion, he had to ride many miles in the heat of the burning sun, till his thirst became so intense that he would have drunk even poison itself! Presently he came to a pond of stagnant water, in which dead animals and other filth had been cast. But drink he must; so he alighted, and quenched his thirst with the putrid water. But he had not long resumed

his place in the saddle, before he found that the remedy was worse than the disease, for the foul liquid bred a fever, accompanied with dysentery, which nearly cost him his life. We do not know, in this highly-favoured land, what it is to feel the *agony* of thirst. The throat becomes parched, the tongue cleaves to the mouth, all the moisture in the body appears dried up, the heart faints, the pulse throbs, and the entire man is ready to perish—aye, and perish he must, if help come not soon! The pains are excruciating, and, if not relieved, end at length in a lingering and dreadful death.

Do you know what it is to feel something like that on account of sin? Do you know what it is to groan and sigh, perhaps to weep, because of your iniquities? Are you seeking God, and exclaiming, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him"? I have been in that place, and my soul remembers it well—the want, the misery, the anguish! "Oh," I cried, "what shall I do?" I tried everything I knew to get relief—prayer, reading, constant church-going, the Sacrament. I rose sometimes in the middle of the night, lit my candle, read the Psalms, and cried with bitter tears unto God. But all my exercises, all my forms, all my superstitious observances, failed to bring me more than a temporary relief. They quieted the voice of conscience for a little space; but the agony returned, and grew worse and worse, until I was driven to the very verge of desperation.

You notice also that this person is described as—

4.—*Poor*. He has "no money." Now, a thirsty person in a desert place might be very rich, or at least have money with him, to purchase drink even at a high rate, if it could be so procured. But this man cannot. His having "no money" gives an additional touch of misery to the forlorn picture. But even this is not all. He is likewise—

5. *Hungry*. He had money once, but has spent it all "upon that which is not bread." We have read of starving people eating roots, bark of trees, and even their own clothes and shoes. But these things satisfied not.

A few years ago, two Australian explorers, named Burke and Wills, having consumed all they had, began to eat the seeds of a clover-like plant, which grew abundantly in the desert, called "nardoo." It stayed the pangs of hunger, and the natives could live upon it for a time. But these men grew weaker and weaker, until at length they died from inanition. And we have, more recently, been horrified by reading in the newspapers that "terrible tale of the sea" in which three men, rendered frantic with hunger and thirst, at length devoured the flesh and blood of the lad Parker to save their lives!

Oh, do you know what it is to be driven almost frantic because

convicted of sin? So was poor Bunyan; so was William Huntington, and many more. So was David—read Psalm vi. 1—6, &c. Take courage, friend! I have been where you now are; and, indeed, all God's saved people have felt these pangs, less or more. Are you in want of an indescribable something which this world at its very best cannot give? Perhaps you have tried to satisfy those cravings with music, or novels, or the theatre; with company, pleasure, or sin. But you found these would *not* satisfy. And do you feel *poor*? Have not you anything to pay? Are you like that poor woman who spent all her living upon physicians, but was in nothing bettered, and rather grew worse?

"Ah!" says one, "I thought I could pay once. I told the Lord, if He would only forgive me the past, I would be *so* good in the future, and make it all up that way. But I have learnt that I cannot be good enough to make up for my sins. I am a wretched, lost, ruined, undone, bankrupt sinner, without a farthing to pay; and—

"Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce Him just in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
His righteous law approves it well."

Oh, poor soul, you shall never perish! You are the very character described in my text—

"Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
The Saviour's blood divinely flows—  
A healing balm for all their woes."

I invite your earnest attention to—

II. THE DIRECTIONS GIVEN.—What are these? We shall find they are three in number—

1. *Hearken*. Our chapter commences with an exclamation—"Ho, every one that thirsteth!" To such a person the first direction is, *Listen!* "Incline your ear" unto the Word of the Lord, for "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Hear, and your soul shall live;" for saving faith "cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," since "it hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." And "the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above;) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth,

and in thy heart ; that is, the Word of faith, which we preach ; that, if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness ; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed" (Rom. x. 6—11). And, as it is "with the heart man believeth," so it is with the ear man heareth ; therefore saith the Lord Jesus, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and "Take heed what and how ye hear." To hear the Gospel of God's grace shall (if He will bless it) eventually save from the terrible death which that soul-thirst threatens to bring you to. You are not, in such a case, as rich Dives, who is thirsty in hell. Therefore, "Ho, every one that thirsteth ;" "Hearken unto Me, ye that follow after righteousness ;" "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments ! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

But it is not enough merely to hearken ; therefore—

2. *Come*—"come ye to the waters"—not "water," but "waters." There is abundance to slake your burning thirst, to cleanse your sins, and for all other Gospel purposes. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Therefore "the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Oh, poor sinner, is your soul made willing in the day of God's power ? Then you may certainly come ; and it is written, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out"—

" Come, then, repenting sinner, come ;  
Approach with humble faith ;  
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum  
Is cancelled by His death."

But you must actually come in your own proper person. No one else can come for you ; and even God, although He gives the desire to come, and the grace and power to come, does not come *for* you. The Holy Spirit is poured out unto you (Prov. i. 23), but the Holy Spirit does not repent *for* the sinner, nor believe for him. That must be your own act and deed. When the angel opened the eyes of Hagar, and showed her the well, he did that for her which she could not do. She had strained and strained her eyes to their utmost tension for the discovery of a well of water, and now they were dim with fainting and with tears. But, when the angel enabled her to see the well, we are

told that she herself "went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink"—

"Fly, then, awakened sinner, fly!  
Your case admits no stay;  
The fountain's opened now for sin;  
Come, wash your guilt away."

But even this is not all; therefore God calls you also to—

3. *Partake.* "Buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk," &c. "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." But how can a person "buy" who has "no money"? The meaning must be, "Come and possess *Gospel blessings for yourself*, and *part with all you have* for them. Accept My salvation for yourself, by a personal and experimental participation and enjoyment thereof." "Let him take hold of My strength," says the Almighty, "that he may make peace with Me; and he shall make peace with Me" (Isa. xxvii. 5). This expression is often perverted by free-will teachers, but Hart understood\* it rightly when he wrote—

"See how from Jesus' wounded side  
The water flows, and blood;  
If you but touch that purple tide,  
You make your peace with God."

And, again—

"The sinner that truly believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His justification receives,  
Redemption in full through His blood."

Awakened sinner, you are invited—yea, bidden—to prove salvation to be your own, by a personal application to Christ; and this is here called a buying. The foolish virgins said unto the wise, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." But no one ever has grace enough to share with another—not even with a beloved wife or child. Each must have a personal experience of it for him or her self. Therefore these wise ones said, "Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves."

"Come ye, buy, and eat." That means also, *part with everything* for it. Though you have nothing that can really buy salvation, yet you have much that you can part with—yea, and *must part*

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\* Yes, we believe Mr. Hart *did* understand it, and that he meant, as Mr. Realf says, an entering into a state of peace with God through a personal application of Jesus' blood, though the form of expression used by him is considered by some to be not strictly orthodox.—Ed.

with—for it. All your sinful habits, associations, books, and companions must go; all your pride and self-righteousness also. None of your goodness will bear comparison with the goodness of a lovely Jesus. “All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags” unto Him. So Paul felt when he wrote Philippians iii. He parted, when he came to Christ, with a better righteousness than many hope to be saved by.

Oh, you must not keep back any part of the price; for “what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Right eye sins and right hand sins must be plucked out and cut off. “The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which, when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof, goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.” “He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.” “So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple.”

“*Yea, come, buy wine and milk.*” Here is not only water, but milk to nourish and fatten, and wine for a reviving cordial to the fainting heart. “Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.” Poor, fainting sinner, is that your case? “Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more” (Prov. xxxi. 6, 7). “O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him”—

“Oh, come, and with His children taste  
The blessings of His love!  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.”

Hear the dear voice of the Beloved of your soul—“I have drunk My wine with My milk; eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!” “And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.” You are, therefore, heartily welcome, poor sinner, to “eat the fat and drink the sweet.” Oh, the abundance, the fullness, the deliciousness of the provisions of God’s grace!

Let us now consider—

III. THE PROMISE APPENDED.—“I will make an everlasting

covenant with you," &c. Yes, blessed be God, the salvation He gives is not only full and free—it is everlasting also. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him." It is *from* everlasting—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "I will betroth thee unto Me for ever." "God hath from the beginning chosen you unto salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." And it is *to* everlasting, for He "hateth putting away"—

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

Therefore said Jesus, "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." This is called "the covenant of grace," for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant."

Now, why is this covenant said to comprise "the sure mercies of David"? It was made with David, as typical of the Messiah. See 2 Samuel vii. 14, 15, where it is contrasted with that made with Saul, who was put upon his good behaviour. If he disobeyed, the kingdom should be taken out of his house, and God's mercies should leave him. (See 1 Samuel xiii. 13, 14.) In Psalm lxxxix., we have a full statement of this covenant. Though originally made with David, it is here said to refer to Christ and His spiritual children (ver. 19). And so our text is quoted in Acts xiii. 34, by Paul at Antioch. The Holy Ghost speaks of it again by Jeremiah (xxx. 31, &c.). Here He promises to put His "law in the inward parts" of His children, "and write it in their hearts;" and He adds, "I will be their God, and they shall be My people." The Apostle to the Hebrews twice quotes this passage in that Epistle, and explains that it signifies all new covenant mercies given to believers in Christ, *i.e.*, all God's elect, who are first awakened by the Holy Ghost, and made to "hunger and thirst" after God's righteousness, and then are blessedly "filled" with the same. All such find the covenant to embrace them, when it is opened up in Christ to them.

Oh, hungering, thirsting soul, draw near! These blessings are all for thee. Thy hungering and thirsting prove thee at once to be interested therein—

" Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast,  
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest!"

"I will make an everlasting covenant with you," *i.e.*, in the Person of Jesus, as your Surety, Head, Representative, and Husband

(ver. 4). The covenant is not made with us in person, or it would not contain "sure mercies"; for, some day or other, we should all break it, and so lose its benefits, as did Saul, and as did the "fathers" at Sinai. Rest assured, if Adam and Eve, in a state of innocence, could not keep God's covenant, none born in sin and surrounded by all sorts of temptations would be able to keep it. But ours is on a better basis than those covenants were, and, therefore, its mercies are "sure mercies." In the margin of Acts xiii. 34, it reads, "holy or just things." Our great Surety and blessed Redeemer has already fulfilled in our behalf all its conditions. He came to "fulfil all righteousness," and to "save His people from their sins." He wrought out for us a perfectly justifying righteousness. God "hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Oh, blessed Redeemer! And, when all was perfectly accomplished, "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled," He said, "*I thirst.*" Then He exclaimed, "It is finished!" and gave up the ghost—

" 'It is finished!' Oh, what pleasure  
Do these charming words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
'It is finished!'  
Saints the dying words record."

Look, then, poor sinner, thirsting for righteousness, look to Jesus. Hear His dying words; behold His bleeding hands and feet, His thorn-clad brow, His lacerated back, His pierced side; and hear the language of the Holy Ghost, speaking for the Church by Isaiah—"He is despised and rejected of men. Surely He hath borne *our* griefs. 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 the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief." "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him" instead of thee and me! Oh, what wonderful love is this! Then, if God has punished Him for us, He will never punish us. That would not be justice at all. Therefore says the Evangelist John, "If we confess our sins, God is *faithful* and *just* to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"—aye, "faithful and just." God cannot refuse to pardon thee, poor sinner, since He has already poured out His full vengeance for thy sins upon thy Surety's head. He "died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Wherefore He is able to save *unto the uttermost* all who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Alas! how many there are who, in spite of all God has said

in His Gospel for the comfort of the hungry and thirsty sinner, will neither hearken, come, nor partake! Some will hearken, but no more. They say that it is a beautiful story, and sometimes may even weep under it; but they have no desire to come and partake. "He came unto His own [the Jewish people], and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." To the carnal Jews the Lord, therefore, said, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Oh, no! They did not feel thirsty for Christ or His blessed Gospel. So many now think they can do very well without Him—at least, for some time to come. Not so the thirsty soul, to whom all the streams of carnal pleasure are now dried up. If such is your case, God will, ere long, satisfy you with His mercy.

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LINES PRESENTED WITH A BIBLE TO A MOTHER,  
ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THIS is thy Father's Word to thee;  
Receive it with a child-like faith;  
His love for thee is written here,  
And true is every word He saith.

Thy cares and sorrows well He knows,  
And, sweeter still, for thee He cares;  
Treasures thy every yearning thought,  
And on His hand thy portrait \* bears.

His eye upon thee ever rests  
With Fatherly and pitying care;  
And, 'midst the songs of angel hosts,  
He hears thy feeblest word of prayer.

Much more than this thou mayest find—  
Nay, thou *dost* find, and dost enjoy;  
May He who spake it bless the Word,  
And fill thee with divinest joy.

ANNIE.

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HAPPINESS.—There are three things which, if Christians do, they will find themselves mistaken—if they look for that in themselves which can only be found in Christ, perfect righteousness; if they look for that in the law which is only to be found in the Gospel, mercy; if they look for that on earth which is only to be found in heaven, perfection.—Henry.

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\* Dr. Krummacher's rendering of this text.

## GRACE LEVELS ALL.\*

'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all ;  
But Jesus Christ is my ' All and in all.' "

AFTER Miss Cooper was gone, I walked a little way from their house by the water-side, where there are some houses for the poor, in number about six, two of which were ale-houses, and appear to be a harbour for the devils themselves. I called in at one of the other houses, to see a poor woman that I used to think meant well. After talking with her, she told me she had been asking one of her neighbours if she had any hopes of knowing, before she died, whether she should be happy, and they both wished to know my opinion. I answered that I would come down and read to them. I took a friend with me, and found her apparently in great bodily suffering ; but, on feeling her pulse, I could not find it so much as ruffled. Her agony of mind was so great that she could not contain, but cried out, "This is nothing ! I possibly may die, and what will become of my soul ? Oh, pray for me ! Oh, mercy ! mercy !" Her trouble and misery were such as brought tears from all our eyes. I beheld her with my heart filled with love and pity, and said, "Now, where are all your good works ? What is become of all your honest labour for sixty years ? What ! are you a perishing sinner at last ?" She answered, "I am too bad to be saved." Her tears and the expression of her sufferings were more than can be described. I said, "Well, now that you are quite lost, you will find Him who came to seek and to save just such as you are. He will surely come to you." "What !" she cried, "to such a sinner as I am ?" I answered, "Yes ; it was only for such that He died." These extreme agonies had so affected her body that we thought they would bring on a fever. "I shall die," she said. "Peace will be your portion first," I said ; but she would not be comforted.

Next day, I found her still the same. The tears were still flowing down her cheeks, with all the marks of misery as before. The sight was enough to affect a heart of stone. About six at night, they brought me word that she was dying, and had desired to take leave of her children. Her soul and body were in great agony, so that for some time it took four to hold her. On a sudden, she became calm, lying quite still.

On my visiting her at noon the next day, she said, "I have not slept, but have been all night partaking of the joys of heaven. Oh, my dear lady, what great things the Lord hath done for me ! I have no doubt or fear. He hath given me

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\* This remarkable account of the conversion and death of this poor woman is from the pen of that godly woman, the late Lady Huntingdon.

peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Her looks were altered; she laid with such sweetness and complacency in her countenance that my soul delighted to behold her. She said, "You know the blessedness I have found this night. I have such tastes of divine love as are not to be expressed. Oh, what a thing it is to have the heart all flaming to the Lord Jesus!"

She has quite forgot all the knowledge and experience of seventy years, and is become a little child. I have sent many to see her, and one of her daughters is now seeking, in the bitterness of her heart, that Lord who hath so comforted her mother.

The poor woman whom I mentioned to you lately has left, and has joined "the Church of the First-born, whose names are written in heaven." We esteemed it a privilege to visit her. Never did I see the power of faith more remarkably exemplified. She drank deeply of the cup of suffering, but, through divine grace and the supporting hand of the great Author of her eternal salvation, was made more than conqueror. I prevailed on my Lord Huntingdon to visit her. He was surprised and affected even to tears. As soon as she saw him, she cried aloud, "Glory be to God, that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost! How great is His love for poor sinners! If we are saved, it is because He has died, and poured out His precious blood to wash our guilty souls. God be praised for that Scripture, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

The following day, many symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared. I visited her again, with Lady Anne and Lady Frances, and found her extremely weak. Lady Frances said, "Your sufferings will soon be over." She put forth her hand, and bade us farewell. A little before her departure, she said, "The fear of death is gone. Oh, the name of Jesus, how sweet it is! All glory to the Lamb!" She attempted to proceed, but was unable; but signs, looks, and broken accents explained the happiness she enjoyed. Just before she breathed her last, she gave us a parting smile, and her happy spirit entered into rest. There were many witnesses around her dying bed, to whom I spoke with much fervour and fidelity.

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THE unpardonable sin is a settled revenge against God.

TEMPORAL calamities are no proof of God's anger, any more than outward prosperity is a proof of His favour.—*Wakeling*.

OH, at once comfort thyself, and bless and adore God! Thou multiplieth to sin, and He multiplieth to love; thou multiplieth breaches between Him and thee, and He multiplieth to pardon.

## A BROTHERLY EPISTLE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was glad of your letter, and pleased with its contents, as I hoped I could see the features of a living soul and the evidences of a life of faith.

I can understand your desire to hear from us at times, as the best means you have now of communing with us ; and, if I am enabled to write anything that is profitable and edifying, I would be willing. True, you are drawing near your journey's end. I wonder not that you should feel desire at times strong, darkness and doubt perplexing, and the old man burdensome. You now, especially, want realities—truth—attended not only with light, but divine life, not merely to convince, but to quicken. Perhaps now, at times, you look upon many of your ways, words, and thoughts of the past with much loathing, that you once looked on with some admiration and pride. How much of ignorant pride we see, feel, and loathe, in the retrospect ! How humbling and self-abasing is the remembrance of our conduct in the way the Lord, we hope, has led us ! How wonderful His compassion and forbearance ! How merciful to our unrighteousness ! “I change not,” is the reason the Lord gives that we are not consumed, and we can find no other. What a mercy to be spiritually and experimentally poor ! How much better to go to heaven burdened and groaning, than to be wrapped up in self-esteem and vain-glory, and go to hell proud and insensible, deluded by a name and witness received only from man !

If the truth of God sanctify us not here, through the anointing of the Holy Ghost, how vainly we expect the Word of God to justify us hereafter ! That truth will be exactly the same in the day of judgment, when God will judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to the Gospel—“He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him : the Word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.” How blessed will they appear who have “fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel,” whose “anchor of the soul,” through the storms of life, has been their hope in Jesus—the name of the Lord their only refuge—His promise their only rest !

What amazing grace and love are expressed in those words—how little I feel able to comprehend or express what I darkly perceive or see in them—“Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath” ! How the glory of the Gospel appears—God's good-will to men ; His good pleasure to give the kingdom to poor, bankrupt debtors—poor, guilty wretches, in a perishing condition, who have not a mite to call their own—who must die

and perish, if God did not feed them with the bread of life—whose chief consolation in this life is God, merciful to their unrighteousness, and the abounding of their hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost, filling them at times with joy and peace in believing! “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 in the Gospel.” Therefore, thou shalt find thy consolation, as thou canst flee from destruction in thyself and the world, trust an unseen God, believe His Word, and venture wholly upon His immutable counsel, faithful promise, everlasting salvation, and perfect atonement; and thy heirship will be manifest by thy faith and obedience.

As heirs of promise, to such is given all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him who hath called us to glory and virtue. Their faith in that promise is both His gift and work, and pertains both to life and godliness, and so is sure to all the seed, as are all other blessings of the “covenant, ordered in all things and sure.” The obedience of the heart to divine truth, in doctrine, experience, and practice, in humility and love, is that virtue to which we are called, for a virtuous heart is an undivided heart, which the Lord thus asks—“My son, give Me thy heart”; and that heart is His own work and gift—“A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.” So He prepares what He accepts, and works both the will and the deed—“For Thou, Lord, hast wrought all our works in us”—and enables us, by faith, to say, “Salvation belongeth unto the Lord. Thy blessing is upon Thy people.” Boasting is excluded by the law of faith, and, by the same law, the Lord alone is exalted.

And, while we feel the blessedness of pardon and peace, through the blood of Jesus Christ, we can neither abase ourselves enough, nor love and adore a gracious God as we would, who manifests such mercy and kindness to the greatest sinners. This grace is a sweet sufficiency; and, when we cannot feel it as we would, but walk in darkness, sometimes sinking in mire, and hardly able to lift up the head, being accused of presumption and many other evils, and perhaps can only say, “Guilty,” then other graces prove their strength, and that their Author is our support under trial, thus helping us to endure, and stand, and wait. Faith labours in us to remember the Lord, to consider His Word and ways, His name and will, His promise and faithfulness; while hope waits and looks with longing and desire, and, being secretly supported, cannot give up, or yield to despair, until the humbled spirit is revived, the contrite heart in some measure relieved, and strength given to wait for more help and comfort.

I hope you will be able to make out my scrawl, which has been written at intervals, subject to many interruptions. Such as it is I give. If it were better, or I had more, you should still be as welcome.

Mercy and peace be with you each—also love to the children.

Yours truly,

Walsall, September 5th, 1871.

C. MOUNTFORT.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

*"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."*—PSALM l. 15.

A POOR man was sitting, early in the morning, at his house door. His eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to heaven, for he was expecting an officer to come and distraint on him for a small debt. Whilst sitting thus, with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself on an empty cupboard. The good man, who little imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, when it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the poor man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn, "Fear thou not when darkness reigns;" and, as he listened to it, he found it soothe and comfort his mind.

Suddenly some one knocked at his door. "Ah! it is the officer," thought the man, and he was sore afraid. But no; it was the servant of a lady, who said that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and he wished to know if he had caught it. "Oh, yes," answered the man; "and here it is;" and the bird was carried away.

A few minutes after, the servant came again. "You have done my mistress a great service," said he. "She sets a high value upon the bird which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks." The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed. When the officer came, he said, "Here is the amount of the debt. Now leave me in peace, for God has sent it me."

Yes; He who turneth men's hearts as the rivers of water, sent the little bird to aid him, and His purpose who shall defeat? Therefore, let everychild of God "be strong and of good courage," for faith can supply the want of everything temporal, and faith is the grave of care.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## FAITH.

"Great is thy faith."—MATTHEW xv. 28.

THE possession of saving faith is indispensable to salvation, and all real seekers are, therefore, found earnestly and anxiously asking two questions—"What is faith?" "Do I possess it?" The object of this paper is, to afford a means of answering these questions, by an attempt to show what saving faith is, and what kind of persons possess it.

Now, we have often thought that every miracle, like every parable, contains a setting forth of some particular truth—the parable in *word*, the miracle in *deed*. The history of the Syrophenician woman shows us the nature and operations of saving faith. The text above written is Christ's own testimony to the genuineness and power of her faith, and its actings, testings, and final victory, are most clearly and vividly described in this narrative.

Faith is known by its fruits, and without works it is dead; therefore we are able to trace in the faith of the Syrophenician woman a three-fold operation—first, faith's approach; secondly, faith's trial; thirdly, faith's triumph.

1. *Faith's approach.* From the land of Gennesaret Jesus came "into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon." Here there was a poor woman, a stranger, in very grievous distress. She proved to be one of that company of Gentile sinners who received the choicest favours at the hands of the dear Redeemer whilst He was upon earth. The Evangelist Mark indicates the means by which she became a believer. The rise or commencement of her faith took place when she "heard of Him" (Mark vii. 25). "Faith cometh by hearing;" and when it was in this way implanted in her heart, the case stood thus. She had an affliction from which she could not deliver herself, and all human aid proved equally vain. None could cast the unclean spirit out of her daughter. It was a desperate and apparently hopeless case. In her extremity, she heard of One who had, in mercy and compassion, healed others similarly afflicted. She heard of Jesus, and straightway faith in His ability to save took possession of her heart, and, believing that He alone *could* help her, she "came" to see if He *would*, with a "Who can tell?" Evidently her faith, even at this stage, operated in a two-fold way—in respect to herself, she believed most thoroughly in creature inability and helplessness; and, in respect to Jesus, she believed He had power to deliver her from her trouble. The fruit and work of her faith is expressed in the statement, "She came."

Now, dear coming, seeking one, the Lord help you to travel along with us, while we mark the trials which attended this dear woman's faith; and may He sweetly confirm the little faith of every poor, troubled, weak believer who shall read these feeble tracings.

We behold the seeking Gentile approaching Jesus under a felt sense of her need of His grace and power. When she drew near, she immediately "fell at His feet" in deepest humility of soul, and there presents her petition. Saving faith always brings the sinner humbly to the Saviour's feet, and *there* we listen to faith's cry—"Have mercy on me!" She sought for mercy, and wanted it to be manifested to her. Real religion is a personal matter, and true seekers want mercy to be shown to *them*. Others may be content to talk about it; these cannot be satisfied without realizing it.

Next came the touching invocation—"O Lord, Thou Son of David!" She evidently apprehended by faith the sovereignty and dignity of the Lord Jesus. Then she made her trial known, and, laying her trouble before the Lord, she added, "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." It was the wisdom of true faith that took her hard case to the Lord, leaving it in His hands, and relying on His mercy, *without dictating to Him in the least what He should do*. After pleading for mercy, she simply states her trouble, not even asking for its removal! She felt all the rest would come right, if only she could obtain mercy. How implicitly she trusted in the mercy of Jesus! If that failed, she had no other refuge or hope. It is so with every helpless seeker at the Saviour's feet; and these experiences constitute faith's approach to a precious Christ.

2. *Faith's trial.* Faith having come on such an errand, one might suppose the answer would be immediate, especially as it is written, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Surely the compassionate Lord would promptly notice the importunate pleadings of her anguished soul for mercy. The distress so pathetically described will be at once removed. Not so. Faith must be tried; therefore the very opposite of this took place. So far from fulfilling her request, "*He answered her not a word!*" Truly this silence seemed as ominous as it was mysterious. What suspense, uncertainty, fear, and anxiety must have filled her heart, as she stood trembling before her silent Lord!

The Lord's silence has long appeared to the writer to be the bitterest ingredient in the Christian's cup of sorrow. Personally, we would rather the Lord speak in stern reproof than not speak at all. The Psalmist was of the same mind, and cried, "Be not silent to me; lest, if Thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit" (Psa. xxviii. 1).

The case was a very urgent one, yet "He answered her not a word!" What a rebuff! How does faith act under it? Unbelief would have given up the suit as useless, and carnal reason would suggest very hard thoughts of the gracious Saviour. Faith, however, remains at His feet, meekly waiting.

Have our readers made their requests known unto the Lord, and apparently *in vain*? There is none to regard. The petition is offered up, the plea is presented, but no answer can be obtained. See! here is a sister of yours. Under these circumstances, there is a kind of negative comfort by which faith is encouraged to maintain her standing. The woman may have argued thus—"If the Lord does not say anything good, He at least says nothing bad. If He does not encourage me to draw near, still He does not drive me away."

In the midst of her perplexity, the "disciples came," and began to address the Lord. Will they add their prayers to hers? Will they help her, by pleading on her behalf? Alas! if such hopes as these arose in her heart, she was miserably disappointed. They "besought Him to send her away." She was made to prove the vanity of trusting to any human help, in order that her trust might be wholly in Him. Painful are the trials by which we are weaned from the creature. Undue dependence must not be placed even upon disciples. The faith of the elect is tried so bitterly in order that their confidence may be in the Lord alone, and by these trials faith grows till it becomes manifested as "great faith."

And now Jesus speaks. "He answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." These words would have afforded some ground for hope if Jesus had not added the description, "of the house of Israel." This seemed to dash all her hopes to the ground. She was a Gentile, and, therefore, not the right character at all.

Mark the progress of the trial of her faith. The Lord's silence was against her, the disciples were against her, and His very word seemed against her. [Let those who are passing through the same experience, and who fear they are not the characters described in the Word, remember that even here they are in the footsteps of the flock.] Not all these discouragements, however, sufficed to drive her away. Indeed, she came closer, resolved apparently that nothing short of Christ's own condemnation should make her give up seeking for mercy. "Then came she and worshipped Him." She did not resent His dealings, neither did she cavil at His word, but humbly and simply put in faith's last plea—"Lord, help me!" How much is expressed in that brief petition! It contains all a soul can need. She wanted to be helped to cling to Jesus. It was hard work

for faith to maintain its hold in the midst of the storm that seemed ready to sweep away her soul from the Rock of Ages. She sought for help to trust, because it was difficult indeed to trust when all things appeared so contrary. Divine help was her only hope. If that failed, all failed; hence her desires became summed up in a very narrow compass. She was, moreover, brought so low that any sort of help would be welcome.

Jesus replied to that brief petition, and "answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." Divine help is only given to sons and daughters; it is "children's bread." This saying of Jesus was, as it were, a remitting of the question back to herself. Was she worthy of such a favour as she requested? It was also a test of her sincerity. She had humbled herself greatly, but could she stoop so low as to confess she was no more worthy of His mercy than a beast—a dog?

Those who believe in the dignity of human nature would never endure such questions as this, much less acknowledge the mortifying fact. Her faith, however, stood the test. Jesus did but utter what she believed and knew to be the truth, so she replied, "Truth, Lord." She could not deny her utter unworthiness, for she did not believe she was fit to receive the "children's bread" as a child. But, if she could not be saved as a daughter, she was willing to be saved on any terms, even as a dog, and so she tries this plea—"Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." Although on a lower level altogether than the children, and exposed to their kicks too, still she was at the Master's feet; and perchance some crumbs might, after all, be permitted to fall even for her.

Faith cleaved to Jesus, believing the worst of self, and hoping alone in Him, even unto the end, with the feeling in her soul, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

But the trial of her faith has been sufficiently prolonged; it has stood every test; and now, when all grounds for hope have been cut off but one, namely, the hope of being saved as the vilest and meanest, the scene changes, and we come to the last point.

3. *Faith's triumph.* "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith." Faith at length drew an answer of peace from Jesus. The broad seal of His approbation is stamped upon the Gentile's faith, which had endured the fiery trial. It had been placed in the crucible, and was not found wanting under the severest tests. Hers was the faith of endurance and reliance, and that grows to be the faith of assurance at the word of Jesus. She had to wait for this, as we have seen, and the waiting-time proved its genuineness. It was no small, insignificant thing that endured so much. Great faith alone is greatly tried, that it may be "found unto praise, and honour,

and glory" at the appearing (or manifestation) of the love and mercy of Christ. Amazement and adoration must have filled her heart when she heard the Lord's verdict as to her faith. That which endures every humbling test; waits at the Saviour's feet, notwithstanding all discouragement; hopes in Him, although sorely tempted to give up; and clings to Him in trembling helplessness, is a faith that is great in its powerful operations, forming an unbreakable bond of union between the sinner and the Saviour. That faith which acknowledges the soul's unworthiness of divine help, and perseveres in seeking it from the mercy of Christ, is great in its nature, because it is divine.

In conclusion, we must not omit to notice how the prayers of faith prevailed. Jesus answers her petitions right royally—"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." He makes over all He is or has to her faith—gives her Himself and all His grace, wisdom, love, and power. This is just what faith desires, because the believer cannot do without Christ. This manifestation of His mercy and these overflowings of His grace make everything right. "And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." When He answers prayer, faith rejoices in Him as her Author and End. Believers must be emptied of self, and all that pertains to the creature, in order to be filled with His mercy; and this is received by faith.

Ah! dear reader, simply clinging to Jesus prevailed at last. The poor Syrophenician woman was delivered from all her fears and foes; and all who possess "like precious faith" shall inherit the same blessings.

*Leicester.*

E. C.

IF God dries up the water on the lake, it is to lead you to the unfailling fountain. If He blights the gourd, it is to drive you to the tree of life. If He sends the cross, it is to sweeten the crown; for no cross, no crown; no rain, no rainbow.

DR. HURD, Bishop of Gloucester, being in the habit of preaching frequently, had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little present. After a while, he missed his humble auditor, and, meeting him, said, "John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle as usual?" John, with some hesitation, replied, "My lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went, the other day, to hear Whitfield, and I understand his plain words so much better." The Bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect—"God bless you! Go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul." Such an instance of episcopal candour is well worth recording.

## IDELLETTÉ DE BURE.

IN the biography of Calvin, we may remember how, after his expulsion from Geneva, he returned to Strasbourg, where he exercised the functions both of pastor and professor.

At this time, there was living at Strasbourg, retired and solitary, a widow, who was the mother of three children. Her name was Idellette de Bure. Her husband, Jean Storder, who had been converted under the ministry of Calvin, had died of the plague, leaving his wife fortuneless. Her religion, strengthened by misfortune, gave her, in her widowhood, the adorning which is not corruptible, even "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." She became the wife of Calvin, and brought him, as her only marriage portion, her three children. God blessed the Reformer in the choice he had made; for Idellette added to deep piety, a loving heart, a fervent spirit, and a soul ready to encounter all the storms of life.

Our readers may remember, in the Reformer's life, what a deep anxiety he felt when the Genevese, who had driven him from their city, called him to return there again. He left Strasbourg to go back to Geneva. He had a presentiment of some coming trouble, for, in leaving, he said, with sadness, and yet with entire resignation, "Not my will, O God, but Thine. I offer my heart as a sacrifice to Thy holy will."

Idellette reached Geneva some days after him, "with all his worldly goods." There was nothing sumptuous in his furniture. It was that of a poor man. In fact, the man with whose name all Europe was resounding had, for the support of himself and his family, only two hundred and fifty florins (the florin was then worth fivepence of our money), twelve measures of wheat, and two casks of wine. It is true that, in addition to this, Geneva gave to the man who devoted himself to build up her greatness, a lodging, a piece of cloth to clothe himself with, and certain articles of furniture for his humble residence in the Rue des Chanoines.

Calvin lives for us wholly in his writings. It is nearly always the Reformer that stands before us—rarely the husband, rarely the father. Nevertheless, with the historical legacies which we possess, we can penetrate into the household life of his family. There we find Idellette, who watches beside his bed when he is ill, good, courteous, and thoughtful for the numberless strangers who knock at his doors; and, beside all this, she is a devoted deaconess, performing noiselessly those works of charity so well pleasing to God, when done in the spirit of a Dorcas. Mistress of her house, she welcomes beneath her humble roof, Farel, Viret, Marlarat, Beza—all friends of her illustrious husband. She is not unduly exalted by her position, and she strives but for one object

of desire, and that, to lose herself in the glory of the great Reformer.

In July, 1542, their hearts were gladdened by the birth of their first child, which God called to Himself again. The trial through which Idellette and Calvin were called to pass was repeated two years after. They lost, a few days after birth, a daughter. As in the first instance, they bowed humbly before the will of God, and worshipped, amidst their tears, the Hand that was laid upon them. This hard experience they had to feel again the third time. The enemies of Calvin exulted, saying, "God chastens him for his sins." Indignant at these base attacks, the Reformer looked around him, and saw himself, in another sense, the father of a numerous family. "The Lord has given me," said he to his enemies, "a child, and He has taken it away again. Let my adversaries see, if they will, a subject for taunting in this trial. But have I not thousands of children in the Christian world?"

Troubled by so many disappointments and cares, Idellette felt her strength diminish every day. Calvin watched, with a troubled and vigilant eye, the progress of her malady; and, in his letter to Viret, he gives free utterance to all his anxieties. "Salute thy wife," he says. "Mine has a sad companion in the affliction of weakness. I fear a mournful termination. But should it not suffice us that so many ills threaten us in the present? God, peradventure, will show us a smiling face in the future." He requested for her the prayers of his friends. He passed from hope to despair, and from despair to hope. One day he thought he had lost her, and on the morrow, that she was saved.

In the early days of April, 1549, the condition of Idellette grew worse, and her husband lost all hope of keeping her. He sacrificed to God all the joys of a family life. He bent submissively again under God's chastening hand.

Idellette was also ready. She had not waited until sickness should cry unto her, "Put thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die." Like the wise virgins, she had her loins girded and her lamp burning. Nevertheless, she clung to earth, not for her own sake, but for her children's. She could not venture to ask her husband, pressed beyond measure with work, to give to her family any of those precious hours which he devoted to Geneva, and to the Protestant Churches in Switzerland and France. No wonder that a cloud passed over the face of the dying mother. Calvin, who understood its meaning, said to her, "Thy children are mine. I have recommended them to God." The cloud vanished. All the bonds which held Idellette to earth were broken. Death had no terror to her. The constancy of her soul never failed her, even in the midst of her many sufferings and manifold weaknesses. When unable to speak, her look, her

actions, the expression of her face, proclaimed the faith which bore her up in her last hours.

On the morning of April 6th, Pastor Bourgoïn addressed a few words to her. She joined him in exclamations, often interrupted, but full of warmth, like foretastes of heaven. "Oh, glorious resurrection! Oh, God of Abraham and of our fathers," she cried, "Hope of the faithful in all ages, it is in Thee that I trust!" At seven o'clock she grew feebler, and, feeling that her voice was failing her, "Pray!" said she. "Oh, my friends, pray for me!" Calvin drew near to the bed-side. She showed her delight by her looks. In a trembling voice, he spoke to her of the grace of Christ, of the earthly pilgrimage, of the assurance of eternal blessedness, and then concluded with a fervent prayer. She followed in spirit his words, and proved her attachment to the doctrines of grace. Towards nine o'clock in the morning, she breathed her last, so peacefully that one could not say whether she had ceased to live, or were only sleeping.

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#### A USEFUL LESSON.

ON one of his excursions into Yorkshire, being at Leeds, John Newton was requested by Mr. Edwards to preach for him at White Chapel. He met a party of religious friends at Mr. Edwards' house, which adjoined the chapel, and took his tea with them.

When the hour of preaching approached, Mr. Edwards\* intimated to him that, if he was desirous to retire before the service (*as was then customary with most serious ministers*), there was a room for his reception; but Mr. Newton declined this, saying, he was so well pleased with his company that he was unwilling to leave it, and added, "I am prepared."

At the appointed time the service commenced, and, after prayer, Mr. Newton read his text, which was, "I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." He began fluently, but, in a few minutes, he lost all recollection of his plan, was confused, stopped, and desired Mr. Edwards to come up and finish the service. Mr. Edwards urged him to proceed, but Mr. Newton left the pulpit, which Mr. Edwards ascended, and concluded with an address on the importance of the Spirit's grace to help our infirmities.

From this mortification the young preacher, Mr. Newton, learned the important lesson, to put his trust, not in his memory or preparation, but in the Lord alone.

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\* A very necessary hint to persons in the habit of entertaining the Lord's servants.

## ROME'S TACTICS.

SHE asked for toleration, some fifty years ago ;  
 She was so innocent, she said, 'twas wrong to treat her so ;  
 It really seemed a pity that England should remember  
 Such trifles as the Smithfield fires and Guido Fawkes November.

Our senators, imagining there really was a change,  
 Admitted her to Parliament, and gave her system range ;  
 She took her seat so modestly, and seemed so very quiet,  
 That many people wondered at the anti-popish riot.

But then, as now and ever, the woman wore a mask ;  
 Apostacy, her aim was ; to subjugate, her task ;  
 The first she has accomplished ; the Church has gone astray ;  
 But subjugation turns the scale a bit the other way.

She says, " My Church is holy, my Popes are holy too ;  
 My fathers, brothers, monks, and nuns, what holy things they do !  
 The evils you may hear of may fill you with disgust,  
 But know the holiness of Rome may never be discussed.

" I'll tell you what my holiness will do," says Mrs. Rome ;  
 " If e'er you take my candle-lights to come and look at home ;  
 'Twill tear your blessed Bibles and break your lecturers' heads,  
 And send your honest Protestants a bleeding to their beds.

" I asked for toleration ; you gave it ; but I give  
 No toleration where I come ; all perish if I live ;  
 And o'er the sleeping country I pass with lengthy strides,  
 For so I conquer England—I have no foe besides."

What say you, men of England ? You know the woman well—  
 A perjured thing, a murderess, a woe unspeakable—  
 Blighting the fairest country which bends beneath her sway ;  
 Answer me—will you take her into your homes to-day ?

Stand up, then—stand together—stand out and make her known,  
 For, where she gains a footing, she never comes alone ;  
 She comes with revolution, and anarchy, and chains,  
 For thought itself is fettered where the scarlet woman reigns.

Pour out a cry to heaven, oh, honest-hearted men,  
 For Widdows and O'Gorman, and all who know her den !  
 Pray that their words may vibrate along the thoughtless land,  
 Till, side by side, with firm resolve, facing the foe we stand.

No blustering crowd is needed—we meet our foes like men ;  
 Hear what they say, and claim the right to have our say again ;  
 Would God our feeble voices were steeped in living power,  
 To rouse our fellow-countrymen in this insipid hour !

God hold the lives of any who mount above the crowd,  
 With honest heart and burning lip, amid Rome's curses loud !  
 He sitteth King upon the floods ; and, on a given day,  
 One of His mighty seas shall sweep the godless thing away !

## A NOVEL BAPTISM.

THE *Western Mail* of January 20th contains a lengthy report of the "baptism by immersion" of four young men in connection with the parish church of Llansamlet, by the Vicar, Dr. Walters. The young men had, by reading their New Testament, come to the conclusion that this baptism was their duty; and, to enable him to carry it out, the Vicar had had a baptistery dug near the west end of the church. Before performing the rite, Dr. Walters preached a special sermon, in the course of which he said that the rite was originally administered in the Church by immersion, and that sprinkling was first introduced in the case of sick persons who were unable to undertake the ordeal of immersion.

The baptism itself is thus described by the local reporter—"The Vicar, Mr. Morgan (son of the late Vicar of the parish), the curates of Llansamlet and Kilvey, the four candidates for baptism, a number of sidesmen, and the choir, entered the vestry, where the procession was formed. . . . This was followed by Dr. Walters rolling up his sleeves. I then noticed there were two flights of steps leading down into the baptistery. At the bottom of one there was no water at all, but the other had plenty of it. Dr. Walters walked down the dry steps, leading one candidate after the other by the hand, the candidate going into the water, while the Vicar stood dry-shod on a level with him in the other compartment. Each was placed on his back in deep water by this gentleman, and, as each was lifted out of the water, the choir sang 'Glory to the Father,' &c., in Welsh; and the clergy made the sign of the cross on the forehead of each of the young men."

Dr. Walters did not carry out the Scripture method though, after all, for we read of Philip and the eunuch, "They went down *both* into the water" (Acts viii. 38). But where does the Word tell of the sign of the cross being introduced? Ah! this is a bit of Popery.

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WHAT difficulties doth the love of God overcome! The purposes of His secret will towards us overcome all the difficulties of His revealed will; and there are difficulties to us. The sinner must die. All have sinned; yet invincible love breaks open all locks and bolts, and finds a way to reconcile sinners through infinite difficulties. Was it nothing for God to overcome sin and Satan by putting His Son to death? or nothing for Christ to give up Himself and His soul to the wrath of God?

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## JOY.

WHO does not love this bright little word? It has such a glad, cheery ring, that its very sound is expressive of its nature, for this three-letter monosyllable has a special and great meaning of its own. Laughter may be loud, mirth may be boisterous, but neither of these assertions of pleasure have the same meaning as joy. King Solomon, when disappointed and "wearied in the greatness of his way," said of laughter, "It is mad;" and of mirth, "What doeth it?" for people may laugh and seem merry, while misery and fear torment their hearts; and some natures may find a grim kind of pleasure in wronging and injuring those who are weaker or less "clever" than themselves. But joy is a good, honest creature, and it only lives where kindness and right feeling are found. If things spoke the truth concerning it, *Pride* would say, "Joy is not in me;" and *Passion* would echo, "It is not in me." The heart of the *selfish* has never discovered it, and the *tyrant* has never known its charm.

Joy is the heritage of the good; therefore, it pre-eminently belongs to Jesus—to Him who became the "Man of Sorrows," in order that He might be to His people the Fountain of eternal bliss; and, "for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the Majesty on high;" and there He reigns, the *blessed* and only Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords. Blessed—yes, happy, joyful, infinitely, unspeakably so, for evermore; and His people share the happiness with Him.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah to the repenting Israelites; and the same wonderful phrase is applied by Jesus to Himself and His followers—"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the *joy of thy Lord.*"

What constitutes *His* joy, then? The smile, the favour, the perfect love of God, and the glad consciousness that His atoning work is finished, and that "He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" were His own words, and they are true, in whatever sense we regard them. It is blessed to receive His benefits, His mercy, His pardon. Unspeakable joy is produced by a knowledge of Jehovah's love in Jesus; yet it is still greater joy to *Him*, the glorious Giver. *He* finds it more blessed to give than *we* find it to receive the blessing.

But does not this increase *our* joy if we have ever "tasted

that the Lord is gracious" ? And should it not create a joyous hope within us, if we are seeking after Him ? The unwilling gift, grudgingly bestowed, can never bless either the giver or the receiver, but the gifts of love impart joy both to him that gives and him that takes. But the Lord does His people good with His *whole heart* and His *whole soul*. He "rejoices over them with joy and singing." Wonderful words ! And, to encourage the faintest desire of those that seek Him, we are also assured that "He *delighteth* in mercy," and that the Lord "taketh pleasure in them that *fear* Him, in those that *hope* in His mercy."

Oh, what unspeakable happiness to receive such infinite gifts from a Friend who is more pleased to bestow than we can possibly be glad to take them from His hand and heart !

And then, if so be that we have "tasted that the Lord is gracious," may we obey His loving command, "Freely ye have received, freely give"—

" May we proclaim to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour we have found ! "

May we seek to make others happy in every possible way, and find the truth of *our* side of the assurance, it is more blessed for *us* to give to others than to receive from them.

The suffering Apostles, beaten and oppressed, *rejoiced* that they were accounted worthy to suffer shame for their Master's sake. In labours and in triumphs, in sympathetic kindness and goodness, their lives were spent ; and, when all around them seemed most distressful, in Him, their unseen Lord and Saviour, they still rejoiced "with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

The midnight prison songs, the glad thanksgivings of the martyred servants of Jesus, the patient continuance in well-doing exhibited by so many thousands of quieter and more obscure believers, the self-denying, yet willing, service of the true disciple—all these are illustrations of that mysterious, yet most real, joy which is the fruit of the Holy Spirit, and yield sweet foretastes of that fulness of blessedness which is the eternal inheritance of all who love the Saviour's name.

May this sacred joy be ours, that, even here, we may enter into the promised pleasantness of heavenly wisdom, until the sinless, perfect bliss of His immediate presence is for evermore enjoyed.

H. S. L.

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PHILIP HENRY, on his thirtieth birthday, said, "So old, and no older was Alexander, when he had conquered the great world ; but I have not yet subdued that little world—*myself*."

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LVIII.

MY DEAR L——,—I was very pleased to receive yours, and to perceive that an exercise is being carried on in your soul. It is a great thing to know and feel our state, for by nature it is bad, and nothing but bad ; but we have not any right knowledge and feeling of it, unless God graciously imparts to us spiritual life, and *then* the fountain of iniquity within is not changed, though, by grace, it is subdued. Though God does not root out and entirely subdue our depraved nature, He overrules it, to constrain us to look to Christ for pardon and cleansing—

“The Holy Spirit never leads a man to say,  
 ‘Thank God I’m made so good!’  
 But turns his eyes another way—  
 To Jesus and His blood.”

The Israelites ate the Passover lamb with bitter herbs, which was typical of the believer receiving Christ by faith, at the same time feeling and grieving over his own sinfulness. And not only sins that are past, but he also finds a continual working of evil and unworthiness. This continual discovery of sin, under the teaching and enlightening of the Holy Spirit, “is not joyous, but grievous ;” but it is God’s way of bringing His people into that state of death to all hope in self, and despair of help in anything short of God’s free grace, so that they are glad to see Christ as the One whom the Father has given, and who is just suited for all the wants of such needy sinners—to see that He has made a full atonement for all their sins, so that all those shortcomings, deathly feelings, &c., which so try and distress the believer, become, as to condemnation, as nothing, because, though his life [in the flesh] is full of evil and empty of good, Christ gives a perfect and spotless life—that life which He spent on earth, in which He “fulfilled all righteousness,” *i.e.*, He perfectly obeyed all the holy law of God in every point, never failing once in thought, in word, or deed—and this perfect life every sinner that is saved must have put to his account, as his ground of acceptance with God. Nothing less than this perfect righteousness will bear the searching eye of divine justice. Well may sinners like us feel and say—

“Rock of Ages, shelter me ;  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

We have indeed cause to thank God for showing us our need of such a Refuge, and for revealing, in His Word, such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ is.

Yours,  
 E. MORGAN.

# THE SOWER.

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## CLEAN HANDS ESSENTIAL TO COMMUNION WITH GOD.

SERMON BY THE LATE MR. S. SEARS.

*"I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass Thine altar, O Lord."*—PSALM xxvi. 6.

THREE of the great blessings to be tasted in measure here, and enjoyed immeasurably hereafter, by the saints of God, are *salvation, sanctification, and communion*. Salvation frees from the damning consequences of sin; sanctification from its domination and pollution; and communion is, getting beyond its hindering power.

The first of these blessings is so complete that there is no adding to or diminishing from it. "It is finished," and always the same to every child of God. In the knowledge of salvation there may be, and is, great variety amongst the people of God; but with regard to the thing itself, there is no difference. The feeblest soul that, with the most trembling and dim faith, has fled to the cross, and there rested for salvation, is no less fully saved than the strongest, most intelligent, and most triumphant believer.

The second of these blessings, *sanctification*, as it is in Christ, is a complete, unchanging thing. By virtue of her union with Christ, God sees the Church as holy as ever He will see her. "As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." "As He is, so are we in this world." Sanctification, as an *individual* thing, or the amount of grace or holiness *possessed* actually by the different members of Christ, greatly differs, and by each child of God in the different stages of the path. Some branches in the Vine abide in Christ to their fruit-bearing more fully than others, and the same branches bear more at one time than another. Some of the good-ground bearers bring forth "thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some an hundred-fold;" and with all, it is "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Grace as it is in Christ *for us* can never be more nor less; but, as received from Christ *by us*, it is capable of growth; hence the exhortation to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

Communion, too, like personal sanctification, may be more or less clear and near, unbroken or hindered, steady or by fits and starts; and, like sanctification, in its personal acceptance, will never be entirely complete until we get above. Then, and not

till then, is the saint as holy and happy as he is safe. Then will he be free from sin, and hold unchanging, unhindered fellowship with God. Then the heart of God in Christ will be unveiled to him, and then shall every power of his soul flow in a full, unhindered stream into that Ocean of felicity, his covenant God in Christ.

The people of God may be sometimes too much tempted to make salvation the centre and circumference of their religion; but for any one to go on through his days only troubled about his own safety, and knowing no other joy than the getting above doubts of his salvation, is a dark mark upon his religion. All Balaam desired was enough religion to save him at last. He wanted not a religion to sanctify him, and bring him into fellowship with God, as well as to save him from hell. If you are true Christians, you have not only implanted in your heart the love of your own safety, but the love of holiness, and the love of communion with God. "I would be holy" is made as truly the cry of your heart as "I would be safe." Communion with God is desired by you, as well as deliverance from wrath.

If you listen to the sighs of true Christians, you will find they are about sin and distance, as well as about doubts and fears. To be undoubtedly saved, completely holy, and everlastingly nigh to God, is the heaven the true Christian desires.

True believers in all ages have loved communion with God, and in distance have cried, "When wilt Thou come unto me? when wilt Thou comfort me?" "Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill; then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy," or "the top of my joy." Yes, it is in meeting God at His altar that the soul gets peaceful communion. And what is the altar of the New Testament saint? Is it not Calvary? What was the ancient altar of burnt-offering but Golgotha in type? The priests, after placing the sacrifice on the altar, are said to have walked round it, and surveyed it on all sides, as the holy fire of God fed gratefully upon it; and it is in allusion to this, perhaps, that the Psalmist cries, "I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass Thine altar, O Lord." Oh, then, this is communion with God indeed, to tread around the cross of Calvary, and view, with intelligent, loving, believing eyes, the blessed Sacrifice offered there in all its different aspects, and enter into God's thoughts of His dear Son, and have in measure our hearts beating in full sympathy with the Father's loving heart, who exclaims of Jesus, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But such a privilege is not our constant lot below; and why? One great reason is, defiled hands. I hope to be enabled to show this more fully in endeavouring, by the Lord's help, to explain to you—

I. *What it is to compass the Lord's altar.*

II. *What it is that often hinders this compassing the Lord's altar, namely, unwashed hands.*

III. *What is necessary to restore us to hindered fellowship—washing the hands.*

We notice, then—

I. *What it is to compass the Lord's altar.*—To compass the Lord's altar is, to get to Calvary, and to be able to tread adoringly around that wondrous cross where sin was made an end of, reconciliation was made for iniquity, and everlasting righteousness was brought in, and to view that amazing scene in the various aspects that are presented by the work finished there. It is—

1. *To behold sympathetically the Sufferer there.*—How sadly hard are our hearts naturally towards an agonizing Christ; and, even after we have the heart of flesh given us, how often we seem utterly unable to sympathize with an agonizing Saviour, and find cause to complain, with Hart—

“ To read the sufferings Thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.”

The fact is, it is quite one thing to read of Calvary, and think of Calvary, when at a distance from that sacred spot, and another thing really to go on the foot of a living faith to that scene of unexampled suffering, and have an agonizing Saviour set before the eye of our faith and affection by the Spirit of God. Oh, then the heart melts with contrition and self-abhorrence, and goes out to the dear Man of Sorrows in feelings of sympathetic grief and gratitude—sees and detests sin as that that furnished the weapons of torture to the persecutors of Jesus, and as that that called down the fiery wrath of God upon His holy soul.

I know of nothing more ardently to be desired than such visits to Calvary as fill the heart with indignation against sin, and make the soul run over with soft and tender sympathy with our suffering Substitute. Surely there is not a believing heart present but cries, “Oh, that I knew more of this! Oh, for such loving views of a suffering Saviour as shall break my heart with godly, sympathetic grief and gratitude to Jesus, and indignation against sin and self!”

“ There that sweet mixture would I prove  
Of holy grief and heartfelt love;  
Mourn o'er the Saviour's matchless smart,  
And sing His love with all my heart.”

2. *In compassing Calvary, there is a beholding believingly the triumph*

*there.*—Eden is the place where we see the triumph of sin, Satan, death, and hell. There man's enemies exult, and he lies covered with wounds, a conquered captive. But Calvary is the place to behold the triumph of Christ over all these, the foes of His people. And oh, how unspeakably blessed for a soul that has realized anything of the might of his spiritual foes, to reach Calvary, and there behold his glorious Captain struggling with all His potent enemies, and gaining a complete victory over every one of them, treading Satan underfoot, spoiling principalities and powers, overcoming the world, despoiling death of its sting and the grave of its victory; and doing all this in such union with the Church as makes them sharers in His victory, and as much conquerors as if they themselves had crushed all their spiritual enemies! Oh, Calvary is not only the place to lay the soul low in contrition and godly sorrow, but it is the place to lift it high in godly triumph over all its foes! There is no conquering these dreadful foes but through the blood of the Lamb, and by getting the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. *Calvary is the place to see confidently and thankfully our own safety and redemption.*—Here the price was paid for the Church's rescue from the claim and curse of the holy law. Here salvation's work was completed. The soul at Calvary realizes that "the Son has made it free." It is, therefore, "free indeed." Free from debts, for all are paid; free from curse, for all has been borne; free from condemnation, for righteousness without works is imputed to the believer; free from guilt, for here is full remission; free from stains by the cleansing fountain; free from disease, for by Jesus' stripes the believing soul is healed; free from sin, for it is borne away by the great Scapegoat, and atoned for by the great Sin-offering; free from bonds, and safe from wrath, is the song the happy soul may sing at the cross.

Oh, have you ever been lost at Mount Sinai, and saved at Mount Calvary? You are in an unsaved state, if you never fled to the cross. Your soul is saved, if you were ever led by the Spirit of God to look confidently to the sacrifice of Christ. There is no salvation without faith in Christ. There is certain salvation for all who, through grace, believe in Christ. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." "He that believeth shall be saved." Living faith in a dying Christ must be known by you in this life, or, in the life to come, you will perish for your sins.

4. *Calvary is also the place to behold unexampled honour done to all the divine attributes.*—God's honour is made dear to the soul, as well as his own safety and happiness; and the safety of a sinner can nowhere consist with God's honour, excepting at the cross. At Golgotha, not only can God's honour consist with the safety of the believer, but the two are so linked together that

“ God's honour and His name's at stake  
To save him from the burning lake.”

At Sinai, God's honour could not be supported but by cursing the law-breaker ; but at Calvary, God's honour cannot be maintained but by saving the believer. God is just in His law, and therefore damns the sinner ; God is just to His Son, and therefore saves the believer. At Calvary, not only are those attributes on the sinner's side that are usually appealed to as grounds of hope for wretched man, but those perfections are for him that are the great objects of a sinner's dread. At the cross, justice as much speaks up for the sinner's salvation as mercy. Righteousness is as much on his side as love ; truth as much secures his happiness as grace ; and the holiness of God can as honourably embrace him as the compassion of God. Indeed, God gets *unparalleled* glory at the cross. Hell shows His hatred of sin, but not in colours so wondrous as Calvary, where God poured out His vindictive ire on His well-beloved Son, because He took upon Him the sins of others. Heaven shows the love and profuse benevolence of God, but not like the gift of His own Son. It cost the Maker but a word to build the brilliant dome of heaven ; but it cost Him the gift of His equal Son to ransom His Church. Creation shows the power and goodness of God, but not as Calvary does. It was no effort to Omnipotence to make worlds, but redemption cost the groans of a Man that was Personally God. At Calvary, God unveils His whole Self. His mercy flows freely, while His justice smiles complacently. His love embraces its objects, while His truth maintains its integrity. His grace brings out its boundless stores, while His holiness takes infinite delight in grace's channel. It is in the face of a dying Christ that the glory of God is seen—

“ Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice or the grace.”

The awakened sinner at Sinai shrinks from God. His flesh trembles for fear of God. His dread terrifies him, and His highness makes him afraid. Indeed, “the law worketh wrath.” But let the law-condemned sinner be led to Calvary, and his heart's affections run out towards God. Indeed, he can then joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Do you know the difference between looking upon God out of Christ, and shrinking from Him with awe and dread and terror, and looking upon God in a bleeding Christ so that all His harmonized perfections have appeared to you in the most amiable and blessed light, drawing out your

affections, and making you love Him because He has first loved us? Those who think they love God, and yet never fled to the cross, are loving some creature of their own imagination that they have clothed with the name of God. A truly enlightened sinner can but shrink from God until he meets Him at the cross. If his heart yearns after God, it is after the Deity, as the good news of the Gospel testifies of Him at Calvary. Indeed, it were a boundless subject to show the various lights in which the work of the cross is to be appreciated by the soul who believingly and lovingly treads around that sacred scene—who compasses the Lord's altar. Christ crucified is the Centre to which believing hearts are drawn on earth, and Christ glorified is the Centre to which the spirits of the just are drawn in heaven. The cross of Christ is the soul's comfort here; the crown of Christ is the soul's joy there.

(To be continued.)

### “THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.”

“THE King in His beauty,” the land afar off,  
My spirit is longing to see;  
To behold Him above, and e'er sing of His love,  
Oh, that will be joyful to me!

To gaze on the King in the mansions of light  
Is a prospect both pleasant and sweet;  
While with anxious desires my spirit aspires  
“The King in His beauty” to meet.

To gaze on the King as He sits on His throne,  
Oh, may that great favour be mine!  
To abide in His love, with the ransomed above,  
And “the King in His beauty” divine!

That land afar off, that fair city on high,  
Whose streets and whose walls are so bright;  
Each form that is there a white garment must wear,  
And “the King in His beauty” its light.

While dwelling below, our hearts often roam  
After fancies and idols of earth;  
In the city above, the saints feast on God's love,  
And “the King in His beauty” shines forth.

No sorrows are there, for the saints are at rest,  
And with rapture they gaze on the King;  
Love only is known around the white throne,  
Where the spirits in harmony sing.

B. A. ADCOCK (*slightly altered*).

## CROSSING THE RIVER.

DURING a late journey in the West of England, I found myself, one morning, in an humble dwelling on the borders of the county of Somersetshire. It was the minister's cottage. We had been into the house of God adjoining, and also into the sick-chamber of the afflicted and dying wife of the minister. She was low indeed, and no doubt will soon see Him face to face on whom her hope of heaven has long been built. Indeed, such scenes are solemn—the body wasting, and waiting for the final stroke—the poor soul looking and longing to stretch her wings and fly away.

When down-stairs, the dear old man gave me a little of his history. He was meanly clad. There was a wide difference between his appearance and that of some of our primly-dressed pastors. There was, however, a brightness in his eye, and a dignity stamped on his face, which, to me, plainly said, "The kingdom of God is within." "Ah! sir," said the good old man, "I once ran away from the work of the ministry, and I resolved never to engage in it again. I went and sought for employment. I travelled days and weeks, and scores of miles, until I found myself, one day, seventy miles from home, in Wales, without food and without money. I was compelled one night to lie in an out-house, on some straw, for a bed I could not obtain. Adverse circumstances followed me, until me and mine were passed home to my parish as paupers. I was indeed brought low.

"One day, after being brought home, I obtained employment, and was once more provided with a home and some temporal help. My old Christian friends came, and besought me earnestly to come and preach to them the Gospel of Jesus. I said, 'I will not.' They went away. As soon as they were gone, I sat down alone, and the thought of having so harshly refused them fell upon my mind, and sank me down in deep distress. As I sat, covering my head with my hands, and leaning my arms on the table, I saw in the eye of my mind my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He looked upon me with an expression of severity, yet at the same time with a heavenly smile, while He said, 'His own right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory.' These words broke my heart in melting penitence and love, and I said, 'Yes, Lord, Thou hast gotten the victory, and now I will go and preach in Thy dear name.' That, sir, was over twenty-two years since; and, although I still often feel reluctant to go to the work, yet the Master keeps me to it."

There was one circumstance which this dear man of God related to me with so much simplicity and truthfulness—a

event so illustrative of the faithfulness, the goodness of our God to His poor wandering sheep—that I cannot withhold it.

On the day following that night when he slept on the straw in the out-house, he was desirous of crossing over the water which separates the Welsh from the English counties. He knew that the fare over in the steamboat was one shilling, and in those days there were no other means of transit. Having but one sixpence in the world, it became a serious question how he was to get conveyed over. He determined upon asking the captain of the vessel, which sailed from what is called "The Old Pass," to take him over for sixpence. He went to the captain, made his appeal, and was sternly refused. He then recollected that, near to Chepstow, some miles distant, there was what they called "The New Pass." In hope that he might succeed better there, he walked as fast as he could to the harbour-master, and besought him to allow him to go over in a vessel, just then starting, for sixpence. Again he was sternly refused, and cruel language used for even daring to ask such a favour. "Something," said the good old man, "riveted me to the spot. I stood with my hand on the rail that led down to the water-side, gazing on the vessel about to start over; and as I stood, unable to turn away, something said to me, 'That vessel cannot go over without you.' I thought it presumption to listen to such a persuasion. I made an effort to turn away, but could not. I knew not where to turn. I was fastened to the spot. All was bustle and noise with the crowds of people getting into the vessel to go over, when something said again, 'That vessel cannot go over without you.' I really trembled at my position. The vessel started, and with the utmost rapidity she cut her way through the waters until she was soon nearly out of sight. I watched her every movement, and wondered why I could not cease to gaze upon her and turn away. Presently, all in a moment, the harbour-master came running to me and said, 'What is the matter? Why, the vessel is coming back again, as fast as she can!' I looked more intently, and I certainly then discovered that she was on her return to the port from whence she had started; and with such violence did she come that, on reaching the landing, she almost dashed the heavy beam, block and all, to atoms. The captain cried out, 'The engine is broken. We cannot go over.' Mysteriously enough, the harbour-master turned to me and said, 'Do you know anything of engineering?' I said, 'I do.' 'Go down, then,' said he, 'and see what is the matter.' The captain cried out, 'It is no use his coming. The engine is broken, and we cannot go over.' 'Let him come down,' said the other. Down I went. I examined the machinery. I said, 'In half-an-hour, with certain materials, I can set all right.' The harbour-master brought me

the materials. I went to work, and fulfilled my engagement. Apologies were now made for the rough manner in which they had used me. Money, victuals, and a free passage were now cheerfully given me. The vessel did take me over."

Never, I think, did I hear of a more savoury and striking instance of the Lord's interposition on the behalf of a poor wanderer, proving the truth of the Psalmist's words, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry."

Reader, there is a river that you and I will one day have to cross—not sail over, but pass through its waters—called "the river of death." Many, in passing this river, have sunk to hell, where hope and mercy could never reach them. Some have lived, Gallio-like, "caring for none of these things;" and, as they lived, so they died—strangers to themselves, God, and His Christ. But oh, what an awful awakening—

"When the poor soul is forced to fly  
To seek her last abode!"

Some have vainly hoped a lingering illness would be granted them, so as to give time for preparation, repentance, &c. Alas! how vain! A sudden stroke has cut them off, or a fever has bereft them of their reason (a recent case of a young woman I have just heard of). Some have trusted to, and relied upon, their own good works, their observance of forms and ceremonies in religion, &c. Alas! equally vain! Some have had godly parents, and who can estimate their worth? Yet a parent's soul cannot stand in thy soul's stead.

Has the thought ever come home to our own heart—"How stands the case, my soul, with thee?" Am I amongst those who, under a sense of their need, have 'fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them'?" An interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ alone can fit you for passing this river. We must *all* die! None can say how soon, for death respects neither aged nor youth, rich nor poor, learned nor unlearned. Even now is it upon the road to meet us!

"In that dread moment, oh, to hide  
Beneath His sheltering blood!  
'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,  
And land my soul with God."

R. F. R.

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AND dost thou, poor sinner, find in thy heart to bless God, all within thee rising up in the doing so? Go, then, in peace. I warrant thee thou art a saint indeed.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

A SHIPWRECKED COMPANY WISHING FOR THE DAY.

(Acts xxvii.)

BEING in danger of being shipwrecked in the night, they may well be wishing for the day. The ship had been for many days and nights driven by the tempest and tossed by the waves, till all hope of safety was gone. Two hundred and seventy-five of those on board were, doubtless, greatly distressed with fear. They were indeed a mixed company—soldiers, sailors, merchants, prisoners. There were doubtless persons of various nationalities and religions—heathens, Greeks, Jews, Christians—three only of the latter, namely, Luke, who wrote the account of the voyage, and the other parts of the Acts of the Apostles, Aristarchus, of Macedonia, and the Apostle Paul, the well-known prisoner. He was the one man of calm, self-possessed spirit; or rather, he was possessed of God, and held in cheerful confidence by His power and grace. Circumstances prove what men are, and shipwrecks have very often made manifest the real character of those on board. The poor worldling's vain pleasure and fleshly boasting have frequently been cut short by a rising storm.

How exceedingly poor that peace and joy must be which is wholly destroyed by a change in the weather! And yet, the pleasure of sin is often broken by a less event than this. How sad it is to rely for happiness upon the most deceitful and uncertain thing of all—the human heart! How changeable the best of men are! How unstable the human will and affections! And do not our comfort and peace of mind rest largely on these? If, then, you would live in peace, and be respected and loved, seek peace, and give respect and love to all to whom it is due. "Honour to whom honour is due" is the divine command; and "Do good to them that hate you" also. Thus did Paul in this time of great trial; but the stay of his soul and the strength of his heart was in his known and oft-proved Redeemer. None can have unbroken peace till their heart is united to Christ. He only is at rest whose mind is stayed on God. Oh, to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him"! Happy position this!

First, let us gather some useful instruction from the causes of their present perilous condition. All that is written is for our learning. Edification and consolation may be gained from every page of the divine Word by the believing, prayerful reader. One cause of their suffering, sorrow, and fear was, their weakness. They could not control the winds nor resist the waves. How helpless are we in the presence of, and with regard to, the raging

sea and the roaring wind ! When God throws His forked arrows of lightning, where is the shield that can withstand them ? Or, if He shake the earth by an unseen hand from beneath our feet, who can find a place of safety ? The heavens also were covered with blackness. Neither sun nor stars were seen for many days. The books, the chart, the power of calculation, were all to no purpose, without the light from heaven as a starting-point. The ignorant knew as much as the wise in this case. Thus far they were to be pitied. And is not this the condition of each and all of us through sin—helpless, ignorant, and exposed to dangers and death at all times ? Little did they think, when they left Crete, that they would be wrecked at Melita. But so it was. They were driven out of their track, and knew not where they were. How oft the most unexpected thing becomes the fact ! Oh, Lord, guide me with Thy wisdom, and keep me from evil !

But these mariners were not altogether free from blame. They had despised the good counsel of the marvellous prisoner. He told them that the voyage would be with hurt and much damage. He was a very learned man, and a great traveller in those parts. But they were ignorant and confident, and disregarded his warning. The unbelief, the conceit, the self-will of the inexperienced, oh, what damage and sorrow these bring to many ! Self-will ever leads to self-ruin. However, now, in their sad condition and distress, they did what they could. There being two hundred and seventy-six persons on board, the ship was doubtless heavily freighted ; therefore, in order to save the lives of the passengers, they were ready to cast overboard all they could possibly do without. Their lives were precious to them, even if only prolonged for a few days or years. But what is a few years longer in the body, when compared with eternity ? We may escape this storm of affliction, and get through the next tempest of danger ; but this body in which we cross the sea of time will soon be broken by the unavoidable rock, fixed in the course of every mortal ship, namely, death. We cannot steer by the death-rock to which the rapid current of days is hastening us. When your frail barque strikes this rock, where will you land ? Will it be the glorious abode of light and day, or the cavern of darkness and night ? Where you land you must abide for ever. You will never have another vessel provided for you. Are you willing to cast everything overboard rather than not land aright ? What would it profit a man, if he could gain the whole world, and take it along with him in safety till he arrived at the death-rock, and then lose it, and his soul be left to sink into the cave of eternal woe ? Look well to the King's chart, and take your measurements daily by the light above you. Look up to the true Light, and in every storm see that your anchor is well cast. If the sun

be covered, still look towards it. You shall soon see a little breaking in the clouds, and so have light to guide you on your way in safety.

Secondly, notice the rich consolation and sure ground of hope granted to this living cargo, weakened with fasting and disheartened with fear. The singular prisoner comes on deck. He has a message to deliver. He is not a believer in fate, but in prayer. He had sought and obtained the mind and purpose of the Maker and Ruler of land and sea. Listen to his respectful but decided tones—"Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island." The prisoner has turned captain, commander, and prophet. Mark those three statements—"I must be brought before Cæsar;" "We must be cast upon an island;" "There shall be no loss of any life." He did not ask them to believe in his God. He told them he believed himself what he had said should be fulfilled. He exhorted them to be of good cheer. He acted according to his own advice. "He took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all: and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat." Thus the singular prisoner, around whom were gathered so many strange mysteries and evil reports, was a blessing and a comfort to all on board. This is just as it should be. Who but the man fully assured of the eternal safety of his soul, and deeply conscious of the presence of his Almighty Protector, *could* have spoken and acted thus? Paul was, in a certain sense, the saviour of the whole company. "Lo, God hath given *thee* all them that sail with thee," said the angel. The ungodly have no idea of their indebtedness to the righteous, whom they mock, for their constant safety and daily supply. If but ten righteous men had been found in Sodom, the whole city would have been spared its awful destruction (Gen. xviii. 32).

They had now on board the ship a good ground for hope. There was the promise of safety, of life, and the man of steadfast faith to encourage them. They were not resigned to fixed fate, nor relying upon absolute necessity, but on the words and conduct of Paul. How unspeakably great are the advantages and consolations of the believer in God! How sure his present

peace and safety ! How certain his eternal happiness ! His very troubles and sorrows are privileges. He is directed and protected when he is walking in darkness. He stands in the rank of honour when he is a prisoner among the disgraced. He has the consciousness of nobility when he is clothed in rags. He has the hope of glory and immortality in his soul when he is dying, neglected, or persecuted. He believes the promise of safety and rest. He is looking for the day. He knows God has a purpose to serve by him in this world, and he is willing to serve and wait till that purpose is accomplished. The man of faith is the man of power and patience—

“ Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And trusts to God alone ;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says, ‘ It must be done ! ’ ”

But true faith does not overlook or neglect the means which are to lead to the end. Paul did not, after his speech and meal, go and lie down in the cabin. No ; he watched the conduct of the shipmen, and instructed the soldiers. All proper means were used to get safely to land when the daylight should come ; and while they waited, they watched. They cast anchors to hold the ship near to land, and to keep it off the rocks. It was thus they waited, and “ wished for the day.”

Reader, are you aware of the dangers of the way you are going ? Do you know your weakness and ignorance, in regard to them ? Are you anxious for your eternal safety ? or do you disregard the instructions of the wise, and trust to your own wisdom and power ? If God be your Guide and Stay, you may well rejoice in your present safety and future glory. Your day of deliverance draweth nigh. Have faith in God, for you *must* be saved—

“ Believers thus are tossed about  
On life’s tempestuous main ;  
But grace assures, *beyond a doubt*,  
They shall their port attain.

“ Their passage lies across the brink  
Of many a threatening wave ;  
They trust in God, and cannot sink,  
For Jesus lives to save.

“ Though feeble as the feeble worms,  
His promise holds them fast ;  
They venture through a thousand storms,  
To see His face at last.”

And they *shall* see His face, and fear no more the waves and the tempest. These shall be passed for ever. Yet a little while,

and you shall sorrow no more. You may have to part with all but life, but your immortal life is sure. The way by which you must leave the earthen vessel, and the means of bringing you to land—Immanuel's land—are all known to Him, and will be known by you at the right time. A little more rough tossing, and then a seat with Jesus in glory, for verily we know and are sure—

“The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of heaven breaks ;  
The summer morn I've sighed for—the fair, sweet morn awakes ;  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.”

W. B.

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### AN EXTRACT.

LAST Sabbath Day, after preaching in the morning at Olney, with three others I rode to hear one Mr. James Hervey, a minister of the Church of England, who preached at Collingtree; and, to my great surprise as well as satisfaction, having never seen such a thing before in prayer-time, instead of singing Psalms, they sung two of Dr. Watts's hymns, the clerk giving them out line by line. After prayer, without going out of the desk, the minister put off his surplice, and turned to the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, which was the second lesson of the day, and told the people what pleasure had occurred in his mind whilst reading the parable of our Saviour feeding the four thousand men, besides women and children, with seven loaves and a few little fishes.

He then spoke in a plain, simple manner about it, and afterwards spiritualized it by observing what great things the Lord sometimes does by small things and weak instruments. And then, without going up into the pulpit, he turned to the fifth chapter of Ephesians, and read the twenty-fifth and two following verses, and very sweetly and clearly he spoke from them.

After describing the nature of the Church of Christ, he then from the Holy Word showed who were the members of this Church—such as were cleansed, washed, or justified from their sins in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here he spoke very clearly to the people, and told them that all were not of, or in, this Church, which he compared to Noah and his family in the ark being safe, when all the rest were drowned by the deluge. In like manner he showed, notwithstanding their coming to that place or building, if they were not members of that he had been describing, by being united to Jesus Christ by faith, they, as the people out of the ark, must perish at last. And, as he had been telling them who were the members of this Church, he spake in an humble way of himself as being an unworthy member thereof.

And now, having shown what was meant by the Church, and who were its members, he showed, lastly, from the words he had read, what were the Church's privileges. First, Christ loved the Church; secondly, He gave Himself for it; and lastly, to crown all, He would "present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Thus far I have been particular, for such a way of proceeding in the Church of England seems wonderful to me. But what shall we say? God is no Respector of persons, neither of places. Oh, that others of his brethren may go and do likewise! And I am not without hope that many will.

I was with him a little after he had done preaching, and he spoke of another clergyman who came out of Huntingdonshire some time ago on purpose to see him, and since has written to him. This Mr. Hervey expounds every Wednesday night, preaches twice on the Sabbath, and meets some of his people on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

## SATISFACTION.

(ISAIAH liii. 11.)

JESUS, the very Son of God—  
 Jesus, the Crucified—  
 "Sees of the travail of His soul,"  
 And He is "satisfied."

The anguish and the bloody sweat  
 Of the cold mountain side  
 Are passed, and on His Father's throne  
 Jesus is "satisfied."

The lost one He has sought and found;  
 His own belovèd bride  
 Is welcomed to His Father's house,  
 And He is "satisfied."

"The precious sons of Zion" now  
 Have all been sanctified:  
 The Triune God and Church are one,  
 And Jesus "satisfied."

*Whitby.*

M. L. S.

GOD had but one Son, and of Him He made a Minister.

HE, Christ, was the Root of His ancestors and the Father of His mother.

THAT which put the worth or value on Christ's satisfaction was the worth of His Person. It was Personal worth which carried it.

## PRIVILEGES IN AFFLICTION.

MANY times the remark has been made to the writer, by some who have coveted more of the Lord's favour, that, as the Lord has often manifested Himself to His people in their affliction, and, by precious tokens of His love, has comforted their souls, they could almost desire that affliction might overtake them, so that they, too, might taste those sweets of grace which the Lord dispenses to those in the furnace of trial, and find a nearness to Him who, when the time of need is come, will also prove it to be the time of love. Yet these are but vain desires, and it is our great mercy to find a patient submission to the Lord's will. Whether we stand and serve, or run to do His bidding, and whether we are watching His hand, or lying waiting in affliction, it is sweet to have still the thought that what He is doing and what we are experiencing is all working together for our good.

The Lord's people are a tried people; and, as they travel on in the wilderness, they often taste the bitter waters of Marah, and find the virtues of that tree which, being cast in, maketh the bitter sweet. At such times, they still have to say, as the Psalmist records of Israel of old, that "He led them forth by the right way." Though hungry and thirsty, and their souls at times fainting within them, yet it was "the right way," and the journey ended well in the Lord's own time. As the affliction of Egypt ceased on the appointed day, so did the wilderness journey, and they crossed over the Jordan when the Lord's purpose was accomplished—not one day sooner nor one day later than the time decreed even before the promise was given to Abraham.

One matter might be observed here to profit, touching the genealogy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Forty years the Israelites had been in the wilderness, until all the men of war had died that came out of Egypt; yet the purpose of the Lord to bring forth His Son from the tribe of Judah, and also from a Gentile race, is gradually being wrought; and Salmon, prince of the house of Judah, is to take Rahab from the house with the scarlet line in the window, in Jericho, to be his wife; and from this event the sceptre of kingship was continued in the tribe of Judah even till the Redeemer came.

Wherever the Lord's people are, His gracious promise still is, "I will be with thee." Moses, tried about taking the great office for which the Lord had designed him, and to which He had called him, received this promise—"Certainly I will be with thee." And so faithful is our God, so firm His promise, Amalek may come against the people, Balaam may wish to curse,

but the Lord is with them, and the blessing cannot be altered, nor made of none effect. "Hath He said, and will He not do it?" The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night was always present; and though in an enemy's land, yet they were still kept by His power, and preserved by His mercy, day by day. Is there a Joseph in the pit, or in the house of Potiphar, or in the prison? Yet the Lord is there, and hath set a bound to the envy and hatred of his brethren, and to the anger of his master. He also brought him out without loss, and exalted him above his brethren in the eyes of all that saw him. David must flee from Absalom, and mourn over the sins and death of those he loved. Jacob serves the crafty Laban, and is consumed with drought and frost. Job must lose flocks and herds, sons and daughters, bear reproach and false accusations; yet the Lord, in the hour of trial and in the time of affliction, was still at hand, and blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning, brought Jacob to his end in peace, in a good old age, and caused David to say at the last, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" This is the question of Paul, with a knowledge of the Lord's purposes of grace surpassing most men's knowledge. The testimonies of the Scriptures were opened to him, and the list of worthies mentioned in the eleventh of Hebrews shows his knowledge of the deliverances which the Lord had wrought for His people in the past, and his confidence in His faithfulness even to the end. "The time would fail me," he says, to tell of others who endured; but, having obtained promises, they all proved the faithfulness of God in the fulfilling of His word, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Daniel, for his steadfastness, must be cast into the den of lions, and his three companions in captivity must be cast into the fire; but neither of them are left for a moment. "My God hath sent His angel, and shut the lions' mouths," says Daniel. And the fire had no power over the three men walking loose therein, for, lo, a fourth One was seen with them, and His form "was like the Son of God." "With Christ in the vessel we smile at the storm;" with Him at the helm, the ship rides safely over the flood; and even if cast out, like Jonah, yet it is He who constrains the soul to look again towards His holy temple.

How many poor souls in affliction feel, like Hagar, cast out and perishing—no light, no love, no warmth of heart! But the Lord appears, and speaks comfortable words—"Fear not; thou shalt not die, but live." Is the water in the bottle spent? Art thou returning from the pits empty, and covering the face through shame, having found no water? Then the Lord arises, and opens the

eyes, and the well of water is seen, and they drink, and go on their way.

What a depth of meaning there is contained in the question, "What aileth thee, Hagar?" Then is the watchful eye of the Lord upon the outcasts who have almost fainted, who have come the last time, who have cried their last cry, and sat down, giving all up. Yet the Lord's time is hastening on. "Now will I arise, and set him in safety from him that puffeth at him;" and, "though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Such a weakness may come upon the frame, such a heavy affliction and darkness upon the soul, that there appears no light, no life, no hope. Yet, even then, the heart may cry, as it often does, with a "groaning that cannot be uttered." Real heart-prayer, a crying unto God, may be at times in the soul, and yet no language can be found to express the desire. The spiritual cry made by the Holy Spirit in the heart may not be understood even by the tried and afflicted soul itself; yet to Him who readeth the heart it is all plain and understood, He having indited the cry; and—

"To Him there's music in a sigh,  
And beauty in a tear."

"Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." This is Hezekiah's testimony in his affliction; yet he breaks out, "The Lord was ready to save me." Though the prayers were a loathsome sound in his own ears, yet they were highly acceptable to the Lord, and answers of peace were sent. "Thus saith the Lord, I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears; I will add unto thy days fifteen years."

Even so now with the afflicted of the Lord's family. It is often made manifest that the time of unfolding the choicest blessings contained in the covenant is the time of trial; and many a sick room is hallowed and sanctified by the visits of the Lord, the sheddings abroad of the influences of the gracious Spirit, and the revelation of a precious Redeemer. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." In all their trials the Lord bears a part; in all their sorrows He is concerned; and however low they may be brought, yet "underneath them still are the everlasting arms."

Many and sweet are the seasons which the children of God find in the chambers of affliction; and much of that hidden power in melting the stubborn, stony heart is known and felt when at the bed-side of the sick which is seldom found in light, gay company, or experienced in the busy scenes of the world. Heavenly moments such as these have, at times, been enjoyed by the writer, though scarcely a word has been spoken.

The following few lines testify of a time of refreshing from the Lord, experienced by one whose privilege it is to suffer for His sake, as well as to believe on His name :—

“I was so very pleased to receive your sweet letter—yea, I am always glad to hear from you, and I thank you for it very much ; but I cannot feel so thankful as I would oftentimes, for the favours bestowed upon me. I like the verses you enclosed, and am so glad you think of me and pray for me, for I need your prayers more than ever, as I have had so much come against me the last few days, both within and without. But your last letter has been some comfort to me under it, which causes me to appreciate it.

“One day, when feeling much cast down, these lines were a sweet help to me—

“ ‘ With Jesus’ aid we’ll stand the storm ;  
Its rage is almost over ;  
We’ll anchor in the harbour soon,  
In the land beyond the river.’

“Oh, how it soothed my sorrows and renewed my strength ! and I felt then that I could press on amidst all difficulties, with a hope to land beyond the river.

“Oh, my dear friend, what could I do without the sweet mercy of God ?

“ ‘ Without His sweet mercy I could not live here ;  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair.’

“I need mercy every hour, and often think that no earthly friend would, as the Lord does, bear with my almost continual coming to them with my many troubles and sorrows. But, though sometimes a precious Jesus seems to turn a deaf ear, yet succour I at length obtain. Oh, what a good and gracious God He has been to me all my life long ! I would extol His loving-kindness and tender mercies to me, who am so very unworthy of the least of them. I am indeed ‘less than the least of all saints,’ and the chief of sinners. I desire to thank, bless, and praise Him that ever He taught me my sinnership, and then revealed a precious Christ to me as the only way whereby I could be saved from eternal death, and has since given me many intimations of His love and favour. How true it is, ‘In His favour is life’ ! Oh, to have done with sin, sorrow, and affliction, temptations and trials, for ever ! The sweet thought sometimes cheers me that ‘these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ Ah ! they are indeed ‘light afflictions,’ compared with what a precious Christ suffered for our sins—

“ ‘Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,  
That opened a channel of mercy for me !’

“ I enjoyed your last visit very much. It was a sweet time to me. I always prize your visits very much, and feel it is such a favour to have you come and pray with me. I don't think I shall forget the last time when you were in prayer. It dropped into my heart with such savour, and such sweet peace ensued, that I felt happy all the rest of the day. All my doubts and fears were gone, and that verse was very sweet to me—

“ ‘Yes, I to the end shall endure  
As sure as the earnest is given ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.’

“ It seemed too much for such a vile, polluted, ill, and undeserving sinner as I. Oh, why did He ever take knowledge of me— one who feels not like unto one of His handmaidens ? But how I do love to feel His presence ! How it seems to help me onward ! When I faint beneath my load, nothing soothes my sorrows like the sweet presence of Jesus. ‘How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them !’ How sweet it is to meditate upon His wonderful works ! but this I cannot always do. Sometimes I feel forsaken and alone, then how heavily the time drags ! I have had so much come against me again of late that I often feel almost overwhelmed in trouble, and I should sink, to rise no more, if it were not for having a precious Jesus to flee unto. I am indeed thankful to find there yet is room before the throne of grace.”

Thus we see there is still a balm in Gilead, and the healing Physician, who comforts the mourners, is still near to His own. Though the chastening for the present is “not joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards it yieldeth peaceable fruits of righteousness” to the exercised soul. This is but one of many who find the Lord Jesus precious, and who cannot do without Him “in affliction's thorny maze.” True fellowship with Christ Jesus in His sufferings is better taught in such seasons and places than in much reading, hearing, or study, if the Lord will. All centres here, and happy the soul whose will is blended with His will, and that can say from the heart, in times of sorrow, pain, or solitude, “Thy will be done !”

Affliction hath its privileges and its profit, and the work of grace shall never suffer loss. The covenant standeth fast ; the foundation is sure, “having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His.”

May the Lord bless these few lines to some of His own afflicted people, for Christ's sake !

J. D.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I will try to give, as you wish, my experience of “life,” and “life more abundantly.” I cannot speak but from my own experience, yet should be sorry indeed to restrict the Lord, who is a Sovereign, and works as He will in the hearts of the children of men.

You know I was an ignorant, thoughtless, sinful youth, caring only for vanity and the follies of this world—truly “without God and without hope.” Father had set us a good example, and brought us under the Word, to hear right precepts. But he had gone home to glory, and now I was under little or no restraint, when, in the midst of my sins, I began to feel that my condition was not right in the sight of God—that I was a sinner, and should be punished with the wicked, and sent to that place where hope never would come. This continued with me by day and by night, almost without intermission, and made me most unhappy; but it brought me off from outward sin and sinful companions, and made me cry for mercy and forgiveness, although I did not know how the Lord could pardon *me*, so I went on crying and saying, if God would pardon me, I would lead a different life to that I had hitherto led. I did not then know that God must work in me “to will and to do of His good pleasure.” No word of Scripture, that I can recollect, was impressed upon my mind at this time. I read the Word of God *now*—neglected till now—but nothing spoke to me by it, till, one fine night, I exclaimed, mentally, “Oh, what a beautiful, starlight night, and I am so unhappy! How is it the heavens are so beautiful?” when it dropped into my spirit, “God is love.” My heart replied, “Did He ever love *me*?” and immediately those sweet words were spoken home with almighty power, “Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” It made a new creature of me, and oh, the love and affection it drew from my heart towards God, for His great love to such an one as I; and I saw at once His *love*, in making me feel my lost estate, and making me cry for mercy.

I searched father's Concordance, and found the Scripture, which was again dropped powerfully into my soul. I was afraid to go to bed, lest I should lose the comfort and the blessing, but begged God, if it came from Him, to let it return in the morning, and, praises to His dear name, as soon as I awoke, the words came again, “Yea, I have loved thee,” &c., and the Lord was pleased to permit me to go rejoicing in His love to my poor soul for many, many days. Truly this was a time of love. Now my eyes were enlightened spiritually, Jesus Christ was revealed to my understanding little by little, and from that time I trust I may say, I began to

“grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord.” “Many days have passed since then,” and “many trials I have seen ;” but I can say, to God’s glory—

“I have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but Thou ?”

In all my trials and afflictions, the Lord has been pleased to speak words of comfort, support, and direction, enabling me to say often, “How sweet are Thy words !” I like His sweet words when He is pleased to speak by His Word. Yet, at the beginning, there was no word spoken, although, of course, my calling out of darkness was directly in accordance with His written Word.

Now for the “life more abundantly.” Lately I had been in a very low, unhappy state ; no feeling of nearness to the Lord, nor of wanting His felt presence and love in my soul ; spiritual life, as it were, almost dying out ; yet there was still a little looking to Him, proving that spiritual life was not quite extinct.

One morning, the following verse dropped powerfully and unexpectedly into my mind—

“The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do ;  
My Saviour’s obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

Oh, how faith, hope, and love sprang up ! My soul was all on fire, and I have not yet ceased blessing, loving, and praising God for His great love towards me, causing life, divine life, to flow afresh in my soul ; and this, I believe, is having “life more abundantly.” So you see, life came to me without Scripture words at the first, and, by God’s good Spirit, “life abundantly” through the words of the poet Toplady—“A debtor to mercy alone.”

Now my great desire is, to live near to God—to walk humbly before Him—never, never to sin, but daily to feel my wretched, sinful heart washed and purified by Jesus’ precious blood. From day to day I tell the Lord I would be holy as He is holy ; but, alas ! I am a sinner still. I expect no holiness but to be found in Him who is the Holy One, and my cry is, “Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,” &c. I shall be all holy when I awake in my Lord’s likeness, and “see Him as He is,” and for ever shine in His image.

This, dear M—, is a little of what I have known, felt, and handled. The Lord bless you in like manner, so that you may “know Him, whom to know is life eternal.”

Your affectionate brother,

March 6th, 1853.

H. N.

## To "R. P."

If you carefully observe the former part of the chapter (Phil. ii.), you will see that the Apostle begins with exhorting to unity, love, and concord, by the most powerful and touching arguments, those who had tasted the blessedness and sweetness of divine grace, which exhortation he strengthens by setting before them the example of Christ (ver. 5—11). And then he says, "Wherefore, my beloved, . . . work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," which may be understood thus. Let those who are interested in Christ Jesus, who are saved by Him, are partakers of His grace, and possess His Spirit, be careful that their conduct one toward another, and before the world, be such that their works shall prove to be the result of the grace they have received. The fruit should agree with the root, and those who have received Christ in the heart should show Him forth in good works, and thus prove that they are the saved of the Lord; for what is a profession of His name, if our works are not consistent with salvation? Christ Jesus came to save His people from their sins. If, then, that salvation has come to us, how shall we any longer live in sin? "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). He died to deliver us from this present evil world. How, then, can we love it, and be in fellowship with it? "The friendship of the world is enmity with God" (James iv. 4). He came to redeem us from under the law. How, then, shall we seek to be justified by its works? "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse" (Gal. iii. 10). If He is our salvation in these and similar points, does it not become us to work it out, and thus prove that we are Christ's? There is to be a putting off the old man and a putting on the new, which things are not meritorious on our part, but only the living out what God has wrought in us.

Then, as to the example of Christ, it is one of love. Look at Him where you will, love prevails in all His works and ways, from His coming upon the earth as the Babe in Bethlehem's manger to His dying on the cross. Thus He is set before us in the former part of this chapter as the example of humility and condescension to all who know the consolation of Christ, the comfort of love, the fellowship of the Spirit, and the bowels and mercies resulting from covenant love and grace; and the exhortation comes to such, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." They that are His have His spirit; and spiritual fruits, after the example of Christ, are to be the result, in contradistinction to the fruits of the flesh; therefore so "work out your own salvation" before men, among whom ye shine as lights in the world, that ye may prove to be the

sons of God, without rebuke. But they who profess to be the subjects of Christ's salvation, and yet, by their spirit and walk toward and before others, manifest only the fruits and works of the flesh, cannot be said to be without rebuke, for the Word of God condemns them for bringing only fruits contrary to the spirit and example of Christ, whose they profess to be. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. viii. 9).

Then, again, many of the Lord's children are tried about their salvation, because their evidences are not clear, and they pass by many things which might prove a comfort and encouragement to them, because they cannot clearly read their sonship. But we should not slight anything that God bestows upon us, which accords with His covenant promises; for, if He has given one thing to us, or done one thing for us, promised to His spiritual seed in His covenant, then the inheritance is ours, although we do not read our full title thereto at the present. Has He opened our blind eyes—made sin hateful and a trouble to us? Has He made us so to desire an interest in Christ above all created good, feeling assured that none of our works can help us in the matter of our salvation? for "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." Has He made us to hope in His mercy, through the blood and merit of His dear Son? And can we say of Him—

"Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee"?

If these evidences are to be found in us, they surely testify that the Lord has implanted grace in our hearts, and that His Spirit has wrought in us a will to be the Lord's, and a desire to flee to, and be found in, Christ Jesus. If sin is hateful, and the world can no longer content our heart—if we feel something of the suitability of Jesus, and a love to His people and ways—are these not evidences of our having passed from death unto life? and may we not use the same arguments as did Manoah's wife? (Judges xiii. 23.)

Comparing our evidences with God's testimonies may thus be called working out, or proving, our salvation; or, as Peter calls it, "making our calling and election sure"—not securing it, but proving it to be a certainty, because the work and testimonies of the Lord are valid, and to be relied upon, for "the promises are all in Christ Jesus yea and Amen," and all the work of the Spirit in us is to bring us to build alone on the one foundation God has laid in Zion.

We cannot enter fully into the subject now, but merely give a few thoughts upon it, hoping they may be helpful to an anxious-minded one.

## PREVALENCE OF POPERY.

NOT many streets from the house in which we are assembled, you may have your candles, and your incense, and your copes, and your albs, with all the other pomps and vanities of the detestable idolatry of Rome. That Romanism against which Latimer bore testimony at the stake has been suffered to hold its mummeries and practise its fantastic tricks in the name of this nation, until it counts its deluded admirers by tens of thousands. That monster which stained Smithfield with gore, and made it an ash-heap for the martyrs of God, has come back to you. The old wolf that rent your fathers, and tore their palpitating hearts out of their bosoms, you have suffered to come back into your house, and you are cherishing it, and feeding it with your children's meat.

Once again the harlot of Babylon flaunts her finery in our faces almost without rebuke. Do not tell me it is not Popery. It is the self-same Antichrist with which your fathers wrestled, and a man with but half his wits about him may see it to be so; and yet this land bears it, and rejoices in it, and crouches at the foot of a priest once more. Our great ones, our delicate women and dainty lords, are once again the willing vassals of priestcraft and superstition; and, amid all this, if any one speaks out, he is assailed as uncharitable, and abhorred as a troubler in Israel.

Is it nothing that God has favoured this land with the Gospel? Must all her light be turned to darkness? Must all the gains of the valiant men of old be lost by the sloth and cowardice of this thoughtless generation? In days of yore, men like Knox and Welch, in Scotland, and Hugh Latimer, and John Bradford, fought like lions for the truth, and are we to yield like cowardly curs? Are the men of oak succeeded by the men of willow? The men who cried, "No Popery here!" now sleep within their sepulchres, and their descendants wear the yoke which their fathers scorned. Shall not God visit us for this?

I would that a voice of thunder could arouse this slumbering generation. I am for liberty of conscience for every man. I would have, by all manner of means, the Catholic as free to practise his religion as any one else. I would have religion left to its own native power for support; but, above all things, if we must be doomed to have an Established Church, I pray God it may not for ever be a den of superstition and the haunt of Papistical heresies. If the Church of England does not sweep Tractarianism out of her midst, it should be the daily prayer of every Christian man that God would sweep her utterly away from this nation, for the old leprosy of Rome ought not to be sanctioned and supported by a land which has shed so much of her blood to be purged from it. C. H. SPURGEON.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

How full of interest and beauty is the subject Christ has given to occupy our thoughts, whether we consider the lilies as most lovely flowers, whose exquisite grace and symmetry of form tell us of a Father's care, or as types of Him who is "the altogether lovely," and of His Church, perfect through the comeliness of our Lord! Well might Christ say that "even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these," for no texture of human manufacture could compare with the rich, yet delicate, petals, in their soft whiteness or brilliant colours. And some grow with but slight care from man, even in gardens—sometimes unthought of till they appear to testify that the Creator has not forgotten to clothe them, nor supply their necessary food, telling us, in their mute way, that He cannot forget those whom He has so loved and redeemed.

It is promised to Israel that "he shall grow as the lily"—the bulb apparently dry and dead in the winter, but so refreshed by the rain and dew of spring as to grow with great rapidity, taking in the nourishment which God supplies, and having no care but to be beautiful for Him. And, when the dew of the Holy Spirit's grace, and the sunshine of His love, fall upon our hearts, how quickly the flower of a Christian life appears! The tiny bells of the lily of the valley chime sweetest music when they make our hearts echo His words, "I am the Lily of the valley." What a lesson they teach of the purity, gentleness, and humility in Him, working quietly so many years in Nazareth, till the time came for the fragrance of His life to be known! "His lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh," reminds us of another text—"Grace is poured into Thy lips," and that so richly that, when He spoke, "they wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth;" and many of those gracious words have been recorded for us, that we, too, may enjoy their sweetness, and answer with the chosen one, "His lips are like lilies."

That which is a type of Christ frequently becomes the type of His Church, because He gives her His own beauty, and clothes her with His own purity and holiness; and so He lovingly says, "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters." The contrast is strong between the fair, peaceful lily, and the hard thorns, which sometimes try to hide their sharpness under green leaves, but fail to do so before an all-seeing eye of the One who knows all the surroundings of His people. How Christ delights

to be with His people, for "He feedeth among the lilies," the imagery being taken from the gazelle finding pasture among the flowers. We know from His words, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," that He takes pleasure in being among His people, especially when they meet to speak of Him. And, as we are not content to have the flowers only out of doors, we gather them for the rooms, that we may constantly enjoy their beauty; so Christ longs to have His lilies in His own home, to be for ever with Him.

In a country churchyard, on the tomb of a young girl, is carved a wreath of lilies, one of which is broken off and fallen below, reminding us that "My Beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."

DORA.

## FOR A TIME OF WAR.

WHILE Joshua led the armèd bands  
Of Israel forth to war,  
Moses, apart, with lifted hands,  
Engaged in humble prayer.

The armèd bands had quickly failed,  
And perished in the fight,  
If Moses' prayer had not prevailed  
To put the foes to flight.

When Moses' hands, through weakness, dropped,  
The warriors fainted too;  
Israel's success at once was stopped,  
And Amalek bolder grew.

A people always prone to boast  
Were taught by this suspense  
That not a numerous armèd host,  
But God, was their defence.

We now of fleets and armies vaunt,  
And ships and men prepare;  
But men like Moses most we want,  
To save the State by prayer.

Yet, Lord, we hope Thou hast prepared  
A bidden few to-day  
(The nation's secret strength and guard)  
To weep, and mourn, and pray.

Oh, hear their prayers, and grant us aid;  
Bid war and discord cease;  
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,  
And bless us all with peace!

JOHN NEWTON.

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I find that you, like myself, are too prone to be looking at “the things that are seen,” instead of “the things that are not seen.” The things that are seen are two-fold—first, those things which are agreeable to our nature, and which we are apt to set our affections upon, as good and satisfactory, and so to overlook and neglect those things which are not seen, which so infinitely surpass them. Then there are other things of a very opposite character, such as afflictions of various kinds. When these come upon us, we are too apt to look upon them as so great and heavy that we cannot look through them to those eternal blessings which, if we could rightly look upon, would put everything in a different light to what we otherwise see it in. It would show us that those things which are so agreeable to our nature are far less desirable and satisfactory than they appear to be, and that there is indeed much danger in them; and that afflictions, trials, crosses, &c., which we look upon as so undesirable, and to be dreaded, are, in the hands of a gracious God, most needful and good. We cannot see this except God, by His grace, opens the eyes of our understanding, so that we see, not only the bitter waters of Marah, but the Tree, Christ, cast in, sweetening the water. He came under all our curse and trouble, not to take away our troubles here, but to take away the curse by bearing it Himself; so that the waters of Marah are not only drinkable, but, while we are in the wilderness, salutary and most needful to us.

The things which Moses could see, “the riches of Egypt,” he looked not upon so as to be influenced by them. He looked beyond them—the afflictions of Israel also—because he looked upon those eternal blessings which as yet were “unseen,” but which were promised of God. He saw them by faith, and his choice was influenced by that. We also, if taught by the same blessed Spirit, shall, as we come to maturity, have had “our senses exercised to discern between good and evil” (Heb. v. 14), and shall be able to come to the same conclusion.

May our hearts be set on finding spiritual profit in all we pass through.

I am, with Christian love, yours affectionately,  
E. MORGAN.

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THE least drop of life is a foretaste of the eternal ocean. We not only drink together with Christ, but out of the same cup, too.

It is winter with us, in comparison of what it shall be when we shall be raised personally to sit with Christ in heavenly places.

# THE SOWER.

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## CLEAN HANDS ESSENTIAL TO COMMUNION WITH GOD.

SERMON BY THE LATE MR. S. SEARS.

*"I will wash mine hands in innocency : so will I compass Thine altar, O Lord."*—PSALM xxvi. 6.

*(Concluded from page 90.)*

It is at the cross that the world is put in its right place, and we take our right place towards it. Here it is the believer is crucified to the world, is dying to earth; and the world is crucified, is dying, to him. It is at the cross the conscience is purged from dead works, to serve the living and the true God—is cleansed from all that hinders the soul serving in the true tabernacle of God. The cross fills the priestly laver that cleanses from all hindrances to the fulfilment of our priestly functions. The cross furnishes the grand heal-all for the wounds of sin. "With His stripes we are healed."

Oh, have you ever had a torn, bleeding, ulcerous conscience, that only grew worse and worse under all treatment, till you came to the cross, and there had all its wounds healed by the "sovereign balm for every wound" that only the cross can furnish? Sin is a malady that must be your eternal death, if it is never healed, by faith, through the redemption wrought at Calvary. Calvary is the place to lay us too low for pride, presumption, levity, and vanity, and to raise us too high for despondency and dejection. Calvary gives motives for obedience, and sets us free to obey. "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." It is when the conscience is purged from dead works by the blood of the cross that we can serve the living and true God. The cross is a refuge for a sinner, but no cloak for sin. It is a remedy for our unholiness and a spring of holiness. It is there that Toplady's hymn is answered—

"Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure—  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

This is the place from which to look back to our predestination to life before time, and to look on to our glorification and bliss

beyond time. In a word, here is the place to learn the meaning of "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."

But I must go on to show you—

II. *What it is that hinders the thus compassing the altar, namely, unwashed hands.*—There is no communion between light and darkness, and no concord between Christ and Belial. You cannot defile your hands with allowed evil, and at the same time live near to the cross. If the hands are polluted, communion with God must be broken. Evil around us, and evil in us, are different from evil handled by us. When the Lord Jesus walked in the midst of evil, He never touched it with His hands, for He had nothing in Him to prompt Him to do so. To defile His hands was an impossibility. But it is not so with us. All kinds of evil around us have corresponding evils within us; so that, when external temptation puts some filthy thing before us, internal temptation pushes us on with wicked desires to touch that abominable thing, and the fear and grace of God within us cry out against the defiling touch; and, if grace prevail, then the soul escapes with undefiled hands; but, if corruption gains the mastery, the evil is handled, if only in the affections and imagination, and the hands are defiled, and communion is stopped.

Oh, if you are allowing yourself, in thought, word, or deed, in what your conscience witnesses against, grace shrinks from, and the Word of God condemns, you cannot be having communion with God! Your heart is condemning you, and will not smile upon you. Much more is God, who is greater than your heart, condemning you, and refusing you His smile.

I need not particularize the many evils that may defile a Christian's hands. Every Christian knows, more or less, to his pain, what inward and outward mud-holes he is surrounded with, into which he is but too prone to thrust the hand of his thoughts, his imagination, his eyes, his ears, his tongue, or some other power of body or mind, or both, so as to get that dirt in his palm that breaks his communion with God. God will save His people from sinning cheaply. He will not smile upon us in wrong paths. If we regard iniquity in our heart, He will not hear us. Israel cannot stand before their enemies whilst there is an Achan in the camp. The accursed thing cannot be hidden in the tent, and the heart have such communion with God as shall strengthen it for battle.

The holy God will not smile upon unholiness. If an Israelite touched a defiling thing, he was to be shut out of the camp until he was cleansed from that defilement. We learn at first we can never get salvation until we "forsake our way" of sin, and "our thoughts" of self-righteousness; and we learn afterwards that we can never have fellowship with God in Christ while our hands are

defiled with allowed sin. There must be a "washing us, a making us clean, a putting away the evil of our doings," before we can realize what it is to come again and reason with the Lord, and experience His forgiving love blotting out our scarlet and crimson sins. If sin can never separate the believer from union, it can from communion. I should not value any religious happiness that you might profess, while regarding iniquity in your heart.

This leads me to show—

III. *What is necessary to restore us to hindered fellowship.*—Some of us have known more than one conversion. Peter's turning from the Lord had to be followed with a *re-turning to the Lord*—"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." This new conversion is called in this text, "washing the hands in innocency."

Now, surely this is a branch of our subject that excites the anxiety of some, because, if I rightly handle it, you will get an answer to the anxious question of your heart. You were once asking, "What shall I do to be saved?" and that question was answered by, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and, through grace, you have believed, to the saving of your soul, so that this is not at present the great question of your heart. Your language is, "I am at a distance from God. I have no communion with God at the cross. My conscience tells me that my hands are polluted with sin. How shall I get restored communion?" The answer is in the example of the Psalmist. You must be led by the same Spirit he was led by, to do the same thing that he did. You must "wash your hands in innocency," and so will you find the hindrances removed to compassing the Lord's altar—to holding communion with God in a crucified Christ.

This "washing the hands in innocency" is—

1. *Departing from the evil you have been clinging to.*—It is common amongst men to say, when entangled in some foul business, "I must wash my hands of that dirty matter." When Pilate would pretend innocence, he took a basin and washed his hands, professing, though falsely, that he was clean from the innocent blood of Jesus. The Lord, by Isaiah, calls to backsliding Israel, when their hands were defiled with blood, and says, "Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings;" and James, to the unfaithful spouse of Christ—to those "adulteresses" who had defiled their hands with the "friendship of the world"—says, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; purify your hearts, ye double-minded; be afflicted, and mourn," &c. And when the Corinthians washed their hands from the evil that they had allowed, Paul speaks of their "clearing themselves."

Oh, wanderer from the Lord, now made sick of your own ways,

and wretched because you have no communion with God, do you ask your way back? I answer—those wandering steps of yours must be retraced; that goodly Babylonish garment and golden wedge must be given up; that Achan must be stoned; that allowed sin must be forsaken; that offending right eye must be plucked out, or right limb must be cut off, and cast from you. “Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement; I will not offend any more; that which I see not teach Thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do no more.”

2. *There must be a penitent confession of sin at the footstool of mercy.*—You must “humble yourself in the sight of the Lord” before you will be “lifted up.” That lofty head of yours must sink in the dust. Those cherished evils must be repented of, confessed, forsaken—“Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy.” It is when the returning one comes with self-aborrence to say, “Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son,” that he is met with the kiss of forgiving love. “I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sins.”

Oh, polluted Christian, go and cast yourself before a God of mercy and grace in Christ, and uncover your leprous sores, confess your heart-wanderings and sins! “Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and hast scattered thy ways to the strangers under every green tree; and ye have not obeyed My voice, saith the Lord.” “O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods; for in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy. I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for Mine anger is turned away from him.”

But this cleansing of the hands comprehends also—

3. *Self-judgment.*—“If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.” It may seem paradoxical, but it is true, that, in order to cast off offences, we must take them upon us—that is, we must empannel ourselves before the tribunal of God in our own consciences; we must load ourselves with irons; place ourselves in the dock before ourselves, and pass sentence upon ourselves; be our own judges—that is, we must judge ourselves worthy of God’s ire as a God of justice, and of His sorest displeasure and chastisement as a Father. We must thus have our “uncircumcised hearts humbled, and accept the punishment of our iniquities,” to escape the punishment of our iniquities.

And with all this there must be—

4. *A cleansing our ways, by taking heed thereto, according to God's Word.*—This is the “washing of water by the Word.” “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto, according to Thy Word.” While we are doing evil, we shun the light of the Word; but, when there is a real willingness to do truth, to be sincere and real, and to sacrifice our darling evils rather than the sweet smile of a God in Christ, there is a coming to the light of the Word, however that Word may make us tremble, manifest our filth, and fill us with shame and confusion of face.

But—

5. *Above all, there must be, in order to free the hands from defilement, a coming to the blood of the Lamb.*—It is nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, that “cleanseth us from all sin.” God made provision against Israel's defilement in “the water of separation,” made of the ashes of the burnt heifer, and against the priest's hindering pollutions in the laver at which he was always to “wash his hands and his feet when he went in to do the service of the sanctuary”—both typifying the cleansing blood of Jesus, that precious fountain “opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.” “For if the blood of bulls, and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?”

Polluted believer, you must get your renewed cleansing where you got your cleansing at first—

“If guilt removed return and remain,  
Its power may be proved again and again,”

Nothing but renewed faith in the cleansing blood can give renewed peace. Reformation, repentance, self-judgment, humble confessions, seeking to depart from evil by the light of the Word—all are necessary; but all will leave the heart aching under its load, and the hands uncleansed from stains of guilt, until there is a flying afresh to the open fountain of Jesus' blood, and once more, as a black sinner, by faith, of the operation of the Spirit of God, casting one's self beneath the droppings of Immanuel's blood—

“Oft as sins, my soul, assail thee,  
Turn thine eyes to Jesus' blood;  
Nothing short of this can heal thee,  
Seal thy peace, or do thee good,  
Seek no healing  
But in Gilead's sovereign balm.”

“ Should the tears of deep contrition,  
 Like a torrent, drown thine eyes ;  
 Still for sin there's no remission  
 But in this great Sacrifice.”

Ah ! when the bowed, sin-forsaking, sin-confessing heart is enabled to cast itself afresh upon the atonement of Jesus, and thus dip its defiled hands in the cleansing laver, peace is restored, barriers to communion are broken down, and once more Calvary—the altar of which “ they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle ”—is compassed with peace, gratitude, and adoring wonder.

Oh, may the Lord use what I have said to the restoration of His wandering sheep, and the godly cautioning of His dear people who are in fellowship with Himself ! Believer, you have nothing to fear like sin !

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THE TWO OLIVE TREES ; OR, A LESSON  
 ON SELFISH IMPORTUNITY AND SIMPLE TRUST.

(PSALM cvi. 15.)

THERE was once a hermit in the Egyptian desert who planted an olive tree near his cave, and, thinking it might want water, he prayed to God for rain ; so rain came, and watered his olive tree. Then he thought that some warm sun, to swell its buds, would be advisable ; so he prayed, and the sun shone out. Now the nursling looked feeble, and the old man deemed it would be well for the tree if frost were to come and brace it. He prayed for the frost, and hoar frost settled that night on bar and beam. Next, he believed a hot, southerly wind would suit his tree ; and, after prayer, the south wind blew upon his olive tree, and it died.

Some little time afterwards, the hermit visited a brother hermit, and lo, by his cell-door stood a flourishing olive tree !

“ How came that goodly plant there, brother ? ” asked the unsuccessful hermit.

“ I planted it, God blessed it, and it grew.”

“ Ah ! brother, I, too, planted an olive ; and, when I thought it wanted water, I asked God to give it rain, and the rain came. God gave me all that I demanded for my tree, as I saw fit ; yet it is dead.”

“ And I, brother,” replied the other, “ left my tree in God's hands, for He knew what it wanted better than I.”—*Selected.*

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As Noah's dove found no footing but in the ark, so a Christian finds no contentment but in Christ.

## HOPING FOR HEAVEN'S REST.

*"Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed."*—JOSHUA i. 9.

I OFTEN feel discouraged,  
I often feel cast down,  
And would the strife were ended,  
And heaven's rest my own.

What losses and what crosses,  
Perplexities and snares !  
Oh, what a world of sorrows !  
Oh, what a world of cares !

Lord Jesus, give me patience ;  
Grant me supplies of grace  
To bear with resignation  
The ills I have to face.

Oh, keep me from repining  
At Thy most righteous will !  
I know, whate'er befall me,  
Thou must do all things well.

Oh, that, with humble meekness,  
I at Thy feet may fall,  
For ever Thee adoring,  
My Lord, my Life, my All !

Then I will laud Thy mercy,  
My song shall be of grace,  
When I am with my Saviour,  
And see Him face to face.

In that bright, happy mansion,  
Where sin nor sorrow come,  
I hope to view my Saviour,  
And be with Him at home.

No aching heart in parting  
From those I love so well ;  
No cares to face to-morrow,  
To overwhelm the soul.

No tears to dim the eyelids,  
No throbs to heave the breast,  
No sinking under burdens,  
But one eternal rest.

No midnight shades of sorrow,  
No sins to cast me down ;  
Doubts, fears, can never enter ;  
Mourning can never come.

## “ A Cluster of Eanaan’s Grapes.

“ Being several experimented truths received through private  
 “ communion with God by His Spirit, grounded on  
 “ Scripture, and presented to open view for publique  
 “ edification.”

*By the Right Honourable SIR ROBERT TICHBOURN,*  
 Lord Mayor of the City of London, 1657.

### A SPIRITUAL SAINT.

WHAT is a spiritual saint? Why, he is one that lives by faith above sense; one that is all in God, and nothing in himself. He is taught of God to know Him; he is drawn by God to love Him; he is persuaded by God to trust in Him; he is filled with God, and lives upon Him; he is satisfied with God, and rejoices in Him; he so lives in God that he makes his boast of Him as did the Apostle in Romans viii. (latter end). He is one who in the Spirit is able to look from eternity to eternity, and therein behold that eternal love of God which gave out Christ to manifest His love to us in Him, and hath made him one with Christ in all His merits, righteousness, and benefits. He is able to see into that love and eternal purpose of God that made Christ to be “sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” He can see God, his Father, and in the Spirit of adoption call Him “Father.” He can read his salvation written in the covenant of grace; he can behold himself one with Christ as Christ is in God; he assuredly knows that Christ hath borne his grief, and that God hath wounded Christ for his transgressions, bruised Him for his iniquities, and laid the chastisement of his peace upon Him; and all this so fully and really, as that by the stripes God laid on Christ his soul is healed; that God hath made Christ’s soul an offering for the sins of His people, and that He hath beheld the travail of His soul, and is well pleased; so that now the spiritual saint draws up this conclusion—“Whatever of sin and punishment was mine was taken from me and made Christ’s, and He hath fully satisfied for the one, and borne the other; so that now, from the justice of God, I can conclude this—that neither of them shall be laid on me again. Christ’s righteousness and His glory are so made mine that I stand spotless in the one, and shall be perfect in the other to all eternity.”

Thus is a spiritual soul led up to God, and made to know His great design from eternity, namely, to make Christ his wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and that in all these he stands perfect before God in the perfection of Christ.

This soul lives in the region of God’s love and in Christ’s

righteousness, and sees himself above all condemnation. And yet the least transgression in him, discovered to him by the love and Spirit of God, melts the poor heart into nothing. "I see," says he, "I am alive in Christ, through the eternal love of God, and that makes me thus judge—that, if One died for all, then were all dead. I died to sin in Christ, and, if now I live, it should not be to myself, but to Christ" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15); "and to this the love of Christ constrains me."

Sin hath less entertainment nowhere than where the love of God, by His Spirit, dwells. Perfect love shuts out fear (saith the text), and perfect love kills corruption. Love to Christ kills and buries sin. When legal fear only layeth it in a swoon, it lives again, and possibly kills the legal soul at last. But this spiritual man, he keeps nothing to himself, but carries all to God and Christ. He lives only in God and Christ; and, when he finds corruption in himself, he presently lays it down at the feet of Christ, and tells Him—"My glory is to live in Thee and whatever is Thine; and Thy glory is to live in me, and in the death of my 'corruptions. Oh, then, be zealous of Thy glory! Thou hast taken the guilt and punishment of all my corruptions from me. Is it not also for Thy glory to take the reign and power of them from me too?" "Yes [saith Christ], and I will make My promise good. *Sin shall not have dominion over you, for you are not under the law, but under grace.*" "True, Lord," says the soul, "and I believe it, that to live under grace is the only way to keep sin under me." "Sin [saith he], the love of Christ constrains me to hate thee." This soul tells sin he will but lose his labour in tempting him, "for [says he] I am not at my own disposing. I have given myself up to Christ already, and Christ hath taken possession of me, and lives in me by His Spirit. As for thy temptations, I shall carry them to Christ, and sure I am thou canst not live in His presence. He hath overcome thee for me, and He will destroy thee in me." Thus the Spirit changes a man from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and he is made to live in this light, which is the light of God's reconciled countenance in the face of Christ; and in this vision of God and Christ, the soul is changed into the image of Christ from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit.

This spiritual man, as he lives upon God in the Spirit, so he worships God in the Spirit. He knows neither the mount nor Jerusalem as his place to worship in. He only knows Christ as the proper Medium to worship God in. His feasting is with God and upon God. He knows no forms, nor figures, nor externals to make him a rest of. He can only rest in the bosom of God and Christ. He knows no fellowship but with the Father and the Son. As he enjoys God and Christ in saints, so he hath sweet fellow-

ship with them. God is both the light and the life of his worship. He makes God his way and his End in his worship. This is a dove that can rest nowhere but in the Ark. Church fellowship to him, without Christ, is no more than a selected piece of the dark world. The ordinances, if Christ be not in them, are to him but as the grave. When Christ is absent, all his inquiries are, "*Where is He whom my soul loves?*" "Show me Christ in a saint, Christ in a Church, and Christ in an ordinance, and then you show me my life; and upon this ground I can live and die with you," saith he. This soul can measure all men and things by Christ, but Christ by nothing but Himself—that Spirit of Christ that dwelleth in him.

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### A WORD IN SEASON.

THAT eminently good and great man, Dr. Owen, had much trouble of mind for several years, with relation to his spiritual state. It pleased God to deliver him from this in the following manner, as he frequently owned himself, to the honour of sovereign grace.

When in London, he went one day with a friend, thinking to hear that eminent divine, Mr. Calamy; but, by some unexpected occurrence, that worthy person was hindered from preaching, upon which many went out of the church. This disappointment added much to Dr. Owen's trouble, and his friend endeavoured to take him elsewhere, to hear another minister, and so much the more that it was not certain whether there would be any to supply Mr. Calamy's place. But Dr. Owen, being conveniently seated, and too much indisposed to walk any further, resolved to stay a while longer, and, if no preacher came, to return to his lodgings. At last a country minister, altogether unknown to Dr. Owen, as it seems he was also to the parish, came up to the pulpit. After a very serious and fervent prayer, he took his text from these words, "*Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?*" (Matt. viii. 26). The very reading of these words surprised the Doctor, who immediately put up a short ejaculatory petition that God would be pleased by that minister to speak to his condition. His prayer was graciously heard, for the Lord so ordered it that the minister raised and answered those very objections which Dr. Owen had commonly formed against himself; and what was remarkable, he managed them in the same method which Dr. Owen had frequently done in his own mind, though without effect. But it pleased God so to bless this sermon to him, though otherwise a plain, ordinary, familiar discourse, that it resolved his doubts, guided his conscience, and laid the foundation of that spiritual peace and comfort which he afterwards enjoyed during the course of his life.

R. F. R.

## AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

DEAR SIR,—Often, in reading the different pieces in the SOWER, has my poor soul been refreshed, encouraged, and edified, and doubtless hundreds besides. How sweet to prove the Lord to be not only a God that hears, but a God that answers prayer, whether in providence or grace! How many of the Lord's dear people have to watch His hand in providing for their daily needs, and like the immortal Coal-heaver, could write their "Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer"! And often He is pleased to use the most unlikely means (to us) to carry out His purpose. A dear child of God said to me, a short time ago, that she received more from the ravens than she did from the Lord's people. Mr. NEWTON says—

" More likely to rob than to feed  
Are ravens, who live upon prey ;  
But, when the Lord's people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

It is our mercy, He is the same mighty God as in the days of old. Oh, that we may be enabled more and more to do as the Apostle says—"In everything, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God."

Feeling a little touched at the following instance of Jehovah-Jireh, I send it to you, and may the Lord bless it to some poor, tried, and exercised soul.

Some time ago, several friends were in conversation about prayer. "The best answer to objections made against the efficacy of prayer is, the experience which we ourselves have of its power," said one of the friends. Then one after another began to relate incidents which had occurred in their own experience. One of these I will give in the narrator's own words :—

One morning, I felt physically restless. This was very unusual. I tried to overcome the feeling, but could not succeed. I found no relief whatever, either in change of book or in change of occupation. At last, somewhat irritated, I said to myself, "I will go out for a walk. Indeed, I will call upon the B——s. The family of the B——s consisted of a widowed mother, two daughters, and an invalid son. They were somewhat reduced in circumstances, but, so far as I knew, had sufficient to live upon. There was no immediate necessity, that I knew of, to require my visit at that particular hour; but, having casually thought of the sick young man, I fancied that a conversation with him would be good for me in my restlessness.

I was conducted to his room, and found him cheerful under the afflicting hand of God. After talk and prayer with him

I left. The door had no sooner closed upon me, than the conviction filled my mind that the good people were in want. I, however, walked away from the house homeward, but I could not get rid of the conviction. A voice seemed to pursue me, saying, "They're in want! They're in want!" At last I suddenly stopped, and asked myself whether it would not be better to go back and ask if I could be of service. I accordingly retraced my steps, and knocked again at the door. After I had done so, I felt the awkwardness of my position, and wished I had not been so rash. Before I could think how suitably to explain my return, the eldest daughter opened the door. "Oh, Miss B——," I said, abruptly, "are you at all in want? I have been strangely moved to come and ask you." At this question, the young lady burst into tears. I entered and closed the door, and followed her to the room occupied by her mother and sister. "Mrs. B——," I said, approaching the mother, "I cannot exactly explain why I called this morning at all, but, since I left, I have been strangely impressed with the conviction that you are in want. Your daughter, to whom I made the appeal, burst into tears when I spoke to her at the door. But perhaps you can give an explanation." The good woman looked at me with tearful eyes, and said, "You are here in answer to prayer." In reply to further inquiry, she said, "My poor boy, who has had no appetite for so long a time, said this morning that, if I could get him a little relish, he thought he could eat it. I came downstairs from his room with a breaking heart, for all I had in the house was a dry crust, and I am literally without money. I went back and told him of our poverty, for hitherto we had concealed it from him. 'Never mind, dear mother,' he said, with a bright face; 'soak the crust in hot water, and I will make it do.' I did as he told me, and he took it as if it had been a dainty. Where, however, the next piece of bread was to come from I could not tell. My daughters and I have been laying the matter before God. We were at prayer when you first came, and at your return we were earnestly pleading for help." "You shall have two pounds at once," I cried; "and I will get it for you." Having said this, I hurriedly left the house.

As I made my way through the streets, my enthusiasm somewhat cooled, and I began to say to myself, "Two pounds! Two pounds! Why on earth should I have said two pounds? I can't afford to give the sum myself. I must get it from some of our friends. I ought to have given five shillings, which would have afforded immediate relief, and then I could have put the family into the way of doing something for themselves." I had vehemently said two pounds, and, of course, I could only keep my word. Still, however, I could not rid myself of the convic-

tion that I had been rash. All at once, it occurred to me that perhaps the amount which I had promised had direct relation to their peculiar need, and to the prayer about it which had been made.

Upon returning to the house with the sum promised, I said, "I have been exercised in my mind about the precise amount which I promised to bring—two pounds. Can you tell me why it should be two pounds, and neither more nor less?" "Oh, yes!" said Mrs. B—. "Thirty-five shillings must be paid to-day for rates, or a distraint will be put in upon our goods, and the five shillings will secure us food."

How striking an instance of the care God takes of His people! We again quote Newton's lines, and say—

"This instance to those may be strange  
Who know not how faith can prevail;  
But sooner all Nature shall change  
Than one of God's promises fail.

"How safe and how happy are they  
Who on the Good Shepherd rely!  
He gives them out strength for their day;  
Their wants He will surely supply.

"He ravens and lions can tame;  
All creatures obey His commands;  
Then let us rejoice in His name,  
And leave all our cares in His hands."

May we not say that miracles have not yet ceased? How sweet to watch the hand of the Lord in our journey through this vale of tears! And sometimes, when we are enabled to look back, and remember the way the Lord hath led us, both in providence and grace, though it has been a rough and thorny way to flesh and blood, yet we are compelled to say with the Psalmist that "goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life." "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord" (Psa. cvii. 43).

*Cambridge.*

ELIJAH COE.

TAKE a poor soul that hath little evidence or no hope that Christ is his, yet hath he a light that representeth such excellencies in Christ that he can never leave Him.

"THOU hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy name," the true intimate meaning whereof is this—Thou hast magnified that part of Thy Word that speaks Thy loving-kindness and truth above all Thy name else that is in Thy Word. So refer to Exodus xxxiv. 6.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## THE LEPER.

A SHORT MEDITATION ON MARK I. 40—45.

## PART I.—THE CASE.

THE Lord Jesus had just commenced His public testimony, and in Capernaum had done many "mighty works"; after which (previously to the performance of the notable miracle which is to form the theme of our present meditation) He, a "great while before day," withdrew into a solitary place, there to pour out His heart in prayer to His Father. With the advance of the morning's light, Simon and others found their Lord, and coming forth with them, He preached in the synagogues and in the country of Galilee.

His name and fame spread far abroad, and amongst the multitudes of diseased folk "there came a leper to Him." Jesus had cast out devils, cured Simon's wife's mother of a fever, "healed many that were sick of divers diseases," and now a more extreme case appears before Him, whereby He yet further manifests forth His glory as the Great Physician. No inconsiderable portion of the dear Redeemer's sojourn upon earth was occupied in miraculously healing the bodily infirmities of men; and the restoration of soundness and vigour to the diseased body aptly typifies the healing of the diseased soul. Indeed, in most instances, doubtless the one was accompanied by the other. The supernatural bodily change, from a state of sickness to health, was unquestionably the outward and visible emblem of an equally supernatural inward and invisible spiritual change.

The above portion of Scripture describes one coming to Jesus; and, in exemplification of the fact that "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," we observe that he was defiled by the most loathsome of all diseases known among men, that of *leprosy*. In this leper we have a type of a spiritually convicted sinner. We use the expression, "*spiritually* convicted," because it is impossible to ignore the fact that there is a conviction of sin which is the effect of legal fear seizing a guilty conscience, ending often in a false peace here, and ultimately in eternal despair hereafter. William Huntington rightly says, "The terrors of the law and of a guilty conscience are as common to devils and sinners as they are to saints." It is not enough for us to *know*, or even *feel*, we are sinners. The great question is, "How did we come by that knowledge and feeling?" If only by the dictates of the natural conscience, the knowledge of our sinnership will leave us infinitely far from God; but if by the teaching of the

Spirit, it will send us, as needy, helpless sinners, to the Saviour's feet. The Spirit never reveals sin without, sooner or later, revealing a Saviour. Those rightly convinced of sin never lose their burden till they reach the foot of the cross. His disease drove the poor leper to Jesus, and caused him to turn to Him.

The word "leprosy" in the original Hebrew signifies "the stroke or wound of the Lord." When the Lord *wounds* a person, by sending home the arrow of conviction, it is that He may *heal*. The disease is manifested, that the remedy may be sought and applied. It is a good rule by which to judge each part and portion of our religion, that what comes from God will lead to God.

The Lord's dealings with a soul in such a case as we are describing will have a two-fold effect—they will result in an experimental knowledge of what sin is, in its nature and heinousness, and in an experimental acquaintance with a throne of grace. It is important to have a knowledge of the causes, workings, and effects of that disease of sin, which is so aptly represented by leprosy.

Sin, like leprosy, *pervades all the body*. Beginning inwardly, it is soon manifested outwardly, covering all with its loathsome corruption. There is no part sound—no part uncontaminated by it. When this fact, in all its frightful awfulness, is truly realized—when a man sees and believes that he is (in self) wholly a sinner, that his very repentance needs to be repented of, his very prayers being defiled, and his best righteousness but as filthy rags—then he becomes a spiritual leper. His one object is, to escape, if possible, from his dismal condition; and, with this object in view, he may go from one physician to another, finding that—

"Some talk of works, and some of faith,  
With warmth, and zeal, and strife."

But, after all his endeavours to *heal himself*—which is the sum and substance of all the prescriptions of his (so-called) spiritual advisers—he remains a leper still. Thus he proves that sin, like leprosy, is *incurable by all human means*. The feelings of a poor leper, when the disease has become fully developed, and the anticipation of being healed gradually dies from his heart, as he reluctantly relinquishes the last ray of hope, correspond to the feelings of a sinner convinced of his incurable and irremediable condition, as he proves the utter futility of his attempts to make his peace with God by ridding himself of sin.

And now the *loathsomeness* of the contagion becomes more and more evident. The strongest figures are used in the Word to set forth the vileness of sin. Sin becomes hateful, repugnant,

and abhorrent to that man whom the Lord convinces of his state. That which the world loves he loathes; that which the ungodly embrace with the utmost affection, he would spurn from him with utter abhorrence; what others roll under their tongue as a sweet morsel he detests; what others rejoice in he mourns over. In this way the spiritual leper becomes *separate* from his fellows. The sick man, who needs a physician, is by that very need separated from the whole, who do not. The nominal professor boasts of what he does for the Lord. The poor leper cries, "Unclean! Unclean!" Here is a case for Jesus, and the blessed Lord Jesus is never far from those who need Him. In the desires of his heart, the longings of his soul, the cries and the sighs of his spirit, the poor leper draws nearer and nearer to Jesus. At length the glad tidings that—

"Jesus is a wise Physician,  
Skilful and exceeding kind,"

raise up a little hope in his heart—a "Who can tell?"—and tremblingly, fearfully, by prayer and faith, he comes to Jesus.

In approaching a person, the leper's hand was to be laid on his mouth, and he was to cry, "Unclean!" So the convinced sinner approaches Jesus with humility and confession. The very manner in which he seeks the Lord is expressive of self-abhorrence and unworthiness. Moreover, his petitions are in the language of earnest importunity—"There came a leper to Him, beseeching Him." One truly alive to the danger of his state will at least be in *earnest*. A light, trifling profession is no evidence of grace, though a true possessor of grace may mourn over the lightness of his spirit, and regret that trifles too often occupy his mind. The former does not lament his folly, being content with "a form of godliness without the power." Indeed, it is only the possession of the power that produces real prayer. "Kneeling down to Him," the leper's heart yields the homage of true worship. Oh, there is more real worship in the secret bowing of the knees to Jesus, in the prostration to Him of the humbled heart, in the upward glancing of the sorrowful eye, in the feeblest desire of the living soul, than there is in all the swelling cadences that fill with harmony the magnificent fanes where men offer to the God of heaven a worship that is purely sensual and earthly! Yes; Jesus listens with infinite complacency and delight to the heaven-wrought music of desire in the humble and contrite soul, which is the true temple of the Lord. The meekened, chastened heart is as an Æolian harp, which gives forth the most melodious sounds, when the wind stirs the strings. When

the Spirit breathes upon the chords of the susceptible, feeling, well-tuned heart of the child of God, the sweet music of prayer and praise ascends up to the throne of God—now, in the gentle intonation of a desire, the feeblest whisper of a “wish so weak,” then rising higher into the strains of intense longing, anon swelling forth in the eager and fervent supplication of earnest importunity, which will terminate in the never-ending songs of praise of the ransomed before the throne. Now, this is true worship—the worship of the heart and spirit—which begins in sorrow and sighing here, and ends in eternal, everlasting joy hereafter.

(*To be continued.*)

### THE ATHEIST.

AN atheist—he hath never faced an hour,  
 And not belied the name he bore. His doubt  
 Is darkness, from the unbelieving will  
 Begot, and oft a parasite to sin  
 Too dear to be deserted, for the truth  
 That unveils heaven and her immortal thrones  
 Uncovers hell, and awful duties too!  
 Meanwhile I flatter the surpassing fool,  
 And hear him challenge God to bare His brow,  
 Unsphere some orb, and show Him all sublime.  
 He challenge heaven!—an atom against worlds?  
 Why, angels and archangels, who have sat  
 Within the shadow of His throne, and felt  
 The beams of an emitted glory burn  
 Around them, cannot comprehend His might,  
 Nor fathom His perfections! What is man?  
 If Nature fail, then Reason may despair.  
 The universe is stamped with God. Who sees  
 Creation, and can no Creator view,  
 To him philosophy shall preach in vain.  
 A blinded nature and a blasted mind  
 Are his—eternity shall teach the rest!  
 Yet, who the summer, that bright and season-queen,  
 Hath hailed, beheld the march of midnight worlds,  
 The sun in glory, or his skiey realm,  
 When thunder-demons are abroad again,  
 And riding on the chariot roll of clouds—  
 Who that hath seen the ocean terrors swell,  
 Or moonshine rippling o'er the rocking waves  
 In smiles of beauty—all this living might,  
 And motion, grace, and majesty of things—  
 Nor caught some impulse that believing hearts  
 Might share, and crown it with a creed sublime?

—MONTGOMERY.

AN INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE  
REFORMATION.

IN the sixteenth century, when God was raising up men whom He taught by His Holy Spirit to publish His Word, and protest against the errors and practices of Rome, though some of them were scholars and doctors, as Luther, Calvin, and others, yet God then, as He does now, used weak and obscure persons also. The work was great and the labourers few, but the cause was God's cause, and He used what instruments He pleased.

William Farel, a bold, undaunted preacher himself, had a young friend and helper, who, though poor and simple-minded, was intelligent and sincere. Him Farel wanted to send to Geneva, to preach and teach the Gospel. Farel had spent some months there himself, and had witnessed several cases of conversion, but, through the enmity of the priests, he had been obliged to quit that city. Anthony Fromant, being obscure, and unknown as a Reformer, Farel urged this as a reason why he should go. "Alas! father," said Fromant, "how can I face these enemies, from whom you were compelled to flee?" "Fear nothing," replied Farel; "begin as I began at Aigle, as a schoolmaster," &c., thus continuing his entreaties.

Fromant at length consented, Farel assuring him that God would be his Guide, and also guard his holy enterprise. Fromant felt humbled. He fell on his knees, and said, "Oh, God, I trust in no human power, but place myself entirely in Thy hands! To Thee I commit my cause, for it is Thy cause." He did not pray alone; the little flock with Farel joined—"Oh, God, give him grace to be useful for the advancement of Thy Word!" They then embraced each other, and Fromant departed for Geneva. It was the first of November, 1532.

When he arrived, strange to say, nothing appeared favourable. Even the few Christians Farel had directed him to treated him coldly, and, not one door opening to him, he became disheartened, and was on the point of returning. He had only gone a few paces when he felt convinced he was doing wrong, and the promise, "I will guide thee in the way thou shouldest go," sounded in his heart. Farel's words also came to his mind, "Turn schoolmaster." He turned again to his lodgings, took his pen, and drew up a prospectus as follows—"A man has just arrived in this city who engages to teach reading and writing, in one month, to all who will come, young or old, even such as have never been to school. If they cannot read within the said month, he asks nothing for his trouble. Many diseases are also cured, gratis."

When this became known, the room he had taken was soon

filled with boys and girls. Before dismissing them, he would read a few verses from the Testament, and explain them in an interesting manner. The children ran home, and told their parents all. The mothers stopped to listen; the fathers made them tell it over again. Some of the boys and girls were continually prattling about what their schoolmaster taught them. They even accosted men and women in the streets, inviting them to come and "hear that man." In a short time the city was full of the schoolmaster who taught and spoke French so well. But the priests and devout Catholics were much irritated. "He is a devil," said a priest. "He enchants all who go near him. His magical words bewilder you," &c.

In the course of his lessons, Fromant read at one time a story from the Old Testament; at another, one of our Lord's sermons, giving the Scriptures as the Word of the living God, explaining and applying the doctrine affectionately to the consciences of his hearers. They were much astonished, for they had never heard such doctrine. In truth, a most astonishing work was going on in Geneva. Many souls were gained to the Evangelical faith.

Paula, the wife of John Levett, had become very zealous for the Word. This lady had received instruction, and faith too, through the teaching of the preceding Evangelists, Farel and others. She earnestly desired to bring her sister-in-law, Claudine, to hear the Gospel. She was an honest, but very superstitious woman.

One day, when Paula was entreating Claudine to come and hear the schoolmaster, the latter said, "I have so great a horror of him, for fear of being bewitched, I will neither see nor hear him." "He speaks like an angel," replied Paula. "I look upon him as a devil," retorted her sister. "If you hear him you will be saved." "And I think I shall be damned." Thus contended these two women. Paula still persevered. "At least hear him once," and with emotion added, "for the love of me!" She prevailed at last. Claudine, although yielding to her sister's entreaties, resolved to protect herself thoroughly with all the antidotes she could. She hung relics, crosses, and rosaries around her neck, and thus shielded she went, saying, "I am going to see an enchanter," so deceived was she.

Claudine entered the hall, and sat down in front of the speaker, in mockery and derision (says the chronicle). Fromant appeared, having a Book in his hand. He mounted on a round table, and began his discourse, opening and applying the treasures of the Gospel. Claudine, wishing to make her Catholicism known, crossed herself several times, and also repeated several prayers. Fromant continuing to unfold the Scriptures, Claudine at length

raised her eyes, astonished at what she heard. She listened, and ere long there was not a more attentive hearer in the congregation. Fromant's voice *alone* would have been wasted, had not the Spirit of God enlightened the woman's understanding by His convincing power. She drank in the Reformer's words, and yet a sharp struggle was going on within her. "Can this doctrine be true, seeing that the Church says nothing about it?" Her eyes fell on the minister's Book. It was not a breviary—it seemed to her full of life.

The sermon concluded, the people rose to go out. Claudine remained in her place. She looked at the teacher, and at length exclaimed, "Is it true what you say?" "Yes," answered the Reformer. "Is it all proved by the Gospel?" "Yes." "Is not the Mass mentioned in it?" "No." "And is the Book from which you speak a genuine New Testament?" "Yes." Claudine eagerly desired to have it. Taking courage, she said, "Lend it to me." Fromant gave it to her. She placed it carefully under her cloak, among her relics and beads.

As Claudine returned home, she did not talk much with her sister. Hers was one of those deep matters that cannot be disclosed to man, but which must be laid before God. Entering her own house, she went straight to her room, taking nothing but the Book with her, desiring only light and teaching on the great subject which her conscience was burdened with. "On which side is truth—at Wittemburg or at Rome?" Having made arrangements that her family should not wait meals for her, or knock at her door, she remained apart (says Fromant) for three days and three nights, without eating or drinking, but with prayers and supplications.

The Book lay open before her. She read it constantly, and, falling on her knees, asked for the divine light to be shed abroad in her heart. At length she heard and understood that divine word, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." Oh, wonderful! This salvation did not puff her up. She discovered that the grace of God trickled slowly into her heart, but the least drop, coming from the Holy Spirit, seemed like a well that never dried up.

She now desired to see the man who had been the means of leading her to the truth. When Fromant entered, Claudine rose in emotion, and, being unable to speak, burst into tears—she had no other language. When she recovered, she begged Fromant to sit down, and told him how God had opened to her the door of heaven. "Ah!" she said, "can I ever thank God sufficiently for having enlightened me?" Fromant had come to strengthen this lady, and he was himself strengthened. A conversion so spiritual must needs have a great signification for the Reformation in

Geneva. As Calvin says, in other circumstances, "From this tiny shoot an excellent Church was to spring up."

The practical proof of the change in Claudine's views was this. She had, while a bigoted Papist, been very fond of dress. Her conscience now reproached her with her unreasonable love of costly attire. One day, she shut herself up in the room where she had heard the call of God, stripped off all her superfluous trappings and ornaments, and from that time she wore a plain and becoming dress. Having sold her costly robes, &c., she gave the money to the poor Evangelicals of France who, having been banished from their homes on account of the truth, had come to Geneva. All her life after this she loved to receive the refugees into her house. She did more—she loved to speak frankly and freely of the precious truth she had received, and to scatter it wherever she happened to be in the city.

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### SOUND THE ALARM.

How is it possible, we might well exclaim, that educated and Protestant England should not only be *drifting*, but *rushing*, to embrace Popery? \* We can only account for it in this way—that, by our national disregard of God, our open profanity and encouragement of infidelity, God has given this nation over to a time of trial such as we in our days have not witnessed.

Oh, you who fear and love "the truth as it is in Jesus," raise up your hearts and voices, and cry mightily unto the God of our salvation, that He would turn the hearts of the children of men from running into the arms and jaws of the Papacy! Surely ye Anglo-Saxons must be blind. Think not that Romanism is what you see it in England. Why, here it is presented to your view like a beautiful rose. Little do professors who talk about Popery having undergone a change think of the thorn that lies beneath the petals, ready to pierce and gash you, without a moment's warning.

The same spirit still breathes in Popery that murdered your fathers, that "rolled mothers with infants down the rocks." Their wrath has been pent up a long while, and has, I am afraid, like steam, gathered up and increased its strength.

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\* Only recently, the son of a Baptist minister and the daughter of a Congregational minister were married at a Roman Catholic church in Hastings, and the man had to enter into a solemn bond that, if any children were born to them, they should be trained up in the Roman Catholic religion. In the face of this fact, can we heedlessly presume to assert that our families are free from danger? You that are parents, think of the snares your children are exposed to.

What a great need there is, then, for pleading with the Almighty One that He may give us wisdom to scatter abroad truth, and that He may open the eyes of Old England to the fate that awaits her! We go quietly along, hardly heeding the signs of the times, little dreaming that the Papacy is folding its cloak around us, preparing to drag us down, down, to cruel destruction.

What have you done, friend, to stem this torrent of evil? Why do you tarry? Have you no children? Do you wish them to be forcibly carried away and trained up to believe a lie? Surely not. Then pray for our country; for what weapon is more lawful or so powerful? Is thy faith weak? Then pray for more, and "prayer an answer *will* obtain."

Would that the welfare of our country were more laid to heart, and that, night and morning, this might be remembered when we draw near to our Maker! Oh, that God would raise up another Luther, Knox, or Calvin, with trumpet tongue and able pen, to expose the sophistry, the cheat, and the lies which Rome is endeavouring to force down our throats!

Dear friends, don't forget the title, "Sound the Alarm," and beware of the "abomination of desolation." E. J. M.

CALVIN, when dying, was sent for by the king, to whom he sent this reply, namely, "Tell him I am going to a place where few kings come. For a prince to be born to a crown here and hereafter, what a great mercy it is!"

AS the sun ripens and sweetens fruits by shining upon them, without which they would be sour and unsavoury, so it is the sunshine of God's love and favour that sweetens all earthly blessings, without which they would be but crosses and curses to them that possess them.

WHO speak aright of the blessings included in the "unsearchable riches of Christ"? That is a fine passage, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." The eye hath seen great things. On a fine night, for instance, how much, and to what an immense distance, can the eye behold! And, with those useful helps, telescopes, how much farther it can penetrate! And my thoughts can penetrate farther than my eyes can see or my ears hear. But the eye cannot see all, nor the ear hear all, nor the heart conceive all; neither can we hear, or even conceive aright, of the "unsearchable riches of Christ." Oh, let us meditate more on the great things which God has laid up for those that love Him!—*Hill's "Thoughts."*

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## PEACE.

A SWEET mellow apple, which is often found upon the "trees of righteousness," whose value and goodness cannot be over-estimated, though it may not seem as attractive a blessing as the *joyous* fruit which we last considered.

What can be more desirable than lovely, honourable peace? Ask the people whose country has been wasted and ravaged by the terrible plague of war what they think about it—ask the family whose members have been torn and divided by strife and contention—inquire of the crew and passengers of a ship well-nigh wrecked in a fearful storm—and all, with glad consent, will praise the beauties and the joys of peace. And yet more—if you would know what peace really means, ask of the heart that has been reconciled and healed by the wondrous grace of God, and learn the deep significance of those wondrous words, "We have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The King of heaven and earth is "the very God of Peace." One of the names wherewith Christ Jesus is called is, "The Prince of Peace." Angels sang of "peace" when they heralded His birth. He came and "*preached* peace to those who were far off and those who were nigh." "He *made* peace by the blood of His cross." He is Himself "the Peace" of all believers, and in Him they have and enjoy this unspeakable treasure, this fruit of the tree of life.

The Bible says much about peace, but it only promises or recommends it in one connection. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on *Thee*, because he trusteth in *Thee*." "Oh, that Israel had hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace." Thus have the Lord and His prophets and people spoken, and many another heavenly word affords the same assurance, that peace with God is obtainable, but only in this way—*God in Christ* must be *known and trusted, obeyed and followed*; and to every such follower and servant He graciously says, "Let him take hold of *My* strength, that he may make peace with *Me*, and he *shall* make peace with *Me*."

But peace relates to our fellow-creatures, as well as to ourselves and God. Sin is the root of confusion and discord; grace is the root of life and peace; yet did not the Prince of Peace declare, "I came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword"? He did; but we know to what He referred when He thus spoke. It was to the

bitter spirit of persecution which Satan engendered among his subjects against the followers of Jesus. The spirit of the Gospel is peaceful, gentle, and kind, like His "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again"; and when that spirit more fully and universally pervades the Church, and influences all around, then shall they beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more, instruments of battle, like instruments of torture, being for ever dispensed with.

But even now, amidst persecutions, tumults, and the awful tidings of bloodshed and slaughter which so often meet our ears, there is a real, deep meaning in the words, "The fruit of the Spirit is peace." The dangerous, quarrelsome creature has been transformed into a peaceable, harmless neighbour; the fretful and repining have ceased to complain; and the distressed and afflicted have "in patience possessed their souls," being made partakers of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

The good man of whom we have all heard, who was happy when he was rich, but, when reduced to poverty, was happy still, explained the secret of his contentment in words like these—"When I had much, I enjoyed God in all; and now I have nothing, I find all in God." "In Me ye shall have peace; in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

May we experience the sweetness of the Saviour's words, and, having peace with God through Him, may we follow after peace with all men, remembering that He also has declared, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." H. S. L.

### THE END OF THE WAY.

[The following beautiful lines were written by a young woman in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years with spinal disease, and a great sufferer, but in whom the grace of God is most wonderfully manifested.]

My life is a wearisome journey;  
 I'm sick with the dust and the heat;  
 The rays of the sun beat upon me;  
 The briars are wounding my feet:  
 But the city to which I am journeying  
 Will more than my trials repay,  
 All the toils of the road will seem nothing  
 When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,  
 I often am longing for rest;  
 But He who appoints me my pathway  
 Knows just what is needful and best:

I know in His Word He has promised  
That my strength shall be as my day ;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,  
Or give me one trial too much ;  
All His people have been dearly purchased,  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By-and-bye I shall see Him and praise Him  
In the city of unending day,  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,  
And the gates of the city appear,  
And the beautiful songs of the angels  
Float out on my listening ear ;  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
Will be plain and clear as the day ;  
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,  
I shall rest when I'm safely at home ;  
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Saviour Himself has said, "Come !"  
So, when I am weary in body  
And sinking in spirit, I say,  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty ;  
There are cordials for those who are faint ;  
There are robes that are whiter and purer  
Than any that fancy can paint :  
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day,  
The toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

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It was God's ultimate design to show forth the endless riches He had by Him, by devising the most profuse and expensive ways of laying all out on the most destitute, as if He knew not how to spend it fast enough and abundantly enough.

I CAN no more explain the infinite hatred of God to sin than I can explain the height of the heavens above. Infinite holiness must have an infinite hatred against everything that is unholy. God's heaven is Himself, and His own happiness is His own eternal and essential holiness ; and, if God could be deprived of this, He would cease to be happy.—*Hill's "Thoughts."*

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LX.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I send you my desires for your best interest, as I hope you are taught by the Spirit in some small measure to know yourself a poor, perishing, helpless sinner, and your real need of a Saviour, and have been enabled to flee to Jesus as your only hope of life and salvation. Oh, may the Holy Spirit reveal to your mind the glorious dignity of the precious Person of the Lord Jesus Christ as God-Man Mediator, who, “though He was rich, yet for your sake became poor, that you, through His poverty, might be made rich” in the experience of the perfection of His righteousness, which He wrought out by His holy, obedient, law-fulfilling life, and the value and efficacy of His most precious blood which He shed on Calvary. Oh, that you may now more earnestly desire “the sincere milk of the Word, that you may grow thereby”! The great promise of the Spirit is, “I will strengthen them in the Lord, and they shall walk up and down in His name, saith the Lord.”

I hope you have “tasted that the Lord is gracious,” and are looking to Him as “all your salvation and all your desire.” Oh, may the Lord lead you, my dear child, into the green pastures of His love, grace, and mercy, and beside the still waters of His peace-speaking blood! I trust you are brought to love the precept as well as the promise, for, in keeping His commands, there is great reward, not of merit, but of comfort. I pray that the Lord may fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness and the work of faith with power in your heart, that you may be enabled to be looking unto Him for all the grace and strength you need to walk in His good ways, to the glory of His holy name and your own benefit.

It is our mercy, dear, that peace is made by the blood of the cross, bestowed as a free gift upon the unworthy, and enjoyed by faith receiving the atonement. Jesus is the *Author, Object,* and *Finisher* of faith; but the bare knowledge of truth does not really profit the soul. It is the power and sacred influence of faith that proves Scriptural evidence of union to and interest in Jesus. Just think of that prayer—“I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.”

Now, my dear child, I close by praying that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, may be with you. Amen.

Oh, may the Lord grant you to experience the fulfilment of the exceeding great and precious promises recorded in His Word!

Your affectionate mother,

Saffron Walden, January 12th, 1873.

ANN THURGOOD.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS, &amp;c.

*Winter Scenes, and other Poems.* By G. H. M. Read. Price 3s. Post free of the Author, 4, Addington Square, Margate.—“The Young Soldier and his Mother’s Bible” is one of several touching poems this volume contains, and which many of our young people would no doubt read with pleasure, while the sale of the volumes would greatly help a poor and afflicted author.

*Meditations of the Heart.* By F. Marshall; 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. J. C. Pembrey, Oxford; or the Author, Clifton, Biggleswade, Beds.—To those who wish to procure reading refreshing to the spirit we say, buy this volume.

*God’s Glorious Work, and other Sermons.* By the late Joseph Irons. Post free, 1½d., or four for 4d., of Mr. D. Fisk, 6, Brighton Place, Brighton.—These contain plain, sterling truth, and are worthy of wide circulation.

*The Gospel Echo, and other Tracts,* suited to the present times, which can be had, assorted, and very cheap, of Mr. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.—Give them a trial.

*Until.* A four-page tract, 1s. per 100. Secretary, Pure Truth Mission, Hull; W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.—An excellent tract, pithy, and to the point.

*The British Protestant.* Edited by J. Ormiston, Bristol. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, E.C.—From the February number of this excellent work we give the following extract, which speaks for itself:—

The paper which we append was placed in our hands in the interests of Protestant truth, and it is trusted that the Spirit of truth will employ it to that end. We reserve the name of the translator from the Italian. The date of the Roman newspaper is March 15th, 1873:—

## [TRANSLATION.]

“We here reproduce from the *Gazetta di Kempsten* a quotation from a sermon by a German priest, and leave our readers to make their own comments:—

“We, the *priesthood*, are as much elevated above emperors, kings, and princes as the heaven is above the earth. Kings and princes have as little value, in comparison with us, as lead has in comparison with pure gold. The *angels and archangels* are less than *priests*, because we are able, in the place of God, to pardon sinners, which angels and archangels cannot do. We are above the *Mother of God*, for of her was Jesus only *once* born, whilst we, *priests*, PRODUCE GOD every day. And the *priests* are MORE THAN GOD HIMSELF, since God *must* always, at our will, *descend* from heaven at the consecration of the HOLY MASS. GOD, indeed, created the world in six days, but three words FROM US are sufficient to CREATE GOD. (!) Ever since the existence of the Christian faith, the CLERGY have been objects of the highest veneration. Emperors and kings have prostrated themselves before them, and have kissed the earth on which

their feet have trodden ; and to-day Governments dare to persecute that PRIESTHOOD, and threaten with imprisonment those who are zealous and loyal to their faith ! ”

These profoundly blasphemous utterances of the priesthood of Antichrist may well shock our readers. We can assure them, however, that we possess [in the Church of England] a literature of a similar character. Often, when perusing such horrible profanity, do we marvel at the long-suffering of Jehovah ; for who are these arrogant, blaspheming creatures that dare to degrade the Deity to a level lower than themselves ? Who, but the creatures of a day—creatures whose breath is in their nostrils—potsherds of the earth, crushed before the moth !

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### THE REFINER OF SILVER.

WHEN a child, I heard my dear mother, now in heaven, relate the following interesting incident, as setting forth the use of afflictions, in the case of the children of God :—

A few ladies, who met together in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were once reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the fullers' soap and the refiner of silver were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ ; while another observed, “ There is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse, ‘ He shall sit as a Refiner and Purifier of silver.’ ” They agreed that possibly it might be so ; and one of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and, without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. “ But, sir,” said she, “ do you sit while the work of refining is going on ? ” “ Oh, yes, madam,” replied the silversmith ; “ I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver will be injured.” She saw at once the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, “ He shall sit as a Refiner and Purifier of silver.”

Christ sees it needful to put His children into the furnace, but He is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and His wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random. The very hairs of their head are all numbered.

As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure ! When Christ shall see His own image in His people, His work of purifying will be accomplished.

# THE SOWER.

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## THE ARM OF THE LORD.

*"Be Thou their arm every morning."*—ISAIAH xxxiii. 2.

GOD'S arm implies His power. God's people stand in need of His power every morning—yea, all the day. "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?" Who is it? Not the world, for they are going down the wilderness. They want not the arm of another; they know not their own weakness.

Nothing is more common than to hear and see men who are in the flesh boasting of their capacity to do and will that which is acceptable to God. How different is the language of those who are taught of God! Such tremble at their own weakness, and are often afraid of themselves. They know they are not sufficient of themselves either to do or think the thing that is good; consequently, they want an arm to lean upon, and such an arm has Christ. He gathers the lambs with His arm, and when gathered, holds them fast in His hand. "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." The whole of the saint's security depends on the arm of the eternal God. If He were to remove His arm, fall we must. From the first beam of divine light to the last, we are borne up by the arm of God, and every child of God may say, "I was cast upon Thee from the womb."

It is said of Israel, "He took them by their arms; but they knew not that He healed them." "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love; and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them." Even so it is now with God's spiritual Israel. His arm first brought them salvation. He brings them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and breaks their bonds in sunder.

In the regeneration of a sinner, God's arm is remarkably seen. No man can quicken his own soul. This is exclusively the work of omnipotent power, and is accomplished instrumentally by the Word of His Gospel. "Of His own will begat He us, by the Word of truth."

Men may turn from one form of religion to another, and back again to the first, and then give all religion up and turn Deists, because God was not the Author of their religion; but the water that Christ gives unto His elect "shall be in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The anointing which they receive of Him shall be in them and abide. The unclean spirit

may go out of a man, and the man's house may be swept and garnished. He may live for a time a sober, moral life, till the unclean spirit returns again, and enters into him; for, if the unclean spirit go out without being driven out by the arm of God, he may return again, and the last state of that man will be worse than the first, because he has more work to stifle conscience; and his religious knowledge is generally attended with greater enmity against the truth; and it had been better for him not to have known the way of righteousness, than after he has known it, to "turn from that holy commandment which was delivered unto him." But the saints receive their religion from God. It is not of flesh and blood, but by the revelation of the Father, who always leads them to Christ in the end, as the only Centre of rest. For this purpose were they quickened—"You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sins." Such "are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." In them is fulfilled God's gracious promise—"The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God" (Isa. lii. 10).

The glorious work of God's power must go on according to the good pleasure of His will, till every elect vessel of mercy is effectually called. Jehovah will never be defeated in His designs. Every period shall unfold His hidden wisdom and prove His firm decrees. Every doctrine that represents God as liable to disappointment in the accomplishment of His eternal purposes is a solemn mockery of His majesty; or to talk of God's power as waiting for the sinner's compliance before it can be effectual to his salvation is an arrant falsehood, and a burlesque on the Almighty and His Word. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." Every regenerated soul is taught to lean on God's arm, which is Christ (see Isa. liii. 1). His arm brings salvation, being all powerful, to His elect children. The Gospel "is the power of God for salvation unto every one that believeth." My soul, it was God's arm, and not thine, that brought thee salvation. He took thee, and drew thee out of many deep waters of soul trouble, and made thee depend entirely on Himself for righteousness and strength. As thou hast received Him, so walk in Him; and above all things, reject an arm of flesh. "Cursed is man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the living God."

The arm of God is conspicuously seen in the maintenance of divine life in the hearts of His children. Every child of God has to carry about with him a body of sin and death, which makes

him deeply groan, being burdened, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But groaning implies life. Where there is no life there can be no groans. This proves the power of God's arm amidst all the powerful corruptions of the human heart, which was Paul's body of sin; and every putting forth of God's arm gains us a victory over the old man. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Every act of faith is produced by the power of God. The faith of God's elect stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. The catalogue of the faithful ones and their feats, recorded in Hebrews xi., is a striking account of God's powerful operations, written more to set forth His glory than His people's excellency; and every sent servant of God should well observe and not rob the Master of His honour, by attributing this and that to the effect instead of the cause. "They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power; to make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His kingdom" (Psa. cxlv. 11, 12).

Jehovah tells Zion that her "Maker is her Husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name." Paul says that the head of the woman is the man; therefore, for the woman to usurp authority over the man is to invert the order which God hath established. We are taught by this our subjection to, and our entire dependence on, Christ, our heavenly Husband. Wouldst thou, ransomed sinner, walk safely and comfortably to heaven, and enjoy comfort by the way? Then thou must lay hold of the arm of thy Husband, Christ. If thou faintest, He fainteth not, neither is He weary. We read of Samson, that such was his strength and zeal that he slew thousands with the jawbone of an ass. But this was typical of Christ, who with His strong arm spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them, openly triumphing over them in it. Samson also slew a host, and died in the struggle; so did Jesus, but after three days revived us by raising up Himself. "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up again. He spake of the temple of His body." Now, the children of God were raised up together with Him virtually, and are made to sit together with Him in heavenly places in Christ. Jesus, as King in Zion, bears the sword and sways the sceptre, and will reign till all enemies be put beneath His feet.

Believer, the arm of Christ is as powerful as it ever was. He is able to save us out of the hands of our enemies, that we may "serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life." "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that He cannot save; neither is His ear heavy, that He cannot hear."

My soul, He is both able and willing to defend thee from all the dire assaults of thy great adversary, Satan, and to preserve thee safe to His heavenly kingdom. "Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Most Mighty, with Thy glory and Thy majesty. And in Thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things" (Psa. xlv. 3, 4).

My God, Thy gracious arm, Thy matchless power,  
Shall gird my soul in every trying hour;  
Thy mercies new each morning I shall want;  
Without Thine arm and mercy, Lord, I faint.

Thou knowst that in myself I nothing am  
But sin and death, and what I dare not name:  
Permit a worm to lean upon Thine arm,  
And let Thy speech my cold affections warm.

Thus gird me, keep me, all my journey through,  
And prove Thy Word of promise firm and true;  
And when on me Thou dost bestow the crown,  
I'll sound aloud Thy glory and renown.

HENRY FOWLER.

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## AFFLICTION AND ITS FRUITS.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

*Sunderland, May 5th, 1846.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Our town is still in a very depressed state—many shops shut up, and many houses and lodgings to let. Various are the troubles of this present life, but the worst of all, and that which adds weight to all the rest, is, the body of sin and death. Self-love, self-will, unbelief, darkness of mind, perverseness of heart, weak grace and strong corruptions, are the greatest plagues of a renewed soul. When favoured with submission to the will of God, and precious faith is in exercise in His covenant wisdom, love, and power, the trouble of outward things is but light. Sweet and true are the words of the poet—

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight."

From the gracious purpose, covenant, and promises of the Almighty, the Apostle was inspired to draw this conclusion—"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Among these things, and not the least of them, is "affliction." The sweet

Psalmist of Israel bears witness to this by saying, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." We seldom can say, "It is good for me that I *am* afflicted"; but, when the good Lord sanctifies them to us, we perceive and enjoy the benefit of them. How kind, condescending, encouraging, and true are these words—"Now, no chastening for *the present* seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

It is a great mercy to us, and a great honour conferred upon us, to be made witnesses for God and His truth—to be able by blessed experience to testify to the truth of His holy Word. Faith, hope, and patience are what we continually need. Unbelief produces despondency and impatience, and Satan is unwearied in his suggestions, to cause them to distress us and dishonour God; but the Holy Spirit is almighty to pardon and subdue every iniquity of our nature.

I am crawling up May hill with difficulty—feel very weak and languid, and these east winds try me much. I was scarcely able to preach on Lord's Day evening, but I found the strength of my Saviour and my God made perfect in my weakness. What a privilege it is to be instructed, invited, encouraged, and enabled by humble prayer to commit ourselves and every concern to His wise, gracious, and almighty management! It is true that "His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known," and He is often encompassed with clouds and darkness, which perplex, confound, and distress us; but, when He makes darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain, we are constrained to acknowledge that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne," that "mercy and truth go before His face," that "He is righteous in all His ways and holy in all His works," and that "He hath done all things well." It is

" Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His."

Oh, for a stronger faith, a more lively hope, and more of much-needed patience, and a quiet resting upon and for God!

The Lord Jesus be with thy spirit.

To Mr. Joseph Ainsley.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL TURNER.

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WE must shut the eye to all our own righteousness, and open it to all our unrighteousness—whether before or after conversion—when we go unto God to account us righteous in Christ by faith.

## WRECKED IN SIGHT OF THE HARBOUR.

A FEW years ago, late in the autumn, I paid a visit to some friends who live in a seaport town situated close to the mouth of one of the principal rivers in the north of England. During my stay, a terrible storm arose from the north-east. The wind blew most furiously; the billows dashed against the cliffs with a noise like thunder; and the danger was greatly increased to those at sea by the driving rain. Very soon it was reported that there were several wrecks on the breakers outside the harbour; and great numbers of people hastened down to the coast, some impelled by curiosity, others by the desire to render what help might be in their power.

I went with the rest; and as long as I live I shall never forget the scene. For the distance of about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the river, to the left, there are dangerous rocks, and on the other side of the river, sands, only less perilous.

On reaching the cliff, I found that all was wild excitement. Every eye was fixed on some vessels in the offing, one or two of which were apparently undecided whether to try to get into the harbour or not, whilst others were seeking an entrance. "That," said a friend, pointing to a vessel, "is one of our own. She'll find her way in; but that," pointing to another, "is a stranger. She'll be wrecked."

So it proved. The former vessel, though she seemed at one time close upon the rocks, under the guidance of her skilful captain, crossed the bar, got into the channel, and was soon beyond danger. Not so the other. The loud hurrah which hailed the deliverance of the first from peril had scarcely subsided when a dull crash was heard, and the cry arose, "She's wrecked!"

All this had afforded me scarcely any time to observe the havoc which had been previously wrought; but now, looking down from the cliff, I saw on the rocks beneath me three vessels, every one of which was a total wreck. Some of the sailors had been rescued, but many of them had perished; and on the deck of one of the ships the body of a poor fellow was seen, quite dead.

It was said afterwards that the captains of some of the vessels, ignorant of the harbour, had been wrecked whilst seeking to enter (see Luke xiii. 24); but that others, when it was still possible for skilful pilots to get out to them, had determined to weather the storm, and to get to the open sea; but, in spite of all their endeavours, their ships had been driven upon the rocks and destroyed.

In every case, it was most sad to see such goodly vessels wrecked, and so many precious lives lost, close in sight of the harbour.

How many wrecks are there which are far more terrible than those which have just been described—wrecks in which immortal souls perish for ever !

Reader, you who have never sought and found mercy, through the Lord Jesus Christ, are at this moment exposed to God's severe displeasure ; and in His own Word He often speaks of His wrath as a desolating storm—" Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet ; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place " (Isa. xxviii. 17). The storms which sometimes sweep the earth and sea destroy only men's property, or—and that is the worst they can do—their bodily life ; but the storm of God's wrath sweeps away the sinner to everlasting woe—" Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power " (2 Thess. i. 9). There is no other peril to which you can possibly be exposed, the thought of which should fill you with such deep alarm as this.

But, thank God, a refuge is provided. Through the sacrifice which Jesus offered on Calvary, the vilest sinner who flees to Him can be forgiven. These words have inspired hope in the hearts of millions—" The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Then, too, the Holy Spirit, whose work it is to quicken sinners into life, can so change the most sinful heart that the power of sin shall be broken, and the soul made fit for heaven.

Still, how many scorn the mention of the refuge, and for opposite reasons !

Some deny the peril, as though the captain of a vessel, warned by some one more keen-sighted or experienced than himself, or by signals from the shore, that a storm was gathering, were to laugh at the warning, and to hold on his course without even furling a single sail. We have known men who, resolute in their unbelief, denied that there was either divine law, or judgment, or wrath, and who affirmed that salvation was, therefore, a needless thing, and that all which the Bible said about it was an idle dream. But you cannot do away with a great danger by simply denying its existence. No man's unbelief will make the Bible false, or blot out from it a single threat.

Very often the sinner, loving his sins, or absorbed by the pursuit of worldly gain or pleasure, " boasts himself of to-morrow," until he is smitten down by sudden accident or by fatal disease, and, without a moment's warning, he is dismissed to his doom.

May you be thankful, reader, that God has spared you till now, and that the refuge still stands open. And still the gracious assurance is given by Jesus, " Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—*From a Tract.*

## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN REUBEN COCK, OF MERSEA, ESSEX.

MR. COCK died on April 19th, after a few days' illness, leaving a wife and eleven children to mourn his loss. He was thirty-nine years of age, and by occupation a farmer. He was the son of Mr. Charles Cock, of Mersea, who has been well-known in Essex for many years as both a farmer and a Baptist minister. His deceased son, John, was called by grace at the age of sixteen. He heard a sermon from the words, "Ye must be born again." The text came with power to his heart, and he went home, after the service, with the words ringing in his ears, "*Ye must be born again.*" He went direct to his room, and spent some time alone, in great anxiety about his soul. He shortly after found peace, and soon began to tell others of the truths which had been made known to him; and for more than twenty years he lived and preached the Gospel of Christ, and was pastor of a little Church at East Mersea.

In many respects he will be greatly missed, for he was a good man, and sought to do good to others. His death cast quite a gloom over the Mersea Island.

On Saturday, April 11th, he returned home from Colchester market feeling unwell, and was unable to preach on the following day. He continued sadly, with a bad throat, during the week, but was not thought to be seriously ill till the following Sunday, when his wife saw a decided change in him; and when the doctor called to see him, he pronounced him to be dangerously ill, but had not thought him to be so previously. He lived only a few hours after the doctor had seen him on the Sunday. About an hour and a half before he departed, when told that there was no hope of his recovery, he replied, "Well, it can't be helped. 'In the midst of life we are in death.'" He was remarkably calm, and had no fear of death. Thus he quietly passed to "the house not made with hands."

He was expected to preach in St. John's Green Chapel, Colchester, on Sunday, April 26th, but, during the evening service of Sunday, April 19th, the fact of his death was made known to Mr. Brown, the pastor, who, instead of, as he intended, announcing his coming to preach there on the following Sunday, had to notice the painful news of his death.

His remains were buried in the burying-ground at the chapel at West Mersea, where his father is pastor, on Wednesday, April 22nd, by Mr. W. Brown, in the presence of a large company of friends.

While the hearse was at the door of the house, to take away the body, a little boy, one of his sons, aged five years, died of

the same disease; and, on the following Friday, his eldest son, aged fifteen years, also died of the same malady, but not without giving some hope of a gracious work on his soul. The bodies of these his two sons were interred beside their father's, on Sunday afternoon, by Mr. Brown, who also conducted the afternoon and evening services in the chapel, and preached the funeral sermon, from the seventh verse of the third chapter of John, to a very crowded congregation.

After making some remarks respecting the painful circumstances which had brought so many together on that sad occasion, and mentioning the fact that the departed one was to have preached in his place at St. John's Green Chapel, Colchester, on that day, but that death had wrought the great change, and had brought him to Mersea, to preach the funeral sermon of his departed friend and brother, he (Mr. Brown) said the text was chosen by the relatives of the departed, and he thought it most appropriate to the solemn facts which were brought before them by the death of three in one family in so short a time, thus giving so striking a proof that "in the midst of life we are in death"; and, as there was no entering into heaven without being born again, it became them each to examine themselves on the all-important matter of the new birth. He said—

1. The necessity for this great change was asserted by the Lord, who said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"; and also by the fact of the ruined, guilty, and sinful state of all and each by nature and practice. No one could say that he was perfectly holy, and fit for the presence of God. It is owned on all hands that men need divine influence—the direct and powerful work of the Holy Spirit—to fit them for the service of God, and to enable them to commune with Him and enjoy His presence.

2. This great need of man's soul was met and supplied by the Lord alone. Man could not produce this change in himself, nor could any person or persons produce this change in another. The parent could not give this blessing to the child, nor even help in the matter. It is altogether of God.

3. He observed that, by the new birth, we had the present privilege and power to serve God in the kingdom of His grace, and were brought into the enjoyment of many favours and great blessings. But the new birth was also a pledge of heaven. All who had experienced the new birth were sure of glory, for it was the earnest of the heavenly kingdom.

Mr. Brown concluded by reminding the people that there were counterfeits of this great gift. There were men who dared to teach that it is in the power of man to produce this great change in a sinner, and to make him a "member of Christ, a child of

God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." He exhorted them not to be deceived by this vile counterfeit, for whatever change was thus wrought, if any at all, was not of God, but of man. But Christ said, "Ye must be born from above, and of the Spirit." Without this new birth there is no entering heaven.

It is worthy of remark that the deceased preached from the words, "Ye must be born again," on the Wednesday evening before he was taken ill, and this was the last time he was engaged in the public service of his Master. His widow has been, and is, graciously supported under this very heavy bereavement and sore trial. May she find her Maker to be a Husband to her!

"WHOSOEVER WILL"

"COME, whosoever will"—

An invitation sweet,  
To all who have been led  
To fall at Jesus' feet.

To all the chosen seed  
Of Adam's fallen race;  
To all before ordained,  
And chosen by His grace;

To those for whom He died,  
And shed His precious blood;  
To those who oft have tried  
To flee the wrath of God—

To these, and these alone,  
The invitation's sweet;  
For these—yes, these—are they  
Who fall at Jesus' feet.

They have been shown their sin,  
Their wretched, ruined state;  
The gulf that they were in,  
When filled with lust and hate.

And now they're taught to pray  
For pardon at His feet;  
They're oft constrained to say,  
"The invitation's sweet."

J. E. F.

ALL the lights in the world put together will not show the sun. It is only to be seen by its own effects. So the Sun of Righteousness is only to be seen by human eyes, as the fulness and brightness of the Father's glory, by the light which guides His people to Himself.—*Hill's "Thoughts."*

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## THE LEPER.

A SHORT MEDITATION ON MARK I. 40—45.

PART II.—THE CURE.

*(Concluded from page 129.)*

LET us now consider the humble attitude of the worshipping leper, bowing down in the presence of the King-Physician, his lips uttering the confession of his faith—"If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." This would not be considered by modern religionists the prayer of *faith*. The current idea of faith is, to believe that Christ is willing to save all, but can only succeed in saving some. Thus His ability to save is virtually denied, and His willingness to save taken for granted. His power is depreciated, and His mercy presumed upon. Such was not the faith of the leper in his prayer—a prayer so unmistakably heard, and so immediately answered. It is noticeable that he did believe most fervently in Christ's ability to make him clean. His was a desperate case. He could not save himself; but his feet had been directed to Jesus, and faith given him to believe in the Saviour's power to save even *him*. A great point is gained when a patient has confidence in the ability of the physician. The belief that Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost" is the great encouragement to come to Him. Still there is a doubt. The question arises, "Will He save me?" The confession of doubt is as conspicuous in the leper's prayer as the confession of faith. Very artlessly he expressed his feelings—"If Thou *wilt*, Thou *canst* make me clean." This doubt is a sore trial, but it is not fully removed until the Lord shows His willingness to save by applying salvation.

The language of the leper, before he experienced the divine and healing touch, was expressive of hope and fear, desire and doubt, certainty and uncertainty; faith in some things, but unbelief in others. This is a true representation of the language of one approaching to Jesus in a right way. We know the leper came in a right way, because he was successful—that his was a divinely-inspired prayer, because it was divinely answered—so that all who come in a similar way may be sure they come aright. Those who draw near to Jesus humbly, prayerfully, entreatingly, and believingly, even though much unbelief is mixed with their faith and prayers, will be sure to find access and acceptance; whilst those who profess to come to Him, and are yet unhumiliated, presumptuous, and deceived, shall find, like the Pharisees of old, that, in respect to the throne of grace—

"The righteous in their own esteem  
Have no acceptance here."

Lepers come because they need Jesus—they come to be healed and saved.

No sooner was the case of the leper seen, and his voice heard, than immediately the compassionate sympathy of the heart of the Lord Jesus was drawn forth. Foul, filthy, and fearful as the leper might be, his utter unfitness, externally and internally, was no bar to the compassion of that Jesus who is so readily "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." However feeble the cry, however small the faith, however great the transgressions, coming, seeking, pleading lepers are always certain of a compassionate hearing. He will in no wise cast such out, or reject their prayer. The earnest cry, the groan of distress, the simple confession of faith in the Saviour's power, worthless and weak as they may seem, were yet powerful enough to move the heart and the hand of Jesus. The love of His heart was manifested in the stretching forth of His hand, as it is written, "I will turn My hand upon the little ones." None but Jesus would have touched the leper. All but Jesus would have feared the defilement of such a touch. He, however, "moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and touched him."

Has the reader ever felt the touch of the hand of His power? Dear friend, whose eye now rests on these lines, has the hand of Jesus ever been "put forth" to you and on you? True religion is a personal matter, and consists in the personal dealings of the Saviour with the sinner. The "hand" (as we have intimated) denotes "power," and when that is "put forth" by Jesus, it arrests a mad career, touches and melts the hardest heart, and reaches a soul even at the ends of the earth.

Further, when the hand of divine power comes in contact with the weakness and helplessness of an elect vessel of mercy, it imparts divine strength and all-sufficient grace. When it reaches the beggar on the dunghill of nature's corruption, it raises him therefrom, and sets him among princes. Stretched forth to a soul sinking in the depths, it delivers him from "the horrible pit and miry clay." The hand of Jesus is moved by His love and pity to do these glorious things for all poor suppliants at His blessed feet.

His work is accompanied by His word. Touching him, Jesus said unto him, "I will; be thou clean." "Faith comes by hearing," and as soon as Jesus Himself assures the leper of His willingness to save *him*, he could not but believe it. Nothing short of the Lord's own assurance can satisfy the humble seeker for salvation on this point.

Then, *cleansing* came by the word—"As soon as He had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed." What a marvellous transformation is wrought by the word of the Lord Jesus! He speaks, and all is well.

Most likely, the man who had such a wonderful experience of the power accompanying the Saviour's outstretched hand and spoken word, would have gladly been permitted to remain with Jesus, but it was not to be so. On the contrary, the Lord "forthwith sent him away," to testify to the priest that he had been cleansed, and to offer the sacrifices enjoined in the Mosaic law. If the reader will turn to the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus, he will there see what these offerings were. In thus commissioning the cleansed one, Jesus stated that it was that it might be "for a testimony unto them." No longer was the high priest to be the "daysman" between the leper and the Lord. The great High Priest—of whom the others were but types—assumes His rightful office, and sends the cleansed leper to show the former that he was superseded, and that cleansing and healing were henceforth only to be received at the hands of the despised Nazarene, who was the true Messiah, and God's anointed High Priest.

It seems somewhat singular that the cleansed leper should have disobeyed the Lord's injunction to "say nothing to any man." It is possible that Jesus bade him be silent in order to show that it was not from any motive of ostentation He had wrought so remarkable a cure. The man, however, appeared to be so full of gratitude and admiration that, contrary to the Lord's charge, "he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter." The same thing was done by many others on like occasions, and we never find the Saviour rebuking any. We gather from this circumstance that the public and open confession of the great things He has done for poor sinners is never displeasing to the Master, when, like the leper, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If the cleansed, healed, and saved hold their peace, who is to praise the Lord's name, or testify of the Saviour's grace? Surely "the very stones would cry out." Let those who have experienced His mercy not fear to declare what He hath done for their souls.

" Why should the wonders He hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot? "

The effect of the leper's testimony was seen in the fact that "they came to Him from every quarter." Those diseased in a similar way, and who equally needed healing, would be encouraged to hope by the narration of what had been done in so hopeless and helpless a case as that of the leper. By the open confession the Physician is honoured, seekers are encouraged, and the fame of Jesus is extended.

## DISLOYALTY OF THE ROMISH PRIESTHOOD.

WHILE our rulers of either political party are courting the favour and bidding for the support of Roman Catholics, it is well that we should be acquainted with the under-stratum of influence which both bishops and priests bring to bear upon those whose consciences they have enslaved; and we hope the following extracts will help to prevent Protestant readers giving their support to any party that is disposed to favour an alliance with Papists, who are the bitter enemies of true liberty and the truth of God:—

It might have been expected that the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Ireland would have been gladly made the occasion for an exhibition of loyalty on the part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood in that country; but, if such expectations were entertained, they have been signally disappointed. In all the arrangements made for the reception and welcome of the heir to the throne, the Romish bishops and clergy have been conspicuous by their absence. No Roman Catholic prelate was present at the Prince's levee, and the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* of April 18th states, "There was not, as far as our experience went, a single Roman ecclesiastical edifice within the city of Dublin decorated for the occasion. Churches, presbyteries, colleges, schools, hospitals, were alike innocent of a flag or a motto of any kind; and their nakedness in this respect was the more striking when contrasted with the adjoining decorations."

But, more than this, the disloyalty of the Romish Church in Ireland was not restricted to the mere negative attitude of disrespect, but found vent in an open expression of disloyalty and insult. *United Ireland*, the organ of the Nationalist party, published on April 11th, under the title of "An Irish Salute for the Prince," a series of letters, 171 in number, in which the Roman Catholic clergy, at the request of that journal, have recorded their opinions upon the royal visit.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel heads the list, and writes, "Were their Royal Highnesses coming among us to restore our constitutional rights, to demolish Dublin Castle, to put an end to Orange ascendancy and Freemasons' rule, and, above all, to inaugurate an Irish Parliament in College Green, we should joyously strew flowers on their path, and literally fill the air with the echoes of their name; but coming, as we are regretfully forced to think they do, on no such ennobling or beneficent mission, and, indeed, for no clearly defined or useful purpose whatever, they can reasonably expect nothing from the oppressed

people of Ireland but a dignified reserve, and the charity of their silence."

Some few of the 171 Roman Catholic priests advise in similar terms the maintenance of such "dignified silence and neutrality," or of an "attitude of passive" or of "blank or sullen indifference," but the great majority have taken the opportunity to utter expressions of studied insult and contempt.

The Rev. M. Rowe, C.C., Tulloher, Rosbercon, co. Kilkenny, writes, "The visit is a snare." Rev. P. M'Vicker, C.C., Irvines-town, co. Fermanagh, "Royal visit to be passed over, if not with contempt, at least unnoticed and in silence." Rev. D. Doyle, C.C., Cainstown, Enniscorthy, "I consider the royal visit a precious humbug." Rev. J. N. Nulty, C.C., Courdy, Donegal, "I detect in the visit the Freemason wolf in sheep's clothing." Rev. Patrick M'Connon, C.C., Scotstown, co. Monaghan, "Let no notice be taken of the Prince of Wales, no more than if he were a little boy running about selling currycombs for horses." Rev. P. M. Furlong, C.C., Ferns, co. Wexford, "I consider the visit a political dodge, which may be treated with passive contempt." Rev. P. Briody, C.C., Athboy, co. Meath, "The proffered salve of sending us 'April fools' is in keeping with the usual remedies for the maladies of our nation." Rev. F. Killian, C.C., Kilkenny West, Athlone, "As he is a public avowed Freemason, any respect or welcome to him would be an insult to the Catholic people of this country." Rev. Michael Power, C.C., Ring, Dungarvan, co. Waterford, "The Prince of Wales's visit just now, being an attempt to bolster up the effete rule of Dublin Castle, is an insult to the intelligence and manhood of the country." Rev. Joseph Toner, C.C., Carrickmore, co. Tyrone, "The visit is simply insulting while justice is withheld." Rev. Father Kearney, C.C., Drogheda, "I regard the Prince's visit, in the present circumstances, as a deliberate insult to the Catholic and national opinion of the country." Rev. Patrick M'Erlan, C.C., Killough, Bright, co. Down, "I wish to express that, from the first announcement of the intended visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland, I entertained feelings of utter abhorrence and detestation of the idea of such a visit." Rev. P. White, P.P., Miltown-Malbay, co. Clare, "I regard any display of welcome, in the present circumstances of our country, to an English Prince, as degrading to our national character." Rev. Philip P. King, Edmondstown, Killucan, co. Westmeath, "It is overbearing impudence on the part of an envoy of public robbers to expect a welcome from honest men." Rev. D. M'Donnell, C.C., Larne, co. Antrim, "Only slaves welcome oppressors." Rev. S. Kelly, C.C., Ardcath, Garristown, co. Meath, "The man who, by word or deed, seeks the favour or the frown of the children of the royal enslaver, deserves the hatred

and execration of all honest slaves and freemen." Rev. B. Mulholland, C.C., Donagheady, co. Tyrone, "No Irishman, but the egotist and the slave, will bear any share whatever in the royal show." Rev. M. M. Gurran, C.C., Moycullen, Galway, "It is our unanimous belief, were we to give a slavish reception even to our future king, we would justly bring upon ourselves the contempt of our exiled race, who are our best prop in our constitutional struggle." Rev. David O'Callaghan, C.C., Kilbenny, co. Limerick, "The Royal Family of England has forfeited any just claims it ever had to the loyalty and affection of the Irish people, in the memorable years of '48-9, and more recently still in '79 and '83." Rev. Edward Russell, C.C., Drumcolloher, co. Limerick, "The Prince of Wales, an Englishman, a Freemason, and no doubt a worthy aspirant to the crown of the last Henry, should not be allowed to prop up tottering Viceroyalty in Ireland without learning that such a course is not calculated to improve the relations of Irishmen with the throne of England." Rev. J. Corbett, P.P., Partry, Ballinrobe, co. Mayo, "Catholic Ireland should stand aloof from all Freemasons alike, and from that 'gateway of hell' called Dublin Castle." Rev. L. Ryan, C.C., Eglisli, Birr, King's co., "As the coming visit is evidently an attempt to keep the Castle gang going a little longer, I think he should be treated as one of the said gang." Rev. E. Cassidy, C.C., Donegal, "The Irish nation must not degrade itself by stooping down to welcome hostile Britain's Prince." Rev. W. J. Conwell, C.C., Arboe, co. Tyrone, "A Freemason device of the polluted Castle, for showing off the number of Irish flunkeys, and their want of Christian modesty and respect for religion." Rev. T. Cassidy, C.C., St. Peter's, Drogheda, "I cannot understand how any Catholic layman—much less priest or bishop—can, in face of the recent Encyclical of his Holiness on Freemasonry, directly or indirectly co-operate in extending welcome and hospitality to the head of English Freemasons, especially as he does not come formally in quality of actual sovereign."

There are many other letters from the Roman Catholic clergy, published by *United Ireland*, to the same effect, but the extracts given serve to show the contemptuous disloyalty of the Romish priesthood. Numbers of the letters urge adherence to the policy of the National party, under the guidance of "the uncrowned king of Ireland." The great majority of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland are the supporters of the National League, and active agents for the promotion of its mischievous objects.

The complicity of the priesthood is thoroughly exposed in a pamphlet entitled, "The Priest in Politics," written by the late P. J. Smyth, an earnest Roman Catholic, and formerly Member for Tipperary. This pamphlet is published by his widow, who

states in the preface that Mr. Smyth, "on his death-bed, expressed a wish that it should be published *before the present meeting of the [Roman Catholic] bishops in Rome.*" In this pamphlet, Mr. Smyth asserts that the priests were present at meetings of the Land League, at which "landlords were denounced as robbers and thieves, property described as robbery," and at which cries were raised against all payment of rent.

Again, we find that the *Moniteur de Rome*, described in the *Times* of February 4th as "the Pope's organ," is stated by that journal to have "become the warm apologist of Mr. Parnell and his party," and to have expressed its "approval of his utterances in open advocacy of the disruption of the British Union and Kingdom."

With such incentives, is it matter of wonder that the Irish people are ready to join in the perpetration of crime and outrage, or that, as stated in the *Tablet* (August 2nd, 1884), "there is in the Irish people a sympathy with rebellion in itself, based on the *universal* belief of the Irish peasantry that, if rebellion could be successful, it would be lawful, because it is an act of antagonism to an *unlawful authority* they hate, *mainly on account of its connection with Protestant ascendancy*?"—*Extracted from the "Monthly Letter of the Protestant Alliance."*

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## A FRENCH HUGUENOT VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

It is said that the terrible Thirty Years' War lost Germany two-thirds of her population. In the ten religious wars that befell between 1550 and 1706, by massacres and persecutions, and, above all, by the emigration and slaughtering that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, there can be little question that France suffered in equal, if not in greater, measure. How many perished on the field of battle, on the scaffold, and at the stake, we can form only the vaguest idea. Some authorities put the number at a million; and it is computed that, within a few years after the Revocation, more than half-a-million Protestants left the country for ever. But these are merely estimates. The emigration began long before the perjured Louis XV. (he swore, on his coronation, to maintain the Edict) reversed the policy of his grandfather, and renewed the era of persecution; and it continued without surcease until the pleadings of Montesquieu and the sarcasms of Voltaire compelled the Court to conform to more moderate counsels.

Many of the refugees came to England, but by far the greater number went to Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and Germany. Most of them were soon lost in the populations among whom they

settled ; but in some instances, they were strong enough to form separate communities, and for long years they piously preserved the purity of their Calvinistic faith, and worshipped God in the language of their fathers. Especially was this the case in Germany, where the refugees were not only well-received by the people, but protected by the princes, allowed to settle in separate villages, and live in their own fashion.

Strange to say, there still exists one of these Huguenot communities—a community which remains to-day as essentially French as when, nearly two centuries ago, the Revocation of the Edict forced its founders to flee their native land. The name of the settlement is Friedrichsdorf, in the Landgraviat of Hesse-Homburg, so called in honour of the Landgrave Frederick II. This prince gave the site of the village and some fields to a number of refugees from Champagne, the Isle of France, and Languedoc, who, in 1687, arrived in the country, and craved his protection. Nor did his liberality end here. For ten years the settlers were to be entirely exempted from taxation ; at the expiration of that time, they were to pay a land-tax of a florin an acre. They were also allowed to organize themselves after their own fashion, to elect their own mayor and aldermen, to manage their own law affairs—with the exception of one or two unimportant reservations—and to exclude from the village anybody to whose presence they might object. These immunities have helped Friedrichsdorf, which now numbers about 1,200 French-speaking inhabitants, to maintain almost intact the manners, customs, and language of their refugee ancestors. This village, in the heart of Germany, is probably a better sample of the France of Louis Quatorze than anything that can be found in France itself.

An interesting account of Friedrichsdorf, the existence of which had been almost, if not altogether, forgotten in the mother-country, appeared lately in a French periodical, from the pen of M. J. J. Weiss, a politician and writer of some note. Hearing at Homburg that there was a Huguenot village in the neighbourhood, he was moved by curiosity to make a visit of inspection. As he neared his destination, he overtook a letter-carrier. "Wo bin ich, bitte?" he asked, and received the rather surprising answer, spoken in excellent French, "Vous pouvez parler Français." This opening naturally led to a conversation ; but, after a few more questions had been put and answered, the letter-carrier begged to be excused, on the ground that it was Sunday, and it was time to go to the temple. This excited the visitor's curiosity still more, and he, too, went to the temple. The pastor was in the pulpit, reading the "Confession of Sin" in French, from which were omitted none of the characteristic phrases of primitive Calvinistic

Christianity, albeit in France itself two-thirds of them have long been obsolete. "I could have believed myself in the New Temple at Rochelle," says M. Weiss, "or in the Paris Oratoire, hearing a sermon from the stern old Pastor Grandpierre. I found myself in the same religious atmosphere in which I was brought up." The men and women present not only chanted and prayed in French, but looked French; and yet from the windows of the temple could be seen the spires of Kiedorf and Seulberg, the one a German Catholic, the other a Lutheran village. M. Weiss found himself in the presence of an ethnologic curiosity—a petrified piece of France, two hundred years old.

But though the people of Friedrichsdorf are of pure French blood, and cling so tenaciously to the customs of their ancestors, they are not the least French in spirit. They know little or nothing of the land from which they came, and look upon Germany as their country—the country for which, if need be, they would fight and die. Considering the treatment their forefathers received in France, the way in which they were driven out of it, and the welcome they received in the land of their adoption, this is, perhaps, not greatly to be wondered at, though M. Weiss evidently thinks it both strange and unnatural. On the other hand, these people are proud both of the language they speak and the race to which they belong. They consider it derogatory to intermarry with their German neighbours; and though they are not in the least moved by a recital of the sufferings of France in 1870-71, they fire up at once if you hint that their men are in any way inferior in strength, or their women in beauty, to the Hesseners and Brändenburger around them. Though living in the same country, educated in the same gymnasiums, and trained in the same regiments as their Teutonic neighbours, they are resolute to maintain the natural superiority of their breed. They esteem themselves both better and braver than the folks of Kiedorf and Seulberg, the women being especially proud of their origin and conservative of their customs. Their language is the quaint and beautiful French of the seventeenth century. Anybody who would know how French was spoken and pronounced in the *grand siècle* must go to this German village. In France itself the secret is lost. But while some of the villagers speak as Madame de Sévigné wrote, others use "vicious and vulgar phrases," which shows, in the opinion of M. Weiss, that the original immigrants were composed of two classes—one educated and refined, the other ignorant and uncultured. Several of the phrases in common use, though obsolete in France, are expressive and convenient. They know nothing of the thousands of words and forms with which, during the last two hundred years, the French language has been enriched. The speech of Friedrichsdorf, in fact, is

literally the speech of 1687. Since that time it has undergone no alteration whatever. What it was then it is now. The fact is curious, but it is natural. The persecuted Protestants who arrived in Hesse-Homburg in 1687 were thenceforth cut off from communication with their country and their kindred. So far as French literature was concerned, they might almost as well have been in the wilds of Africa. The children learnt French from their mothers, and from the few books they brought with them, which, no doubt, were mainly religious books.

The Friedrichsdorfers are necessarily bi-lingual; and all their material interests being centred in Germany, they must needs obtain their news, their literature, and their secular ideas from German sources. French is kept for worship and domestic use; and it is to their religious separateness, more than any other cause, that the long survival of their mother-tongue is to be ascribed.

There is no test for sincerity and constancy like the fiery ordeal of persecution; and the Huguenots who, after undergoing contumely and reproach, stripes and bonds, ended by sacrificing their country to their faith, were more than sincere—they were noble. To those stern Calvinists from Languedoc and Champagne, the Lutheranism of Seulberg was hardly less abhorrent than the Mariolatry of Kiedorf. To worship in French, to hear the Word in the speech in which they had been wont to hear it in the temple and the desert—the speech in which, when beset by enemies, and overwhelmed with trouble, they had besought the help of the Most High—seemed most desirable to these simple souls. Thus the old tongue became in some sort sacred to them, to be handed down reverently to their children, together with the family Bible and the “Confession of Sin,” which, as M. Weiss tells us, the present generation still repeat in the unmutilated form used by their ancestors before Louis XV. drove them from France.

M. Weiss speculates as to how much longer the French language is likely to survive at Friedrichsdorf. He thinks that its disappearance is within measurable distance. Germans are no longer excluded from the village. Fifty years ago there were only four, now there are four hundred Teutons at Friedrichsdorf. It may, therefore, be presumed that the process of assimilation has already begun. French is still taught in the village school, but when the Huguenot wanderers of 1687 lose their faith, they will probably forget the tongue in which they learnt to worship the God of their fathers.

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HEIRS will please themselves beforehand with the thinking of what they will do with their estate, when it comes in hand; so faith sets us down in heaven upon the shore of the other world.

"DOST THOU KNOW CHRIST?"

A GOOD man's death! The earth grown dim behind,  
 And heaven's glory brightening before;  
 The struggle past, the victory almost gained,  
 Life's joy and tribulation nearly o'er;  
 The angels' welcome and the household's woe;  
 The joy above—the dreary blank below!

His earnest life well spent in doing good,  
 A godly Bishop\* laid him down to die;  
 Already fell the shadows o'er his soul,  
 Grown impotent his tongue and dull his eye;  
 Though love by such sad loss is thrilled with pain,  
 Faith sees the dying powers restored again.

"Dost thou not know me?" 'Twas an ancient friend—  
 One he had known in Christ for many years—  
 One to him bound by every gentle tie  
 That the sweet bond of Christian love endears—  
 "Dost thou not know me?" There was no reply;  
 Not e'en a brightening of the faded eye.

"Dost thou know *her*?" It was the sorrowing one  
 Who would so soon be left on earth alone;  
 A faint light glimmered in the wistful eyes—  
 But quivered and went out before it shone—  
 And she, the helpmate of those long, long years,  
 Turned quietly away to hide her tears.

"Dost thou know *Christ*?" The dying head was raised;  
 Some of the old fire sparkled in his eyes—  
 "Yes, I have known Him long, and proved Him well;  
 He was my strength, and He shall be my Prize.  
 Soon shall I be for ever at His side—  
 Come quickly, blessed Lord!" and so he died.

The friend's affection and the husband's love  
 Were darkened by the shadow of the tomb;  
 Into the vale of death *they* could not shine,  
 But Christ was there to guide him through its gloom.  
 Oh, when to *us* the things of earth grow dim,  
 With such unmingled joy, *shall we remember Him?*

I. F.

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THERE is not one saint but He filleth top-full before He hath done. We are vessels of mercy to be filled, and He is a sea of love, without bottom or shore, into which we are thrown, so as to take in all we can hold.

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\* Beveridge.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## LONG-SUFFERING.

WHAT is long-suffering, as one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit? It is very simply explained by 1 Corinthians xiii. fourth and seventh verses—"Charity," or love, "suffereth long, and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Quiet endurance, forbearance, and patience—these are the thoughts suggested by the term "long-suffering." "Patience is a virtue" we often say, and so indeed it is, for the glorious Lord Himself is the God of patience, and long-suffering is one of the perfections of His character, which shines in His conduct towards both His foes and His friends; for while, "with much long-suffering, He bears with the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction" by sin and Satan, the same excellence appears in other forms in relation to His people sometimes, while He "bears with their manners," their folly, ingratitude, and sin; and no less does His merciful patience appear in keeping His promised blessings till His own good time of bestowing them.

Have you ever noticed those remarkable words, "And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you; and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for Him" (Isa. xxx. 18.)

What different "waiters" are here represented! The glorious God, and the poor feeble ones whom He has taught to put their trust in Him. He awaits the set time to favour Zion, and Zion is blessed in waiting for a Friend who is perfectly wise, and

" Whose love is as large as His power,  
And neither knows measure nor end."

*Waiting* calls for patience—waiting for God—for very often Christ's words apply to us, "My time is not yet come; your time is always ready." The captive hastens to escape; the troubled one is impatient for deliverance. But how many times have the Psalmist's words been realized in the experience of others, "I waited patiently for the Lord."

Long-suffering, too, is greatly needed when persecution or slander inflicts deep and terrible wounds upon the body or the mind. We have read many wonderful accounts of the martyrs who suffered loss, pain, and death for the sake of Jesus—Stephen, the first Christian witness who died for the truth, and with his dying breath prayed for his murderers; and, following him, a

noble army who, divinely supported, "possessed their souls in patience," and, whether lingering in prison, or enduring death in its most fearful forms, have written or spoken words which have unmistakably declared the Saviour's preciousness and their unwavering confidence in Him. Indeed, the sweetest sayings have often proceeded from scenes of the deepest grief, for Jesus is never so near as when He *only* can be helpful. When all other succour fails, then are His everlasting arms most truly realized as the all-sufficient support and solace of the spirit. It *must* be thus. His strength is made perfect in His people's conscious weakness; therefore, "when they are weak, then are they strong—strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Then patience appears, too, in another and a peculiar connection—"Seeing then that we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, 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. 1, 2).

Patience seems to belong to waiting and standing still. Running would appear to denote haste and quickness, yet both were combined in the earthly course of Christ, and in the heavenward journey of His followers. "He that believeth shall not make haste"—he shall not become dangerously hurried, and fail through impatience or confusion; yet, forgetting the things that are behind, he will press forward to the end of the race, and so he will "run with patience." When Elijah prayed that he might die, he had grown impatient. He was disappointed because, instead of Israel's God being acknowledged by all the people, and at least respected by their ruler, his own life was sought by the wicked queen. But the prophet must not yet lie down to rest. God has other work for him to do, and he must patiently run on in the way of God's commands. *He* is not disappointed, though His servants often are; and patience is therefore needed by them, that they may do and suffer all His will.

"Looking unto Jesus" is alike the secret of *patience* and *perseverance*, and the more closely we are enabled to follow Him, the better shall we imitate Him, and show forth His praise, for this grace is the product of His own Spirit; and, led by Him, "the righteous shall hold on their way, and they that have clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger," while, as trees of righteousness, "they shall still bring forth fruit," and *this* precious fruit, too, "in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright: He is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him" (Psa. xcii. 14 15).

H. S. L.

THREE GLIMPSES AT AFRICA.—WITHOUT THE BIBLE; WITH THE BIBLE; AND SOME YEARS AFTER.

**FIRST Glimpse—*Without the Bible.***—After the abolition of the slave trade by the British Government, in 1807, the slave-ships captured by the British flag were brought into the beautiful harbour of Sierra Leone. Here, from vessel after vessel, thousands of liberated slaves stood again upon their native shore. Numbers were indeed but skeletons, numbers were maimed, and others expired in the friendly arms that bore them to the hospital, but thousands still lived to rejoice.

On being landed at Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, they became subjects of the sovereign of Great Britain. They were clothed and provided for by the British Government, and divided into different villages in the colony. Allotments of land were given them, and they were in every way encouraged in the practice of agriculture and useful trades. The slaves here liberated came from forty different nations, and spoke nearly as many languages.

Let us look at one village—that of Regent's Town. In 1816, Augustine Johnstone was placed here; and, on June 19th, he slept for the first time among the negroes of his charge, lying on the ground covered with a blanket, while the rain came down through the roof of the hut. In looking into the condition of his people, he felt greatly discouraged. Two thousand five hundred natives, of twenty-two different nations, were here collected together, and they were in a state of continual hostility. When clothing was given them, they sold it, or threw it away. In some huts, there were fifteen or twenty crowded together. Some would live in the woods apart; others subsisted by stealing fowls, ducks, and pigs. In the first week, Mr. Johnstone lost thirty fowls. Some were cannibals, and of all it may be truly said, they were the offscouring of Africa. Often the deaths would number six and eight per day. The naturally depraved hearts of these poor heathens had passed under the brutalizing cruelties of the slave trade, and the ties of nature had been wrenched asunder by the rudest hand. Here were placed side by side those who had, in their own territories, been hostile to each other. Wretchedness and discord could only be the *natural* result; but wait and see what the Bible did.

Glimpse the second—*With the Bible.*—For some time Mr. Johnstone could see no fruit of his labours; but when he was almost cast down, this text was sent him—"Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come; it will not tarry." He had not long to wait.

Let us glance at a Sabbath Day. A church had been built, and hither the negroes came to the early prayer-meeting,

at six o'clock, and at ten it was again crowded. Mr. Johnstone preached from these words, "Faint, yet pursuing." Being greatly fatigued, he proposed that they should have their afternoon prayer-meeting among themselves, which they did.

Oh, think upon this scene! Here were Africa's children kneeling alone to Israel's God. What an exposition of "Let the people praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee." Well might the pastor exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

The following day, many of the people wished to accompany their minister to an evening prayer-meeting, which was to be held some miles away, on the mountains, where all the missionaries in the colony were to meet, to unite in prayer for the spread of the Gospel. At four o'clock they started, 321 in number, to march through the mountains on foot with their pastor. As night drew on, they marched back through the mountain paths, the men and boys in front, singing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched," the women and girls in another company, singing, "How beautiful are their feet!"

Mr. Johnstone's time was now fully occupied, for, besides attending to their spiritual needs, he had to teach them to be brick-makers, masons, carpenters, store-keepers, cultivators, road-makers, and also he had to superintend the schools, in which were 409 scholars; and thus had the Bible been the means of bringing these poor, degraded blacks to a life of peace, quietness, freedom, and civilization, and also there had been wrought, in many cases, that which is above all these, namely, real conversion. The African is naturally a man of extremes, which causes us to be rather suspicious, or slow to believe him to be the subject of a real change of heart, but nothing is too hard for the Lord.

Third Glimpse—*Twenty years after.*—Mr. Johnstone rests from his labours, being stricken down by fever. Others were appointed in his place. They, too, fell victims to this scourge of the country.

Now came a trying time for this little Church. Many were left to turn their feet aside, and again chose the pathway of sin. The gold was being tried. Some of these poor blacks took up their Bibles, and departed to find their relations in the interior of Africa, preaching and expounding the Word according to their ability, being anxious for their brethren to receive the Word as well as themselves. Many of these poor Africans "witnessed a good confession," and died giving good evidence of being "born again," and "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Mr. Ball, writing home, said, "I had many sweet conversations last week. One man said, 'I thank de Lord Jesus Christ for His mercy in bringing me to this country, to hear de Gospel. One evening, when I live in my house, Mr. Johnstone

came to me, and he talk to me about my soul, and what he told me that night I no forget till this time. I thank de Lord Jesus Christ that He has shown me my sinful state. That time I live in my country, I think I very good ; but I see now, suppose I been die that time, I go down to everlasting condemnation. When I live in my country, fight come. They catch me ; and when I live in de slave-ship, I sick too much. But God know what was good for me. I see plenty people jump into de water, and I wanted to do de same. But God would not let me. He prevented me, and brought me here. If de Lord had not brought me here, I could not come. White man no come here for nothing. He tell us about Jesus, and Jesus know every needy sinner. He willing to save them ; but no one can come to Him—God must draw him. Oh, I thank de Lord Jesus Christ for what He has done for me ! Christ says, "*Let your light shine before men.*" Consider—does your light shine ? Again, He says, "Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions." Those mansions are for de people of God. I thank de Lord He brought our minister back. I know he can't save me, but that Word he tell me can. We pray for missionary. He leave his brother, mother, and father to come, and tell us that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

Many more instances of God's power might be given ; but let us ask, Are we doing what we can to spread the Word of God among the poor heathen nations ? There are millions yet who have never heard of Jesus. Should we stand still while souls are perishing, in ignorance of the only way of salvation ? God grant that among our young many may receive the truth, and be stirred up to help to spread it far and wide, having this command given them, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.*"

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#### LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Having been, in the providence of God, for a short time prevented from meeting in our loved school, I hope, during our absence from each other, we have not been altogether unmindful of each other's interests. No, I do not think it is entirely so—at least, I have had proof that you have not forgotten me, and now I take this opportunity of letting you see that I have not forgotten you ; and, although at this time there is more than 120 miles distance between us, yet I find that even that is not enough to erase my dear children from my thoughts.

Last Sunday morning, I thought of you leaving your homes, and setting out for the house of God, as the hour for school drew

on ; and when I was taking a quiet walk, I took out my watch to see the time, and found it was just ten o'clock. At once my heart was with you at school, and, while I was thinking about you, and wondering what you were all doing, suddenly I felt my heart drawn right away to talk with an invisible Being ; and what do you suppose I said ? Do you think you could tell me ? Well, perhaps not, so I will tell you. It was this. My inmost heart said, "Lord, bless those dear girls at school, and do raise up out of their midst a seed to serve Thee !"

And now, my dear children, let me appeal to each one of you, for often I feel very anxious about you, and long to know whether any of you ever feel an earnest desire within, which sometimes puts itself into words something like this—"Oh, that Thou wouldst bless me indeed !" Do any of you ever feel in your soul a desire for the Lord's blessing to rest upon you, both in life and in death ? It is mostly acknowledged that it is a solemn thing to die, and so it is. So likewise, my dear girls, it is a solemn thing to live, for it is in life that a person gives evidence to whom they belong. You know at death the state is eternally fixed. As death leaves us, so judgment finds us, according to the Word of the Lord. "As the tree falls, so it lies."

I remember, when I was not as old as some of you, being very deeply concerned about these things, and wondered what would become of my soul, which I felt must live for ever and ever when my body was laid in the grave. The Holy Spirit of God, I trust, had made a wound within, and made me feel that I was a guilty, helpless sinner in the sight of a holy God. Yes, I felt it ; and it was the feeling of it that made me sigh and cry to the Lord for pardon and deliverance from the power and guilt of sin.

Perhaps you may be ready to ask, "Did the Lord take any notice of your cries ?" Oh, yes ; I am bound to acknowledge, to the honour and glory of His precious name, that He did hear and answer far, very far, beyond all my expectations, by shedding abroad His love in my heart, and giving me to know that the very desire I felt in my heart to love and serve Him was only a proof that He had loved me.

I well remember one Sunday, as I was going to school (the very same school to which we go now), I felt very miserable and sad, and my heart kept saying, all the way I went, "Lord, give my teacher something to say to me that will calm my grief and sorrow." I loved my teacher, for I believed, and do still, that she is one of the Lord's loved ones. Well, as I was going along in a very anxious condition, and, like Samuel of old, "waiting to hear what God the Lord would speak" (I may just say that, on that morning, I walked five miles to get to school), I think I shall never forget how sweetly these words dropped right into my heart—

“ Think not that He'll thy suit reject,  
Or spurn thy humble plea ;  
He hears the groans of His elect,  
And hates to put away.”

I have mentioned this little circumstance just to show you that, if the Lord has put in the heart of any of you a sincere cry for mercy, He will most assuredly answer it. Often I feel I long to know what is going on within—whether there is any one among our little number who knows what it is to bow before the Lord, and, with humility of spirit, to confess their sins before Him. You know one of our hymns says, in speaking of heaven—

“ Little children will be there  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From every Sunday School.”

Perhaps you little think with what anxious feelings and desires I sometimes beseech the Lord to let our school be one of the favoured ones from which He shall select a number to praise His name to all eternity. I know well that nothing short of a change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, can effect this ; but then, it is my earnest desire that He will give you each one to feel your need of His teaching, for His name's sake.

I was exceedingly pleased at receiving a letter from E. C——, and to see the interest she takes in the school. How many there are now grown up who can look back to their school-days, and say, “ There I spent many happy hours ! ” I am sure I can say so ; and I have no doubt that the Lord will abundantly bless you in the diligent study of His Word. You will find it recorded somewhere in the good old Book that “ the diligent soul shall be made fat.”

I was pleased to know the text Mr. Colsell preached from. Some of you are aware that I feel a special interest in the cause of God at Ford Street.

Now, I think I must come to a close, or I shall weary you too much. I am glad to tell you I am feeling better, and have enjoyed the change exceedingly, because I can look upon the scenery around me as the handiwork of that God who “ holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.” I hope, if the Lord will, to meet you all at school again next Lord's Day. I should like you to read together at school the seventh and eighth chapters of the Gospel of Luke, and may the Lord be pleased to bless them to your souls, and lead you into the meaning of His sacred Word.

With much love to each one of you, I remain, my very dear children,

Your affectionate teacher,

*Rhyl, August 5th, 1882.*

B. J. R.

# THE SOWER.

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NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE LATE J. D. PLAYER,  
OF SAFFRON WALDEN.

*“Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”—LUKE xxiii. 34.*

“I WILL now turn aside and see this great sight.” In these words I behold God-like compassion—mercy so great that only He who is infinitely rich in mercy could, under such circumstances, have uttered the prayer. But who can describe in suitable language—who can paint in proper colours—the astonishing scene that is here unfolded? Would the artist personify Mercy, and draw her in her brightest attire, here is the original from which he must copy. But his skill fails; he drops his pencil, and confesses that the subject is inimitable. Shall the most eloquent of human tongues attempt to speak of the grace of our adorable Redeemer as it here shines forth? His oratory appears contemptible when employed in such a theme, and every effort proves that language is insufficient to tell the wondrous story. Shall the angels round the throne engage their capacious minds and exert their powers to fathom the depth of the love of Christ? They confess that the task is too difficult for them; and, while they delight to pry into the mystery, they, having no personal interest in the subject, cannot proclaim it unto others. Who, then, shall undertake the work that angels cannot be employed in? Who can describe the tender compassion of our expiring Saviour? The only instruments that God sees fit to use for this purpose are sinners, who contemplate the Object here beheld with the interest that would be felt by the soul that realized that *he* nailed our Lord to the accursed tree—that *he* mocked the agonies and trifled with the groans of the suffering Saviour. Such a character, when led to view the Lord of glory as interceding on the cross for his salvation, is enabled to unfold the compassionate heart of the great Intercessor for the encouragement of those sinners who, like himself, have seen their crimes more aggravated than those of the very persons who were the actors in this diabolical tragedy. With the cross before him, he will say, “Behold, desponding sinners, behold Jehovah incarnate delivered into the hands of sinful men! See how they scourge, mock, condemn, and at last nail Him to the tree!” He who could defy His most implacable foes to prove a charge against Him, now hangs between two wretches whose lives were justly forfeited on account of their crimes: and, while

hanging there, what reproaches do His crucifiers cast upon Him ! And does He call for vengeance upon them ? No ; but His dying lips drop these words on their behalf, " Father, forgive them ! " Ask you, " For whom does He pray ? " His own words shall answer—for those that the Father gave to Him (John xvii. 9). He viewed among His blood-stained murderers some of those who were chosen in Him from everlasting—for whom He became the Surety of the better testament—whose sins He then bore, and for whose crimes He was then suffering.

Say you, poor desponding souls, that you would rather have heard that Jesus prayed for every individual that was concerned in His crucifixion ? Think again. What encouragement could it afford you to be informed that the High Priest interceded for some on whose behalf He was not heard—who, notwithstanding His prayer for them, died in their sins, and will endure the blackness of darkness for ever ? Such a statement cannot be calculated to ease your troubled minds, nor to bring you to trust your cause in His hand, and depend upon His prevalent intercession. It is cheering to you to hear that those persons whom the compassionate Saviour then had in His eye were some of the blackest sinners that ever dwelt upon this earth, and were then engaged in the commission of the greatest sin ; yet the Lord Jesus Christ beheld them with love as His own members, and spent His dying breath in praying that they might be forgiven.

Do you inquire again, " What is it that Jesus prays for on their behalf—' Father, forgive them ' ? " Not only that they might be delivered from the punishment that their sins richly deserved—not only that their aggravated crimes might never be imputed to them—but that the pardon promised in covenant to all the seed of Christ might, through the merits of His precious blood, be applied to their hearts. When the blessed Emmanuel says, " forgive," He intercedes that they may be brought to look on Him whom they then pierced, that, as sensible sinners, they may find salvation in His death, and have communicated, through Him, all the blessings connected with the pardon of sin.

And was His prayer answered ? Verily it was, ye trembling souls. His interceding breath was perfumed with all the merit of His infinitely valuable blood. And, as He declared at the grave of Lazarus that the Father always heard Him, so the conversion of these elect sinners proved that this prayer was heard and answered. Among the three thousand who were pricked in their hearts on the day of Pentecost were many who had taken and, " with wicked hands," crucified and slain the Prince of Life (Acts ii. 23) ; and, though they were then stained with the blood of Him whom they had slain, they received from the

exalted Messiah repentance and forgiveness of sins. A few days after, five thousand more of these hardened sinners were blessed by the risen Saviour with faith in His name. Thus has God given the clearest evidence that the dying Saviour's prayer was heard on behalf of sinners of the blackest cast.

And rejoice, ye sin-burdened souls, that this merciful High Priest has said that He prayed not for these alone. Now, at this present moment, He lives to intercede for "all that come unto God by Him," and is, therefore, "able to save them to the uttermost" (Heb. vii. 25). He still appears "as a Lamb that has been slain" (Rev. v. 6). He "hath an unchangeable priesthood," and is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). He still displays the same compassion to poor weary and heavy-laden sinners that was beheld beaming from His countenance when He uttered these words, and His gracious declaration will remain upon record to the end of time that "whosoever cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

As this subject is so full of encouragement to those who have not yet been brought to say of our precious Redeemer, "He is mine," it is calculated to cheer the exercised believer in the conflict in which he is engaged, and under the trials he meets with. Rejoice, O my soul. Though thou art continually "groaning, being burdened," yet thou hast "an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous" (1 John ii. 1). His intercession shall prevail to bring down all the grace thou canst need whilst travelling through this wilderness, and He will continue to plead thy cause until, in answer to His prayer, thou art with Him where He is, to "behold His glory" (John xvii. 24). "Even so. Amen."

PAUL excludes the best righteousness that ever he had, either before or after conversion, from the matter of his justification (Phil. iii. 8, 9). When he compares his best righteousness with Christ's, he looks upon it as a dunghill, a stinking dunghill, where there is no pleasure; and a sinking dunghill, where there is no standing. Such is our righteousness, if it be not excluded from our justification before God, and acceptance with Him. If we go about to establish our own righteousness, it stinks in the divine nostrils as dung. And not only so, but it is a sinking ground to stand upon. There is no firm footing. The more a man leans to it, the more he sinks in it. Christ's blood is the only sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour to God. Every sacrifice stinks that is not perfumed therewith. Christ's righteousness is the only sure foundation and firm ground for standing on before God.—*Ralph Erskine.*

## PRAISE.

"*Praise ye the Lord.*"—PSALM cxlvi. 1.

IN notes of praise our songs we raise ;  
 All hushed be now our sighing ;  
 Lord, dry our tears, dispel our fears,  
 We pray, on Thee relying.

If Jesus smile a little while,  
 We cannot then be fasting ;  
 The feast is spread, we lift our head,  
 Our cares on Jesus casting.

The darkest night is changed to light,  
 Joy cometh in the morning ;  
 The bright day-star gleams from afar,  
 And ushers in the dawning.

Lord Jesus, shine with rays divine ;  
 The path will then grow brighter ;  
 Thy mercy great does praise create,  
 And heavy hearts makes lighter.

We then can trace the matchless grace  
 Displayed in our salvation ;  
 With hearts on flame, we laud Thy name,  
 And joy in tribulation.

We'll sing again a nobler strain  
 Of all Thy loving-kindness,  
 When, dead in sin, Thou didst begin  
 Our souls to save from blindness.

Upheld each day, on life's highway  
 We safely journey ever ;  
 When trials befall, on Thee we call,  
 For Thou hast failed us never.

Thy love so strong is all our song ;  
 That love is our salvation ;  
 Therefore we raise our songs of praise  
 In humble adoration !

*Leicester.*

E. C.

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It is always a good sign for a preacher, when the poor and the despised of the world press to hear the Word, and hang, as it were, upon his mouth ; when the aisles are filled as well as the seats ; and when, instead of exchange of compliments and idle or irreverent discourses, the people pass off in silent reflection, as though they seriously meant to carry something of what was said, within their hearts, on to their own homes.—*Ambrose Serle.*

## FREE GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

BEING earnestly desired by my congregation to publish the following memoir (which I had no previous intention of doing), I was brought into some exercise of mind. Knowing that my ministry, conversation, and writings were connected with it, I thought it might seem as if I were seeking self-commendation. But, on the other hand, I thought, if publishing the account should tend to display the riches of the free grace of God, be a benefit to any of His children, and redound to His glory, in refraining to publish, I should be guilty of "putting the candle under a bushel," incurring chastisement, and bring darkness in my own soul. I was, therefore, brought into this conflict—on the one hand, fearing and trembling lest I should sin in refraining; and, on the other hand, desiring and longing that the gracious work of God may appear to His glory, I am constrained by fear and love to leave myself, go forward, and venture the publication.

*December 5th, 1846.*

DAVID FENNER.

SARAH SKINNER, daughter of Mr. James Skinner, of Brightling, was born on July 15th, 1827. About seventeen months before she died, when living at Hastings, she caught the measles, which brought on other bodily afflictions, and acute suffering, by which her head was much affected, even to some derangement, in which she was in a wild, distracted state, very painful to herself and afflicting to the family. But it was not bodily disease only, but soul-concern and despair, together with the powerful workings of the enemy of souls, that was the chief cause and source of her derangement, distraction, and desperate state.

When I visited her, I asked her what was the first cause of her soul-concern. She said, "It was from a discourse you preached from these words—'Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' That discourse sunk deep in my soul. The awfulness of dying in sin—their dreadful state hereafter—caused concern in my soul that never left me." It pleased the Lord through that discourse to convince her of her sinful state by nature. She felt herself to be a lost sinner, but she said she kept it to herself. Another discourse I preached from these words—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" caused much fear and trembling, and increased her concern.

It was when in this state that she caught the measles, and was alarmingly ill, when her concern of soul increased to a great degree. She felt the "terrors of the Lord," and as to her own sense of her state, she sunk into absolute and most fearful despair.

expecting nothing but fiery indignation and everlasting destruction, as she declared to me, and as the following words, in her own handwriting, declare—"When I was in that awful state, Satan was indeed permitted to set in upon me with great fury, and I was permitted to give way to him. I thought that I was sure to go to everlasting destruction, and that I might as well die at first as last. I thought a few days would not make much difference to eternity. Never was any poor creature brought much nearer death than I was. I was indeed brought very low."

Being in this state, Satan was permitted to make dreadful and fearful work in her soul, by suggesting that she was a reprobate—that God was her enemy—that He had cut her off—that there was no hope for her in Christ—that she had no interest in His salvation, and, therefore, that her awful doom was irrevocably fixed, and her destruction was certain—that it was no use to seek the Lord, or pray to Him, for there was no hope for her in Him or His salvation. Being overcome by these awful suggestions, the enemy had deep possession of her soul, and strove hard to press her to these two things—to curse God, and destroy herself. Her condition was such as made others to tremble for her, and even to fear the worst. To be brief, she was in deep despair, and appeared to be possessed by the enemy, as if given up to him.

After a while there was somewhat a different and more favourable turn, and she expressed a desire to see me. I did not expect such a result from my visit as took place. Though she had attended my ministry for some time, during which she had made no open profession, and the visit I am about to relate was the only time of our conversing together (I never saw her afterwards), I felt earnestly to long and pray that the Lord might be mercifully and graciously pleased to own my conversation with her unto her relief.

When she was informed that I was come, she entreated that no one else might be present. When I entered the room, she said, "Oh, sir, I am afraid I am lost! There is no hope for me! I am afraid God is my enemy—that He has cut me off, and given me up! I am afraid I am a reprobate! Oh, sir, I am full of fear!" and much more to the same purport was the subject of her moans and doleful exclamations. She also stated how powerfully the enemy beset and assaulted her. I sat down by the bed-side, and let her go on with her tale of woe. I deeply sympathized with her, and could but feel glad in myself, because, from the doleful account, I had hope of her, it being the same path of tribulation in which I had been; the same conviction, guilt, and bondage; the same despair and fears; the same temptations, assaults, and conflicts; and I said to her, "You have stated nothing that is new

to me. I have been in the same path—in the same fear and distraction—have been assaulted in the same way—and, if you believe that God has delivered me, and that I am a child of God, you have the same ground for hope and expectation—that, as He has delivered me, so He will deliver you, as I assuredly believe He will. He is the same to-day as yesterday. His love and mercy, His grace and salvation, are the same towards sensibly lost sinners and captive souls.” When she said, “Oh, I am afraid there is no salvation for me! I am so wicked! I feel to be full of sin and wickedness, and I am afraid I am a reprobate—that I am given up to the devil. He has tempted me to speak out, and I have been obliged to press my hands on my mouth to keep me from speaking out against God and all that is good. Oh, I am full of fear that I am given up, and that there is no hope for me!” I again replied, “There is nothing in all you have said that is new to me.” I was led to treat of the way of salvation by Christ; that He died for the ungodly; that justification and salvation by His righteousness and death are for them that feel their ungodliness and lost state; that He is anointed to proclaim liberty to them that are in captivity to sin and Satan, whose souls are shut up, and who feel, in that state, to be “appointed to death”; that He will surely deliver such; that we are to say to them whose hearts are full of fear, “Fear not, for, behold, your God will come and save you.”

I felt a freedom in speaking, and her attention was commanded; and, as I continued speaking, I perceived her countenance to change from gloomy sadness to a cheerfulness, showing some inward relief. When she said, “How encouraging you are!” I felt as if the Lord was pleased to own my conversation to her relief. Her countenance brightened more and more, a sweet cheerfulness playing thereon, when she again said, “How very encouraging! I feel to be comforted. I feel a hope that there is mercy and salvation for me.” I said, “You have the same ground for hope in salvation as I have.” She said, “I have no doubt but you are a child of God and minister of Christ, and as such, I sincerely love you.” I said, “That is another proof of your interest in Christ and salvation, for ‘we know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.’”

I was led to speak freely of the “things that accompany salvation.” The Lord was pleased to own, apply, and make it a blessing, to her relief and comfort. She said, “How very sweet! Your words are blessed to me. I feel relieved and encouraged. I feel in my heart a hope in the Lord. I do feel to love the Lord. Oh, how glad I am that the Lord has sent you to me! He has made your conversation a blessing to me.”

This Scripture was evidently fulfilled in her—“The hope of the

righteous shall be gladness." Her fears, bonds, and Satan could no longer hold her in despair. The set time to favour was come. and I trust I may truly say, before I left the room, she enjoyed deliverance to a comfortable and lively hope in the Lord and His salvation; and, as her sister states, "she continued for some time to enjoy a happy frame of mind, and seemed humbled in self-abasement at her unworthiness of such great goodness of the Lord." The enemy tried much to sink her soul again, but, with all his suggestions and powerful and fierce temptations, he could not succeed to destroy her hope. Though he was permitted to cast her down, and sink her very low, yet she was supported in hope, which proved "as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast," and continued with her, and, before she died, proved to be "Christ within the hope of glory," and, in her last days and hours, truly fulfilled these words, "The righteous hath hope in his death: the hope of the righteous shall be gladness," as the following account, written by her sister Rhoda, who was present with her, will declare, part of which was read at the chapel, when I was led to preach on the occasion. But, when it was intended to publish the account, her sister considered she had not done justice to her, in that she had omitted much of her experience, and what she said when in dying circumstances. She accordingly wrote me a further account, which I consider ought not to be omitted. I have, therefore, added it to what was read at the chapel, which, together, is as follows:—

*Brightling, October 16th, 1846.*

DEAR SIR,—With feelings of joy, mingled with grief, I take up my pen to inform you my dear sister is no more. She breathed her last on Wednesday, October 14th, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, after one year and five months of acute sufferings of body, and also of mind, at times, as you were witness of.

Her first serious impressions were from hearing two discourses you preached. The first was from these words—"Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" The next was from these words—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" While hearing the last, she said she sat and trembled, but more especially the former.

She seemed to have been convinced of her fallen and lost state; but she did not appear to fall under heavy conviction until brought upon the bed of sickness—at least there was not anything particularly striking, though I do believe she was in concern of soul when first taken ill of the measles, but said nothing about it until brought into a state of despair, in which I think never any poor creature sunk deeper than she was. She had been in it for about six weeks before you saw her. She was indeed beset

by the temptation you spoke of—to curse God. Many times did I see her press both hands upon her mouth, as if to prevent her speaking out the words; and then she would say, “Oh, it must come out! Oh, I feel I must speak it!” Then she would beg us to pray for her, that she might not be permitted to do it.

One night (which I shall never forget), she was so beset with the temptation, and the enemy was permitted to have such power over her, almost to the taking of her life. I firmly believe there never was a poor, tempted soul nearer gone than she was at that time. A more desperate struggle I believe he never had with any dear saint of God. She had all that day, as she had done before, kept on saying that she was lost—that there was no hope for her—that her doom was irrevocably fixed—but would exclaim, “Oh, that there was mercy for me—that I could hope I was interested in the love of Christ!” Her groans went up to the Lord that He would have mercy upon her, while she was expecting every breath would be her last, her body being reduced as low as it possibly could be to live. When she was in this state, and so beset with that temptation, her whole body seemed in an agony. She did speak rashly, but not to curse God, as she was tempted to do. Then she said she should surely go to hell, and that she should see us in glory, and, with the most awful countenance I ever beheld, she jumped up in bed, though in her weak state. Her breath seemed gone, and she was becoming black in the face. The agony of my mind no tongue can tell, for I feared she would die in that state; but blessed, for ever blessed, be the Lord, that He did not permit the enemy to take her life, for her breath returned, and she laid down in bed again. After she was a little revived, she said, “Oh, he has not got me! I thought I was gone. *That was a desperate struggle indeed*”; and added, “*It is the last struggle I shall have in that way.*” I believe there was from that time a feeling of, “Who can tell but that the Lord will have mercy?” Often since she has referred to that conflict, and has said she was sure there never was any one nearer being plunged into destruction than she was then; and said, “I was indeed a brand plucked from the burning, for it seemed to me that I was fallen into the fearful pit; but the Lord stretched forth His almighty hand and rescued me.” She has, when speaking of this, been so affected that she could not continue to speak.

But, though she felt at that time that the devil had not got her, yet she was not delivered from that fearful state of despair, which, dear sir, you were witness of. When in that state she did earnestly beg that she might see you. Although we all had talked to her to encourage her to hope in the mercy of God, no relief was given her until you came, when she was indeed labouring in soul-travail. But, to her comfort, and to the happiness of us

all, you were made the instrument of her soul's relief, by your conversation with her. Oh, what a change was visible after that! There never was a more striking proof that the Lord did speak by you than was seen at that time. Sure I am, dear sir, that the Lord did own and bless, in a remarkable way, your words to her soul. Many times since she has spoken of it. She has said, "That dear man's words did come with power, and were applied to my heart. Even while he was speaking, I felt a power which enabled me to trust in the Lord, to the relief of my soul." She would often say, "Trust in the Lord. I *will* put my trust in Him"; and again she would say, "Oh, that dear man! I have never been without a hope since that time. Although the enemy again and again has tried to sink me to despair, yet he never has; for, in the midst of all my fears, I have not been without hope in the Lord."

When meditating on the things of God, and the redemption by Jesus Christ, and on the Trinity, the enemy has tried to cast confusion in her mind. At times he would try to make her disbelieve that there was any reality in religion, or even such a Being as God. She told me this had been suggested to her since she had received comfort to her soul. When tempted to question the reality of a work of grace in her soul, hope has sprung up, and kept her from sinking to despair. She has expostulated with her soul, and said, "O my soul, why art thou cast down? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him," which I am sure she did before she departed this life.

I will now give you the state of her mind, as near in her own words as I can. She stated that it was her wish to be enabled to leave a clear testimony to the truth of God, for the encouragement of others, "and, as Mr. Fenner has spoken assuredly of me, that he may be confirmed in his belief of me in my death, and be encouraged in his work."

Since her mother's\* death, she has at times been dejected in her mind, and much cast down. The thoughts of death seemed to thrill through her. The enemy was at times permitted to sink her very low; but, as I said before, never to sink her into despair. She had many fears on account of her spiritual poverty and destitution of soul. She said, "Oh, can it be that I am a child of God, when I feel such deadness and barrenness of soul? I feel no

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\* Her mother was a true child of God. She had been a consistent member of the Church with us many years, and had attended my ministry thirty-seven years. She was taken ill of a virulent cholera morbus on a Friday, and, after suffering great agony, died on the next Monday morning, August 3rd, 1846. She enjoyed a good hope through grace in her death—declared she was happy—that Christ was precious to her—that she was quite resigned to the Lord's will—and died in true peace.

spiritual movement—no spirit of prayer. I can only sigh and groan, and say, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’” She bemoaned her wretched state—the coldness of her heart to the things of God. She would say, “Oh, can it be that I have any love to God at all, and feel as I do? Oh, that I was more alive and lively to the things of God! I would be different, but I cannot.”

One day, she said to me, “I have sought the Lord with sighs and groans and tears.” Many times, when sunk, she has said, “If I perish, it shall be at the foot of the cross, begging for mercy.” She knew she could obtain it only through the blood of Christ, and would exclaim, “Oh, what a wretch I am! Was there ever such a sinner as I? I know I have no righteousness or strength of my own to plead.”

She spoke of the sufferings and death of Christ many times with much sweetness. She knew that, by His death, her sins were put away, to be remembered no more. Often she said that He had borne her grief and carried her sorrow, and that it was “by His stripes she was healed.” She often seemed lost in wonder and amazement that the Lord should have an eye of love and pity on such a wretch as she felt herself to be, and said, “Who, by searching, can find out God to perfection?” At times, when her sufferings were very great, she said, “It is not yet enough. I have not what I deserve. There is a needs-be for it. The Lord layeth no more upon me than shall be for my good. ‘He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,’ for it is said, His bowels yearn when He mingleth the bitter cup. Oh, if He had not been merciful, where should I have been? Where hope could never come!” Then she would refer to the never-to-be-forgotten time when you came to see her, and would say, “‘Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?’ Yes, I have found One.”

On Friday night, October 2nd, the Lord was pleased to manifest Himself to her. When I went upstairs to her, after leaving her for a short time to herself, she said, “I have had a blessed season. I have felt the Lord’s presence with me. My soul has been filled with blessing and praising His holy name.” From that time to her death she enjoyed the same in a smaller or greater degree. The fear of death was removed. She said her time was short. She spoke of death in a calm manner, and had a longing desire to depart and be with a precious Christ. She quoted these lines—

“ His purposes are ripening fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.”

The enemy tried to shake her confidence and hope by casting a gloom over her mind, and suggesting that, though she had no fear of death now, yet she would have, and would die hard; but he could not remove her firm persuasion that she should be "for ever with the Lord" when she departed this life, for, if a little cast down, the Lord was pleased to shine more fully into her heart, and she would exclaim, "Oh, how I have enjoyed the Lord's presence! Oh, how happy I am! This room hath been a Bethel to me indeed!"

When speaking of the Lord's goodness to her, it increased her desires to be gone, but she would pray for patience to wait the Lord's will, and desire that we would pray for it. She said, "Oh, let me not be impatient, but wait the Lord's pleasure; but I long to be gone! I long to be with Jesus, whom my soul loveth." At another time she said, "What is the world? A vain, empty nothing. It is sickly to me now." I asked, if it could be that she could be restored again to her former health, whether she would desire it. She answered, "No; though nature would like to be with you, for I love you all; but I long to be gone. I long to leave this clay tabernacle." She frequently smiled, and said to us all, "See here! Now I can smile at death. The sting is taken away—

" 'He gapes with adamantine jaws,  
And gries, but can't devour.' "

Again she said—

" Oh, come Lord Jesus—make no longer stay!  
Come, fetch my blood-bought, ransomed soul away! "

(*To be continued.*)

MY constant prayer lately has been, in a few words, "Lord, by Thy Spirit and Thy Word, teach me the true knowledge of Thy dear Son."—*F. R.*

It has been said that the word "atonement" is made use of but once in the New Testament, and that there it might have been otherwise translated. In reply to this we say that we do not contend for words, but things. Are we to have nothing to do with morals because the word "morality" is not once mentioned in Scripture? Are we totally to disregard a divine Providence, because that word is only once mentioned in the Scriptures, and that by a heathen? But, if the translators have made use of that term only in one place, yet the very same expression in the original, translated by the term "reconciliation," is found to abound in plenty.—*Hill's "Thoughts."*

## THE TESTIMONY OF "AN OLD MAN." \*

THROUGH the gracious hand of my God I have this day arrived at the age of man. I have, therefore, set it apart for meditation, prayer, and praise. May the Holy Spirit help me to improve it, that I may spend the little of my remaining time with more faith and unceasing gratitude. When I look back, I would be all adoration. As a creature I worship the Creator. Once I was nothing, and He brought me into being. Oh, what distinguishing favour to make me a rational creature! And, as I was a ruined man—a sinner, guilty, helpless, miserable—oh, what sovereign grace to make me a new man! Who can tell (I cannot) how great the love was which provided a Saviour for such a rebel? What patience! How infinite to spare me through childhood, through youth, through manhood, when every day, and every thing in the day, were calling aloud for vengeance! I might have been many years ago in hell, and most justly; and now I adore the long-suffering of God, which kept me out of it. He had purposes of love towards me, which He made known in His own time and way. It was sovereign love which brought me to know myself and to know Jesus. His own Holy Spirit begun and carried on the work. He opened mine eyes to understand the Scriptures. He gave me to believe their truth, and to feel their power; and now I set my seal to every word in them, finding God to be true and faithful—true in the promise, faithful in the fulfilment. Receive Christ—one with Him—live by Him—live on Him—worship Him—do all on earth as well as I can, till He enable me to do it better in heaven.

In this believing view of things, I acknowledge that I have lived to a blessed time. All that is worth enjoying has been freely given to me. By the quickening grace of the Spirit brought into oneness with Jesus, and to partake of the Father's love in Him. All is mine. Glory be to Father, Son, and Spirit in the highest! The covenanting Trinity is mine. These are the prospects which faith, looking back, opens to the Christian with delight, and thereby renders my present condition a subject of praise and thankfulness.

My time is almost run out, and what is short is now also but labour and sorrow. So says God's Word, and I feel it. The infirmities of age, the decay of the faculties of mind as well as body, consequently usefulness in one's place and station, dying daily. These are always giving warning that the house made

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\* Among all the papers of the late honoured William Romaine, this one only in the form of a diary was found, written when he attained three-score years and ten, entitled, "An Old Man."

with hands must soon be taken down. It begins to be very troublesome to keep it up. One prop falls after another, and repeats the lesson—"You must soon be turned out. Look after the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" Blessed be God for giving us the earnest of His Spirit, to enable us to look forward with a pleasing hope, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

It is by this same faith that God has reconciled my heart to His providence. He is my Father, Jesus my Portion and my exceeding great reward, my God and my Keeper. It is my privilege that He is to manage for me. He knows what is best for me, and to Him I leave it. To be richer or greater, in more health or in more honour, would be no addition to my happiness. I have enough of this world's goods. I am content with my place and station, and ask for nothing but more thankfulness for what I have. Oh, what a calm does this bring upon my mind! Looking back, I can see His gracious dealings with me in all the events of my life, and He has brought me and settled me in the very condition in which I ought to be. What has God done? What has He not done to make me satisfied? Indeed, I have all the reason that ever man had to adore Him for His providence, and to bless Him for His dealings with the children of men. This day, such are my views of His goodness to me in the time past, both in temporal and also in spiritual mercies. All is well, and, blessings on His name, the prospect before me, notwithstanding the infirmities of age, is comfortable. The promises in the Word afford exercise for faith and never-ceasing dependence—not only general promises, but also particular, suited exactly to my present circumstances. Our God has made gracious provision for old age, and has enabled me to make use of it, that, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, I might now have hope. He has given me a general warrant for my security. I have committed myself into His care and keeping, and He has declared, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." This is a constant cordial, and extends its heartfelt influence to the special promises, such as Isaiah xlv. 3, 4. This is spoken to the whole Israel of God, who have not only the life of the body from Him, but chiefly the life of the soul. He creates them anew by the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. He is the Author—He is the Carrier-on—He brings that life to its full perfection. It is every moment supported by His power and blessed with His paternal affection. Age may come, hoary hairs may appear, the vigour of the faculties may decay, but His love is the same. He reveals it, He applies it. The old man feels it, and he turns it into the prayer of faith—"Oh, my Father, I do hearken unto Thee! Thou hast supported, Thou hast carried me from my birth to this moment,

and I doubt not but now, in mine old age, and in my hoary hairs, Thou wilt still carry me and bear me until Thou hast finally delivered me. Amen. I believe, Lord, it shall be done unto me according to Thy Word.”

WILLIAM ROMAINE.

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### HEARING TO PROFIT.

ON January 20th, 1773 (in his eighteenth year), I went to hear Mr. Rowland preach at New Chapel. His text was Hebrews iv. 15—a day much to be remembered as long as I live. Ever since that happy day I have lived in a new heaven and a new earth. The change which a blind man who receives his sight experiences, does not exceed the change which at that time I experienced in my mind.

“ The earth receded and disappeared ;  
Heaven opened to my eyes ; my ears  
With sounds seraphic rung.”

It was then that I was first convinced of the sin of unbelief, or of entertaining narrow, contracted, and hard thoughts of the Almighty. I had such a view of Christ as our High Priest—as His love, compassion, power, and all-sufficiency—as filled my soul with astonishment, with “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” My mind was overwhelmed and overpowered with amazement. The truths exhibited to my view appeared for a time too wonderfully gracious to be believed. I could not believe for very joy. The glorious scenes then opened to my eyes will abundantly satisfy my soul millions of years hence, in the contemplation of them. I had some idea of Gospel truths before, floating in my head ; but they never powerfully, and with divine energy, penetrated my heart till now.

The effect of this sermon remained on my mind half-a-year, during which time I was generally in a comfortable and heavenly frame. Often, while walking in the fields, I looked up to heaven with joy, and called that my home ; at the same time ardently longing for the glorious Saviour to take me for ever to Himself. At times doubts would come into my mind, and I would say within myself, “Can it be possible that these things are true ?” The Lord would reply, “I will not execute the fierceness of Mine anger ; I will not return to destroy Ephraim ; for I am God, and not man.” “Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.”—*S. Charles.*

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GOD'S mercies are as cords to draw us to Him, but our sins are as sharp swords that cut those cords.

## DR. HAWKER'S VISIT TO CODICOTE, HERTS.

BEING on a visit in Hertfordshire, and anxious to go where the truth was preached, I walked to Welwyn, five miles, to hear Mr. Oxenham, but was informed the meeting was shut up—that minister and people were gone to Codicote Church. I was not a little surprised, and, being greatly fatigued by my walk, I paused for the moment in hopeless disappointment. Nevertheless, hope rallied, and I determined to know the cause of attraction at Codicote Church. I learnt on the road that a great preacher from Plymouth was there. This put new life in my feet and thankfulness in my heart. I reached the crowded church when he had just entered the pulpit.

He preached from "the blessing of Abraham"—the Lord Jesus Christ as the comprehensive fulness of all blessedness. With his usual freedom, sacred glow, and holy warmth of soul, he brought out the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel. The Lord the Spirit gave testimony to the Word of His grace, and blessed it to the hearts of His dear people. The intense anxiety to hear, the listening countrymen in their white frocks, the enlivened countenances of the people, with the leadings of Providence in my being there, all united, had an imposing and delightful effect on my mind.

The people came out filled with wonder and with joy, testifying the Word came in "the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." I was informed that all the meeting-houses were closed, even to seven and nine miles round, and ministers and people were come to hear him. I returned with unspeakable joy and gratitude, wondering at all the things that had come to pass.

In the evening I went again, with prayer and expectation. He preached on these words—"But we are come unto Jesus." He first spoke of the Person, the object of approach, &c. He then met the coming sinner, with all his objections—the very objections were reasons for their coming to Him—opened the graciousness of the heart of Christ, and the blessedness of the sinner who had come to Christ. He ministerially stripped the sinner; gave the whole glory to God the Holy Ghost of every needy sinner's approach; showed that none could ever come but those He quickened, and the certainty of their coming whom He had made alive. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, in which my soul was drawn forth in wonder, love, and praise.

As he came down the churchyard, I took my farewell view of him, solemnly impressed with the thought I should see him no more in the covering of frail mortality. He died the following April 6th, 1827, aged seventy-four years.

The people retired in clusters, blessing and praising God that ever they heard him. The truths, being opened in such a delightful manner, overpowered their minds. The little company travelling my way entertained me on the road with their expressions of joy. The setting sun, with all the beauties of a summer's evening in the midst of harvest, added to the scene, which made it one of the happiest days of my life.

How the foregoing reminds us of September 14th, 1881, when we went to hear Dr. Doudney preach the harvest thanksgiving sermons at Arlesey Church, Bedfordshire. The sight we think we shall never forget. The number of vehicles, bringing friends, most of them being Dissenters, both ministers and people, from all around, many coming by train from long distances—some eighty, and some over one hundred miles. The people in the village seemed amazed to see such a concourse of strangers. Arriving at the church, we found many had already taken their seats, and quickly was the place crowded.

The service began by singing that well-known hymn of Cowper's, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c. Much of the usual Church service was on this occasion dispensed with, and then Dr. Doudney ascended the pulpit, in his black gown, not in the surplice, as is too common in this day. After praying for the aid and assistance of God the Holy Spirit, &c., he gave out for his text Psalm cxxvi. 6, preaching a good, experimental sermon.

After the service, a tea was provided in the large school-room, but many could not get in. Here the Doctor gave an address, after which we returned to the church again, to hear the precious truths from Dr. Doudney. He spoke, at the commencement of his sermon, of the trial and exercise of mind he had to pass through, going into that pulpit without a text. While the congregation were singing the hymn before the sermon, these words came with power to his mind—"Looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii. 2). The Lord enabled him to enter experimentally into the text, and we again felt it good to be there; and so did many, as they testified to us afterwards.

*Cambridge.*

ELIJAH COE.

OUTWARD comforts are like the rotten twigs of a tree. They may be touched, but, if they are trusted to, or rested upon, they will certainly deceive and fail us.

CHRIST says of the Holy Ghost, "He shall tell you nothing but stories of My love. He shall glorify Me; and He will be breaking your hearts, either with My love to you, or yours to Me, or both."

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

EXTRACTS FROM BROOKS' "CABINET OF JEWELS."

THOUGH poor, doubting, staggering, trembling Christians dare not say that Christ is their Saviour, yet they dare say that they desire and endeavour to honour Christ as their Lord. Though they cannot see Christ bestowing Himself on them as their Redeemer (John xx. 28), yet they are willing to make a resignation of themselves up to Him as their King. They are willing to resign up their hearts and lives to the government of Jesus Christ. Though they cannot find comfort, yet they will oppose sin. Though they cannot comprehend Christ, yet they will not willingly offend Christ. Though they cannot see their own propriety in Christ, yet they desire nothing more than that Christ may claim a propriety in them. Though they cannot see Christ as a Friend, yet they can look upon sin as an enemy. Though they cannot close with the promises, yet they will close with the precepts. Though they cannot close with the privileges of a Christian, yet they will close with the services of a Christian. Though they cannot close with the comforts of a Christian, yet they will side with the duties of a Christian. Though they cannot clear up their interest in Christ, yet they are willing to yield subjection to Christ. Though they want strength to cast themselves into the arms of Christ to save them, yet they will cast themselves at the feet of Christ to serve Him. Though they want the light of comfort and consolation, yet they will walk in the light of commands and directions (Isa. l. 10).

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True desires of grace is grace. True desires after Christ, and grace, and holiness, is grace. He who does sincerely desire to believe, he does really believe; and he that does sincerely desire to repent, he does really repent; and he that does sincerely desire to obey the Lord, and to fear the Lord, and to serve the Lord, he does really obey the Lord, and fear the Lord, and serve the Lord (Matt. vii. 8).

It is the first step to grace for a man to see his heart void of grace; and it is the first degree of grace for a man to desire grace. Mark, all true desires of grace have the very nature and truth of grace in them, as there is true fire in a spark as well as in a flame, and true water in a drop as well as in a stream, and true light in a beam as well as in the sun, and true gold in the very filings of gold as well as in the whole wedge of gold. The least of anything partakes of the nature of the whole (Isa. lv. 1, 2; John vii. 37). True desires of grace argue a state of grace and salvation.

“Lord, Thou knowest all my desires; my groaning is not hid from Thee” (Psa. xxxviii. 9). “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled” (Matt. v. 6); or, as the Greek runs, after the participle of the present tense, they that are hungering and thirsting, intimating that, whenever this is the present disposition of men’s souls, they are blessed. “And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17).

Sincere desires of grace are those holy seeds, those divine beginnings, of grace in the soul out of which grace springs, and grows up in its measure and perfection.

As no man can sincerely seek God in vain, so no man can sincerely desire grace in vain. A man may love gold, yet not have it; but no man loveth God, but is sure to have Him. Wealth a man may desire, and yet be never the nearer for it; but grace no man ever sincerely desired, and missed it. And why? It is God that hath wrought this desire in the heart, and He will never frustrate the desire that Himself hath there wrought.

Let no man say, “I have no faith, no repentance, no love, no fear of God, no sanctifying, no saving grace in me.” Doth he see a want of those things in himself? Yes, that it is which so grieves him—that he cannot love God, stand in awe of Him, trust in His mercy, repent of sin as he should. Yea, but doth he seriously and unfeignedly desire to do thus? Yes, he desires it above all things in the world, and would be willing, as it were, to buy, even with a whole world, the least measure, or dram, or drop only, of such grace.

Now, let me ask him who is it that hath wrought this desire in him. Not his own corruption, for that is naturally averse to everything that is good. Not the devil, for he would rather quench it than kindle it in him. It must needs, then, be the work of the Spirit of God, who “works in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure,” and who pronounceth all them blessed that thus desire after grace.

“When I have a good desire,” saith one, “though it doth scarcely show itself in some little slender sigh, I must be assured that the Spirit of God is present, and worketh His good work.” Wicked men do not desire the grace of the Holy Spirit, whereby they may resist sin, and, therefore, they are justly deprived of it, for he that earnestly desireth the Holy Ghost hath it already, because this desire of the Spirit cannot be but from the Spirit.

“Our faith,” saith another, “may be so small and weak, as it doth not yet bring forth fruits that may be lively felt in us.” But if they which feel themselves in such an estate desire to have these feelings, namely, of God’s favour and love, if they ask them of God’s hands by prayer, this desire and prayer are testimonies

that the Spirit of God is in them, and that they have faith already ; for is such a desire a fruit of the flesh or of the Spirit ? It is of the Holy Spirit, who bringeth it forth only in such as He dwells in ; so, if we have these motions, these holy affections and desires, before mentioned, let us not doubt but that we have the Holy Ghost, who is the Author of them, dwelling in us, and, consequently, that we have also faith.

Again [saith the same author], if thou hast begun to hate and fly sin—if thou feelest that thou art displeased at thy infirmities and corruptions—if, having offended God, thou findest a grief and sorrow for it—if thou desire to abstain from sin—if thou avoidest the occasion of sin—if thou doest thy endeavours against sin—if thou prayest to God to give thee grace—all these holy affections ought to be as so many pledges and testimonies that the Holy Spirit is in thee, for they proceed only from Him.

Sincere desires after God, and Christ, and grace, are sometimes all that the people of God find in themselves. This was all that Nehemiah could say of himself and the rest of his brethren (Neh. i. 11), that they did desire to fear God's name ; and so the Church (Isa. xxvi. 8)—“The desire of our soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thy holiness.” And verse 9—“With my soul have I desired Thee in the night.” So the spouse in Solomon's Song iii. 1—3. So David (Psa. xxvii. 4 ; xlii. 1, 2 ; lxiii. 1).

They must needs be sure of grace that have an unfeigned desire of it. This is a maxim that we must live and die with ; namely, that no man can truly desire grace but he that already has grace. Certainly, he that desireth grace hath grace to desire it. It is an infallible sign that that man hath already some measure of grace that doth seriously desire to have it. He would never seriously desire to fear God who stands not in some awe of Him already ; nor to love God, who has not some love already for Him ; nor to believe Him, who has not some faith already ; nor to repent, that has not repented already ; nor he would never desire sanctifying grace, whose heart in some measure is not already sanctified by the Spirit of grace.

“It is the very essence of righteousness,” saith one of the ancients, “for a man to be willing to be righteous” ; and the poor heathen could say, “It is a principal part of goodness for a man to be willing to be good.” It is natural for every one to desire his own natural good, but to desire spiritual grace, holiness, sound sanctification, faith unfeigned, the true fear of God, serious repentance, &c., is more than ever a natural man did or can do. No man did ever desire to eat which had not eaten before, nor no man did ever desire to believe that did not believe already. All true desires after faith spring from faith as the root of them.

## DIVINE COUNSEL IN PERILOUS TIMES—"THEN LOOK UP."

JOSEPH, a servant of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout the British Empire, "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied."

When our gracious covenant Head forewarned His disciples of approaching public calamities, He gave them one short sentence of advice, suitable for every such occasion—"Then look up" (Luke xxi. 28). Can there be more excellent and important counsel given to the people of God in the present day, when "men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth"? Into what class of society can we now look without seeing dismay seated upon almost every countenance? The statesman, the merchant, the tradesman, and the labourer, all seem like the Psalmist's description of the mariner in a storm—"They reel to and fro, and are at their wits' end." Harken then, O Christian—our blessed Lord says, "Then look up!"

If we turn our attention to the state of the professing Church, our anxiety increases for our Gospel. Jerusalem is even now encompassed about with armies combined to war against the living Church of God, having already raised the war cry of "Rase it, rase it, even to the ground!" An army of infidels openly avow their deeply-rooted hatred of the very name of Christianity, and are only waiting to do as they did in France—trample the Bible beneath their feet, and try to annihilate the elect family of God.

Believer, take thy Saviour's advice—"Then look up." In allegiance with these—yea, sworn to be faithful to the same prince, the prince of darkness—is the bloodthirsty army of Papists, who have murdered millions of Zion's sons and daughters in days gone by, and are still bound by the same murderous laws to repeat the frightful carnage by making dear old England a slaughter-house for the sheep of Christ. And that which seems to give them confidence in executing their plot is, that the very officers of these combined armies are now seated to make laws to further their dark designs. And what is poor Jerusalem to do in such a siege as this? Why, "then look up," for her omnipotent King alone can deliver her, as He did in Hezekiah's days.

Another army has lately reinforced the formidableness of these dreadful enemies to vital godliness. Drilled in the universities by Jesuits as drill-sergeants, they are armed with the panoply of Rome—covered with the cloak of Anglican mock sanctity. Tractarian firebrand arrows and deadly poison are their ammunition,

with which they have already done extensive service to the prince of darkness.

Again the Saviour's counsel is, "Then look up; for greater is He that is for you than all that can be against you." Indeed, I can see no hope of deliverance from these combined armies but from above. Oh, that the spirit of prayer were poured out upon the people of God and upon their pastors, that God would arise and plead His own cause against these prototypes of Sennacherib, saying to them, as He did to him, "I will put My hook in thy nose, and My bridle in thy lips; and I will turn thee back by the way which thou camest"! But, alas! the spirit of prayer seems to be exchanged for the spirit of apathy, so that we seldom hear in prayer-meetings nor from the pulpits anything like a wrestling importunity for the deliverance of the Church from these invading foes; but, on the contrary, many professed Protestants are so infatuated with infidel libertinism, and so fascinated with Popish fawnings, that they even censure the few faithful men who dare to lift up their voices in warning and in prayer amidst the thickening dangers.

There is another army hostile to the interests of Jerusalem, who have done much to ruin her prosperity, and are the more mischievous and injurious because they have been admitted to her suburbs as if they were friends—I mean the army of free-willers, who are bitter enemies to that free grace which is the very constitution of the kingdom of Christ. These, like sappers and miners, are employed to undermine the very walls of Jerusalem, and overturn the foundation which God has laid in Zion; and yet these desperate foes are often called "brethren" by many who, we would hope, belong to Zion as true citizens. These are making violent assaults upon the bulwarks of truth. Popery is marching after them, to enter every breach they make, and infidelity is bringing up the rear, to spread desolation and death through the land.

Oh, ye citizens, "look up! look up!" Take an old motto—"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem"—and let this motto be carried with you everywhere. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem!" Enemies around her are numerous. Traitors within her walls are awfully increased. Her very provisions are poisoned, and her banners are tarnished. Her King is despised. His laws are perverted, and His sanctuaries are profaned, so that vital godliness is but rarely to be met with; and, even where it is discovered, it is despised by the multitude of nominal Christians. "Then look up," and let the closet, the family altar, the sanctuary, and the pulpit, all bear witness that you habitually obey the injunction, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Pray that pure truth may be proclaimed boldly from every

pulpit, and that the mongrel gospel which dishonours the Saviour, degrades the preacher, and deceives the people, may no more be heard in Protestant places of worship. Pray that priestcraft and superstition may be annihilated, and no official priest be owned but Jesus Christ. Pray that divisions and party spirit may cease among the disciples of the Son of God, so that they may love as brethren, and be prepared to comfort one another in the hour of trial which seems hastening on. Pray also for our rulers that they may not be permitted to give their power and strength to the beast, and that they may legislate wisely for the civil welfare of this kingdom, and not interfere with religion or education in any way except for each of them to examine well his own, for the ark of the Lord is too sacred to be touched by unsanctified hands, and the living Church of God has always prospered best without worldly patronage. Grants and endowments feed sycophants, foster superstitions, and fetter the servants of God, while genuine Christianity requires only pure, free air to breathe in, and supplies of grace from above to preserve its health and further its growth and fruitfulness. Thus "look up," brethren, for the emancipation of the living Church of God from all worldly alliance.

Reader, are your personal trials all-absorbing to you? Are you struggling with difficulties, cares, afflictions, bereavements, and in darkness of soul too? "Then look up!" Thy Father, O Christian, appointed all these things, and they must accomplish all that He has determined in you and for you; and, if they serve to wean you from earth, and draw forth the grace of the Spirit to act upon Christ more vigorously, there will be abundant cause for thankfulness, and no room left for complaining. Our merciful and faithful High Priest (our only Priest) is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," knows how to succour, and has promised that He will not leave us comfortless. Oh, "then look up" to Him who is a Priest upon His throne! Look up believingly, look up continually, look up adoringly, until He looks down graciously, and realizes—yea, more than realizes—your highest hopes and expectations by taking the cup of trembling out of your hand, and enabling you to take the cup of salvation at His hand!

"Grace, mercy, and peace be with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ," prays theirs to serve in the Gospel of God,

*Shepherd's Tent.*

JOSEPH IRONS.

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AND is Jesus, our Brother, alive indeed? And doth He call us "brethren"? And doth He talk thus lovingly to us? Whose heart would not this overcome?

## THE REVISED BIBLE.

MANY of our readers have, no doubt, seen this literary production, and formed some opinion as to its merit. Some passages, we think, are rendered more plain. There are not so many needless alterations in the Old as are found in the New Testament. We never thought the latter would become the accepted version, nor do we think the Revised Old Testament will supplant the beautiful version now in use. Each may be useful as a Book of reference, and some amendments might be gathered from them, but they will not, in their present form, supplant the Authorized Version. We here give two extracts concerning it :—

“ Now, after long waiting, we have the whole Revised Version of the Oxford and Cambridge University Press before us—a work which has occupied the time and the powers of our best living scholars through fifteen years. A break was made in this lengthened period by the appearance of the Revised New Testament four years ago, and no one who was intellectually alive at that time will ever forget the immense and intense excitement which accompanied its appearance. The reception of that version has not been so universally warm as many expected it to be, neither has the progress of time strengthened its hold upon the people. But, though there seems little prospect of its becoming, in its present form, the ‘ Authorized Version ’ of the future, it is certain that all succeeding revisions will take large account of its renderings.

“ It has been widely felt that no adequate conclusion as to the value of the work could be arrived at until the Revised Old Testament was before us, and the appearance of this has been eagerly expected.

“ One thing which strikes us at the very outset is, the fine literary touch which characterizes all the work of the Old Testament Company. This has been manifest in nothing more than in the sympathetic attitude which has been maintained throughout towards the language of the Authorized Version. The finger of the reviser seems to have been laid gently upon it.”

Among what may be called the “ curiosities of the revision,” the following have been mentioned by the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

“ At the Oxford University’s own paper mill, which is situated at Wolvercote, near Oxford, 375 tons of rags have been consumed in making 250 tons of paper for this issue of the Revised Version. It would cover two and a quarter square miles. It would go round the world in a strip of six inches wide ; or say, if the pages were laid open one after another, it would go round the world. The sheets, piled in reams as they leave the mill, would make a column

ten times the height of St. Paul's ; or folded into books before binding, at least one hundred times the height. The copies which are being prepared by the Oxford University Press alone would, if piled flat one upon another, make a column more than fourteen miles high, or 370 times the height of the Monument. If piled end on end, they would reach seventy-four miles high, or 1,943 times the height of the Monument. It is hardly possible to give an idea of the number of goats and sheep whose skins have been required for binding the copies, but it has been calculated that 1,560 goat-skins have been used in binding the copies which were presented by the American Committee of Revision. A special Act of Congress has been passed to admit these copies into the United States free of duty. According to the *Jewish Chronicle*, it was issued on the very day—the eve of the Feast of Pentecost—'on which the first edition was published,' as it was then that the revelation took place on Mount Sinai. It is presumably only a coincidence, but it is certainly a very remarkable one."

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#### CRUELITIES OF ROMANISM TO PROTESTANT MARTYRS.

A PROTESTANT author of Toledo was fond of producing fine specimens of writings, and having them framed to adorn the different apartments of his house. Among other curious examples of penmanship was a large piece containing the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments in verse. This piece, which hung in a conspicuous part of the house, was one day seen by a person belonging to the Inquisition, who observed that the numerical arrangement of the commandments was not according to the Church (so-called) of Rome, but according to the (true) Protestant Church, for the Protestants retain the whole ten commandments as they stand in the Bible, but the Romanists omit the part which forbids the worship of images, as it clearly condemns their practices of worshipping a crucifix, Mary, &c. The Inquisition soon had information of the circumstance, and this gentleman was seized, prosecuted, and burnt, for merely and only adorning his house with a specimen of his skill.—*Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."*

Rome makes war with the Lamb, and loves to oppose and act in opposition to the teachings of Jesus the Lord. But her hour is coming, when He will pronounce her doom.

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HE will turn a man's self out of doors, and fill a man's self with Himself.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## PRAYER.

JESUS, the Lord of grace and power,  
Whom all the hosts of heaven adore,  
Thus moves united prayer—  
“ Where'er the place, if two or three  
To supplicate My name agree,  
Behold, I'm present there.”

Then say not, sinner, 'tis but prayers,  
When Jesus bids, and Jesus hears,  
But prompt obedience vow ;  
Hast thou no wants, and none thy friend,  
That, though the Lord of heaven attend,  
Thy knees refuse to bow ?

Nor stately walls, nor gazing throng,  
Nor pompous vests, nor learned tongue,  
Does Jesus worship ask :  
Carnal inventions mock His rules,  
His altar brooks not human tools,  
Nor bears the formal task.

Presuming pride His soul abhors,  
Nor poor disdains, nor prince prefers,  
Before His mercy-seat ;  
But, where His Spirit may impart  
A sigh in faith—a contrite heart—  
The worshipper's complete.

Whate'er thy sins, oh, suppliant soul,  
What seas of grief around thee roll,  
Jesus has pledged His ear ;  
His hand can reach thy hardest case,  
Then pour thy woes before His face,  
And haste to pour them there.

## UNION.

UNION—how sweet, and oh, how blest a word,  
When it's applied to Jesus Christ our Lord !  
Union with Him, how sweet, how great the joy !  
Well may it all our praise and love employ.

Here all the sources of true pleasure rise  
While on the earth, and when above the skies ;  
Union with Him's the strongest, sweetest band  
Of all the blessings of His heart and hand.

Union with Him makes all things sweet below ;  
Union with Him shall endless joys bestow ;  
Oh, may your souls this choicest blessing share,  
In all your mutual labours and your care !

May you enjoy a very large increase  
Of all its comforts and of all its peace ;  
Union to Christ and to each other's soul  
Shall bless, adorn, complete, and crown the whole.

May Jesus ever have you in His care,  
And make you of His mercy daily share ;  
Oh, may your lives be spared, and spared to show  
That you His presence and His blessing know !

Remembering ever, amidst earthly things,  
Union to Christ the greatest blessings brings ;  
It brings on earth celestial peace and love ;  
It brings eternal joys in heaven above.

No theme like this on earth can tune our breath ;  
No theme like this can make us sing in death ;  
No theme like this can all our souls employ  
In the bright world of everlasting joy.

And oh, may you and I, one happy day,  
Meet Him in glory, and with triumph say  
We'll bless for ever there His holy name—  
Union with Him for ever there proclaim !

For ever there recqunt His mercies o'er ;  
For ever there His saving love adore ;  
For ever there in joyful praises rise ;  
For ever there adore Him in the skies.

Excuse the freedom of a Christian friend,  
Whose love alone has prompted him to send  
These hasty lines, designed to impart  
The best and inmost feelings of his heart.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

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### LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXII.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—May grace, mercy, and peace attend your future life. I am truly pleased to hear that you had a good day on Sunday, and felt that, “in keeping His command, there is great reward.” I thought of you and the dear friends who were met to follow their Lord, and asked Him, in my poor way, to grant His divine presence, and shine upon those that should tread in His footsteps. “Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Well, my dear, you have put on Christ. May you be enabled to wear Him well ! The eyes of the world will be upon you. May you live as one born of God, so that neither the world nor the professor may at any time have to say that you did once run well, but now are not so zealous for His honour and glory.

You are young, and exposed to many snares ; but He who hears the cry of His dear children hath said for your encouragement, “My grace is sufficient for thee !” Bless His holy name,

the poor worm that is writing felt the sweetness of this promise when she followed her dear Redeemer at sixteen years of age. Now she is sixty-six. Yes, He is a faithful, promising, and performing God—

“ Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be !”

“ He hath done great things for you, whereof we are glad.”  
“ Happy are the people whose God is the Lord !” Look to Him in every time of need. He has a store-house of blessing in reserve for His blood-bought children. In Him all fulness dwells. Be much at a throne of grace. Plead His precious blood. The enemy cannot stand against precious blood. It is my only hope, and becomes more and more exceedingly precious to my soul. When I contemplate the mystery of the cross of Christ, I am “ lost in wonder, love, and praise,” and hope one day to praise Him as I would ; but I now feel my poor clay tabernacle such a clog.

May the Lord abundantly bless you, and make you a fruit-bearing branch to His honour and glory, is the prayer of,

Yours in the best of bonds,

M. S.

#### AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

THE annual election of five and seven guinea pensioners to receive the sum of ten guineas each per annum was held at the Society's offices, 83, Finsbury Pavement, London, on June 2nd. Mr. Whittaker presided. The attendance was large, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The result showed that the following fifteen had been elected—Mary Bentley, 955 votes ; Robert Clover, 877 ; Ann Hutchings, 873 ; Annie Starling, 868 ; Mary A. Alsworth, 852 ; Mary A. Stone, 818 ; Elizabeth Cockson, 807 ; Susannah Slodden, 794 ; Henry Prentice, 790 ; John Hudson,\* 779 ; William A. Thornton, 777 ; William Smith, 749 ; Mary Gates, 725 ; Harriet A. Linfield, 724 ; Elizabeth Spreadborough, 699. This Pension is the only one obtainable by election, pensioners being placed on the other list in rotation. One thousand and eighty-eight pensioners are now upon the books of the Society, and upwards of £6,700 per annum are expended in pensions alone. One hundred and eighty of the recipients are inmates of the Society's four homes. Most of the pensioners are upwards of seventy years of age. The Rev. J. Vaughan having offered prayer, the proceedings concluded in the usual way.—*City Press*.

\* The Editor's candidate.

# THE SOWER.

THE "GREAT SALVATION," AND NEGLECT OF IT.

A SERMON BY "EPHRAIM."

*"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him; God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will?"—HEBREWS ii. 3, 4.*

THE portion of holy Scripture which I am constrained to bring before you as a text is one of those which, at first sight, appear to be at variance with some truths which we believe and hold fast. Such portions are often spoken of as *isolated* passages of Scripture, and we have even been taught that they ought to be left alone—left in the Bible for the Holy Ghost Himself to make use of. But, my dear friends, they are not isolated. Many such might be quoted, but for the present I will simply refer you to one other in this same Epistle—"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. xii. 25).

Now, there is a double need that this line of divine truth should be brought forward in the ministry—first, because, as I have said, it is ignored or neglected by many who stand fast for the doctrines of grace; secondly, because it is abused by others, who preach it so as to delude their hearers into the idea that they can do something to save themselves. These latter cry, "Believe! believe!" Very Scriptural and very good. Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But

"What mean the men that say, 'Believe!'  
And let repentance go?"

They exhort sinners to believe in Christ and be happy—sinners who never felt ten minutes' anguish on account of their sins.

Now, it is my desire not to turn to the right hand or to the left in this matter, but to set before you, in faithfulness and sincerity, the mind of the Spirit in this solemn Scripture, so far as the Lord has given me light upon it; and I trust there are some of you who have hearts to pray for one who feels utterly unable, without divine help, rightly to divide the Word of truth. I shall notice, then—

1. The "great salvation" preached by Christ and His Apostles, and confirmed by God the Father and the Holy Ghost.

2. The neglect of this "great salvation."

3. The solemn question, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

1. "Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel." This is how the "great salvation" "at the first began to be spoken by the Lord." He preached repentance. So also His Apostles, when sent by Him, went forth and "preached that men should repent."

In later days, after the Lord Jesus had finished His work on earth, and had sat down at the right hand of God, we find Paul "testifying, both to the Jews and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

The late Mr. Philpot, as you will find in "Ears from Harvested Sheaves," April 26th, said that the preaching of repentance was much neglected in the present day. "Men may pass it by," said he; "ministers may pass it by, books may pass it by, but God will not pass it by."

It is indeed a part of the "great salvation" preached by Christ and His Apostles. Oh, that I could impress upon you the infinite importance that God attaches to this grace of repentance! Consider this—that God took the trouble, if I may so say, to exert His almighty power in exalting His Son, and seating Him at His right hand, expressly in order that He might bestow this grace—"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31).

And why is repentance so important—so absolutely necessary to salvation? Sin has made a breach between God and man. Since we rebelled against Him in Eden's garden, we have loved iniquity and hated righteousness; but God loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and He asks the question, "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" There must be a change in one party.

Now, is this change to take place in the immutable God, "with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning," or in mutable man? In the latter, surely. And this change is repentance, for repentance does not consist simply in sorrow and streaming eyes, but in a radical change of the affections, whereby we are sorry for the evil we have done, and for the evil of our hearts, and are ashamed of it; and also desirous to turn from our evil ways and walk in the paths of righteousness. Hence, Paul tells the Corinthians, "Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance."

The preaching of faith was another part of the preaching of

this "great salvation." When Jesus had to do with the hard, impenitent, self-righteous Jews, He told them plainly, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you"—that is, "Except ye have faith in Me, as the only and all-sufficient Sacrifice for sin, ye have no life in you." He said also, "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." His Apostles delivered the same message—"By grace are ye saved, through faith." "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." But then they did not preach faith as many do now-a-days—as if it was an act that men performed by an effort of their natural mind. There are those who always believe—always rejoice—but their faith is a mere effort of the intellect.

My dear friends, I could have bushels of such faith if I liked ; but then it would do me no good. I want the faith that saves and sanctifies—the faith of God's elect—and this is a spiritual grace. The Apostles declared plainly, "It is not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God."

Now, take this as a safe distinction between true and false faith. The former purifies the heart, and the latter does not. The man who has much false faith is lifted up with a notion of his attainments in knowledge, experience, &c. His heart is not purified from pride and self-confidence ; but he who has much of that faith which God accounts to be the eating of the flesh and the drinking of the blood of His Son, has low notions of himself, and gives glory to God, even as Abraham, who "was strong in faith, giving glory to God." This faith purifies the affections, draws them after spiritual things, and makes us "shrink from sin with holy dread."

The necessity of the atonement was a part of the preaching of this "great salvation." The Scriptural meaning of this word "atonement" is "reconciliation," as you will see in the margin of Romans v. 11. This reconciliation of sinners to God is effected by the death of His Son. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission. It was not possible for the blood of bulls and of goats to take away sin, because sin could not be imputed to them. It is not possible for the punishment of one mere creature to atone for the sins of another—first, because the sin of a guilty creature cannot be imputed to an innocent fellow-creature ; secondly, because a mere creature could not bear the load. In John Bunyan's expressive language, "One sin would crack the backs of all the angels in heaven." But Jesus of Nazareth is not a mere creature. His humanity is a creature ; but, as the Son of God, He is truly and properly God ; hence it is possible for the millions of members of His mystical body to be truly and properly one with Him. He is their Head ; and the death of the Head atones for the sins of the members.

I wish to put this mystery before you as plainly as words can put it ; but, after all, it can only be apprehended by an enlightened understanding—by true and living faith. Though a mystery, it is none the less a fact, that even as all creatures live and move and have their being in God, so believers live and move and have a spiritual being in Christ Jesus. To Him, as their Head, their sins were imputed by the Father, “and by His stripes they are healed.”

“For them His righteousness avails,  
For them His blood atones.”

The mediation of Jesus was another part of the preaching of this “great salvation.” He taught, “I am the Way ; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” Then what is to become of those who deny His divinity ? The Mahomedans, for instance, are no idolaters. They say, “There is one god, Allah ; and Mahomet is his prophet.” But they also use the awful language, “Cursed be he who saith that God hath a Son !”

To come nearer home, there are people in our own land, known by the name of “Unitarians,” who deny the divinity of Jesus Christ. They think that they have acceptance with God by their virtue and good works. But it is a fatal delusion, for “he that denieth the Son hath not the Father.” The only way to God is by God Incarnate, Jesus, “the Mediator of the new covenant.”

“While Jews on their own works rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love the Incarnate Mystery,  
And there I put my trust.”

Much might be said about this “great salvation.” The last branch of the preaching of it, to which I shall now draw your attention, is, the preaching of the fruits of righteousness. Jesus taught, “Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.” The previous verse (Matt. v. 19) shows that He is not referring to imputed righteousness, or not to that only. He taught that the practical godliness of believers exceeds the external holiness of self-righteous legalists ; and in harmony with this is the apostolic precept, “Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.”

And, although we feel to come miserably short in yielding our members as instruments of righteousness unto God, still it must be insisted on that sin has not dominion over those who are under grace, but in their heart and life (would to God it were more so !) “grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by

Jesus Christ our Lord." They have their "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

And is not this, dear friends, a "great salvation"? Oh, that I could adequately set before you its greatness! If you can measure the depth of the bottomless pit, where devils and lost spirits lie for ever under the just wrath of Almighty God, you may measure the depth of this "great salvation." If you can measure the heights of eternal bliss to which the saved shall be exalted with Jesus, you may measure the height of this "great salvation." It is great in its completeness. God does not save people from some small sins and leave a few great sins to sink them to perdition. If ever you have tasted the pardoning love of God in the Gospel of His Son, He will save you—has saved you—from all sin; and you will prove that this salvation is great in its stability, for "He who has begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

2. We have to notice, next, the neglect of this "great salvation." I would point out to you two kinds of neglect—the neglect of indifference, and the neglect of abuse.

I have tried to set forth to you this evening the salvation of Jesus. You often have it preached to you—the virtue of His atoning blood, the riches of His grace. Is all this nothing to you? Does it fill no important place in your secret prayers? Is the name of Christ never on your lips but when you say grace at table? If Jesus is not your "All in all," your one plea before God—if you are not seeking the forgiveness of your sins through His name—if you are neither living on His grace nor fleeing to Him by desires and prayers for deliverance from the wrath to come—then you are living in neglect of this "great salvation." As Paul speaks, you are "treasuring up to yourselves wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Jesus taught, "No man can come to Me." He also taught, "Ye will not come to Me." Your inability is a guilty inability—your will is corrupt—and this corrupt inability to all that is good you have brought upon yourself by your rebellion against God in your head—Adam.

This is the real secret which makes such a Scripture as our text quite consistent with a sound Calvinistic creed. If, then, you are content with a portion in this life, and are not seeking mercy through Jesus Christ, I must declare to you that you are living in neglect of the "great salvation" that the Son of God and His Apostles preached; that the root of this neglect is the enmity of your heart to God, and that, without repentance, the end will be destruction.

What shall I say of the neglect of abuse—of those who hold the truth in unrighteousness—who think that they can hold sin

and the love of the world, and yet be saved by holding the doctrines of sovereign grace? "Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him." "If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

If you indeed fear God at the bottom, and yet walk in forbidden paths, how terribly He may chastise your soul by such Scriptures as I have just quoted! No sins cut so deep as those committed after mercy received. It is dreadful to have sin against us, the devil against us, law against us. But if God, in His Gospel, seems to be against us, how much more dreadful is this!

Friends, let us fear to sin against Him; for even in this sense, of chastisement by the Word, "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

3. The solemn question remains, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" We shall not escape. It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one jot or tittle of the law of Moses to go unfulfilled. How much more shall the preaching of the Son of God stand good! If we die impenitent, hard-hearted, indifferent to the glorious Gospel of Christ, or guilty of having abused it by a godless profession, we shall not escape when we call on the mountains to hide us from the wrath of the Lamb, when He shall

"Deal our deeds their righteous doom,  
And set our works in view."

And what is it that we shall not escape? Let an inspired penman give the awful answer—"Thinkest thou this, O man, . . . that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his deeds; . . . unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil."

By way of conclusion, I have a painful, a terrible, truth to tell you. If regenerating grace has not delivered you from neglect of this "great salvation," the sin of your hearts binds you in fetters that you cannot break. The same divine Preacher who taught, "Ye will not come to Me," taught also, "Ye cannot come to Me." Sin—your own sin—is your lord and master, and compels you to continue in guilty neglect of this "great salvation." You are

drunken with the drunkenness of sin ; and, just as drunkenness excuses not a man for committing murder in that state, so your guilty impotence excuses you not before God for continuing in impenitence and hardness of heart under the sound of the everlasting Gospel.

Oh, that the Spirit of God may write these truths in your consciences, and make them an effectual warning to "flee from the wrath to come"! Then you will not cavil at them as being contrary to what is generally considered now-a-days to be a sound Calvinistic creed.

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"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

(REVELATION xxii. 5.)

No night shall be in heaven ; no gathering gloom  
 Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come ;  
 No tears shall flow in sadness o'er those flowers  
 That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven ; no dreadful hour  
 Of mental darkness or the tempest's power ;  
 Across those skies no envious clouds shall roll,  
 To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven ; forbade to sleep,  
 These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep ;  
 Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,  
 They gaze, undazzled, on eternal day.

No night shall be in heaven, no sorrows reign ;  
 No secret anguish, no corporeal pain ;  
 No shivering limbs, no burning fever there ;  
 No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon ;  
 No fast-declining sun nor waning moon ;  
 But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,  
 'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room ;  
 No bed of death, no silence of the tomb ;  
 But breezes ever fresh with grace and truth  
 Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in heaven, but night is here—  
 The night of sorrow and the night of fear ;  
 I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,  
 And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in heaven. Oh, had I faith  
 To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,  
 That faith would make the hideous phantoms flee,  
 And leave henceforth on earth no night for me !

## THE LATE MISS WELLAND.

WE have been requested, by a dear friend of the late Miss Welland, to insert the following account, given by the bereaved father, the Pastor of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, who must have found it a difficult task to narrate the touching incidents connected with the death of a beloved daughter. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved parents in their sorrow, and rejoice with them also, in that there is not cause for them to sorrow as others which have no hope.

The report says, "The whole service, which was appropriate to the occasion, was of a touching nature throughout; and, as the respected Pastor gave utterance, with difficulty, to the dying words of his beloved daughter, it can easily be imagined that there were but few among the large congregation without tears in their eyes and sorrow at their hearts."

At the close of his sermon on Sunday morning, June 14th, Mr. Welland, Pastor of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, referring to the death of his daughter, said:—

Some have, no doubt, come here to-day to hear us speak of the departed. Now, we do so very carefully, because we are always apt to think (and perhaps it is right it should be so) more highly of our own children than others. I wish to lay aside all that is natural, and speak as her spiritual father.

We begin by thanking our dear friends for their great kindness to us, and it has been great, *very great indeed*. We thank them for all their prayers, for their help and loving sympathies, for all their tokens of love and esteem; and not only our own people, who worship with us here, but the number of other Churches and communities, we thank them all to-day, and we have very great pleasure in doing so.

My dear people, your love has been unbounded; and the dear trustees of this Church, I thank them with all my heart and soul for their great kindness.

We pass on, and you must bear with us, for we can scarcely trust ourselves now upon this ground.

Our daughter has often said, when in health, "If it were the Lord's will, I should like to die young." "I should wish," she used to add, "only to live to be a source of comfort to my dear parents." She said, soon after she was taken ill, "I had hoped that I might be spared to comfort and succour you in your declining days; but, if God has appointed otherwise, I will submit."

I say these things that the school, and her class especially, may remember them; and I think they will see the faithfulness of God in supporting her during her afflictions, and in the day of death. That class was very dear to her heart. Often would she retire

through the day and pray for them, and for her Christian friends. I shall not eulogize her—I do not stand here for that, but to encourage those who seek the Lord.

She said one day, “I do so want to be right—to be quite sure of my interest in Christ!”

Another time she said, when she was very ill, “My dear papa, if, when I am dying, I should find I am deceived, then what shall I do?” We reminded her of how she had been blessed when she was a scholar in this school—and I thank her teacher here to-day for her care of her, and her kindness to her for years, when under her instruction, We also reminded her of the Lord’s faithfulness to His people. We said, “You remember, dear, when Israel passed through Jordan, the priests stood in the midst with the ark till all had passed over—the weak as well as the strong”; and we made use then of the words, “Trust Him; He will not deceive us.”

We come now to the Friday, as she died the next morning. Mrs. Welland said to me, “How sad for my precious child to be passing away, and not to be made acquainted with it!” But we felt sure the Lord would do that. We read to her those two verses—

“Delightful prospect! Jesus waits  
To bear my soul to heaven’s bright gates;  
Up to His Father’s smiling face,  
A monument of saving grace.

“Why should I tremble to depart?  
Christ has received me to His heart;  
In life and death He holds me fast,  
And will receive my soul at last.”

She said, “It is very nice.”

Some of these few things following were written down at the time:—

*Friday, June 5th, five o’clock.*—Darling Ruth is very ill. She has just said, “Kneel down here and pray for me that, if it be the Lord’s will, I may be restored.” We did so, and then she requested me to give her fond love to her class at the Sabbath School—my dear young friends, it was her dying love—and to all the teachers and other children. Then, turning to Mrs. Welland, she said, “Dear mamma, will you forgive me any unkind words I have spoken to you?” Mrs. Welland left the room in tears, and my daughter turned to me, and said, “I thought, perhaps, at some time I might have spoken some hasty word,” and that was all; yet there was no passing away without coming to that point. Very few hasty words did she ever speak to us, but she was afraid

she might have done so. She then, looking earnestly at me, said, "Do you think I shall go to-night?" Of course I could only say she was dangerously ill, and probably would soon pass away. Then she said, "What folly it is to be looking forward for years of happiness!" To Miss Cozens—who will excuse me mentioning her name, I am sure—"I had hoped our friendship would have continued for years to come; but the Lord will reward you for all your kindness to me." Then, again, "Tell my dear scholars, and teachers, and young people who fear the Lord, I shall meet them up there"—pointing upwards—and may God prepare you to meet her. After a time she said, "Remember all my dear old people." How greatly she interested herself in her "old people," as she called them—widows, &c. She loved them very much, and so we have a charge for them. She next said, "Send the contents of my box to Dr. Barnardo." She collected for him, as some of you do.

Turning to her mother, she said, "Do as you please with my things." Remembering (she mentioned several), "Send to them something of mine in remembrance of me, with my fond love." After a time she said, "Do you think, if I sleep, I shall ever wake again?"

During the evening, Mrs. Welland left the room, and she said, "Go after dear mamma; I fear she will faint!" She then wished us each to kiss her, and, as we did so, she said to each, "Good-bye!"

Oh, that last "Good-bye"! It was said with perfect placidity and quiet. There was no confusion; she never manifested any sign of fear. You see, my young friends, God will support His people in the hour of death.

At that time, when we kissed her, she thanked Mrs. Parsons for all her great kindness, and told her the Lord would reward her. She also wished our young servant "Good-bye."

After a time she said, "Jesus is all my joy." I read to her Revelation xxi. 10, 11. She was silent for some time, and next said, "My precious mamma and papa, you will soon follow me, will you not?" I said, "Yes, dear, it will not be long," and then she said (I suppose through my reading the verses to her), "And I will be at the gates to welcome you; and oh, what a welcome that will be!" Then she whispered, "One word, dear Jesus! Oh, speak one word!" and all was silent again for a time. She next said, "Come, Lord Jesus! Do come, Lord! The time is so long!" After a pause, "I am very comfortable; I am very happy indeed! Darling papa and mamma, kiss me once more!" We kissed her lips, which were cold in death, and she whispered then her last "Good-bye," and said, "I shall not speak one word more." That was the last.

A little after twelve she passed away, and when we knew her spirit had departed, or was departing, we said, "O Lord, into Thy hands we commit her spirit!" May our last end be like hers.

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#### A BRIEF COMMENT BY A DEPARTED MINISTER.

"THEY all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net." Such was the sad lamentation of the Church, by the prophet Micah; and what a dreadful state for those professing to be Christians—those who should love one another as brethren, seek each other's good, and be the means of strengthening each other's hands, by mutual love and fellowship; instead of which, they are lying in wait for blood like so many highway robbers, "hunting every man his brother with a net"; making a man an offender for a word; trying, as the Pharisees did our Lord, "to catch Him in His words" (Mark xii. 13)—trying to catch something out of His mouth whereby they might accuse Him—pursuing one another with net in hand, watching for opportunity to throw it over a brother, and entangle him; and when they have done this, "they rejoice and are glad" (Hab. i. 15).

This is no overdrawn picture of our own present sad state; but oh, how unlike what the poet describes as a "sweet and heavenly sight," when

"Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love."

Then how graphically does the prophet draw the picture of the state of the civil powers—"That they may do evil with both hands earnestly. The prince asketh, and the judge asketh, for a reward." Where do we find one ruling in the fear of the Lord, looking to God's Word as his rule and guide? but all rather seeking honour, emolument, filthy lucre, and their own personal good.

"And the great man, he uttereth his mischievous desire," to make all tremble, and as if his word was to be the final decree, notwithstanding its baseness and mischievous intent.

"So they wrap it up." How solemn! "Wrap it up," indeed! Oh, the solemn unwrapping which will take place when the secrets of men's hearts shall all be made known, and tried by the straight line of God's pure Word, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

Oh, Lord, make me right, and keep me right, for eternity!

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THERE is a little thing in thy heart called sincerity and honesty of heart towards God, which is the fruit of election.

## FREE GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

*(Concluded from page 180.)*

I FREQUENTLY asked her if she was happy, when she always answered, "Yes, I am"; and if her hope was firmly fixed, when she always answered, "Yes"; and if Christ was precious. She answered, "He is precious to my heart." When speaking of her hope, I said to her, "What is your hope fixed upon?" when she looked at me and said, "Why, Rhoda, upon Christ, the Rock of Ages!" I said, "Why is Christ precious to you?" when she again said, "Why, Rhoda, because He shed His blood, and died for me; and hath saved, redeemed, and ransomed my soul from hell," and added, "Is not this enough to make Him precious to my soul? Oh, what can make Him more precious to the soul than that?"

One day, when a friend called to see her, and was speaking of her sufferings, she said, "Oh, what are my sufferings to His? for He sweat drops of blood for me! Oh, let me not murmur at mine, when I think of His!" and she shed tears while she said, "How little I have done for Him, who has done and suffered so much for me!"

At another time, when speaking of the temptations she had endured, she said, "Oh, thou enemy, thou persecutor of the saints of God, thou liar, how hast thou tempted me, and tried to get me, and told me it was of no use seeking the Lord!" and she said, "He never will have me, for the Lord hath promised He will never leave me, nor forsake me, but will give me strength according to my day." She also said—

"A few more combats with the prince of hell,  
And I shall spread my wings and bid farewell."

She also often said—

"Could infidels behold a sight like this?  
Oh, could they mock at everlasting bliss,  
And brave the dying bed?  
No; let them come and see the Christian die."

One day she said to me, "Oh, Rhoda, how happy I shall be when I get to glory! There I shall see my dear mother, and others of God's children whom I have known; and also I shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and, above all, I shall see my precious Saviour! Oh, will not that be happiness? I cannot help smiling at the thought."

She frequently exhorted us to cleave to the Lord, and prize the privilege we have in attending the means of grace. Sometimes, on a Sabbath morning, when we were coming to Hastings, she has said, "Oh, how I wish I was going with you!" and

said, "Oh, prize the day! You know not the value of the privilege you are blessed with." Her conversation was truly sweet and instructing to us all. She exhorted us to seek the Lord *first* in everything.

When her brother came to see her who, she feared, had not the grace of God in his heart, she said, "You see me here upon a dying bed. I can smile at death. I am not afraid to die. Do you think, if it was your case, that you could smile at death? Oh, no; you could not"; and then, in a most solemn and affectionate manner, she addressed him, pointing out to him the state that every sinner is in until changed by God, and exhorted him to seek the Lord, and said, "Oh, my dear brother, remember my last words—my dying request! Oh, seek the Lord! Oh, remember your dear mother—how anxious she was for you to attend the means of grace with her! Do now, my dear brother, let me beseech you to go with your dear father, brothers, and sisters!" She kissed him most affectionately, and bade him "Good-bye," saying, "Remember my dying words—seek the Lord."

She begged me to write to her sisters in London, to give them a word of exhortation, and state what the Lord had done for her soul, and added, "I must be faithful. I am lying upon a dying bed, and I wish to impress on their minds the importance of considering the state of their immortal souls."

As her sister entered the room one day, she looked up to her with a sweet smile, and said, "Oh, Ann dear, see here! I can now smile at death. I am not afraid to die, for the sting of death is taken away. No, I am not afraid to die now!" She also expressed herself very tenderly to her dear father, of whom she was very fond. "Oh, father, dear" (putting her weak arms around his neck, and pressing him as close as she could to her), "oh, when shall we meet with dear mother in heaven? Oh, happy day! When will it come?" She often talked to him in a most affectionate and sympathizing manner, knowing his affliction in losing so kind and affectionate a wife (about two months before), and she, an indulgent mother. Her soothing and condoling words did, I believe, often tend to comfort him, and mitigate his distress. She exhorted him not to give way to grief, saying, "Although the Lord has taken your wife, and is about soon to take your daughter, yet oh, my dear father, do not grieve! He saw fit to take her, and also soon to remove me. I shall soon be with her; and, in a few years at most, you will come and be with us." She kissed him very affectionately, and kindly thanked him and all of us for what we had done for her, and said, "The Lord will reward you," then kissed us all, saying, "Do not weep or grieve at my death. I think, if it was either of you in my case, I should long to see you gone. Having suffered

what I have, and seeing what I now enjoy, I should know you would be happy."

Whoever came to see her, she had a word of exhortation for them, and entreated them to seek the Lord. To such as she could not feel a hope of, she was very earnest in impressing on them the importance of a thorough change, by the Spirit and grace of God, before they could come to a state to smile at death, as she herself could; and told them how she had been brought to see and feel her lost state as a sinner, and showed, as far as she could, the state they were in; and told them, if they died in an unchanged state, there was no hope for them; and exhorted them to "seek the Lord while He might be found." I could but shed tears to see how she was strengthened to speak as she did.

When the family of the clergyman of the parish visited her, a few days before she died, she told them she was happy, and that she should soon be with her precious Saviour. She talked much to them of what the Lord had done for her soul, and showed them that man's righteousness is all as filthy rags, and hoped they would not trust therein.

When your letter, which came the day before she died [see page 211], was read to her, where you speak of the blessing of being interested in Christ, she exclaimed, "Unspeakable blessing indeed! That is an unspeakable blessing! What can equal the happiness of being interested in the love of Christ? Oh, nothing can equal that! Give my kind love to Mr. Fenner, and tell him I am happy—happy—happy!" and then said, "I shall soon be with Jesus."

A few minutes before she died, she called me to her bed-side. I said to her, "Do you still feel happy?" She said, "Yes, I do, Rhoda." I said, "Is Christ precious to you?" She said, "Yes, He is precious to my heart. Oh, Rhoda, all I want is, for Him to come!" Several times she said, "Oh, come, Lord Jesus, and receive me quietly into Thy kingdom!" then sweetly smiled, and in three minutes breathed her last without a struggle, or even a hard breath.

Dear sir, I think I have told you the principal part of what my dear sister said, as far as I can recollect, which was freely spoken, nothing being drawn from her. But I cannot do justice to her, for it is impossible for me to write anything that can convey the sweetness and solemnity of her conversation. She was of an affectionate disposition, and the more so, as taught by the Spirit of God. She was a pattern to the children of God, in the manner in which she bore her affliction. I never heard a murmur escape from her lips. She said, "Christ was 'led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth.' Reflecting thereon, I can-

not murmur, though the Lord, and He only, knows what I have suffered and passed through, both in body and mind." Any one who saw her must know that her sufferings were very great. She was ill seventeen months; and, having an abscess in her hip, was obliged to lay nearly the whole time in one position; yet I never heard her complain. The comfort she had received from your conversation continued with her unto her death. Often she said she was sure the truth was with you; that you would stand through all opposition; that no weapon formed against you would prosper. "No; the truth of God cannot be overthrown." Sure I am, if you may call any one a child of yours, she was one. She never heard any minister but you; she never referred to any other. She has frequently said, "I feel satisfied he prays for me. The Lord has heard and answered his prayers. 'The prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'" After you saw her she seemed to enjoy a happy frame of mind. She seemed melted and humbled in self-abasement at her unworthiness of such great goodness of the Lord. She often was much affected in referring to your visit. Her love to you as a minister of Christ was very great. She often spoke of you with tears. She said your writings had been a great comfort to her. She had found refreshing food in reading the correspondence between you and Mr. Morris, and "The Prodigal Son," likewise your "Letters to Mr. Owen." The lines you wrote on "Death" were very sweet to her. I hope this may be an encouragement to you in your work. I hope I shall ever remember with gratitude the Lord's goodness to her; and I pray that I may be favoured with His presence when on my death-bed, that I may be able to speak for the Lord and His truth as she did.

And now, dear sir, all unite with me in kind love to yourself and family. May the Lord abundantly prosper you in your work is the desire of

Your unworthy friend,

RHODA SKINNER.

The following is the letter referred to on page 210:—

*Hastings, October 12th, 1846.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, whom I love in sincerity, "grace and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, be with you. Amen."

The Lord hath, in His providence and by affliction, so ordered it that hitherto I have not had convenient opportunity, but have been prevented from seeing you. But, though apart, yet we are not apart, for I believe we are one in Christ, and have one and the same spirit, one faith, one hope, one fear of the Lord, one heart, and one way—that we are in "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of love," which will never be dissolved, but, by-and-bye, will be more fully, sweetly, and eternally enjoyed by us. Accord-

ing to appearance and the course of nature, it will not be long before all lets and hindrances to it will be removed. I do not expect it to be long before my departure out of this frail, sinful, and miserable life will take place; and, according to your affliction and bodily decay, you may expect to be soon released. And, if we could look into eternity, and see what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared and reserved for them that love Him," we should long to leap out of this tabernacle and be gone. Assuredly, I believe you are interested in that blessed inheritance—that, when you depart, you will "be with Christ, which is far better." This assurance I have in the love I feel for you, which, when engaged for you, is certified thereof; and there are many evidences also in the Word of God. You have felt your spiritual poverty of soul, and that sense of need of salvation and grace which Christ only can supply. You have known what it is to feel destitute in soul, and pain and distress on account of it. You have felt an aching void which Christ only could fill. Then, "blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven"; therefore heaven is yours. Your soul is after Christ, to know and enjoy Him more, so you are in heart a follower of Him; and He says, "Follow Me, and ye shall have treasure in heaven"; therefore the heavenly treasure is yours. Again, the appearing of Christ for you, for Him to manifest Himself to you, is what you love; and Paul says, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing"; therefore the crown of righteousness in heaven is laid up to be given to you. God hath given you His grace, which is evident in your need of Him; feeling desires after Him; hungering and thirsting after His presence, His salvation, righteousness, and blessings; your desires to know and enjoy Him more. And also, it is by the grace of God in us that we feel the evil and plague of the opposite—the plague of a wicked and deceitful heart; a vile and depraved nature; full of all vile and depraved affections and desires. The Scripture says, God will forgive every man that knoweth the plague of his own heart, and prayeth to Him against the evil; and all that God forgives will go to glory. And it is the more evident that you have the grace of God, because Satan has desired again and again to have you, that he may sift and harass you, but he has not succeeded to keep you in despair and distraction; and, however he may strive against you, he cannot succeed, for evident it is that a Stronger than he is with you, even Christ, in whose hands you may confidently and quietly leave yourself and all your exercises. Your love to the people of God, and to me, His unworthy servant, is

also a certain proof that you have His grace. Your love to the truth, and feeding on it, is another proof; therefore heaven and glory are yours, for "He giveth grace and glory." You also have been comforted by the Lord. When I was with you, I felt satisfied the Lord did own my feeble conversation with you, in relieving you from the fear and distress you were in, and comforting you; and since, He has been pleased to comfort and refresh your soul by His blessed Spirit and Word; and the comforts of God, which we now at times sweetly taste, are called "everlasting consolations," therefore it is a foretaste of heaven. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted"—that is, in heaven. They shall be full, as the Lord says of Lazarus, when there—"Now he is comforted"; therefore you will have everlasting consolation in heaven. Again, your heart is raised to hope in the Lord, and you feel a gladness of heart in Him. As the Word says, "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness." It is a good hope through grace; and the Scripture saith, "Blessed are all they that hope in Him." This hope will end in glory; therefore, dear Sarah, I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there is good cause. The glorified spirits in heaven are more happy, but not more safe and secure, than you are. Death is the last enemy to encounter. What do I say? It is a friendly enemy. It is instrumentally, in the hand of God, our best friend this side of eternity, for it opens the door of entrance to Christ, to be for ever with Him. It opens the door for us to pass from all our sins, pains, and cares. As touching death itself, it is no death to the child of God. As Christ says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." It is a sweet sleep in Jesus; and, as the Scripture says, "Sleep is sweet to a labouring man." You have had labour and toil of soul; you now have labour in affliction; and sure I am that death to you will be a sweet sleep. Don't be afraid, through any agitation, fear, or weariness, to lay quietly in the hands of Christ—mentally to leave the body to sleep there until the resurrection, when it will be raised incorruptible, spiritual, powerful, immortal, and glorious. The angels are ready in death to take the soul as soon as it separates from the body, to be "for ever with the Lord," "in whose presence is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

Oh, what an unspeakable blessing to be interested in Christ—that He has drawn our hearts, and is our desire! He hath chosen us, or we never should have chosen Him. He hath desired us, or we never should have desired Him. "Blessed are the people that are in such a case." The Lord hath done great things for you. He hath died for you, hath redeemed and saved you, or you could not love Him. He hath washed you in His blood. Though you feel sinful, you are without spot in Him.

He hath wrought out righteousness for you, in which you will be clothed, and stand complete before Him.

I commend you to His gracious care, where I know you are blessed and safe. Be of good cheer! Hope on!

I am, my very dear friend, yours very affectionately,  
D. FENNER.

### THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

*“ And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.”—MATTHEW XXV. 6.*

ART thou ready, watching, waiting,  
For the midnight cry?  
Is there oil within thy vessel,  
And a full supply?

Is thy lamp but dimly burning,  
Or with constant flame?  
Looking for thy Lord's returning,  
Trusting in His name?

Art thou going forth in spirit,  
Watching at His feet?  
Thou His kingdom shalt inherit,  
Made to serve Him meet.

Then, although thy Bridegroom tarries,  
And perchance thou sleep,  
Wearied at His long delaying,  
Constant watch to keep—

When the midnight cry ariseth,  
Thou shalt hear His voice—  
“ Lo! your heavenly Bridegroom cometh!  
All ye saints rejoice!”

For with Him in to the wedding  
Ye anon shall pass;  
Knowing well the heavenly watchword—  
“ Saved by sovereign grace!”

*Leicester.*

S. S.

A RAINBOW round about the throne. Let God turn Himself, or look which way He pleaseth, yet still He doth view His Church through this bow, putting Him in mind of mercy.

GOD gives grace in cases wherein He doth not give comfort, and so He is the God of all grace in a far larger extent than of all comfort. Yea, and He often gives most grace when not comfort.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## THE GOSPEL CALL.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT THE ANNIVERSARY,  
BILLESDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 25TH, 1885.

“*Ho!*”—ISAIAH lv. 1.

YOU will easily remember this little text. It is the Word of the living God, and full of solemn import. I shall consider it from a three-fold point of view—first, as an exclamation; secondly, as an invitation; thirdly, as a declaration.

1. *The exclamation* “*Ho!*” uttered by a gracious God, and heard by a poor sinner, rushing with heedless heart and careless feet to hell, its effect is to stop him in his downward course, arouse him to a sense of his sinfulness, and alarm him as to his state. God has many ways of saying “*Ho!*” to His own elect sheep, when the appointed time arrives “not to propose, but call by grace.” When the Lord does speak, it is effectual in doing spiritually what I perceive our text has done for you naturally, namely, arousing the attention. With powerful voice the Lord, in mercy, awakens His own people from the sleep of death. A soul in a state of nature is fast asleep, and quite oblivious to the importance of eternal realities, until the voice says, “Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!” This awakening call convinces him of the danger of his condition as a sinner before God, and of the guilt and misery of his sin. He is aroused to a sense of its all-pervading nature, and awakened to see the depths of the fall. He then finds by daily experience that he cannot think a single good thought, or do a single good deed. He learns the Bible truth that his imaginations are evil, and that continually; his mind is wholly corrupted; his will is all rebellion against God; his “heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked”; his spirit is full of perverseness; and his memory is such that he sees he is one of those who have forgotten God—that God has not been in all his thoughts. And now he begins to feel the *misery* of sin, which consists in the fact that sin stands as a mighty barrier between God and his soul; between heaven and himself. How that barrier is to be broken down, he knows not. When this is realized, it fills the soul with dismay. This is the place where the Gospel comes in. By such experiences room is made for it, and, sooner or later, he hears its gracious call, which brings us to the second part of our subject.

2. The text also is an *invitation*. “*Ho!*” In this sense it means “*Look here,*” and “*Come here.*” Some people disapprove of the use of the word “invitation” in connection with the Gospel. The reason is, dear friends, because they know nothing of the

Gospel experimentally. No one who has ever had the sweet invitations of the Gospel applied with power, can deny their reality and blessedness. In times of darkness, disaster, and distress, how sweet it is to hear the voice of Jesus sounding in our hearts—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"! Many a tempted and troubled child of God, even while immersed in the cares and business of this life, finds that a sweet, calm resting of the soul upon the bosom of his Lord is the effect of the merciful application of Christ's call by the blessed Spirit. Power is thereby given to cast all the care upon Him, for "His biddings are enablings."

In viewing our text as an invitation, we must consider the characters to whom it is addressed, and who alone are interested in it. The description of them is two-fold—they are *thirsty* and they are *poor*.

Souls thirsting for the water of life, longing for salvation by Christ Jesus, desiring His mercy, seeking an interest in His love, anxiously inquiring their way to Zion, mourning on account of sin, and hungering and thirsting for the Saviour's righteousness—these are ("every one") called by the Gospel's powerful voice. The soul of the Psalmist was sorely athirst when he cried out with a lamentable voice, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Nothing but God can satisfy the immortal cravings of a quickened soul. The text is the calling of the thirsty one to the fountain, conveying the gracious intimation that he is welcome thereto.

Moreover, there are the poor, about whom we read much in the Word of God, and of whom it is written, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." An old MS. in the library of one of the colleges at Cambridge reads thus—"The beggars be Gospelled." How? By having the Gospel to point out to them the rich supply of all their needs in Christ.

Now, the literal poor are in a state of destitution, needing clothing, shelter, and food. The spiritually poor are likewise destitute of clothing. Their own filthy rags of creature righteousness have all fallen from them, and they are not yet manifestly and experimentally clothed in Christ's righteousness. They are homeless, for, having forsaken the world's deceitful shore, and been turned out of all refuges of lies, they have not yet found a hiding-place in Christ. In soul-experience they feel without a shelter. Then, having no appetite for the dainties of sin, provided in such abundance by this present evil world, their souls are hungering for the bread of life.

Again, these poor are in a state of insolvency. They cannot pay their debts. They owe to God a debt of love, and are deeply conscious of their destitution of this heavenly grace.

They owe to the law a life of perfect obedience, and not one mite can they pay. They owe to justice an eternal punishment of suffering for the crimes which they have done. How can they meet its claims? Thus they are by nature utterly, helplessly, and hopelessly overwhelmed in ruin.

Now, those who are taught these things, and are brought to feel the misery of their state, are the characters to whom the invitation is suitable, because they need it, and therefore to them it is addressed.

Let us now look a little at the invitation. It is God's call to the poor sinner, without hope or help in self to come to Him. It is not indiscriminate. Most clearly specified are the people interested in it, therefore, it is not of universal application. Being so definitely addressed to certain classes, it is not for all sorts and conditions of men. Yet it is very comprehensive, to "every one" of the sort of persons mentioned, including all, excluding none, of the thirsty or the poor.

Furthermore, it is a very personal and powerful invitation. The little word "ye" is repeated twice in this first verse of Isaiah's Gospel chapter. How powerful the application of the Lord's own invitation is, can best be known by those who have experienced its divine, drawing, and life-giving potency.

In the explanation and application which follows the "Ho!" of our text, it is explained as an invitation by three "comes." It signifies, "Come! Come! Come!" When the first "come" is heard by the poor sin-bitten soul, the word of the King straightway calls forth *repentance*. By repentance the soul truly begins to draw near the Lord Jesus Christ. Then the second "come" sweetly sounds forth, and that calls forth prayer, by which the heart, in desire and longing, follows after and humbly approaches the dear Saviour's feet. Ere long the third "come" re-echoes in the inmost recesses of the soul, and the sweet note of the Gospel's silver trumpet, thrice renewed, calls forth most precious *faith*, for "faith cometh by hearing," and by faith the Christian draws so near as to creep into the very bosom of eternal love.

Now, let me ask you, dear friends, what do you know of this gracious Gospel call? Have repentance, prayer, and faith ever been called forth from your hearts by the all-powerful invitations of the Gospel of the blessed God? Poor, sin-burdened ones, listen!

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity joined with power:  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more."

Is He willing? Is He ready to save? That He is may be proved from the fact that the text is—

3. *A declaration.* "Ho!" It is evidently a declaration of the Lord's mind—a statement of His willingness to save—because He would not call poor sinners to Himself, if He were not willing to receive them. Of course He would not! Do you see the exceeding preciousness of this most encouraging truth; that God's call is the greatest possible proof of His willingness to save? Happy are those called by grace, for by that call they are made as willing to be saved as God is to save them.

Moreover, it is clear that the call "Ho!" is as much an invitation to the Lord's market as it is a declaration of His mind. In the latter part of the verse, there is a setting forth of the commodities and advantages thereof. The market place, my friends, is Calvary; and the cross of Jesus is the Royal Exchange, where many a sinner has exchanged his poverty for Christ's riches, his rags for a Saviour's righteousness, his misery for Emmanuel's mercy, the hell due to him for the heaven which Jesus merited, the sinfulness of self for the spotlessness of the Redeemer.

Hark! the Gospel calls! Christ invites poor needy ones to the banquet of love. See here the "water" of salvation, the "wine" of the Redeemer's blood, the sincere "milk" of the Word, the "bread" of life, and the "strong meat" which belongs to those of full age.

Calls effectual reach the heart of the needy—"Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." The payment demanded is only your emptiness, nakedness, poverty, and need; for the Lord freely bestows, "without money and without price," the richest, fullest blessings contained in the Gospel store-house.

The Lord apply His own Word. Amen.

WHO can trace the dispensations of Providence, that take away the most desirable and shining characters, in the midst of their usefulness, and in the prime of life, while the wicked and the worthless are permitted to live, and seemingly for no other purpose than, by their vile example, to spread contagion and death? Yet surely it must be acknowledged that, while the righteous are the greatest blessings the earth can enjoy, by our sinfulness we forfeit our mercies, and in judgment He deprives us of them; while the wicked, who are our greatest curse, in deserved wrath, He permits still to exist as an evil blight.—*Hill's "Thoughts."*

## HOW INFIDELITY IS PROPAGATED.

"MANY of the avowed ministers of Christ are no ministers of faith at all, but promoters of unbelief. The modern pulpit has taught men to be infidels. What truth is there which has not been doubted by divines, questioned by Doctors of Divinity, and at length been denounced by the priests of 'modern thought'? Nothing remains upon which a certain school of preachers have not spit their scepticism. The experience of the unbelief of Germany is being repeated here. Among those who are ordained to be the preachers of the Gospel of Christ, there are many who preach not faith, but doubt, and hence they are servants of the devil rather than of the Lord. Think not that I am aiming at the Church of England. With all my objection to a State Church, I am not so unjust as to conceal my belief that I see in the Episcopal Church at this time less of unbelief than among certain Dissenters. In fact, Nonconformity in certain quarters is eaten through and through with a covert Unitarianism, less tolerable than Unitarianism itself. So frequently are the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel assailed that it becomes needful, before you cross the threshold of many a chapel, to ask the question, 'Shall I hear the Gospel here to-day, or shall I come out hardly knowing whether the Bible is inspired or not? Shall I not be made to doubt the atonement, the work of the Holy Ghost, the immortality of the soul, the punishment of the wicked, or the Deity of Christ?'"

The above words were uttered by Mr. Spurgeon, when he preached a sermon on "Israel and Britain. A Note of Warning." And are we not bound to attest the truth of them? Yes, we must and will. The Lord helping us, we will use our voice and pen in exposing the treachery of men who call themselves ministers of Christ, and yet do their utmost to subvert the all-important truths of His Gospel. We are glad to find Mr. Spurgeon speaking plainly of those traitors who, as wolves in sheep's clothing, are, by their deceitful teaching, leading many to ruin. Our advice is, turn from them; be wholly separate.

Need we wonder that infidelity is on the increase, and that many young people are disposed to discard or lightly esteem the Bible, when from professedly Christian teachers we hear its divine authority questioned or denied, and see their pernicious sentiments freely circulated by their deluded admirers? In a sermon on "The Immortal Life," H. W. Beecher says, "One of the most mischievous things in the present state of public sentiment is, to teach that the Bible is the fruit of God's mind—speaking it to somebody, and having it written down from beginning to end. . . . To tell men that the Bible was built

up directly from the thought of God, and that from beginning to end it is absolute truth, is exceedingly harmful. . . . The mischief is, that we put into the hands of those who go about the country declaiming against the Word of God, the theory that God wrote the Bible, or that He inspired somebody to write it." Again, in a recent lecture, in a theatre in Richmond, he said that "most of the Old Testament was a collection of wild stories, and much of the New was of the same character." This gifted man, in his strange and heretical career, is not only greatly admired, but followed in his evil course by numbers of influential Nonconformist ministers in England, who are substituting Rationalistic teaching in place of the good old doctrines of the Gospel, and are thereby impregnating the minds of the rising race with notions which will yield a harvest of despisers of the Bible and the religion of Jesus.

Will not those who teach these soul-destroying errors, and those who circulate them, alike meet a fearful reward at the hands of that God whose truth they seek to overthrow, if He does not in mercy give them repentance? See 2 Timothy iii., where their career and their end are alike set forth.

Parents need to be careful what their children read and hear taught, and the people of God need to be alive to the interests of the young and the work of Sunday Schools. Let us seek grace that we may pray and labour against these tides of error which flow abroad from pulpit and press, and may God bless our efforts, and put to shame those who teach others to reject His truth.

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### TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"WHERE are you going, Jack?" said a sailor one evening to his shipmate on board a man-of-war lying at anchor near the mouth of the Douro. "To HELL!" was the profane reply.

Alas! that it should have been so true! The swearer went straight to the sill of a port-hole and sat down. The port-door was newly-painted and only partially fastened. The man leaned back, the door yielded, and down the blasphemer went into the whirling, dashing waters below.

Instantly the cry, "A man overboard!" rang through the ship. A boat was lowered, but the fierce eddies had swallowed up the swearer. He was lost! *God had taken him at his word.*

Reader, would you like to share that swearer's fate? If not, be careful what you speak, lest God take thee also at thy word. Nay, more—remember the Lord's warning—"By thy words thou shalt be condemned."

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## GENTLENESS.

"THE fruit of the Spirit is *gentleness*" (Gal. v. 22); or, as the Revisers have rendered it, *kindness*.

The graces before mentioned refer to the Christian's intercourse both with God and man. Love, joy, peace, and long-suffering are fruits borne for the Lord Himself, while their blessedness extends to those around; but the grace of kindness or gentleness is manifested towards men. *His* gentleness makes us great; *His* kindness marks all His dealings with those who trust in Him; but *ours* can never extend to Him, the infinitely high and blessed One.

There is a difference between gentleness and kindness, for the *mildness* of the first may not always assume the *practical* form of the second; and yet the two qualities are very closely allied, and kindness is most genial and sweet when pervaded and perfumed by gentleness.

"The kindness of God our Saviour" is gentle, tender, and mild. No stern authority, no seeming harshness, repels the weary, longing spirit of the seeking sinner. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the kind and gentle invitation of Almighty Love, and the listening heart responds with—

"Lo, glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;  
Nothing but grace shall I receive."

The "Good Samaritan" furnishes a striking illustration of gentleness and kindness. The attention rendered was tender, prompt, and sufficient; and the evident sympathy of the helper enhanced the value of the benefits he conferred, for kindness means the act of a *kinsman*—a "neighbour" in the deepest sense of the word, since "neighbour" signifies one who is *near*, and our kindred are, or should be, the ones nearest to our hearts.

Gentleness and kindness to our fellow-creatures are the outcome of natural love and sympathy, and all God's creatures who can be so treated, should receive their full share of tender consideration, for "the righteous man regardeth the *life* [or the *feelings*] of his beast."

When, however, we come to look at this "fruit of the Spirit," we enter another and a higher realm of being. "If any man be in Christ, he is a *new* creation: old things are passed away; behold,

they are become new." The virtues that shone in the life of the natural man receive an added grace. The beauties of human love are hallowed and sanctified by the love of God. The former "good works" are now performed from new motives, and everything is done "as unto the Lord."

The Saviour very strikingly displayed the nature of this spiritual "fruit" when He said, "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink *in My name, because ye belong to Christ*, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

It is not the simple giving of the "cup of water"—not even the bestowment of "all one's goods to feed the poor." If the love of Christ does not constrain the giver, the gift cannot be "holy and acceptable to God." "For Christ's sake" is the heavenly impress which stamps the "labour of love" done for the Master. In the spirit of David of old, "Of Thine own, O Lord, have we given Thee."

Paul's Epistle to Philemon gives a beautiful illustration of Christian gentleness and kindness, in relation to Onesimus, the former slave, who, as it is thought, robbed his master, and ran away to Rome; but, hearing Paul preach, was touched by the Holy Spirit's hand, and 'formed anew.' With what a loving, tender message "the aged" Apostle sent him back again, beseeching Philemon to show the returning wanderer the same gentleness and kindness as his letter breathed—"Receive him as you would myself. Regard him not now as a bond-servant, but as a brother beloved in the Lord; and, if you still think of him as one who has wronged you, make me chargeable for him, and I myself will repay his debt to you. Yea, brother, let me have joy of thee in the Lord; refresh my heart in Christ." Can we doubt Philemon's response to this apostolic appeal? Doubtless his heart echoed back the sacred exhortation, "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you"; and we seem again to catch that echo, "For the sake of Christ."

The Holy Spirit descended upon Jesus in His baptism like a dove, and a dove is the emblem of mildness and gentleness. Firmness is a virtue. Integrity and uprightness often require that a Christian should take his stand on the Apostle's ground—"We ought to obey God rather than men." But firmness may be gentle. Jesus did not swerve from the strictest rules of divine holiness when He "was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and, like a sheep before her shearers, He opened not His mouth." And while Stephen was bold as a lion before his accusers and judges, yet how gentle and mild was the spirit of his dying prayer—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" and he was moved by the Holy Ghost to make that intercession for his murderers, which was, at

least in the case of Saul of Tarsus, a fervent, effectual prayer that availed much.

May the "gentleness and meekness of Christ" bring the knowledge of salvation to our hearts, and constrain us to imitate Him as dear children; and, as trees of righteousness, may we bring forth the lovely fruits of gentleness and kindness, so that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

H. S. L.

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### A DEATH-BED SERMON.

NOT many years ago, a gentleman died in one of the up-town fashionable streets of a distant city, leaving a fortune of eleven millions of dollars. He was a member of an orthodox Church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thrifty citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave continual expression to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. "Oh," he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relatives gathered around his bed, "if I could live my years over again! Oh, if I could only be spared a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life-time! It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down, and makes me despair of the life hereafter!" His pastor endeavoured to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproved my avaricious spirit," said he to the minister. "You have consented to call it a wise economy; but now I know that my avarice for wealth has been only a snare to my soul. I would give all I possess to know that God absolves me from the influence of my past life. I shall die poor indeed, whatever may become of that for which I have sacrificed much happiness on earth, for I have no hope of heaven hereafter."

Thus he died, refusing to be consoled, and to the last audible word, bewailing a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bed-side impressed as never before with the worthlessness of gold, and stocks, and bonds, and houses, and lands, when a dying hour puts the Pearl of richest price in comparison with their value. All knew him to have been a professing Christian, and a good man, as the world goes; but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from the memory. He would have given all his wealth for an hour's peace with God. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

—*Work at Home.*

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"WHOM have I in heaven but Thee?" God's answer is, "Whom have I in heaven but you?"

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXIII.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—After all the changes you have been passing through of late, you express yourself as thankful to God for His mercies, and you also desire that the Lord's people should be your people, and that you may have no other companions but such as fear Him.

Sometimes you speak rashly, as though you had neither hope nor desire. I do not believe there is any true thankfulness for mercies where there is not both desire and hope, although not in that measure as to satisfy the individual at the time. For any degree of thankfulness to, or desire after, God, there must be a discovery of our position before Him, *i.e.*, that we are sinners against Him, and under the just condemnation of His holy law. There must also be in some measure a discovery of God, as He has revealed Himself in Christ, *i.e.*, that there is a way in which such guilty creatures as we are may be forgiven, and justified by God, consistently with His justice.

Again, you speak of feeling enmity in your heart. The Scriptures declare that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," and we prove that there is nothing better than enmity in our heart by nature; and, when God is pleased, by His grace, to implant a new and holy principle in the soul, the corrupt nature (the enmity) is crucified, but not immediately slain. As I heard a good man say, "Crucifixion is a lingering death. It lasts until the separation of soul and body." It may appear at times to be dead, but it revives again and again; therefore, you need not be surprised when you feel enmity working within, "as though some strange thing happened to you."

But perhaps you may say, "How am I to be rid of the evil? or how am I to get it subdued?" Not by any might or power of your own, but by a faith's view of Christ. "If a branch abide not in Me," says Christ, "it cannot bear fruit"; and that abiding is a looking and depending on Him. I know you will say, "But I do not know that I am a branch in the True Vine. If I knew that, I should be satisfied." "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord." Wait on. "Despise not the day of small things," but rather use them as the lower rounds of the ladder to mount up to the higher, brighter, and more comfortable evidences of union to Christ. He is the Root, Spring, and Cause of all fruit in His people.

I am, your affectionate friend,  
E. MORGAN.

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GOD exalts pardoning grace to some more, and sanctifying grace to others.

# THE SOWER.

A SERMON BY J. W. WREN,

PREACHED AT BILLINGHAY, JUNE 28TH, 1883.

*“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.”—*ROMANS viii. 28.

It has been well said that this chapter “is a complete Gospel in itself.” The Apostle is here speaking of the great and valuable privileges which the people of God have. Take one from the many—“Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.” What an unspeakable privilege it is to be helped in prayer by such a divine Helper! The Apostle Jude speaks of this—“But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost” (ver. 20).

There are different measures of this divine help given at different times. This help is a power from without a man—a foreign power—the help of God, which sweetly and effectually draws the heart to God, and God very blessedly draws near to the heart, as saith the Prophet, “Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not” (Lam. iii. 57).

I do not always feel this power when I try to pray, nor do I always feel it when I hear others pray. What an unspeakable mercy it is if we feel it at any time, and in ever so small a measure! But I desire to feel it at all times, for it is the *soul* of prayer. “And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.”

We will now, as the Lord shall be pleased to help us—

1. Inquire who those persons are for whom “all things shall work together for good.”

We often hear people say, in common conversation, that “all is for the best”; but the Apostle is very particular here in this place to say *who* those people are for whom “all things work together for good.” He says—“to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose. For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren.”

Affliction works conformity to His Son, when sanctified. His Son was an afflicted Son all His journey through this world.

Jesus, as "the Captain of their salvation, was made perfect through sufferings" (Heb. ii. 10). *Sufferings* in this place is the same as the "*all things*" in our text, which is spoken chiefly of affliction. "And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. ii. 8).

Very much is said of Christ's obedience to His Father, and a great part of it consisted of affliction and suffering. Jesus was a "Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief." No other person ever had such a heaped measure of affliction and sorrows as the blessed Son of God. Isaiah says of Him, "As many were astonished at Thee," and then he gives the cause of their astonishment—"His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men." Some of the Lord's people, in this day, have so much trouble come upon them that their naturally dark hair has turned quite grey in a very short time. But no affliction is equal to that of the Son of God. There is no sorrow like unto His sorrow.

But Jesus' sufferings were all voluntary, for the love that He bore to His people. *They* were in affliction; *He* would be afflicted too (Isa. lxiii. 9), in order to save them out of it. His Father is the principal Mover in this business, for He *sent* Him for this very purpose—"For it *became* Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Observe that the Father is the Great Author of this work in His Son. The work that affliction *worketh* is a conformation to Jesus, the Son of God; and this is the end the Father hath in view. It is a necessity that brethren should be alike; and, as Jesus must needs be afflicted, so there is a *needs-be* that we should be afflicted too, otherwise we should not be made like unto Him. Jesus was made in all things like unto His brethren, that His brethren might be made like unto Himself; therefore, that which is done to Jesus must, in measure, be done unto us. And hereby have we witness, and also do declare, that we are the brethren of Jesus Christ, and are, both Jesus and ourselves, the children of one Father, "for which cause He is not ashamed to call us brethren" (Heb. ii. 11).

But let us more particularly notice the persons for whom "all things" shall work, and do "work, together for good."

First, those "who are the called according to His purpose." What a vast number of painful and perplexing hours I have spent, and what endless inquiries have I made, about my calling! Who among you here this morning, that have a hope that you are called by grace, have not been troubled in the same way about your calling? Some people tell you they can go to the very spot

where they were called, and know the time when, and the manner of, their calling. When I hear people speak in this manner about their calling, I can only answer them by saying that I cannot do so; and I believe, from observation and Scripture, that it is a thing much hidden from the people of God. The Apostle Peter exhorts us to "give diligence to make our calling and election sure" (2 Pet. i. 10). Now, if this was a plain and easy matter with the Lord's people, there could be no need of diligence to make it sure.

Some persons have been too confident, and have presumed that all was right, and have failed prayerfully to persevere, not heeding such Scriptures as these. Such rush on in bold presumption rather than creep by hopes, and prayers, and tears, and so find out their calling by piecemeal. If our religion, any part of it, works in us self-confidence—and self-confidence always treats with contempt or slight such texts of Scripture as exhort to practice, or admit of weakness—there is something very seriously wrong. If our religion fails to work in us conformity to Jesus Christ, of what use is it to us?

I shall be rather searching this morning, but not with a design to injure any one. Nevertheless, what is said may make you feel, and the preacher will most likely be searched by his own sermon. I do not want to please you to-day, but I desire to be of some good service to you. You may sometimes be very pleased with a sermon in the hearing of it, but, after a trial and a winnowing, you find more chaff than wheat, whereas, if it were real grain, no trial that it might undergo, nor any winnowing, would make it unreal. Gold is always gold, do what you will with it, and grace is always grace everywhere.

Everything that God does in His people must be tried, and our calling must, therefore, be tried. The people of God are tried very much and often about their calling. Flavel says, "I have put up many hundreds of prayers to God to tell me if I am deceived." This has been my case. Oh, how many times have I asked the Lord to make this matter plain to me! In the early part of my experience, after I had some taste of God's mercy in Christ Jesus, I was not exercised about it. I knew nothing about a real nor an unreal calling. I read no books but the Bible, nor mingled with any religious people. But, when I began to read other books, and meet with Christian people, I began to have doubts about the reality of my own. In its beginning, so far as I could trace it, it was not like any one's I met with; and I often conclude that I have learned my religion backwards, and sometimes can make nothing of it at all.

Jesus says, "Many are called, but few are chosen"; and nearly all His parables speak to this matter in hand. There is, first, a

large gathering together ; then follows the trying process ; then the division is made—the good are safely housed, and the bad are cast away.

Malachi spoke thus about Christ's coming and ministry—“ But who may abide the day of His coming ? Who shall stand when He appeareth ? For He is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap.” We have a sample of this in the chapter we read at the commencement of this service. Many make a tolerable appearance for a time. They have much zeal for the doctrines of grace ; they argue for them with much warmth ; but the seed fails to bring forth fruit seasonable and meet, and, by-and-bye, fails and dies away.

Some attend regularly the means of grace, and go in and out for many years, but they seem to have nothing fresh. When talking with them, you hear the same subject and the same expressions. The Psalmist says, “ I shall be anointed with fresh oil ” (Psa. xcii. 10). I know not what I should do were it not for “ *fresh oil*.” Israel wanted fresh manna every day, and so do we. How refreshing and satisfying the Lord's blessing and presence are ! How you can remember with freshness old mercies and past kindnesses ; whereas, when you are in a dark and barren state of mind, you can draw no comfort from the past. New mercies are needful to put us in mind of the past.

During the time that the Epistles were written, there were some who for a time appeared to be gracious persons. Jude speaks of them, and says that they “ *crept* in [to Churches, he means] unawares.” They were men who “ of old were ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ ” (Jude 4). And all the Epistles speak of these things. They did for a time seem to be real, but the root of bitterness, the “ *poisonful herb* ” (Deut. xxix. 18, margin), was at length discovered.

We read of some, in the sixth chapter of Hebrews, “ who were once enlightened, and had tasted of the heavenly gift, and were partakers of the Holy Ghost, and had tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come.” These blessings the Apostle compares to rain falling upon the ground, which, after all the rich showers, produced nothing but briers and thorns. Briers and thorns are the natural fruit of our fallen nature ; and if, after our profession to have an experience of the Gospel, we bring forth only briers and thorns—we are not any the better for it—our “ end is to be burned. But,” the Apostle saith, “ we are persuaded better things of you, brethren ” ; and he then tells them what those “ better things ” were—“ things that accompany salvation ” —the very best evidences of salvation. He then particularizes

those things, and calls them a "work and labour of love in ministering to the saints."

Secondly, our text says, "called according to His purpose." This is to distinguish it from a general calling, and this distinction is maintained throughout the Word. It was the good pleasure of God's will to call some persons out of darkness into light, "according to the good pleasure of His will, which He purposed in Himself." The Apostle further describes it in his letter to Timothy—"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to *His own* purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9).

When souls are able to see and make sure their calling, and the gracious Source of it, how absolutely it takes all the work out of their hands, and secures God all the glory! There is nothing superfluous in this provision. The low estate into which we had fallen required it *all*, and we accept it as being worthy of our embrace.

The same Apostle speaks of being "delivered from the power of darkness," and the Apostle Peter of being "called out of darkness into His marvellous light." And who but the Holy Spirit can enlighten our dark minds? Who but He can efficiently teach us the evil of sin? We cannot teach one another this. No, not by the best of rules, nor by the most persuasive arguments. And who but that blessed Spirit can teach the glory and the power of the Gospel of Jesus and His grace?

The Apostle calls it "marvellous light." Jesus bids us to "take heed that the *light* which is in us be not darkness" (Luke xi. 35). There is no darkness equal to *conceited light*.

Some will be ready to ask, "How may we distinguish between natural light and spiritual?" The answer is, When we show forth the virtues of Him who hath "called us out of darkness into His marvellous light," and when we are changed into His image who is the *true Light*, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Divine teaching is further distinguished from natural thus—Is Jesus set before your mind in His sufferings? You will suffer with Him. Is He set before you as "a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief"? Is He set before you in His Priestly character as your Intercessor? Your spirit will be conformed to Him in this His official character, and you will then make use of Him in your approaches to God. Is He set before you as God the Father's Store-house, in whom are deposited and hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge? If so, you will come to His throne, and ask with a measure of boldness for mercy and grace. Moreover, you will worship and adore Him for His own Personal glory and beauty, and give thanks also to His Father for

so great a gift ; and, further, thank Him for what He has been pleased to make Him unto your soul.

There are different views given of the Lord Jesus Christ at different times, to the called. That which has been the most comforting to myself is, when I have seen Him die for my sins. Then love and joy and grief and sorrow have been mingled proportionately together, and brought forth a seasonable fruit to His praise.

Oh, what an unspeakable mercy to be changed in any measure to the image of Jesus Christ ! James speaks about patience having its perfect work in the called, and then adds, "If any of you lack wisdom." He speaks this of grace, "wisdom" being the word he uses for grace (Jas. i. 5). This has comforted me when I have heard an experience beyond my own, or when I have seen any grace perfected above my own measure, that it is written, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him." I believe this was put into God's Book on purpose for those who come short in the measure of gracious practice exhorted unto in the Word, and those measures you may hear from the pulpit. I feel sometimes encouraged by this thought—that, if God had thoughts of love towards me when I lived in sin, and was an enemy to Him by wicked works, that *much more*, being reconciled to Him, His thoughts of love shall continue, and secure to me my eternal safety.

"Indulgent God, how kind  
 Are all Thy ways to me,  
 Whose dark, benighted mind  
 Was enmity to Thee !  
 Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace,  
 My spirit longs for Thy embrace."

*(To be continued.)*

By the knowledge of our corruptions we are but driven to Christ to make us know Him more.

BEFORE we can know Christ aright, we must know and feel ourselves to be guilty, hell-deserving sinners. Christ is a Saviour, and it is folly to talk of loving Him without feeling lost first.

EVERY promise is built upon four pillars—God's *justice*, which will not suffer Him to *deceive* ; God's *grace*, or goodness, which will not suffer Him to forget ; God's *truth*, which will not suffer Him to change ; God's *power*, which makes Him able to accomplish.—*Manton*.

## GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

BERNARD GILPIN.

THE following account of this worthy, but comparatively little known, Reformer is condensed from one of the early publications of the Religious Tract Society ; but the original material from which the facts of his life are drawn is contained in his "Life" by Carleton, Bishop of Chichester, and in a "Memoir" by a later member of the Gilpin family.

While tracing somewhat of the dawn of the Reformation in our country, and sympathizing with the Reformers in the outward trials and the inward difficulties with which they had to contend in escaping from Popery, let us be thankful that we now reap the fruit of their sufferings, and be diligent to improve the "light of the glorious Gospel of Christ" which now shines around us.

Bernard Gilpin was born in the year 1517, about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII. Being a younger son, he was destined by his parents for the Church, to which his serious and contemplative disposition was also deemed to fit him.

A story of his childhood betokens even then a ready discernment of the immorality of an action, and boldness, mingled perhaps with *naïveté*, in rebuking it.

A begging friar came to his father's house on a Saturday evening, and was hospitably entertained, according to the universal custom of the day. Like too many of his order, he ate like a glutton, and drank till he was intoxicated. The next morning he preached in the village, and denounced very warmly the laxity of the times, and especially the prevalence of drunkenness. The boy Gilpin, then a child on his mother's knee, listened with much earnestness for some time, but at length could forbear no longer, and, with great indignation, cried out, "Oh, mother, do you hear how this fellow speaks against drunkenness, when only yesternight he was drunk at our house?" The mother was obliged to stop his mouth with her hand.

At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Oxford, where his industry was very great. At this time, Erasmus attracted the attention of the learned world by his bold exposure of many of the evils and fallacies of Romanism ; but, as Oxford still adhered steadily to old traditions, his name was far from being in general esteem at that University. Perhaps this was even a means of attracting so inquiring and observant a mind as that of Bernard Gilpin. Certainly it did not deter him, and, finding in Erasmus a candour and honesty which were sadly lacking in other quarters, he soon became an enthusiastic student of his works.

Little further is known of his life at the University except

that he was looked upon as a young man of talent and promise, and was universally beloved for a remarkable sweetness of disposition and unaffected sincerity in his manners. At the usual term he took the degree of M.A., and was elected Fellow of his college, but was soon after removed to Christchurch, in recognition of his talents.

Up to this period the Reformed doctrines had made little real progress in England—at any rate, in the circles in which Gilpin moved—and, having been brought up in the Romish faith, he still continued a member of that corrupt Church. There is little doubt, however, that already his mind was in an uneasy and unsettled state.

A circumstance which occurred about this time, while showing that the moment of decision had not yet arrived, was fortunately the means of leading him in after years to put on record some account of the workings of his mind at this period, which we shall therefore be able to describe in his own words. The incident referred to was this. King Edward VI. having now ascended the throne, he earnestly promoted the Reformation, which his father had commenced in a very different spirit. Under this prince's patronage, Peter Martyr went to Oxford, and read divinity lectures in a strain to which the University had hitherto been little accustomed. His refutation of the doctrine of the corporeal presence excited tumultuous indignation, and the heads of the Popish party began to stir themselves, and to look about for a champion capable of sustaining their cause. The most pressing applications were made to Mr. Gilpin to undertake this office. For a while he refused, feeling that his own convictions were not sufficiently firm to enable him to conscientiously undertake such a part. But at length he yielded to the importunate solicitations of his friends, and appeared the next day against Peter Martyr. His biographer thus describes this important incident:—

“Gilpin, to the end that he might defend his cause in hand, adventured more diligently than ordinary to examine the Scriptures and the ancient fathers. But, while he was diligently searching for the truth, he began, by little and little, to have a sight of his own errors.

“Peter Martyr was wont after to say, ‘I am much moved concerning him, for he doeth and speaketh all things with an upright heart. The rest seem to me to be men who regard their bellies most of all. But Gilpin, resting firmly upon gravity of manners and the testimony of a most laudable life, seemeth to honour with his own goodness the cause which he undertaketh.’ Yea, and he did often pray unto God that He would be pleased at the last to convert unto His truth the heart of

Gilpin, he being so inclinable to all honest desires ; and doubtless God heard that prayer, for, from this time forward, Gilpin drew near to the knowledge of the truth, not upon a sudden, but, as he himself confessed, by degrees."

In a letter to his brother, written in 1575, but not published till after his death, Gilpin alludes to this occasion, and then goes on to describe in detail his gradual enlightenment. The letter is so characteristic for its unaffected simplicity and ingenuous candour, that it must be noticed at some length, and cannot fail to awaken a sentiment of respect as well as sympathy. The following is its substance—as far as possible in his own words :—

"You do request, brother, that I should relate unto you somewhat at large the manner and means of my conversion from superstition to the light of the Gospel—a thing which, I suppose, is not unknown to you to have been a work of many years. I will confess my own shame, to the confusion of the devil. I will say with the Apostle, 'I was received to mercy, for I did it ignorantly.' . . . By holding that disputation with Peter Martyr, I found out that the foundation whereto I trusted was not so solid as I formerly supposed it. I therefore began somewhat seriously to read over the Scriptures and the writings of the fathers, that I might confirm myself in my received opinions. But God freed my mind from that prejudiced conceit by little and little, and the zeal which I had for the Popish religion began to cool in me every day more and more. But, on the other side, I felt certain sparkling desires. [He then mentions that he consulted some in whose opinion he reposed most confidence, but without becoming more settled.] Mr. Harding, being newly returned home out of Italy, in a long and famous oration, so plainly set out and painted to the life the friars and unlearned bishops who had met at the Council of Trent, that it abated in me, and in very many others, a great deal of that opinion and confidence which we had reposed in general Councils.

"While I went on in this manner, I was overruled by the persuasions of some friends to accept of a parsonage, whereunto I was drawn against my will. If I offended God by undertaking the charge before I was a sufficient scholar, and better grounded in religion, I ask God's forgiveness ; nor do I doubt that I have obtained mercy in His sight. In my sermons, I handled those points wherein I was best grounded.

"Then was I sent beyond the seas, that I might oversee the printing of my Lord Bishop Tonstal's book touching the Eucharist, with two or three more books, at Antwerp, where I beheld, for the space of three years, in various places, very gross idolatry. This thing did more and more estrange me from the Popish religion—most of all because the most learned Papists did,

in their disputations, deny the adoration of images, yet allowed the intolerable abuse thereof in their churches.

“And now, while with all earnestness I advised with the holy Scriptures, and the writings of the fathers, I observed many things which alienated my heart from the Popish Church. I observed in that Church notable corruptions of the doctrines of the Bible. . . . But, above all the rest, the question concerning Antichrist troubled me most, because it seemed not to me a safe thing to make a separation from the Popish Church, except I were fully resolved that the Pope is Antichrist; and in this point I cannot easily express with how many difficulties and distractions I was daily opposed.

“Afterwards I was sent for home again by the Bishop, who conferred on me the rectory of Essingdon, where, when I had endeavoured to be constant in preaching, I observed that I had upon a sudden procured to myself many and heavy enemies thereby, for I had preached against plurality of benefices and non-residence. Mine adversaries cried out that all such as broached that doctrine would prove heretics quickly. Others were much displeased with me for that I had preached repentance and salvation by Christ. They laid to my charge that I did not make whole sermons of transubstantiation, purgatory, holy water, the worshipping of images, the invocation of saints, and the like, which they could never hear come from me; and by how much the people were eager to resort to my sermons, so much the more eagerly they took offence at me and hated me.

“A small matter brought me into danger. An honest matron, because in her pangs of child-birth she had often called upon God, was grievously checked by the women around her because she had not called upon the blessed Virgin, to whom she made answer—‘I have heard a certain famous preacher, one Gilpin, a man that came lately out of France. If he will advise me to call upon the saints, I will take his counsel in that point.’ I told them that I durst not persuade any one to invoke the saints, but that those who call only upon God for help in all their dangers have a commandment from God to do so, and a firm promise for the infallible comforting of their conscience. This occasion stirred me up many foes.

“In the meanwhile I often conversed with learned men, my loving friends and kindred. I demanded how it came to pass that there was no reformation of so many abuses which, in the time of King Edward, the Papists had not only confessed to be superstitions, but had promised reformation of them? Answer was made unto me that no way must be given to the ignorant multitude. ‘If,’ said they, ‘we once confess any errors at all, they will straightway cry out that many other things also are worthy

to be reformed.' These things wounded me grievously, and drove me to seek out for peace of conscience.

"After these things, having preached two or three sermons at Newcastle, I began to explain my conscience more at large, when there were gathered twelve or thirteen articles against me, and sent to the Bishop. The Bishop showed me as much favour, I suppose, as he durst. In transubstantiation, he would not trouble me, only he inquired concerning the real presence, which I granted, and so was freed out of that danger; and, as touching the real presence, I found myself not fully resolved. I supposed that therein lay hid a mystery above my capacity. Nevertheless, my conscience did sometimes chide me for that I had yielded in express words to a point which seemed unto me doubtful; but I hoped that God would pardon mine ignorance, and, in time, bring me unto a greater light of knowledge.

"The winter following, Queen Mary departed this life, and then I began to explain my mind more fully, for, before that time (for I must needs confess the truth), weakness, ignorance, and the terrors of mine adversaries had somewhat restrained me. . . .

"In harvest came the visitors, and Dr. Landes appointed me to preach against the supremacy of the Pope; but he himself preaching the day before, seemed utterly to deny the real presence, which so wounded my tender conscience that the night following I could not sleep at all. . . .

"The next day, all the ministers in the diocese were met to subscribe. Now so it was that, in a point or two of the articles, my conscience did not appear to me so well resolved as I could have wished, therefore I stepped a little out of my way, hoping that I might escape from being called. But when my curate came to the book, he, to my surprise, withdrew himself as unwilling to subscribe; and therefore I was called for, when straightways I had these thoughts in myself—'My greatest confidence is reposed in this religion, because it giveth glory to God, and authority to the Word of God, for the rooting out of superstition and human doctrines; only mine heart doubted in certain points of smaller consequence, which God, as I hope, shall, in due time, reveal unto me. If I shall refuse, I shall be a means to make others refuse, and so hinder the cause of the Word of God.' Therefore I subscribed, and the night following sent unto Dr. Landes my protestation concerning those two points that had troubled me. He, being nothing offended, took my protestation very courteously.

"In process of time methought I grew more and more strengthened and resolved; but I will confess the truth. I had many and grievous temptations, which would not let me sleep for many nights, and drove me, betwixt sleeping and waking, into

such dreams as I think few men ever had the like. My nature did ever desire to avoid controversies. My chief comfort and endeavour was ever to preach Christ, and salvation through Christ, plainly and sincerely, and to comfort myself in the most sweet promises of holy Scripture, and in pouring out my prayers to God. The insatiable covetousness, together with the pride and carnal liberty, and other vices of the same rank, which reigned among all sorts and degrees of people, but most of all in us, the priests and ministers, who ought to be, as we are termed, 'the salt of the earth,' have oftentimes broke my sleep. But, recovering, I quieted myself in God, saying, 'Surely how much more the iniquity of man doth abound, so much the more glorious shall God appear in purging, sanctifying, and preserving His elect people in the midst of a froward generation.' . . .

"This I may boldly say, that, since I took the course to explain mine infirmities by writing, not fearing who took notice of them, so that it might benefit myself or others, I have found exceeding peace and quiet of conscience, and am day by day more edified and confirmed by the reading of the Scriptures; and in this case I praise God that, when I found myself most distressed and weak, my faith in the mercies of God was so firm that I assured myself that if at that very instant I should die, these distractions could nothing hinder my salvation. I am resolved, with St. Paul, 'I have obtained mercy, for I did it ignorantly'; and with Job, 'Although the Lord kill me, yet will I trust in Him.' Yet I have full many a time asked God's mercy for those offences, infirmities, ignorances, and all other things, and will ever do so while I shall live in this world. "BERNARD GILPIN."

A large portion of Mr. Gilpin's letter has been given *verbatim*, because it is the only opportunity we shall have of affording such insight into the writer's character as a private letter usually affords, especially when of so ingenuous a nature as this; nor did it seem desirable to spoil its effect by interspersing it with comment or explanation, but many of its allusions need some elucidation.

(To be continued.)

HE was in the state of a beggar, being ministered unto—emptied Himself to nothing, putting all the riches He was worth out to use—that we might be rich, and have the use of all.

THERE are but few persons who attribute the mercies that they possess to the right Source from whence they come. Most think that they have a perfect right to them, and, if they are deprived of any one in particular, imagine they are hardly dealt with.

## CALLED BY GRACE.

THE circumstances connected with the conversion of Mr. and Mrs. William Smyth, and the unspeakable benefits which resulted from it, not only to many of their own immediate family, but to hundreds besides, are of a nature so singular, and so calculated to bring glory to the God of all grace, that we cannot forbear their relation.

Shortly after the marriage of Mr. Smyth, it was announced in the public papers that Mr. Garrick was to take a final leave of the stage, June, 1776. Mrs. Smyth, who was a passionate admirer of theatrical representations, expressed an ardent desire to witness this last performance. Her husband had said much to divert her attention from this point, but in vain.

As it was inconvenient to leave Ireland at that time, Mr. Smyth requested his brother, Colonel Smyth, to accompany his lady to London. On their arrival they made immediate application for places, but none could be obtained. What then was to be done? The Colonel recollected a former intimacy with the Duchess of Leeds. Her Grace was all condescension, and readily invited Mrs. Smyth to accompany her to the theatre. Every wish was now on the eve of being gratified. Garrick took his leave of the stage, and Mrs. Smyth became the guest of the Duchess during the remainder of her stay in London.

Mr. Romaine was at this period in the zenith of his popularity. Through the interest and persevering conduct of the late John Thornton he had been elected, and finally inducted, to the living of St. Anne's, Blackfriars.

Hearing of the immense crowds that attended his ministry, and the astonishing effect produced by his preaching, Mrs. Smyth expressed a strong desire to hear a man so singular and so renowned. The fashionable circle by whom she was surrounded were unanimous in their reprobation of the man, and the doctrines he promulgated. In vain it was urged that he was a Methodist, an enthusiast—one whom it was improper for her to hear—and that to procure admittance to a place so crowded was utterly impracticable. Mrs. Smyth had been gratified in seeing Mr. Garrick, and in mingling with the immense crowd that witnessed his last acting. The more Mr. Romaine was reprobated, and the greater the difficulty of obtaining admittance to the church, the more urgent was Mrs. Smyth to hear him. Nothing could deter her, and go she would, in defiance of every remonstrance.

Mr. Romaine preached with his usual energy from that remarkable passage in the ninetyeth Psalm, "Who knoweth the power of Thine anger? Even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath."

There the Lord met Mrs. Smyth with the blessings of His grace, and she was led to a true acquaintance with the great deep of corruption in a "heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Smyth's state of mind was little short of derangement. With the utmost anxiety he hastened to London. Mrs. Smyth explained the change that had taken place in her principles and feelings, and the abandonment of all her former notions of religion. Mr. Smyth was overwhelmed with surprise, but agreed to accompany her to hear Mr. Romaine, and judge for himself; and he, too, was constrained, as a poor sinner, to take refuge at the foot of the cross.

Thus does the Lord work in bringing His children to a knowledge of Himself. Mr. Smyth has long since "entered into the joy of his Lord." There, among "the spirits of just men made perfect," he has joined many of those who have been awakened by his instrumentality, and they will rejoice together "with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

R. F. R.

### THE CORD OF LOVE.

WE cannot see the turnings  
Of God's long cord of love ;  
We cannot trace the windings  
By matchless wisdom wove.

E'en as a skein, unravelled,  
Still holds the hidden end,  
So love's mysterious twinings  
Around our chastenings blend.

That cord can ne'er be broken ;  
'Tis held by God alone ;  
The Lord's seal is the token,  
He knows, He keeps His own.

And when the Father chasteneth,  
His children's faith to prove,  
The cord is held by Jesus—  
The unseen end is love.

Love, deep, divine, unchanging—  
Love is the binding cord ;  
And, hid behind the chastening,  
Twices round the saints of God.

ANON.

THE greater prospect we have daily of our sins, the more are increased our motives to grow daily stronger in faith.

## A WIFE WHO WON THE BATTLE.

SOME years ago, there lived at Basle an opulent citizen, whose wife was a believer, but he himself feared not the Lord. His practice was to spend his evenings in a wine-house, where he would often tarry till eleven, twelve, or even one o'clock. On such occasions, his wife always used to send the servants to bed, and sit up herself, to await the return of her husband. When at last he came, she used to receive him most kindly—never reproach him in the least on account of his late hours, by which she was kept from seasonable rest. Moreover, if it should be needful to assist him in undressing himself, when he had drunk to excess, she would do this also, in a very kind and meek way. Thus it went on for a long time.

One evening, this gentleman was again, as usual, in a wine-house, and, having tarried there with his merry companions till midnight, he said to them, "I bet that, if we go to my house, we shall find my wife sitting up and waiting for me, and she herself will come to the door and receive us very kindly; and, if I ask her to prepare us a supper, she will do it at once, without the least murmur, or unkind expression, or look." His companions in sin did not believe his statement. At last, however, after some more conversation about this strange statement (as it appeared to them), it was agreed upon that they would all go to see this kind wife. Accordingly they went, and, after they had knocked, the door was immediately opened by the lady herself, and they were all courteously and kindly received by her. The party having entered, the master of the house asked his wife to prepare supper for them, which she, in the meekest way, agreed at once to do; and, after awhile, supper was served by herself without the least sign of dissatisfaction, or murmur, or complaint. Having now prepared all for the company, she retired from the company to her room.

When she had left the party, one of the gentlemen said, "What a wicked and cruel man you are, thus to torment so kind a wife!" He then took his hat and stick, and, without touching a morsel of the supper, went away. Another made a similar remark, and left without touching the supper. Thus, one after another left, till they were all gone, without tasting the supper.

The master of the house was now left alone, and the Spirit of God brought before him all his dreadful wickedness, and especially his great sins towards his wife; and the party had not left the house half-an-hour before he went to his wife's room, requested her to pray for him, told her that he felt himself a great sinner, and asked her forgiveness for all his behaviour

towards her. From that time, he became a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Observe here, dear reader, the following points. First, the wife acted in accordance with 1 Peter iii. 1. She kept her place, as being in subjection, and the Lord owned it. Secondly, she reproached not her husband, but meekly and kindly served him when he used to come home. Thirdly, she allowed not the servants to sit up for their master, but sat up herself, thus honouring him as her head and superior, and keeping also, as far as she was able, her husband's shame from the servants. Fourthly, in all probability, a part of those hours during which she had to sit up was spent in prayer for her husband, or in reading the Word of God, to gather fresh strength for all the trials connected with her position. But, whether this was the case or not, it is certain that thus, under similar circumstances, the time might be spent, and it would then indeed be spent profitably. Fifthly, be not discouraged if you have to suffer from unconverted relatives. Perhaps very shortly the Lord may give you the desire of your heart, and answer your prayer for them. But, in the meantime, seek to commend the truth, not by reproaching them on account of their behaviour towards you, but by manifesting towards them the meekness and gentleness and kindness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, for more grace, to be a follower in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus, who, when "He was reviled, reviled not again," and, in His last moments, prayed for His enemies! He also has said in His Word, "Follow Me!"

*Cambridge.*

ELIJAH COE.

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### MAN, A MARVELLOUS WORK.

CONSIDER the rare structure and excellent composition of the human body. "I am wonderfully made" (Psa. cxxxix. 14). The Vulgate renders it "painted as with a needle"—a metaphor from those that work in curious needlework. Oh, the curious workmanship of that one part, the eye! How it hath forced some to acknowledge a God upon the examination of it! The Lord, when He went about this work, had His model or pattern before Him, according to which He moulded every part.

Luther tells us of two cardinals, riding in great pomp to the Council of Constance. While going, they heard a man in the fields bitterly weeping and wailing. When they came to him, they found him intently eyeing an ugly toad. They asked him why he wept so bitterly. He told them his heart was melted with this consideration—that God had not made him such a loathsome and deformed creature. "For love of this I weep," said he; whereupon one of them cried out, "Well said the Father, 'The

unlearned will rise to heaven, and we, with all our learning, shall be cast into hell.'"

No part of the common lump was so finely figured and polished as man is. There are some members that are radical, as the liver, heart, and brain. In these are placed the natural, vital, and animal spirits. These spirits are carried by the veins, arteries, and nerves. The veins carry the natural spirits from the liver; the arteries, the vital spirits from the heart; the nerves, the animal spirits from the brain. Other members of the body are official, as the hands and feet. The superior rule the inferior, and the inferior support the superior. "In wisdom hast Thou made them *all*."

Galen gave Epicurus a hundred years to imagine a more commodious situation, configuration, or composition of any member of a human body. Had all the angels studied to this day, they could not have cast the body in a more curious mould.

And yet all this is but the enamelling of the case wherein the rare jewel lies. The Lord hath not only built the house, but brought the inhabitant (the soul) into the possession of it. A glorious piece it is, that bears the image of God upon it, being All in all, and All in every part. How noble are its faculties! How nimble, various, and indefatigable are its motions! How comprehensive its capacity! It is a companion for angels—nay, capable of espousals to Christ, and eternal communion with God. It is the wonder of earth and the envy of hell.

Suppose now—and we frequently behold it in the world—that the Lord had so permitted and ordered it that one or two of thy faculties had been wounded and defective, what a miserable life hadst thou lived in the world, neither capable of service nor comfort! And truly, when I have considered those works of the Lord, in bringing into the world, in all countries and ages, some such spectacles of pity—some deprived of reason, and differing from beasts in little except shape and figure; and others, though sound in their understandings, yet deformed or defective in their bodies; monstrous, misshapen, and loathsome—I can resolve the design of this providence into nothing besides a demonstration of God's sovereign power, except they be designed as foils to set off the beauty of other rare and exquisite pieces, and intended to stand before our eyes as monitors of God's mercy to us, that our hearts, as oft as we behold them, may be melted into thankfulness for so distinguishing a favour to us. "What have we that we have not received?"—*F'lavel*.

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SAYS Christ, "If I spent My blood for you, will I not spend My breath for you?"

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

"DOST THOU BELIEVE ON THE SON OF GOD?"

READER, are you anxious to have "the anointing," "the spirit of faith," that you may know the truth? We read of some that "the Word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Do you fear that you do not know anything of the sweet anointings of the blessed Spirit—of the power of the Holy Ghost—by which living souls believe in, and come to, Christ? Is it your fear that the power and teaching of the Holy Ghost is not to be found in your religion? Are you convinced that, if that anointing is not in your profession, it is wanting of the great and principal thing? Are you saying, "Yes, I know that he who is walking in any other light than that is walking in darkness, and knows not the secret of the Lord; therefore, I want to be taught of God, as we read, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children'?"

Ah! my friend, these are the souls that want to know the Lord for themselves—to call Him *their* Lord—to say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Some would have them speak as if they were fully assured, whether they feel it or not. We must not, however, go before the Holy Ghost. The best way to honour God is, to stand and wait for Him, according to His Word, at the posts of His doors. We had better be followers of Christ than seek to go before Him. He has said, "They that seek shall find," and "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Such cannot be set down short of Christ, for Christ alone can satisfy them. It must be "Christ *in you* the hope of glory." That is the work of the Holy Ghost alone, to bring a poor sinner thus to desire to know the Lord; and of such we read, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted."

For such we try in these pages to point out the footsteps of the flock and the way-marks, hoping that they may be encouraged to "follow on to know the Lord." Such as these know what it is to be glad of an evidence from the Lord, of a little light upon their path.

Some of you can, perhaps, remember times when the minister has been enabled to speak in such a way that, though you could not receive the testimony as you desired, yet you could not put it away. If you could not speak of it in such strong language as some, you would rather hold your peace than deny it. You might not be able to speak with great assurance, yet you felt that, if you denied such a testimony, you would speak against your right. That encouragement gives seeking souls strength, and inspires a hope that the day will come when they shall, by faith,

see the Lord, and so know Him as to be enabled to confess His blessed name. All such waiting souls *are* blessed, and the Lord's promise is, "They shall be satisfied."

There are many believers that have not reached to full assurance of faith. They feel to want the confidence, though they have the grace of faith. Then, because such want the confidence, are they to be set down as unbelievers? Certainly not. There is often a want of clearer sight in those who have the grace of faith, although it is "the faith of the operation of God."

If, then, you have not looked upon the Lord Jesus Christ by faith as clearly as you desire—if you have not taken Him in your arms, like good old Simeon, and been assured of your interest in Him—yet, if your faith builds upon Him, and your desire centres in Him, He is your Foundation and your All.

Should any one dispute the Personality of the Lord Jesus Christ, your faith is up in arms at once. Does any one call in question the truths of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, you rise up at once to defend them. Should any one speak lightly of His name, His love, His blood, or His people, your heart would revolt from consenting to such speeches. Why? Because there is an inward conviction in your heart of the Person of Jesus Christ, the work of Jesus Christ, the Word of Jesus Christ, and of the suitability, as well as of the ability, of Jesus Christ—a conviction that

"None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good."

You have every confidence in His ability, nor would you trust your soul in the hands of any other than Jesus Christ, the Mediator. None could persuade you to build upon any other foundation than that which God has laid in Zion. All others you know are sinking sand, and they who build thereon will fall to ruin.

To put it another way. Suppose you had ten thousand souls. If the Lord Jesus Christ presented Himself to your view, would you not commit them all to His keeping? Could you not trust Him? Is there not this trust, this confidence, in the ability of Jesus Christ? And what is that but faith? You may not have seen Him as clearly as you desire, yet you know enough of Him to trust Him and to confide in Him unreservedly. All you want is, for Him to come so near you that you can lean upon Him, and commit yourself into His gracious hands. You have a firm belief in the virtue of His blood and in His merit. These are the very things your soul desires to be experimentally led into—"That I may know Him."

Here is the secret you want, poor anxious sinner, but your

unbelief is your hindrance and your plague. Unbelief is no plague to the world in general. They love darkness rather than light, therefore they have no desire to come to the light. They are wilful unbelievers. But it is your infirmity, and the language of your heart is—

“ Oh, could I but believe,  
Then all would easy be !  
I would, but cannot ; Lord, relieve !  
My help must come from Thee.”

It is want of ability with you, not of will ; and you read, “ If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” Such souls are troubled because they cannot believe. They want a clear evidence of their sonship—are willing to be led by the Holy Spirit, and anxious to be led to Christ. Such would open their hearts, if He would but come and be a Guest with them. He will surely come to a heart thus prepared to receive Him. God the Holy Ghost has been there, and made a way for the coming of Christ. The bolts and bars are gone, and the soul is on the tip-toe of expectation. There is a longing, an inward panting, for Jesus Christ, and the poor anxious one exclaims, “ When wilt Thou come unto me ? Oh, will it ever be ? I am afraid I am too vile, my sins too provoking, my unbelief too strong.”

Yes ; there are a thousand hindrances, to your view, in the way ; but, when Jesus Christ comes, He comes over these mountains, and makes them all to flow down before you. We well remember the time when we could see no possibility of being saved, but we have proved that the things that are impossible with men are possible with God. All these hindrances must go to the ground when He comes. He will divide them with His hands, and clear the way in a moment. Satan may try to persuade you that yours is wilful, hardened unbelief. But what about those cries and tears, those anxieties and pains in your heart for Christ, by night and day ? If He should present Himself before you now, would He not find one waiting for His coming—willing and ready to receive Him ? These are certainly true believers, if they have not clear light. I am no visionary, yet I believe some of the Lord's people have seen the Lord Jesus Christ, by faith, as clearly as if they had seen Him with their mortal eyes. Yes ; and some who have not thus clearly beheld Him have known more of Him, felt more of His love, rejoiced more in His name and salvation, than thousands who looked upon Him with their mortal eyes. These have embraced Him in their arms of faith, and, like Thomas, have said, “ My Lord and my God.”

Some, perhaps, have just seen His shadow while passing by,

and it has set them longing to see His face. Desire in their hearts burns stronger, and they want the veil drawn aside, that they may have a clear view of Him. If they could have their desire, it would be, to receive Him as a Guest, never more to depart. Well, if God has given you this faith in, and this desire towards, His Son, you are one of those of whom it is said, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

That poor woman in the Gospel was satisfied as to the virtue to be found in Christ; and the poor leper said, as to His ability, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." These were believers, and they came, as subjects of faith, to prove Him. That poor, low, and weak believer who came, saying, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us"—upon him too a blessing was bestowed.

Some of you, no doubt, feel that you are poor weaklings, as they were; and perhaps you are full of fears. Yet how good the Lord has been to lead you on, step by step, till now—to grant you a hope of an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that you are children of God! Go on, then, to seek Him. The witness shall in due time be accorded you, "the Spirit bearing witness with your spirit, crying, Abba, Father." "Seek, and you shall find; ask, and you shall obtain." If your faith is centred in the Son of God, and your hope is founded upon Him, you shall never be disappointed or put to shame.

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### THE MARTYRDOM OF HENRY OF ZUPHTEN.

"THE cross and persecution," said Luther, "reign in Bavaria. These ferocious beasts carry it with fury." But it was in Holstein that one of the strongest instances of fanaticism was given.

Henry of Zuphten, who had escaped from the convent of Antwerp, was preaching the Gospel at Bremen, and was invited by several pious persons to preach in the district of the Dittmarches. He consented. Forthwith, the prior of the Dominican, and the vicar of the official of Hamburg, consulted together. "If he preaches, and the people listen to him," said they, "all is lost."

The prior, after a wakeful night, got up early in the morning, and proceeded to the wild and sterile moor, where the forty-eight regents of the country usually assembled. "The monk of Bremen is arrived," said he to them, "to ruin all the Dittmarches." These forty-eight simple and ignorant men, who were assured that they would acquire great renown by ridding the world of the heretical monk, resolved to put him to death without having either seen or heard him.

It was Saturday, and the prior, wishing to prevent Henry from

preaching on the Sabbath, arrived at midnight at the house of pastor Boyl, with the letter of the forty-eight regents.

"If it is God's will that I die in the Dittmarches," said Henry of Zuphten, "heaven is as near there as anywhere else. I shall preach." He mounted the pulpit and preached powerfully. The hearers, touched and inflamed by his eloquence, had scarcely left the church when the prior put into their hands a letter from the forty-eight regents, forbidding them to allow the monk to preach. They immediately sent their representatives to the heath, and, after long debate, the Dittmarches agreed that, considering their complete ignorance of the matter, they would wait till Easter. But the enraged prior waited on some of the regents, and anew inflamed their zeal. "We will write him," said they. "Beware of doing so," replied the prior. "If he begins to speak, nothing can be done to him. He must be seized during the night, and burnt before he can open his mouth." It was so resolved.

The day after the Feast of the Conception, after it was night, the Ave Maria was tolled. At this signal, all the peasants of the neighbouring villages assembled, to the number of five hundred; and their leaders, having caused five hogsheads of Hamburg beer to be pierced, in this way inspired them with great courage. Midnight struck as they reached Mēhldorf. The peasants were armed; the monks carried torches. The whole proceeded, without order, uttering furious cries.

On arriving at the village, they kept a profound silence, lest Henry should escape. The doors of the curacy were suddenly burst open, and the drunken peasants rushed in, striking at everything that came in their way. They threw down vases, kettles, goblets, clothes; snatched up whatever gold or silver they could find, and pouncing on the poor pastor, struck him, crying, "Kill him! kill him!" They then threw him in the mire. But Henry was their object. They pulled him from his bed, bound his hands behind his back, and dragged him after them. "What brought you here?" they asked. Henry having answered mildly, they exclaimed, "Away! away! If we listen to him, we will become heretics like himself." He had been hurried naked over the ice and snow. His feet were bleeding, and he begged that they would put him on horseback. "Good sooth," replied they in derision; "we are going to furnish horses for heretics! Get along!" and they continued to drag him till they reached the heath. A woman, who was at the door of her house as the poor servant of God passed, began to cry. "Good woman," said Henry to her, "weep not for me." The bailie pronounced his condemnation. Then one of the furious men who had brought him, struck the servant of Jesus Christ over the head with a sword; another struck him with a

club. Next a poor monk was brought to receive his confession. "Brother," said Henry to him, "did I ever do you any harm?" "No," replied the monk. "Then I have nothing to confess to you." The monk withdrew in confusion.

Many ineffectual attempts were made to light the pile. In this way the martyr stood for two hours before these furious peasants—calm, and with eyes raised towards heaven. As they were binding him to throw him on the pile, he began to make confession of his faith. "Burn first," said a peasant, striking him on the mouth with his fist, "and you will speak after." He was thrown down, but fell on the side of the pile. John Holme, seizing a club, struck him on the breast, and he lay stretched out dead on the burning faggots. Such is the true history of the sufferings of the holy martyr, Henry of Zuphten.

Dear reader, ponder over the sufferings and death of this chosen vessel of mercy; and remember, Rome is unchanged, and is *only* waiting for power to renew her persecution of the saints of God!

"WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

*"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."*—2 CORINTHIANS iii. 5.

THE Holy Spirit makes us know  
That nothing good from self can flow;  
We're helpless and undone;  
To think aright of things divine,  
Or fix our minds on truths sublime,  
Ability we've none.

The thoughts of Jesus and His grace,  
The views of His most lovely face,  
Which once revived our heart,  
We daily prove we can't restore;  
Though pained within, we oft deplore  
Our joys so soon depart.

In conflicts with our mighty foes,  
In bearing all our various woes,  
Our help is from above;  
We fight, we work, we run our race,  
Strengthened by all-sufficient grace,  
The gift of sovereign love.

In Jesus all our strength resides,  
And whilst in Him the saint abides,  
He finds a rich supply;  
Apart from Him, we nothing do  
That's good and holy, just and true;  
We on His grace rely.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## GOODNESS.

"THE fruit of the Spirit is goodness." What is goodness? In general terms it means "liberality, bounty, kindness," so we read, "The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works"; and again, "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee! which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!" But we often use the word "goodness" to denote that which is the exact opposite of wrong and evil-doing, and so it comes to mean something like righteousness, and real or comparative purity.

The word "God" means "good"; and, although we are told the Hebrew words from which it springs mean rather "greatness and power" than goodness, yet it is beautifully true that God is good, and doeth good, and all His ways are right and true, though often mysterious and past finding out. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

Jesus "went about doing good" while, as the "Man of Sorrows," He sojourned here, and His words and deeds all bore that two-fold stamp of goodness—they were full of *kindness* and *tenderness*, but all were produced *by*, and all tended *to*, *holiness*, the glory of God, and the well-being of men.

This is the secret of true goodness. A kind person may sometimes injudiciously and carelessly do harm rather than good by indiscriminate tenderness; and, on the other hand, wicked and cruel people do good in spite of themselves, unconsciously; and, in their very anxiety to do evil, as persecutors, have been the means of spreading the Gospel; and tyrants have led their victims to victorious struggles for liberty and justice. But spiritual goodness is necessarily *intentional*, *thoughtful*, and *careful*. It springs from love to God, it means the welfare of men, and aims at the glory of its divine Author.

This is the teaching of Jesus and His apostles alike. "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven," we hear Him say. "Glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are His," repeats His servant Paul. And these exhortations apply not only to matters distinctly religious and spiritual—they relate to all our intercourse with our fellow-creatures; for, just as the evil deeds of oppression and selfishness often cause God's ways to be misjudged and evil spoken of, so the sympathetic word and kindly deed which encourage and help the sad, the faltering, and the

wearily to renew their hope and confidence in the goodness and care of the Almighty, are glorifying to His holy name.

And this teaches us the importance of little things. Nothing is too small to receive the attention of the Most High, and the "goodness" which so greatly influences our own lives and those of others may be manifested in the simplest and most commonplace things. A "cup of cold water" may not be difficult to get or to give, but the giving of it may be "good and acceptable in the sight of God," because true love to man is the expression and the fruit of love to *Him*.

When Mary, the sister of Lazarus, anointed Jesus with precious ointment, Judas and others complained of the *waste* (strange language to use at all, when their Lord and Master was concerned); but He answered, "Why trouble ye the woman, for she hath wrought a good work upon Me?" and added that her loving deed should be declared wherever His Gospel was proclaimed.

As a real *Man*, the glorious Lord loved human sympathy. The tender ministry of friendly hands was grateful to Him. The thankful offering of a sister to Him who raised her brother from the grave was well-pleasing in His sight; and still He accepts as an offering to Himself the tribute that His grace constrains us to render, and none of His children are too little or too poor to be the means of blessing others, and even those whom they regard as much greater than themselves.

How often David's heart was strengthened by the faithful love of one of his subjects! How gratefully the chief Apostle, Paul, remembered Onesiphorus and others who "refreshed" him in his labours and captivity; and how frequently since then have the strong, in their seasons of weakness and sorrow, been comforted and cheered by those who, in many respects, were far weaker than themselves! Let us, then, do good as we find opportunity. "She hath done what she could" was the Master's estimate of Mary's deed. Oh, that He may so influence us that we may receive the same approving word! When we have done all, we shall still in ourselves be "unprofitable servants"; but, if He accepts us *in Himself*, then, purified and perfected, He will accept our offerings also. He will honour those who honour Him, and welcome them at last as good and faithful servants into His own eternal joy.

H. S. L.

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### THE WONDERS OF GRACE.

ONE old Mr. Studly was a lawyer in Kent. He was a great enemy to the power of religion, and a hater of those that were then called "Puritans." His son, in his youth, seemed to follow in the same steps, till the Lord, that had separated him from the

womb, called him by His grace. He was away from home, in London; and one night, going to his lodgings, he fell into a cellar. Whilst here, he fell into great horror of mind. His soul was awakened, his sins set before him, and he could no longer do as he had done. He went home into Kent, betook himself to read and study the Scriptures and to much prayer, which at length his father perceived; and, fearing he would turn Puritan, was troubled, and dealt roughly with him, and made him dress his horses; and when, at that time, his father perceived that he sat up late at night, reading his Bible, he denied him candle-light; but being allowed a fire, he told Mr. Knight that he was wont to lie and read by fire-light, and said that, while dressing his father's horses in his frock, and in that time of reading by the fire-light, he had those comforts from the Lord and joys that he had scarcely experienced since.

His father, seeing these means ineffectual, resolved to send him into France. He went, and, being at his own disposal, by the Lord's guiding him, he placed himself in the house of a godly Protestant minister; and between them, after they were acquainted, there grew great endearment. He made great progress in the language; and, after a time, had orders to return home.

After this, his father put him with a lady at Whitehall, to attend upon her when in her coach, thinking a court life would drive away his son's melancholy, as he termed his seriousness in religion. This lady had many servants, some given to swearing and other vices, whom this young gentleman would take upon himself to reprove with that prudence and gravity that sin fell down before him.

After a year's time, his father waited upon the lady to inquire of his son's carriage. She answered, as it was, that she was glad she had seen his son's face. He had wrought a mighty reformation in her family. She, that had formerly been troubled with unruly servants, was now as quiet in her house as if she had lived in a private family in the country. At this the father stormed. "What! will he make Puritans in Whitehall?" He told the lady that was no place for him. He would take him with him, which, to her trouble, he did.

As his last refuge, he thought of marrying him, and accordingly spoke to his son to this purpose—"Son, you have been matter of grief to me, and, having used much means to reclaim you from this way you are in, to no purpose, I have one more remedy to apply, in which, if you comply with me, I shall settle my estate upon you, else you shall never enjoy a groat of it. I am going to a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you." The son said little, knowing the family to be profane, but went with his father, who had before made way there.

The day came. The young people were married. At the wedding dinner, at the father's house, the mask was taken off. They fell to great revelry, and the bride swore an oath, at which the bridegroom rose from the table, went to the stable, and took a horse and rode away, not knowing what to do. He bewailed himself, as he rode along, as undone, and deservedly, for that, in this matter of the greatest importance, he had restrained prayer, and slackened his communion with God, and so might thank himself that he was utterly undone.

Being in the woods, he led his horse to a solitary place, tied him to a tree, in his distress, and betook himself to prayer and tears. The providence of God had altered his argument of prayer, which was now for the conversion of his newly-married wife. This he pressed, with many tears, most of the afternoon, and did not rise from his knees without good hope of being heard. All was hurry and confusion at the bride's house while he was wrestling as Jacob at Peniel.

In the evening he returned home, and inquired for his bride, whom he found in her chamber. She asked him if he thought he had done well to expose her to scorn and derision that day? He sat down by her, and told her with tears what the Lord, through grace, had done for him. Ever and anon in his discourse, he would say, "Through grace, God did so-and-so for me."

When he had told his story, she asked what he meant by those words, so often used in the relation of his life, "through grace"? and she asked him if he thought there was no grace in God for her, who was so wretched a stranger to God? "Yes," said he, "there is grace for thee; and that I have been praying for this day in the wood, and God hath heard my prayer, and seen my tears; and now let us go together to Him about it."

They knelt down by the couch, and he prayed; and such weeping and supplication there was on both sides that, when they were called down to supper, they had hardly eyes to see with, so swelled were they with weeping. At this the indignant father was much enraged, and said he would rather set fire to his fair-built house than that either of them should enjoy it. As far as he could, he carried out his design, disinheriting them with the exception of £10. They were obliged to work for a living, and accordingly took a farm in Sussex, where Mr. Knight hath often been, and seen her who had been highly-bred milking her cows, and now become the great comforter and encourager of her husband. "God," said she, "hath had mercy on me, and my painstaking is pleasant to me." There they lived with much comfort, and had divers children.

About three years after the death of old Mr. Studly, his estates, that he had willed to one Dr. Reeves, through some flaw

in the settlement, came back into the hands of his son. He was amazed at this remarkable providence ; but his wife, in the midst of these outward blessings, fell into a way of questioning the truth of her grace because of outward prosperity. Mr. Knight rebuked her for her unthankfulness, but nothing moved her until the Lord by a solemn rebuke chastised her. One day, a fine boy, about three years' old, fell into a kettle of scalding wort, and was taken out by his mother, and died. This she looked upon as the Lord's discipline for her unthankfulness, and was instructed by it.

"This relation," says the writer, "was sent me by Mr. Singleton, now living in Hogsdon Square, near the City of London, and he received it from Mr. Knight, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Studly."

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## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXIV.

### COUNSELS TO YOUTH.

*Aberdeen, 1637.*

LOVING FRIEND,—I received your letter. I entreat you now, in the morning of your life, to seek the Lord and His face. Beware of the folly of dangerous youth—a perilous time for your soul. Love not the world. Keep faith and truth with all men in your covenants and bargains. Walk with God, for He seeth you. Do nothing but that which you may and would do if your eye-strings were breaking and your breath growing cold.

You heard the truth of God from me. My dear heart, follow it, and forsake it not. Prize Christ and salvation above all the world. To live after the guise and course of the rest of the world will not bring you to heaven. Without faith in Christ, and repentance, you cannot see God. Take pains for salvation. "Press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling."

If you watch not against the evils night and day which beset you, you will come behind. Beware of lying, swearing, uncleanness, and the rest of the works of the flesh ; because "for these things the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience." How sweet soever they may seem for the present, yet the end of these courses is the eternal wrath of God and utter darkness, where there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Grace be with you.  
To *Ninian Mure*.

Your loving pastor,  
S. RUTHERFORD.

[The form of some of these expressions may be objected to by some as unorthodox, but we pray that the solemn and weighty admonitions here given may sink deep in the hearts of many of our young readers.]

# THE SOWER.

A SERMON BY J. W. WREN,

PREACHED AT BILLINGHAY, JUNE 28TH, 1883.

*“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.”—*ROMANS viii. 28.

*(Concluded from page 230.)*

THIRDLY, that God, who hath called us by His grace, will be to us “the God of *all* grace,” as saith the Apostle, “But the God of all grace, who hath called us to His eternal glory by Christ Jesus” (1 Pet. v. 10). How often I want Him as “the God of all grace”! We sometimes get wounded in our pilgrimage by our enemies, but those wounds are more numerous than we give ourselves, and are the most difficult to get healed. When our enemies wound us without cause, we expect to be healed; but when we wound ourselves, we want God, as “the God of all grace,” to undertake for us in a special way.

No doubt but some of you know Him as “the God of all grace”—grace to suit every case, and of a boundless measure, to reach the most desperate of cases. What a vast treasure of grace the Apostle saw 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 in Christ Jesus our Lord”! Nothing but sin can separate between us and God; and his meaning is, that none of all the creatures, nor all of them as a host combined, shall be able to make us sin so as to separate between us and our God finally.

Have you, dear friends, never feared that you should, some day or other, sin beyond the reach of the Gospel? This is, I believe, a temptation to many poor souls. I am sometimes tried with it. Nothing can hurt us like sin. How hard to cling to the Rock when our consciences are defiled! We naturally choose and try other ways of healing and cleansing than those set before us in the Gospel. How hard to *believe*, then, and not to *work*! Do you not find the path disputed every inch of the way? Satan seems to dispute every inch of my way, nor am I able to dispute with him. His mode of disputing with me is, to set me looking for gracious evidences in myself, when God seems to be absent; and then I can find nothing of any use to me wherewith to

answer him. But sometimes Jesus comes and makes short work of it. He turns my night into day, my darkness to light, and then I can say—

“ ‘Enough, my gracious Lord!’  
Let faith triumphant cry;  
My heart can on this promise live,  
Can on this promise die.”

Everything is then made straight, and all is well.

Fourthly, the Apostle says that this is “a holy calling.” It is self-evident that if our calling, or our knowledge of spiritual things, does not influence our lives, this genuine feature of our religion is wanting. We ask, Where is the holiness of our calling? The Holy Spirit insists very much upon this conduct in the Word; nor are such conditions as these set forth in the following Scriptures among the impossible, nor altogether unknown in the experience of the Lord’s people. One Scripture is, “And whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight” (1 John iii. 22); and another is, “If ye *abide* in Me, and My words *abide* in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you” (John xv. 7). This condition is consistent with the work of God in the souls of His people, and shows the work to be real; and this sets up a separation between the world and those of us that walk and talk with God.

This is the comfort of religion. Those who are blessed with most of the Holy Spirit’s teaching will feel their besetting sins the most, and discern the evils of their own hearts the most. The creatures Ezekiel saw had eyes all round about. If we are partakers of the Holy Spirit, we shall see within and without. We shall see the state of our hearts and minds, and see, too, some of the wickedness and evils which are there.

There are two sins which the light of nature can never show us, let it have what helps it may; nor can the conscience be charged with them, but by the power of the Holy Spirit. We can never find out the sin of unbelief. We may, in some measure, find out *unbelief*, but not the *sinfulness* of it. “But when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall convince of sin, . . . of sin *because* they believe not on Me.” Neither can we find out *original sin*, so as to charge ourselves with the guilt of Adam’s sin. Until the Holy Spirit reveals this unto us, we hope to be better in ourselves, by reforming our lives, by making the best use of means and opportunities, and by having space and time to accomplish our design. But, when the Holy Spirit reveals the corrupt condition of the fountain, such hopes are, for the time being, dashed in pieces, like a potter’s vessel, and we are made to despair of being better;

and, like David, we shall say, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psa. li. 5).

These are *root* sins, such as speak (rule and command) in a man's heart—"The fool hath said in his heart." These are reigning sins in the ungodly, which exercise authority in and over them, and command with absolute power over men in a way unperceived by them. The Holy Spirit uses means to show us these things. David was shown it by falling into sin. He saw and felt the stream, and so found the Fountain. Paul found it by a lusting, covetous desire, and the law forbidding it—"Thou shalt not covet." The discovery of this sin forces men out of themselves to Christ for righteousness to justify before God.

Our text says that this calling is a "holy calling." The Prophet asks, "Who raised up the righteous man from the east, called him to His foot?" That word, "called him to His foot," sounds like implicit obedience, entire surrender, and impartial subjection. Farther down the chapter, Abraham is spoken of by name as being "the righteous man" whom God "called to His foot"; and, upon Abraham's obedience and submission to God, He calls him His friend. God calls those His friends who are "called with a holy calling." We must be often with our friends, to converse together, in order to maintain friendship. We discover our secrets to our friends. "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do?" "Ye are My friends, if ye *do* whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you" (John xv. 14, 15). Oh, how impossible—I feel it to be so—to set forth the things of God as they deserve to be set forth!

Fifthly, our text has another point of evidence—"to them that love God." If you cannot prove your calling, can you not, in some measure, feel that you love God? If I were asked this question, "Do you *feel* the love of God working in your soul?" I should sometimes have to say, "No; I feel quite empty of all good." But I want to speak a little about the gentle workings of love. "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me"—I hope I can say that—"saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." What distinguishing, inimitable love "to them that love God"!

Some of you who are young in the ways of God—you who are seeking His face—you cannot say God loves you, perhaps; but my text says, "to them that love God." Do you not feel your heart drawn to Jesus? Do you not feel a yearning desire after Him? Some may think that these are little things; but we are pleased with little things if they are real, and we are forbidden to despise them either in ourselves or in others (Zech. iv. 10).

A pining heart after Jesus is the fruit of the Father's love, for Jesus saith, "No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him" (John vi. 44). I do often feel a coming to Jesus for life and light. "To whom coming, as unto a living stone," for life for all uses, for life to live all the parts of godliness, within and without, before God and before men. In Jesus there is all that we can want, "for it pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell" (Col. i. 19). God the Father and the Holy Spirit make very much of Jesus Christ in the Word and in the saints. They unitedly bear witness of Him as the First and the Last, the Beginning and the Ending, as the "All and in all." You may not be able to make that use of Him as *your* "All and in all." Jesus is that to us which the Father has been pleased to make Him unto us, and that only. Whatever the Father has made Jesus unto us in our souls, that is the present practical measure of use that we can make of Him. But the Holy Spirit will lead you on to make more and more use of Jesus. Have not some of you longed for the time of love, when you shall be assured that God loves you, and that you love Him? But at present you cannot feel quite sure; yet this is your desire. You want to be quite sure. How comforting it is to know this! I have felt quite sure that He loved me, and that I loved Him—so sure that there was no room to doubt it. How easy to speak of these things when under the enjoyment of them! The tongue is then the "pen of a ready writer"; but how very hard to speak of them when the enjoyment is gone! Sometimes I feel a spirit of grace and prayer given me, and I can wrestle with the Lord for myself, and more especially for the Lord's people, for I often feel that my people's troubles are my own, and this is another evidence—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14). But the enemy of our souls will try us in everything. He will ask, "How do you know that those that you love are the children of God?" The Lord alone can deliver us from his power. I feel my heart drawn more to some than to others. Those who have the deepest discoveries of sin and of Jesus Christ, these are my friends, my best friends. Affliction is a means to stir up our love, so as to cause deep feeling with those that are in bonds, as being bound with them.

When I first began to speak in the name of the Lord, I said a great many things which I dare not say now. I was for putting everybody right. I had, or thought I had, counsel for old and young. I could give advice to all Christians, to all officers in the Church, and ministers too. I was, as I thought, going to put everything quite straight. This arose from pride and self-sufficiency, rather than from any gracious source.

It was the fruit of the flesh, and I knew it not. I cannot approve of this spirit in any one. I have to go on otherwise now—creeping along as well as I can—and my desire is, to speak the truth, as far as I know it, in love, that the people of God “may grow up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ” (Eph. iv. 15). That is one true end of preaching, that the people of God may grow up into Christ. I am often turned out of this way, yet I love to labour for the good of souls and the glory of God; and I love those who so labour. Great swelling words of vanity will bring the hearers into bondage, and lure unstable souls from the way. I feel a union of spirit with those who, in their own opinion, do not know much, yet do know in truth what they speak of, but are kept humble and little in themselves.

David tells us why he loved the Lord, in Psalm cxvi. 1, 2—“I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications: . . . therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.” If you love the Lord, you can say so, too; but, if you cannot say so *now*, the time will come when you will be able to say so.

David says again, after long experience and many deliverances, in the day when God gave him a complete victory and perfect triumph over all his enemies, “I will dearly love Thee, O Jehovah, my strength” (see Ainsworth). When God is pleased to show you the way that you have come, and how He has helped you, and so often appeared for you, you will then love Him because of His faithfulness, His loving-kindness, and His truth. I sometimes feel my heart glow with love to Him, because of His own Personal glories and excellencies, and can give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness, and praise Him for His excellent greatness, and “His wonderful works to the children of men,” and for all the revelation He makes of Himself in Christ Jesus.

David says again, “I will bless Jehovah at all times.” You will bless Him too, and you will want others to join with you—“O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together” (Psa. xxxiv. 1, 2). I used to wonder why David called upon all things animate and inanimate to praise the Lord. I would at times display my wisdom, (?) and alter some of the hymns which I thought were far too wide in asking all creatures to praise Him. One of them was—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him all creatures [all Christians] here below.”

But, if the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, these fences will be swept away, and every narrow thought swallowed up; then shall we feelingly say, “Let everything praise the Lord!”

By way of conclusion, “suffer the word of exhortation”—“In

all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. iii. 6). "Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a Refuge for us" (Psa. lxii. 8). It is good to "wait upon the Lord, and wait patiently for Him"; for "he that believeth shall not make haste" (Isa. xxviii. 16). "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger [strong as they are]: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Psa. xxxiv. 10).

If the Lord will, I may take up the remaining part of my text in the afternoon. I hope the Lord has some gracious purposes to accomplish in our meeting together here to-day, and that He will make all things to "work together for good."

May He bless His Word. Amen.

### "HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?"

Ho! ye whose anxious, seeking minds  
To new pursuits new vigour binds,  
This question, sure, concerns you most—  
"Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

He comes and, with a powerful ray,  
He drives the love of sin away;  
Those He wounds deepest love Him most—  
"Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell,  
And Christians like His presence well;  
He fits them for the heavenly host—  
"Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

With love of sin and cursèd pride  
The Holy Ghost will not abide;  
He scorns the Pharisee's vain boast—  
"Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

Dear Lord, before Thy throne I bow;  
Decide this question for me now;  
Let me this heavenly Guest receive,  
*And never more Thy Spirit grieve.*

JOSEPH IRONS.

THOUGH the mariner sees not the *pole-star*, yet the needle of the compass that points to it tells him which way he sails. Thus the heart that is touched with the loadstone of divine love, trembling with godly fear, and yet still looking toward God by fixed believing, points at the love of election, and tells the soul that its course is toward the haven of eternal rest.—*Leighton.*

## A BLESSED END.

ROBERT BAYNES, of Wimbish, Essex, the subject of the following paper, was one of the Lord's family, though little known to the world around him. To those who knew him, it seemed evident that he was possessed of gifts of no ordinary nature, though he lived comparatively in obscurity. He was capable of expressing his ideas with great clearness, but such was his unassuming character that he often wondered that the Lord's people should take any notice of him whatever. He had such a feeling sense of his own weakness as made him very backward in engaging in public prayer, though favoured with a spirituality of mind and a fervency of spirit seldom met with.

He says of himself—"I was a rude and thoughtless youth, giddy to an extreme, without instruction, save what little I received at the parochial church, Radwinter. Without friends to restrain me, I ran thoughtlessly along till about seventeen years of age, when it pleased the Lord to impress these words powerfully on my mind (Psa. cxxxix. 7—12)—'Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.' I was much sunk down in my feelings, but not so low as some I have heard of. I could not do as I formerly had done, though very careless; but could never get rid of those words from off my mind till brought to receive the Lord as my portion."

He went to live with his aunt, from which circumstance he left the Parish Church and attended the Baptist Chapel, Thaxted, where he was favoured to hear some Gospel truth, which set him somewhat at liberty.

In 1832, he united with the Church assembling there, under the pastoral care of Mr. Byatt. He afterwards removed to Wimbish, from which place he occasionally went to Saffron Walden, to hear Mr. J. D. Player. He opened his house for prayer, in which his soul greatly rejoiced, and which means the Lord blessed to one or two, for which he greatly praised God.

Finding the preaching of Mr. Player greatly blessed to him, he united with the Church under his care, where he kept up a constant attendance, to the great edification of his own soul. He often expressed great thankfulness to the God of all grace, in His having raised up one to preach His truths with such

clearness and depth, to the building up of His spiritual family. He often exclaimed with rapture, "These glorious truths brought forth by our beloved pastor are what my soul delights to feed on."

In visiting the afflicted he was very sympathetic, and often lamented the backwardness of others in this important duty. He often said, "I think the Lord's prisoners are much neglected." This he keenly felt, having an afflicted wife for upwards of nine years. He accustomed himself to expound to her the things concerning the kingdom of God, whereby her soul was much refreshed.

Just before his last illness, these words were much impressed on his mind (Isa. xxvi. 20)—"Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." He said, "I wonder what the words mean?" His wife replied, "I think they mean to you that you are going home—that you are to leave earth." He said, "I do not think so. I shall not go home yet. I have many more conflicts to endure. I shall not go home so. I think I have had too smooth a path for that. It must be you who are going. But my desire is, that the Lord may be glorified, whether it be by my life or by my death."

Though he spoke of a smooth path, others thought it a tribulated one, which showed the contentedness of his mind.

When first taken with the complaint which ended his earthly career, being examined by the doctor, he said, "Well, I am in the Lord's hands. Let Him do as it pleaseth Him."

As he drew near his heavenly home, he was favoured with much of the Lord's presence. He often expressed a desire to "depart and to be with Christ," though he was told he was useful to the Church and his family. He said, "I do not think so. I am of no use to any of them belonging to the Church, and my family the Lord will provide for." He would say, "The Lord deals very gently with me [though he suffered great pain of body]. His presence is life itself." His wife often secretly heard him expressing his inward desires, showing the delightful forebodings of eternal day. On one occasion, going in suddenly, she heard him saying, "Glory! glory! glory!" She said, "Yes, dear; you will soon be there." He said, "I don't know. I am afraid not."

In calling to see him one day, he said, "I have been meditating this day on my Beloved—on the government being on His shoulders. What sweet thoughts came to my mind respecting His government of His people! I see He governs them in love, giving them to feel their ignorance, that they may apply to Him for instruction. And how He melts the hard hearts by gently letting down such gracious love-tokens, so that He reigns in their

affections! And how gently He deals with His tender lambs, so that my soul greatly rejoices in Him!"

The remarkable history of Mrs. Dooley much delighted him, and caused him to praise God for His rich grace towards her.

The day before his death, he asked his son to read to him Solomon's Song vi. When this was read, he said, with great emphasis, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." His wife said, "You can say so, can you?" "Yes," he said; "without a doubt." When asked if he thought he was going home, he said, "I should like to do so, but fear there are more conflicts for me yet." He said, "I find the old enemy is not dead, but Jesus lives and reigns. Yes, 'my Beloved is mine, and I am His.' It will be all right by-and-bye." He afterwards became delirious, and thus passed away.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

## THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MRS. HONEYWOOD.

THE concern of this godly lady for the salvation of her soul was so great, her doubts and fears so very distressing, and her sorrow of mind so grievous, that she sank into despair, which had such an effect on her bodily health as brought her to death's door, and kept her in a gradual consumption for almost twenty years. In vain did physicians administer their medical assistance, for her disease, which originated from a spiritual cause, required a supernatural remedy. There was but ONE Physician whose power and skill could reach her case; even He who healeth those who are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness. In vain did the most able and evangelical ministers preach to her the comforts of the Gospel, and labour to persuade her of the willingness and certainty wherewith Christ receives the coming sinner. The Holy Spirit alone could preach to her heart with efficacy, and He had not vouchsafed in all those years to rise upon her soul.

At length Mr. John Fox, the martyrologist, was sent for, who, on his arrival, found a most mournful family, and the mistress of it the deepest mourner among them all. He prayed with her, then reminded her of what the faithful God had promised, and of what Christ had done and suffered for her soul. But even this was to no purpose, for still she could not believe that the Gospel promises and the merits of Jesus belonged to her. Mr. Fox, not in the least discouraged, went on, and, to the wonder of those about her, expressed himself to the following effect—

"You will not only recover of your bodily disease, but also live

to an exceeding great age, and, which is yet better, you are interested in Christ, and will go to heaven when you die."

Looking earnestly at him as he spake these words, she answered, with much emotion, "Impossible! I shall as surely be damned as this glass will break," and immediately dashed a Venice glass (which she was holding in her hand) with much force against the wall. The glass fell first on the chest and then upon the ground, but was neither broken nor so much as cracked. The event proved that Mr. Fox did not prophesy by the spirit of error.

Mrs. Honeywood was then sixty years old, and though this circumstance was little short of miraculous, still she took no comfort from it, but continued a great time after in her former disconsolate condition, without any deliverance, until God, who findeth out the fittest minutes for His mercies, suddenly shot comfort like lightning into her soul, so that she led the remainder of her life in spiritual gladness.

In the days of Queen Mary, she used to visit the prisons, and to comfort and relieve the prisoners therein. She was present at the burning of Bradford, in Smithfield, 1555, and resolved to see the end of his suffering, though so great was the press of the people that her shoes were trodden off, and she was forced thereby to go barefoot from Smithfield to St. Martin's before she could furnish herself with a new pair. She died in the ninety-third year of her age, and could reckon above 360 persons descended from herself.

R. F. R.

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### THE DEAD RAVEN.

THE subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wupperthal—a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich towards God, and well known in his neighbourhood as one who "trusted in the Lord at all times." His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "*The Lord helps,*" he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him.

Such a time it was when, in a season of great scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master, by whom our weaver was employed, gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the bad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although, as the

days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted.

At last came the day when not a penny was left—no bread, no fuel in the house—only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly the wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground-floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage—"The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint! there is something for you to eat!" he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and, stroking its feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop, to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hands! The wife looked at it confounded. The weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer; "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands." But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God, when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace, and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched. He had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly, "'the Lord helps'; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps. You shall henceforth be no more in need."

Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens proved Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tried servant by the same kind of bird when dead.—*The Sword and Trowel.*

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If there were no night there could never be sunrise; if no labour, no rest; if no winter, no spring; and if there were no mourning there would be no comfort.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.

BERNARD GILPIN.

*(Continued from page 236.)*

MR. GILPIN continued at Oxford till the thirty-fifth year of his age, when, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he accepted the vicarage of Norton, Durham, which they had interest to procure for him. According to custom, he had first to preach before the king, Edward VI.

Knowing that the ruling vice of the age was avarice, he boldly made this the subject of his sermon, and we may be sure, from what we know of him, that he did not neglect to speak faithfully to those who were present. That he gained approval may be inferred from the fact that he soon afterwards received a "general licence for preaching"—i.e., in all parts of the kingdom—a permission only granted to men of approved worth, and not to more than three-and-twenty in the whole of King Edward's reign.

At this time, however, while fully convinced of the errors of Popery, the full light of Protestantism was only dawning upon him, and he naturally found it difficult to adjust his public ministrations to such a state of mind, and at the same time to satisfy his conscience that he was discharging his duty to the people.

At length, being in great conflict and distress of mind, he wrote to Bishop Tunstal, who was his uncle, explaining the whole of the circumstances. The Bishop, being no bigot, approved his freedom of inquiry, and told him that he could not do better than put his parish in the hands of some suitable person till his convictions became firmer, and, in the meantime, reside on the Continent, and converse with some of the most eminent authorities on both sides. The Bishop also suggested that he might take advantage of the opportunity to superintend the printing of some books which the Bishop had written when confined in the Tower on a political charge—particularly one on the Lord's Supper.

Such an opening appeared to Mr. Gilpin a providential one, and he was ready enough to embrace it. The only difficulty was the question of expense, Mr. Gilpin's notions of the pastoral care being too strict to allow him to take any part of the revenue of his living while abroad. However, he decided to resign it, and to rely upon the frugal management of the little money he had, trusting also, in part, to the Bishop's generosity.

The account we have of his interview with his uncle, before starting, seems to give us an insight into the characters of the two men, and can but raise Mr. Gilpin in the reader's estimation.

The news of his resignation got to town before him, and gave

the worldly-prudent, but kind-hearted, Bishop great concern. "Here are your friends," said he, "endeavouring to provide for you, and you are taking every method to frustrate their endeavours. Depend upon it, you will bring yourself to a morsel of bread." Mr. Gilpin begged that what he had done might be attributed to a scrupulous conscience, which would not permit him to act otherwise. "Conscience!" replied the Bishop; "why, you might have had a dispensation." "Will any dispensation," replied Mr. Gilpin, "restrain the devil from endeavouring in my absence to corrupt the people committed to my care? It would be but an ill excuse, when God shall call me to an account of my stewardship, to say that I was absent by dispensation while the devil made havoc of my flock." This reply rather displeased the Bishop, but he soon recovered his good humour, and doubtless approved in his conscience a singleness of heart which he does not appear, from this instance, to have himself possessed. Indeed, the attack was subsequently renewed in a friendly spirit, and many warnings did Gilpin receive that he would certainly die a beggar.

He now left for Holland, and at Mechlin visited his brother George, at that time a zealous Papist, but afterwards a warm advocate for the Reformation—whether in consequence of any influence exerted by his brother we do not know. He translated from the Dutch to the English a very keen satire against Popery.

Mr. Gilpin took up his residence at Louvain, but made frequent excursions to other places in the Low Countries, where he would spend a few weeks among those of any reputation, whether Papists or Protestants. As far as the questions which agitated his mind were capable of decision by human authority and intellect—and these are means which are not to be neglected—Louvain was admirably chosen for the purpose he had in view. It was at this time a central resort for students of divinity. Eminent divines on both sides of the question resided there, and the most important topics of religion were discussed with great freedom. Obtaining an introduction to the society of those whom he most sought, Mr. Gilpin made the best use of his time, attending all public disputations, committing everything material to writing, comparing his own views with those of the most worthy men of both schools, and proposing his doubts in private to his friends.

Such was his outward life; but, from his own letter and from his subsequent career, we may be confident that there was, at the same time, a reverent distrust of all human authority, and of his own heart above all, an agonizing desire to ascertain the mind of God on the subject, and an earnest, honest-hearted determination to seek for divine instruction in that manner and by those means

which God is pleased to honour, and in that spirit of humility and perseverance which, according to His promise, shall never be disappointed (Luke xi. 13).

Accordingly we find that he now began to have truer notions of the doctrines of the Reformers, saw things in a clearer and stronger light, and felt a satisfaction in the change he had made to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Let us ever remember that God works in various ways. Sometimes it pleases Him to grant instantaneous enlightenment and conviction, but more frequently, perhaps, there is but a ray—a gleam of light—at the first, and the man has to grope his way from point to point, seemingly by his own exertions, but not in his own strength. So was it with Luther. Yet the same point may ultimately be reached in both of these typical cases, and, as we shall see, Gilpin's faith became so steadfast in a few years that he was ready to go to the stake for it. If any would despise the more gradual work of grace, let them remember how gradual and secret is the influence of leaven, to which the operations of the Spirit are expressly compared, yet how complete and effectual are its results!

Apart from the influence of early education and surroundings—always very powerful—Gilpin's mind was evidently one slow to move, or to take in fresh ideas, yet keen to detect sophistry, careful to an extreme in weighing the value of conflicting evidence, and, by the grace of God, eager to search out truth at all hazards. The incidents of his conversion are such as might be anticipated in the case of a mind thus constituted. To our view, it does but show more clearly how conclusive and irrefutable are the grand principles upon which Protestantism is based, that a man of a mental temperament like this should ultimately have espoused it so warmly, and that without being favoured with any special and extraordinary illumination on the subject. Surely, the adhesion of such a man is a greater testimony to the truth of a cause than that of scores of those who settle down contentedly in the opinions of their parents or their party, without an inquiry or a murmur.

Some may think—rather inconsiderately, we deem—that he ought to have arrived at a decision at once. Let them remember that there are “diversities of operations.” Being of those whose mental constitution, as one has said, “compels them to *think*,” we can sympathize with Gilpin in his candid examination of all sides of the question, and respect him the more for it. But this is somewhat of a digression, and we hasten on to the more active and generally interesting part of Gilpin's career.

While he was thus pursuing his studies, a matter occurred which again brings out in beautiful prominence the simple

uprightness of his character, and his stern allegiance to duty, through the grace that was in him. On the accession of Mary, to the well-grounded alarm of all Protestants, Bishop Tonsal was released from the Tower, and re-installed in his bishopric. Anxious to befriend his nephew while it lay in his power, he wrote to George Gilpin, at Mechlin, urging him to use his utmost influence with his brother to induce him to overcome his scruples, and accept a valuable benefice which was vacant in the diocese. George seems to have entered heartily into the plan, for, to ensure an interview with Bernard, he begged him to come to Mechlin on important business, without informing him of its nature. Bernard accordingly went, and every likely argument was brought to bear upon him. A second refusal, it was represented, would give deep offence. Even if it did not, the Bishop was old, and after his death no such opportunity could be expected. Bernard's studies could be prolonged, and the duties well discharged during his absence; besides all which, a Bishop sanctioned the step, and what more would he have? But nothing would do, for Bernard nobly refused to countenance the idea that a Bishop's judgment was to be the rule of his actions. He returned, only vexed that he had lost so much time for such a purpose. The letter which he wrote to his uncle on this occasion is extant. As may be imagined, it is at once firm and deferential, making further solicitation impossible, but endeavouring to avoid offence.

The remainder of the time he stayed in the Low Countries, he was much affected by the arrival of crowds of his countrymen, who had escaped from England in consequence of the Marian persecution, then just commencing. Many of these unhappy exiles were in great difficulties as regarded obtaining a livelihood, though extremely anxious to do so. Gilpin was much pleased to be able to help them, not out of his scanty purse, but by advice and recommendation, owing to the large acquaintance he had formed in the country.

On the completion of two years' residence there, he left for Paris, to superintend the printing of his uncle's book. He renewed his researches during the year he stayed in the French capital, and was brought, perhaps, in more direct contact with Popery than before, or, at least, saw it under more unfavourable circumstances. He wanted no further conviction of its evil tendency, nor of the need of some reformation, and, consequently, felt more and more friendly towards the present one. With respect to the doctrine of the corporeal presence, he was still undetermined.

At home, the persecution was still raging. On hearing of his design to return, now that his principal end had been accomplished, his friends did their utmost to dissuade him, saying that

It was little less than madness to think of going to a place whence all, of his opinions, were hastening to escape for their lives. The Bishop of Durham, however, was anxious for his return, being himself advanced in years, and regarding his nephew as one quite unqualified to advance himself in life. Moreover, he probably relied upon his own influence in that remote part of the country to shield Gilpin from the dominant power. Whatever the prevailing motive in his mind, it is a fact that Gilpin returned to England in the heat of the persecution.

Upon arrival, he went at once to the Bishop, who was living quietly in his diocese, hoping to avoid having any hand in the sanguinary measures which he abhorred, while at the same time refraining from giving offence to the Popish zealots. Already, however, by his humanity to those charged with heresy, he lay under some suspicion, and one might have thought, would have been reluctant to incur any sort of responsibility for the acts of so dangerous a person as his nephew. However, he received him with great friendship, and, anxious to provide for him while he could, gave him the archdeaconry of Durham, to which the rectory of Easington was annexed.

On removing to his parish, Gilpin found it in great disorder, and set himself earnestly and prayerfully to work to effect the much-needed reform. The Reformation, which had advanced but slowly in England, had made least progress in the north. The ecclesiastics, as a rule, wholly neglected their pastoral care, and conducted themselves in a scandalous manner. No wonder that a man so strict in principle, and so faithful to his conscience, as Gilpin soon aroused a commotion under such circumstances as these. His free reproofs gave inevitable offence to the clergy, for they were too faithful to be palatable, and too well-founded in truth to be answerable. Soon came a popular clamour that "he was an enemy to the Church, a scandalizer of the clergy, a preacher of damnable doctrines." His chief offence, as he says in his letter to his brother, was, "for that I preached repentance and salvation by Christ, and did not make whole sermons, as they did, about transubstantiation, purgatory, holy water, images, prayers to saints, and such like." In short, his enemies thirsted for the blood of one who testified so faithfully against them, and he was accused before the Bishop, his uncle.

Into the details of the examination we need not enter. As we know, his views were not yet so clear that the Romanists could convict him of blank heresy on any particular point. He declared himself of the Catholic faith, and stated that the doctrine of transubstantiation was an alteration or addition, of which it was not capable, being unchangeable. As to Luther, he had never read him, thinking it better to discover the doctrines of the

primitive Church from the Bible and the fathers than to study views so recently brought forward as those of Luther. After long argument, in which he naturally had the best, having so deeply studied the questions in dispute, the Bishop turned to his chaplain, before whom he was examined, and said, "Let him alone. He hath more learning than you all." Thus he, for the present, escaped from the clutches of his foes.

The archdeaconry of Durham being, as before stated, annexed to the rectory of Easington, Mr. Gilpin supplied both places; but, hearing that the Bishop intended to further increase his income, he would not hear of it, but, on the contrary, sought permission to resign one or other of the positions he already held. The Bishop, however, became angry, and answered, "Have I not told thee beforehand that thou wilt be a beggar? I found them both combined, and combined I will leave them."

Some time afterwards, the kind-hearted Bishop made a further attempt of the same sort which was less objectionable, and therefore more acceptable. He bestowed upon Mr. Gilpin the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring. It was of considerable value, but proportionately laborious, the district comprising fourteen villages. It is described as a part so full of superstition—of Popery itself corrupted—that scarcely a trace of true Christianity was left. How entirely the people were excluded from means of better information may be judged from the fact that, through the designed neglect of bishops and justices, King Edward's proclamations for a change of worship had not even been heard of at the time of that prince's death.

To reform the morals and enlighten the minds of such a people, and to faithfully declare the truths of the Gospel in their midst, was a task which might have daunted the boldest mind, but it was one to which Mr. Gilpin gladly and resolutely set himself, in the strength of his Master. Strange to say, perhaps—did we not know on whose aid he relied, and in what spirit he went forth—the people crowded about him, and heard him with attention, perceiving him to be a teacher of a different kind from those to whom they had hitherto been accustomed.

*(To be continued.)*

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THE Gospel is so mute about this glory to be revealed that, while it tells us of it, it cannot speak a word about it, except to point us to eternity to manifest it.

AN old author says, "I have cleaned my mirror, and, fixing my eyes on it, I perceive so many defects in myself that I easily forgive those of others."

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## THE DIVINE WITNESS.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours. I rejoice to hear that you are still asking the way to Zion, with your face thitherward. Doubtless you experience with me that this world is but a “waste, howling wilderness.” Since I saw you last, I have experienced many changes, both in feeling and in reference to professors, but an unchanging and an unchangeable covenant God in Christ Jesus has still supported, and I have reason to bless His dear name that He hath supplied and led me hitherto. I hope that you are sometimes blessed with a sweet glimpse of His countenance, and can say, “He is the Chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.” I know He is your “All and in all,” and that you find and feel that none but Jesus can satisfy your longing soul.

My daughter has sent me word that your dear wife wishes to know my thoughts upon 1 John v. 8 and 20. My thoughts, I doubt, will be very poor, but such as they are I will endeavour to give. May the Lord the Holy Spirit guide us into all truth.

You perceive that, in this chapter, the Apostle lays down some of the evidences of a state of grace. In the first place, love to the children of God, which arises out of, and springs from, supreme love to God, and their contempt of, and victory over, the world—“Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?” And then he proves that Jesus is the Son of God, supporting His equality with the Father, His dignity as God, by the strongest evidence—“There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One.”

It is, however, necessary that we have the witness on earth as well as the “record in heaven,” and it is very blessed to receive this testimony to the truth of what is recorded—“There are three that bear witness in earth—the Spirit [which, on the day of His (Jesus’) baptism, rested upon Him like a dove, when a voice cried, ‘This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased’; and then descended on the Day of Pentecost, and rendered effectual the preaching of the apostles, endowing them with the gift of tongues, to go and proclaim a Saviour’s love to the various nations of the earth], the baptism of Jesus [the water used in His baptism was a witness], and the blood” (which He shed in the garden and on Calvary), witness to His Mediatorial character; and, when the soldier pierced His side, “forthwith came there out water and blood.” Though but one fountain, yet the blood bore witness of

atonement; and the water to the cleansing efficacy of His death, as the poet says—

“Unlocked by the spear, it gushed from His heart,  
With blood and with water—the first to atone;  
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one.”

And hence, the Spirit beareth witness *now* to the same truth in the heart of every poor sinner who is brought to believe in the Son of God, to everlasting life. The Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul. By this we have the evidence of interest in God's salvation. If we are convinced of sin, and believe in our hearts in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and receive and rely on His atonement, as signified in the shedding of His blood, and receive the cleansing, sanctifying efficacy of His grace, we have the Three bearing witness to us upon earth, and shall doubtless be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, atones for sin. The water sets forth the sanctifying power of His grace, and the Spirit applies it to the heart, and thus these Three agree in One. May the Holy Spirit lead me and you more and more into the sweet enjoyment of these things.

The Apostle carries on the subject in its various branches through the chapter, showing the privileges and advantages connected with receiving this witness; and verse 20 shows that, where the soul is under the Spirit's teachings, it will at length come to a certainty of the truth, and therefore says, “We know that the Son of God is come”; and, indeed, it is unbelief that is the cause of so much wavering and uncertainty.

Sometimes the soul will think, “Well, perhaps I never came to Christ. I think I have prayed to Him. I hope I love Him; and, if I should not see His face, I shall be of all men the most miserable.” Then there comes in a *but*—“But I am afraid I have not come to Him aright.” But surely no sinner, feeling his guilt and wretchedness, burdened with sin, and crying out, “Save, Lord! I perish!” could ever go to Him wrong. Oh, no! If he has been to Christ thus, depend upon it the Spirit led him there, and He never leads wrong. He will one day have to say, “We know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.” Blessed knowledge, realized by precious faith!

I must, however, conclude. May heaven's best covenant blessings rest upon you, and may you both be “kept by the mighty power of God, through faith, unto salvation.”

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Mann. Tell her I can sympathize with her, in some measure, in her trouble; but our great High Priest is “touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was in

all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." I pray that she may be supported, and finally delivered out of all trouble. That, however, will not be till this mortal shall put on immortality.

Wishing you every spiritual blessing in heavenly things in Christ Jesus,

I remain, yours in covenant bonds,

April 16th, 1850.

JOHN SAXBY.

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### FOLLOWING JESUS.

#### A SWEET TESTIMONY FROM AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

DEAR MR. —,—I have felt several times, during the last few weeks, I should like to write to you, to tell you what I trust and believe the Lord has done for me. You know I have been (and still am) a very fearing one; but when the Lord works in our hearts, we cannot stand still. I remember you saying, in one of your sermons at —, you liked to see "obedience from the feet," and to see God's children *walking* in His commands. You were His chosen instrument in first raising a *hope* within me that I was one of His children, when you preached here about four years ago. I did not speak of it to any one at the time (my fear was not all gone), but I have since to my husband and others, and could not help doing so before the Church, about seven weeks ago. Since the time above-named, I have thought a great deal about baptism, and the words, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God," &c., invariably came; but, as I felt the chapter in which they occur referred to temporal blessings, I was afraid to take hold of them, but you will see *they* had got to take hold of *me*.

One evening, while sitting thinking of it, after a very unhappy time respecting the way I should take—and I had been begging of the Lord to show me—they came again, but with so much power and a new light. I had felt I needed to know so much more before taking such a step, but *then* I said, "Lord, am I to go with nothing more? I have nothing to tell Thy people." Then it came, "All these things shall be *added* unto you." I got the Bible, to read the chapter they are in, but instead was led to read the tenth of Matthew, and read on till I came to the words, "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is in heaven." I saw at once, with joy, my way. My burden was all gone, and I felt now my willing footsteps could move on.

I asked the Lord that, if it were of Him, I might wake in the morning with the same feelings, and, if His will, to add another confirming word. The thought of going before the Church had been a great burden to me, but I woke in the morning with the

words, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." I no longer could hold back, and, before going, He so mercifully gave me again, "My grace is sufficient for thee," so that I was able to go, resting on those two words, although the enemy had been trying to rob me of everything.

When the day came, I proved that in keeping His commands there is *great* reward. I felt such a calm, quiet peace—such a peace as I had *never* known before.

Oh, the Lord was good to me, such a trembling one! Oh, that I could praise Him as I ought, and as I *would*! And yet, now, how I sometimes sink in my feelings, although, *through mercy*, not yet quite where I was! I do feel to need His keeping and preserving grace! I am so weak, and know so little. But it is a mercy to have a hope the good work is *begun*. We know, from His Word, He will carry it on, notwithstanding our fears.

May I ask you, dear Mr. —, to remember me frequently at His footstool? I thought you would like to know, as you have expressed kind wishes, and I felt I should like to write and tell you myself. If the Lord will, I do hope we may some day hear you again at —. I am sure there was a "needs-be" that you should come this way. I have heard of more than one being very much helped at the time I have referred to.

My dear husband unites with me in Christian love to you; and, wishing you every spiritual and temporal blessing, that you may be able to hold on your way, though sometimes perplexing, "looking unto Jesus," I remain, very sincerely yours,

June 13th, 1885.

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MY DEAR BROTHER,—I felt a particular interest in your letter. I am pleased at any time to hear of my friends being favoured in their minds, and their souls brought into liberty; but yours touched my heart, because I know so well the fears and trials you express lest the knowledge that we have should prove to be only natural, and not the effects of life communicated by the Holy Spirit. I fully believe that, if we are taught aright, it must be by Him. He is the only Teacher—"No man can say [believingly] that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost." But, though we have fears in this matter, we cannot decide the case *against* ourselves, to say that the Holy Spirit has not done anything for us, and that we are still "dead in trespasses and sins." The question is, Can we do without Him? Can we rest contented without His testimony in our hearts, testifying of Christ to us? We may complain, and justly, of our poverty, and our conscience may accuse us of our carelessness under the sense of poverty—and, indeed, we are liable to plead guilty to far more than we can express—but are we truly troubled on this account,

so that we are stirred up with desires to seek the Lord for the blessings we are so deeply needing? Then the Lord says, "Whosoever will" (Rev. xxii. 17); "Ask, and ye shall receive"; and "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord" (Hosea vi. 3). There is no real will to receive Christ, and to be wholly His, to be taught of Him, and to be obedient to Him, only as we are made willing by the Holy Spirit. There is one thing that we must ever keep in mind—that it is Christ that is to be seen by faith. The Holy Spirit is the Revealer, but it is Christ that is revealed. Christ says of the Holy Spirit, "He shall not speak of Himself; He shall glorify Me." If, therefore, Christ is made precious to us, we may know it is by the Holy Ghost. There is no other power that could or would do it. But this will not satisfy us. We must realize and enjoy the sweet spirit of adoption before we can be fully satisfied; and then we may have to come again and again as empty and as needy as ever, though every gracious reviving serves to give more assured hope that the Lord is the Author of them, and that He will certainly carry on and perfect all His work in us. May we, then, be kept trusting and waiting upon Him, whatever may oppose.

I am, affectionately yours,

E. MORGAN.

## THE NATURE AND OFFICE OF THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

BY PATRICK HAMILTON, THE SCOTTISH REFORMER  
AND MARTYR.

THE law showeth us our sin (Rom. iii.); the Gospel showeth us a remedy for it (John i.). The law showeth us our condemnation (Rom. vii.); the Gospel showeth us our redemption (Col. i.).

The law is the word of wrath (Rom. iv.); the Gospel is the word of grace (Acts xiv.). The law is the word of despair (Deut. xxviii.); the Gospel is the word of comfort (Luke ii.). The law is the word of disquietude (Rom. vii.); the Gospel is the word of peace (Eph. vi.).

The law saith, "Pay the debt"; the Gospel saith, "Christ hath paid it." The law saith, "Thou art a sinner. Despair and perish"; the Gospel saith, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; be of good comfort, for thou shalt be saved." The law saith, "Make amends for thy sins"; the Gospel saith, "Christ hath made it for thee." The law saith, "Where is thy righteousness, goodness, and satisfaction?" the Gospel saith, "Christ is thy righteousness, goodness, and satisfaction." The law saith, "Thou art bound and obliged to me, to the devil, and to hell"; the Gospel saith, "Christ hath delivered thee from them all."

## ST. MARY'S HOME, MAPLESTEAD.

ON Saturday, the Bishop of St. Albans *admitted* four ladies, who have been working for some time in the Home, as the first *sisters* of the newly-established community of the "Name of Jesus." They had been preparing for some time previously for the *religious life*, and a retreat of a few days preceding this admission was conducted by the Rev. C. P. Greene, vicar of Coggeshall. The sisters do not make vows for life, but the simple ones of poverty, chastity, and obedience, renewable from time to time.—*Essex Halfpenny Newsmen*, June 3rd, 1882.

Canterbury, Canterbury,  
Is the story true ?  
Here's a Bishop acting treason ;  
Is it naught to you ?  
" House of mercy," " life religious,"  
" Sisters," " vows," " retreats " ;  
Oh, the vices and the follies  
History repeats !

Towards thy graces all the nation  
Scrutinizing turns ;  
And, amid the fumigation,  
This is what she learns—  
That ye find so small refreshment  
In Jehovah's Word,  
Ye must quaff the filthy waters  
Romanists have stirred.

Filthy waters ! Ask O'Gorman  
(Noble woman she),  
How about the ghostly fathers  
Just across the sea ?  
How about the murdered children  
In the convent schools ;  
And the miseries of obedience  
Where a woman rules ?

Hearts are aching through the nation  
For the keys to fall  
Which shall stir the rusty hinges  
In the convent wall.  
Primate of all England, tell us,  
Have you not the strength ?  
Sure the people—godless people—  
Will break in at length.

Will ye brook it that a Bishop  
(Paid and glorified  
By the nobles of our nation),  
In his impious pride,

Take a vow of these poor women,  
 Nature to defy,  
 When he knows— all history proves it—  
 Chastity's a lie

Such as theirs. You understand me ;  
 Not the modest mien  
 And the dear, respected virtue  
 Of the household queen :  
 But all nations and all peoples,  
 Of whatever name,  
 Know all convents should be labelled,  
 " Mystery and shame."

Oh, if God would move the Bishop  
 Into Peter's class,  
 He would have no lessons headed  
 " Evensong " and " Mass " ;  
 All his vision would be centred  
 On the book within ;  
 While he, trembling, learned the meaning  
 Of that one word—*sin*.

Presently, when sin had banished  
 Hope as well as pride,  
 God would show the man salvation,  
 Through the Crucified ;  
 And his diocese would listen  
 With astonished bliss  
 To the glorious revelation  
 Of a Saviour's peace.

Souls are equally polluted ;  
 Yours, my lord, and mine ;  
 Never human education  
 Made a sound divine ;  
 You have made them, and I beckon  
 All the world to see,  
 Through the dismal convent grating,  
 Earth's divinity.

*Galleywood.*

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

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THE *Record* thinks—and very truly so—that the Liberation Society is by no means the only enemy of the Church whose efforts are directed towards disestablishment. The Bishop of Lincoln, when he appeared, a few Sundays ago, in the Parish Church of Gainsborough, in " alb, stole, maniple, and chasuble," and all the other frippery of hare-brained mediævalism, and assisted " pontifically " at a " high celebration " of the Eucharist, at which the eastward position, lighted candles, wafer bread, and the mixed chalice were employed, was not only helping forward the Liberationist cause, but he was doing his utmost to justify it.

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## THE STRAIT GATE AND NARROW WAY—ARE WE —(?)

*“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”—MATTHEW vii. 13, 14.*

THERE was, some years ago, a very gifted preacher, who had for several years preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross, and who, as might be expected, had not failed to raise up a violent opposition.

One of his opponents, a man of much education and travel, had, out of hatred to the truth, long given up the practice of attending worship. One Sunday morning, it occurred to him to go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it was before. He went; and that morning the preacher was discoursing of the “narrow way,” which he made no narrower and no broader than the Word of God makes it. “A new creature in Christ Jesus, or eternal condemnation,” was the burden of his sermon, and he spoke with authority, and not as the scribes.

During the sermon, the question forced itself on the hearer’s conscience, “How is this, after all? Does the man declare the real truth? If he does, what must be the inevitable consequence? And if it be mere words and fables, surely these barbarous ministers should be driven from the pulpit in disgrace, for alarming the consciences of men with the inventions of priestcraft.” This thought took such a hold of him that it followed him home, and stuck to him amid his hours of business and amusement. It became from day to day more and more penetrating, more and more troublesome, and threatened at last to embitter every joy of his life, till it brought him to the resolution of going directly to the preacher himself, and asking him, on his conscience, if he were really convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He carried his purpose into effect, and went to the preacher. “Sir,” said he, with visible emotion and great earnestness, “I was one of your hearers the other day, when you spoke of the only way of salvation. I confess to you, you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God and your own conscience, if you can stand by your assertions, or if you have distressed your hearers with an unfounded alarm?” The preacher, not a little surprised at this.

address, replied with strong decision that what he had spoken was the Word of God, and hence, infallible truth. "If this be so," returned the visitor, with manifest consternation, "what will become of us?" His last word, *us*, startles the preacher, but he masters his confusion, and begins to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and exhorts to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard one word of all that the preacher had said, interrupts him in the midst of it, and repeats, with increasing agitation, the anxious exclamation, "If this be true, sir, I beseech you, what are we to do?" Terrified, the preacher staggers back. "*We*," thinks he; "what means this '*we*'?" and, striving in vain to suppress and conceal his growing uneasiness and embarrassment, he falls anew to the work of expounding and exhortation. The visitor's eyes filled with tears. He smote his hands together like one in despair, and cried out, in accents that might have moved the heart of a stone, "Alas! sir, if this be true, it is all over with us! We are undone for ever!" The preacher stood pale, trembling, and speechless; then, with a look of unspeakable confusion, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobbings, he seized his visitor by the hand, and exclaimed, "Friend, down on your knees, and let us pray and cry for mercy!" They knelt together and prayed, and the visitor lastly took his leave. The preacher shut himself up in his closet.

Next Sunday, word was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not preach. The Sunday after it was the same. On the third Sunday, he made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict, and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy; and he commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration that he had now for the first time passed through the strait gate.

You will ask, "What had occurred to him in his chamber during the weeks of seclusion?" A storm passed over before him, but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came a "still, small voice," on which, like Elijah of old, the man wrapped his face in his mantle, and from that time knew what was the Gospel and what was the grace.

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YEA, now the soul can look on itself with one eye, and look upon Christ with another, and say, "Indeed it is true, I am an empty sinner, but Christ is a full Christ. I am a poor sinner, but Christ is a rich Christ. I am a foolish sinner, but Christ is a wise Christ. I am an unholy, ungodly, unsanctified creature in myself, but Christ is made of God unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30).

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXV.

A MOTHER'S WISHES, WRITTEN TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER  
SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

My darling, 'tis thy birthday,  
And thy heart is glad. I ween,  
Because the number of thy years  
Is written seventeen ;  
For well I know it seemeth good  
To wear the crown of womanhood.

It seems to me but yesterday  
My baby's feeble cry  
Thrilled my glad heart with mother-love,  
And filled my cup with joy ;  
Yet in my baby's place to-day  
Stands a tall maiden, fair and gay.

God bless thee on this day, dear child,  
And fill thy heart with joy ;  
Give thee that perfect happiness  
That knows no dark alloy ;  
Fit thee for all the future holds  
For thee in its mysterious folds.

I do not ask thy future life  
To be from sorrow free,  
For well I know such prayers as these  
Can never answered be :  
For joy and sorrow, hope and fear,  
Will surely be thy portion here.

But oh, I pray that One may stay  
For ever near thy side ;  
In sorrow, to sustain and cheer ;  
In times of doubt, to guide ;  
And, when the way is bright and fair,  
To shield from every lurking snare.

May His almighty grace constrain  
Thy heart to own Him King,  
And all thy girlhood's brightest days  
Into His service bring ;  
And thou shalt have the sweet reward  
Of those who early seek the Lord.

God bless thee now and evermore,  
And grant each year may find  
Thee happy, honoured, useful, loved—  
A blessing to thy kind ;  
And gain, when life's brief race is run,  
The heavenly Master's sweet " Well done ! "

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Life and Ministry of the late Thomas Gearing, Minister of Cobden Road Chapel, Brighton.* Price 1s. London: E. Wilmshurst, 10, Paternoster Square. Brighton: J. Farncombe, 92, Eastern Road.

"GATHER up the fragments, that nothing be lost," said the Master to His disciples; and, in this little book, we find loving hearts have been at work gathering together a few fragments of one they loved for his work's sake, and we can but feel that many who read it will rise up from the perusal with their hearts comforted and their faith strengthened.

What a wondrous diversity do we behold in the Lord's work, and in all of them He works like a God! In creation so greatly is this manifested that not only is it impossible to find two persons with an exact resemblance, both in appearance and disposition, but even two grains of sand, when viewed by a microscope, are found to differ, as, in fact, do almost all things in God's vast creation. And in grace do we not find the same diversity? for the experience of God's people, although all leading the soul to the same point—to be "sick of self and fond of Him"—yet differs widely in the way in which this is effected.

Some, like the subject of this Memoir, are led into gloomy depths, and then raised to a glorious height; while others, equally dear to the Good Shepherd, feed in the lowlands all their lives, and feel, for the most part, more at home amongst the lambs of the fold.

We think, however, that little children, young men, and fathers will each find something in this book to suit them.

*For Ever with Jesus; or, Home at Last.* By DR. DOUDNEY. Price 3s. 6d. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

THOSE who already know and love the writings of this venerable author will only need to be told that he has published a new work, and they will desire at once to possess it; and others may be glad to seize this opportunity to possess one of the last books that will be penned by this aged champion of truth. It contains some sweet and interesting articles, all bearing upon the blessedness of being "for ever with the Lord," from which blessed goal the author feels he is not far distant.

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SALVATION is a gift; Christ is a gift; faith is a gift; all is a gift. The grace given before the world began gives Christ for us and us to Christ.

# THE SOWER.

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE]

BY THE LATE G. D. DOUDNEY.

*"Somebody hath touched Me!"*—LUKE viii. 46.

THE circumstances under which these words were laid on our mind may be, perhaps, profitably stated.

A poor, greatly tried and exercised brother had been for many days in deep distress, on account of the near approach of a certain hour of all-involving temporal difficulty. Again and again he had laid his case before the Lord, and entreated Him to speak a word to him, by which he might gather that the Lord was on his side; but all was in vain. Every petition he attempted to send up appeared to come back with the seal unbroken—unopened. Each succeeding morning brought heavier clouds, more darkness, and increasing coldness, until the dreaded day came, when, instead of the needed calmness and composure, all was turmoil and confusion. The day had arrived, with scarcely a single ray of probability that a deliverer would appear. The day dragged on to the appointed hour, still all around portended destruction. In one short hour the storm and tempest would be unchained, and all must be swept to ruin. The crisis was a solemn one indeed, and none but those who know, by feeling what it is to stand amidst such terrible things, can understand such a position.

The poor brother, at the last moment, retired to his usual hiding-place, expecting nothing short of the fulfilment of his worst fears, but desiring to meet the explosion while clinging to the Rock. Prayer seemed long to have ceased. Nothing now remained but a "falling down, with none to help" (Psa. cvii. 12). At length, however, after remaining a long while, as it were, stupefied by intense anxiety, and led more by custom than by any expectation of help from that quarter, he took from his pocket his little Bible, and, clasping it in his hands, gave one imploring upward look, and opened it. His sensations could not have been more palpable or instantaneous had a flash of lightning struck him. His eye rested on the words, "Somebody hath touched Me." The ray of glory that shone upon the simple statement cannot be described. Those only who have had a word similarly spoken *into* the heart by the Holy Ghost, with all the power and majesty of God, can comprehend the astonishing effects produced upon a poor heart-broken worm of the earth, at such seasons of bitter distress, by the arrival of such a messenger of peace as this. In a moment the dark cloud was withdrawn, the thunder ceased

to roll, the tempest was hushed, and the stormy billows of destruction which, but one instant before, were swallowing up the sinking one, heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Peace, be still!" and there was a great calm. The heart of the trembling one filled to bursting with love and wonder, as the small, still voice swelled in its melody into all the magnitude and glory contained in the precious words of Jehovah-Jesus, "Somebody hath touched Me!"

A single glance of the reviving hope, and strengthening faith, told the poor brother that, in his sad condition, he himself was included in that blessed word—that, undone as he appeared to be, he had "touched" the Lord. Astonishing conclusion! "What!" said he; "I—poor I—unworthy rebel that I am—I that 'somebody' ? I, that am less than *nothing*, declared to be *somebody*, and that *somebody* that hath touched the Lord of glory?" Yes, it was even so. The power, the life, the warm, dissolving effects of the gracious words, were enough to crush every doubt, had any arisen, that the word was as truly spoken respecting our poor brother as it was respecting the woman in the Gospel.

But what did the word spoken convey? Simply that the Lord had been "touched." Ah! bless His glorious royal bounty! Truly, without impiety, may it be said of Him—

"His bounty's boundless as the sea ; His love  
As deep ; the more He gives to thee the more  
He has, for both are infinite!"

When He comes to one of His own travailing children with a "word in season," it is never an *empty* word. His words are not shadows; ah! no, but a blessed *substance*—"Thy words were found, and I did eat them." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4). "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth" (Isa. lii. 7). This is the blessed substance of every fresh word brought by the power and unction of the Holy Testifier of Jesus to the troubled soul of one of His afflicted children. Hedged in on every side by mountains of difficulty, without any apparent possible way of escape, the Bearer of the message of mercy comes "skipping over the mountains"; and when He drops the living words into the heart, be what they may, or under whatever circumstances, these are the three substantial blessed testimonies of bounty the gracious words contain—*peace; salvation. "Thy God reigneth."*

"How can we sink with such a prop,  
That bears the world and all things up?"

Such was the substance of the precious words spoken to our almost shipwrecked brother—"Somebody hath touched Me!" For a long time he stood gazing with wonder and love, admiration and gratitude, at the goodness of the Lord, weeping out his exclamation, "Oh, how good is our God!" And, although he could see no change in his circumstances, yet he could feel the *peace*, and hold *salvation* from his pressing difficulties sure, because he could say to his soul, "Thy God reigneth."

And let the sequel stop the mouth of gainsayers, who would fain write "enthusiasm," "fanaticism," or "superstition," on this simple literal statement of facts. While this poor brother was thus engaged behind the scenes with his God—while he was listening to the promise of help—at the same moment the Lord's Cyrus was under the same roof, although unexpected and unknown, working the deliverance of the captive wrestler; so that, when the poor brother again appeared, "with his countenance no more sad," he was presented with the weapons by which the violence of the oppressor was converted into the most signal triumph of the oppressed. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord" (Psa. cvii. 43).

Reader, hast thou some rankling, secret, soul-distressing trouble or anxiety? No matter how small it may appear in the eyes of some, or how great it may be in fact, is it constantly seizing and dismaying thy poor, trembling heart, and, day by day, as thou art travelling onward, surrounded by a thousand mercies, whispering to thee, as each fresh favour is surveyed, "What availeth these, while this Mordecai still sits in the gate?" Fear not! When the sinking moment comes, and not until then, the arm of the Lord shall be seen, and thou shalt *kiss the rod* which led thee, in thine extremity, to *touch* the Lord. But thou art not to expect Him to *acknowledge* the touch until every other refuge has failed. While thou hast a single prop left to lean upon—while thou art able to *touch* this or that fleshly helper—although thou mayest be constantly, according to feeling, pressing through the crowd to touch the Lord too, yet thou art not to expect Him to say to thee, in the same full manner as He did to our poor brother, "Somebody hath touched Me!" But, if the ways of escape are narrowing, if the props are failing, if the dangers seem multiplying, if all fleshly strengths are rapidly declining, then "look up!"

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GOD'S children are not all chastened with the same *rod*, but they are all chastened by the same *Hand*. They are not all corrected in the same *way*, but they are all corrected by the same wise, holy, and loving Father.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

A NIGHT OF PERIL AND POWER.

(MARK iv. 35—41.)

MANY and various were the lessons which the Lord taught His disciples, and He often taught them the same things over again. They were slow to learn, and apt soon to forget some of the most important things He communicated to them, as are all His disciples still. They needed another lesson to fix in their minds the fact of His ability and willingness to help them in every time and case of real need.

He directed them to cross the sea in the night, and He left them to do as best they could, and direct their way to the other side, while He went to the hinder part of the ship, and slept on a pillow. The disciples well knew the lake, and doubtless felt confident as to their ability to take their Master to the other side, as He desired them to do. However, there came down a storm of wind, "and the waves beat *into* the ship, so that it was now full." Now they are alive to their danger, and need of help. It was only a storm, and storms were to them but ordinary things. They, while engaged in the fishing-trade, had encountered many a storm. What was a storm to them? But now, while Jesus is with them, there is a storm too strong, and waves too great, for their abilities. They are in great danger; they are filled with fear; their confidence is gone; they have lost all control of the ship. Often thus do common things become very uncommon, and usual duties turn out to be unusual difficulties. They, perhaps, would not think of asking God for help to take a boat across the lake. This was but an ordinary matter. It might seem to be quite unnecessary to make *this* a subject of prayer; but in this they, as we now, needed yet to be instructed. Man would be independent of his Maker if he could. He would be his own keeper and he would be his own judge, and cast off all fear of, and regard for, God, the Judge of all. But he is responsible to his King, and must stand before His throne.

That man is truly blessed who is brought often to bow in the name of Jesus now, and seek pardon and peace through His blood. Is it not in the path of the ordinary duties and callings of this life that the greatest difficulties and dangers stand? Is not the workman at his daily and hourly employment constantly exposed to what we call "accidents"? Whether on the land guiding the plough, on the sea directing the ship, or in the mine digging the coal, each and all are surrounded with means and causes which, if God permitted, might soon injure or destroy them. And not only those who, by reason of the nature of their calling, are exposed to dangers great

and many, but those who are more confined to their homes, or are employed in offices or factories, these, too, are never beyond the reach of harm. Who would ever have thought of Mr. Vaughan, Curate at Tallern Green, meeting his death-wound in the way he did lately? How singular and sad! How sudden and mysterious! A cart laden with corn is passing along the road, and Mr. Vaughan stands by the head of his pony, holding it, his wife being close by. Just as the cart is passing, it is shaken, and a man standing on the load, with a pitchfork in his hand, falls off, and descends directly on the gentleman at the head of his pony, when the prongs of the pitchfork, which the man still held in his hand, pierced Mr. Vaughan's body, injuring one of his lungs and his heart, and thus caused his death. Truly "in the midst of life we are in death," but can we say that, in the midst of death, we have eternal life? When can we be sure that we are safe? We are never safe, only as we are preserved by the all-seeing eye and all-powerful hand of the Lord.

Peter, Andrew, James, and John had doubtless spent a great portion of their lives on this lake, and perhaps had never before till now been in so great a danger—perhaps had never prayed for help on the sea. But now they must be taught that the Lord is the Keeper of His saints, and that they ever had been indebted to Him for protection. They found themselves in the greatest danger where they had been the most at home. Where they thought they could manage for themselves, they found the greatest need of immediate help. "And they came, and awoke Him, saying unto Him, Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" Here we see ignorance and rudeness, as well as fear and impatience. Did He not care for them? Yes; surely He did. They had been the objects of His loving care on that very lake many years. Might He not have replied, "Why did you not call Me before?" How sadly true is the declaration—

" Long we either slight or doubt Him,  
 But, when every means we try—  
 Prove we cannot do without Him—  
 Then, at last, to Him we cry."

However, though unsought-for, still He does, and will, care for His children in all their cares. It is those little daily cares—the common things—which eat away our comfort and peace. Are we not too often trying to get to land without awaking the Lord by prayer and supplication? Are we not, in those things, trying to do without Him? He will never allow this. We shall surely begin to sink. The water will come into our ship through these little holes of daily vexations, unless we cry to Him for help. "In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy

paths." "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." "Casting *all* your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Can we need more by way of direction? We need more grace, more faith, to enable us always to do this, and the needed grace and faith is promised in His precious Word.

The disciples were men of little faith, hence their fear, both before and after they had called their Master to their aid. They feared when the wind blew and the waves beat, but they feared more when these were hushed by His word, "Peace, be still!" "And He said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith? And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of Man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" This was the cause of their want of reverence in calling Him. They, at this time, saw Him a man, and a man only. Sad mistake this, and the cause of improper address and unjustifiable fears. Ignorance and little faith cause much sorrow of heart and error of walk, and is a cause of stumbling and discouragement to others. There is, then, still need for the teaching by trials and trying lessons, for by these we learn the littleness of our faith, the darkness of our minds, and the mistrust of our hearts. We also gather further proofs of our constant dependence on the God of our daily mercies, and of His ever watchful care over us, and readiness to help us in all our distresses.

The Lord's people are safe, and shall be helped and delivered, while they are in the way He directs, as were the disciples in crossing the sea in the night. He will support wherever He places, and protect wherever He leads His children. They are as safe on the sea as on the land, if His providence calls them there. Each and all may boldly go where duty calls and God directs. To shun duty, in order to avoid danger or trouble, is to wilfully sin against the word, power, and wisdom of God. "They that trust in the Lord, mercy shall compass them about." There is joy in the sufferings which come of following the Lord.

Reader, never say it is too wet, too hot, too cold, or too far to go to the house and worship of God. No, do not say it in your heart, for He hears, and does not forget it so soon as you may. Neither let friend nor foe hinder you in the ways of the Lord. Do not discourage the minister, and grieve the heart of your fellow-believers, by your neglect or coldness in the service of the Lord of Hosts. Remember "the Lord your God is a jealous God." He will visit you with the rod for the slighting of His ways. Look well to your *motives*, your heart and spirit. The Lord looks on these. Depend upon it, you may venture to trust your body to His keeping on a wet or cold Sunday, in going to join in His

service, as much as you may on a wet or cold week-day in going to your lawful calling. All the colds are not caught on Sundays.

The disciples crossed the sea in company with their Captain, and found His power sufficient for the storm they encountered. The Lord and His worshippers and followers are the best company you can have out of heaven ; and you will have the same in heaven, if you love Him. His worship is the best engagement, and His house the best place. Seek as much of these as it is possible for you to have. It is the "giddy sheep" which stray from the flock, and follow them not.

The disciples were now in the ship *with* the Master ; and at another time, when He sent them across by themselves, He came to them in their trouble, walking on the sea. Cleave to the Lord !

" Make ye His service your delight ;  
Your wants will be His care."

Observe, now, how ready and able the Lord was to deliver them when they called for help. Although, by His sleeping, He appeared to take but little heed as to how they got to the other side, yet He knew (and we know, He being "God with us") that with Him in the ship they were perfectly safe. Indeed, He had a greater interest in crossing the lake than they had. He was about His Father's business ; and, in doing this, He committed Himself to His Father. There was, on the other side of the lake, wandering among the tombs, one of His sheep, driven and worried by the devil, and He was going to rescue it from his power, and give the restless one peace at His feet, and instruction by His words.

See now. Here is Christ, with His chosen ones, in the midst of a storm, while doing the will of God, in seeking the wandering, wounded, and mad sons of men who are chosen of God ; and He is still with His beloved disciples in seeking and saving the lost amidst storm and wave. It will ever be peril, prayer, power, preservation, praise, to the very end of the voyage.

" O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

" Loud roaring, the billows now high overwhelm ;  
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends ;  
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

" ' O fearful ! O faithless ! ' in mercy He cries ;  
' My promise, My truth—are these light in thy eyes ?  
Still, still I am with thee ; My promise shall stand ;  
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land ! ' "

“And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, Peace, be still!” He rebukes the wind; He commands the sea; He reproves the disciples, saying, “Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?” He was ready to save and prompt to instruct them. He looked at, and cared for, the state of their hearts, as well as the safety of their bodies. And He is the same Jesus still. He can save to the uttermost. He is with His fearful and forgetful children in every storm, and will, in due time, arise and save them. They constantly need saving power to be put forth for their preservation, for there are the raging winds of sin *in* the soul, the beating waves of temptation *against* the soul, and the pressing weight of guilt and fear *upon* the soul. These make the atoning blood and supporting power of the God-Man ever needful and ever welcome.

Half-way doings will never do for a soul thus situated. The cry will not only be, “Lord, help!” but, “Lord, *save*, or I perish!” And, when great needs and great fears press upon the soul, that soul will press towards the Master with, “Carest Thou not that I perish?” But oh, how sure is the deliverance of that soul that is thus driven and drawn to the loving heart and mighty hand of Him who ever saveth such as be of a contrite spirit!

“Oh, the love which fills His heart!  
Sinner, wipe away thy tears.”

W. B.

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### “MY HELP COMETH FROM THE LORD.”

“SEE that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men” (1 Thess. v. 15). Now, O my soul, I charge thee to observe thy Lord’s command. This is a day of fiery trial, and thou wilt perhaps be tempted to treat others as they treat thee; but thy Father’s command must be thy rule, and not thy fleshly inclination.

Oh, my Lord, I again repeat my cry for faith! Give me strong faith, and then I shall act in Thy sight uprightly. I have no might against mine enemies, but my eyes are up unto Thee. Fight Thou for me, and enable me to hold my peace. Give me grace that I may be able to feed my enemy if he hunger; and if he thirst, let me give him drink. Thus let me adorn the Gospel in all things, that the young ones may not stumble, and my enemies themselves be made ashamed. To this end I again say, “Lord, increase my faith!”

*Old Sampford, April 3rd, 1819.*

S. REYNOLDS.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.

BERNARD GILPIN.

*(Continued from page 269.)*

ON taking possession of this fresh living, Mr. Gilpin was vexed to find he could not immediately reside in the parish, the parsonage house having become so dilapidated as to be quite uninhabitable. He at once had it repaired, and, from time to time, improved and enlarged, till it is described as being like "a bishop's palace," from the largeness of the building and the beauty of the situation. For what purpose he wished his domestic establishment to be on so large a scale we shall afterwards see.

It may be stated that, when settled here, his generous relative once more urged a piece of preferment—"quite a sinecure"—upon him. His reply is one that many in the present day might do well to take to heart. He "feared he had already more wealth than he should be able to give a good account of."

Though he now lived in a retired and unobtrusive manner, he could not escape the malice of the Romish clergy. Bigotry may have been the chief cause of their conduct—the ruling power in their hearts—for there is no length to which poor human nature will not go, when the devil is permitted to inflame this passion. But it is not uncharitable to surmise that the consciousness of the difference between him and them—his life, his conduct, and theirs—had something to do with it. "By so living thou reproachest us." But they could not very readily effect their purpose. The Bishop was his friend, and the country was on his side. No effort was spared, however, to find sufficient ground to accuse him; aware of which, he acted with much caution—with more, indeed, than his conscience afterwards, or perhaps at the time, approved. Often, in his subsequent life, he would charge himself with cowardice and inconsistency at this time.

At length a formidable engine was invoked—no less than Bishop Bonner, of London, to whom thirty-two articles of accusation, drawn in strong terms, were forwarded. The fierce zealot at once took fire, extolled their laudable concern for religion, and promised that Gilpin should be at the stake in a fortnight. But how true is the French proverb, that "man proposes, but God disposes"!

Friendly hands sent an urgent message to Gilpin. There was not a moment to lose. It was a contingency for which he was not unprepared. He had long known his danger, and had determined beforehand not to seek to escape, deeming it a duty to bear testimony to his faith, whatever the result, assured that God would deal with him as He thought best. On receiving the message, he sent for a favourite servant, told him of the matter, and ordered

him to provide a long garment, in which he might go decently to the stake. "Let it be done at once," he said, "for I know not how soon I may have occasion for it. God forgive their malice, and grant me strength to undergo the trial." It is said that, when the garment was provided, he used to put it on every day till he was apprehended. His friends meanwhile, of course, urged him to endeavour to escape. He replied that it would, in all probability, be useless; but, whether or no, while he should never have thrown himself into the hands of his enemies, he was fully determined to take no measures to avoid them.

We have no record of his internal emotions at this period, but it is surely not difficult to imagine the trembling, the heart-searching, the self-distrustfulness, and the eventual quiet confidence, earnest determination, and peaceful resignation, through which such a nature as his would be likely to pass at such a crisis.

Let us be thankful that we live in times when the light of true religion has spread abroad that spirit of tolerance which is so characteristic of the Gospel of Christ, when rightly understood. While the glimpse we are now having of a period separated from our own by only three centuries may justly inflame our Protestant zeal and our hatred of the *spirit* of Popery, let us learn also to be on our guard against that spirit of bigotry and fanaticism which we are the first to condemn in others, for it can assume many shapes—even that of "an angel of light."

But it was not the will of Him whom he served, and whose he was, that Gilpin's light should be thus suddenly quenched by the malice of the adversary. He was apprehended in due course, and set out on his journey to London. But oh, the providence of God! In some way he broke his leg, and there was, consequently, an unavoidable delay. His custodians took occasion to retort on him a remark he frequently made—that nothing happens to a Christian but what is intended for his good. "Did he think his broken leg was so intended?" they asked. He answered meekly, that he had no doubt of it; and so it proved, to their dismay, and doubtless his own surprise. While thus detained, Queen Mary died, and he was at once set at liberty.

Returning to Houghton, he was welcomed by the whole people with marks of the deepest affection and respect. Queen Elizabeth's accession freed him from all restraints, and enabled him to speak to his parishioners without the reserve previously maintained.

Now once more came an opportunity of gaining an exalted station, had he been so disposed. His friends, using their influence in his favour, though, of course, quite unknown to him, the Queen nominated him to the bishopric of Carlisle. To most men the temptation would have been a great one. Many in his circumstances would perhaps have done right in accepting the dignity,

for an influential position is not in itself an evil. But, being "fully persuaded in his own mind" that *his* duty lay in an humbler sphere, he yielded "no, not for a moment," to any plausible considerations, and returned a firm answer, begging most humbly to decline a burden to which he, who knew best his own weakness, felt himself unequal and unfitted.

It was now the turn of his uncle, the Bishop of Durham, to suffer—at least to a certain extent. Refusing the oath of supremacy, he was deprived, and committed to the Tower; but the Government, anxious to show him as much lenity as was consistent with the progress of the Reformation, soon recommended him to the care of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he spent the short remainder of a very long life. Thus we see that he reaped an unexpected benefit from his own mildness in the days of persecution, and in this sense "had his reward," whether or not he had any title to a better one.

Great ignorance at this time covered the nation—itsself the effect, and yet, in turn, the cause, of that spirit of superstition in which Popery had found a stronghold, as is its wont. The more enlightened of the friends of true religion began to see that, if they would maintain and extend the advantage they had won, they must summon education to their aid, as one of the most useful of allies. But there were few schools in the nation, and these as ill-supported as endowed, while the Universities were in the hands of bigots, who neglected all that was useful in favour of all that was absurd. The Queen, however, lent her powerful aid, and earnestly recommended the subject to the care of her Council.

Ever "ready to every good work," according to the apostolic injunction, Mr. Gilpin was not slow to follow up the hint thus given. His manner of living was affluent and generous, so that his hospitality made a great demand upon him, but his charities a much greater. His friends, therefore, were surprised to find him entertaining the design of building and endowing a Grammar School; but, by dint of economy, he found himself able to do so. In fact, it must have been a very congenial work, for those who know the advantages and joys of learning, if they possess any good-will towards their fellow-men, naturally desire that they too should be put in possession of similar opportunities. Mr. Gilpin procured the best masters he could, gave personal attention to every detail, and encouraged the boys by selecting the most promising, and instructing them himself.

One practice of his was a little singular, but exceedingly characteristic, betokening so unusual a liberality of spirit as it did. Whenever he met a poor boy on the road, he would test his capacity and ambition by a few questions; and if he deemed him likely to benefit by such a favour, he would provide for his

education. Many youths, too, were sent from the school to the Universities wholly at his own expense, and others partially. His care and pains were amply rewarded. It is said that there were few indeed of his scholars who failed to do him credit, and some became subsequently useful ministers in the Church. Upon few, if any, of his enterprises could he look back with greater satisfaction than on this.

Our view of Mr. Gilpin's life has hitherto been devoted to its more public aspect, so far as it had one. It remains to endeavour to gain a glimpse of him in his domestic relations. If we still find nothing but what commends him to love, sympathy, and admiration, it will not be inferred that his biographers would have him regarded as free from human infirmities. Rather, let it be thought that he was the partaker of so large a share of "the spirit which was in Christ Jesus," that those who lived nearest to him could not, or would not, see or speak of incidental defects of character for the predominance of virtues, or by reason of the strong love and reverence with which he had inspired them.

The lamentable state of the part of the country in which his lot fell has been observed. In what disorder Bishop Grindal found the province, on his translation to the diocese, in 1570, appears from his episcopal injunctions, among which we find these rather unusual ones—"That no pedlar should sell his wares in the church porch *in time of service*; that parish clerks should be able to read; that no morris dancers or other entertainers should come irreverently into the church, or play any unseemly parts with scoffs, jests, wanton gestures, or ribald talk, in time of service."

To introduce a knowledge of religion, or even an observance of its forms, in the midst of such disorder and ignorance, was much the same as a first plantation of the Gospel. No prejudices could be stronger or more alien to Christianity than those he had to oppose. Nor can we suppose that he would have been favoured with the least real success, but for a firm and constant reliance upon the effectual power of the Holy Spirit.

But the manner in which he set to work was marked with his usual tact, and was certainly best calculated to achieve the desired end. Many of his papers show how material a point he considered it to gain the affections of his parishioners. To succeed in this thing, he appears to have rightly understood how to become "all things to all men," without servility or undue condescension. So great was his courtesy and tact, that all classes and all natures seemed to feel that they had in him a friend. Even reproof from his lips seldom gave offence, and, to judge by the reformation he effected in the neighbourhood, it must in many cases have had the desired effect. By pastoral visitation, and by persuading his parishioners to come freely to him with their

doubts and difficulties, he gained a direct personal influence over them which, under all the circumstances, was very remarkable. Nevertheless, his hopes appear to have been chiefly centred on the rising generation, and many plans were tried, not without success, to win, in a special manner, the affections of the young.

One circumstance may be mentioned, as giving us a curious glimpse of the patriarchal side of his character. So assiduous was he in trying to prevent law-suits among his people, that we read of his hall being often thronged with those who came to him about their differences. If not much acquainted with law, so great was the general confidence in his equity that no commission from the Sovereign could have given him greater weight in the estimation of his people. As may well be imagined, nothing so much excited a stern indignation as the oppression of the poor, and his authority was often interposed with effect.

As a faithful pastor, he was always to be found in the house of affliction and sorrow, and, indeed, seems to have been particularly happy in his ministrations on such occasions. Even when age prevented his personal visitation, he took the opportunity of writing consolatory letters to those in affliction. A few sentences may be quoted from one such epistle :—

“GOOD MRS. CARR,—You must understand that all God’s gifts, and we ourselves, are in His hands. He takes what He will, whom He will, and where He will ; and we must fully persuade ourselves that He ordereth all things for the best. We may not murmur at any of His doings, but must learn to speak from our hearts that petition of the Lord’s Prayer—‘Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.’ It is to this holy obedience that St. Peter calleth all Christians, saying, ‘Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God.’” After instancing the patience of Job, and alluding to the restraint which Scripture in one or two places puts upon grief, he proceeds—“So you see there is an unreasonableness of mourning of them that want faith, and there is also a temperate and lawful mourning of them that have a steadfast belief in Christ and His promises, which, St. John saith, ‘overcometh all the temptations [that is, the troubles] of the world.’ I trust, verily, good Mrs. Carr, that your mourning, being temperate, will show itself to be a faithful, not a faithless, mourning, which latter I pray Almighty God to keep from you.”

Grieved at the ignorance and superstition which prevailed to so lamentable an extent throughout the country generally, in consequence, no doubt, of the want of faithful pastors, we find him making an annual visit to the most neglected parishes in the north of England, taking care meanwhile that his own parish was not neglected. In each place he stayed two or three days, and preached a few plain, faithful sermons on vital and practical

religion. So unusual an earnestness, and so evident a concern for their welfare, is said to have found its reward in even the wildest parts of the country, so that he never lacked an audience, and was often cheered with genuine fruits of his labours. Wherever he went, he used to visit all the gaols and places of confinement—a worthy predecessor of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. By his ministrations, and not less, perhaps, by his affectionate bearing, he is said to have reformed many of the most abandoned characters—sometimes, too, interceding with success for pardons, when he thought them deserved.

The following narrative enables us to realize more vividly than anything that has yet been related, the state of the country at this time, and the progress that three centuries, by God's good providence, has wrought. There is a tract of country upon the borders of Northumberland called Readsdale and Tinedale, and of all barbarous places in the North, this was then the worst. Before the union with Scotland, this country was generally called "the debatable land," as it was subject by turns to England and Scotland, and it was the common theatre of the national contests. As a natural consequence, the country came to be inhabited by a kind of desperate banditti, living by theft, (for what peaceful industry could be followed when the district was subject to such constant alarms?) plundering on both sides the barrier, and accustomed to sell to the Scotch what they obtained from the English, and *vice versa*, thus escaping justice. Such adepts were they in the art of thieving that they would twist a cow's horn, or mark a horse so that the owner himself would not know it, and so subtle that no vigilance could guard against them. A person telling King James a story of a cow that found her way back home from England to Scotland, the King remarked, "The most surprising part of the story you lay least stress on—that the animal passed unstolen through the debatable land."

In this dreadful country, where no man would ever travel who could help it, Mr. Gilpin never failed to spend some part of every year. He generally chose Christmas for this purpose, because at that holiday season the people were mostly disengaged, and therefore the more easily assembled. He had a regular preaching circuit, each town being punctually visited at the appointed time. If it had a church, he made use of it; if not, some barn or other large building would be utilized for the purpose. Great crowds of people were sure to attend him—some for his instructions, but more, doubtless, for his charity. Nor was the employment so easy as we, in these days of science and civilization, might be apt to suppose. It was almost like the tour of a missionary among barbarians. The best food that could be obtained only hunger could make palatable. The badness of the weather and of the

roads at that season exposed him to great hardships. Sometimes he would be benighted in the midst of a desolate tract of open country, and at such times would make the servant ride about with the horses, while he exercised himself as vigorously as age and fatigue would allow. All this, it need hardly be said, was cheerfully endured and lightly reckoned in comparison with the opportunity of carrying the tidings of the Gospel to those who were benighted in other than a literal sense.

(*To be continued.*)

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"I WILL CRY UNTO GOD MOST HIGH."

"*I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me.*"—PSALM lvii. 2.

MY soul shall ever raise its cry,  
In trouble and distress,  
Up to the throne of God Most High,  
Who will my griefs redress.

All He has promised in His Word  
He's faithful to perform;  
Then to my wise and gracious Lord  
I'll fly in every storm.

Naught can I meet through all my way,  
Though many be my woes,  
But God Most High shall be my Stay;  
He all my troubles knows.

He reigns supreme in heaven and earth,  
His purpose to fulfil;  
His wisdom has ordained my path—  
Shall I oppose His will?

To cross my schemes events arise,  
And disappointments come;  
Yet, as my God is ever wise,  
I'd say, "Thy will be done!"

In Him I would for ever trust,  
And make His pleasure mine;  
Since He is gracious, wise, and just,  
Oh, why should I repine?

My God, to Thee for grace I cry;  
My stubborn will subdue;  
Do Thou my every need supply,  
And bring me safely through.

*Saffron Walden.*

J. D. PLAYER.

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ABEL'S blood cried for vengeance *from* heaven, but Christ's blood cries us up *into* heaven.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## DARKNESS.

“*No light.*”—ISAIAH I. 10.

WE know from our own experience, as well as from the testimony of the Word, that it is possible to sink into a depth of darkness in which there is “no light.”

Some time since, while passing through this dismal path, the writer casually took down Bourne’s “Life and Letters,” and opened on the following at page 587—“I am sometimes overwhelmed with sorrow and fear, and seem entirely left and forsaken. Then I mourn night and day, praying for help and mercy.” Mr. Bourne’s words described our state, and, like Christian, when he heard the voice of Faithful before him in the dark valley, our soul was encouraged by finding another had trodden the same road. It is true one may have a gracious experience of divine things, and yet not descend into the same depths of soul-trouble, nor rise to the same heights of spiritual joy, as another; therefore, it is impossible to set up a standard in respect to the *degree*, either of misery or enjoyment, which must be experienced by the living family. At the same time, it is equally true that all the children of God find many vicissitudes and changes of feeling as, day by day, they proceed on their heavenward, homeward, and upward journey. “The days of darkness are many,” even for those who walk the brightest path. When a hard, dry, and dead profession prevails, this fact is much overlooked. Mourners in Zion are apt to be despised, and babes in grace neglected.

The office of Jesus was, “to comfort all that mourn.” There are many now who seem disposed to ignore this part of the ministry and mission of Christ’s servants, hence preachers of the Gospel are frequently reproved for attempting to speak to the comfort of saints, and exhorted to preach more to sinners. The fact is that, of themselves, God’s servants can neither comfort saints nor convert sinners. This power belongs alone unto the Lord; and, whilst sinners must be faithfully warned, it should not be forgotten that the commission Jesus gave Peter was, to “feed” the sheep and lambs. It is probable that the ministry which is most blessed and owned of God in the feeding and comforting of the “household of faith,” is also most used of God in the calling of poor sinners out of nature’s darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel of grace.

We desire, at this time, to pen a few words of consolation to the tried, troubled, and tempest-tossed “children of the heavenly King.” We wish to prayerfully consider the case of those sad

and sorrowful souls who may be "walking in darkness, and have no light."

Now, by comparing verses 10 and 11, we learn the important and instructive fact that it is far better to be in this position, than to be left to rejoice in the delusive light created by sparks of our own kindling. Most blessed encouragement is given to those in the former state, whilst to those in the latter it is said, "Ye shall lie down in sorrow."

We may, in the first place, inquire *who* has "no light"; secondly, examine the state described; thirdly, consider the Lord's gracious instructions to such as "walk in darkness."

1. In inquiring who has "no light," we observe, in the same verse, a very remarkable two-fold description of character. It is a man who "fears God, and obeys the voice of His Servant." It is a God-fearing man, *walking in obedience*, who has "no light." This is a significant point, because it proves that darkness may accompany obedience, and sometimes does so, to the extent of a total eclipse of the light.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord?" "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"—a gracious gift of the Holy Spirit which, once imparted, ever exists as an active principle in the heart, and a distinguishing "mark of election and token of grace." "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life" (Prov. xiv. 27), and it is the source from which all true evidences flow, such as a living hope, a living faith, and a living pure love to the dear Lord. It is a fountain continually "bubbling up" (Psa. xlv. 1, margin) with good matter touching the King. "The fear of the Lord" leads to a separation from the world, a cry for mercy, a desire after Jesus, a seeking for the application of His blood, a longing to be clothed upon with His righteousness, an inquiring the way to Zion, and (at least) a *wish* to promote the honour and glory of God. It is characterized, likewise, by a true love to the children of God, the house of God, the Word of God, and the servants of God. Its fruits consist in humility, repentance, and a spirit of grace and supplication *inwardly*, and uprightness and consistency of walk *outwardly*. "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life, and he that hath it shall abide satisfied" (Prov. xix. 23). Those who fear God need not fear men, for His "secret is with them that fear Him" (Psa. xxv. 14). They possess the secret of His presence and blessing. His eye is ever upon them (Psa. xxxiii. 18), and they have an interest in His pity and mercy (Psa. ciii. 13, 17). By the fear of God being kept in exercise, they are preserved from snares, temptation, and sin (Neh. v. 15).

"The fear of the Lord is clean" (Psa. xix. 9), and "in it is strong confidence"—the confidence, namely, that "His children shall have a place of refuge" (Prov. xiv. 26). The only question

here is as to whether we are His children. There can be no doubt about the security of the saints, but who are they? This inquiry is answered most fully in the other description of the soul "walking in darkness." He is one who "obeyeth the voice of His Servant." This is the saint.

Now, the Lord Jesus is undoubtedly the Servant here alluded to. He said to His disciples, "I am among you as one that serveth" (Luke xxii. 27). The fulfilment of His office as a Servant in His "obedience unto death" gave Him the right to command. The Servant speaks, and those who fear the Lord obey. His voice, by His Spirit, calls poor sinners from death to life, and "where the word of a King is, there is power." Regeneration is nothing less than the effect of the call of His irresistible grace. Life comes with the word, and the acts of the quickened soul—crying, looking, longing, breathing, &c.—which spring from and evidence life, constitute the response. The command is powerfully applied, "Love not the world." Straightway the affections begin to seek those things which are above, and spiritual realities take the first place in the heart, according to the Saviour's precept, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" (Matt. vi. 33).

Obedience always accompanies the call in regeneration—"When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek" (Psa. xxvii. 8). *Seeking*, then, is the soul's response to the Lord's call—its obedience to the voice of Jesus. When Jesus sweetly bids the poor seeking sinner, "Come unto Me," he is *thereby* enabled to come boldly, and cast himself, by faith and prayer, at the feet of the dear Redeemer. To meekly bow to the Lord's word, and to humbly seek to walk in accordance therewith, is true Gospel obedience. Those who yield it may have to "walk in darkness."

We now proceed to the next point, which is—

2. *To examine the state described—"no light."*—It is the picture of a soul in utter darkness. We may observe that darkness is produced by the closing in of night. Many an elect vessel of mercy journeys on through life, in the day of unregeneracy, "with heedless heart and simpering face," dancing the downward road, till the Lord causes the darkness of the shadow of death to envelop him, for such spiritual conviction is—death to all hope and happiness in self and the world. The night of soul-trouble casts its gloom over the hitherto happy and careless one, effectually preventing him from continuing his mad career. Perhaps, at first, relief may be sought, as heretofore, in the company of the ungodly and in the pleasures of the world, but the darkness increases until the light of fancied happiness in this quarter is entirely quenched. Sin and misery are stamped upon all things here below. The wrath of God against sin is felt to

be a terrible reality. In the midst of this dark night of soul-trouble, a hope is raised that perhaps it may be succeeded by a morning of joy. This hope is the day-star—the harbinger of the coming light—arising in the heart of him who “sits in darkness” and in the shadow of death. But the rising dawn must be looked for in the *opposite direction* to that in which the sun of worldly pleasure, or the carnal delights of an empty profession, has set; and until the Sun of Righteousness arises, there is—and must be—a “walking in darkness.”

Taking another view of the matter, it is evident that the *blind* are in darkness. We refer to the spiritually living who know and feel their blindness, of whom it is written, “I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not” (Isa. xlii. 16). The blind are unable to see, and it is often utterly impossible to see the why and the wherefore of God’s dealings. Incapable of seeing the path, or whether they are in it, the saints of the Most High often go groping along lamenting their blindness.

Further, darkness is caused by clouds obscuring the light of the sun, and these clouds have their origin in the earth they darken with their shadows, being exhaled from its waters and morasses. Now, the heart of man “is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” It is like a loathsome quagmire filled with lurking evils of every shape and name. When the sun of temptation shines, these evils are peculiarly drawn forth; or, if we are long indulged with the sunshine of temporal prosperity, the gross vapours of carnality, carelessness, and prayerlessness, and the deadly miasma of spiritual sloth and carnal security, gradually gather over the soul; and, if the blessed Spirit—the heavenly wind which “bloweth where it listeth”—does not cleanse them away, it becomes more and more beclouded, until at length there is “no light”—no sensible shining at all. When this fact is discovered, the confession is made, “My sins have separated between me and my God.”

Again, how painful and distressing it is when there is “no light” upon the Word of God! Some might question whether it ever is so. But the Saturday’s travail, the hours of agonizing wrestling at the throne, the deep despondency, the occasional utter inability to find text or subject, the spiritual sinking fits and the mental fainting fits to which ministers of the Gospel are peculiarly subject, all testify to the fact. At such a time the Bible is a sealed Book. Its utterances and its meaning are enwrapped in impenetrable darkness. Its light seems to be quenched. One may turn over the sacred pages in a helpless, despairing sort of way, and find—*nothing*. It appears a blank of darkness wherein is “no light”!

(To be continued.)

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ENTIRELY DISTINCT FROM THE SYSTEM OF POPERY.

THE kingdom of the Son of God, which is the true Church, is immoveable and eternal, without beginning and without end—in God, from God, and for God.

The system of Popery, in its rise and progress, is proved, from Revelation and history, *to be from the influence of Satan working in fallen man*. It is the boast of many Roman Catholics that their religion is primitive and original; but such assertions are entirely unfounded—as really so as a sprig of the upas-tree bound upon the apple-tree could consistently be called the apple-tree. The pure Gospel of the Son of God was not long fully manifested before Satan devised a plan to corrupt that pure stream. The counterfeits soon appeared, and were detected and exposed. Thus, Satan did not succeed by working upon the ignorance and mistakes of man's frailty. He could do it by nothing less than the very sin by which he himself fell (Gen. iii.). Thus the Romish system was planted and originated by devilish pride, wrought in the heart of fallen man by Satan, the hateful prince of darkness; and this is the plant, or system, God has determined shall be rooted up (Matt. xv. 13).

The pure truths of the Gospel, held by gracious followers of the Lamb, continued to spread, in all their purity, blessedness, and glory, as they revealed and made manifest a precious Christ; and these truths were preached by the apostles and disciples for three centuries, notwithstanding the errors, oppositions, and fearful persecutions enacted under Pagan rule. But, in the fourth century, the Romish system commenced by pride, and that pride in man's self-exaltation, by the old successful temptation, as instigated by Satan, "Ye shall be as gods" (Gen. iii. 3); and this temptation again succeeded, and became the root, or foundation, of the Romish system.

Now, Satan bestows upon these "gods" of his own making, titles, dignity, and power. Some were elected to rule territorially, in pomp and splendour, and these were to be obeyed; but, the root being ambitious, pride and strife began. Each would be greatest; and Satan determined to establish complete Popedom, and said, "One shall be greatest." So the Popedom commenced in Victor, Bishop of Rome, he being the first Pope, A.D. 325, whom the Emperor titled "Father." The other bishops, and all below him, were to obey his authority; and his first Popish act was, to excommunicate the other bishops for disobeying his commands in the appointment of Easter, thus making himself head and chief. This first act of Victor, the first Pope, is, to our

national shame, owned and obeyed by the Church of England in her Common Prayer Book for Easter-day.

In 606, the Pope claimed to be the successor of Peter and Vicar of Christ, styling himself "Vicar of the Most High God." Every wicked, degenerate claim was additional apostacy. Now, this removal from the truth was followed by every possible apostate addition—the assumption to pardon sin, grant indulgences, forbidding marriage, commanding to abstain from meats, honouring man's consecration, and stamping with torture and death all that dare oppose. All these abominations were devised by Satan to increase Popish power and wealth, and to gain absolute dominion. No wonder his Popes died worth many millions of money!

Now, from this corrupt spring issued all the anti-scriptural and revolting doctrines and practices which have clearly marked that system as the denounced apostacy, she having branded herself with idolatry, murderous cruelty, presumptuous tradition, and blasphemous distortion of the sacred Word of God.\* Satan could not endure the exaltation of the Son of God in the justification of the sinner by His perfect righteousness only and alone, so he well leavened the Pope and his system with the sand of human works for salvation, to the exclusion of Christ. He could not endure Christ being the alone Object of love and adoration, so he exalted, in the Pope and his system, the Virgin Mary and the Popish saints above Him. Thus, under his influence, their minds became more and more blinded to the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ, the heavenly nature of His kingdom, the tenderness of His love, and absolute power of His Kingly authority. Thus pride, power, and wealth increased. They gained the world's wonder (Rev. xiii. 3, 4) and adoration of themselves, and "the dragon gave power to the beast." They became hard and cruel to torture and kill. They assumed authority over God and His Word, and every successive Pope became blacker in apostacy. This is the system many dare to call a Church!

Now, what is Protestantism? Simply an utter rejection of all these poisonous upas spurious branches, and the adhering to the original pure streams of God's truth, which existed long before the working of Satan brought forth this filthy system, and Popes corrupted the truth with Pagan cruelties and a false, Judaizing gospel—sandy works and man's power—in the place of the glorious Jehovah. To protest against all these wicked abominations—to love

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\* We need no great light to convince us that "utter seclusion from the world—the cruelly-devised instruments of torture—the racking, burning, and murdering of millions of persons for opposing this deadly system—the setting up of the Virgin Mary for adoration and worship," can have no part whatever in the Gospel of love, or foundation in the Word of God; therefore they must be of Satan's and man's device.

and cleave to "the truth as it is in Jesus"—is true Protestantism. "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls" (Jer. vi. 16).

Chelsea.

A. B.

### ON THE DUTIES OF CHRISTIANS, POLITICALLY.

IN giving the following extracts, we wish it to be clearly understood that we have no intention or desire to meddle with party politics, as we wish every one to be fully persuaded in their own mind, and to act according to their conscientious convictions. Still, we feel bound to say that we could not support any Government, Liberal or Conservative, which might seek to promote the cause of atheism or Popery; and we would say to any who are like-minded, If you cannot support your own party, do not vote at all when you feel you would support a wrong in doing so. We have pursued this course, and will do so again, rather than betray our right.

The following extracts do not come from supporters of Mr. Gladstone, but from those opposed to him, and they only tend to show the uncertainty of political movements:—

"The *Times* of July 4th, speaking of 'Romish Education in Ireland,' states that 'the change of Government has quickened the action of the [Roman] Catholic Prelates on the still unsettled question of education—that they are encouraged thereto by the remembrance of the large concession made to them in the establishment of a Royal University, and the overthrow of the obnoxious Queen's Colleges—and in the present critical position of parties they see an opportunity of extracting more from the Conservatives, who have been found in the matter more yielding than their predecessors. No time has, therefore, been lost in formulating their claims, and a series of resolutions has been unanimously adopted by the Bishops at a meeting held in Maynooth College.'—*Monthly Letter of the Protestant Alliance*, August, 1885.

"The new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin states that, in the matter of education, they 'have been promised much by the present Government' (*Times*, September 16th). These promises are probably made in the hope to conciliate the Papal powers, and that the Government may be able to rule Ireland through the agency of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It may be presumed that it was with this object that the Protestant Lord-Lieutenant, on the 16th ult., waited upon Dr. McGettigan, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Armagh, where he was 'received by the Roman Catholic Primate, and led up to the altar by the *Lord Primate*, as he was termed, in the presence of a crowded congregation.' Lord Carnarvon is

further reported, in reply to the address of Dr. McGettigan, to have said, 'I should be doing wrong if I were to abuse the privilege you have given me to make a reply, if I were to turn it to any subject except the subject of my own gratitude for the cordial welcome *your grace* has given me, and my satisfaction at seeing this noble building raised to the glory of God, and to the comfort, I trust, of many Christian souls' (*Times*, September 17th). Does Lord Carnarvon believe that a building consecrated to the idolatrous sacrifice of the Mass is raised 'to the glory of God and to the comfort of Christian souls' ?"—*Monthly Letter of the Protestant Alliance*, October, 1885.

The following extract from the *Gospel Standard*, May, 1879, written by Mr. Hazlerigg, has been sent us by a friend, and we gladly insert it for the benefit of our readers :—

"We will suggest four ways plainly open to the Lord's people—May we have grace to walk in them—

"1. Surely this is a time for those who fear God to dwell, as much as possible, together in unity. We advocate no denial of the truth, no giving up our principles, no confederacy with the general professors—with those who give no evidence of a work of grace upon their hearts, and of being divinely taught. But we do say, it highly becomes the true children of God, who fear His name, love His dear Son, and desire to walk in His ways, to cease from unnecessary strifes, and live as much as possible in brotherly unity. Surely it is our wisdom to bear and forbear, and forgive. May the Lord keep us from searching out iniquities, and examining diligently into, and magnifying to the utmost, all possible grounds of division, contention, and strife. Instead of rejoicing, apparently, in iniquity, may we rejoice rather in the truth. May we seek more after reasons for a godly amity than for those which foster bitterness and contention. Peace-makers, not strife-makers, are called 'the children of God.'

"2. Surely this is a time for prayer—particular prayer, private, social, and public, as it respects a danger which threatens alike our persons, our families, and our national and Church privileges. Luther calls sighs and groans the artillery with which he, in his day, so mightily succeeded against the Papacy. Prayer is still of the same efficacy, when real and earnest. Still 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much'; and still

" ' The force of their united prayers,  
No power can long withstand.'

"3. Surely this is a time for much individual effort. Let any child of God ask the question, 'Can I do anything in furtherance of Christ's cause and for the hindrance of Popery?' We think

that the feeblest, by the distribution of plain and forcible books, like Dr. Wylie's and others, might aid in this good work. The earth itself is made up of very small particles. If each man who fears God aided by his little in this good work, the aggregate might, with God's blessing, for many a day, like the sand of the sea, stem the tide of iniquity.

"4. Surely this is a time when Christians—those who really fear God—should subordinate their political bias and opinions in other matters to their duty to God and their country in this, the greatest matter of all. Shall we vote at the polling-booths, in our elections, for men who will vote in our Parliaments for the very things which will tend to the advancement of Popery, and against any motions which might have the effect of staying that advancement—for men, for instance, who will vote for the *endowment of a Popish university*, and against any inspection of monasteries? Shall we not make such things as these the test questions whereby our exercise of our power of voting for members of Parliament shall be regulated? If we are negligent in this respect, or vote, because of other considerations, for men who will aid and abet, or not resist, the Pope and his agents, are we not betraying our trust, and ourselves aiding in the advance of Popery? May we not, then, justly expect that, either in our own persons, or in the persons of those we love, we may have, in some future day, deeply to deplore our folly and want of principle—yea, our crime? Is it not our duty, as men of England and children of God, to exercise the political powers committed to us for the divine glory and the welfare of our country, and, therefore, for the overthrow of the giant iniquity of Popery?"

"In harmony with these views, Dr. Wylie writes—'Let us cry mightily to God, in whose hand alone is deliverance; but let us, at the same time, if we expect to be heard, do our duty. And what can we do? We can urge our appeal in Parliament, calling upon it to reverse its policy of fostering a system which has proved itself the deadliest enemy of liberty in all countries, and which, if it receives a few years more the encouragement which has been given it in the past, will assuredly shake to its foundations the fabric of British power. The coming dissolution of Parliament will give every elector an opportunity of acquitting himself of his duty in this matter. Of all the questions that regard the welfare of our country, this is out of sight the greatest. Let every friend of religion and liberty weigh his vast responsibility, and vote for no man who will misrepresent him in this matter in the Legislature.' Oh, that Protestants would attend to these words, and do what is right! Our country, our children, and our God all require us in such a crisis to do our duty."

[Brethren, think and act as before God.]

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

## APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

## THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

IN an interesting account of the Orphan Asylum and other institutions founded at Dusselthal by Count Von der Recke, entitled, "Illustrations of Faith," we meet with the following encouraging example of the way in which God honours the heartfelt trust of His people :—

"It happened once that, for the purpose of supplying the need of those under my care, I had been obliged to incur a debt of one thousand thalers. The day when my bill for that amount became due was approaching. I perceived that I had not the money to meet it, and, after careful consideration, I could see no prospect of obtaining such a sum. In this difficulty I had recourse to prayer, and, after a time, I received a feeling of assurance that the Lord would provide for my wants, and send me the assistance I required in due time. This feeling increased upon me, though my secretary grieved me with his doubts and fears; and he was continually saying, 'You may hope the money may be forthcoming, but where is it to come from?' When the day arrived, and no new prospect of money appeared, he seemed to triumph in the defeat which he thought was awaiting my still unshaken faith and hope. When I perceived this, I retired into my room, closed the door, and on my knees implored the Lord, for His name's sake, and for the sake, too, of this young man's immortal soul, that He would not let my humble confidence in Him be put to shame, nor suffer the impending distress to come upon me. I arose strengthened and composed, so that, when he entered and asked me, in a mocking tone, to give him my orders for the discharge of the bill, I answered him calmly, 'Do not be afraid, but go now to the post and fetch the letters.' My secretary turned to go, but stopped himself to ask, 'But if I do not find anything, what then?' 'Only go,' was my reply; and I again lifted up my voice to the throne of grace. He came back with an altered countenance, and, as he rushed into my room, he burst into tears, and handed me a letter with a stamp on the cover, showing that it contained one thousand thalers. The Lord had beheld our distress before it reached us, and had already provided against it. On reading the letter, I found that a godly young man at Berlin, a baker, had been to a friend of mine in that city to ask his advice, saying that he had unexpectedly acquired a considerable property, and wished to know how he could put out one thousand thalers to the safest interest. My friend mentioned several ways, such as the funds, purchase of land, &c. To each of these pro-

posals he shook his head, and at last said, 'No, no; those are not of the kind I mean. I wish to devote this money to the service of the Lord, and I want your advice as to the best way of doing that.' 'Oh,' replied my friend, 'if that is what you mean, send it to the orphan and destitute children at Dusselthal'; and this was the money that arrived in the hour of our need." ["Whose faith follow."]

#### LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXVI.

MY DEAR AUNT,—Since I last wrote I have received a letter from you, for which I thank you. Through divine mercy and goodness Ezra seems to be quite recovered. Truly salvation is all of grace, and all the praise of it shall be to Father, Son, and Spirit. What but free favour and unmerited grace could move God to regard such sinful, wretched, vile creatures, who are ruined by sin, and as undeserving of the notice and favour of a great and holy God as any of the fallen angels? I think that I can, from an experience of its truth, say with the Apostle, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," for I find that all manner of sin and depravity has its native residence in my heart, and nothing but Omnipotence can prevent its breaking out, so that nothing but a free grace salvation can ever help me. But I see more and more the necessity of bringing that which the Lord has taught me concerning Christ and His great salvation into experience. This I cannot do of myself. It must be the same divine Person that revealed the Lord Jesus unto me that must enable me to walk in Him. He only who quickened me when "dead in trespasses and sins" can maintain that life He has imparted, and enable me to live by the faith of the Son of God. Were not the Holy Ghost almighty and immutable, I should long ere now have been again dead, for I cannot keep alive my own soul; but I desire to rejoice that He who dwells in me has promised never to forsake the work of His own hand, and He is pleased to give me proofs of His unchangeable love, in that, when I seem almost dead, He again reveals the Lord Jesus Christ, and enlivens my soul by testifying of Him. To God the Holy Ghost is equal praise due with the Father and the Son. Though I am sometimes as cold as ice and as lifeless as a stone, yet He who is my Head, and who looks upon me as a part of His mystical body, has said that, "because He lives, I shall live also"; and He still keeps me alive by supplies from His fulness, and, resting upon His faithful promises, I believe that He will never fail me nor forsake me.

We have hired a room, where we meet on Lord's Day mornings and Thursday evenings, and read a sermon. We are looking up

to the Lord for direction, and that *He* would presence Himself with us who has promised to instruct us and teach us in the way that we should go, and that He will be with two or three, when gathered together in His name. What a blessed thing it is for *kindred minds* to have fellowship with each other, for, when the Lord's people are "with one accord gathered together," the Lord is pleased to "manifest Himself unto them as He doth not unto the world."

I hope we are influenced only by a desire to glorify God and edify each other in thus acting. We considered it a duty which we owed to Him who has displayed such love towards us, thus to profess our attachment to the distinguishing truths of the Gospel. We must, of course, offend a great number of religious professors, but we consider the approbation of the Great Head of the Church of more worth than the smiles of the world.

I was for some time kept from meeting with the friends by my parents; but, though I wish to obey all their lawful commands, the following passages of Scripture, I think, are a clear guide in such cases—"He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," &c. (Matt. x. 37, with Luke xiv. 26). May the Holy Spirit ever give me such manifestations of the love of Christ that I may be influenced thereby to be found walking in all His commands and ordinances. Nothing but the grace of God can enable me to persevere in the strait path.

With love, from your affectionate nephew,

*Saffron Walden, May 7th, 1819.*

J. D. PLAYER.\*

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### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Gather the Children.* A Sunday School Address. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

THE work of Sunday Schools is now no new thing, even to those who for a long time looked upon it with suspicion and distrust. The people of God have happily, of late years, been awakened to the grave importance of providing suitable means for the proper instruction of the rising race, agreeably with the ancient commands given by Israel's God to "gather the children," that they might hear His words and works declared (Deut. xxxi. 12, 13, &c.).

The Church of Rome considers that the circulation of the Bible, without her own interpretation of it, is likely to promote what she terms "heresy." She dare not leave the means in the hands of God. But we do not object to the universal circulation of that Word because Papists and others pervert it. We rather

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\* At the time of writing this letter, Mr. Player was only nineteen years of age.

rejoice in its diffusion, believing that the Holy Spirit will use it to the spreading of the knowledge of Christ and the conversion of sinners. Neither, because some who attend the ministry of the Word have adopted a mere form of religion, even perhaps embracing Antinomian or Fatalistic notions, do we consider it a dangerous thing for unconverted people to attend the preaching of the Gospel; but we are glad to see them under the means God has appointed for the salvation of souls, hoping that many may thereby be brought to savingly know the Lord. Nor, because some call Sunday Schools "nurseries of the Church," and try to use them as such, do we object to the gathering together of the rising race to read the Word of God and hear the truth of Christ preached. We rather hail it as an omen of good, and hope that many of them may be not only benefited morally, but saved spiritually, through the blessing of the Lord upon the means.

We cannot look upon a class of young men, gathered to read the Bible, but we feel our heart gladdened to see them under such influences, and young women the same. Surely it is not so dangerous a thing for them to meet with friends of truth, to read and hear the Word of God, as to be left to wander in other ways and among other company. Many sad tales could be told of children who, finding at their own places of worship none to interest themselves in their welfare, have gone elsewhere, and been ensnared by bad company or erroneous teaching. Some such may be, in due time, recovered by the Lord, but His sovereignty in saving them is no excuse for our neglect of them; or, by the same argument, all means might be set aside, which would be an insult to God, as reflecting against His wisdom in ordaining them. It is not for the people of God to idly talk of what He can do without, in carrying on His work, but to diligently use the means He has given, and leave the result with Him who has said, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

We now only have space to say to friends of Sunday Schools, Get the tract above-named and read it.

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GRATITUDE to a covenant God makes even a temporal blessing a taste of heaven.—*Romaine*.

MR. ROMAINE visited the notorious Dr. Dodd whilst in prison, under sentence of death. He professed repentance. After one of these visits, a friend asked Mr. Romaine what he thought of the Doctor. He replied, "There is a great difference between *saying* and *feeling*, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

# THE SOWER.

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## THE MARTYR'S ELM.

(*Frontispiece to Volume.*)

ON a spot of ground near the Grammar School, at the town of Brentwood, in Essex, there stands the now lifeless trunk of an old elm tree. This tree, which has recently fallen into decay, has long been an object of local and historical interest, under the name of "The Martyr's Elm"—so-called in grateful remembrance of William Hunter, a native of the hamlet of Brentwood, who, near this place, on March 26th, 1555, in the words of John Foxe, the martyrologist, "yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood, to the praise of God."

The celebrated work of Foxe contains an authentic record of the facts of his martyrdom, of which the following is a brief summary:—

In the spring of 1555, William Hunter, a young man, apprenticed to a London weaver, came down to visit his father at Brentwood. He was a pious lad, and one of those who were faithful to the truth; and he had already, while with his master in London, been threatened by the priests for refusing to receive the Mass.

One day, finding the chapel at Brentwood open, he went in, and began to read in the English Bible which lay on a desk within the porch, for as yet, in a few places, Queen Mary's command for the removal of the Bibles placed by the pious King Edward VI. in every church, for the use of the people, had not been obeyed. Just at this time, Atwell, an officer of the Popish Bishop, came that way, and saw William as he stood reading the holy Book. "Why meddlest thou with the Bible?" said the Bishop's officer to him. "Understandest thou what thou readeest? Canst thou expound Scripture?" The youth modestly replied, "Father Atwell, I take not upon me to expound the Scriptures, but, finding the Bible here, I read it for my comfort." After some further conversation, "Well," said William Hunter, "it liketh me very well, and I pray God that He may have the blessed Bible amongst us continually." Upon this, telling him that "he and a great many more heretics would broil for this gear," Father Atwell went out of the chapel, and accused him of heresy to the priest of the parish, who, coming to the place where he was reading, began to upbraid and threaten him. The youth well knew what this meant, so he hastened to his father's house, and, taking leave of his parents, left the town.

A few days after he was gone, a justice in the neighbourhood, named Brown, sent for the father and ordered him to produce his son William. "What, sir!" said his parent; "would you have me seek my son that he may be burned?" The old man, however, was obliged to seek him, and rode about for two or three days hoping to satisfy the justice without finding his son; but he met his son accidentally, who, hearing of his father's danger, said he was ready to accompany him home; so, as the evening drew on, they came together to the town, and the cottagers bade them "good cheer" as they passed on their way.

At midnight this youthful Christian was hurried to the stocks, and then was taken before the justice, who, after trying in vain to shake his faith, sent him to Bonner, the Popish Bishop of London, then residing at Bethnal Green. Bonner first spoke to him gently, then sternly, and then roughly, but it was all to no purpose. William could not promise to give up his Bible, or to deny its truths. He was therefore ordered to be put in the stocks for two days and nights, with a small supply of water, and only a crust of brown bread for his food. The Bishop then sent him to one of the London prisons, with strict orders to the jailer to put as many iron chains upon him as he could possibly bear; and there he lay in the dungeon for three-quarters of a year.

At length the Bishop, thinking that his long confinement had made him more ready to yield, sent for him to his palace; yet his spirit was unbroken, and his trust in the Gospel as firm as before. "If you recant," said the Bishop to him, "I will give you forty pounds, and set you up in business." This was a large sum of money in those days, and the offer was tempting, but it was at once rejected. "I will make you steward of my own house," added Bonner. "But, my lord," was the reply, "if you cannot persuade my conscience by Scripture, I cannot find in my heart to turn from God for the love of the world, for I count all things but loss in comparison with the love of Christ."

After further attempts to make him turn, the Bishop asked him how old he was. William said he was nineteen years old. "Well," said he, "you will be burned ere you are twenty years old, if you do not yield yourself better than you have done yet." William answered, "God strengthen me in this truth."

Shortly after, he was condemned (with five others) by Bishop Bonner; and, as there was no prison at Brentwood, he was sent to the Swan Inn, in the town, until the day arrived for him to suffer a painful death.

His mother heard of his return, and rushed to the place where he was confined; and, when she found him happy and constant, she blessed God for such a son, and the more so when he said,

"For my little pain which I shall suffer, Christ hath procured for me a crown of joy. Are you not glad of that, mother?" They then knelt down, and she prayed to God to strengthen her to the end.

At length the morning came on which William was to die, and the executioners and guards, with a crowd of people, came together to the last sad scene. As he was led along from the inn, his father came forward, and, throwing his arms round the neck of his noble boy, said, in an agony of parental feeling, "God be with thee, son William!" The son calmly looked for the last time on his dear parent, and replied, "God be with *you*, father. Be of good comfort. I trust we shall meet again where we shall rejoice together."

There were many weeping eyes on that day in the little town of Brentwood. To see a gentle and pious youth dragged through the streets, to be burned at a stake, whose only offence was, that he loved the Gospel, was a sight that touched the hardest heart. William, as he passed along, saw his father's cottage, and cast a last look at his sorrowing sisters; and he bade farewell to the playmates and friends of his earlier days.

At length, the procession came to the end of the town, where the stake, and chain, and faggots were ready. While he was being secured, and the wood was being piled around, he was offered pardon if he would profess himself a Papist. "No," said William resolutely; "I will not recant, God willing." Then turning to the people, he asked them to pray for him. "Pray for thee!" said the hard-hearted justice, who was looking on; "I will no more pray for thee than I would for a dog!" "I pray God this may not be laid to your charge at the last day," he replied. A priest, too, began to taunt him, until a gentleman spoke aloud, "May God have mercy on his soul!" and the people mournfully added, "Amen."

The fire was now lighted, and, as the flames began to rise, William threw his book of Psalms into the hands of his brother, who, calling to him, said, "William, think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid." "I am not afraid," added the martyr. "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" These were his last words. The flames soon wrapped around his body, and in a few minutes his sufferings were at an end.

May we not learn from this history the value of being brought to an early knowledge and avowal of Christ, so that, in times of error and false religion, we may be preserved in the faith, and not betray our Lord and Master in the day of trial?

Let us never forget the real character of Popery. Can that be the pure and holy religion of Jesus—the religion of mercy and love—which commits such dreadful deeds? Christ came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Thankful should we be

that ours is a land of freedom, every man sitting under his own vine and fig tree, and none making him afraid—a land in which an open Bible spreads an influence around—and, as we fondly cherish the memory of those who “loved not their lives unto death,” we may well contemplate their now happy state in a world of glory.

Reader, are you the Lord's ?

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“MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY, AND NOT TO  
FAINT.”

GIVE it not up in any wise,  
My soul—pursue to win the prize ;  
Though all things seem to drive thee back,  
Yet still pursue, and be not slack :  
Pray on ; think not He'll thee deny,  
The Lord does hear the faintest sigh.

What ! give it up ? No ; still pursue ;  
Though hidden often from thy view,  
Christ is the only worthy Prize ;  
Give Him not up in any wise :  
Still follow on, though seeming slow ;  
'Tis life eternal Him to know.

What ! give it up ? No ; not till death !  
Still cry to Him who gave thee breath ;  
Though foes may for a time prevail,  
And though despairing thoughts assail,  
Still look to Him who does command,  
And holds creation in His hand.

What ! give it up ? Forbid it, Lord,  
While there's one promise in Thy Word  
That says, “ The soul that seeks shall find,  
And not a hoof be left behind ” :  
Win Christ, my soul, then all is won ;  
If He is lost, thou art undone.

Give it not up, but still pursue ;  
The God of grace will wonders do ;  
Thy vessel may be sadly tossed,  
And thou mayst think that she is lost,  
But, though the sea may overwhelm,  
The skilful Pilot's at the helm.

Give it not up in any wise,  
But keep the Pearl before thine eyes ;  
Though thou to sense no progress make,  
Pursue until thou overtake ;  
Then shall thy heart be filled with praise,  
And songs of “ Hallelujah ! ” raise.

## "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

[The following is an extract from an old edition (1781) of John Bunyan's "Law and Grace." The perusal of it has been attended with some benefit and profit to my own soul, and I trust may have something of the same influence upon other readers.—R. F. R.]

WHEN it pleased the Lord to begin to instruct my soul, He found me one of the black sinners of the world. He found me making sport of oaths and also of lies; and many a soul-poisoning meal did I make out of divers lusts, as drinking, dancing, playing, pleasure with the wicked ones of the world. The Lord, finding of me in this condition, did open the glass of the law unto me, wherein He showed me so clearly my sins, both the greatness of them, and also how abominable they were in His sight.

This conviction seized on my soul one Sabbath Day when I was at play, being one of the first that I had. I thought the very clouds were charged with the wrath of God, and ready to let fall the fire of His jealousy upon me; and yet, for all this, I was so wedded to my sins that I thought with myself, "I *will* have them, though I lose my soul." Oh, wicked wretch that I was! But God, the great, the rich, the infinite, merciful God, did not take this advantage of my soul to cast me away, and say, "Then take him, devil, seeing he cares for Me no more." No; but He followed me still, and won upon my heart by giving of me some understanding, not only into my miserable state, which I was very sensible of, but also that there might be hopes of mercy; also taking away that love to lust, and placing in the room thereof a love to religion; and thus the Lord won over my heart to some desire after the means to hear the Word, and to grow a stranger to my old companions, and to accompany the people of God, together with giving me many sweet encouragements from several promises in the Scriptures.

But after this the Lord did wonderfully set my sins upon my conscience—those sins especially that I had committed since the first convictions. Temptations also followed me very hard, especially such temptations as did tend to the making me question the very way of salvation, namely, whether Jesus Christ was the Saviour or no, and whether I had best to venture my soul upon His blood for salvation, or take some other course; but being, through grace, kept close with God (in some measure) in prayer and the rest of the ordinances, but when about a year and upwards without any sound evidence as from God to my soul touching the salvation as comes by Jesus Christ. But at the last, as I may say, when the set time was come, the Lord did set me down so blessedly in the truth of the doctrine of Jesus Christ

that it made me marvel to see, first, how Jesus Christ was born of a virgin, walked in this world a while with His disciples, afterwards hanged on the cross, spilt His blood, was buried, rose again, ascended above the clouds and heavens, there lives to make intercession, and that He will also come again at the last day to judge the world and take His saints unto Himself. These things, I say, I did see so evidently, even as if I had stood by when He was in the world, and also when He was caught up.

I, having such a change as this upon my soul, it made me wonder, and musing with myself at the great alteration that was in my spirit; for the Lord did also very gloriously give me His precious Word to back the discovery of the Son of God unto me, so that I can say, through grace, it was according to the Scripture (1 Cor. xv. 1—4). And, as I was musing with myself what these things should mean, methought I heard such a word in my heart as this—"I have set thee down on purpose, for I have something more than ordinary for thee to do"; which made me the more marvel, saying, "What, my Lord, such a poor wretch as I?" Yet still this continued—"I have set thee down on purpose," and so forth, with more fresh incomes of the Lord Jesus, and the power of the blood of His cross upon my soul, even so evidently that I saw, through grace, that it was the blood shed on Mount Calvary that did save and redeem sinners, as clearly and as really with the eyes of my soul as ever (methought) I had seen a penny loaf bought with a penny; which things being discovered had such operation upon my soul, that I do hope they did sweetly season every faculty thereof.

Reader, I speak in the presence of God, and He knows I lie not. Much of this and such like dealing I could tell thee of, but my business at this time is not so to do, but only to tell thee what operation the blood of Christ hath had over and upon my conscience, and that at several times, and also when I have been in several frames of spirit.

At first, sometimes I have been so loaden with my sins that I could not tell where to rest nor what to do—yea, at such times I thought it would have taken away my senses—yet, at that time, God, through grace, hath all of a sudden so effectually applied the blood that was spilt at Mount Calvary, out of the side of Jesus, unto my poor, wounded, guilty conscience, that presently I have found such a sweet, solid, sober, heart-comforting peace, that it hath made me as if it had not been; and withal the same (I may say, and I ought to say, the power of it) hath had such a powerful operation upon my soul that I have for a time been in a strait and trouble, to think that I should love and honour Him no more, the virtue of His blood hath so constrained me.

Again, sometimes, methinks, my sins have appeared so big to

me that I thought one of my sins has been as big as all the sins of all the men in the nation—aye, and of other nations, too.

Reader, these things be not fancies, for I have smarted for this experience; but yet the least stream of the heart's blood of this Man, Jesus, hath vanished all away, and hath made it so fly, to the astonishment of such a poor sinner, and, as I said before, hath delivered me up into sweet and heavenly peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Again, sometimes, when my heart hath been hard, dead, slothful; blind, and senseless (which, indeed, are sad frames for a poor Christian to be in), yet at such a time, when I have been in such a case, then hath the blood of Christ, the precious blood of Christ, the admirable blood of the God of heaven, that ran out of His body when He did hang on the cross, so softened, enlivened, quickened, and enlightened my soul that truly, reader, I can say, “Oh, it makes me wonder!”

Again, when I have been loaden with sin, and pestered with several temptations, and in a very sad manner, then have I had the trial of the virtue of Christ's blood with the trial of the virtue of other things, and I have found that, when tears would not do, prayers would not do, repentings and all other things could not reach my heart, oh, then, one touch, one drop, one shining of the virtue of the blood—of that blood that was let out with a spear—it hath in a very blessed manner delivered me, that it hath made me to marvel! Oh, methinks it hath come with such life, such power, with such irresistible and marvellous glory, that it wipes off all the slurs, silences all the outcries, and quenches all the fiery darts and all the flames of hell-fire, that are begotten by the charges of the law, Satan, and doubtful remembrances of my sinful life.

Friend, I have not preached to you “cunningly devised fables,” in telling you of the blood of Christ, and what authority it hath had upon my conscience. There is not only my single testimony touching this, but all the prophets do agree in advancing this in writing, and also, all the saints do now declare the same, in speaking forth the many powerful virtues thereof—“As for Thee, by the blood of Thy covenant [saith God to Christ], I have sent forth Thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water” (Zech. ix. 11). “We have redemption through His blood” (Eph. i. 7). The devil is overcome through “the blood of the Lamb” (Rev. xii. 11); yea, and conscience is purged too, and that through “the blood of the Lamb” (Heb. ix. 14).

But I forbear, as I would not be too tedious in making too large a digression, though I have committed no transgression, for the blood of Christ is “precious blood” (1 Pet. i. 19).

## GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

BERNARD GILPIN.

*(Concluded from page 235.)*

ONE or two incidents connected with Mr. Gilpin's sojourn in this locality may be related. The Saxon custom of settling or preventing litigation by having recourse to the sword still prevailed here. Indeed, the wild Northumbrians were not even content with a duel, but each contending party would muster what adherents he could, and thus a kind of petty war would be commenced. A quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was once at a place called Rothbury. During the first two or three days of his preaching, the rival parties preserved some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. The position was a difficult one, for, though mutually anxious for the affray, the sanctity of the place at first restrained them, and they were content with clashing their weapons, all being armed. At length, passion got the better of every other consideration, and a combat seemed imminent, when Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, stood between them, and tried to put an end to the quarrel. He succeeded so far as to make them promise quietude during the remainder of the sermon—an opportunity which he seized to try and make them ashamed of what they had done. They were sufficiently wrought upon at its conclusion to promise to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. So much was he respected among them that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort to where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

On another occasion, coming to a church in those parts one Sunday morning, before the people had assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was told it was meant as a challenge to any one who would take it down. He at once requested the sexton to take it down, but, on his refusing to touch it, he removed it himself, and put it in his breast. Before concluding the sermon, he severely denounced these inhuman challenges—especially the custom of polluting a sacred place with such a symbol—and told them what he had done.

His disinterested labours among these people, and the good offices he was always ready to render, seem to have excited the liveliest gratitude—surely, under the circumstances, one of the best of signs. Indeed, he was little less than adored, and must have exerted an amazing influence for good. Even the wicked stood in awe of him, as one instance will show. By the carelessness of his servant, his horses were stolen; and, on the news becoming

known, the greatest indignation was expressed. At length, the thief heard, to his dismay, whose horses he had taken, and, terrified at what he had done, took them back with as much haste as he had at first taken them. Confessing the act, he declared that he believed the devil would have seized him, had he detained them after he knew they were Mr. Gilpin's.

Sufficient has already been said to show that, notwithstanding Mr. Gilpin's placid temperament and love of retirement, he was capable of great boldness when occasion arose, so that the following anecdote may also be termed characteristic.

Just as he was preparing one year for his annual visit into Reads-dale and Tinedale, he received a message from Dr. Burns, the Bishop of the diocese, requiring him to preach a visitation sermon. He wrote to explain the circumstances, and begged to be excused. His servant informed him that the Bishop returned no answer to the letter, from which he deemed that he was at liberty to leave, and accordingly did so. On his return, to his great surprise, he found himself suspended by the Bishop, who had been prompted to this hasty step by some of Mr. Gilpin's enemies. A few days afterwards, he was ordered by the Bishop to preach before an assembly of clergy at Chester-le-Street. He attended to present his apologies, but, being suspended (and perhaps not sorry for an excuse to escape so prominent a position, but anxious, it is more likely, to avoid, if possible, a painful duty which he knew to await him), he went wholly unprepared to preach, taking no sermon with him. The Bishop replied that he took off the suspension, and would accept no excuse, for doubtless so accustomed a preacher as Mr. Gilpin could preach without preparation. Mr. Gilpin persisted in his refusal till the Bishop, with some warmth, ordered him, on his canonical obedience, to go immediately into the pulpit, which he did.

The ecclesiastical court of Durham was at this time very scandalously governed. It was presided over by a relative of the Bishop (himself a well-meaning, but weak man, wholly in the hands of others), and great abuses were permitted, bribery and corruption holding sway. Private remonstrances had often been addressed to the Bishop without effect, and Mr. Gilpin justly deemed his present opportunity too singular a one to be allowed to pass without blame to himself. Accordingly, before the conclusion of the sermon, he turned to the Bishop, and is related to have addressed him in the following bold, faithful terms:—

“My discourse now, reverend father, must be directed to you. God hath exalted you to be the Bishop of this diocese, and requireth a reformation of all those matters which are amiss. Lest, perhaps, while so many enormities are committed everywhere, your lordship should reply that they never come to your know-

ledge [for this, it seems, was the Bishop's common answer], behold I bring these things to your knowledge this day. Say not that these crimes have been committed by others without your knowledge, for whatsoever you suffer through your connivance to be done by others is wholly your own; therefore, in the presence of God, His angels, and men, I pronounce you to be the author of all these evils. Yea, and, in that strict day of general account, I will be a witness to testify against you that all these things have come to your knowledge by my means; and all these shall bear witness thereof that have heard me speak this day."

This freedom alarmed every one. As Mr. Gilpin went out of the church, his friends gathered round him, kindly reproaching him with tears for what he had done, and saying that the Bishop had now got the advantage over him which he had long sought for; and, if he had injured him before without provocation, what would he do now? Mr. Gilpin walked on, gently keeping them off with his hand, and assuring them that, if the discourse had the desired effect, he was regardless of the consequences to himself. During the day nothing else was talked of. Every one commended what had been said, but was apprehensive for the speaker. Those around the Bishop waited in silent expectation to see his resentment break out.

After dinner, Mr. Gilpin went up to the Bishop, to take leave before returning home. To his surprise, the Bishop said he should return with him, which he accordingly did. As soon as Mr. Gilpin had taken him into a parlour, the Bishop turned suddenly round, and, seizing him by the hand, said, "Father Gilpin, I acknowledge you are fitter to be Bishop of Durham than I am to be parson of this church of yours. I ask forgiveness for past injuries. I know you have enemies, but, while I am Bishop of Durham, be secure. None of them shall cause you further trouble."

Space permits not to say much of Mr. Gilpin's miscellaneous charities, but, as indicative of the benevolence of his disposition, some of his habits may be mentioned, such as that of often bringing home with him the poor people he met in his walks, and sending them away clothed as well as fed, giving away his own cloak to any deserving distressed traveller he might meet; making up the losses of the poor, in the event of their beasts dying, &c.; assisting those who had large families, and settling their children in the world. In his distant journeys it was the same. "When he began his journey," says an old manuscript, "he would have £10 in his pocket, and on his return would be twenty nobles (six shillings and eightpence) in debt, which he would always pay within a fortnight after." All this, added to his larger and more systematic charities, made it a matter of wonder

how his income of £400 a year—considerable as it was in those days—could be made to go nearly so far. This wonder will appear the more natural when his constant and large-hearted hospitality has been described. Strangers and travellers always found a cheerful reception, and even their beasts had so much care taken of them that it was humorously said, “If a horse were turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the Rector of Houghton’s.” Every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter, was a sort of public day with him, on which he expected to see his parishioners and their families. For their reception, he had three tables well covered—the first for gentlemen, the second for farmers, and the third for day labourers. This piece of hospitality he never omitted (or suffered to be in his absence) even when its continuance, from scarcity of provision, was confessedly difficult, for he seemed to feel it a matter of duty. Men of worth or letters were specially welcome and freely came; but, as he grew old, he seems to have found so large a circle of acquaintances rather irksome, and yet to have been unable to narrow it. It would be comfortable to believe, too, that such good nature was never imposed upon; but, if such was the case—and there is no record of the sort—humanity must have been very different then from what it is now. We have sufficient means of insight into his character, however, to perceive that his benevolence was mingled with discretion, so that we may readily believe that imposture would not be successful in the long run with such a man, and, when exposed, would be visited with the indignation and reprobation it justly merits.

His household, too, large as it was, was regulated in the most systematic manner, order reigning in every department. On one occasion, Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth’s treasurer, having to go to Scotland, took the opportunity to visit a man of whom he had heard so much, and who had also seen him when, in King Edward’s days, he preached with such freedom to the court. He was entertained in so generous a way that he would often afterwards say he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth, while the peace, simplicity, and regularity that pervaded the household seem to have greatly impressed him. He is said to have turned to take one last view of the place from a distant spot as he left, saying, as he did so, “There is enjoyment of life indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, happier, or more useful to mankind?” As we find no allusion to a wife in connection with the household arrangements, or during any part of his career, it must be concluded that he was never married.

As he advanced in years, Mr. Gilpin became very infirm, and

had to confine his attention to those engagements which lay nearest at home. There, too, lay those which were nearest to his heart, particularly his school, which afforded him an employment till the very last. Indeed, one of his last acts was to draw up a set of good statutes, to provide it a better endowment, and to fix all by a charter.

His infirmity was increased by a sad accident at Durham, an ox knocking him down as he was crossing the market-place. This entirely broke his health ; but, it being a conviction of his that misfortunes are intended by Providence to remind us of our neglected duty, he always made them the occasion of self-examination, and received them with thankfulness rather than repining.

In February, 1583, his weakness increased, and he became sensible that his end was approaching. At length, as death drew near, he asked that the villagers should be invited to listen to his farewell exhortations, which were of a most faithful and affectionate character. His scholars and his household were also separately addressed, his faculties remaining clear to the end, though his voice faltered before his exhortations were concluded. The few remaining hours of his life were spent in prayer and broken conversations with a few select friends. He continually spoke of the consolations of Christianity, declaring that they were the only true ones, and that nothing else would bring a man peace at the last. He died on March 4th, 1583, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

In conclusion, we may allude to a few points of his character which have not been incidentally illustrated in the foregoing. His temper was naturally warm, and in his youth he occasionally gave way to passion, but this infirmity was not outwardly observable in later life. His disposition was serious, yet among his particular friends he was usually cheerful, sometimes facetious. His general behaviour was very affable, humble, candid, and indulgent. Never had virtue less of moroseness or more enjoyment of whatever was innocent in common life. He managed his revenue with extraordinary care, deeming extravagance another word for injustice. His intimacies were but few, though, as regards acquaintances, he thought the spirit of Christianity required that affections should be enlarged rather than contracted. Exceedingly charitable to the failings of others, he had a particular indignation against slander, often saying that it deserved the gallows more than theft. Not failing to practice what he taught, he was remarkably guarded when he spoke of others. The lustre of his whole character was greatly increased by his unaffected humility—one of the best and most undoubted fruits of true religion.

In the beginning of his will he thus expresses himself—"I bequeath and commend my soul unto the hands of Almighty God my Creator, not trusting in mine own merits, which am of myself a most wretched sinner, but only in the mercy of God and in the merits of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer and my Saviour."

Aptly was such a man designated "The Apostle of the North." The parallel was striking. His quitting the corrupt doctrines in the utmost reverence for which he was educated; the persecutions he met with for the sake of his integrity; the danger he often ran of martyrdom; his contempt of the world; his unwearied application to the business of his calling; the boldness and freedom with which he reproved the guilty, whatever their stations or fortunes—all contributed to justly earn for him so singular a title, as well as to prove him of that true "apostolic succession" which comes of the special endowments and calling of the Holy Spirit, and not of the laying on of hands.

May He, too, be pleased to grant that this brief study of so noble a type of natural and Christian character may not be without its due influence upon writer and reader. Were the candid, moderate, faithful, zealous, self-denying spirit of Bernard Gilpin more generally exhibited by Christians in this day, the world would be constrained to recognise that they "had been with Jesus."

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### A FRAGMENT.

*"For their shame they shall have double."—"Double for all her sins."*

IF a man suffers bodily pain, and is again restored to health, he receives health for sickness; but there is no double. He is a loser by all the time passed in pain. If, on the contrary, a man, by passing through sickness, became afterwards invulnerable to pain, he would receive double. The pain itself would become a gain. Or if a man, by the loss of a sovereign, gained a fortune, he would receive double. The loss itself would become a gain.

Thus with Christ. He not only rose from shame to glory, but His shame became revealed as His highest glory. Thus it will be with all Christians. They will receive everlasting felicity in the enjoyment of the pleasures at God's right hand, and receive a double when the past anguish is turned into joy, and they live over again under a new light the years which the locust and cankerworm appeared to have eaten, when the past and the future become blended into one, and, from beginning to end, all blossoms as the rose.—*Communicated.*

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

## DARKNESS.

"No light."—ISAIAH 1. 10.

(Concluded from page 299.)

MOREOVER, the throne of grace is another place where sometimes there is "no light." No brightness gleams from the Urim and Thummim, and no warmth of spirit in supplication is felt. With poor Jeremiah, we exclaim, "The Lord shutteth out my prayer." Instead of experiencing light, life, and liberty, there is nothing but darkness, despondency, destitution, and death. "Clouds surround the throne." The true Light shines not perceptibly, and, when this is withdrawn, darkness dense succeeds. The soul in the dark searches and feels everywhere for the Beloved, and, with Job, peers longingly and earnestly into the surrounding gloom—"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" (Job xxiii. 8, 9). What a picture of a soul in the dark is here drawn by the unerring finger of the Holy Ghost! It was *He* that led Job thus graphically to describe his case, for the comfort and consolation of succeeding generations of saints. }

Yet once more, let us observe that it is the experience of some saints frequently to find "no light" on the *path* they tread. That hymn suits them well—

"Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide."

The *past* path is lost in darkness—not one former manifestation is visible. The Ebenezers, Mount Hermons, and Hill Mizars are hidden from sight in the thick obscurity. Neither can the poor perplexed one see where he is at the time present. All way-marks are hidden from his eyes. "No light" means "no sight," because the power of vision is useless without light. If this be so in regard to the past and present path, there will be much less light on the future. In this place of darkness, one cannot see at all what God's dispensations are leading to. It seems impossible to believe that all things are working together for good. Every step has to be taken in the dark. This goes on till the Lord is pleased to turn the captivity, grant a little reviving in the bondage, and ultimately, in fulfilment of His own promise, He makes darkness light.

The state of darkness is unquestionably a dangerous one. We

are always encompassed with snares, but there is most danger of falling into them when we cannot see them. In the dark there is a proneness to despondency, and our fears intensify the gloom. This is indeed most trying to faith, and it cannot be otherwise than painful for a child of light to have "no light." Often, unable to discover companions, he walks solitarily. As Mr. Hart sings—

" It is decreed that most should walk  
The darkest paths alone."

However, great profit, if little pleasure and much pain, accompanies this dispensation, for here we learn that only in His light can we see light. Nothing but the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, "with healing in His wings," can turn these shades to day. Here, too, all false lights are extinguished. The sparks of our own kindling are quenched, sin is abhorred, self distrusted, the creature abased, and no object appears worthy of a moment's anxious thought compared with the lifting up of the light of the Lord's countenance. We commonly most value our blessings when deprived of them.

But we are not left without instruction when in the dark. The Lord speaks—be it ours—

3. *To hearken to the Lord's instruction* to such an one as we have described. It is—"Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." There is a needs-be for the admonition, because there is a proneness, notwithstanding all lessons to the contrary, to trust either to self or to the creature. The result, however, always proves the truth of inspiration—"He that trusts in his own heart is a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26), and "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man" (Jer. xvii. 5). It is our mercy when, in the dark, we are enabled to "hearken and do according to the word of the Lord," and place our confidence wholly in Him. It is a sheet anchor to the soul, amidst the greatest storms and in the darkest nights, to be confident that "skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm"—that the Lord knows best. And His work, His way, and His wisdom are so far superior to ours that it behoves us to trust His grace where we cannot trace His design—

" Although we can't His goings see,  
Nor all His footsteps find—  
Too wise to be mistaken, He;  
Too good to be unkind."

"Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "Trust in Him at all times." A dark time is the occasion for faith to operate. We walk by faith when we cannot walk by sight.

The injunction is very specific—"trust in the *name* of the Lord." Abraham knew the Lord's name when he called the place of the trial of his faith, *Jehovah-Jireh*—"The Lord will provide." The Lord provided a way of escape, by providing a substitute in the stead of Isaac. "He will with the temptation [trial] make [or provide] a way of escape." This holds true both in spiritual and in providential trials. His name is *Jehovah-Nissi*, "The Lord our Banner," to signify His presence and protection in the daily warfare with sin, self, Satan, sorrow, and circumstances. *Jehovah-Shalom*, because He "sends peace," reconciling the poor harassed one to Himself, His dealings, and His ways, by the sweet application of the peace-speaking blood of the Prince of Peace. *Jehovah-Tsidkenu*, "The Lord our Righteousness," because His people are made partakers of the righteousness of God in Christ. *Jehovah-Shammah*, "The Lord is there," because, wherever His people are, there He is to deliver and direct, to bless and protect. *Jehovah-Rophi*, "The Lord our Healer," because He healeth all our diseases, as the

" Good Physician,  
Skilful and exceeding kind."

Emmanuel is also *Jehovah-Ishi*, "The Lord my Husband," because He espouses, nourishes, and cherishes those united to Him by precious faith.

Well may this covenant Jehovah say to "him that walketh in darkness, and hath no light," "Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." A "stay" is a support which a man may lean on, or stand upon, or cling to, whereby he is preserved from falling. The Lord is thus the Support of His people; and, if we could trace it, we should find that His great object in all His dispensations is, to teach them and bring them to lean and wholly depend upon Himself. His faithfulness and power alone upholds. The Church "comes up out of the wilderness leaning on *her* Beloved"; so the man in the text "stays upon *his* God."

One may here object and inquire, "How am I to know that the Lord is *my* God?—that I may, without presumption, 'stay' upon Him? I am 'walking in darkness,' and am quite unable to see how He can be *my* God."

We will conclude this paper by laying down four certain evidences by which souls in the dark may know whether the Lord is their God. The possession of either one of the following "tokens of grace" will suffice to prove the blessed fact; but, if there is an absence of all of them, let the reader know that the Lord is not—at all events, manifestly—the God of those destitute of His grace. Now, dear friend—

First, God is yours *if He has ever done anything savingly for you.* If He has ever created a cry for mercy, or desire after Himself—if He has ever given you any measure of life or love, or any of the evidences of vital godliness, such as those enlarged upon in the foregoing pages—He has begun a good work in you, and will perform it and perfect it in due season. He is *your* God.

Secondly, God is yours *if you desire to have no other god.* In a natural state, men worship self, the world, an empty profession, and many other idols, which are dethroned when grace takes possession of the heart. Grace leads to a worshipping God in the spirit, a rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and a renunciation of all confidence in the flesh.

Thirdly, God is yours *if you are miserable without Him.* Nominal, untried professors are satisfied with “a form of godliness,” and can do very well without the presence and power of the Master. Not so the child of God. He pants, and thirsts, and longs for the presence of his Father; and, when in the dark, cries out with the Psalmist, “My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?”

Fourthly, God is yours *if you can do nothing without Him.* The Holy Spirit teaches this lesson to the children of God alone. They are ever learning that they can do nothing good, only as He “works in them both to will and to do of His good pleasure.” If the reader has learnt experimentally his entire and daily dependence upon divine power, the Lord assuredly is *his* God.

Hearken! “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.”

*Leicester.*

E. C.

CHRIST left His grave-clothes behind Him in the sepulchre because He rose to die no more. Death was to have no more dominion over Him. Lazarus came out with his grave-clothes on, for he was to use them again; but Christ, rising to an immortal life, came out free from those encumbrances.—*Matthew Henry.*

AT missionary bazaars, and at other religious fancy fairs, raffles occasionally take place. There are disputes as to the legality and the morality of this. As to the legality, the opinion of an eminent barrister has recently been taken. This is his opinion—“A raffle at a bazaar is as illegal as a raffle anywhere else. It is a lottery within the meaning of 42 George III., cap. 119, and any one exposing it to be drawn is liable to be punished as a rogue and vagabond.” [And it is contrary to godliness.—ED.]

## OUR SEED-BASKET FOR YOUNG READERS.

APPLES OF GOLD IN BASKETS OF SILVER.

*"The fruit of the Spirit is faith."*—GALATIANS V. 22.

FAITH, or, as the Revised Version renders it, "faithfulness." Which rendering shall we prefer? Let us try both, for both are good fruits, and perhaps we shall find that the two are so nearly allied as almost to amount to one and the same excellence.

Very much is said in the Bible concerning *faith*. It lies, indeed, at the very root of true religion. What would be the use of revelation without faith? God must be believed in, His statements must be credited, His promises relied upon, His character confided in, or we shall be as much "without hope and without God in the world" as if no Scriptures had been inspired or written. There is self-evident force in the Apostle's declaration, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him." He is unseen. Faith causes its possessor to endure, to hold on his way, as *seeing* Him who is invisible. Eternal glory is out of sight, but the believer "*looks at the things that are not seen,*" and so accounts present afflictions light, and not worthy to be regarded in comparison.

Faith esteems *all* God's precepts concerning all things to be right. It accepts His estimate of men and things implicitly, and even Paul, by faith's influence, was constrained to say, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves *to think anything* as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." Proud reason judges for itself, and, where spiritual matters are concerned, it almost invariably misses the mark and goes quite astray; but humble faith, mistrusting all but God, rests simply upon His truth, asking most wisely, "He that formed the eye, shall HE *not see*? He that teacheth men knowledge, shall HE *not know*?"

The great illustration of faith furnished by Old Testament history is *Abraham*, the former idolater, leaving his home and kindred, and travelling he knew not whither at God's command—the old man who steadfastly believed that his elderly wife should yet become a happy mother, and who crowned all by being ready to sacrifice that promised son at God's command. Was he right in thinking that the Holy One required him to slay his child? He was right in obeying what he knew to be the voice of God. He had not the written Word, as we have; and a vision, a whisper, or a deep impression on the mind, were the guides of his movements; and, as a servant watched the motion of his master's hand, so Abraham studied the various intimations of his Lord's will. The patriarch's rule is ours, but in another form. God

speaks to us through "the Book." His "Word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path." It directs our footsteps and lights up all our way. Other voices may mislead, other lights may bewilder, but they who prayerfully follow the directions and warnings of this faithful Witness shall be saved from the paths of the destroyer, and be made "wise unto salvation," through faith in Christ Jesus the Lord. And this faith, which builds upon the Rock of Ages, is the fruit of the Holy Spirit's grace.

But *faithfulness* follows *faith* just as mellow ripeness succeeds the earlier stages of fruitage; and in proportion to his faith, the believer is faithful to God, to conscience, and to his fellow-men.

Paul spoke of himself and his companions as "stewards of the mysteries of God," and said he, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." And not only ministers, but all Christians are called upon to be witnesses for God; and a witness, like a steward, must be faithful and true. Thus Peter and the other Apostles before the Jewish Sanhedrim exclaimed, "We ought to obey God rather than men"; and, having spoken of the crucified and exalted Saviour, they added, "And we are His witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him" (Acts v. 32). They were faithful alike to friends and foes—"faithful unto death"—and, as "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," the grace of God raised from their *faithfulness* a rich crop of *faith*. Believers were the more added to the Lord; His Word had free course and was glorified.

May we be made partakers of "like precious faith"; and, kept from all evil by the faithful God, we also shall endure unto the end, and be for ever saved. H. S. L.

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## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH cometh of the Word of God, *hope* cometh of faith, and *charity* springeth of them both.

*Faith* believeth the Word; *hope* trusteth to enjoy that which is promised in the Word; *charity* doeth good unto her neighbour, through the love that it hath to God and the gladness that is within herself.

*Faith* looketh to God and His Word; *hope* looketh unto His gift and reward; *charity* looketh on her neighbour's profit.

*Faith* receiveth God; *hope* receiveth His reward; *charity* loveth her neighbour with a glad heart, and that without any respect of reward.

*Faith* pertaineth to God only, *hope* to His reward, and *charity* to her neighbour.

## LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. LXVII.

MY DEAREST BESSIE,—As the time has now rolled round and added another year to your life, I felt I must send you a few lines. I should like to have sent you a small present, but must say with an Apostle, “Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto you.” Time with us all goes the same pace, and I never felt so much the importance as I do now of looking forward to the end. What an important change will then open to us! The dear servant of God, Moses, had a very solemn sight of the value of time when he said, “Oh, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!” Some people consider it a very doleful subject to be thinking so much about dying, forgetting that to be made right, and prepared by grace to meet that change, is all that is worth living for. Our most blessed Lord Himself said, “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

Well I know, my dear girl, you have lived long enough in this world to find many disappointments, and trials of various sorts have crossed your pathway, and have fetched many a sigh from you. Well, never mind, dear child, if you have a little something in your heart that is leading you to seek for the “Pearl of great price.”

Oh, my dearest Bessie, how anxious I am to have a hope of the salvation of my children, and that they may be enabled by God’s most blessed Spirit to seek early to Him for mercy! You know, dear, the blessed Word teems with invitations, and if there is only a desire, *that* will prove a tree of life. I know you are very fearful of presuming; but, my dear, it would be well if we could think more of what a near relation the blessed Lord Jesus is to His people. He does not think we presume when we go to Him. I often feel great comfort from these words. The Lord says, “I am the Vine, ye are the branches.” What close relationship! and, as the poet says—

“Jesus, immutably the same,  
Thou true and living Vine,  
Around Thy all-supporting Stem  
My feeble arms I twine.”

I had a comfortable hearing-time yesterday (Sunday). The text for both services was Psalm xlviii., the last three verses. I felt a gloom come over me after tea. I felt so unworthy of God’s mercy; and, after you left me, I went into my bed-room, and there I was favoured to pour out my heart before the Lord with weeping and supplication, and I trust I felt indeed the sweet mercy of God flow into my heart. How true the words of the poet—

“ 'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasure while we live ” ;

and that will be the true support of all seeking ones when coming to their dying bed. Yea, when heart and flesh fail, God will be our portion for ever.

Dear Mr. B—— was much at liberty in the evening, and I heard well. I do not know when I had such a nice, happy time. I felt, my dear, that I could leave you all with the dear Lord, and lay myself as clay in His hands who is “ too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.”

I feel, dear, I could write much to you, but time goes too fast with me. Now, with much love, I remain,

Your fond and loving mother,  
M. D.

### THE EDITOR'S CLOSING REMARKS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We are called upon to once more address a few words to you, as readers of the SOWER, at the close of another year's editorial work, and we desire to do so with grateful heart for the mercy and blessing the Lord has afforded us in our life and work through the year. Oh, “ what mercies has He made us prove,” and in what numberless ways has He done us good ! We trust we can say that the sweet feeling of His loving-kindness has at times humbled our heart, and made us ardently desire to “ love Him more and serve Him better.”

While we are conscious of many defects in our editorial work, we are, nevertheless, cheered with the Lord's approval of our desire to serve Him, as also with the many testimonies of true friends, and a continued increase in our circulation. We hope that another year will yield us still more of these desirable evidences of the usefulness of the SOWER, as we intend to make it, if possible, more adapted for not only the young, but also for house-to-house distribution, trusting that both it and the GLEANER will still prove acceptable and useful to young and old.

This is a day when we need to spread abroad in every possible way, the truths of the Gospel of Christ, in opposition to the vile literature of atheists, Papists, and erroneous professors, who spare no pains nor cost to spread their evil tares. By so doing we do not take the work out of the hands of God, nor distrust His power to perform His will in the salvation of His people ; but we believe the best way to show our faith in Him, and of honouring His name, is to sincerely and diligently use every means within our reach which His Word prescribes for the spread of His truth, remembering that it is His to give the increase ; and,

in this sense, we would say to every lover of His name, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," &c. Oh, that more of that pure and holy zeal manifested by the Apostles and early Christians for the spread of the pure truth may be felt by us, and put into practice, despite the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of our conduct which may proceed from opponents! May the Holy Spirit enable us to "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," and as "unto the Lord, and not unto man," remembering that He "will bring every work into judgment."

Dear friends, we commend our little publications to Him, and to your notice, hoping that you will spread them, and that He will make them a blessing to many who may read them. "Brethren, pray for us." "Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity"; so prays,

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—Our new four-page illustrated monthly tract, FRIENDLY WORDS, will be found well suited for wayside and street distribution (see advertisement in GLEANER and SOWER).

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